

**"As We See It"**

By J. A. Strang

It looks as though spring were really here. The game of softball seems to be taking the lead at the moment, it being played on several corners lots around town. One advantage that this game has is that it enables boys and girls to play together. With girls on the line-up the boys will act more gentlemanly than they might otherwise do; and again the girls imitate the boys actions when playing the game and thus become more proficient than they might if they were playing with an all girls' team. It works out to advantage all around.

The gravel roads have been worse than usual this spring in many parts of the Province. Locally, though, they seem to be over their worst and are becoming more firm and settled. There are several theories regarding the cause of this boiling up of gravel roads in the spring time, and peculiarly enough this break-up usually occurs at the top of a hill. The remedy is underdraining. We recall a piece of road that used to break up this way every spring just north of the Village of Elton. The road was under-drained by running tile at an angle across the road, the drains being put in every twenty feet. After this was done, that piece of road never gave any more trouble, as far as we know.

Yeast is our bread ingredient for this week. The yeast plant is known as a micro-organism, that is, it can only be seen individually under a microscope. The plant is similar in shape to that of a potato and it increases by a process which is known as budding. The bud commences to grow on the side of the parent plant and when it has attained about half its full size it detaches itself from the parent plant, continues to expand, and in a very short time it too commences to bud. It would be possible to isolate one yeast cell, place it in proper food and with correct temperature, which by the way is around 80 degrees, this one plant would increase to millions in a very short time. All the time that the yeast plant is budding it is giving off Alcohol and Carbon Dioxide. It is this gas that causes those cells to fill out and thus the dough is raised. The commercial yeast has been greatly improved this last few years. We can recall when yeast was delivered in sacks which was quite a step forward. Its main advantage was that it would keep for quite a time under certain conditions. Then compressed yeast was put on the market. It is very uniform in quality and works much faster than any other form of yeast. It has to be kept under proper conditions though and is delivered to the baker as often as twice a week. It is put up in one pound prints similar in size and shape to that of a pound of butter. Compressed yeast can be kept for a much longer period if it is frozen but it has to be thawed out very gradually, as a sudden change in temperature would kill it. You might be interested in the real name of the yeast plant. Here it is, Saccharomyces Cerevisial.

This idea of compelling the Western wheat growers to cut down on their acreage, and of paying them four dollars per acre for doing so, is creating plenty of discussion. You will recall that it was suggested that the acreage be not cut down but that the usual amount of wheat be sown and then let the whole world know that the British Empire had enormous stores of wheat that would be available to those European Countries that are at war or have been conquered and that the Empire was waiting to send them all the wheat that they wanted just as soon as the war was over. We liked that idea. Most of us have been taught from our youth up to be thrifty — that is, to spend less than we earn, and thus provide a stake for old age, and this idea isn't unlike that of maintaining a surplus of wheat for emergencies. Or again think how lucky those thrifty folk are that have some 1939 oats on hand to use for seed this spring. Last year's oats were not harvested under ideal conditions and are not in it for quality compared with the 1939 oats. Another angle to the wheat situation would be that nature may not side in with this idea of reducing the acreage planted with wheat this spring and could easily cause a reduction of yield to the reduced sown acreage. The result might easily mean a shortage of wheat. Somehow, we can't see this idea of cutting down on wheat when there are so many underfed in this world today, and all through no fault of their own.

The skating season is over for this spring but here is one that you may not have noticed. The lad had at last earned enough money to purchase boots and skates and now all that was left for him to do was to learn to skate. He wasn't any better at it than the rest of us were when we first started, and he took the count time after time, but always was up and at it again. A friend suggested to him that he take a rest and watch the others skate for a while. His reply to this was: "I didn't come here to watch the others, I came here to skate." We won't need to worry about that lad making his way, no matter what he may attempt.

**HAWK in the WIND**

By Helen Topping Miller

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Tom was glad of his heartening part of Morgan's work. The fifth and the seventh year saw the payments on his land defaulted. The title was almost inextricably tangled in a snarl of holding companies, stock companies, second and third mortgages, judgments, and suits.

"Foreclose," David Morgan told Tom, just before David lay down at night to wake in the morning with a crooked, drooping mouth, a helpless arm and leg, and a fogged brain that would never clear again.

But Tom, lost in the frantic trouble of helping Virgie to keep the mill running while David lay helpless in the white house on the mountain, had no time to think of himself or his problems.

Stocks had crashed, orders were few, men were frightened, restive, alert for bad news from any quarter. Tom held his peace and kept pulp wood coming into the mill. At night he rode the rusty old truck up the mountain road to Morgan's house, where he shaved helplessly David, cut his toe-nails, trimmed the white dry locks of hair, rubbed his weary, wasting back.

In the meantime Tom's land on Little Fork and Hazel Fork became one of a hundred tracts lost in a fog of indefinite involvement: owned and not owned.

Tom waited, worried, dubious, and unhappy. Then David Morgan died. And after that there was no chance of selling Morgan pulp stock enough to finance a suit to foreclose and clear title, even if Tom had known how to begin it.

Tom locked the old safe on his beautiful yellow papers, with the gilt seals upon them, pulled his belt tighter, hunched his shoulders, and set to work to help Virgie Morgan save the mill.

It was still partly his and the stacks were still scrawling their bearded autograph of hopefulness upon the Carolina sky.

Afterwards Virgie Morgan looked back on those three years, trying to separate phases, distinguish definite epochs of despair, as a person who has emerged alive from an inundation or a frightful wreck tries to recall incidents of that catastrophe, decide what came first and what after. But only one thing stood out clear—Tom Pruitt's unvarying loyalty, his quiet and unfailing support.

There was ice on every branch and dead leaf, every blade of grass and jointed weed, when Tom came through the gate of the mill in that raw November dawn. The wind was still frigid with little promise of a thaw. Smoke was snatched from the stack, torn to pieces, strung along the ground in rags. The steel padlock, with which for twenty years the plank door of the office building had been locked, was like something dipped in melted glass. Tom beat it against the door frame, twisted the key, pushed the door inward on a musty caddy smelling of mildewed paper and raw chemicals.

The stove was still faintly warm and Tom raked out the ashes into a bucket and kindled a new fire, fanning it encouragingly with his hat.

Then with two buckets he plodded toward the engine room, head down, big hat flapping. He had carefully drained both trucks at sunset last night; hot water would make them start quicker. He took care of all the equipment, he liked to do it. No alcohol in radiators. That made the cars heat on the mountain grades. And today things had to be entirely right because Virgie Morgan was going up to look over the reforestation project.

Tom's old watch, hitched to a braided strip of snakeskin, showed seven o'clock when he went back to the office. Steam was hissing from the boiler-room cocks, two others were getting their equipment out of the tool shed. In thirty minutes the whistle would bellow. In twenty-five minutes Virgie's old coupe should enter the mill gate. Tom took an old rag and dabbed dust from Virgie's desk. There was a votive air about what he did, but this devotion was not for Virgie Morgan, the woman. To Tom, Virgie was part of David, part of the mill. She was the mill.

Then the telephone rang. Tom shouted into it.

"Hello!"

"Hello, Tom." It was Virgie's voice. "I won't be going up to the hill with the boys today. Send them out as soon as they are ready."

"Hey!" Tom whooped his arguments, always dubious of the efficiency of the instrument. "Hey—this ice ain't going to last. It'll be gone by nine o'clock. I'll put chains on. You needn't worry."

"I'm not worried, Tom." Virgie's voice came evenly. "Not about anything down there. Ice wouldn't scare me. The trouble's up here, at the house. Something's come up. I can't leave right away."

Tom hung up grunting, went out to drain the radiator of the second truck.

**CHAPTER I**—When Virgie Morgan widow, and owner of the Morgan paper mill in the Carolina mountain district, turns down a marriage proposal from Wallace Withers, he leaves her house in a rage. Virgie turns him down because she believes he is more interested in possession of her mill than in obtaining a wife. After he has gone Branford Wills, a young stranger, who has been lost on the mountain side for three days finds his way to the Morgan home. Taken in, he is fed and warmed and allowed to remain overnight.

**CHAPTER II**

Meanwhile in her kitchen Virgie Morgan held a hot-water bottle over the sink, filled it gingerly, ducking her head as the kettle steamed.

Lossie spooned coffee into a percolator and brassy waves were cushioned in a heavy net.

"Think it's pneumonia?" she asked, taking the kettle from her mistress's hand.

"A chill doesn't have to be pneumonia," Virgie said, "but his voice sounds funny and I heard him coughing a lot in the night. That bed was damp probably. Nobody has slept up there in a time. He should have had a fire—worn out the way he was."

"If this house just had a furnace in it—"

"Now, don't go stirring on that, Lossie Wilson," Virgie snapped. "Carry up some coal before the doctor comes."

Lossie picked up the coal bucket, stepped into the back hall to remove her harness and dab some grayish-lavender powder on her nose. The young man coughing in the bed upstairs had romantic dark eyes and a mouth cut wide for laughter.

But all these devoted pains were wasted after all Branford Wills was asleep. Red-hot coals of color burned in his cheeks, his hair was disordered and dry looking, his hands twitched, thrusting out of the blue sleeves of a pair of David Morgan's old pajamas.

"He's sure enough got something," Lossie decided, as she laid out softly on the fire.

Virgie came up presently, tucked the hot-water bottle under the young stranger's feet, looked at him with troubled eyes.

"He's sick, all right," she said. "And I feel responsible. Putting him in this cold tomb of a room—after two nights out on that mountain!"

"Well, you took him in," Lossie comforted her in a whisper. "A lot of people would have set the dog on a trampy looking thing like him."

"I can let his people know—and we can take good care of him, any way," Virgie said.

Something appalling about this dark young head on the pillow. She had wanted three sons of her own—three boys, tall, dark, and audacious. And Heaven had given her only Marian who was small and slim and peppery, but audacious enough to goodness knew!

Wills stared at the hot bottle caressed him lifted his head, loathe-farled.

"Oh, sorry. I'm getting up right away." He lifted his dry lips. "Someone should've called me."

"You're not getting up just yet," Virgie interposed. "You've got a fever."

"I'm all right," he groaned confusedly, with his one faintly smiling mouth. "I'm never sick. I'll be right in a minute or two. I was a little tired and wet today."

"Let down," ordered Virgie, firmly, "and don't talk too much. I'll get out tonight when you are. But for the present, stay here."

Please, Mrs. Morgan, I can't be a nuisance to you. He looked up with a racking cough and gasped at him. He looked perplexed and in anguish. He was his lips with a corner of the sheet. "I—guess—I am sick!" he muttered, lying back again.

Virgie shifted the counterpane, straightened the shades, poked the fire, went downstairs again. In the breakfast-room Marian was sugaring her fruit. Her hair was brushed flat, the sleeves of her orange pajamas flapped, she looked reproachful.

"Lossie says that hobo is sick," she said. "Have we got him on our hands?"

Virgie sat down, poured her coffee, fingered the toast, raised her voice. "Lossie! I can't eat this cold stuff. Make some hot. Yes, he's sick—it looks like pneumonia. And he's no hobo. I've telephoned for the doctor and you'll have to stay here till he comes. I've got to get down to the mill."

"But I don't know a thing about pneumonia!"

"You aren't expected to know. That's what we have the doctor for. You see that Lossie keeps the fire up. I'll send Ada Clark out if I can get hold of her."

"Oh, my heavens, Mother! She snuffles and her nose is always red, and she thinks that she's going to be kidnaped or something every time she sticks her silly head outside."

"Well, you don't have to look at her. She can take care of this boy till he's well enough to be moved somewhere—home, if he has any home."

"I wouldn't call him a boy. He's over twenty-five, if he's a minute!"

"Well, I'm over fifty and that entitles me to call most any man a boy!"

(To be continued)

**Equalization Once More Bothers County Council**

**STEWARTTOWN — GEORGETOWN ROAD MAY BE HARD-SURFACED—LOWEST TENDER ACCEPTED FOR ROAD LIABILITY INSURANCE**

At the fourth meeting of Halton County Council, which was held in Milton on Tuesday, April 16th, debate on the much-discussed County equalization problem once more came to the fore. Most of the members seemed to be in favour of letting the matter ride until after the war.

Warden Leslie Kearns, of Nelson, pointed out that any municipality has the right to ask for a revised County equalization, and unless some decision could be arrived at, a commission would have to be set up to go through the whole County, which would cost a lot of money.

Mr. Finney, who represents Nassagaweya on the Council, said that this body had felt for years that something should be done to relieve them of what they felt was an excessive share of the County rate. He asked if any municipality who felt it was under-assessed would consider giving a \$100,000 reduction to Nassagaweya to straighten things out and save the County the expense of a Commission.

It was decided that each Reeve and Deputy-Reeve should discuss this matter with his own council, and bring a report to the next meeting.

Tenders were opened for Road Liability Insurance, and representatives of interested insurance agencies, addressed the Council. The following tenders were offered:

A. E. Wilson, representing Lloyd's of London—\$479.69; T. G. Ramsdell, Lloyd's of England—\$479.84; C. H. Poole, Anglo-Scottish Insurance Co.—\$389.52; C. R. Clapp & Co., Toronto—\$430.75.

All these tenders gave protection for \$10,000, \$20,000 and \$1,000 as has always been the custom. A resolution was moved and seconded that Mr. Wilson's tender for \$479.69 be accepted, but this was promptly followed by an amendment, that the lower tender of \$389.52 by the Anglo-Scottish Insurance Co. be accepted. The amendment carried.

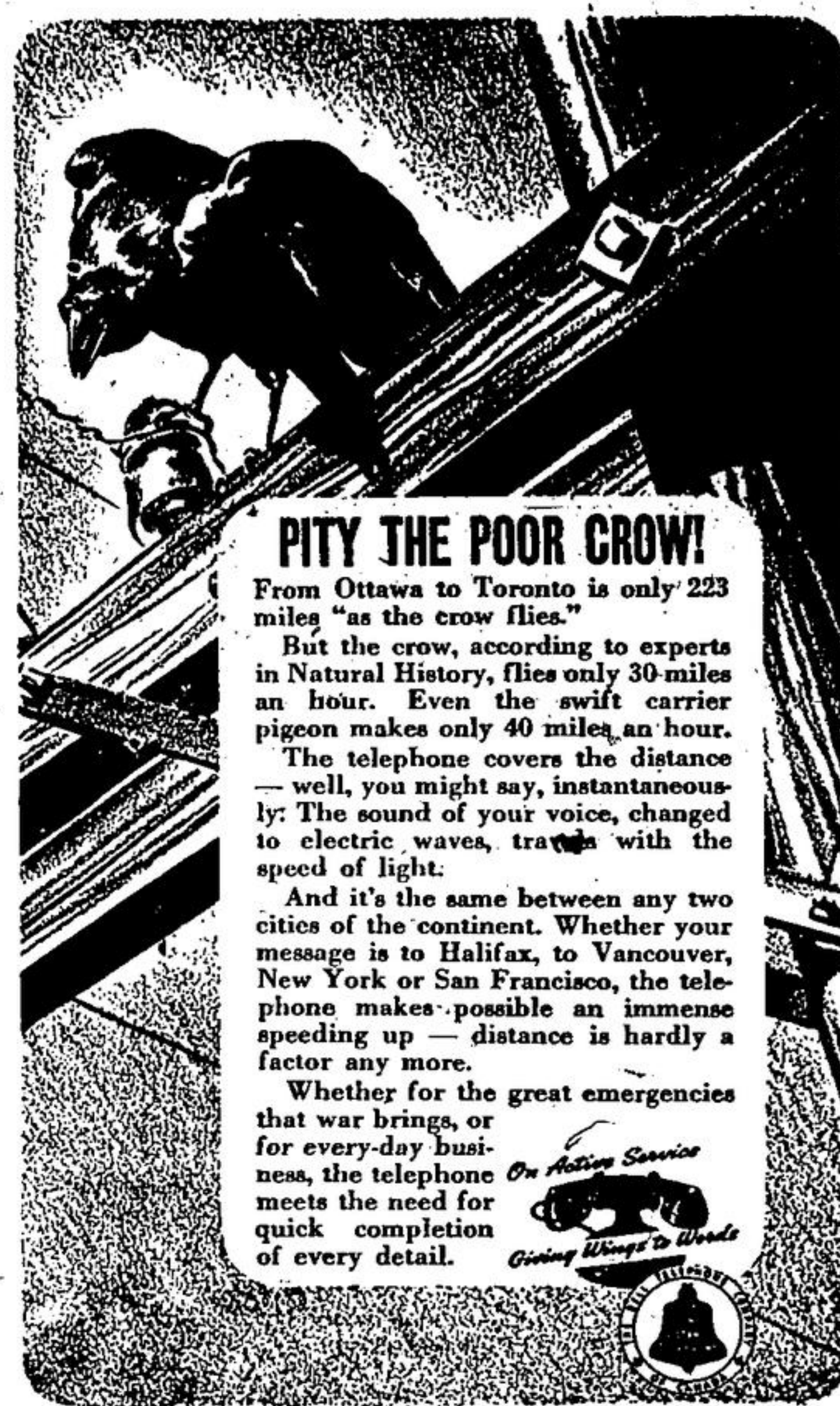
There were a number of recommendations for road work, including a suggestion for hard-surfacing the mile-and-a-half stretch between Stewarttown and Georgetown.

Other road recommendations included: resurfacing Dundas St., Oakville, from the C.N.R. subway to Colborne St.; extending the pavement on the 8th line from Lynbrook Road to the Queen Elizabeth Way; and the taking over as a County road of the road running from the Base Line, Milton to Nassagaweya and Nelson.

The following accounts were passed for payment:

Finance, \$548.52; hospitals, \$421.60; agriculture, \$180.70; printing, \$12.75; county buildings, \$254.14; education, \$2,360.67 — Total \$3,778.38.

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