### RED: CROSS MARKS SCENE OF CRIME

Visitors in western uptown Montreal often ask questions regarding a big wood cross painted red visible over the fence of the Mother House of the Order of the Grey Nuns. Traffic officials of the Canadian National Railways carried a query to Dr. W. H. Atherton, authority on historic Montreal, and he recounted a story in explanation. In the time of the French regime when Montreal was beginning to extend beyond the fortified walls, "La Chemin du Roi" (The King's Road) straggled along the edge of the midtown terrace about the present line of Dorchester Street, At the point where Guy street now intersects, stood a farm house and the farmer was credited with possessing a store of gold. A bandit attempted to rob the farmer and when the latter resisted; killed the farmer, his wife and a daughter. Captured, French justice decreed that he should be hanged and quartered, the body to swing on the gibbet erected at the scene of the crime. Afterwards a cross was placed at the spot. Years later when the first roads were straightened, the cross was in the centre of the thoroughfare, and request of the municipal authorities the Grey Nuns agreed to maintain in perpetuity a cross to mark this page in the record of the former French

## A LOST TREASURE

One evening at my leisure " I chanced to take a stroll And I came by a little treasure As the village bells did toll, I watched some little schoolgirls Shy little girls with pretty curls I said to one why are you sad She said I've lost my poor dad.

CHORUS Its one of those many sad stories Most-happens to be true True friends I said to myself They are always very few Now tell me pretty girlie It would make me feel so glad Just answer me this one question What happened to your dad.

Mother died when I was born My stepma licks me night and morn Then dad took sick I hate to say And the Lord he took him far away Though I'm only five I wont forget Memories bring me regres For he was the best friend I ever had My own loving dear old dad.

Daddy he was so good to me He used to take me on his knee And when I would fall askeep Upstairs with me he'd softly creep But now that he has gone from me I know with the Angels he will be But since I lost him I feel sad Dearest treasure my Dear Dad.

> JAMES WILLIAMS Academy Road, Georgetown,

**OUR LAST** 

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GRAY COACH LINES

# HAWK in the

Helen Topping Miller

D. Appleton-Century Co.
WNU Service.

Virgie went out through the kitchen, collecting a hot kettle on the way. Every year winter came to he mountains with a wretched, the rezing storm like this. Her little or would be hard to start.

She drove slowly down the icy read, gripping the steering-wheel, hating the treacherous going. Her hat felt insecure on her head gray hair was thick and strong and these cocky little hats had no crowns

her swift eye measured every sign and sound, every spouting feather of steam, every odor. The mill was maring on-roaring on without her. Tom was anxious. Virgie felt betir when she saw his gaunt face. at least Tom had missed her

She spent a half-hour telephoning, then was properly indignant.

"Those government men went ong back to Washington. Bridges says they said something about waiting for this young Wills, then they lecided that probably he'd caught a ride down the mountain. This is a crazy country! If you catch a sixinch fish out of a creek up there in the forest a ranger will chase you a mile-but a man with brains and potentialities can go to waste anywhere and nobody bothers about it!'

But Tom was not worrying about young Mr Wills A government man more or less-could be lost in the 'aurel hells indefinitely without loss to the Morgan mill Tom had other hings on his mind.

"Old man Perry Bennett come in." Tom pushed off his wide hat, worried his forelock. "He says he eckons he won't sell you that piece ip Tuckaseegee. He says he got a setter offer on it."

Virgie's mind stiffened to atten-"on "Who'd buy that cutover piece -and what for?"

"Champion maybe." "Champion have got all they want, And even with the Government taking their best acreage, they wouldn't bother with a little thickety piece ke old Bennett's. Tom, I think see a few things you don't know about You let me handle this." "I ain't itchin' to handle Perry

Bennett." Virgie remembered presently to pull off her hat and spike it on the hook on the door. The telephone purred. Marian's voice came, thin, with an edge of fright on it.

"Mother: it is pneumonia!" 'Keep your head on," counseled ner mother, dryly "Open the winlow and keep the fire going. I'll ge! Ada Clark out there in a little." She hung up "Where's Lucy?" she

ternanded. The chair, the little desk, the covered typewriter on the other side of the office were vacant. So was the prim little wooden costumer in the corner where every morning Luy Fields, Virgie's secretary, hung up her green wool coat, her small b'ack hat

Forn pulled out his ponderous "It ain't but four minutes itter eight."

"My lord," muttered Virgie wealy; "I thought it was most noon ' Lucy came in, on time to the mina, taking off her a rishoes, setig them neatly in corner

Lucy Fields was a. er of those 10 comforted Virgie Morgan Lu-'s quiet hazel eyes, her husky ace and smooth hair, gave an air calm to the cluttered bedlam of e office Lucy had gone to high hool with Marian, but when Marn was setting out for college with ... trunks full of clothes, and a lit-. roadster of her own, Lucy was arning Gregg and swift, assured iys of knowing exactly which way lost car of potash might be routed Lucy's mother made watermelonand pickles and tufted counterpanes r tourists. In good weather the unterpanes hung on clothes-lines

cing the highway Marian was sorry occasionally for icy inviting her out to supper. avely overlooking Lucy's madeer frocks, ther half-soled shoes it when there were young men at e house on the mountain with fancing and gaiety. Lucy was not

" the porch of the Fields' cottage.

invited. "She blushes so. She squirms, actually!" Marian justified this omission. "For a girl with the poise she has around the plant, to let the boys rattle her so and make her tonguetied, is silly-but that's the way

Lucy is!" There were things about Lucy that Virgie was sure she knew Prim little secrets that Lucy's quiet eyes hid. Still maids who fed on dreams. with no satin or moonlight or rose petals with which to wrap the timid bones of dreams, suffered. Virge knew She had been a tongue-tied, 'ormented girl in hand-me-downs, herself.

She sent Lucy out into the mil or the chemical report.

"She'll have a good day and evry word will be spelled right if ne sees Stanley Daniels first," she d Tom Pruitt.

There is something sudden, somemountain town.

ir knees of the ranges, with quarined, a little defiant

tain town clustered about the mill. fern on the porch and a row of stiff, indifferent chairs around the wall set out in the long dining-room and

the linen not always clean. ant enough to him

backwater of old lives drifted to boys learning the trade. Our new gether. He let the elders admire student gets a real haircut, perhaps his youth and take the winds of life, the first he has ever had, and during as they blow for vouth, vicariously the process; he is told of the advanin their faces through him, but he tages of a shower bath, in fact he is never felt that he belonged.

hawk in the wind something alive too hopeful as he entered school that briefly, caught in the slow motion morning but you should see him as of a mountain mill village; sooner he steps out of that bathroom. His or later he would be caught up in hair is actually combed and his head a stronger current But while this is thrown back just a little farther. hiatus in his life lasted he would and he is whistling "There is a tavern ease it by such gracious means as in the town" or something. We don't came to his hand. And the most half appreciate soap and water. gracious of these gifts was Lucy

Lucy was tuned deep. She had quiet splendors. She read a great deal and thought a great deal and



Stanley Daniels was pleased by Lucy

she was as foreign to her thin, leather-skinned little mother, who wore asafetida around her neck all winter, as the moon is foreign to a barnyard lantern

Lucy still ached a little because she had not been able to go to college She winced when her mother said "over yan," or cleaned her dry fingernails with the scissors She worked hard and believed that Virgie Morgan was the finest woman in the world

Stanley Daniels was pleased by Lucy, warmed by her admiration. sensed the fine gold under the quiet shyness, generously let her go on incubating little dreams about him while he waited, cannily committing himself to nothing, waiting for whatever more splendid offering life might be saving for him

When the whistle moaned at five o'clock he waited for her She was always conscientiously a little late She dabbed about, dusted, licked stamps, hated hurrying out of the office Usually Virgie or Tom had to shoo her out

"Get along nome, Lucy-your beau won't wan out there all night in this raw weather."

The wind dragged at Lucy's skirt and made her thin silk hose feel like coatings of ice on her legs as she went down the cinder road to the gate. But at the sight of Stanley Daniels, hunched in a sheltered spot, warmth flooded her body, sang in her blood, made her cheeks burn and her eyes grow . tht.

(Continued next week)

"Did you hear that Jones is suing "No, why? What did he say?" "Nothing, but it appears that he carried his divining-rod past Jones' milk cans the other day, and it began to jump like mad.

One would wonder, after listening ing intrepid and challenging about the number of soap programs, and by that we mean soap powders, flakes A settlement gathered together on and just soap programs, that are on en paused where they delayed the air; that there must be a wonpay for all that radio time. No doubt d rested But a town under a there is more soap of various kinds as p. with foothold on the iron, hose used than would be the case a few years ago, and yet we wonder why Ing streams gashing a roadway this should be. Most of us wear fewer ist the heart-straining rise of a clothes than we used to, so that there dge for a barbican, has something shouldn't be as many clothes to wash, tho ous about it: cocky, self-con. that unless they are washed oftener now-a-days. We don't suppose that Stanley Daniels, chemist for the than they used to, however, the bath-'organ mill, lean and thirty, out of tub has gained considerable popularie University of Missouri, with ty within the last 30 or 40 years. Anung intolerance and the unbear- other modern use for more soap would sle sting and surge of young ambi- be to wash those bare legs that have on in his blood, felt and resented become so fashionable, lately. They is cool remoteness of the moun." would either have to be bathed before going to bed, either that, or the He was in it and of it, he was of tener, and we imagine that the legs hill stock from the Ozark country, would stand the extra washing better yet this little town had never let than would the bedding. Anyway, we him in. He lived at a rambling Canadians should be thankful that we green house facing the main high- have plenty of soap, especially in comway and the railroad; a house need- parison with some of those overseas ing paint, with a vast asparagus countries that we read so much of

the boys' handicraft school in Hamil- | the Dominon government had placed touring season starts. ton. This school is conducted for on flour. Through an error it was The landlady, a Mrs. Gill, moth- under-privileged boys and most of lated that the tax was 15 cents per ered him, washed his socks for him, these boys come from homes in which bag of flour instead of 15c per bushel the parents do not speak English, and of wheat as it should have read. her face screwed up at the terrible a bath tub in these homes would be a Recently it was proposed that this tax a year. chemical odors he brought in with rarity. The school teaches such sub- should be increased to 50c per bushhim. Her other boarders, widowers jects as Manual Training, Mechanics, el of wheat. Should this new tax betorn up by the roots, judges and law- Tailoring. Art, even Barbering. In come effective it would mean a sharp yers in court week, odds and ends fact a new student is likely to be sent increase in the price of bread. of detached humanity, were pleas to the barber shop on his first morning at school. The barber shop has He was a young man in the quiet seven chairs and only one master baradvised that taking one of these is He was a bird alight, he was a the proper thing to do, and right away hawk in the wind something alive at that. Our new student didn't look

> This week we are going to attempt to write something about flour. From time to time we hear comment on modern bread and the statement may be made that the baker uses flour that is too fine altogether. The baker merely uses the quality of flour that the miller supplies, and no doubt

the miller merely grinds the flour CANADIAN PATRIOTISM according to public demand. It is well to keep in mind that our Canadian flour has no equal in the whole

There has been some irresponsible talk in Detroit as well as other Amerworld. Climate, moisture, northern loan cities (Especially border cities) situation and the quality of the soil about the dwindling Canadian trevel has much to do with the quality of in this country.

our wheat and of our flour made from Such criticism is ill considered and it. These countries that import our thoughtless because in normal times quality wheat and flour use it to mix our Canadian neighbors are enthusiwith flowr made from their own local astic toursts and delight to vacation wheat to improve its quality. Back in the States.

in 1928 the Dominion Government ask- The fact that now they forego this us if we would consider going to pleasure is merely another evidence of Singapore for them-to introduce Can- their self-denial for the common good dian flour to the bakers there. It of their nation at war.

would have been an interesting experi- It was expressed patly in a recent ence for us had we been able to go. editorial in the Montreal Daily Star When speaking of flour we naturally which observed that:

think of flour made from wheat. How-"Acceptance by the Canadian people ever there are many other flours. For of the curtailment of pleasure travel instance rye flour, barley flour, out in the United States, which they have flour, potato flour, rice flour and oth- so widely enjoyed in peacetime in the ers. In making flour the germ from past, and their uncomplaining acceptthe wheat berry is removed. The ance of the condition of Cash-on-thegerm contains the fat and were it barrel-head when buying goods from not removed the flour would very the United States, have arrested the oon become rancid. Again we often attention and brought about the unhear that the bran should be left in derstanding of Americans as no printthe flour. Of course this is done in ed or spoken words could do."

the case of graham flour. Again we This is true. Every thinking Detroithear the remark that' the bran acts er, every thinking American, can have as a laxative to the human system. in mind nothing but admiration for the This is really not so, although the in- modest and cheerful conduct of the clusion of the bran would mean more Canadians who are making great perroughage, which of course, is neces- sonal sacrifices each day that the war sary. However, the particles of bran, continues. which by the way the human digestive

And while it is impossible for Cansystem has no effect on, passing along adians to travel extensively here as the digestive tract irritate the muscles they would like to, they remain eager that surround these organs, and in to extend to American visitors to their that way cause them to become more country the same warm hospitality active. In an article some time ago they always have shown. Detroiters As she went through the mill gate of the parlor, with five kinds of meat Thinking about soap reminds us of we mentioned the processing tax that will remember this when the summer

-Detroit Times-

Before the war, London's population was increasing at the rate of 80,000

time these lines appear in print, suppose we withold judgement on the responsibility of those who have engineered the action, until such time as we No matter what the outcome of the have all the particulars It would be ituation in Greece may be, by the only British fair play.

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