

"As We See It" By J. A. Strang

One would think that it is about time to discard this modern idea of giving a premium with this, that, and the other thing.

Plenty of publicity has been given recently to a purchase of some brewery property at Ottawa by the Dominion Government.

During the last war houses and building material became quite scarce in some of our cities and it wasn't unusual for a contractor to go out to some of the smaller towns and villages, buy a large building cheap, tear it down and move the material into the city and build houses out of it.

The case that we are thinking of was over in Huron County. A firm purchased an old brick hotel, tore it down and moved the material to London.

We found that the foundation was in perfect condition and was the correct size for our purpose.

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"I got back to the Ottawa purchase it seems that the Brewery Company had been contemplating putting in a claim for a lower assessment. However, when the government came along with this generous offer they decided to forget about attempting to have their property assessment reduced and accepted the Dominion's offer.

The mothers and fathers of Canada can now get a sigh of relief. Both Mother's Day and Father's Day are over for another year.

All we fathers want is to see the children get an education and then to make good on their own particular calling.

The clerk that the same aims would be the average mother's aims as well.

It is easy to misjudge people. For instance, take people who owe standing accounts. Did it ever occur to you that maybe the reason some of them don't pay up is because they are afraid if they paid the shock might kill the shop they owe the money to?

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HAWK in the WIND

By Helen Topping Miller

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She did not like Bry Hutton particularly. She did not care particularly for any man she had met, as yet. They were all too obvious, too aware of the fact that Virgie Morgan was supposed to be a rich woman.

She went around with Bry, as Louise had so shrewdly surmised, to get her own way and because Bry was stimulating. Being with him was a constant battle and dominating him was an achievement for any woman.

At the drug-store she parked her car and went inside. The one clerk wobbled off the top of the counter and said, "What for you, Marian?"

"I'm just waiting," she shook the rain from her coat. "Has mother been in?"

"Not this morning. She's been trying to find Perry Bennett. Lucy and Mildred were calling all over town. I guess they found him. I called a while ago and told Lucy I saw him going into Plute's shoeshop.

"I don't know why I came with you anyway. Turn around—I want to go back."

"If it's any good, I will," the clerk snickered.

"It ought to be good. It's on the old man and I signed it myself."

"What would Wallace Withers want with that spruce?"

"What are we supposed to do when we get to Asheville?" Bry broke in on her silence. "We aren't eloping, by any chance?"

"The man I elope with has to get up. He'll bring me my toast and coffee, with a rosebud on the tray."



"When I elope it will be by moonlight, and the man will be lean and handsome."

Through the low growing brush of the slash he saw a tall figure approaching—a man who carried a gun.

"Hello, Tom," he greeted. "What are you fixing to hunt up here, this time of year? That looks like a bear gun to me."

"Yeah," he said "this here's a bear gun. I been totting it round over the ridge yonder. Thought I might mought maybe to get me a var-dog or so hard yourself. If this car stalled in the mud right now, I've got more muscle to push it out than you have."

"You make me sick with your conceit. I don't know why I came with you anyway. Turn around—I want to go back."

"I made it." He grinned feebly. "I won't be an important asset to the pulp business for a day or two—not till my knees stop knocking together, anyway. But here I am."

"I'll boss you," Virgie stated firmly. "and this plant can't afford to defer. You have to cut your eye-teeth quick and cut them hard. Begin by stepping high over that steam hose if you don't want Jerry Shelton in your hair."

There was, to Virgie's eyes, only the customary reticence of the old hands in the attitude of the lean, clear-eyed young man with the taut, iron in the set of his mouth and chin.

"You show Wills how the drum-barkers work, Man." Virgie ordered. "Start him in with the logs at this end and he'll come out with the pulp into the stuff chests, at the other."

"But if she was satisfied with the calm of events at the mill, she was displeased when she went home at night, very weary.

The rain had stopped. The ground was freezing again and the wind was friendless and dreary. Lottie had not lighted the fire and the room that Virgie persisted in calling the "sitting-room" was cold.

The upper floor still smelled of camphor and alcohol and Ada Clark's starched, scorched uniforms. But it was very still. Lottie had cleaned up the sick-room and put a clean counterpane on the bed, very neat and white. It looked lonely.

bed, very neat and white. It looked lonely. Marian's room was empty, too, and Virgie felt irritated at that. You spent your best years raising young ones, you gave them the best of everything and all the freedom in the world. You were a good parent and what did you get? A cold house, empty and forlorn, nobody to talk to, nobody to give a darn if you dropped over from weariness or got pleurisy from dressing in a cold room.

Even in her own mind Virgie was only half aware of the real cause of her irritation, the pressing apprehension half ignored, which was her anxiety about Tom Pruitt.

She sat and stared gloomily into the fire, wondering what had happened to the old man and what he meant by wandering off, anyway, without a word to any one—the old "mule-head" sat, all unaware of the drama that had been enacted that day on the cold slope of the ridge above Hazel Fork, a drama with only one witness. That witness was young Bill Gallup.

Bill Gallup had been driving the maintenance truck along a rutty mountain road.

Through the low growing brush of the slash he saw a tall figure approaching—a man who carried a gun.

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The British Commonwealth Air Training Plan

One of a series of articles written specially for Weekly Newspapers by Hugh Tompkin, Editor of the Fergus News-Record

Joint Air Training Plan Canada's Greatest Enterprise

It was a quiet April Sunday here in Ontario, but over in Europe, the war had boiled over in a new direction.

As usual Hitler had chosen the beginning of a new week and the time of the full moon to launch another attack. The radio was pouring out bits of news at regular intervals.

There was no official comment from the Government of Canada, and yet there was one to be heard, even louder than the voices on the radio.

"Canada has a responsibility to bear. We are the senior partner in the Commonwealth—Canada." Great Britain. We are not, as was the case in the last war, simply making a contribution to the common pot; we are in the war as a partner.

The British Commonwealth Air Training Plan has been called "Canada's greatest, single enterprise."

It is our country's outstanding effort to help Britain to hold out at home and later to strike back so hard that the war is certain to be won.

Canada has placed at the disposal of Great Britain and the Empire her vast area in which to train student pilots unmolested, and has also assumed the responsibility for much of the cost of the plan, and supplying most of the young men who will become the members of the air crews and the ground crews.

As to the suitability of Canada as training ground, there can be no doubt. There is plenty of room; the sites for landing fields and the buildings for training schools are available.

The total cost of the project was originally estimated at \$600,000,000, which Canada was to pay some what more than half. But as the pace of the war has accelerated, the cost of the plan has mounted. It is now revised to \$824,000,000, of which Canada is to pay \$531,000,000.

The men come from various parts of the Empire—England and Scotland, Australia and New Zealand, with a sprinkling from the Argentine, the far-off Straits Settlements, the United States and numerous other countries.

of the Empire—England and Scotland, Australia and New Zealand, with a sprinkling from the Argentine, the far-off Straits Settlements, the United States and numerous other countries.

Canadian Don't Know the Story Yet With such a great and important task on our hands, it seems strange that Canadians don't know the story of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan.

Early in May, the editors of weekly newspapers in Ontario and Quebec had an opportunity to visit one of the Bombing and Gunnery schools near Lake Erie.

Another Ontario editor recently spent an afternoon in a great peat bog on the high tableland of Southwestern Ontario. It is a flat countryside where there is nothing to obstruct the view for miles and no sound except the occasional bird.

This is the first of a series of articles about the Air Training Plan and the R.C.A.F. They are being written for the readers of Ontario's weekly newspapers to answer some of the questions so often asked, and to tell Canadians what their Royal Canadian Air Force is doing.

When the officers of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association met at Ottawa recently, there was much discussion about what their papers could do to help the war effort. It was suggested that one editor be chosen to write about the Air Force.

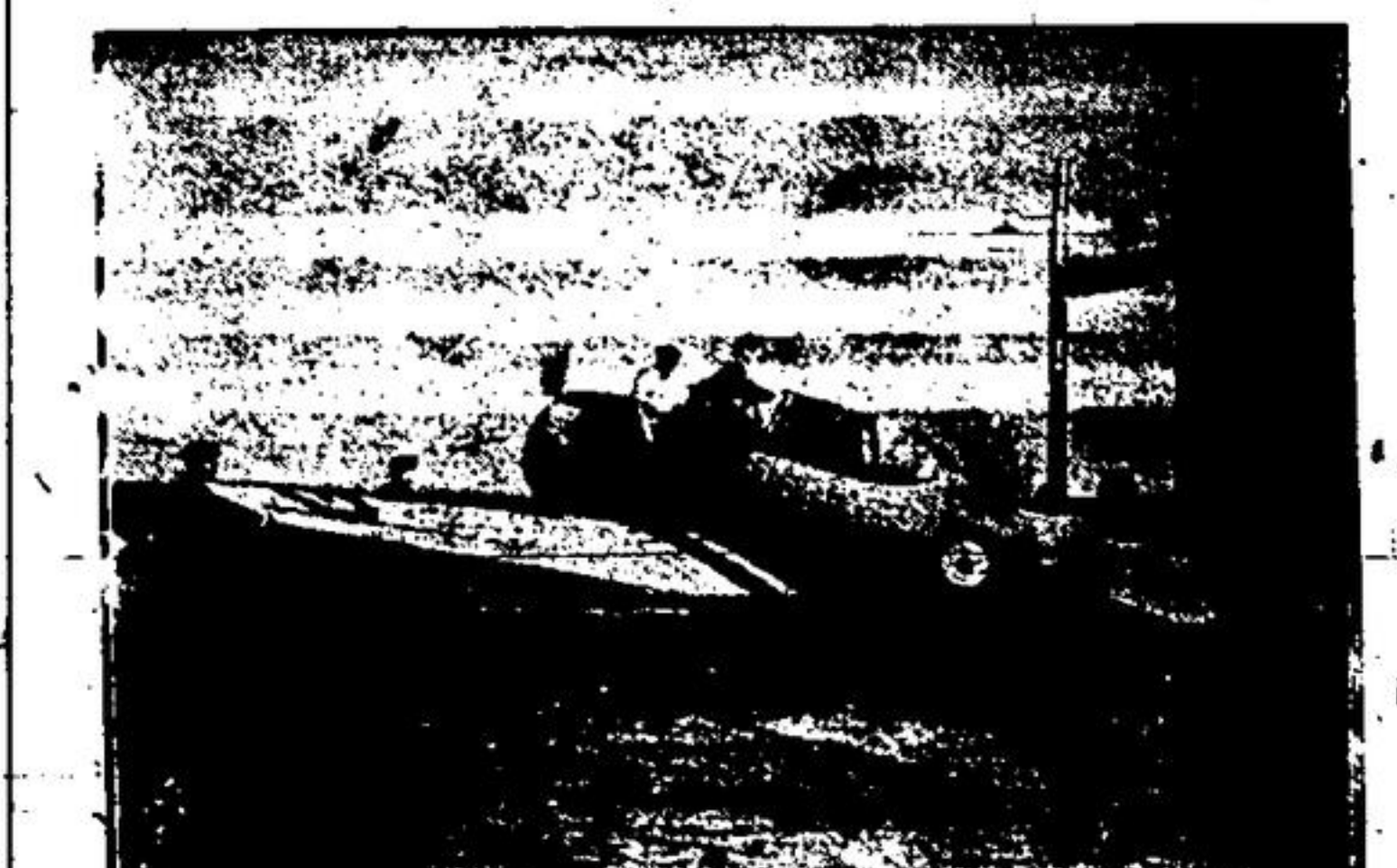
Already I have visited several centres in the next few weeks, I will be going to many others. Already I can testify to the courtesy and warm welcome from all whom I have met.

Questions have been freely answered and I have been shown all I asked to see. The only restriction is as to the numbers graduating and going to the Motherland. The need for secrecy is apparent to anyone. But already it has been announced in Parliament that over 50,000 young Canadians have enlisted in the R.C.A.F.—enough to make up three divisions of infantry.

NEXT WEEK—Enlisting in the R. C. A. F.



Four student pilots at No. 10 Elementary Flying Training School, Mount Hope, Ontario, walk off the field. L. to R. LAC L. J. Rothwell of Smiths Falls, Ont., LAC J. A. Turner of Westboro, Ont., LAC L. Schryer of Montreal, Quebec, and LAC T. M. Sanderson, of Montreal, Quebec.



A North American Harvard aircraft is ready for flight as the pilot enters the cockpit at No. 1 Service Flying Training School at Camp Borden, Ont.

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