One would think that it is about time to discard this modern idea of giving a premium with this, that, and the other thing. We don't know how you feel about it but we do know that when we ask for a half pound of tea for instance and find that we are handed along with the tea a cheap glass tumbler that we neither like the looks of nor want that we feel like giving it back to the clerk and right in the face at that.

We think a much better plan would be for the firm putting up this tea or whatever the article is that gives a premium with it to put in better quality or else to lower the price. Usually the premiums are of some highly colored article that we would never think of choosing even in the 5 and 10 store. The firms putting up these premiums with their goods must be making too much profit altogether One wonders if they know, that there

Plenty of publicity has been given recently to a purchase of some brewery property at Ottawa by the Dominion Government. It seems that the price agreed upon was a little over a half million for a property that was assessed by the City at a little over sixteen thousand dollars. We suppose a government that would be so generous would be called a LIBERAL government. It reminded us of the fol-

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 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. After moving the material away the firm didn't pay any more taxes on the vacant property and as it was a desirable lot and on the main street we investigated it with the idea of building at house on it.

We found that the foundation was in perfect condition and was the correct size for our purpose. By this time the back taxes had accumulated to over \$100.00. We wrote the firm that owned the land and of course when an inquiry arrived it made them sit up and take notice. They would sell this desirable property of course for \$500.00. We let them know that we weren't exactly asleep and offered them \$125.00 for a clear deed to the property. This would pay off the back taxes and give them a few dollars for their trouble. They tried to make out a case for their own benefit, however we had them cornered by reminding them that they hadn't thought enough of the property to keep the taxes paid up, nor had they even put in a claim to the Court of Revision to lower their assessment and they finally took our

To get back to the Ottawa purchase 1t 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. Had we been in their place we would have done the same thing, wouldn't you?

The mothers and fathers of Canada can now give a sigh of relief. Both Mother's Day and Father's Day are over for another year. Just as soon as these two days have become commercialized to a greater extent we will have to start a daughter's day and sons day. Later on of course we will start a step-mothers' day and also a stop-fathers' day, then a mother-inlaws' day and if the days aren't all taken up by that time we will perhaps think of other titles for the balance of the un-named days .-

We don't think that the mothers ever asked for, or ever wanted, a special day set apart for themselves, and quite sure that the fathers Nor do we want a smoking set, or a new tie on that particular day either.

All we fathers want is to see the children get an education and then to make good at their own particular calling. If there is anything else that we expect of these children it is that they come home as often as they possibly can and tell us how they are getting along.

We think that the same aims would be the average mother's aims as well. Often we hear a parent state that they would like to be able to leave a liberal sum of money to each of their children. Ask that same parent how much their parents had left them and they usually say that they received nothing at all. Ask them if they were any the worse for having to hoe their own row and the tell you that they were the better of it and yet they would like to leave something for their children. We think that the best plan of all is to give these children all the education that they can take and then let them stand on their own feet. They will be the better men and women for so doing.

It is easy to misjudge people. For instance, take people who owe long standing accounts. Did it ever occur to you that maybe the reason some of them don't pay up is because they afraid if they paid the shock might kill the chap they owe the money to?-J. Ollier, Shelburne Pree Press &

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HAWK in the WIND

Helen Topping Miller

D. Applet an-Century Co. WNU Service.

She did not like Bry Hutton parucularly. She did not care particuarly for any man she had met, as vet. They were all too obvious, too aware of the fact that Virgie Moran was supposed to be a rich wom-

in They were too glib or too diffisent, they got their conversation and neir manners from pulp magazines, ir moving pictures, they were counry! College men did not stay in ittle towns. They went ranging, seeking wider opportunities, and hose who came in from outside, ike Stanley Daniels, came with an ur of condescending superiority

She went around with Bry, as Losne had, so shrewdly surmised, to et her own way and because Bry vas stimulating. Being with him as a constant battle and dominatng him was an achievement for any voman. Marian rather liked the truggle to keep Bry aloof, to mainain her delicate, arrogant remoteiess. And she had to get awayo stop thinking about Branford Vills' lean, sardonic face.

At the drug-store she parked her car and went inside. The one clerk -wabbed 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

peen 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.

sked her if she wanted me to yel ii him but she said never mind Marian stood near the door atching. She was sorry she had old Bry to come here Every one n town would know in no time that me had gone off somewhere with im. But that might be just as ell If every one knew it. Ada lark would know it, and the sharposed girl who was head nurse, suerintendent, and manager of the bsurd little hospital would know it Itimately, by the sheer saturating

Branford Wills would also know : She waited until Bry was actually n the store, and then said with elabrate casualness, "If you're going ver to the court-house, Bry, do you and if I ride along with you? I ave to see a dentist and mother formes when I drive on wet roads. Bry stared stubidly, began, "I

fect of knowledge in small places,

nought you-" "I did," Marian cut in, with some corn, "I meant to go alone but it ou're going anyway I could save ny gasoline, couldn't I?"

"Sure, come along." Bry compreended finally and instantly appretated the element of the clandes-"Going to leave your car siting there?"

"It's dirty anyway. It doesn't natter." She lifted the tatch and Bry said.

Wait a minute till I get some cigrettes. Cash a check for me, will ou. Ed?" "If it's any good, I will," the

lerk snickered. "It ought to be good. It's on the ld man and I signed it myself." "He'll come in here and raise

ne devil about it." "He has to raise it somewhere. Vhat do you run a drug-store for. nyway?" The clerk rang the register and

ounted out some bills "If your mother wants to see Per-Bennett about that piece of spruce f his, Marian," he said, "you tell er it ain't any use Perry's sold :- they drew the papers Saturday He sold it to Wallace Withers." "What would Wallace Withers

vant-with that spruce?" "Don't ask me Maybe he's gong to sell Christmas trees Whatver he wants-there's money in it That old guy is so stingy he honed ickel razor-blade and used it over and over for ten years "

Marian followed Bry out to hi ar She was quiet and thoughtfu as Bry tore through town and found the mountain curves She new a great deal about her me" r's affairs. She was certain "

Bennett's spruce. "What are we supposed to do

when we get to Asheville?" Bry broke in on her silence. "We aren" eloping, by any chance?" "In a rain-coat?" Marian gave

it will be by moonlight, and the man will be lean and handsome. He won't look like you."

him a pitying look. "When I elope

"What does it matter how he looks in the moonlight?"

"It doesn't matter, But it matters a lot when I look at him next day and discover what I've eloped with. And I wouldn't be thrilled at noking at you across a breakfast able, Bry, for years and years." "I never get up for breakfast."

"The man I eluse with has to get up. He'll bring me my toast and coffee, with a rosebud on the tray "You can't marry that fellow He's married already No weak



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

minded, angelic sap like that could possibly have escaped until now." "It isn't weak to be gallant." Marian was abstracted because she had been trying to picture Bry across a breakfast table. His dampish hair and eyes full of things he had seen -things you didn't like to think

"Gallant and gooty," Bry finished for her. "Your forefathers hitched their women to the plow along with the ox. If they didn't pull a straight furrow they got the whip around their legs. I'll bet your great-grandfather sat by the fire in Scotland and smoked while his wife did the milking and brought in the wood."

"They didn't buffit wood in Scotland. They burned peat." "Well, whatever it was she had to

carry it in. You're soft-all you women!" "You." Marian stated, dryly, "aren't so hard yourself. If this car stalled in the mud right now

I've got more muscle to push it out than you have." "I don't need muscle." He was complacent. "I've got brains know enough to give you good ad-

"You make me sick with your conceit. I don't know why I came with you anyway. Turn around-I

want to go back." "Okay." He turned the car into a drive, without protest, backed it and turned it, not looking at her.

CHAPTER VII

Virgie had spiked her old hat on the hook and given a flick across her deak with a feather duster, when Branford Wills walked into the office that afternoon

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

Virgie grinned back. She liked this lean, clear-eyed young man with the trace of iron in the set of his mouth and chin. And she needed him. Days had passed and still Tom Pruitt had not come back. "Well," she said aloud to Wills, "it looks like I'm going to need some young bones in this business. My old ones are about worn out. Come along out with me and I'll tell the boys you're here You better hang around and watch the process for a few days, ask questions, and get underfoot. You can't work in a pulp mill unless you know what it's all about Oh, yesthis is Lucy Fields, Mr Wills. run the mill and Lucy runs me."

Lucy looked up and said, "How do you do?" swallowing nervously "I shall probably have to ask Miss Fields to boss me for a while." he "I'll be a sad tenderfoot, I'm

afraid." "I'll boss you," Virgie stated firmly, "and this plant can't afford tenderfeet. You have to cut your eyeteeth 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 muntain man in the attitude of the old hands in the mill toward Branford Wills. They greeted him with the taciturn "Howdy" of the hills, looked him up and down, went on

with their work. "You show Wills how the drumberkers work, Mank," Virgie ordered "Start him in with the logs Virgie had counted on buying Perry 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. Lossie 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. sie had cleaned up the sick-room and put a clean counterpane on the

bed, very nar and Ite It looked

Marian's room was empty, too. and Virgie felt irritated at that You speht your best years raising young ohes, 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

Even in her own mind Vir e was only half aware of the real cause of her, irritation, the pressing appre-Hension half ignored, which was her anxiety about Tom Pruitt

She sat and stared gloomily into the fire, wondering what had hap pened 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 Pork, 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.

The road followed the slash ribbon over the slope of a ridge where the steel towers and wires of a main transmission line linked up the eager plunge of mountain torrents with the deeper surge of the commerce of the world.

Through the low growing brush of the slash he saw a tall figure approaching-s man who carried a

He slowed the truck and waited. Mountain men were sensitive for all their harsh exteriors and to pass on without stopping to pass the time of day might give offense that could bring down on a power concern the vindictive and sadistic enmity of a whole family connection.

Bill called, "Howdy, neighbor," and trod the brake. The engine instantly sighed, gurgled, steamed, and died. The man with the gun came nearer and Bill saw that it was old Tom Pruitt.

"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 I been toting it round over the ridge yonder Thought I mought maybe could see me a varmint. I was just shackling down to get me a bite to eat You goin back to that there lighthouse of your'n? I'll ride along and see Jim Bishop's wife has got a cold pone in the stove "

vice while you were pushing the 'Sure, get in You must have been out quite a while-you're pretty muddy and tired out, from the look of you."

"Slept out." Tom was laconic. At the Bishop house Tom got out and went around to the back door Jim Bishop's wife was a girl from the village and Bill remembered that he had heard she was distantly related to Tom. Any kinship, to the most remote degree, was important in the mountains. Bill drove back to the plant, confident that Tom would be taken care of

An hour later, as he went back to work after lunch, he saw Tom Pruitt again Gun slung over his shoulder. Tom was slogging down the muddy road. His shoulders were slumped and his legs moved heavily

as though he were very weary. Tom turned off the road presently and struck directly across the ridge. following a dim trail through the crowding laurel. The path was steep and tangled, having been made by game. It crept beneath tall, knotty thickets of rhododendron, and skirted open places, keeping to the shelter of the undergrowth. It had been trodden out by creatures wishing to hide, and it suited Tom, for he had no desire to be seen.

Twice he rested, crouched on rocks, stretching his legs, his ears buzzing as his heart strained in the thin air On the upward climb he did not bother to look about him. but toiled on, stooping, the gun

heavy under his arm, his head down. But once on the crest his manner changed, turned feral, cautious, his eyes glinting. He stalked silently. his old hat jerked down, the pocket of his overall jacket sagging from a double weight of cartridges.

The opposite slope of the ridge was very different from the brushy way he had just climbed. Ahead, as far as his eye could carry, was a great, untouched, majestic expanse of hardwood forest. Trees. vast and quiet, leafless and magnificent, in their aloof columnar austerity, covered the slow descent and a rolling expanse below

Tom breathed heavily, air whistling through his teeth as he looked at them His eyes, for a moment, were worshipful.

Taking a downward roundabout way, he advanced from tree to tree carefully finding the moss underfoot, making no sound. A bunch of wild gooseberry bushes offered ambush and he dropped into them. parting the twigs soundlessly, lying

fixed on the slope below. There was an indentation in the

still for a long interval, his gaze

half-frozen ground and into this his elbow fitted easily, because in that place for two days it had rested The ground was cold and Tom's body ached after a half-hour in the

cramped place, but he shifted his limbs, flexed his hands, and shrugged his collar up about his neck, always keeping his eyes on a

The British Commonwealth Air Training Plan

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

Joint Air Training Plan Canada's Greatest Enterprise

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. Actually there wasn't much to tell yet, and most of the bulletins were made up of what some government thought or what another statesman had said. Iti seemed that most of Europe was being heard from - London, Vichy, Berlin, Rome, Athens, Moscow and Washington.

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 Every few minutes, there was the sound of a plane passing over our village-the loud roar of a Harvard trainer or the duller sound of the twin motors of an Avro-Anson bomber. was Canada's answer to Hitler.

for Air, had put it into words. From plan. one of his speeches in parliament, I quote just one paragraph:

Some time before that, Hon. C. G.

bear. We are the senior partner in western Ontario. It is a flat country-Britain. We are not, as was the case struct the view for miles and no sound in the last war, simply making a contribution to the common pot; we are amazed at the continual procession of in the war as a partner. It is patent planes high overhead. It seemed that to all the people of the world that before one was out of sight and heareventual success cannot be won until ing, another would be coming over we first achieve air equality and then the horizon, most of them bombing gain such air supremacy as will per- planes which had travelled many mit us to take the offensive without miles. Back home that night, he which no war can be won. In this stayed outside for an hour to watch respect the Dominion of Canada has more bombers cutting across the sky. ever dreamed of during the last con- one more star, distinguishable only flict. We are the mainstay and right because it moved and was sometimes arm of Great Britain. In so far as the red or green. He was filled with a Joint Air Training Plan is concerned, great curiosity about how these menwe believe that we have reached the are trained. point where we can predict the success of the plan and the attainment of our common object. In order to do this, we need the help, the advice and the support of all the people of Canada. I do believe that we will receive it."

Canada's Greatest Enterprise The British Commonwealth Air Training Plan has been called "Canada's greatest single enterprise." 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. It attracts the attention of much of the world 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 doubt. There is plenty of room; the sites for landing fields and the buildings for training schools are available. The United States is nearby supply certain types of planes and a

large number of extra instructors. The total cost of the project was originally estimated at \$600,000,000 of which Canada was to pay somewhat 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 sprinkling from the Argentine, the It was a quiet April Sunday here in far-off Straits Settlements, the United States and numerous other countries. But the Royal Canadian Air Force is in charge of the training and four out of five of the recruits are Canadians. Every one of them seems determined to become a pilot and to follow in the footsteps of Bishop, Collishaw, Barker and the rest-but of that, more later:

Canadian A Don't Know the Story Yel 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. They have read about it again and again, without realizing

what it really means. 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. More than one expressed surprise at the magnitude and efficlency of the camp. Yet this is but one of 83 training camps and schools Power, Minister of National Defence which will be used in the completed

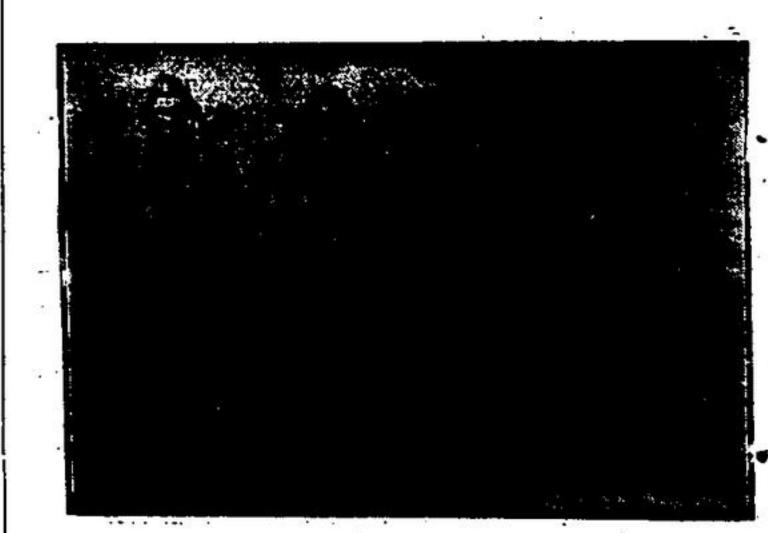
Another Ontario editor recent spent an afternoon in a great peat Commonwealth outside Great side where there is nothing to obexcept the occasional bird. He was far greater responsibility than was though all he could see each time was

> The First of a Series 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

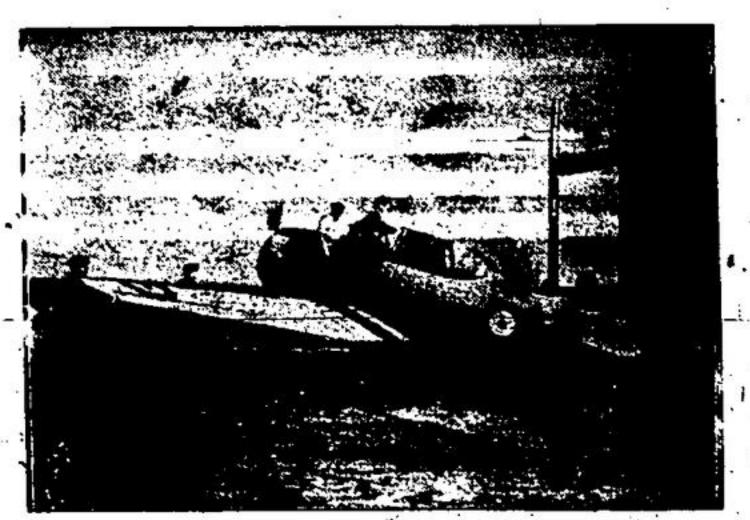
Canadian Air Force is doing. When the officers of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association met at Otlawa recently, there was much discussion about what their papers could do to help the war effort. It was suggested that one editor be chosen to write about the Air Force. The fullest co-operation was freely offered by the Department of Public Information, not only in the matter of arranging visits to the various camps and schools, but in supplying pictures to go with them. I was chosen for that interesting task.

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, Ontarto, 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 L.A.C. T. M. Saunderson, of Montreal, Quebec.



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