The City of Washington, D.C. is the first community that has been asked to reduce their purchases of gasoline. So far it is only a request to motorists to reduce their purchases by 20%. In other words they are expected to make four gallons do in place of five. During the last war we had gas-less Sundays and while this has been advocated recently from time to time, to date we have heard nothing definite along that line. During the last war we had to close our places of business on certain days also. The idea was to conserve fuel we were told. however, it was during the winter

came in. One result of the closing idea was that quite a number of people were out of work for those closing days and as no other employment was suggested o take the place of the usual employment in the business places affected it did seem quite a loss of labor. It did bring home to us, however, the fact that there was a war on, although the long casualty lists of the last war brought that fact home to us every

time and most business places had to

keep a fire on anyway so it was diffi-

cult to see where the saving in fuel

Last week's Herald contained the final in a series giving us some insight into the doings of a modern weekly newspaper. We were hoping that the writer would tell us something about the yard-stick that Editors use to determine the news-value of different articles of news. We of ten wonder how they arrive at the that a certain article should have a big head-line and be placed on the front page while some other article that to us might seem more important gets hidden in some

dark corner. Take a big divorce case for instance. It gets the spotlight and the main actors appear as heroes almost. Of course it is news alright that may be of interest to some, but there are millions of happily married couples that really are "the Salt of the Earth" and yet they are never mentioned. again, the half drunken motorist gets into an accident and he has his picture even on the front page, while the other thousands of sane drivers who play the game and keep out of trouble are never even mentioned.

Just to round out that interesting of articles suppose we suggest to some capable editor that he explain the means by which the editorial staff of a modern newspaper arrives at the news value of a certain article. We think it would be of interest to a great many readers.

No doubt you read the first of a series of articles in last week's Herald, written by Hugh Templin, of the Ferguls News-Record, on the subject: British Commonwealth Air Training Plan." We are interested in that series, and no doubt most readers are, first of all because of the size and the importance of the air training However, we are especially interested in this series of articles because of the fact that we know the writer, Hugh Templin; we knew his parents even better and we also knew all of his grandparents quite well. Hugh while still quite a young man has been writing the editorial page of the News-Record for over twenty years and the page is perhaps the most often quoted page of any weekly paper in Canada. Besides that he found time some years ago to work for one of the Ontario Provincial Governments. He flew into the town of Moosonee to act as returning officer at the first election that town ever had. Hugh gets around and he is very liberal with interesting deseriptions of those trips as well. was responsible for the publicity that finally won over both the Ontario and on the Big Dam on the Grand River.

We could go on and on, but this will give you an idea of his qualifications to write this important series of articles. Hugh has had plenty of opportunities and has been able to take edvantage of them. May we suggest that you read every one of this series. We'll guarantee that you will enjoy

There's two sides to almost every thing isn't there? Even this hot dry weather for instance. It does make one feel uncomfortable, makes the perspiration run, keeps the pasture down and causes the garden to wilt. but on the other hand it is fine westher to fight Twitch Grass or Quack Grass as we always call it. We've had quite a time of it this summer fighting twitch, but with this hot spell we think that we have it licked.

## YELLOW GOATS BEARD

DANGEROUS PERENNIAL Yellow Goat's Beard is a dangerous perennial weed that is increasing in Ontario and the very first plant is a danger signal, states John D. MacLeod, Fork." Crops, Seeds and Weeds Branch, Ontario Department of Agriculture, To-

This weed has a long slender tap root and can be found in blossom now on roadsides, railway tracks, fence lines and other waste places. increased rapidly in recent chiefly by means of its seed is spread by means of tufts attached to each seed which are carried long distances by wind. The plants have upright stems; leaves are keeled, long, narrow and taper-pointed. Flowers are large, yellow and 1% to 2 inches in

diameter. This weed will not stand cultivation and is seldom seen in a field under crop, but it is increasing rapidly on areas not being cultivated and will become established in a short time if

neglected Thorough cultivation, hand pulling, mowing to prevent seeding, spudding of scattered plants and spraying are recommended by Mr. MacLeod.

## BIT OF A SCRATCH

Pat Newberry, 45, a London caremade by a bomb, hopes people will were trying to steal his timber over stop bothering him to get a medical on Hazel Creek Now he wants up check-up and let him get on with his "Just a bit of a soratch." he

# in the

Helen Topping Miller

WNU Service.

The light grew cold and thin, the trees stirred and worried as trees do when night begins to climb the mountains. A dry twig fell, a crossbill swung across a lighter space, stopped for an instant on the bark of a cedar, turned head down, and began its angry cry. All the frostpowdered drift of leaves stirred briefly, in a raw breath of wind, then was as swiftly still.

Old Tom tensed a little. For forty years he had been a woodsman. He knew all the signs. Something was abroad in this quiet winter forest. He had waited two days and a night and now his waiting was at an end. He pulled himself up slightly. dropped his hat and rested his left arm upon it. The gun came up and was steady. The cool palm-worn stock and breech were smooth under the old man's hand. Its weight gave him the feeling of power and dominance that belongs only to

kings. For a long interval he made no move. Then in a flash-the crossbill hurled itself to the top of the tree, screaming. Bark sifted down. And far down the slope Tom Pruitt saw what he had been watching for for forty

A car had stopped on the woods road. Two men got out and walked up the rutty track and presently a third man followed. Tom was troubled at that. He had not counted on a third man. But he lay motion-

less, watching. The three began climbing the slope, stopping at intervals to study the trees. One was obviously the conductor of the expedition, making gestures, calling the attention of the others to the lifting majesty of the trunks, the spread of branches. Tom Pruitt followed this man with a narrowed eye, precise and remorseless, over the sight of the rest-

ing rifle. They came closer. The leader moved ahead, turning back at intervals to direct the gaze of the others upon the lay of the land, the absence of underbrush, the ease with which this virgin stand could be timbered. As though he heard every word Tom Pruitt knew what this man was saying, though their voices reached him only as low mur-

murs through the forest stillness. High in the tree the crossbill was igitated. Men born to the woods. fom thought with scorn, would have known enough to look around, known hat something watched below the rossbill's tree. But these men did not belong in places of watchful silences They were outlanders. They had come to rob. And because they had no craft they were help

Very slowly Tom's long forearm lexed, very slowly the muscles of his lean hand—his right hand—tightened!

The drama came home to Virgie Morgan at ten o'clock, when her ears had begun to ache from listening for Marian's return, and wild angers at the stark thoughtlessness of young people to possess her.

She heard a car stop, and sprang to her teet, grim-faced and reproachful.

"Well-did they close up all the other places?" She began sharply But she stopped at the sight of Marian's white face. Marian's eyes were big and frightened.

"Mother-" she began-"Bry and went to Sally Gallup's this afternoon when it stopped raining. On the way back we picked up Tom Pruitt. He's been up there—in the woods-for days. He's out in the car now-he's all muddy. Mother-Tom killed a man-over on Hazel

The sound Virgie Morgan made at Marian's announcement was half a grown and half a convulsive, absurd squeak. There was horror in it but under that a terrible tragic resignation.

Somehow, for days, for weeks even, she had felt the pressure of this coming thing. The unrest and unhappy nerve twitchings of impending change. She had decided in the morning, in spite of the apparent calm at the mill, that now her forebodings had come true-that something was beginning in the ruthless. inexplicable fashion with which life suddenly shifts to the sinister.

But even her stout spirit was not braced against such a flerce acceleration of tempo.

She stumbled up, gray-faced 'Where is he?" she demanded. "How do you know he killed a man? Killed who?"

Marian was steady, though her eyes were big and terrified. "He doesn't know who it was her who fell 245 feet through a hole Mother He shot somebody. They to take him over to jail Bry and I don't know what to do Bry thinks Tom is crazy."

Phossie was standing, 'staring blankly at the uoor.

"Get my coat," Virgie ordered. "I'll talk to Tom . We're not in a big enough mess-he would have to do a thing like this!"

Marian protested. "It's no use to talk to him, Mother He's so excited when he tries to talk it doesn't make sense and his teeth chatter. Bry doesn't want to drive way over to the county-seat tonight. Couldn't we telephone the sheriff?"

"We won't telephone anybody. I'll handle this, Bring Tom in here. He didn't kill anybody Tell Bry to bring him in."

"I don't believe he'll come in. He didn't want us to stop at all. He said if we wouldn't take him to jail that he'd get out and walk."

"Give me that coat, Lossie. I'll fetch the old fool in here myself." Virgie fumbled into the sleeves. She was a strong woman but now she felt numb all over and her knees were fluid and cold. She walked out into the winter dark, holding her jaw grimly to keep her teeth from clacking. "What's all this, Tom Pruitt?" she demanded, as the came up to the silent car, standing there in the dark with headlights burning dimly, "What's all this foolishness?"

Tom seemed to heave himself up with an effort. His long, gaunt body straightened, in the shadows. His breath hissed over his teeth.

"They was in my timber, Mis Morgan. I was watchin' for 'em. got one. I'd ought to got them all I would 'a got all of 'em but my old gun jammed. It hadn't ought to jammed, neither-I had it cleaned out good. Them cartridges Bryson sold me wasn't no good."

"Get down out of there and come into this house. What business have you got-scaring these children to death? You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"No, I ain't comin' in. I got mud on my feet. I got to go to jail,



They was in my timber, Mis' Morgan, I was watchin' for 'em. I got one."

Mis' Morgan. I shot him-but he hadn't no business in there measurin' up my timber."

"Nobody's going to take you to any jail this cold night. You clean your feet and come along in here! I've had about all the foolishness I can stand for one day. If they want you they'll come after you fast enough. Shove him out of there, Bry. I'm getting out of patience-I might

muss him up if I let my Irish go." After some argument and a minor scuffle. Tom was half dragged, half carried into the house. Lossie was white-faced, Marian frankly crying. Virgie shut the door firmly.

"Much obliged, Bry. You can go on home now. I'll handle this alone from here on."

"Do you want me to telephone or send anybody, Mrs. Morgan?"

"No. I'll do the telephoning. Just go on home-and don't talk, Brynot tonight, not to anybody. Tom's all wrought up-there may be something to this business and there may not. Don't falk till we know and then there won't be anything to take back. He needs some hot food and a shave and a night's sleep. He'd die of pneumonia if they stuck him in that cold jail in the shape he's

"If-he did do it, they'll be looking for him, Mrs. Morgan," Bry "He ate lunch at Jim Bishop's house he told them he was hunting bear. Jim will be bound to talk."

"Well he isn't hiding anywhere. They can find him easy enough. But I've got to take care of him-he hasn't got sense enough to take care of himself. Marian, stop whimpering and get some of your father's old clothes and you make some hot coffee, Lossie-make a lot of coffee."

Giving orders, being executive and the matriarch again, helped Virgie keep her calm. But when Bry had gone and Marian had slipped upstairs, and Tom Profit, fed and warmed and dressed some of David's old clothes lay seeping on the couch by the fire, Virgie dropped into a straight chair and sat gripping the arms, letting her spirit tremble and her stout heart shudder with appre-

hension.

She looked up at David's portrait. David would have known what to do in a situation like this-but David's eves had caution and judgment in them. David had never done anything on impulse. She could not seek for precedents. Nothing like this had ever happened to David. David had been a slight man and

Tom's lean ankle- hrust out pa thetically from a pair of David's old trousers. David's socks would not cover Tom's feet-the heels made little pouches under his instep the toes were stretched tight They had made Tom dress, fed him. com pelled him to rest, as they would have managed a man in a coms

If he heard their voices, he madno sign. He had gulped a few swal lows of food, then ignoring cup and spoon had sunk into slumber, relaxed and pitiful He was Virgin saw, an old man A very old man. Too old to be tormented

David, likely, would have been able to prevent this affair Virgie knew that she had heckled Tom too much, that she was vaguely. blame Her motives had been good, but so where the motives of all fatuous blunderers. If Tom spoke the truth, this was real trouble. It was murder And murder, in any country, under any circumstances, was an ugly business.

It loosed the law, a whirling machine that men had contrived to grind the grist of their passions and bring out of them safety and jusancient codes and remorseless pro- ing and happy. It is really remark- Rev. F. H. Wase tice-but, a ruthless mechanism of you would not be here tonight so smilcedure that could not be stopped after it was set in motion until the pitiful grist was ground fine.

If Tom had killed a man there was when we call to celebrate your golden no earthly way to save him. Virgie wedding, may you be surrounded not felt herself sickening. She knew only by your children, but by your how useless any of the timeworn de- grandchildren and great-grandchildvices would be in Tom's case. He ren, too. had, so he said, shot from ambush and deliberately. He had said so. and no one would be able to alter his story. She knew Tom. He was not mad. He would be only too grimly sane. He would face the law with the stony silence of the mountain man, which had beneath it a sort of terrible, distorted pride and a flerce sort of anger that was not heat, but cold. No one could save him.

She looked at his limp hand, hanging to the floor, knuckles hard, the thumb bent and horny, stained with bark and the blue metal of the old rifle, the hand that had rubbed David Morgan's back and turned his helpless body in the bed-and suddenly she turned sick. Going to the front door she flung it open and stood there, drawing long gasping breaths. The black cold of the night, the high hollow sky, the dogs coming questioningly to sniff, steadied her. She was Virgie Morgan who had taken a tough job and beaten it; she was Virgie Morgan whom men obeyed and listened to.

Over her head, unseen, unheard, a dark arc between her and the stars. wings might threaten. The wings of menace. For days she had felt their vague threat. Something was working against her. She had to fight. The timid thing that crouched and waited felt the swoop of descent, the clipping steel of ruthless

talons. Tom was still sleeping, collapsed and defenseless in his exhaustion. He would need a warm coat. His hat lay on the floor, shapeless, stained with pitch and sawdust. She picked it up and straightened the brim. With the flash-light she explored a hall closet, found an old corduroy woods coat of David's. It | gifts. would be too small but it would have to serve. She let the clock mark another hour before she stirred from her chair, then, buttoning the sheepskin under her chin, she went out

the back door. quieted them with a word. The ga- cuchre club. rage door creaked slightly but she got it open, and she knew how to push her car out and roll it down the sloping drive without a sound. She had done it many times when David lay ill.

Tom woke with difficulty, stupefied with sleep and weariness. She gave him coffee and whisky, she made him put on David's coat and his hat. Seen from the rear he looked a taller, broader David Morgan and Virgie's heart gave a sudden, clutching pang. "Where we going?" Tom demand:

"Hush up!" Virgie ordered in a

whisper. "Come along." The car rolled silently down the steep drive, between black hedges of laurel. At the road Virgie started the engine, turned on the lights. Her plans were vague in her mind. get Tom away-delay-perhaps the man he had shot at was not dead. Perhaps he had not been hit at all. Tom was old. Delay-till something use. Tom would defeat any attempt at alibi. There was Bry Hutton There was Jim Bishop. No hope but to get Tom away Delay. This was crime. Compounding a felony: She would be involved. No matter Tom had stood by her. All his life he had had no thought but the mill. no thought of himself. He had no

family-no one but her. She had to save him somehow. All the dark, winding mountain roads she knew well. Every huddled little farm, every dark, shuttered country store at a cross-road with its goggle-eyed gasoline pump. Every man in three counties knew her, knew her old car, knew Tom Pruitt. She raced the dawn westward, keeping to the dirt roads, with Tom slumped on the sest beside her. Now and then he dozed, jerking away dully. She had put plenty of whisky in his coffee. He was warmed, relaxed, he asked no ques-

takin' a mighty long way round, the expense of another eaction belongs Mis' Morgan."

Tom Pruitt. You never killed any- the consumer.'

## Are Surprised By Good Friends

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Cation Gifted on Occasion of Their 25th Wedding Anniversary

On Tuesday, June 17th, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Oation were surprised when relatives and neighbours gathered at their home to odebrate with them on the occasion of their silver wedding anniversary. Cards were enjoyed in the first part of the evening, following which Mr. Harry Laidlaw, acting as chairman, called upon Mrs. George Lealie who read the following address: Dear Olara and Edward:

We, your loving relatives have gathered here tonight uninvited to congratulate you on having reached this shiping milestone in your married tife: viz. your silver wedding anniversary. This is a wonderful achdevement in a day and generation like this, when you hear of so many accidents happening every day, to say nothing of separations and divorces on all sides.

It is marvelous to think, that with all your faults, shortcomings and besetting sins, still, the good qualities must have overbalanced these, . else able, when you stop to consider the situation from all angles. It is our wish that you may live to

see many more anniversaries and

As a little souvenir of this auspicious occasion we would ask you to accept

this silver relish dish with all love and good wishes. Signed: Mrs. D. Camp- gara, Rt. Rev. L. W. B. Broughall, D. bell. Miss Mamle Campbell and the D. Leslie Family. The presentation was made by Mrs.

Will Lyons. The chairman then called upon Mrs. Fraser Smith, who read the following address: June 17, 1941

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Oation: We, your neighbours have gathered at your home this evening spend a few hours with you on the occasion of your silver wedding anni-

You, Mr. Cation, have always lived right in our midst and your bride of twenty-five years ago came to from an adjoining community. have both been thoughtful, neighbours, always willing to lend a helping hand.

We would ask you to accept these gifts as a slight token of our esteem and a remembrance of this happy oc-May you both, as the years pas by and anniversaries come and go, en-

joy good health, prosperity and the fellowship of your children and following this with his blessing. Ven. neighbours. We pray that God's blessing may rest upon you and that you may live

to enjoy many more years of happy wedded life together. Signed on behalf of your neighbours. Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Smith Mr. and Mrs. Will Williamson, Mr. and Mrs. John H. McClure, Mr. and Mrs. Melville Wanless, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Cation, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. McKinney, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Harry Laidlaw. Wm. and Bert Lansdell, Mr. and Mrs.

W J. Taylor. The presentation of a table lamp and a box of cigars was made by Mrs. Melville Wanless and Mr. Wm.

-Mr. and Mrs. Cation both thanked their friends warmly for the beautiful Lunch was then

brought the evening to a close. The following evening the members of Allos Euchre Club gathered at the Cation home. Cards were played and the presentation of a motor rug was made to Mr. and Mrs. Oation by The dogs came rushing but she Mr. Clarence Dolson on behalf of the

parents with a silver comport. Refreshments brought the happy evening to a close.

## DOMINION STORES APPOINT FARM CONTACT MAN

Marking a further step in its policy of actively oultivating relations with its grower-producers, Dominion Stores Limited, the largest Canadian chain store organization, has appointed a permanent contact with farmers in Helene Ball Wigmore, and they have the person of Mr. Bram Dees, who two children, Mary Fielding Wase, agjoined Dominion Stores' staff a few ed eight, and David Harvey Wase,

months ago. Mr. Dees has spent a lifetime in the merchandising of home-grown fruits and vegetables. Having begun as a grower, he knows the grower's problems from intimate experience. Developing a successful produce business for himself, he has acquired a knowledge of retail marketing of fruits and vegetables which qualifies him as an

authority in this field. His new functions involve regular personal contacts with growers supwas certain. Alibis would be no plying Dominion Stores in each of the six districts served by Dominion Stores stretching from Ontario to the eastern seaboard. His knowledge of the consumer's wants, tastes, and preferences will be placed at the disposal of growers to increase the marketability and the dollar return of their products. Specifically, Mr. Dees will assist producers in the effective grading, preparation, and packaging of soil produce for the retail counter.

Operating from the headquarters Dominion Stores in Toronto, Mr. Dees will actively represent the grower the executive councils of the organisation, keeping the management merchandising department in touch with current agricultural problems, so that helpful action may be taken in George Sargent, Cecil Davidson the case of crop surpluses, shortages myself.

or similar emergencies. In announcing Mr. Dees' appoint ment, J. W. Horsey, President of Dominion Stores Limited, emphasized the Company's conviction that in cultivating the interests of the grower it was also serving the interests of the consumer and, eventually, of the Company shareholders.

"The idea that one section of the Once he said, "Looks like you're population can permanently prosper at "We have got to realize that



REV. F. H. WASE

## Inducted as Rector of Dunnville Church

Rev. F. H. Wase, formerly rector of St. George's Church of England. Georgetown, was recently inducted as Dunnville, in an impressive service conducted by the Lord Bishop of Nis-

Clothed in all the beauty and dignity of the Christian Church, the service was one which made a deep impress on the minds of all who were present. Led by the choir, the Bishop and Olergy proceeded through the centre aisle of the church to the chancel, where Bishop Broughall announced his intention of instituting the new rector "into the cure of souls in this parish," and "Inducting him into the Incumbency thereof." Following short prayers, the Incumbent, Rev. F. H. Wase, standing before the Bishop, who was seated at the chancel steps, read aloud the declarations and oaths previously taken by him, after which the Rural Dean of Haldimand, Rev. P. A. Sawyer of Caledonia read the letters of Insituation and license confirming the appointment to this par-

This done, Bishop Broughall, with the incumbent kneeling before him instituted Mr. Wase into his charge, presenting him with a Bible and book of Common Prayer as "rules of conduct." Archdeacon A. C. Mackintosh next inducted the minister, and, with the Church Wardens, T. O. McCutcheon and G. E. Parkes, proceeded to the Font, Litany Desk, Lectern, Pulpit and Altar, the congregation singing the hymn, "We Love the Place, O God. Wherein Thine Honor Dwells." Prior to this, Mr. Wase received the keys of the Church from Mr. Parkes, the rector receiving them as "the pledge of your recognition of me as your ap-

pointed minister." At the Altar, the Bishop received the Incumbent, exhorting him to follow faithfully the various phases of his work in Dunnville, a charge ac-

cepted by the rector. The sermon was given by Very Rev. R. H. Waterman, Dean of Christ's Church Cathedral, Hamilton, who spoke on "Prayer.

Immediately following the sermon, His Lordship, Bishop Broughall spoke briefly commending Mr. Wase to the people of Dunnville. After the service a brief reception was held in the Parish Hall, where dainty refreshments were served by the Ladies' Auxiliary.

Mr. Wase is a native of Shropshire, The Oation family presented their England, where he received his public and secondary school education. Coming to Canada in 1912, he was associated with Christ's Church Cathedral, Hamilton, first as a member of the choir, then as a teacher, and later as superintendent of the Sunday School. He entered Huron College, London, and graduated in 1923, being ordained a deacon. After serving for three years as Assistant Priest at Christ's Church Cathedral, Hamilton, he came to Georgetown in 1926, and was transferred in 1931 to St. James' Church, In the spring of 1932, he married

# "IN OUR MAIL BAG

2nd Div. Supply Col., R.C.A.S.C. June 3rd. 1941.

Dear Editor and Staff: It gives me a satisfactory pleasure to have every now and then the local news dropped into my lap to read in spare moments. So if I'm granted s short hearing. I'd like to edge in a few more words of thanks once again for your efforts in making it possible. As I said before, the news on arrival is always about three weeks or more behind present conditions, but the score is evened when it hits yours truly, as such has generally been my

standing in life. It was indeed very much of interest to read of your war efforts campaign and all concerned, and I was also pleased to hear of the mobilization of our own Lorne Scots. I see it's still the good outfit that it always was even if it did consist of guys

To endeavour to give you news of personal interest would be a useless gesture on my part, but I can take a great pleasure in stating that Hitler's theme song of "Oh, to be in England in the Spring." has still to materialise. Many thanks again for the local edition, and also an addition of best regards to, namely, "Dick" Forster, Eric

BULL CHAPLIN.

sternness, "You're not going to jail, cultivator prospers hand in hand with INVITATIONS I

Warnes and Harry Wood.