

"As We See It"

By J. A. Strang

The City of Washington, D.C. is the first community that has been asked to reduce their purchases of gasoline...

Last week's Herald contained the final in a series giving us some insight into the doings of a modern weekly newspaper...

No doubt you read the first of a series of articles in last week's Herald, written by Hugh Templin...

The British Commonwealth Air Training Plan, and no doubt most readers are, first of all because of the size and the importance of the air training...

There's two sides to almost every thing isn't there? Even this hot dry weather for instance...

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HAWK in the WIND

By Helen Topping Miller

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The light grew cold and thin, the trees stirred and worried as trees do when night begins to climb...

Old Tom tensed a little. For forty years he had been a woodsman. He knew all the signs...

He pulled himself up slightly, dropped his hat and rested his left arm upon it. The gun came up and was steady...

Then in a flash the crossbill lurched itself to the top of the tree, screaming. Bark sifted down...

A car had stopped on the woods road. Two men got out and walked up the rutty track...

The three began climbing the slope, stopping at intervals to study the trees. One was obviously the conductor of the expedition...

They came closer. The leader moved ahead, turning back at intervals to direct the gaze of the others upon the lay of the land...

High in the tree the crossbill was agitated. Men born to the woods, Tom thought with scorn...

Very slowly Tom's long forearm flexed, 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...

She heard a car stop, and sprang to her feet, 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...

"Mother—" she began—"Bry and I went to Sally Gallup's this afternoon when it stopped raining. On the way back we picked up Tom Pruitt...

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

Somewhat, for days, for weeks even, she had felt the pressure of this coming thing. The unrest and unhappy nerve twitchings of impending change...

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

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

Marian was steady, though her eyes were big and terrified. "He doesn't know who it was. Mother! He shot somebody. They were trying to steal his timber over on Hazel Creek. Now he wants us to take him over to jail. Bry thinks I don't know what to do. Bry thinks Tom is crazy."

"Those was standing, staring blankly at the door. '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 is 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, Lottie. 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 rigid and cold.

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, Miss Morgan. I was waiting for 'em. I got one. I'd ought to get 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, Miss Morgan. I was watchin' for 'em. I got one."

Virgie Morgan. I shot him—but he hadn't no business in there measuring 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. Show him out of there, Bry. I'm getting out of patience—I might miss him up if I let my Irish go."

After some argument and a minor scuffle, Tom was half dragged, half carried into the house. Lottie 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. Bry—not tonight, not to anybody. Tom's all wrought up—there may be something to this business and there may not. Don't talk all 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 in."

"If he did do it, they'll be looking for him, Mrs. Morgan," Bry said. "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, Lottie—make a lot of coffee."

Giving orders, being executive and the patriarch again, helped Virgie keep her calm. But when Bry had gone and Marian had slipped upstairs, and Tom Pruitt, fed and warmed and dressed some of David's old clothes lay sleeping 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 apprehension.

She looked up at David's portrait. David would have known what to do in a situation like this—but David's eyes 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 thrust out as he sat on the floor. David's old trousers were pulled down to his ankles. David's socks would not cover Tom's feet—the heels made little pouches under his instep. His toes were stretched tight. They had made Tom dress, fed him, compelled him to rest, as they would have managed a man in a coma if he heard their voices, he made no sign.

He had gulped a few swallows of food, then ignoring cup and spoon had sunk into slumber, relaxed and pitiful. He was Virgie 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, but so where the motives of all fatuous blunders. 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 justice—but, a ruthless mechanism of ancient codes and remorseless procedure 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 no earthly way to save him. Virgie felt herself sickening. She knew how useless any of the timeworn devices would be in Tom's case. He 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 fierce 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 questioning to sniff, stilled her. She was Virgie Morgan who had been 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, shapely, stained with pitch and sawdust. She picked it up and straightened it. With the flash-light she explored a hall closet, found an old corduroy coat of David's. It 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.

The dogs came rushing but she quieted them with a word. The garage 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 whiskey, she made him 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 demanded. "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. To 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 was certain. Alas! this would be no 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 seat beside her. Now and then she dosed, jerking away dully. She had put plenty of whiskey in his coffee. He was warmed, relaxed, he asked no questions.

Once he said, "Looks like you're takin' a mighty long way round, Miss Morgan."

Virgie said, with a desperate sternness, "You're not going to jail, Tom Pruitt. You never killed anybody."

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. Cation were surprised when relatives and neighbours gathered at their home to celebrate 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 Leslie who read the following address: Dear Clara and Edward:

We, your loving relatives have gathered here tonight uninvited to congratulate you on having reached this shining milestone in your married life: viz. your silver wedding anniversary. This is a wonderful achievement 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 you would not be here tonight so smiling and happy. It is really remarkable, when you stop to consider the situation from all angles, that you are still here, and that you may live to see many more anniversaries and when we call to celebrate your golden wedding, may you be surrounded not only by your children, but by your grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

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. Campbell, Miss Mamie Campbell and the Ladies Family.

The presentation was made by Mrs. Will Lyons. The chairman then called upon Mrs. Fraser Smith, who read the following address:

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

You, Mr. Cation, have always lived right in our midst and your bride of twenty-five years ago came to us from an adjoining community. You have both been thoughtful, kind 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 occasion.

May you both, as the years pass by and anniversaries come and go, enjoy good health, prosperity and the fellowship of your children and neighbours.

May I 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. McKinnay, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Laidlaw, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Lansell, 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. Williamson.

Mr. and Mrs. Cation both thanked their friends warmly for the beautiful gifts.

Lunch was then served which brought the evening to a close.

The following evening the members of the Ladies Club gathered at the Cation home. Cards were played and the presentation of a motor rug was made to Mr. and Mrs. Cation by Mr. Clarence Dole on behalf of the club.

The Cation family presented their 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 cultivating relations with its grower-producers, Dominion Stores Limited, the largest Canadian chain store organization, has appointed a permanent contact with farmers in the person of Mr. Bram Dees, who joined Dominion Stores staff a few 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 supplying 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 of Dominion Stores in Toronto, Mr. Dees will actively represent the grower in the executive councils of the organization, keeping the management and merchandising departments in touch with current agricultural problems, so that helpful action may be taken in the case of crop surpluses, shortages or similar emergencies.

In announcing Mr. Dees' appointment, J. W. Horey, 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's shareholders.

"The idea that one section of the population can permanently prosper at the expense of another section belongs to the unregretted past," said Mr. Horey. "We have got to realize that Canada cannot progress unless the cultivator prospers hand in hand with the consumer."



REV. F. H. WASE

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 rector of St. Paul the Apostle Church, Dunnville, in an impressive service conducted by the Lord Bishop of Niagara, Rt. Rev. L. W. B. Broughall, D. D.

Clothed in all the beauty and dignity of the Christian Church, the service was one which made a deep impression on the minds of all who were present. Led by the choir, the Bishop and Clergy 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 Institution and license confirming the appointment to this parish.

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" following this with his blessing. Ven. Archdeacon A. C. Macintosh next inducted the minister, and with the Church Warden, T. O. McOutcheon and G. E. Parkes, proceeded to the Font, Litany Desk, Lectern, Pulpit and Altar, the congregation singing the hymn, "We Love Thee, 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 appointed minister."

At the Altar, the Bishop received the Incumbent, exhorting him to follow faithfully the various phases of his work in Dunnville, a charge accepted 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, 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 1932, and was transferred in 1931 to St. James' Church, Ouelph.

In the spring of 1932, he married Helene Bell Wigmore, and they have two children, Mary Fielding Wase, aged eight, and David Harvey Wase, aged five.

"IN OUR MAIL BAG"

2nd Div. Supply Col., R.O.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 a 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 your stands in the future, as such has generally been my standing in life.

It was indeed very efforts 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 going on, and I'm sure it's still the good outfit that it always was even if it did consist of guys like George Sargent, Cecil Davidson and myself.

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 Bill's theme song of "Oh, to be in England in the Spring," has still to materialize. Many thanks again for the local edition, and also an addition of best regards to, namely, "Dick" Forster, Eric Warner and Harry Wood.

Sincerely, HILL CHAPLIN.

WE PRINT ATTRACTIVE WEDDING INVITATIONS! New Type - Reasonable Prices