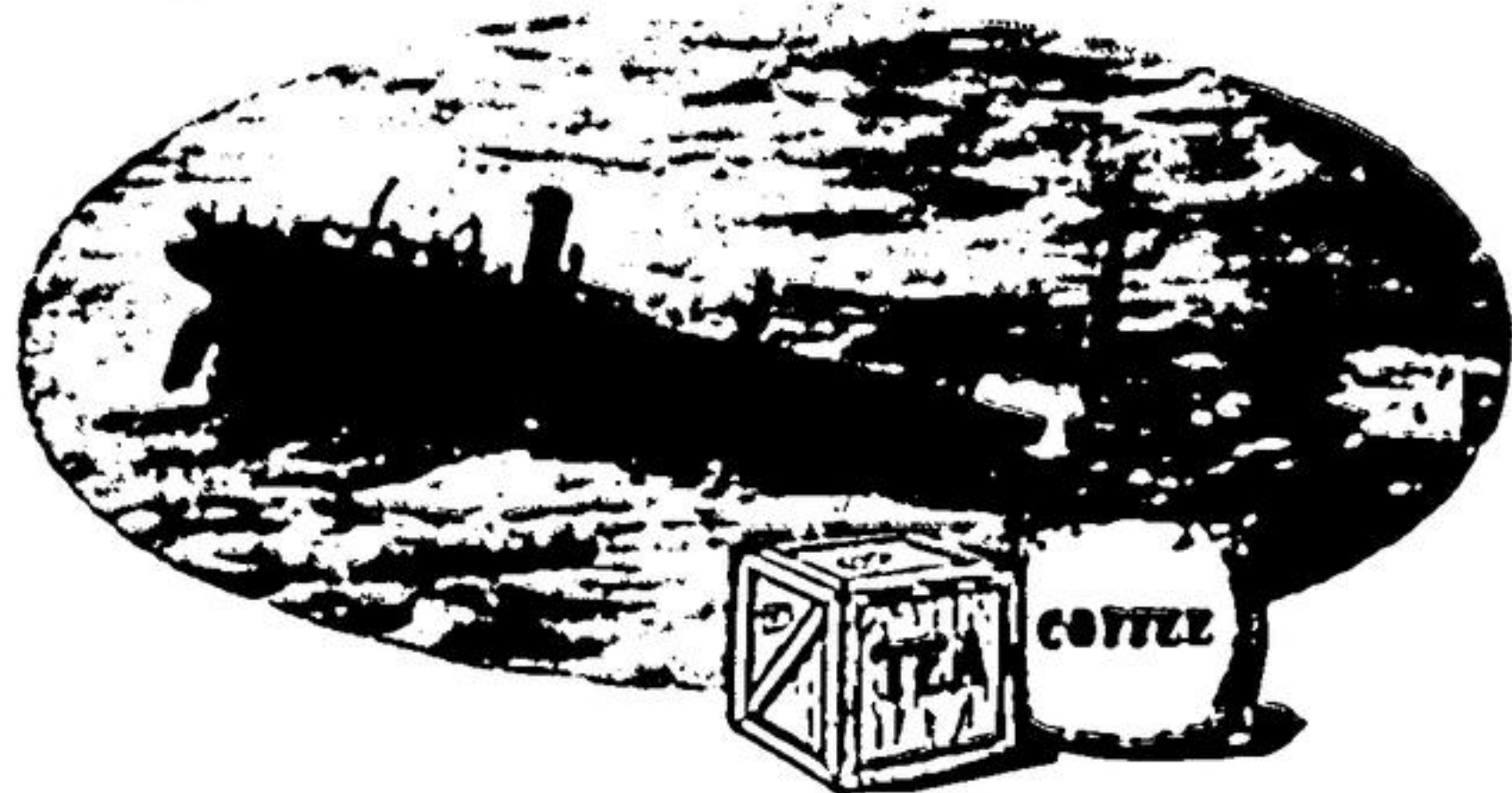


# TEA AND COFFEE ARE RATIONED



## Ships and lives must be conserved

To bring tea from Ceylon and India, to bring coffee from South America, ships must cross oceans lashed with submarines. Today those ships and their naval escorts are required for more essential services. Every ship, every foot of cargo space, is needed to carry war materials, and to bring essential goods to Canada.

So Canadians must now reduce their consumption of tea and coffee. You must reduce your normal consumption of tea by at least a half. You must reduce your normal consumption of coffee by at least one fourth. These reductions are absolutely necessary.

### TEA CONSUMPTION MUST BE CUT BY AT LEAST ONE HALF



### COFFEE CONSUMPTION MUST BE CUT BY AT LEAST ONE FOURTH



### THIS IS THE LAW

You must not buy more than 2 weeks' supply of tea or coffee for yourself and household in any one week.

You must not make further purchases of tea or coffee at any time when you have two weeks' supply on hand at the reduced ration. (Exception: those in areas remote from supply.)

Retailers have the right to limit or refuse customers' orders if they suspect the law is not being kept. Retailers must not have on hand more than one month's supply of tea and coffee, whether packaged or bulk.

There are heavy penalties for violations of this law.

THE WARTIME PRICES AND TRADE BOARD

## REGISTRATION OF UNEMPLOYED MEN

### WHO MUST REGISTER

Every man between the ages of 16 and 69 who is unemployed or who will not be gainfully occupied after May 31, 1942, must register. The following are exempted: Full-time students, or those confined in an asylum, or a prison, or hospital or home for the aged and infirm, or are subject to the provisions of the Essential Work (Scientific and Technical Personnel) Regulations, 1942.

### WHEN TO REGISTER

If you have not already registered at an Employment and Claims Office of the Unemployment Insurance Commission within the last two weeks, or have not obtained work, you are required to register within the week of June 1st, 1942, or within one week after becoming unemployed or not gainfully occupied at any time after May 31st, 1942.

### WHERE TO REGISTER

1. At an Employment and Claims Office of the Unemployment Insurance Commission, if you live in, or within five miles of, a city or town in which there is such an office; or
2. At the nearest Post Office, if you do not live in, or within five miles of, a city or town in which there is an Employment and Claims Office.

### RENEWAL

You must renew your registration at least every two weeks if you remain unemployed.

By Authority of Order-in-Council P.C.1445 of March 2nd, 1942.

HUMPHREY MITCHELL  
Minister of Labour.

Unemployment Insurance Commission, apply:  
Post Office Building, Georgetown



Down the path she went, the two pussy-cats like small shadows in her wake, until suddenly a voice came out of the dark.

"I believe it is little Jane Barnes."

She stopped. "Oh, is that you, Evans? Isn't it a heavenly night?"

"I'm not sure."

"Don't talk that way."

"Why not?"

"Because an evening like this is like wine—it goes to my head."

"You are like wine," he told her.

"Jane, how do you do it?"

"Do what?"

"Hold the pose of youth and joy and happiness?"

"You know it isn't a pose. I just feel that way, Evans."

"My dear, I believe you do."

He limped a little as he walked beside her. He was tall and gaunt. Almost grotesquely tall. Yet when he had gone to war he had not seemed in the least grotesque. He had been tall but not thin, and he had gone in all the glory of his splendid youth.

There was no glory left. He was twenty-seven. He had fought and he would fight again for the same cause. But his youth was dead, except when he was with Jane. She revived him, as he said, like wine.

"I was coming over," he began, and broke off as a sibilant sound interrupted him.

"Oh, are the cats with you? Well, Rusty must take the road," he laughed as the little old dog trotted to neutral ground at the edge of the grove. Rusty was friends with Merrymaid, except when there were kittens about. He knew enough to avoid her in days of anxious motherhood.

Jane picked up the kitten. "They would come."

"All animals follow you. You're sort of a domestic Circe—with your dogs and chickens and pussy-cats in the place of tigers and lions and leopards."

"I'd love to have lived in Eden," said Jane, unexpectedly, "before Eve and Adam sinned. What it must have meant to have all those great beasts mild-mannered and purring under your hand like this kitten. What a dreadful thing happened, Evans, when fear came into the world."

"What makes you say that now, Jane?" His voice was sharp.

"Shouldn't I have said it? Oh, Evans, you can't think I had you in mind—"

"No," with a touch of weariness, "but you are the only one, really, who knows what a coward I am—"

"Evans, you're not."

"You're good to say it, but that's what I came over for. I am up against it again, Jane. Some cousins are on from New York—they're at the New Willard—and Mother and I went in to see them last night. They have invited us to go back with them. They've a big house east of Fifth Avenue, and they want us as their guests indefinitely. They think it will do me a lot of good—get me out of myself, they call it. But I can't see it. Since I came home—every time I think of facing mobs of people—again his voice grew sharp—"I'm clutched by something I can't describe. It is perfectly unreasonable, but I can't help it."

For a moment they walked in silence, then he went on—"Mother's very keen about it. She thinks it will set me up. But I want to stay here—and I thought if you'd talk to her, she'll listen to you, Jane—she always does."

"Does she know how you feel about it?"

"No, I think not. I've never told her. I've only spilled over to you now and then. It would hurt Mother, no end, to know how changed I am."

Jane laid her hand on his arm. "You're not. Brace up, old dear. You aren't dead yet." As she lifted her head to look up at him, the hood of her cape slipped back, and the wind blew her soft, thick hair against his cheek. "But I'll talk to your mother if you want me to. She is a great darling."

They had reached the kitchen door. "Won't you come in?" Jane said.

"No, I've got to get back. I only ran over for a moment. I have to have a daily sip of you, Jane."

"Baldy's bringing a steak for dinner. Help us eat it."

"Sorry, but Mother would be alone."

"When shall I talk to her?"

"There's no hurry. The cousins are staying on for the opening of Congress. Jane dear, don't despise me—" His voice broke.

"Evans, as if I could."

Again her hand was on his arm. He laid his own over it. "You're the best ever, Janey," he said, humbly—and presently he went away.

Jane, going to, found that Baldy had telephoned. "He hasn't got here until seven," Sophy told her. "You had better run along home," Jane told her. "I'll cook the steak when it comes."

Sophy was old and she was tired. Life hadn't been easy. The son who was to have been the prop of her old age had been killed in France. There was a daughter's daughter who had gone north and who now and then sent money. Old Sophy did not know where her granddaughter got the money, but it was good to have it when it came. But it was not enough, so old Sophy worked.

"I hate to leave you here alone, Miss Janey."

"Oh, run along, Sophy. Baldy will come before I know it."

Jane went through the kitchen to the back door, throwing an appraising glance at the things in the warming oven, and stood waiting on the threshold, hugging herself in the keenness of the wind.

Presently her brother's tall form was silhouetted against the silvery gray of the night.

"I thought you were never coming," she said to him.

"I thought so, too." He bent and kissed her; his cheek was cold as it touched hers.

"Aren't you nearly frozen?"

"No. Sorry to be late, honey. Get dinner on the table and I'll be ready—"

"I'm afraid things won't be very appetizing," she told him; "they've waited so long. But I'll cook the steak—"

He had gone on, and was beyond the sound of her voice. She opened the fat parcel which he had deposited on the kitchen table. She won dered a bit at its size. But Baldy had a way of bringing home unexpected bargains—a dozen boxes of crackers—unwieldy pounds of coffee.

But this was neither crackers nor coffee. The box which was revealed bore the name of a fashionable florist. Within were violets—single ones—set off by one perfect rose and tied with a silver ribbon.

Jane gasped—then she went to the door and called:

"Baldy, where's the steak?"

He came to the top of the stairs. "Great guns," he said, "I forgot it!"

Then he saw the violets in her hands, laughed and came down a step or two. "I sold a loaf of bread and bought—white hyacinths—"

"They're heavenly!" Her glance swept up to him. "Peace offering?"

There were gay sparks in his eyes. "We'll call it that."

She blew a kiss to him from the tips of her fingers. "They are perfectly sweet. And we can have an omelette. Only if we eat any more eggs, we'll be flapping our wings."

"I don't care what we have. I am so hungry I could eat a house." He went back up the stairs, laughing.

Jane, breaking eggs into a bowl, meditated on the nonchalance of men. She meditated, too, on the mystery of Baldy's mood. The flowers were evidence of high exaltation. He did not often lend himself to such extravagance.

He came down presently and helped carry in the belated dinner. The potatoes lay like withered leaves in a silver dish, the cornbread was a wrinkled wreck, the pudding a travesty. Only Jane's omelette and a lettuce salad had escaped the blight of delay.

Then, too, there was Philomel, singing. Jane drew a cup of coffee, hot and strong, and set it at her brother's place. The violets were in the center of the table, the cats purring on the hearth.

Jane loved her little home with almost passionate intensity. She loved to have Baldy in a mood like this—things right once more with his world.

She knew it was so by the ring of his voice, the cock of his head—hence she was not in the least surprised when he leaned forward under the old-fashioned spreading dome which drenched him with light, and said, "I've such a lot to tell you, Jane; the most amazing thing has happened."

CHAPTER II

When young Baldwin Barnes had ridden out of Sherwood that morning on his way to Washington, his car had swept by fields which were crisp and frozen; by clumps of trees whose pointed tops cut into the clear blue of the sky; over ice-bound streams, all shining silver in the early sunlight.

He had the eye of an artist, and he liked the ride. Even in winter the countryside was attractive—and as the road slipped away, there came a few big houses surrounded by wide grounds, with glimpses through their high hedges of white statues, of spired cedars, of sundials set in the midst of dead gar-

gons.

Beyond these there was an arid stretch until the Lake was reached, then the hills of one country chink, the old buildings of another, and at last on the crest of a hill, a view of the city—sweeping on the right towards Arlington and on the left towards Soldiers' Home.

Turning into Sixteenth Street, he crossed a bridge with its buttresses guarded by stone panthers—and it was on this bridge that his car stopped.

Climbing out, he blamed Fate furiously. Years afterward, however, he dared not think of the difference it might have made if his little driver had not failed him.

Once when he stopped, a woman passed him. She was tall and slender and wrapped up to her ears in minkskin. Her small hat was blue, from her hand swung a gray suede bag, her feet were in gray shoes with cut-steel buckles.

Baldy's quick eyes took in the details of her costume. He reflected as he went back to work that women were fools to court death in that fashion, with thin slippers and silk stockings, in this bitter weather.

He found the trouble, fixed it, jumped into his car and started his motor. And it was just as he was moving that his eye was caught by a spot of blue bobbing down the hill below the bridge. The woman who had passed him was making her way slowly along the slippery path. On each side of her the trees were brown and bare. At the foot of the hill was a thread of frozen water.

It was not usual at this time to see pedestrians in that place. Now and then a workman took a short cut, or on warm days there were picnic parties—but to follow the rough paths in winter was a bleak and arduous adventure.

He stayed for a moment to watch her, then suddenly left his car and ran. The girl in the blue had caught her high heels in a root, had stumbled and fallen.

When he reached her, she was struggling to her feet. He helped her, and picked up the bag which she had dropped.

"Thank you so much." Her voice was low and pleasing. He saw that she was young, that her skin was very fair, and that the hair which swept over her ears was pale gold, but most of all, he saw that her eyes were burning blue. He had never seen eyes quite like them. The old poets would have called them sapphires, but sapphires do not flame.

"It was so silly of me to try to do it," she was protesting, "but I thought it might be a short cut—"

He wondered what her destination might be that this remote path should lead to it. But all she said was, "High heels aren't made for—mountain climbing—"

"They aren't made for anything," she said, looking down at the steel-buckled slippers, "useful."

"Let me help you up the hill."

"I don't want to go up."

He surveyed the steep incline. "I am perfectly sure you don't want to go down."

"I do," she hesitated, "but I suppose I can't."

He had a sudden inspiration. "Can I take you anywhere? My little fiver is up there on the bridge. Would you mind that?"

"Would I mind if a life-line were thrown to me in mid-ocean?" She said it lightly, but he fancied there was a note of high hope.

They went up the hill together. "I want to get an Alexandria car," she told him.

"But you are miles away from it."

"Am I?" She showed momentary confusion. "I hoped I might reach it through the Park—"

"You might. But you might also freeze to death in the attempt like a babe in the wood, without any rob-

bers to perform the last melancholy rites. What made you think of such a thing?"

He saw at once his mistake. Her voice had a touch of frigidity. "I can't tell you."

"Sorry," he said abruptly. "You must forgive me."

She melted. "No, it is I who should be forgiven. It must look strange to you—but I'd rather not—explain—"

(continued next week)



"Would I mind if a life-line were thrown to me in mid-ocean?"