

**Make it a habit to
TAKE CARE OF WOOLLENS**

Guard your woollens as you would precious jewels! They're almost as valuable and may be harder to get than jewellery now that domestic uses of wool are restricted. Clean out closets and clothes chests regularly and never neglect precaution against moths. In this way your need for new woollens will be reduced to a minimum and more wool will be available for war needs. Your own part may seem small, but it's not—if you measure it in terms of the hundreds of thousands of people in all the pulp and paper towns in Canada.

**THE PULP AND PAPER
INDUSTRY OF CANADA**
275 BEEHIVE BUILDING MONTREAL



The telephone rang and she answered it. Evans was at the other end of the wire.

"Mother wants to speak to you."

Mrs. Follette asked if she might change her plans for Thanksgiving. "Will you and your brother dine with us, instead of our coming to you? Our New York cousins find that they have the day free, unexpectedly. They had been asked to a house party in Virginia, but their hostess has had to postpone it on account of illness."

"Is it going to be very grand? I haven't a thing to wear."

"Don't be foolish, Jane. You always look like a lady."

"Thank you, Mrs. Follette." Jane hoped that she didn't look as some ladies look. But there were, of course, others. It was well for her at the moment, that Mrs. Follette could not see her eyes.

"And I thought," went on the unconscious mastron, "that if you were not too busy, you might go with Evans to the grove and get some greens. I'd like the house to look attractive. Is the snow too deep?"

"Not a bit. When will he come?"

"You'd better arrange with him. Here he is."

Evans' voice was the only unchanged thing about him. The sound of it at long distance always brought the old days back to Jane.

"After lunch?" he asked.

"Give me time to dress."

"There."

"Yes."

When luncheon was over, Jane went upstairs to get into out-of-door clothes. At the foot of the stairs she had a glimpse of herself in the hall mirror. She wore a one-piece lilac cotton frock—with a small square apron, and an infinitesimal bib. It was a nice-looking little frock, but she had had it for a million years. That was the way with all her clothes. The suit she was going to put on had been dyed. It had been white in its first incarnation. It was now brown. There was no telling its chromatic future.

She heard steps on the porch, and turned to open the door for Evans.

But it was not Evans. Briggs, Frederick Towne's chauffeur, stood there with a box in his arms. "Mr. Towne's compliments," he said, "and shall I set it in the hall?"

"Oh, yes, thank you." Her surprise brought the quick color to her cheeks. She watched him go back down the terrace, and enter the car, then she opened the box.

Beneath clouds of white tissue paper she came upon a long, low basket, heaped with grapes and tangerines, peaches and pomegranates. Tucked in between the fruits were shelled nuts in fluted glass cases, cleaning sweets in small glass jars, candied pineapples and cherries, bunches of fat raisins, stuffed dates and prunes.

Jane talked to the empty air. "How dear of him—"

The white tissue paper fell in drifts about her as she lifted the basket from the box.

There was a little note tied to the handle. Towne's personal paper was thick and white. Jane was aware of its expensiveness and it thrilled her. His script was heavy and black—the note had, unquestionably, an air.

"Dear Miss Barnes:
"I can't tell you how much I enjoyed your hospitality last night—and you were good to listen to me with so much sympathy. I am hoping that you'll let me come again and talk about Edith. May I? And here's a bit of color for your Thanksgiving feast."

"Gratefully always,
"Frederick Towne."

Jane stood staring down at the friendly words. It didn't seem within reason that Frederick Towne meant that he wanted to come—to see her. And she really hadn't listened with sympathy. But—oh, of course, he could come. And it was heavenly to have a thing like this happen on a day like this.

As she straightened up with the basket in her hands, she saw herself again in the long mirror—a slender figure in green—bobbed black hair—golden and purple fruits. She gasped and gazed again. There was Baldy's picture ready to his hand—November! Against a background of gray—that glowing figure—Baldy could idealize her—make the wind blow her skirts a bit—give her a fluttering ribbon or two, a glorified loveliness.

She sought him in his studio. "I've got something to show you, darling-dear."

He was moody. "Don't interrupt me, Jane."

She ruffled up his hair, which he hated. "Mr. Towne sent us some fruit, Baldy, and this." She held out the note to him.

He read it. "He doesn't say a word about me."

"No, he doesn't," her eyes were dancing. "Baldy, it's your little sister, Jane."

"You didn't do a thing but sit there and knit—"

"Perhaps he liked to see me—knitting—"

Baldy passed this over in puzzled silence.

"Where's the fruit?"

"In the house."

He rose. "I'll go in with you—"

He fell out of sorts, discouraged. The morning had been spent in sketching vague outlines—a sweep of fair hair under a blue hat—detached feet in shoes with shining buckles—a bag that hung in the air without hands. At intervals he had stood up and looked out at the blank snow and the dull sky. The room was warm enough, but he shivered. He suffered vicariously for Edith Towne. He had hoped that she might telephone. He had stayed home really for that.

"I have spent three hours doing nothing," he said, as he shut the door behind him; "not much encouragement in that."

"I have a model for you."

"Where?"

"I'll show you."

He followed her in, full of curiosity.

She showed him the fruit, then picked up the basket. "Look in the mirror, not at me," she commanded.

Reflected there in the clear glass, so still that she seemed fixed in paint, Baldy really gave for the first time an artist's eye to the possibilities of his little sister. In the midst of all that crashing color—

"Gosh," he cried, "you're good-looking!"

His air of utter astonishment was too much for Jane. She set the basket on the steps, and laughed until she cried.

"I don't see anything funny," he told her.

"Well, you wouldn't, darling."

She wiped her eyes with her little handkerchief, and sat up. "I am just dropping a tear for the ugly duckling."

"Have I made you feel like that?"

"Sometimes."

Their lighted-up eyes met, and suddenly he leaned down and touched her cheek—a swift caress.

"You're a little bit of all right, Janey," which was great praise from Baldy.

CHAPTER IV

Mrs. Follette had been born in Maryland with a tradition of aristocratic blood. It was this tradition which had upheld her through years of poverty after the Civil war. A close scanning of the family tree might have disclosed ancestors who had worked with their hands. But these, Mrs. Follette's family had chosen to ignore in favor of one grandfather who had held Colonial office, and who had since been magnified into a personage.

Mr. Follette, during his lifetime, had walked a mile each morning to take the train at Sherwood Park, and had walked back a mile each night, until at last he had tired of two peripatetic miles a day, and of eight hours at his desk, and of eternally putting on his dinner coat when there was no one to see, and like old Baldwin Barnes, he had laid him down with a will.

At his death all income stopped, and Mrs. Follette had found herself on a somewhat lonely peak of exclusiveness. She could not afford to go with her richer neighbors, and she refused to consider Sherwood seriously. Now and then, however, she accepted invitations from old friends, and in return offered such simple hospitality as she could afford without self-consciousness.

She had, too, a sort of admirable courage. Her ambitions had been wrapped up in her son. What her father might have been, Evans was to be. They had scrimped and saved that he might go to college and study law. Then, at that first dreadful cry from across the seas, he had gone. There had been long months of fighting. He had left her in the flower of his youth, a wonder-jad, with none to match him among his friends. He had come back crushed and broken. He, whose career lay so close to his heart—could do now no sustained work. Mentally and physically he must rest. He might be years in getting back. He would never get back to gay and gallant boyhood. That was gone forever.

Yet if Mrs. Follette's heart had faltered at times, she had never shown it. She was making the farm pay for itself. She supplied the people of Sherwood Park and surrounding estates with milk. But she never was in any sense—a milk-

woman. It was, rather, as if she selling her milk she distributed favors. It was on this income that she subsisted, she and her son.

Later he and Jane walked together in the clear cold. She was in a gay mood. She was wrapped in her old orange cape, and the sun, breaking the bank of silver clouds in the west, seemed to turn her little young body into flame.

"Don't you love a day like this, Evans?" She pressed forward up the hill with all her strength. Evans followed, panting. At the top they sat down for a moment on an old log—which faced the long aisle of snow between the black trees. The vista was clear-cut and almost artificial in its restraint of color and its wide bare spaces.

Evans' little dog, Rusty, ran back and forth—following this trail and that. Finally in pursuit of a rabbit, he was led far afield. They heard him barking madly in the distance. It was the only sound in the stillness.

"Jane," Evans said, "do you remember the last time we were here?"

"Yes." The light went out of her eyes.

"As I look back it was heaven, Jane. I'd give anything on God's earth if I was where I was then."

All the blood was drained from her face. "Evans, you wouldn't," passionately, "you wouldn't give up those three years in France?"

He sat very still. Then he said tensely, "No, I wouldn't, even though it has made me lose you—Jane—"

"You mustn't say such things—"

"I must. Don't I know? You were such an unswerving little thing, my dear. But I could have—waked you. And I can't wake you now. That's my tragedy. You'll never wake up—for me—"

"Don't—"

"Well, it's true. Why not say it? I've come back a—scarecrow, the shadow of a man. And you're just where I left you—only lower—more of a woman—more to be worshipped—Jane—"

As he caught her hand up to his, she had a sudden flashing vision of him as he had been when he last sat with her in the grove—the swing of his strong figure, his bare head borrowing gold from the sun—the touch of assurance which had been so compelling.

"I never knew that you cared—"

"I knew it, but not as I did after your wonderful letters to me over there. I felt, if I ever came back, I'd move heaven and earth." He stopped. "But I came back—different. And I haven't any right to say these things to you. I'm not going to say them—Jane. It might spoil our—friendship."

"Nothing can spoil our friendship, Evans—"

He laid his hand on hers. "Then you are mine—until somebody comes along and claims you!"

"There isn't anybody else," she turned her fingers up to meet his, "so don't worry, old dear," she smiled at him but her lashes were wet. Her hand was warm in his and she let it stay there, and after a while she said, "I have sometimes thought that if it would make you happy, I might—"

"Might—love me?"

"Yes."

He shook his head. "I didn't say it for that. I just had to have the truth between us. And I don't want—plty. If—if I ever get back—I'll make you love me, Jane." There was a hint of his old masterfulness—and she was thrilled by it.

She withdrew her hand and stood up. "Then I'll—pray—that you—get back—"

"Do you mean it, Janey?"

"I mean it, Evans."

"Then pray good and hard, my dear, for I'm going to do it."

They smiled at each other, but it was a sacred moment.

The things they did after that were rendered unimportant by the haze of enchantment which hung over Evans' revelation. No man can tell a woman that he loves her, no woman can listen, without a throbbing sense of the magnitude of the thing which has happened. From such beginnings is written the history of humanity.

Deep in a hollow where the wind had swept up the snow, and left the ground bare they found crowfoot in an emerald carpet—there were holy branches dripping red berries like blood on the white drifts. They filled their arms, and at last they were ready to go.

Evans whistled for Rusty but the little dog did not come. "He'll find us; he knows every inch of the way."

But Rusty did not find them, and they were on the ridge when that first awful cry came to them.

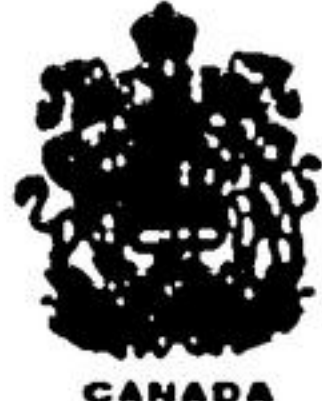
Jane clutched Evans. "What is it—oh, what is it?"

He swallowed twice before he could speak. "It's—Rusty—one of those steel traps"—he was panting now—his forehead wet—"the Negroes put them around for rabbits—" Again that frenzied cry broke the stillness. "They're hellish things—"

Jane began to run in the direction of the sound. "Come on, Evans—oh, come quick—"

He stumbled after her. At last he caught at her dress and held her. "If he's hurt I can't stand it."

It was dreadful to see him. Jane felt as if clutched by a nightmare. "Stay here, and don't worry. I'll get him out—"



CANADA

**NATIONAL SELECTIVE SERVICE
CONTROL OF EMPLOYMENT**

NO EMPLOYER HEREAFTER SHALL HIRE ANY PERSON, MALE OR FEMALE, WITHOUT THE APPROVAL OF A SELECTIVE SERVICE OFFICER IN AN EMPLOYMENT OFFICE OF THE UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE COMMISSION

Whenever a vacancy occurs, or additional staff is required, or a lay-off of staff is anticipated, the employer shall notify the local Employment Office. He may engage only persons referred to him by, or approved by, the local Employment Office.

A local Selective Service Officer may revoke at any time, on not less than ten days notice, any approval granted by him.

Appeal from a Selective Service Officer's decision may be made in writing within ten days to the Divisional Registrar of the National War Services Board, and the decision of the Board shall be final.

EXCEPTIONS

This order does not include employment: (1) In agriculture, fishing, hunting or trapping; (2) Subject to the Essential Work (Scientific and Technical Personnel) Regulations, 1942; (3) In domestic service in a private home; (4) Of students after school hours or during holidays (but does include employment during Summer Vacations); (5) In part-time work which is not the principal means of livelihood; (6) Casual or irregular employment for not more than three days in any calendar week for the same employer; (7) Under the Government of any Province.

This order does not affect Re-employment: (1) Within not more than 14 consecutive days after the last day a person worked for the same employer; (2) After sickness or disability which caused the suspension of the employment; (3) On resumption of work after a stoppage caused by an industrial dispute; (4) In accordance with a collective labour agreement which provides for preference according to length of service or seniority; (5) On compulsory re-instatement after Military Service.

Until further notice from the Director of National Selective Service or a local National Selective Service Officer, any employer may temporarily engage any employee, if he submits within three days to a local office an application in duplicate for the approval of such engagement. Such application shall state the insurance book number, or the insurance registration number, (U.I.C. Form 413), name, address, age, sex, occupation of such employee, the name of his or her most recent employer, and the date he or she left employment with such employer.

Penalties for infringements of this order provide for a fine up to \$500.00, or imprisonment up to 12 months, or both fine and imprisonment.

This order supersedes previous National Selective Service Orders respecting restricted and unrestricted occupations.

ELLIOTT M. LITTLE,
Director National Selective Service

HUMPHREY MITCHELL,
Minister of Labour