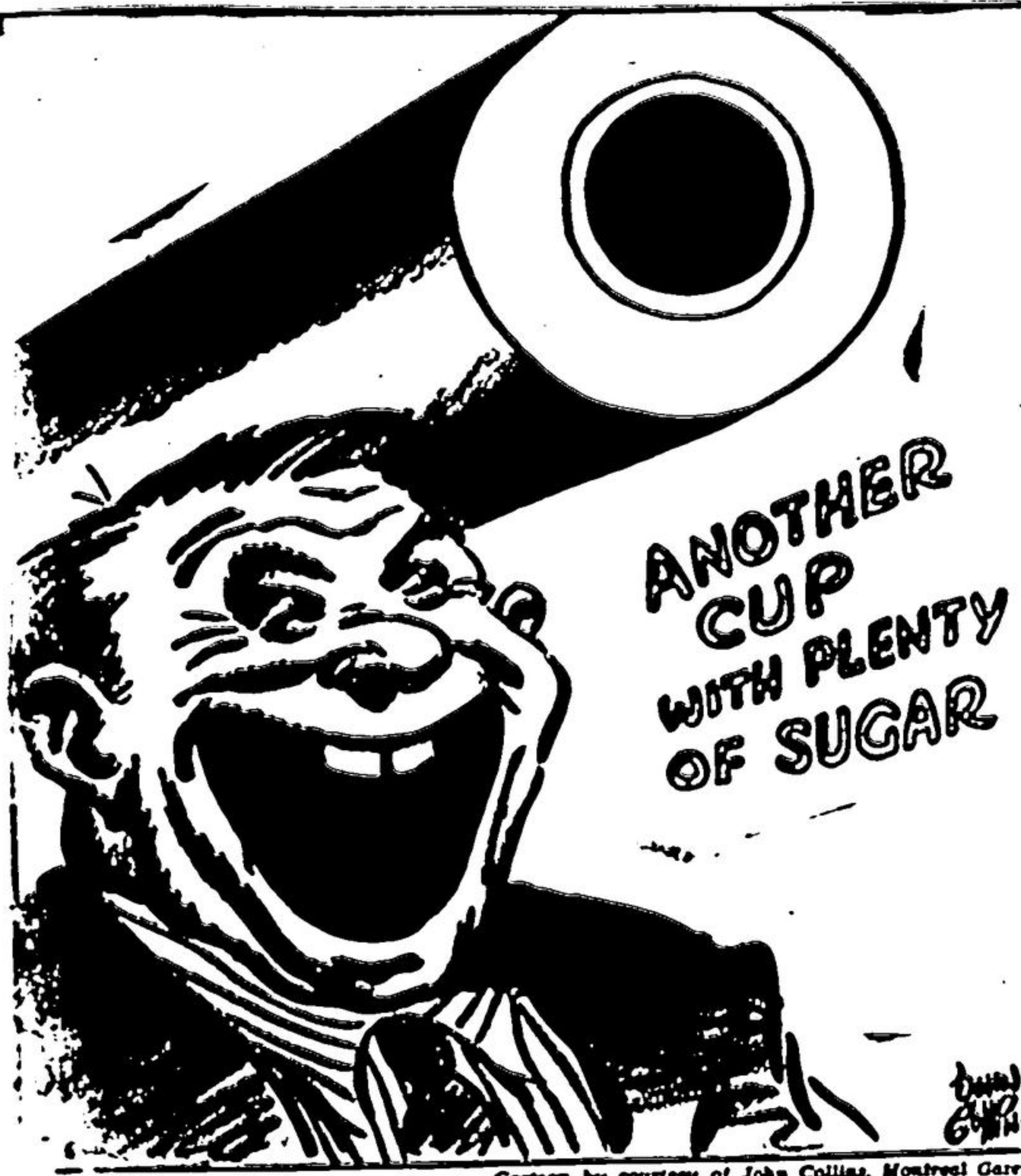


WHICH MOUTH SHOULD OUR SHIPS BE FILLING?



Cartoon by courtesy of John Collins, Montreal Gazette.

RURAL HYDRO CONSUMERS HELP CANADA CONSERVE VITAL WAR MATERIALS

To Co-operate in System of Post Card Meter Reading

Ontario's rural consumers of electricity are going to help Canada conserve vital war materials by reading their own meters three times a year, and mailing the reading on special post-paid cards to Hydro offices in the various rural power districts.

Announcement of this helpful wartime co-operation on the part of these consumers has been made by The Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario.

This action, it is pointed out, will mean that Hydro meter readers will, in future, only have to record one instead of four readings over a period of twelve months in order to maintain the policy of rendering rural accounts every three months.

At the same time, the Commission has just taken delivery of a fleet of eighty bicycles which will replace the trucks formerly used by rural meter readers. As a result, this co-operative con-

servation plan will affect an estimated yearly saving of 300,000 miles of truck operation and 30,000 gallons of gasoline.

Developed in Ontario nine years ago, the postcard system of meter reading it is revealed, has proved highly successful in districts in which it has been operated. With this experience, it is expected, that its adoption in all Ontario rural districts will find ready acceptance because of its convenience and simplicity.

Under this system, each rural consumer receives a card which is post-paid and bears the address of the district Hydro office. The card is designed so that the readings on either the clock or cyclometer type meters can be quickly recorded by the consumer, along with the date on which he took the reading.

While the Commission has purchased the bicycles to save truck tires and gasoline, these wheels are to be used in accordance with a plan which will assure the maximum mileage from their tires and the coverage of rural territories in the minimum of time. In addition to his record book, each meter reader will carry a compact traveling kit strapped to the crossbar of his cycle so that he can remain overnight

at the point where he finished his day's work. Readings and reports will be mailed to the Hydro office and the meter reader will continue his trip without having to return to the office.

To assure the success of the conservation programme, the Commission is making the co-operation of rural consumers in paying bills promptly. By doing so, it is pointed out, they will eliminate the necessity for Hydro representatives having to make special trips involving additional mileage and the consequent use of truck tires and gasoline.

If it becomes necessary to discontinue a service through non-payment of an account, no guarantee can be given under present conditions, due to shortage of labour and materials, that it will be reconnected promptly even when the bill is paid along with the required reconnection charge of \$2.18 and a cash deposit to cover one billing period.

Mr. Joseph Norton Honoured

On Wednesday evening, June 24th, twenty friends and relatives gathered at the home of Mr. Joseph Norton, Olen Williams, to present him with a gold wrist watch as a token of the high esteem in which they all held him and of the regret they felt at his leaving their midst to join the Army. Prior to joining up, he was employed by the Olen Vestile Industries Ltd.

Mr. Kenneth Weston composed the following address, and after it was read by Mrs. George Allan, Mr. Norton's mother presented him with the gold watch on behalf of those assembled. Following is the address:

Dear Joe: Tonight we gather together assembled as in one, to show our appreciation toward you as an honorable and trustworthy brother and friend.

Your co-operation in our community as a lover of sports and music has been a great asset to us all. It is understood to us all that during the present world crisis, we, each and every one of us has to do our part for our King and country. It has befell your part to honor your King and country in the army and theatre of war, for which we are all proud of you in so doing. Being the first in our relationship to be called to serve our country, we, as mother and father, brothers and sisters, your uncles—brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law—and your close friends, wish that you accept this small gift of appreciation. Hoping that it will be a remembrance of us all to you now and in the future until we are all assembled once more in peace and happiness once and for all time.

JUNE M. O. H. REPORT

Following is the report of the M.O.H. for the month of June:

Table with 2 columns: Disease Name, Number of Cases. Includes Measles (2), Mumps (2), Scarlet Fever (0), Chicken Pox (0), German Measles (0), Infantile Paralysis (0), Typhoid Fever (0), Whooping Cough (0), Cerebro-Spinal Meningitis (0) (Epidemic).

Send in your Personal and Social items—they are appreciated by our readers.



The DIM LANTERN

by TEMPLE BAILEY.

"You bring here, Jane," said Evans, "on one side of the fireplace, with me on the other. That's the way I always see you when I shut my eyes."

"You see me now with your eyes wide open?" "Yes, Jane, I told Mother this afternoon that I wouldn't go to New York. So that's settled, without your saying anything."

"How does she feel about it?" "Oh, she still thinks that I should go. But I'll stay here," he moved his head restlessly. "I want to be where you are, Jane. And now, my dear, we're going to talk things out. You know that yesterday you made a sort of—promise. That you'd pray for me to get back—and that if I got back—well, you'd give me a chance. Jane, I want your prayers, but not your promise."

"Why not?" "I am not fit to think of any woman. When I am—well—if I ever am—you can do as you think best. But you mustn't be bound."

She sat silent, looking into the fire. "You know that I'm right, don't you, dear?"

"Yes, I do, Evans. I thought of it, too, last night. And it seems like this to me. If we can just be friends—without bothering with—anything else—it will be easier, won't it?"

"I can't tell you how gladly I'd bother, as you call it. But it wouldn't be fair. You are young, and you have a right to happiness. I'd be a shadow on your—future."

"Please don't—" He dropped on the rug at her feet. "Well, we'll leave it at that. We're friends, forever," he reached up and took her hands in his, "forever!"

"Always, Evans—" "For better, for worse—for richer, for poorer?"

"Of course—" They stared into the fire, and then he said softly, "Well, that's enough for me, my dear, that's enough for me— and after a while he began to speak in broken sentences. "Ah, silver shines, here will I take my rest . . . After so many hours of toil and quest . . . A famished pilgrim . . . That's Keats, my dear. Jane, do you know that you are food and drink?"

"I?" "Unsteadily." "Yes, dear little thing, if I had you always by my fire I could fight the world."

When Jane and Baldy reached home that night, Baldy stamped up and down the house, saying things about Muriel Follette. "A girl like that to criticize!"

She yawned. "I'm going to bed." The telephone rang, and Baldy was off like a shot. Jane uncured herself from her chair and lent a listening ear. It was a moment of exciting interest. Edith Towne was at the other end of the wire!

Jane knew it by Baldy's singing voice. He didn't talk like that to commonplace folk who called him up. She was devoured with curiosity.

He came in, at last, literally walking on air. And just as Jane had felt that his voice sang, so she felt now that his feet danced.

"Janey, it was Edith Towne." "What did she say?" "Just saw my advertisement. Paper delayed."

"Where is she?" "Beyond Alexandria. But we're not to give it away."

"Not even to Mr. Towne?" "No. She's asked me to bring her bag, and some other things."

He threw himself into a chair opposite Jane, one leg over the arm of it. He was a careless and picturesque figure. Even Jane was aware of his youth and good looks.

Edith had, as it seemed, asked him to have Towne send the ring back to Delafeld—to have her wedding presents sent back, to have a bag packed with her belongings.

She started up the stairs but before she had reached the landing he called after her. "Jane, what have you on hand for tomorrow?"

She leaned over the rail and looked down at him. "Friday? Feed the chickens. Feed the cats. Help Sophy clean the silver. Drink tea at four with Mrs. Allison, and three other young things of eighty."

"Well, look here. I don't want to face Towne. He'll say things about Edith—and insist on her coming back—she says he will, and that's why she won't call him up. And you've got more diplomacy than I have. You might make it all seem—reasonable. Will you do it, Jane?"

"Oh, if you're going to put it like that—" She smiled down at him. "Let's leave it then that I am—wonderful. But suppose Mr. Towne doesn't fall for your plan? Perhaps he won't let her have the bag or a check-book or money or—anything—"

Jane saw then a sudden and passionate change in her brother. "If he doesn't let her have it, I will. I may be poor but I'll beg or borrow rather than have her brought back to face those—cats—until she wants to come."

CHAPTER V

Frederick Towne never arrived in his office until ten o'clock. So Jane was ahead of him. She sat in a luxurious outer room, waiting.

When he came in he saw Jane at once, and held out his hand smiling. "You've heard from Edith?"

"Yes. Last night. Too late to let you know."

"Good. We'll go into my room." Jane was thrilled by a sense of things happening. Outwardly calm, she was inwardly stirred by excitement.

She sat in a big leather chair which nearly swallowed her up, and stared her errand.

"Baldy thought I'd better come, he's so busy, and anyhow he thinks I have more tact." She tilted her chin at him and smiled.

"And you thought it needed tact." "Well, don't you, Mr. Towne? We really haven't a thing to do with it, and I'm sure you think so. Only now we're in it, we want to do the best we can."

"I see. Since Edith has chosen you and your brother as ambassadors, you've got to use diplomacy."

"She didn't choose me, she chose Baldy."

"But why can't she deal directly with me?" "She ran away from you. And she isn't ready to come back."

"She ought to come back." "She doesn't think so. And she's afraid you'll insist."

"What does she want me to do?" "Send her the bag with the money and the checkbook, and let Baldy take out a lot of things. She gave him a list; let's see everything from toilet water to talcum."

"Suppose I refuse to send them?" "You can, of course. But you won't, will you?"

"No, I suppose not. I shan't coerce her. But it's rather a strange thing for her to be willing to trust all this to your brother. She has seen him only once."

"Well," said Jane, "of course." "Well," said Baldy, "of course."

He leaned back in his chair and looked at her. Again he was aware of quickened emotions. He revived half-forgotten ardors. Gave him back his youth. She used none of the cut and dried methods of sophistication. She was fearless, absolutely alive, and in spite of her cheap gray suit, altogether lovely.

So it was with an air of almost romantic challenge that he said, "What would you advise?" "I'd let her alone, like little Bo-Peep. She'll come home before you know it, Mr. Towne."

"I wish that I could think it—however, it's a great comfort to know that she's safe. I shall give it out that she is visiting friends, and that I've heard from her. And now, about the things she wants. It seems absolutely silly to send them."

"Why not?" "Oh, clothes make such a lot of difference to a woman. I can absolutely change my feelings by changing my frock."

She rose. "I'll leave the list with you and you can telephone Baldy when to come for them."

"Don't go. I want to talk to you." "But you're busy." "Not unless I want to be." "But I am. I have to go to market—" "Briggs can take you over. I'll call up the garage." "Briggs! Can you imagine Briggs driving through the streets of Washington with a pound of sausage and a three-rib roast?"

sausages, bags and all, at your own door in Sherwood."

"Really?" She was all shining resistance. "Really. You'll do it then? Sit down a moment while I call up Briggs."

He called the garage and turned again to Jane. "I'll dictate some important letters, and be ready for you when you get back."

So Jane went through the fine old market, with its long aisles brilliant with the bounty of field and garden, river, and bay and sea. There were red meats and red tomatoes and red apples, oranges that were yellow, and pumpkins a deeper orange. There were shrimps that were pink, and red-snappers a deeper rose. There was the gold of butter and the gold of honey—the green of spinach, the green of olives and the green of pickles in bowls of brine, there was the brown of potatoes overflowing in burlap bags, and the brown of bread baked to crispness—the brown of the plumage of dead ducks—the white of onions and the white of roses.

Jane bought modestly and Briggs carried her parcels. He even made a suggestion as to the cut of the steak. His father, it seemed, had been a butcher.

They drove back then for Frederick. Briggs went up for him, and returned to say that Mr. Towne would be down in a moment.

Frederick was, as a matter of fact, finishing a letter to Delafeld Simms:

"I am assuming that you will get your mail at the Poincianas, but I shall also send a copy to your New York office. Edith has asked me to return the ring to you. I shall hold it until I learn where it may be delivered into your hands."

"As for myself, I can only say this—that my first impulse was to kill you. But perhaps I am too civilized to believe that your death would make things better. You must understand, of course, that you've put yourself beyond the pale of decent people."

Lucy's pencil wavered—a flush stained her throat and cheeks—then she wrote steadily, as Frederick's voice continued:

"You will find yourself black-balled by several of the clubs. Whatever your motive, the world sees no excuse."

He stopped. "Will you read that over again, Miss Logan?"

So Lucy read it—still with that hot flush on her cheeks, and when she had finished Frederick said, "You can lock the ring in the safe until I give you further instructions."

A clerk came in to say that the car was waiting, and presently Frederick Towne went away and Lucy was left alone in the great room, which was not to her a forest of adventure, as it had seemed to Jane, but a great prison where she tugged at her chains.

She thought of Delafeld Simms sailing fast to southern waters. Of those purple seas—the blazing stars in the splendid nights. Delafeld had told her of them. They had often talked together.

She turned the ring around on her finger, studying the carved figure. The woman with the butterfly wings was exquisite—but she did not know her name. She slipped the ring on the third finger of her left hand. Its diamonds blazed.

She locked it presently in the safe—then came back and read the letter which Towne had signed. She sealed it and stamped the envelope. Then she wrote a letter of her own. She made a little ring of her hair, and fastened it to the page.

Beneath it she wrote, "Lucy to Delafeld—forever." She kissed the words, laid the crackling sheet against her heart. Her eyes were shining. The great room was no longer a prison. She saw beyond captivity to the open sea.

Mrs. Allison and the three old ladies with whom Jane was to drink tea, were neighbors. Mrs. Allison lived alone, and the other three lived in the homes of their several sons and daughters. They played cards every Friday afternoon, and Jane always came over when Mrs. Allison entertained and helped her with the refreshments.

They were very simple and pleasant old ladies with a nice sense of their own dignity.

At any rate, they had Jane. Some of the other young people scorned these elderly tea-parties, and if they came, were apt to show it in their manner. But Jane was never scornful. She always had the time of her life, and the old ladies felt particularly joyous and juvenile when she was one of them.

But this afternoon Jane was late. Tea was always served promptly at four. And it happened that there were popovers. So, of course, they couldn't wait.

"I telephoned to Sophy," said Mrs. Allison, "and Jane has gone to town. I suppose something has kept her. Anyhow we'll start in."

So the old ladies ate the popovers and drank hot sweet chocolate, and found them not as delicious as when Jane was there to share them.

Things were, indeed, a bit dull. They discussed Mrs. Follette, whose faults furnished a perpetual topic.

Mrs. Allison told them that the young Baldwin had died at Castle Manor on Thanksgiving. And that there had been other guests.

"How can she afford it?" was the unanimous opinion, "with that poor boy on her hands!"

Advertisement for 'SPEAK DISTINCTLY, DIRECTLY INTO THE MOUTHPIECE' featuring a woman's face and a telephone handset. Includes the slogan 'Clear telephone lines for ALL-OUT PRODUCTION' and a list of 'OTHER WARTIME TELEPHONE TACTICS' such as 'BE SURE you have the right number' and 'ANSWER promptly when the bell rings'.