



Rolling off the assembly line is a Canadian aircraft plant, these twin-engine Bolingbroke bombers are moving swiftly toward a rendezvous with the enemy. Production of bombers, fighters and training aircraft in

Canada has grown to impressive proportions since the early days of the war when the Canadian aircraft industry was in a pioneer stage. Canadian workmen are turning out five types of training planes, supplying the vast

British Commonwealth Air Training Plan, two types of service planes, which are regarded as first class fighting machines, and the Link trainer for preliminary ground instruction.

How Wartime Bermuda Aids in the Defence of the Empire

(Continued from Page 1)

King-pin of the British censorship service. All air mail letters passed through Bermuda and all were read by the censors there. Many of the letters that went by boat were also taken through Bermuda so they could be censored. The Excambion unloaded bags of mail for hours, obviously just to be read and sent on—or destroyed.

Possibly you recall that early in the war, our way that, before the United States expected to get into it, there were some complaints because the Clippers and letters held from the Clippers and letters held from the Clippers and letters held from the Clippers...

Some of the censors are men, but most are women. They are chosen for what they know, particularly for the languages they speak and write. But also for their knowledge of foreign countries and enemy cities. A number, as I saw personally, write several languages in shorthand, and that is quite an accomplishment. Shortly before I was in Bermuda, Life magazine sent a photographer to Bermuda and he was able to get past the secrecy that surrounds the

work of the censors and take pictures of them. He had some most attractive young ladies in bathing suits, standing on diving boards, and pictures of that type.

The ones I saw were mostly between 30 and 40, not particularly beautiful, but certainly intelligent. Most of them are university graduates, many are from rich families, especially those who have travelled. Their work is hard and most important and most of them probably grew tired of Bermuda long ago.

Their work requires speed and intelligence. It is claimed that letters taken from one Clipper are ready for the next one, two days later. There may be several hundred thousand letters in a single mail. Those who are trying to get secrets through will use all kinds of ingenuity and the censors must be too smart for them.

Of the letters that I sent back by air mail while in England, two bits were cut out. I should have known better than to mention either, as they were about locations of aircraft factories and places of importance. Coming back to New York on the refugee ship, Excambion, I had a chance to watch another job done by the censors, cooperating with the Royal Navy. After that, the efficiency of the secret service went away up in my estimation.

The Canadian editors had many privileges. I was advised to wait until I returned to Canada before doing any writing, so there would be no censoring of what I wrote, but I had notes and photographs and many other things which would normally raise doubts in the mind of a conscientious censor. We were all warned that when we got to Bermuda, beyond the reach of the British Council, censorship would be strict. To overcome that difficulty, we submitted our stuff to a censor in London, who gathered it all into a bag and sealed it up with sealing wax and official seals and red tape. That was a hint to Bermuda to pass it unopened.

As it turned out, that was unnecessary. These people at Bermuda not only had the names of everyone on board, but they knew something about everyone. The Canadians they dismissed with a wave of the hand. We could go on shore for the night if we wished. It was raining and we all found it more interesting to stay on board and watch proceedings.

The European passengers were taken to tables apart and questioned at length. The questioners knew the various languages and the countries and their landmarks. Everything was taken down in shorthand.

An immense amount of valuable information must be gained in that way for going to the United States. They know many of the answers beforehand. No doubt, some valuable tips were passed on to the American authorities, as well as to the British Government. Germany has no Bermuda. Our enemies don't control the sea routes except those in the Western Pacific. They cannot check up on people who are travelling from one part of the Empire to another or between the Allied Nations. It must be something of a handicap.

ON PEACE-TIME CAKES AND ALL

Neither for Washington, it seems. Neither Ottawa nor Washington, it seems has been quick in recognizing the temper of their constituents to make any sacrifice that could legitimize their going to the war. Both Canadians and Americans have been willing and even eager to accept controls which have changed their habits of living and which, under more normal times, would be regarded not only as onerous but as uncalled-for infringement of their rights as free citizens.

Because Government, in this instance, has not been very bright, over-enthusiastic organizations have been set up and too-ambitious campaigns have been undertaken to sell these controls to the plain people. So zealous have the government-employed advocates of these controls been that they have not confined themselves to their job of explaining the present need but have even proposed or suggested that the new control order should continue after the war—that what has been found necessary to support the war effort is so much better than we had before that it should be perpetuated in a post-war economy.

There is the implied threat of an indefinite extension of some of these controls after the war is won. There is the veiled suggestion that, democratic principles to the contrary notwithstanding, the plain people do not know best and should not have the right to decide what they want and how they want it. It may be essential to the war effort to eliminate this and to limit that, to make a dozen patterns do where a dozen dozen were in use before. It may even be economic and the common sense thing to do after the war although it is rather too early to go into that now. But the matter of time and overwhelming importance is that after the war people shall have the right to decide these changes themselves—that manufacturers can make and wholesalers and retailers can sell the things the people want and can pay for.

Such freedom may be trivial, but we may not wish to lose it, especially if we suspect, with Elbert Hubbard, that the wish of the selfish to govern is often mistaken for a holy zeal in the cause of humanity. The same authority (or was he?) averred that most reformers wore rubber boots and stood on glass when God sent a current of common sense through the Universe. In Twelfth Night, Sir Toby, talking to a Rhodes scholar or some similarly bright young man of the day, asked, "Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?"

—The Printed Word



The DIM LANTERN

by TEMPLE BAILEY.

They saw her at once, and the effect of their coming was a stampede.

"Blessed child," said the girl who was in the lead, "have you slooped? And is this the man?"

"This is Mr. Barnes," said Edith, "who comes from my uncle. I am to go back. But I have had a corking adventure."

Eloise, red-haired and vivid in a cloak and turban of wood-brown, seemed to stand mentally on tiptoe. "I wouldn't miss the talk I am going to have with the reporters tonight."

One of the men of the party protested. "Don't be an idiot, Eloise."

"Well, I owe Edith something. Don't I, darling?"

"You do." There was a flame in back of Edith's eyes. "She liked Delafield before I did."

"Cut," said Eloise lightly. "I liked his yacht, but Benny's is bigger, isn't it, Benny?" She turned to the younger man of the party who had not spoken.

"I'll say it is," Benny agreed, cheerfully, "and it isn't just my yacht that she's after. She has a real little case on me."

The second woman, older than Eloise, tall and fair-haired in smoke-grey with a sweep of dull blue wing across her hat, said, "Edith, you had child, your uncle has been frightfully worried."

"Of course, you'd know, Adelaide. And it does him good to be worried. I am an antidote for the rest of you."

Everybody laughed except Baldy. He ran his fingers through a nervous gesture through his hair. He was like a young eagle with a ruffled crest.

Martha came up to arrange for a table. "Bring your coffee over and sit with us." Eloise said: "we want to hear all about it."

Edith shook her head. "I don't belong to your world yet. And I've had a heavenly time without you."

They went on laughing. Silence settled on the two they left behind. And out of that silence Edith asked, "You didn't like the things we said?"

"Hateful!" "Do you always show what you feel like that?" "Jane says I do."

"Well, if it had been anybody but Eloise Harper and Adelaide Larimore, Adelaide is Uncle Fred's latest."

She rose. "Let's go upstairs. If I stay here I shall want to throw things at their heads. And I don't care to break Martha's dishes."

They stopped at the other table, however, for a light word or two, then went up to Edith's sitting-room on the second floor. When they were once more by the fire, she said, "And now what do you think of me? Nice temper?"

"I think," he said, promptly, "that they probably deserved it."

She laid her hand for a fleeting moment on his arm. "You are rather a darling to say that. I was really horrid."

When he was ready at last to go, she decided, "Tell Uncle Frederick to send Briggs out for me in the morning. I might as well have it spread the news."

"I wish you'd go in with me tonight."

"Oh, but I couldn't—"

"Why not?" "She weighed it—And surprise Uncle Fred?"

"I think we'd better telephone, so he can kill the fatted calf."

"Yes. He doesn't like things sprung on him. Hurts his dignity—but he's rather an old dear, and I love him—do you ever quarrel with the people you love?"

"Jane and I fight. Great times."

"I have a feeling I shall like Jane."

"You will. She's the best ever. Not a beauty, but growing better-looking every day. Bobbed her hair—and I nearly took her head off. But she's rather a peach."

"I'll have you both down for dinner some day. I think we are going to be friends"—again that light touch on his arm.

He caught her hand in his. "I shall only ask that you let the page twang his lute." Then with a deeper note, "Miss Towne, I can't tell you how much your friendship would mean."

"Would it? Oh, I am going to have some good times with you and your little sister, Jane. I am so tired of people like Eloise and Adelaide, and Benny and—Del..."

On this same afternoon little Lucy Logan was writing to Delafield Slims.

As for Frederick Towne, she didn't consider him for a moment. Jane was a pretty chick. But Frederick Towne could have his pick of women. There would be nothing serious in this friendship with Jane. Jane called up Towne. "It was good of you to ask me," she said. "I am at the Follies, but I'll go home and dress and Briggs can come for me there."

"Come as you are." "You wouldn't say that if you could see me. I took a walk with Evans this afternoon and I show the effects of it."

"Evans? Oh, Casablanca?" "What makes you call him that?" "I thought of it when I saw him waiting for you at the top of the terrace. The boy stood on the burning deck—" he laughed.

"I don't think that's funny at all," said Jane, frankly.

"Don't you? Well, beg your pardon. I'll get it again when I get you here. Briggs will reach Sherwood at about seven. I would drive out myself, but I've an awful cold, and the doctor tells me I must stay in bed with a cold, so you must take pity on me and keep me company."

Jane hung up the receiver. It would, she decided, be an exciting adventure. But she was not sure that she liked Frederick Towne.

Evans walked home with her. The air was warmer than it had been for days, and faint mists had risen. The mist thickened finally to a fog which rolled over them as if blown from the high seas. Yet the sea was miles away, and the fog was born in the rivers and streams, and in the melting snow.

They found it somewhat difficult to keep to the road. They were almost smothered in the thick grey masses. Their voices had a muffled sound. Evans' hand was on Jane's arm so that they might keep together.

"Jane," he said, "I made a fool of myself about Towne. But honestly—I was afraid—"

"Of what?" "Of that he might fall in love with you."

"He's not thinking of me, Evans, and besides he's too old—"

"Do you really feel that way about him, Jane?" "Of course—illy."

He could not see her face—but the words in her laughing lovely voice gave him a sense of reassurance.

"Jane," he said, "if I could only have you like this always. Shut away from the world."

"But I don't want to be shut away. I should feel—caged—"

"Not if you cared." "There was in his tone the hush of intense feeling. She was moved by it. "Oh, I know what you mean. But love won't come to me like that—shut in. I shall want freedom, and sunshine. I'll be a gull over the sea—a gyp on the road—but I'll never be a ghost in a fog."

His hand dropped from her arm. "Perhaps you'll be a princess in a castle. Towne can make you that."

"Why do you keep harping on Mr. Towne? I don't like it."

"Because—oh, I think everybody wants you—"

And now it was she who caught at his arm in the mist, and leaned on it. "I'm not the least in love with Frederick Towne. And I shall never marry a man I don't love, Evans."

When they came to the little house they found old Sophy nodding in the kitchen. She always stayed with Jane when Baldy was away. So Evans said "Good-night" and started back.

He found the path between the pines, walked a few steps and stumbled. He sat down on the log that had tripped him. He had no wish to

be a ghost in a fog.

go on. His depression was intense. Night was before him and darkness. Loneliness, and Jane would be with Frederick Towne.

He had for Jane a feeling of hopeless adoration. She would never be his. For how could he try to keep her? "I'll be a gull over the sea—a ship in full sail—a gyp on the road—never a ghost in a fog."

And he was just a ghost in a fog. Oh, what was the use of ever "climbing up the climbing wave"?

One must have something of hope to live on. A dream or two—ahead. How long he sat there he did not

know.

Of course she can't, Evans. don't be so unreasonable." Mrs. Follie interposed; "it will be a wonderful thing for Jane to know Edith."

"Will it be such a wonderful thing for her to know Frederick Towne?" He lunged it at them.

Jane demanded, "Don't you want me to have any good times?"

He stared at her for a moment, and when he spoke it was in a different tone. "Yes, of course. I beg your pardon, Jane."

Mrs. Follie, having effaced herself for the moment from the conversation, decided that things like "I am so tired of people like Eloise and Adelaide, and Benny and—Del..." might reach a climax at any moment. "I believe he's half in love with her," she told herself in secret

And he was just a ghost in a fog.

(Continued on Page 4)

New Power to Move War Traffic



THIRTY-five fast and powerful locomotives of the latest type are rolling out of the shops to speed up war traffic over the Canadian National Railway. R. C. Vaughan (right), President of the National System, accompanied by John Roberts, Chief of Motive Power and Car Equipment, and other officers, inspected the first of these engines. The president was keenly interested in the cab interior which includes new features designed by Mr. Roberts and members of the Motive Power staff.

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