

**DANCING I**  
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**EVERY**  
**Wednesday & Saturday**  
 Chess - Boyd Cookhouse  
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**HAZLETON TO TORONTO**  
 6:55 a.m. 8:55 a.m. 11:50 a.m.  
 2:30 p.m. 4:30 p.m. 6:30 p.m.  
 8:15 p.m. 11:50 a.m.

**HAZLETON TO LONDON**  
 6:55 a.m. 8:55 a.m. 11:50 a.m.  
 2:30 p.m. 4:30 p.m. 6:30 p.m.  
 8:15 p.m. 11:50 a.m.

• Daily except Sun.  
 • Daily except Sun. and Hol.  
 • Sat. Sun. and Hol.  
 • To Kitchener Only.  
 • Western Daylight Saving Time

Tickets and Information at  
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**GRAY COACH LINES**

**DANCING**  
**EDGEWOOD PARK**  
**EVERY**  
**TUESDAY NIGHT**  
 9:00 to 1:00

**Al Watson's Orchestra**  
 Modern and Old Time Music

Ladies 15c Gents 10c  
 Wednesday Night Dancing  
 Canceled

**"As We See It"**  
 by J. A. Strong

A GOOD START is always important no matter what the job may be and the youth that gets away to a good start has the battle in the bag, almost. Perhaps you noticed the story about the Rev. H. M. Coulter, of Knox Church, St. Catharines, who used to preach in Brampton. He attended a ball game this summer and noticed a freckle-faced lad with two front teeth missing, approaching him. The lad had a big red apple in his hand and he asked Mr. Coulter to "Please start this for me, will you mister?" Then there was the other lad who yelled down to his mother that there was no dirty towel in the bathroom and then went on to tell her, "that I'll start one." There seems to be plenty of opportunities these days for youths to get away to a good start as far as work is concerned and the wages are large in comparison with what they were a few years ago. The trouble is that there are so many ways of spending money these days that as a rule it doesn't last any longer than it did when the amount was a mere fraction of today's pay envelope.

A FEW WEEKS ago a windstorm damaged seven or eight barns in Maryborough township in North-west Wellington county. The best barn of the group was one that had been built in 1928 replacing a barn that had been burned. It was of steel construction and during this windstorm was a complete wreck. The firm that built it undertook to rebuild it and it took them a week to do so. They had to take the steel frame back to the factory to be straightened and they were able to use the siding over again but had to furnish a new roof. The barn was located on an elevation as seen from the road and was complete in every detail. We would think that the speed with which it was replaced back on its foundation in good shape should prove to be a real advertisement for the manufacturer of steel barns.

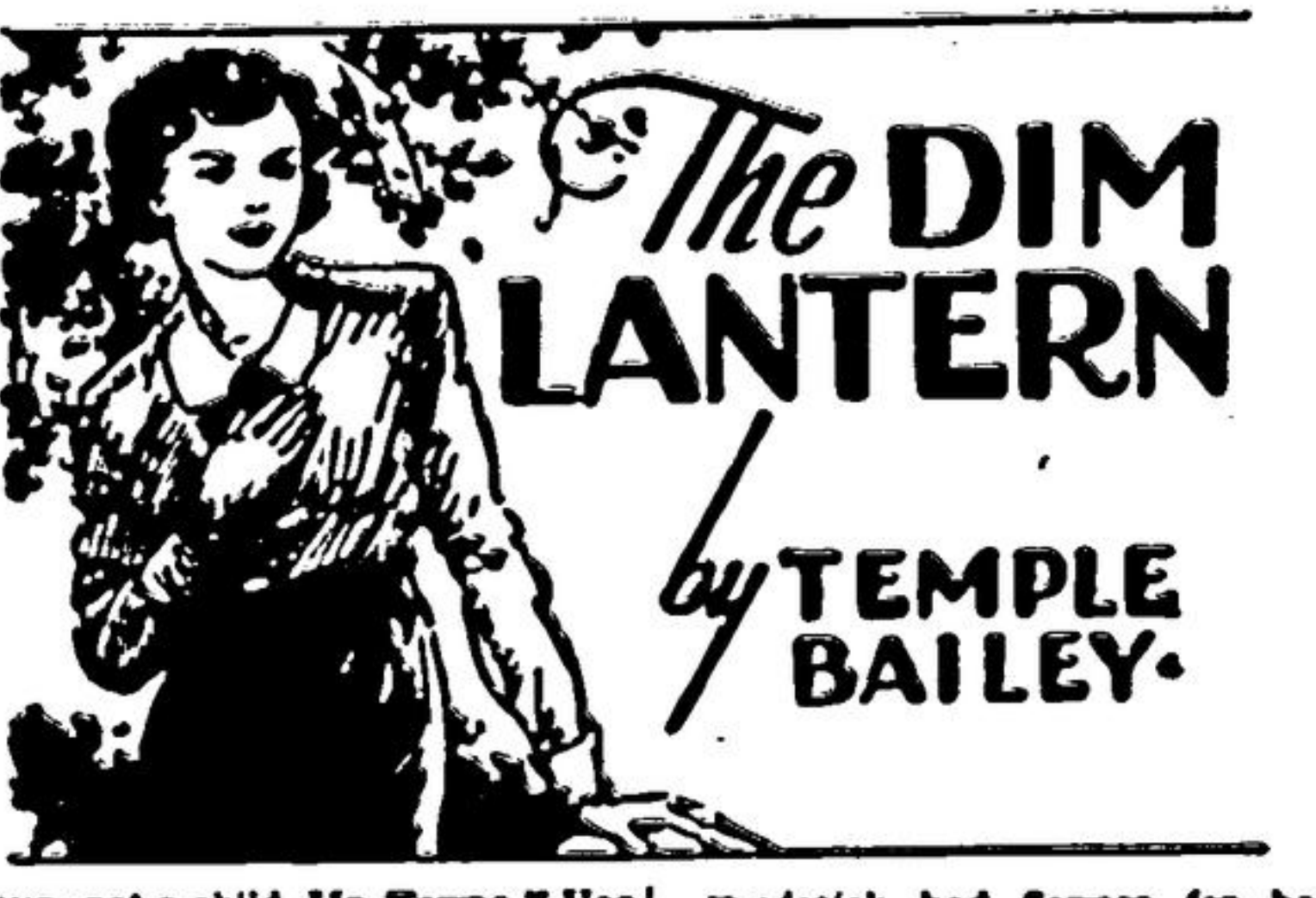
CRITICISM SEEMS to be all the fashion these days. Sometimes it is directed towards the Government and sometimes towards the War Leader and again it may be civilians that are being criticized. We had been listening to a newscast telling about six enemy bombers that had been shot down over England. The story went on to tell about those in charge of the anti-aircraft guns that had been so successful. One of the gunners had been a dressmaker, another had been a telephone operator and still

AS THOUGH IT wasn't bad enough to have to cut down on our sugar rations, the bees had to stage a sit-down strike as well, and the result is a very short crop of honey. As most of us have a sweet tooth, it looks as though we will be compelled to try out that corn syrup that Wes Mc-Knight has been talking about for this past ten years or so. If it is as good as they claim, it is the next trouble will be that we will have so many Pro-Hockey players that there won't be a place for all — if it isn't one thing it's another.

ALTHOUGH the tea and coffee rationing means that we will have to abide by the rules, and it is a nuisance to have to remember to bring along those ration cards, yet we can't kick about the amount of tea per person, that the regulations allow 1 oz. per week per person, means that one half pound will be the allowance for a family of two persons for four weeks and that looks like plenty. If future regulations are no more severe than that, we can thank our lucky stars that we live in Canada. Most of us are right glad of that privilege.

LADIES... IF YOU COULD SEE YOURSELVES! Some timely advice about who should or shouldn't wear slacks, is given by Arthur "Bugs" Barr, one of America's best-known humorists, in The American Weekly with this Sunday's (Aug. 23) issue of The Detroit Sunday Times. Be sure to get Sunday's Detroit Times

**CUT COARSE FOR THE PIPE**  
**OLD CHUM**  
 CUT FINE FOR CIGARETTES



Frederick had flowers for her, books and a big box of sweets. People in the Pullman stared at Jane in the midst of all her magnificence. They stared too, at Towne, and at Briggs, who rushed in at the last moment with more books from Brampton.

Edith and Baldy were on the platform. Edith had come down with Towne. So Frederick, alone with Jane, said, "I want you to think

"I'm not a child, Mr. Towne." Her lashes were lowered, her cheeks flushed.

He put his cup down and leaned towards her. "You are more than a child to me—a beloved woman. Jane, you needn't be afraid of me... I want you for my wife!"

Her astonished eyes met his. "But we haven't known each other a week."

"I couldn't love you more if I had known you a thousand years."

"Mr. Towne—please." He was very close to her.

"Kiss me, Jane."

She held her slender figure away from him. "You must not."

"I must."

"No, really. Please," she was breathing quickly. "Please." She was on her feet, the tea-table between them.

He saw his mistake. "Forgive me."

Her candid eyes met his. "Mr. Towne, would you have acted like this with Edith's friends?"

Edith's friends! The child's innocence! Adelaide's kisses went for a song. Edith frankly offered her. Edith was saved by only some inner grace.

"Jane, they are not worth your little finger. I put you above all. On a pedestal. Honestly. And I want you to marry me."

"But I don't love you."

"I'll make you. I have everything to give you."

Had he? What of Robin Hood and Galahad? What of youth and youth's audacity, high resolves, flaming dreams?

She felt something of this subconsciously. But she would not have been a feminine creature had she not felt the fatality of his pursuit.

"Jane, I'll make life a fairy tale. We'll travel everywhere. Sail strange seas. Wouldn't you love it—all those countries you have never seen—and just the two of us? And all the places you have read about? And when we come home I'll build you a house—wherever you say—with a great garden."

He was eloquent, and the things he promised were woven into the web of all her girlish imaginings.

"I ought not to listen," she said, tremulously.

But he knew that she had listened. He was wise enough to leave it there.

He rose as he heard the others coming back. "Will you ride with me tomorrow afternoon? Don't be afraid of me. I'll promise to be good."

"Sorry. I'm to have tea in town with Evans."

"Can't you break the engagement?"

"I don't break engagements." The cock of her head was like Baldy's.



She saw him presently standing beside Baldy on the station platform.

any gave a quick sigh of relief. How heavenly to have Janey! And what a dear she was with her air of conquering the world. Jane had always been like that—with that conquering air. It cheered one just to look at her.

The babies, arriving presently in a rollicking state of excitement over the advent of Auntie Jane, showed themselves delightful and adoring.

"Junior," said Jane, "are you glad I'm here?"

"Did you bring me anything?"

"Something—wonderful—"

"What?"

She opened her bag, and produced Towne's box of sweets. "May I give him a chocolate, Judy?"

"One little one, and just a taste for baby. Jane, where did you get that gorgeous box?"

"Frederick Towne."

"Really? My dear, your letters have been tremendously interesting. Haven't they, Bob?"

Her husband nodded. He was sitting by the bedside holding her hand. "Towne's a pretty big man."

The nurse came in then, and Jane went with Bob and the babies to the dining-room.

After dinner, Junior went to sleep in Jane's arms, having been regaled on a rapturous diet of "The Three Bears" and "The Little Red Hen."

"They're such beauties, Judy," said Jane, as she went back to her sister. "But they don't look like any of the Barneses."

"No, they're like Bob, with their white skins and fair hair. I wanted one of them to have our coloring. Do you know how particularly lovely you are getting to be, Janey?"

"Judy, I'm not."

"Yes, you are. And none of us thought it. And so Mr. Towne wants to marry you?"

"How do you know?"

"It is in your eyes, dear, and in the cock of your head. You and Baldy always look that way when something thrilling happens to you. You can't fool me."

"Well, I'm not in love with him. So that's that, Judy."

"But—it's a great opportunity, isn't it, Jane?"

"I suppose it is," slowly, "but I can't quite see it."

"Why not?"

"Well, he's too old for one thing. Only forty—? Rich men don't grow old. And he could give you everything—everything, Janey. Judy's voice rose a little. "Jane, you don't know what it means to want things for those you love and not be able to have them. Bob did very well until the slump in business. But since the babies came—I have worked until—well, until it seemed as if I couldn't stand it. Bob's such a darling. I wouldn't change anything. I'd marry him over again tomorrow. But I do know this, that Frederick Towne could make life lovely for you, and perhaps you won't get another chance to marry a man like that."

Life for Evans Follette after Jane went away became a sort of game in which he played, as he told himself grimly, a Jekyll and Hyde part. Two men warred constantly within him. There was that scarecrow self which nursed mysterious fears, a gaunt gray-haired self, The Man Who Had Come Back From The War.

As the city slipped away and she leaned her head against the cushions and looked out at the flying fields—it seemed a stupendous thing that a man like Towne should have laid his fortune at her feet. Yet she had no sense of exhilaration. She liked the things he had to offer—yearned for them—but she did not want him at her side.

In her sorrow her heart turned to the boy who had stumbled over the words, "If my blundering prayers will help you—"

She found herself sobbing—the first tears she had shed since the arrival of the telegram.

When she reached Chicago, her brother-in-law, Bob Heming, met her. "Judy's holding her own," he said, as he kissed her. "It was no end good of you to come, Janey."

"Have you a nurse?"

"Two. Day nurse and night nurse. And a maid. Judy is nearly frantic about the expense. It isn't good for her, either, to worry. That's half the trouble. I tried to make her get help, but she wouldn't. But I blame myself that I didn't insist."

"Don't blame yourself, Bob. Judy wouldn't. She told me she could get along. And when Judy decides a thing, no one can change her."

"Well, times have been hard. And business bad. And Judy knew it. She's such a good sport."

They were in a taxi, so when tears came into Heming's eyes, he made no effort to conceal them.

"I'm just about all in. You can't understand how much it means to me to have you here."

"And now that I am here," said Jane, with a gallantry born of his need of her, "things are going to be better."

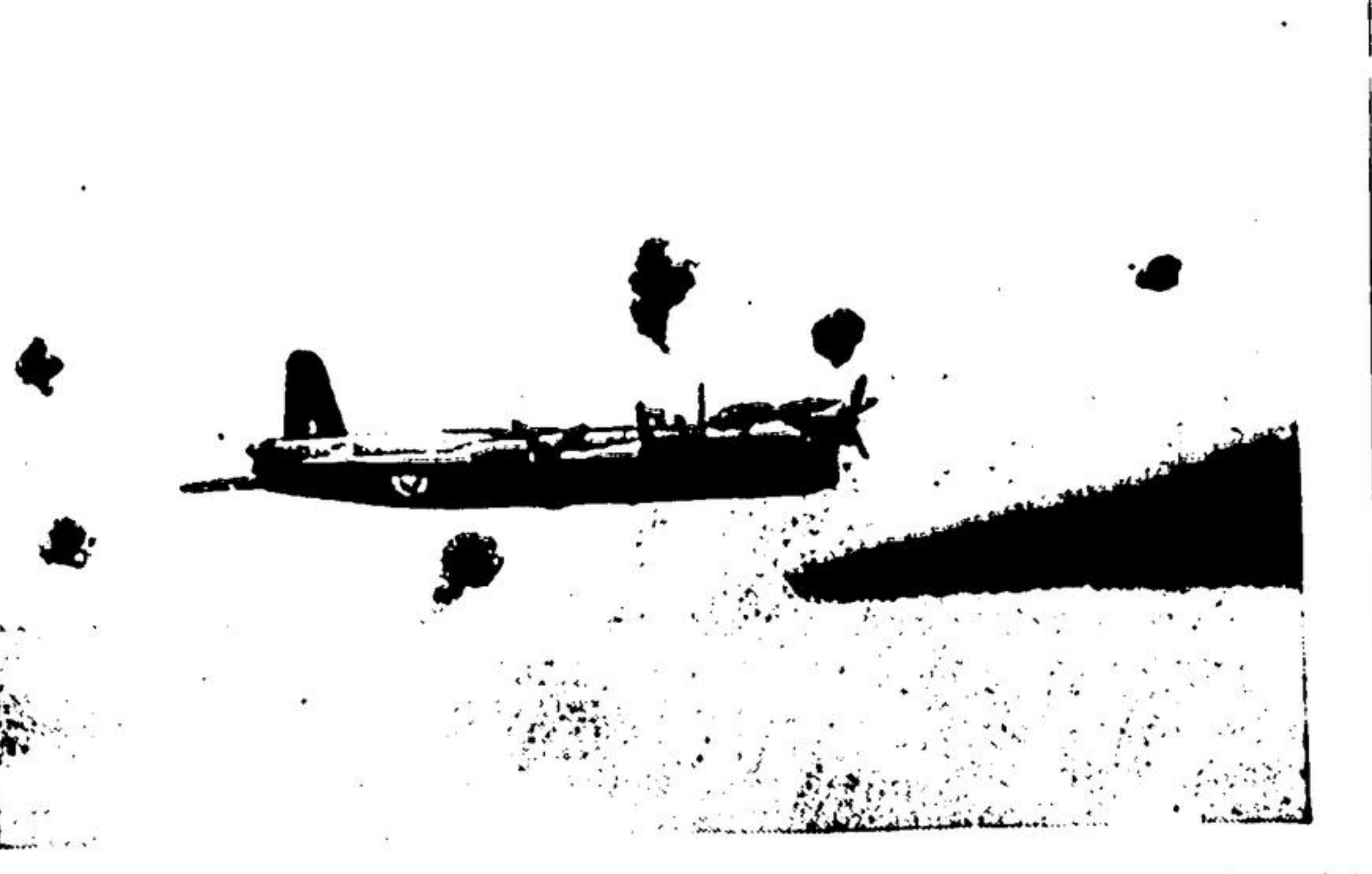
The apartment was simply furnished and bore the stamp of Judy's good taste. A friend had taken the children out to ride, so the rooms were very quiet as Jane went through them.

Judy in bed was white and thin, and Jane wanted to weep over her, but she didn't. "You blessed old girl," she said, "you're going to get well right away."

"The doctor thinks I may have to have an operation. That's why I felt I must wire you." Judy was anxious. "I couldn't leave the babies with strangers. And it was so important that Bob should be at his work."

"Of course," said Jane; "do you think anything would have made me stay away?"

**RCAF BOMBER FINDS TARGET THROUGH CLOUDS OF FLAK**



As a flight of bombers sailed over enemy territory on its way to the target of the day, a gunner poked his camera over the side and made this photograph of a Stirling bomber, surrounded by anti-aircraft gunbursts.

**THE RAILWAY AND THE WAR** . . . By Thurston Topham

Many Canadian Railway Shops are now manufacturing war munitions. Thousands of Railway mechanics are engaged in this task.

**A Speed Record—** Production was started 53 weeks after the first sod was turned for the plant of National Railways Munitions at Montreal, operated by the Canadian National Railways, which is turning out naval guns and field artillery gun-carriages.

**War Materials are also being made at CNR Shops at Moncton, N.B., Stratford, Ont., Transcona and Fort Rouge (Winnipeg), Man., and Prince Rupert, B.C.**

**Splitting Hairs!** Some parts of Navy Gun Breechlocks are machined to 2-10,000ths of an inch—one quarter of the thickness of a human hair.

Paris are checked with an electrically-controlled super-micrometer which measures to 1-100,000ths of an inch.

**A Big Job for the Glass!** There are 97,000 sq feet of glass in the walls and roof of this plant.

**FIRST GUN COMPLETED, JAN. 3, 1942**

CHAPTER IX

"Janey—I!"

"Yes, Baldy." Jane sat up in bed, dreams still in her eyes. She had been late in getting to sleep. There had been so much to think of—Frederick Towne's proposal—the startling change in Evans—

"It's a telegram. Open the door, dear."

She caught up her dressing-gown and wrapped it around her. "A telegram?" She was with him now in the hall. "Baldy, is it Judy?"

"Yes. She's ill. Asks if you can come on and look after the kiddies."

"Of course." She swayed a little. "Hold on to me a minute, Baldy. It takes my breath away."

"You mustn't be scared, old girl."

"I'll be all right in . . . a minute. His arms were tight about her. "It seems as if I should go, too, Janey."

"But you can't. I'll get things ready and ride in with you in the morning. I'll pack my trunk if you'll bring it down from the attic. I can sleep on the train tomorrow."

The next morning Baldy went to bring his car around, and Evans stood with his hand on the back of Jane's chair, looking down at her. "You'll write to me, Jane?"

"Oh, of course."

He shifted his hand from the chair back to her shoulder. "Dear little girl, if my blundering prayers will help you any—you'll have them."

She turned in her chair and looked up at him. She could not speak. Their eyes met, and once more Jane had that breathless sense of fluttering wings within her that lifted to the sun.

Then Baldy was back, and the bags were ready, and there was just that last hand-clasp. "God bless you, Jane."

Frederick Towne was at the train. He had been dismayed at the news of Jane's departure. "Do you mean that you are going to stay indefinitely?" he had asked over the wire.

"I shall stay as long as Judy needs me."

(Continued on Page 6)