

"As We See It"

By J. A. Gilling

IT WOULD BE interesting to learn the "Why's and Wherefore's" of rules and regulations at times, wouldn't it? For instance, the Department of National Defence Headquarters ruled that no leaves would be granted to the Army from Friday to Monday, the rest of Labour day. The excuse given at that time was that there would be so many civilians travelling that should leave the transportation facilities to handle them all. The ruling was later recalled. One would wonder why that particular ruling was made at that time we would think that the army should come first and we would have been inclined to prohibit civilian travel rather than to put the ban on the army. Civilians can travel at any time but the army are unable to do that. Again the army are mostly away from home and loved ones and naturally would like to get home for a week end, especially when that week end is the fall holiday week end. Most holidays are just one day in the army, in the case of the boys don't even keep their own dates of the month like we civilians do. In one of the camps this past summer the boys were eating supper. It was a Dominion holiday but the boys had been on the job as usual and thinking over the fact at tea time that civilians had been enjoying a holiday didn't improve matters very much. They were all grouchy. One of them remarked that "there will be a lot of civilians proved tonight" brought the response from most of the other boys. "What about?" and the answer was given "because they will have to go back to work tomorrow." The joke had broken the tension and helped them forget that they had not been off for the holiday.

A GOOD MANY City and Town men have gone out to the country to help the farmers with their harvesting this year. Of course as usual, the City folk got the most publicity, reporters going out with them and taking pictures of the actual operations, and as a result when we mention the help that the farmers received we think of those City chaps that had their picture in the daily papers. Most of the work done by the urban men would be that of stacking up the grain. In those localities that were visited by a severe storm about the time that the standing grain was out in full head you will remember that the grain was flattened by a severe storm and that it failed to get a rain and as a result the grain had to be cut the one way and the sheaves were very rough and stacking them up was no picnic. In fact it was impossible to make neat stacks that would shield the rain at all. When sheaves are rough like they were this year the binder very often drops them off stuck together and when the men

would attempt to lift one to set it up they found that they had two to set up instead of one. It was no easy job stacking grain this year. However if those men thought they had it tough and didn't do any stack threatening they missed something worth while. Threshing like everything else has made wonderful improvements during the last forty years. As a kid around home we used to attend the threshings and our special job was that of cutting bands. The machine was fed by hand and the straw was carried up to the mow or straw shed by stais somewhat similar to the canvas on the binder. The grain was discharged from the separator through a spout near the barn floor. Today the threshing machine is fed by a mechanism and the machine cuts the bands as well. The straw is run through a cutting box inside the separator and then instead of the old fashioned carriers it is blown up into the straw shed. The grain is delivered by elevator right into the bins in the granary if they are near enough to the machine and the whole operation is carried out at a much greater speed. About the only part of threshing today that hasn't made any improvement is the taste of the threshing dust. It still is the same old flavour as it was back in our boyhood days. Another part of the job that we think has not changed is the amount that we were able to eat after helping at the threshing. Dinner never seems to taste better than it does on a threshing day. Most of us like it when we think our work has been appreciated and we can imagine that the Lady of the House who has charge of getting the threshing meals ready must be pleased by the way the threshers can clear the table in such a short space of time. The yield of grain is above the average this year and the quality is good also. We often mention that this Canada of ours isn't a bad place to live in at all. When you watch the grain fairly streaming out of a threshing machine this year you will likely agree with us.

AMY GREENWOOD MARRIES H. ROE

A quiet wedding was solemnized at the home of the bride's mother, on Saturday, September 5th, when Amy Blanche Greenwood was united in marriage to Mr. Harold Roe of Hamilton. The bride's uncle, Rev. J. O. Johnston officiated.

Asters and gladioli were banked in the drawing room where the bride stood on the arm of her brother, Corporal Ross Greenwood, who gave her in marriage. She was wearing a gown of white sheer with long full sleeves and sweetheart neckline. Her hair veil falling from a halo headpiece. She carried a bouquet of Tallahassee roses and baby's breath. Miss Violet Wadsworth bridesmaid was dressed in powder blue tulle and carried pink roses. Mr. Roy Greenwood, brother of the bride was best man.

The reception was held at 72 Bloor West. The bride left in a tailored grey suit with matching accessories and wearing a silver corsage and the gift of the groom. Upon their return the happy couple will reside in Toronto.

way to victory, and urged production of more production based by every Canadian on their particular job.

In his address, Ralph P. Bell, Director of Aircraft Production, asserted there is only one way to win the war—control the skies. "Not only must we defeat the Axis airplanes, we must literally wipe it out," he said. "Himmler is the path to victory, the shortest, quickest, cheapest path in terms of both life and money. On that, we in Canada must concentrate. We must allow nothing to obscure our vision. This is our opportunity—for our very lives, while there is yet time," he declared. "Let us pour into the production of aircraft every effort of which we are capable. A few hundred Lancasters today," he said "would turn the whole tide of the war."

Air-Vice-Marshal O. O. Johnson, of the RCAF, wished the workers every success and all possible speed in production. Jim Wark, speaking for the employees, promised to roll Lancasters off the production lines, perfect, ahead of schedule.

Make no mistake, readers of this paper. Idle talk of a second front for the sake of a second front will get us pretty nowhere. Our one task, the task we pledge for Democracy, is to win this war as quickly and conclusively as possible. With a constant stream of our Lancasters, these "ships of our vengeance" streaming over Germany, we can, and we will, smash their mighty machine. They will never land on London.

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The Way to Win This War

flaring gloriously out of a brilliant sky, with a giant four-motored engine roaring, a British Avro-Lancaster Bomber, of the type which carries eight tons of bombs in nightly raids over Germany, arrived in Toronto on Monday, at the Milton plant of the National Steel Car, where production of these giants of the air will shortly begin.

The giant plane, flown across the Atlantic by an R.A.F. Ferry Command crew, headed by the veteran U.S. pilot Clyde Pangborn, was greeted by a host of cheers from thousands of aircraft workers who saw in it a living symbol of victory. Workers thrilled as the plane taxied to a flag-covered receiving stand and the crowd got an idea of its tremendous size.

The Hon. Mr. C. D. Howe, Minister of Munitions and Supply, in a brief speech, pointed to the bomber as the



The DIM LANTERN

by TEMPLE BAILEY.

"Yes. Why not? Judy says he's crazy about you. And, Jane, it's foolish to throw away such a chance. Not every girl has it."

"But, Bob, I'm not—in love with him."

"You'll learn to care—He's a delightful chap, I'd say." Bob was eager. "Now look here, Janey, I'm talking to you like a Dutch uncle. It isn't as if I were advising you to do it for our sakes. It is for your own sake, too. Why, it would be great, old girl. Never another worry. Somebody always to look after you."

The wind outside was singing a wild song, a roaring, cynical song. It seemed to Jane. She wanted to say to Bob, "But I've always been happy in my little house with Baldy and Philomet, and the chickens and the cats." But of course Bob could say, "You're not happy now, and anyhow what are you going to do about Judy?"

Then just before they reached some he asked for the rose. She gave it to him, all fading fragrance. He touched it to her lips then tucked it against his own. "Must I be content with that?" Her quick breath told her agitation. He drew her to him, gently. "Come, my sweet."

Oh, money, money. Jane learned that night the power of it! Coming in with Frederick from that wild moonlight world, flushed with excitement, hardly knowing this new Jane, she saw Bob transformed in a moment from haggard hopelessness to wild elation.

Frederick Towne had made a simple statement. "Jane has told me how serious things are, Heming. I want to help." Then he had asked for the surgeon's name, spoken at once of a change of rooms for Judy; increased attendance. There was much telephoning and telegraphing. An atmosphere of efficiency. Jane, looking on, was filled with admiration. How well he did things. And some day he would be her husband!

CHAPTER XII

It was two days after Jane promised to marry Frederick Towne that Evans bought a Valentine for her.

The shops were full of valentines—many of them of paper lace—the fragile old-fashioned things that had become a new fashion. They had forgotten me-nots on them and hearts with golden arrows, and fat pink cupid.

Evans found it hard to choose. He stood before them, smiling. And he could see Jane smile as she read the enchanting verse of the one he finally selected:

"Roses red, my dear,
And violets blue—
Honey's sweet, my dear,
And so are you."

As he walked up F Street to his office, his heart was light. It was one of the lovely days that hint of spring. Old Washingtonians know that such weather does not last—that March winds must blow, and storms must come. But they grasp the joy of the moment—masquerade in carnival spirit—buy flowers from the men at the street corners—sweep into their favorite confectioner's to order cool drinks, the women seek their milliner's, and come forth bonneted in spring beauty—the men drive to the Links—and look things over.

And clients came. Not many, but enough to point the way to success. He had sold more of the old books. His mother's milk farm was becoming a fashionable fad.

Edith Towne had helped to bring Mrs. Follette's wares before her friends. At all hours of the day they drove out, Edith with them. "It is such an adorable place," she told Evans, "and your—mother! Isn't she absolutely herself? Selling milk with that empress air of hers. I simply love her."

Edith had planned to have dinner with them tonight. Evans took an early train to Sherwood. When he reached home Edith and his mother were on the porch and the Towne car stood before the gate.

"I've got to go back," Edith explained. "Uncle Fred came in from Chicago an hour or two ago and telephoned that he must see me."

"Baldy will be broken-hearted," Evans told her, smiling.

"I couldn't get him up. I tried, but he said he had left the office. I thought I'd bring him out with me." She kissed Mrs. Follette. "I'll come again soon, dear lady. And you must tell me when you are tired of me."

Evans went to the car with her, and came back to find his mother in an exalted mood. "Now if you could marry a girl like Edith Towne."

"Edith," he laughed lightly. "Mother, are you blind? She and Baldy are mad about each other."

"Of course she isn't serious. A boy like that."

"Isn't she? I'll say she is." Evans went charging up the stairs to dress for dinner. "I'll be down presently."

"Baldy may be late; we won't wait for him," his mother called after him.

The dining-room at Castle Manor had a bare waxed floor, an old drop-leaf table of dark mahogany, deer's antlers over the mantel, and some candles in sconces.

Old Mary did her best to follow the rather formal service on which Mrs. Follette insisted. The food was simple, but well-cooked, and there was always a soup and a salad.

It was not until they reached the snail course that they heard the sound of Baldy's car. He burst in at the front door, as if he battered it down, stormed through the hall,

and entered the dining-room like a whirlwind.



"Jane's going to be married," he cried, "and she's going to marry Frederick Towne!"

Evans half rose from his chair. Everything turned black and he sat down. There was a loud roaring in his ears. It was like taking ether—with the darkness and the roaring.

When things cleared he found that neither his mother nor Baldy had noticed his agitation. His mother was asking quick questions. "Who told you? Does Edith know?"

Baldy threw himself in a chair. "Mr. Towne got back from Chicago this afternoon. Called me up and said he wanted me to come over at once to his office. I went, and he gave me a letter from Jane. Said he thought it was better for him to bring it, and then he could explain."

He threw the note across the table to Mrs. Follette. "Will you read it? I'm all in. Dicky lies the dickens coming out. Towne wanted \$10 to go home with him to dinner. Wanted to begin the brother-in-law business right away before I got my breath. But I left. Oh, the damned peacock! Jane would have known Baldy's mood. The tempest-gray eyes, the chalk-white face."

"But don't you like it, Baldy?"

"Like it? Oh, read that note. Does it sound like Jane? I ask you, does it sound like Jane?"

It did not sound in the least like Jane. Not the Jane that Evans and Baldy knew.

"Baldy, dear. Mr. Towne will tell you all about it. I am going to marry him as soon as Judy is better. I know you will be surprised, but Mr. Towne is just wonderful, and it will be such a good thing for all of us."

"And so we will live happy ever after. Oh, you blessed boy, you know how I love you. Send a wire, and say that it is all right. Tell Evans and Mrs. Follette. They are my dearest friends and will always be."

She signed herself:
"Loving you more than ever,"
"Jane."

Mrs. Follette looked up from the letter, took off her reading glasses, and said complacently, "I think it is very nice for her." The dear lady quite basked in the thought of her intimate friendship with the fiancée of Frederick Towne.

But the two men did not bask. "Nice, for Jane?" they threw the sentences at her.

"Oh, can't you see why she has done it?" Baldy demanded. He caught up the note, pointing an accusing finger as he read certain phrases. "It will be such a good thing for all of us. . . he wants to do everything for her. . . it will be such a help to Bob. . ."

"Doesn't that show," Baldy demanded furiously, "she's doing it because Judy and Bob are hard up and Towne can help—I know Jane."

"I don't see why you should object," Mrs. Follette was saying; "it will be a fine thing for her. She will be Mrs. Frederick Towne!"

"I'd rather have her Jane Barnes for the rest of her life. Do you know Towne's reputation? Any woman can flatter him into a love affair. A fat Lothario." Baldy did not mince the words.

"But he hasn't married any of them," said Mrs. Follette triumphantly. She held to the ancient and honorable theory "that the woman a man marries need not worry about past love affairs since she had been paid the compliment of at least legal permanency."

Evans' lips were dry. "What did you say to Towne?"

"Oh, what could I say? That I was surprised, and all that. Something about hoping they'd be happy. Then I beat it and got here as fast as I could. I had to talk it over with you people or—burst." His eyes met Evans' and found there the sympathy he sought. "It's a rotten trick."

"Yes," said Evans, "rotten."

"I think," said Mrs. Follette, "that you must both see it is best." Yet her voice was troubled. Though her complacency had penetrated the thought of what Jane's engagement might mean to Evans. Yet, it might, on the other hand, be a blessing in disguise. There were other women, richer—who would help him in his career. And in time he would forget Jane.

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RESTRICTIONS in the use of ELECTRICITY

Effective as of the 20th Day of September, 1942

The following are excerpts from Order No. PC8 issued by the Dominion Power Controller, and apply to the use of electricity by and the supply of electricity to a person or persons in any area in Canada designated a Power Shortage Area.

The area in Ontario designated as a power shortage area by the Dominion Power Controller is all that part of the Province of Ontario lying south of the line from Parry Sound, Ontario, to Huntsville, Ontario and from Huntsville to Pembroke, Ontario, including the municipalities situated on this line, which area is served by the Niagara, Eastern Ontario and Georgian Bay Systems of The Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario and by a number of other electric utilities.

SECTION 2. CERTAIN USES OF ELECTRICITY PROHIBITED

Except as provided in Section 3 next following, no person shall use electricity for the operation in any Power Shortage Area of lighting or electrically operated equipment or installations for:

- Interior or exterior sign lighting (whether commercial or non-commercial) but not including direction signs in stores and signs of the office or residence of a medical practitioner;
- Interior or exterior show window and showcase lighting (but not including stock wardrobes);
- Interior or exterior outline or ornamental lighting;
- Interior or exterior lighting for decorative or advertising purposes;
- Outdoor lighting and floodlighting, provided however that the following shall be exempt from this subsection:
 - Such lighting of marquees or sidewalk canopies as is necessary for public safety up to but not exceeding one-half watt per square foot of floor or sidewalk area covered by such marquee or canopy;
 - Such exterior lighting of entrances to and exit from buildings as is required for public safety up to but not exceeding 5 watts per foot of width of such entrances or exits;
 - Such exterior lighting of the facilities of gasoline service stations as is necessary for the safe and proper operation of outside equipment up to but not exceeding 100 watts per active gasoline pump;
 - Lighting between the hours of 4.00 and 10.00 P.M. of outdoor skating rinks up to 1 watt per 100 square feet of skating surface;
 - Lighting for places where outdoor sports are carried on, subject to such restrictions as the Power Controller may from time to time impose.
- The operation of any electric air heater or electric crane in a store or office building;
- The lighting of any theatre, music hall or concert hall to an extent involving the use of not more than 40 watts per hundred square feet of floor area and the lighting of any entrance to or exit from such place or any passageway leading from the street to the body of such place to an extent not greater than is necessary for public safety.

If further clarification is required please contact your local Hydro office.

THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER COMMISSION OF ONTARIO

SECTION 3. USES EXCEPTED FROM SECTION TWO

The provisions of Section 2 next preceding shall not apply to lighting essential to the construction, operation, maintenance and repair of the following services:

- Ordinary street lighting and lighting for traffic control and signal systems, provided that the power used for street lighting shall be reduced by at least 20% from that ordinarily used, except in areas which are lit by series arc lamps located more than 200 feet apart and that no street light shall be lit before one-half hour before sunset or after one-half hour after sunrise;
- Signal or other lighting for police, fire or other public safety requirements or devices;
- Lighting for war production plants;
- Airports and air fields military training or other military purposes;
- Hospitals and schools;
- Urban, suburban and interurban common or contract carriers for passengers or freight, including terminals;
- Railways, terminals and related facilities;
- Generation, transmission and distribution of electric power;
- Shipping on inland waters, including locks and terminals;
- Oil pipe lines, refineries and pumping stations;
- Maintenance and repair yards or shops used exclusively for the maintenance or repair of transportation services;
- Radios;
- Radio communications;
- Telephone and telegraph systems;
- Water supply and sanitation systems, including waterworks, pumping stations and sewage disposal plants and equipment;
- Natural and mixed gas systems, including manufacturing plants, pipe lines, pumping stations and facilities;
- Military establishments, including cantonments, posts, depots and fortifications;
- News dissemination (but not for any advertising purpose).