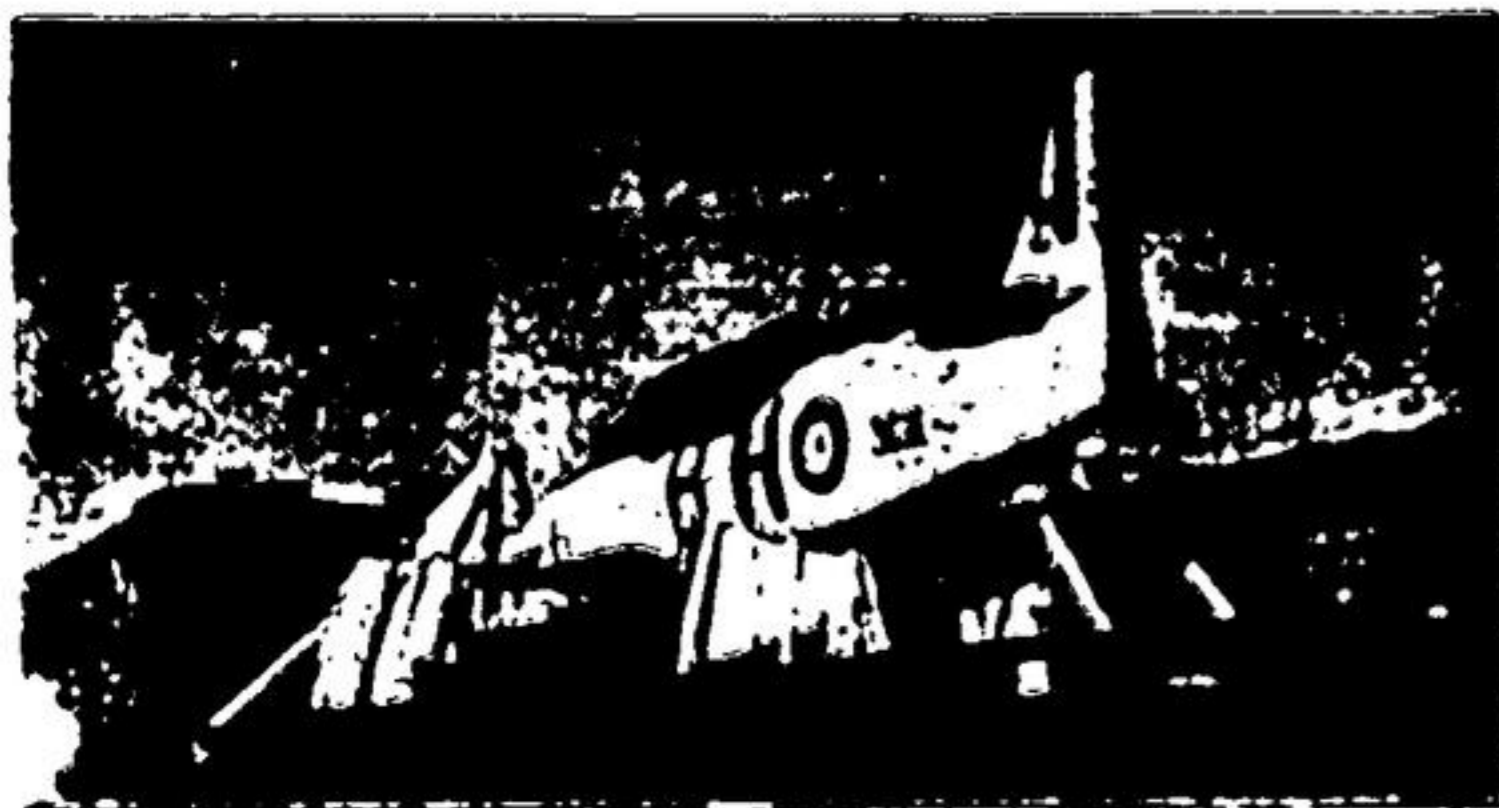


Help The Red Cross "SALADA" TEA

RAILWAY WAR LOADS



These photographs picture shipments which are multiplied every day along the transcontinental lines of the Canadian National Railways. The top picture is that of a trainload of "somewhere" in Canada to be used for instructional purposes. The middle picture shows one of the thousands of Canadian-built tanks carried to the seaboard. The bottom photograph shows a set of propellers manufactured at an Ontario plant and carried to an Eastern coast shipyard now engaged on contracts for cargo to float supplies to the countries of the United Nations. This shipment involves all steel plates and mechanism required over the rails of the National Railways System.

ONCE UPON A TIME . . .

The following article appeared recently in the Christian Science Monitor, which we borrow shamelessly and put into further circulation. The article recalls Elmer Davis's (American columnist) statement that "the democracies have a good story to tell, and they ought to tell it. He asks how you begin to tell a story. The answer is: Once upon a time."

Isn't that right? Well, once upon a time there was a world in which, for all its faults things went along pretty nicely. There were a couple of countries named Britain and the United States. There was a country named France. And one named Germany. And one named Italy. And one named Japan.

Many things were right about these countries. In Japan, for instance, the people were very hard-working and beauty-loving. They groomed their country like a garden, they went on excursions to the most lovely and historic spots, they produced articles of rare beauty, and others that were very cheap copies in the five-and-ten-cent stores of other countries. That country had its troubles, its economic pressures, but it made steady headway in the markets of the world, the welfare of its people increased right along, it had great reserves which might have been plowed back into more productive energy or more prosperity. Instead, it so happened, these reserves were made the basis of a vast war effort which began in Manchuria and China, and now clings precariously to a hold on the plains. But instead of the laughing land of cherry blossoms, family devotion, busy industry, there is a starving country of mad imperialism facing what?

It was the same with Germany. There, for many years, was the sentimental and intellectual capital of the world. There, once upon a time, the scholars and poets of America and Europe would congregate. Heidelberg Göttingen the Rhine Cologne Munich Würzburg Dinkelsbühl. Not only did this European land have great universities and sentiment-drenched castles and rivers; it had immense industries, a thrifty folk, well-being and comfort and family life as high as anywhere in the world. There were troubles, too. A military caste and steep-point first came world war. Then an inflation. Then a depression and poverty and unemployment. But still enough reserves to erect the costliest and biggest war machine seen in the world up to that time. And this enlightened, lovable civilized nation sent down the steep slope.

And so it was, too, with Italy. Warned by the mellow glow of a classical heritage and a laughing folk this land was paradise to all who loved beauty and song. English and American, particularly, delighted in it. There, too, the people lived a simple oftentimes frugal but happy life. They could afford the maintenance of magnificent art treasures, and opera, and though there were shows, there were also inns and cafes and not so many people starved in those days as have done so there since.

Then there was France. The most refined and distinctive of cultures, the home of many a happy exile, the liberty-loving nation of patriots each attached to his own "petit pays" and to his superb Paris.

There were many other countries: Belgium, the Netherlands, Denmark, Norway. And this only begins the roster.

How many, how fine, how stirring and nostalgic are the things we could say about this world we all remember! The world we loved. The world they loved.

And so, as the United Nations turn to the enemy countries and seek to arouse in them the instincts of true manhood, should we talk exclusively about the brave new world we will create? Or about the things we had—once upon a time? Well, it isn't always possible—perhaps it is never possible—to turn the clock back. And none of us want to create anew the old problems we can and will do better.

How many Germans, too, if they had their choice tonight, would choose the Germany of 1943 as against the Germany of 1930. How many Italians would prefer this year to 1907? How many Japanese would rather have their present empire—with all its dangers—if they could have 1930 back again?

It was a pretty good world we had. And surely if anything can move the enslaved men and women of Germany, Italy, of Japan it should be the memory of that world.

So, Mr. Davis, when your OWI short-wave experts beam their antennas overseas, let them perform "All Heidelberg" for the Germans, let the Metropolitan Opera sing a bit of "Rigoletto" for the Italians and let some American-Japanese read a good essay by Lafcadio Hearn to Tokyo.

Once upon a time there were three countries. They were fine countries, as countries go. Their names were Germany Italy Japan.



BRITAIN'S AIRBORNE ARMY: PICKED TROOPS TRAIN AS GLIDER PILOTS

Glider pilots for Britain's airborne regiments are drawn from the Army. As trained soldiers, they will be able to take their passengers into action immediately upon landing. Volunteers must pass a stiff medical examination, squalling that of an R. A. F. pilot. They must in addition to being fully trained soldiers, show high qualities

of leadership and initiative. After initial training in navigation, theory of flight, etc., at an Initial Training Wing and period of solo flying in powered aircraft, pupils are transferred to gliders, graduating from ballast loads to live loads. Picture shows: Two gliders descending after a flight.

IN ONE FAMILY 3 GENERATIONS, FARM IS SOLD

Century-Old May Homestead in Halton County is now Owned by W. W. Jackson, of Toronto.

The century old May farm, west of Streetville, Lot 10, Con. 10, Township of Trafalgar, County of Halton, was sold by J. A. Willoughby to a Toronto buyer, William Willard Jackson for his son Richard. This is the second farm purchased by Mr. Jackson. The first farm he bought was Chris Irwin's 100-acre farm, below Brampton on the Centre road above Cooksville, where he has his permanent residence. He has developed a fine herd of dairy cattle.

The old farm has been in the same name for three generations. It was settled over 100 years ago by George May, who came to Halton from England. Late in life, when he was retiring, he decided the farm to his son John May, and he in turn transferred it to his son, Orlando May, the present grantor.

This fine old homestead is well located in a good agricultural district between Streetville and Hornby. It has been well cultivated and kept in good

order. It has been sold for no other reason than the owner's retiring.

There is a gravelled driveway and entrance leading up to a fine old solid brick residence with 11 spacious rooms with all city conveniences, garage attached. The lawns are well kept and stately old elms and pine shade trees make the setting of this homestead something to be admired.

The barn is large, 72x56 with hip roof and plenty of stabling to accommodate all the cows and horses needed on a 100-acre farm. There is also a sheep pen. Two small wood lots supply fuel for the farm and stream through the pasture supplies water for stock during the summer months.

The new owner is to take possession early this spring and will make it his permanent residence. The asking price was \$10,500.

100,000 SCOUTS IN FORCES

A recent survey by Dominion Headquarters of the Boy Scouts reveals that well over 100,000 former Boy Scouts are to-day serving in the Canadian forces. Several have been decorated for gallantry, and more than 200 have given their lives.

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Ramar COFFEE 1/2 lb. 35¢

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