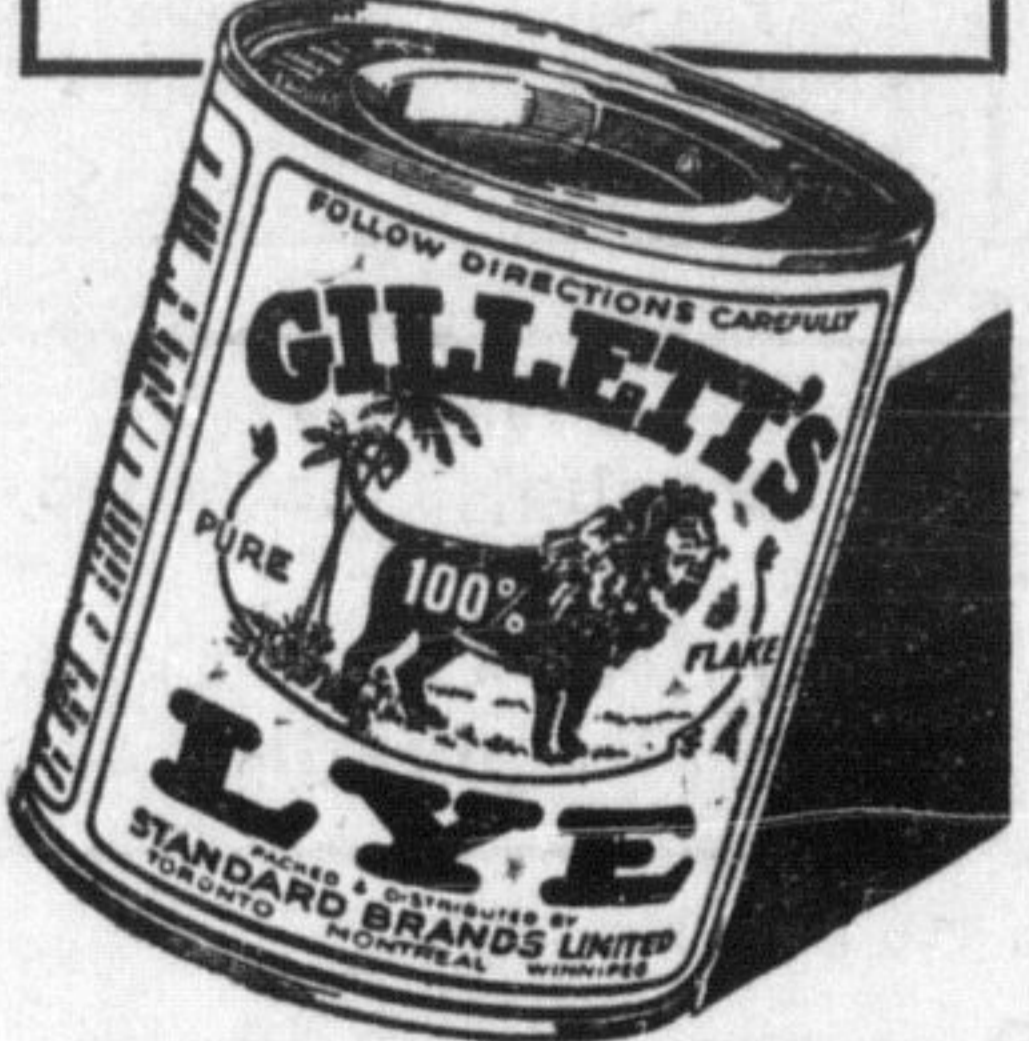


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Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water.

## NEWS ITEM

By STANLEY CORDELL  
(Associated Newspapers)  
WNT Service.

FROM the moment that young Kendall Bacon stepped into the cluttered editorial office of the Lansdowne Weekly Gazette, he knew he had tackled a man-sized job. The atmosphere of the place fairly reeked with listlessness.

A middle-aged man in shirt sleeves sat at a desk piled high with clippings and books and bottles of paste and pencil stubs. The man was reading galley proofs. He looked up as Kendall approached.

"I'm Kendall Bacon. Knight sent me down," Kendall spoke crisply.

"Oh," The man laid down his proof sheets. He looked at Kendall as much as to say, "So you're the bird the old man sent down to stir things up?" Aloud he said, extending his hand, "Hello, Bacon. I'm Jules Allen, managing editor here. Have a chair."

Kendall didn't accept. His eyes roved about the room, finally returning to Allen's face.

"Well, we might as well get started. Sorry to be so abrupt, but you know why I'm here."

Allen looked at him ruefully. "The old man's letter said we weren't producing, said he was sending a man down to take over and build up

the sheet."

"Right. I'm the man. Now, to begin with I want this office cleaned up. Right away. Everyone will work better in a clean atmosphere."

Allen was immediately resentful. "Remember this is a newspaper office, young fellow."

"Which is no excuse for it looking like a pig pen. That's story book stuff, and it's wrong!"

Allen started to speak, but Kendall moved away from him, ordered the stenographer, who had been listening, open-mouthed, to find



"From now on, Allen, I'm boss. And get that hostile look off your face or you'll find yourself looking for a job."

a man and a broom at once. Then he turned back to Allen. "From now on, Allen, I'm boss. And get that hostile look off your face or you'll find yourself looking for a job." He paused, and presently sat down.

"First I want to run through your files. No, don't go into a long explanation of what's wrong. I know. Your image is dropping off because your advertisers aren't getting results, and your advertisers aren't getting results because your circulation is dropping off. Your circulation is dropping off because you're not getting news, and that's your fault!"

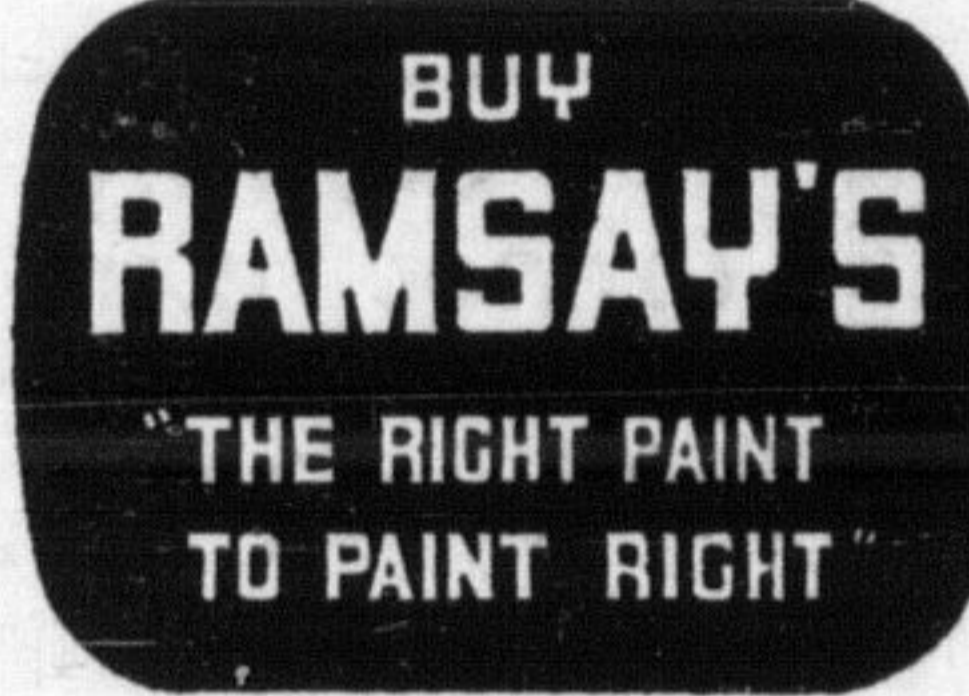
"Say!" Allen's face was red. "Listen, youngster, I've been in the news game twenty years. You can't tell me how to run a paper. You can't write news when—"

"I know, I know," Kendall interrupted briskly. "The town's dead! There isn't any news. Competition from the dailies. Sure, sure. Same old story. I hear it everywhere. Can't tell old-timers like yourself anything."

Allen was mad. No one had ever talked to him like that and got away with it. And yet, despite the youth's insolence, the managing editor somehow liked him. Something about the boy's sure-fire attitude inspired confidence. Old Man Knight rarely made a mistake in his men.

Kendall had picked up a proof sheet and was reading aloud. "Miss Agatha Drake visited in Saysbrook recently! . . . Caleb Rollins is having his house painted! . . . The Saysbrook bank robbers have not as yet been apprehended."

Allen snorted. "Don't say it."



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W. H. ALLAN

Lot 3, First Line, Esqueving.

Sure, it's gossip. But gossip items like that are the backbone of every country newspaper. That's why folks buy 'em."

"You're right on that point, Allen," Kendall agreed. "But you've got to dig farther than gossip if you're going to put a weekly across these days. Got to get behind the gossip."

"Meaning?"

"Meaning that there's a lot more news in this town than you fellows are getting. You've got to keep your eyes open. Beat the dailies. Give your readers something to read."

"Sounds easy. You show me."

"That's what I'm here for. When do your forms close for this week's issue?"

"Tomorrow noon."

"Good. I'll have a live-wire story for you by then."

Kendall picked up his hat. "If I can do it, you can do it. You're known hereabouts. That fair enough?"

"Seeing's believing, young fellow."

Kendall went out. At 9:30 the next morning he was back. Allen, who had been a little worried, looked up anxiously.

"Got your story?"

"Sure. And I've got your bank robber."

"What bank robber?"

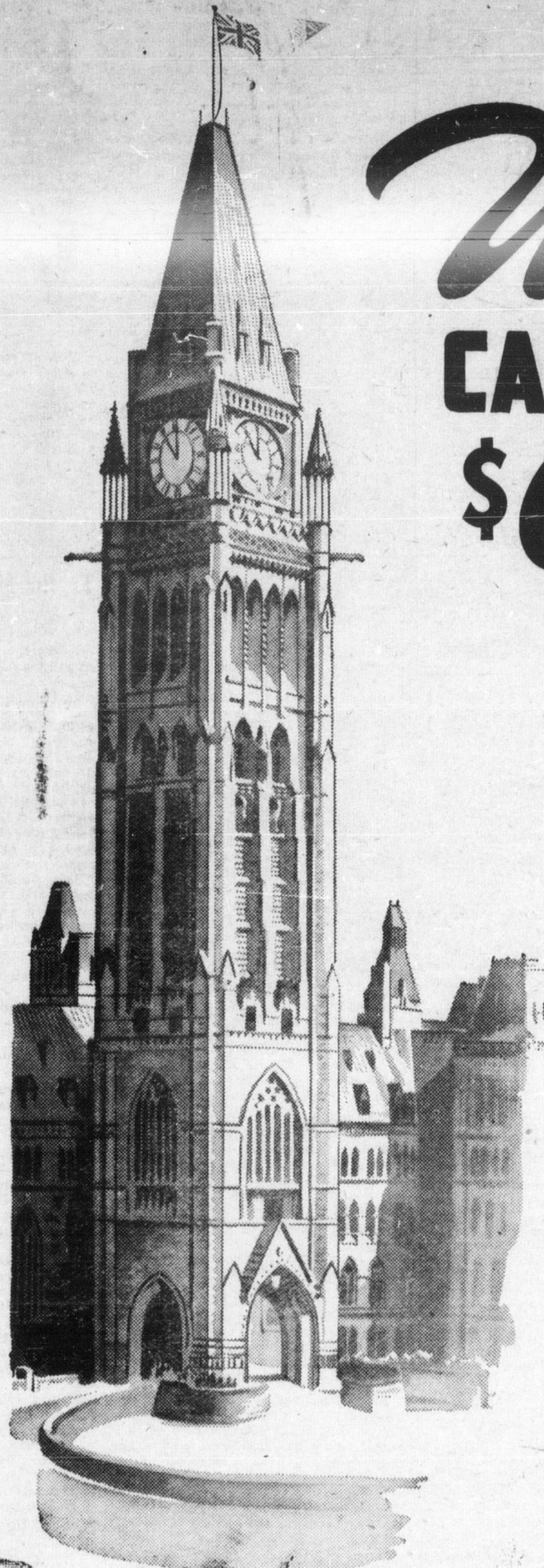
"The guy who robbed the Saysbrook bank. I saw a news item on your galley proof yesterday."

Allen looked incredulous. "Mean to say you captured him?"

"That's right. And the story's all yours. So hop to it on that typewriter. And run off a thousand extras this week. You'll sell 'em all."

Allen swallowed. Things were happening a little too fast.

"Listen," said Kendall patiently. "Yesterday when I drove into town I saw a man painting a house. The house looked as if it hadn't been painted for half a century. Then I saw your news item about it. How could a man afford to have his house painted after 50 years, if he couldn't before then? Especially in



# Why CANADA MUST BORROW \$600,000,000

## A Statement by the Minister of Finance

In money alone, this war is costing Canada in round figures, \$4,000,000 a day. That is three and one-quarter times the daily cost of the last year of the last war. This conflict costs so much more because it is a battle of giant, swift machines . . . as well as of men. And to build other than the very best machines would be futile. They must be worthy of our men.

Canada dare not . . . and will not . . . sacrifice men for lack in quality or quantity of fighting machines. Hence we must produce them on a scale hitherto undreamed of.

To do this, Canada needs now to borrow from her citizens at least \$600,000,000 in addition to the revenue raised by taxes. To obtain this money Canada will on June 2nd offer Victory Bonds.

Fortunately, Canadians have the money to buy these Victory Bonds. This is shown by a greatly expanded

national income and by record savings deposits.

If every person who has savings or who can make payments out of wages or income will invest in Victory Bonds, the Loan will be quickly subscribed. But the wholehearted support of every citizen is necessary.

What Canadians have done before, Canadians can and will do again. Our population was less than nine millions in 1918 and 1919. Yet in November, 1918, our people invested \$616,000,000 in Victory Bonds. Eleven months later, in October, 1919, they invested \$572,000,000. The total subscribed for Victory Bonds in those two loans was \$1,188,000,000. This year, with our population increased to more than twelve millions, the nation that did it before can do it again—and in greater measure.

The terms of the Loan will be announced May 31st. Get ready to buy every Bond that you can.

*J. H. Mulvey*  
MINISTER OF FINANCE

Help finish the job!

# Buy VICTORY BONDS

## THE EIGHTH DECENNIAL

# Census of Canada June 2, 1941

THE Census is the stock-taking of the nation — of its men, women, and children; its agriculture, trade, and industry; its housing, and general social condition. By it, all Governments, — Dominion, Provincial and Municipal — are enabled to work more effectively and economically in the interest of every resident of the Dominion.



IN these days of increasing Government responsibilities, no Government can give the best service unless it has detailed and accurate knowledge of the people and their varying circumstances. That is why we request the co-operation of all Canadian citizens in the taking of the Census. When the Government's Enumerator calls at your door, receive him courteously and give him all the information for which he asks. Remember that he is in your service. Accuracy and despatch in your replies will promote good administration in your country, now under stress of war and facing crucial post-war reconstruction.

### ALL INFORMATION SUPPLIED HELD STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL

You can place absolute trust in the official Enumerator, who is sworn to secrecy. All the information which you provide will be held in strictest confidence both by him and the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, and can never be used against you by any tax-collecting, military, or other agency, or in any court of law.

It is compulsory by law to answer the questions, but you will be assisting your Government in these difficult times by giving the information readily and accurately in the spirit of good citizenship.



Issued by authority of The Honourable JAMES A. MacKINNON, M.P., Minister.

DOMINION BUREAU OF STATISTICS - DEPT. OF TRADE AND COMMERCE

these times? Well, the bank had been robbed at Saysbrook, hadn't it? I began thinking. I looked up this Caleb Rollins guy. Sure enough, he wasn't any particular credit to the town. I talked with him. He seemed to have plenty of money, but no particular intelligence. I accused him of the robbery and he wilted. That's the whole story. The local constable promised to keep it quiet until we got the paper out."

Allen's jaw sagged. He couldn't believe it until Constable Layton hove into the office and verified the tale with shining eyes. Then he wrote the story.

Kendall went through the books. By the time the press was running he had jotted down a list of suggestions for Allen to refer to at such times as business was slack. Then he picked up his hat.

"Well, so long, Allen. I'm leaving." He glanced about the office. It had been swept clean and had an ordered look.

"Going? Going where?" Allen had risen.

"Home. No need of me here. Showed you how, didn't I?"

"Yes, but—"

"Never mind the 'buts,' Allen. Just dig in behind the gossip items and you'll find news. And when your next report comes through you'll be out of the red."

He turned and stepped into the street, started briskly away toward the railroad station. Behind him Allen stood and watched the retreating figure. He caught himself wondering just what had taken place in his office during the past 24 hours. He had a feeling that whatever it was, it was for the best. But it wasn't until after the Gazette was on the street and two thousand extra copies had been sold that he was ready to admit his twenty years of experience was something to forget rather than remember.

**Attention, Please!**  
The fall quota for the Red Cross has been received and it is a bigger undertaking for our branch than formerly. There is an urgent plea for all who can see to come out and help, either by working at the rooms or taking the articles home with them. Refugee clothing forms a large part of the quota, although there are hospital and convalescent supplies to be made also. Please take this as a personal invitation to come and help even if it means a sacrifice.

### Man Answers Question Why He Married Susie?

Here is a man's idea of why it is so often a shock to meet the wife of a likable, intelligent, and highly successful man—the kind of man that other men both like and admire.

"A man, when he is 20 or 25, falls in love with Susie. Susie is pretty. She is even a nice, sweet girl. The man marries her, never, of course, stopping to wonder what Susie will be like at 40.

"The guy is smart, and so even though it didn't look at the time as though Susie was making much of a marriage—she was. Her husband climbs steadily by his own brains and ability.

"As he climbs he moves to higher and higher social levels. He lunches, plays golf, does business with men who are more and more successful.

"He belongs to the group by right of what he is and what he has made of his opportunities.

"Susie, naturally, is lifted right along with her husband. But she doesn't belong.

"If her husband had remained pretty far down the ladder—where he was when he married her—she would be adequate.

"But through luck, and none of her own doing, she is in a crowd that is way beyond her. It is just luck she married the man she did. If she hadn't married at all, and her advancement in life had depended on her own brains and effort, she probably would be supporting herself on a 12-dollar-a-week salary and living in one room.

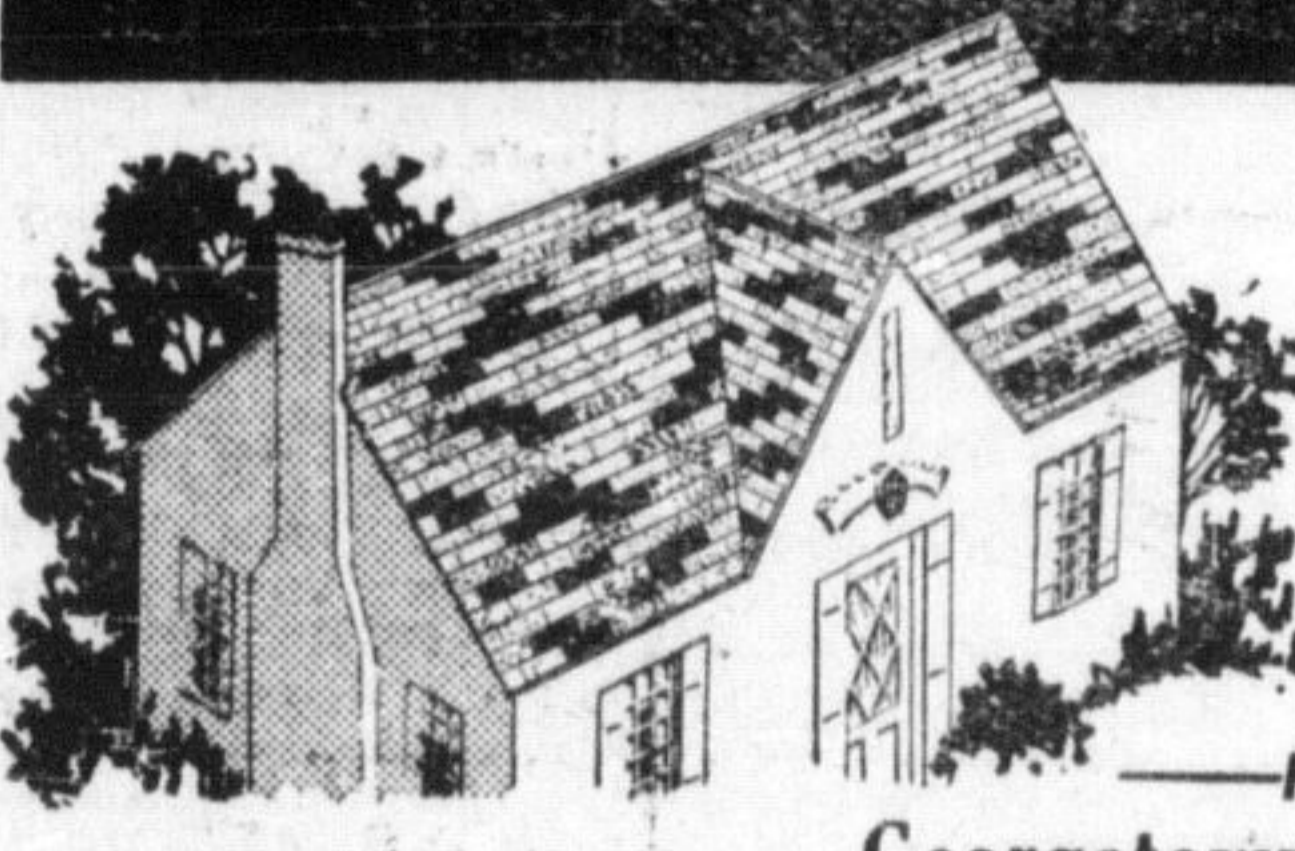
"But there she is—dumb little Susie—married to a highly successful man, the head of an impressive establishment, thrown with people who are really out of her class.

"It is not Susie's fault. It isn't even her husband's fault. If he had married a girl who could keep up, it would have been mostly luck. For young men of 20 don't choose wives who will be suitable companions when they are 40.

"They want a pretty girl—and never mind the brains. And that is what they get for life.

"Hence the common remark about the successful man: 'I wonder why in the world he married HER.'"

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