



# Helping to House Canada's War Workers

WHEN the huge shell-filling plant came to his town, Charles Hunter got to thinking about the critical shortage of housing; and about the two large cottages he owned. It wouldn't cost much to modernize and sub-divide them to make comfortable homes for four families.

He talked it over with his bank manager, who extended him a \$600 loan. With the money, Hunter not only converted his cottages but took part of the loan, along with some of his rental income, to remodel another house to accommodate eight single individuals.

With the aid of the bank Hunter helped to provide urgently needed homes for war workers. He has now paid off all but \$100 of the loan. A very small amount paid out for interest has thus enabled him to more than double his former revenues.

Such modest, highly useful loans typify the contributions that the banks make to Canadian enterprise. The above story is an actual case—only the name has been changed.



More than 5,000 experienced bank men out of 14,433 have gone into the armed forces since war began. This throws a greater burden on remaining staffs and new employees. Do your banking early in the day. Pay small bills by cash instead of cheque wherever possible. It all helps.

The CHARTERED BANKS of CANADA



Lt. Gen. K. A. N. Anderson, C.B., M.C., Commander in Chief of the British First Army in the North African operations.

## AVOID WASTAGE when you make tea!

You will get best results both in quality and quantity if you carefully follow these simple directions:

1. Scald out the teapot to warm it.
2. Use a level teaspoonful of tea for each cup of tea to be served.
3. Use the exact amount of FRESH water you require and see that it is BOILING FURIOUSLY before you pour it into the pot.

4. Steep FIVE MINUTES



If You Can't Go Active - Go Reserve

### The Clue

By CARLTON JAMES  
Associated Newspapers.  
WNU Features.

"LISTEN," I says, pulling the cork out of the bottle and emptying its contents into my hand, "I got a hunch this Lolita Ramon dame wouldn't go bump herself off, see? I got a hunch she was murdered, see?"

"You got ants up your chimney," says Sarge. "She was on the toboggan down at the Paradise and she took the back door out. Else why would she have that bottle of poison tablets around?"

"Listen," I says, "I know poison, see; and these here pellets got enough strychnine in 'em to knock any dame for a row of ballet dancers the minute they hit her insides."

"So what?" says the Sarge.

"So let's go talk to someone," I says.

"So we rounded up the landlady. "Sure," she says, "Miss Ramon had visitors. There was Lupe Pablo and there was Pedro Falcon."

"Did they come together?" I says.

"They did," says the landlady. "But they didn't leave together. Pedro left first, and Lupe about an hour later."

"Oh, I see," I says. So I turns to Sarge and goes on: "Sarge," I says, "you go down to headquarters and have these pellets analyzed and see if they ain't got the blast in 'em I think."

So the Sarge goes off with the pellets, looking disgusted, and I goes down to the taxi stand where this Pedro is sitting reading a newspaper.

"Listen," I says, flashing my shield, "whatcha do it for, huh? Come on," I says, "the jig's up and stuff. Break down and let me have it straight and I'll see what I can do."

Pedro folds up his newspaper careful-like and gives me the eye. "Copper," he says, "what's your name and number? I want to report you for bad manners."

"Oh, woe me!" I says, "Well, get this punk—"

"Pardon me," says Pedro, "there's a mug over there looks like he wants a cab. I'll see you later, maybe."

So he drives away and I goes over to where Lupe Pablo lives.

"All right, baby," I says, "you look smart. What's the sense of stalling?"

"About what?" she says.

"Lolita Ramon," says I.

"Oh!" says Lupe.

"Aha!" says I. "Well, why did you do it? Jealous, eh? Jealous over that Pedro mug?"

"Is she dead?" Lupe cried. "Oh, my goodness! Did she do it? She talked about it all the time after Pedro left. I—I—she promised me before I left that she wouldn't!"

"She lived long enough," I says, "to tell us you slipped a tablet into her coffee mug."

Lupe laughs, sort of hysterical. "Oh, you poor sap!" she says. "Stop drooling at the mouth. Oh, why, why did she do it?"

So I calls up the taxi company and tells 'em to send Pedro around with his cab, and by the time Pedro gets there Lupe has got hold of her self and we go down and get into the cab.

"It's Lolita," Lupe tells him, busting out sobbing again.

Pedro don't say a word, but drives over to Lolita's rooming house, like I tell him. When we get there we find Sarge with the disgusted look still on his face.

"Well," I says, "how about them pellets?"

"They're dynamite," says Sarge. "Per once you was right. She woulda gone out the minute one of 'em hit her tongue."

"Ha!" says I. "You can go, Pedro," I says, swinging on Falcon. "This lets you out."

"You dumbhead!" says Pedro. "Did you think I'd kill a girl I was in love with?"

"Well, why not?" I says. "This here dame," I says, pointing to Lupe, "woulda killed a guy she was in love with, rather than let some other dame have him. But she decided to kill Lolita instead."

Lupe looked up from the couch where she was having a fine time bawling into her handkerchief. "You're crazier than I thought, copper. Lolita was my best friend."

"And besides," says Pedro, looking at me coldly, "you're talking in bunches. Try and say something that sounds sensible."

"Listen," I says, "you get to hell out of here before I find an excuse for roping you into it, too."

"Don't be a sucker, feller," Sarge says to Pedro. "Scram!" So Pedro got out, and Sarge says to me: "Maybe the guy was right, at that. What are you talking about, anyway?"

"I'm telling you," I says, "that this here dame slipped a pellet into Lolita's coffee mug. For one thing, she didn't act scared when I told her Lolita lived long enough to spill the works. Why? Because she knew them pellets was dynamite and that Lolita couldn't live long to spill the works."

Lupe stopped bawling and looked at me. Sarge said: "Is that all?"

"Nope," I says, "that ain't all. If them pellets was as powerful as they says down at headquarters, Lolita couldn't have lived long enough to put the cork back in the bottle, after taking one which is what the dame here wanted us to think—grab her."

### A New Word

By MEREDITH SCHOLL  
Associated Newspapers.  
WNU Features.

PROPOS of nothing, except the fact that two young friends of his had just patched up a minor quarrel, Al Cooper told me this story the other day about Alec Blue and Elinor Chase.

They met (Al began) at a summer resort out in the Middle West. Alec had been out of college two years and was working for the telephone company. Doing pretty well at it, Elinor came from Peoria, and was staying at one of the resort hotels with her mother. She worked as a stenographer in a lawyer's office, and this was her annual vacation. She didn't have much of an ancestral background, and she hadn't had the benefit of a college education.

But even though Alec had known, through ancestral background and college education don't affect a girl's beauty or her sweet disposition. Alec met her one day when he came up to her hotel to talk with the manager about installing a new phone service. She was standing near the desk and the manager introduced them.

Alec went back to the office that morning and told his boss that if he (the boss) didn't care, he'd like to take the first week of his annual vacation then. The boss said that was O. K., and Alec stepped into a phone booth, called Elinor Chase and asked her how he'd like to go swimming.

They spent the rest of the day in the hotel pool, and that night Alec took Elinor and her mother to dinner. Later on he invited the girl to accompany him to a dance.

Alec's friends were all college folks and congenial. They liked Elinor immediately and adopted her. During the remainder of the week she was with them nightly.

Don was a member of Alec's crowd. He had displayed an unusual amount of interest in Elinor after the first meeting. He did his best to promote himself in her eyes, and didn't lose hope when Elinor indicated plainly her preference for Alec.

It would seem, on the face of it, that Elinor's attitude in the matter should have convinced Alec that he was the shining star in the scope of the young lady's vision. But when a man is in love, and when he knows another man is interested in the girl of his choice, he is apt to exercise his imagination. Logic informed him that Elinor didn't care two hoots in Purgatory for Donald Moore, yet Don was so persistent with his attentions that Alec's mind would have been set more at ease if Elinor told the rival that he was through.

Alec schemed to bring this about. He waited until the last day of his vacation. The crowd with whom he and Elinor were associating all week had planned a picnic at a nearby lake, and Alec saw to it that Donald Moore had an opportunity to be alone with Elinor on several occasions. He wanted Don to ask her to go out with him that night, wanted to give Elinor a chance to refuse, even though he, Alec had expressed no desire to be with her. Later, assuming the attitude of one who took it for granted that they were to be together, he'd ask her himself.

Surprisingly watching the pair throughout the afternoon, Alec felt pretty sure that Donald had presented a proposition to Elinor for the evening.

He had planned to ask Elinor on that last night to drive with him alone in the country.

And so when at last they were on their way back to the hotel Alec, with Elinor and four others were occupying a sedan, turned to her and said, "Are you going to be available tonight, my dear?"

For a moment Elinor hesitated, glancing toward the front seat where sat Donald Moore. Then she smiled and shook her head. "No, Alec," she said, "I'm not."

Alec knew instantly that those vague doubts which were provoked by Don Moore's interest in Elinor hadn't been real at all. Up until this very moment he hadn't suspected even remotely but what the girl loved him quite as much as he loved her, and that no one else mattered.

Alec's lips set rather grimly and he turned away. Throughout the remainder of the drive, he tried to be gay and light hearted, but he couldn't.

And Elinor seemed to sense how he felt. There was a strange look in her own eyes, a sort of pitying look.

The drive ended. Alec walked up to the hotel door with Elinor, said good-by briefly and without looking at her, turned away. It seemed in that moment that he was leaving behind everything in life worth having and living for.

Al Cooper paused in the telling of his tale and chuckled heartily. I looked at him, frowning. "So that ended it, eh? Alec never did get over the fact."

Al ceased his chuckling. "He didn't have to," he said. "For later on that night Elinor called Alec on the phone and asked him over. You see, after Elinor got back to her hotel, a very startling and enlightening thought occurred to her. She leaped to her feet and rushed down to the desk clerk and asked for a dictionary. He gave it to her and she looked up the word "available!"

Some Surprising Scenes  
To those who think of the Sahara desert as a broad waste of unbroken sands, the great land expanse which covers most of inland North Africa back from its settled coastlands and the Nile, would offer some surprising scenes. In addition to the typical regions of shifting sand dunes and scattered oases, much of the country which the Allied forces are crossing—or have crossed—is high and rocky plateau. Occasionally it rises to mountain heights of 10,000 feet and more, or it may sink to huge depressions many feet below sea level. There are even peaks temporarily tipped with snow in winter, and upland areas where streams run continuously in their higher courses.

Deferred Pay Plan  
City employees of Dearborn, Mich., can take out "insurance" on their 1943 income tax payments through a deferred compensation plan set up by the city. Under the plan any employee can ask the controller to withhold a portion of his pay and retain it until the federal tax payments are due. All money for this purpose is held in trust and is not assignable or subject to garnishment. When an employee leaves his job with the city, he is entitled to full payment of any money withheld, without interest, and an employee may at any time discontinue participation in the plan, though once having done this, he cannot re-enter it for a year. This pay-as-you-go plan is separate from the Victory tax withholdings.

### Spots, Stains Removed Without Scraping Floor.

### Her Landlord

By CLARISSA MACKIE  
McClure Syndicate—WNU Features.

Spots and stains similar to water stains may be removed from an oak floor without going to the trouble and expense of scraping the entire floor. Wax can be removed with turpentine, cleaning the wax down to the bare wood, if the floor has not been varnished, and then re-waxing the bare spots. If the stains are in the wood itself, the spots should be treated with a solution of oxalic acid after the removal of the wax. After permitting the acid to stand over night all traces of it should be washed away, and the floor re-waxed. If the floor has been varnished and waxed the wax should first be wiped off with turpentine, and if the stain extended through the varnish, the varnish should be removed with a good varnish remover, after which the stain, if it has extended into the wood itself, can be given the oxalic acid treatment, with the acid thoroughly washed off afterwards, the same as in the case of an unvarnished floor, and then re-varnished and re-waxed. If pores are apparent in the wood, a coat of wood filler should be put on and allowed to dry thoroughly before the application of the varnish. In most cases, the best results are achieved by cleaning off and refinishing the entire floor board to its ends and edges, rather than by confining the job to the stained spots, for in this way a much more uniform result will be obtained.

THE morning after Doris Ware moved into the little seaside bungalow at Yellowdawns, she became acquainted with her next-door neighbor, a stout, black-haired, red-cheeked woman in a faded blue bathing suit of popular design.

"Nice morning," said Mrs. Brady, cheerfully over the back fence.

"It is lovely," smiled Doris, as she hung out her tea towels on the bit of clothesline. "I can hardly believe it is true that I am here for the rest of the summer. It is too good to be true."

"You said it!" retorted her neighbor. "Your husband not up yet?"

Doris stared amusedly. "No, he isn't—you see, I haven't any husband!"

Mrs. Brady laughed heartily, and several small Bradsys, climbing into bathing suits in-I do wonder how he heard her and scrambled to the window where they stood sunburned and grinning. Doris became acquainted with them at once. Before they parted, Mrs. Brady was aware that Miss Ware wrote for a big newspaper in the city and was having her rest all alone just to get away from people, and Doris knew that Mr. Brady owned a busy plumbing shop in the city.

That first day, Doris found an isolated bit of blue water where she could swim all alone. It was great sport at first, but, after awhile, she felt rather bored.

Once as she floated, looking up at the cloudless sky, she heard the sound of paddles and sank into the water, swimming a little. It was then that she could see the canoe and its single occupant, a tall young man with a grim unsmiling countenance crowned with a thatch of ruddy hair. As soon as he saw her, he increased the speed of his canoe and in a moment had rounded a bend in the shore.

Doris waded ashore and sat down on the sand to laugh heartily. "If it isn't temperamental Peter Clarkson," she giggled to herself. "The poor man didn't recognize me in this bathing suit—I do wonder if he is really stopping near here."

That noon when she returned to the bungalow for lunch, she asked Mrs. Brady about the man in the canoe. "What is his name?" she artfully asked.

Mrs. Brady put up her hands in amazement. "Don't you know your own landlord?" she exclaimed.

Doris shook her head. "I rented it from an agent," she said.

"Poor Mr. Clarkson—he has owned all these cottages since his uncle died and left them to him with a great fortune, so I have heard, Miss Ware—but there is a whisper that he is sad and gloomy because the girl he loves won't have him! And him with a million dollars or more. Anyone could be happy with all that money!"

Because Doris Ware was so much alone, for loneliness was what she sought these days, she thought quite often of lonely Peter Clarkson, living there in his handsome stone summer residence on the top of the hill behind them.

Then, one day, an imp of perversity prevailed upon her to tempt excitement when she saw Peter Clarkson coming her way in his bright canoe. She was swimming toward him and across the canoe's bow. Just beyond that, she threw up one arm and slim brown hand and called "Help!" and then, "Save me!" before she sank beneath the waves.

In exactly three minutes, gloomy Peter Clarkson had jumped overboard, dived down, rescued Doris Ware, dropped his dripping burden into the canoe, tossed a rubber coat over her, and paddled desperately back to his own wharf and called to his boatman, Jerry, for help.

"Really, I am entirely all right," assured Doris in quite a strong voice as she struggled to throw off the heavy rubber coat. As she finally sat up and pulled off her bathing cap and her toss of dusky hair fluffed out, she became aware of the strange behavior of Mr. Peter Clarkson—he was kneeling on the sand beside the canoe, and his great eyes were fairly worshipping the small person whose life he had saved. He grinned foolishly as Doris smiled gratefully at him.

"It is you—really?" he demanded in a deep voice.

"Of course," said Doris meekly, because her heart was pounding, "who else could it be?"

"That's right!" he muttered softly. "Who else could it be than the one girl in all the world whom I loved—my first and only love—I wish you thought it such a big thing on my part that you would give your life to me, Doris Ware!"

"Ah, Peter Clarkson, if you were not such a diffident youth—you might have known long ago—years ago—that there was only one girl in the world that loved you as I—do—ah, Peter!"

And all their friends said that it had happened just as they expected it would when they had first met a year or so ago—and Mrs. Brady laughed and said that now her landlord would never do anything except laugh and be happy all the days of his life "for" she said, "'tis the sweetest romance I ever knew about—and her so innocent about inquiring his name!"

### U. S. Graphite Mine, Mill Now in Production

Smudgy, shiny black, flake graphite is being produced from the hills of eastern Pennsylvania, near Chester Springs in Chester county, 30 miles north of Philadelphia. The mining and milling equipment is government-owned. Output will be restricted to war industry uses.

Graphite is found in abundance in many parts of the world, says a National Geographic society bulletin (Russia, Germany, Chosen (Korea) and Mexico produce more than four-fifths of the annual world production of 200,000 tons. Nearly half the money value of this total is credited to the one-tenth produced on the Indian ocean islands of Madagascar and Ceylon. One of the softest minerals, graphite is chemically the same as diamond, the hardest. Both are forms of carbon. Best known as the "lead" in pencils, graphite has many industrial uses.

### Annual Loss of \$450,000,000

Dr. Henry A. Gardner, director of the scientific section of the National Paint, Varnish and Lacquer Association, Inc., in his "Economics of Paint," cites a finding by a distinguished British scientist, an expert on problems of corrosion, that the annual loss of steel alone, due to corrosion, was in the neighborhood of \$500,000,000. Speller, in his book entitled "Corrosion; Causes and Prevention," suggests that the annual replacement value of steel due to corrosion may be as high as 2 per cent of the total tonnage in use. Taking \$50,000,000 tons as a basic peace-time annual figure, 2 per cent of this, if figured at \$50 a ton, would suggest an annual loss of \$450,000,000. But fabricated steel corrodes so rapidly that the annual loss, if unpaired, would probably be at least 20 per cent, Dr. Gardner estimates. Even assuming that only 10 per cent of the steel produced in the world is used in America in exposed places, there would still be an annual loss of \$450,000,000 that is preventable by the use of paint.

### Almost Incredible Score

A General Classification score of 157—in only 30 minutes! Sounds almost incredible, doesn't it? But that's the feat performed recently by a Keesler Field soldier, Private Wallace B. Hardeman (now Corporal Hardeman) who was among the last group of men leaving this unit of the army air forces technical training command for officer candidate training at Miami Beach, Fla. Corporal Hardeman, a VOC from Fort Valley, Ga., actually completed his GCT during processing here with a mark only four points from perfect. Grades usually fall far short of 157, and few men complete the test even in the 45 minutes allowed.

### Non-Com Ratings

There are seven grades for enlisted personnel of the army, with master sergeants and first sergeants sharing the first grade, according to the war department. Technicians of the third, fourth and fifth grades rank immediately below the staff sergeants, sergeants and corporals of their grade. The grades for enlisted men follow: Master sergeant, first sergeant, first; technical sergeant, second; staff sergeant, third; technician, third; corporal, fifth; technician, fifth; private, first class, sixth; private, seventh.

### Deer Wintering Outlook

Michigan's deer herd is beginning the winter with a double handicap, the department of conservation in that state announces. Deer are reported yarding up a week or two weeks earlier than usual, because of heavy early snows. Furthermore, the big 1942 fawn crop has swelled the deer population, already high because of excellent survival last year. As a result, the department believes that the winter food supply will be heavily taxed in critical areas.

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## The SNAPSHOT GUILD



A slight up-angle adds greatly to the effect of this shot. Don't be afraid to tilt your camera if it gives you the effect you want.

CAMERA angle fascinates many picture hobbyists. Wisely used it is a splendid tool, and with it many a picture can be made more dramatic. But, like pepper in soup, it should be employed with care. Random, indiscriminate "angle shooting" without sound purpose is not the source of better pictures.

Of course, a camera can be used at any angle—level, tilted up or down, right or left—but the angle used should always be determined by the effect desired. If you want a natural "drawing" of any subject, a level camera is essential. But if a "skyscraper" effect is the thing you want to achieve, you'll have to choose a low viewpoint and tilt your camera upward.

Generally speaking, a low viewpoint is dramatic. It gives a feeling of movement and action to the subject. It is admirably adapted to picturing sports, to emphasizing the height of buildings, to making bold and forceful pictures of people.

A high angle of view, on the other hand, tends to dwarf the importance of a subject. Sometimes, as is the case in street and parade scenes, it gives a clear over-all view without any nearby figures cluttering the scene. But its most general application is to reduce the importance of an object. A high angle, looking down on the subject, for example, will make a tall man look shorter.

Tilting the camera, either to the right or left, will sometimes produce a greater feeling of action in the picture—because diagonal lines are inherently those of movement—but sideways tilts are usually more helpful in arranging the elements of the picture more interestingly within the picture space, than for producing any specific effect. This kind of "angling" should, however, be confined to subjects with sky as background so that lines that we know are horizontal or vertical will not appear askew.

In any event, angle shooting is entertaining and instructive. It may be employed freely whenever the desired effect is best achieved in that manner. But don't tilt at random. Know exactly what you want to get, and then let any angle shot help you to get it.

John van Gulder