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TAX SALE NOTICE**

Copies of the list of lands for sale for arrears of taxes may be had in the office of the Treasurer, J. M. McDonald, Maple, Ontario. The list of lands for sale for arrears of taxes in the Township of Vaughan was published in the Ontario Gazette on the fourth day of August 1941. Notice is hereby given that unless the arrears of taxes and costs are sooner paid, the Treasurer will proceed to sell the land on the day and at the place named in such list published in the Ontario Gazette. The date of the sale named in the said list is the sixth day of November 1941, at ten o'clock a.m. Standard Time. The sale will take place at the office of the Treasurer of the Township of Vaughan in Maple, Ont. Dated at Maple this 18th day of July, 1941.

J. M. McDONALD,  
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**FLYING OVER ONTARIO WITH AUSTRALIAN STUDENT OBSERVERS**

By Hugh Templin

I sat in the secretary's office at the No. 1 Air Observer School at Malton and wondered what would happen next. Things always seemed to turn out that way when arrangements had been made for me to fly in an R.C.A.F. plane. If there wasn't a thunder storm, there was something else. The day's thunder storm had already passed and the sky was clear, but orders had become mixed up.

On the other side of his desk, J. A. Munroe, secretary-treasurer of the school, was keeping the telephone busy and now and then someone came hurrying in with a correspondence file or other information.

It was obvious enough what had happened. A phone call from the Training Command at Toronto had informed me that all arrangements were made. Meanwhile, a sudden call had taken the manager of the Malton School to Montreal and no one else knew anything about the arrangements.

As we waited for word from Toronto, the big Avro Ansons out on the runway roared away. It was two o'clock, and time for them to go out on their afternoon "exercises."

Flying Officer McLeod tried to be consoling. It was a rough day, he said and I wouldn't enjoy it. He remembered one newspaper man who went up in a plane on just such a day. He wasn't up five minutes till he was sick, and his trip was a total loss—and so was his lunch. Besides, the exercise for that day wasn't the most interesting kind. The student observers would be trying to make out a course as though they were flying blind, above the clouds. Another day would be more interesting and would provide better flying conditions.

There seemed to be nothing else to be done. It was a quarter after two now and I hadn't heard a plane go for five minutes. The night flight wouldn't leave till nine o'clock and might not return till two in the morning and I would have 60 miles to drive home after that. I had work to do the next morning and two members of the family waiting for me in the city. There seemed to be nothing left to do but to come back again.

**The Delayed Flight**  
Suddenly things began to happen. Flying Officer McLeod had gone out but he came hurrying back.

"Everything's O.K. We'll have to hurry, though."

We trotted across the road toward the hangar. On the way he explained that one plane was delayed by engine trouble. Spark plugs. I might get to it in time.

A quick trip to the pilot's room, where I was fitted with parachute harness—two straps over my shoulders and one around each leg, all locked together in front of my stomach. The day was hot, so I left my coat behind and went in my shirt sleeves.

Another dash across the runway to the place where the twin engines of Avro Anson No. 6037 were turning over smoothly and noisily now. The pilot was already in his seat. Hasty introductions to the two student observers, K. Allin and R. Evritt, both of Melbourne, Australia. That was interesting. Two fine young fellows.

I shook hands with them. "It's hot!" I said just by way of making conversation. It was a stupid thing to say because so obvious. The thermometer said 95 degrees.

"We like it," one of them replied, rather surprisingly. They were in shirt-sleeves too, with the same kind of parachute harness. Later, Pilot Jocelin said: "The Australians just eat up this kind of weather."

A little door was open up on the side of the plane and I climbed up. One of the Australians fastened my safety strap, a quick-release type that was new to me. Allin took his seat beside the pilot and Evritt in the seat behind the pilot. I was in the back seat, opposite the door.

The plane began to move at once, down the broad runway. We passed a silvery Trans-Canada plane, just coming in and turned into the wind and in a few seconds were off the ground, heading westward into a 25-mile wind.

An "Exercise" Flight  
One of the Australians had repeated the warning that the flight might be a rough one, but I did not find it so, particularly after we had climbed above a thousand feet. These large planes fly much more steadily than the small open-cockpit planes

in which most of my previous flying had been done.

Up in front, on the left, sat Pilot Jocelin, two or three rows of instruments in front of him, holding on to a wheel that looked like the steering wheel of an automobile with parts of it cut away. Beside him sat one of the young Australians. In front of him, under the dash, was a hole into which he crawled from time to time, so that he could lie flat on his stomach in the nose of the plane and read the drift indicator, showing how much the plane was being blown off its course by the wind.

Directly behind the pilot sat the other Australian student. He was doing his "exercise" for the day. On a table in front of him lay a map with no towns, roads or landmarks, except the outlines of the Great Lakes and here and there, circles, with an arrow marking the compass variations—not much help that to a visitor from the other side of the world. On the table lay his simple instruments, a triangular ruler, a few pencils, a circular card with rows of figures and the name. Somebody's Rapid Calculator. Beside him was a compass and up in front two dials, one indicating the engine speed and the other the altitude above sea level.

I sat in the rear seat, directly behind the student with the exercise, but with my view to the front partly cut off by the wireless instruments, worked by remote control from the pilot's seat. Occasionally, I saw the dials turn and the wave-length indicators change, but of the messages which passed through them I knew nothing. In front of me was a table, on which I was able to write in my notebook.

**Some Towns Easy to Identify . . .**  
The Avro Anson is noted for its visibility. There are windows all around. It has even been likened to a flying greenhouse. The rear seat was opposite the huge wing, but it was easy to see the landscape below and behind.

The sky held many clouds and the shadows mottled the landscape below. The air was hazy and ten miles was about the limit of visibility. After we climbed to 4500 feet, we were up in the lower layer of clouds. Occasionally one would drift past almost close enough to touch. The heavier clouds, holding a hint of thunder, were higher. Two or three times we ran into rain but I couldn't see it out on the wing. Only the odd singing of the propellers and the drops on the front windows showed me the difference.

I hadn't any idea whether I would know where we were from nearly a mile up in the air. I couldn't see the compass, but the sun shone most of the time, giving a rough idea of the directions. There wasn't any doubt about the first town. Acres of greenhouses shone in the light, as we circled over Brampton, gaining height. I imagine it would make a wonderful target, day or night. If I had been able to lay hands on a stone, I could hardly have resisted the temptation to drop it overboard on these glass roofs.

We headed west after that, and the Credit river, dirty even from that height, was the next landmark. Then a little village that worried me until I decided its mill ponds were like those at Alton. Then came Orangeville. I was nearer home now and knew most of the landmarks. The provincial highway to Arthur, straight as a ruler, gleamed in the sun for miles till it crossed the Grand river. The lovely Hockley Valley lay ahead. The hills looked almost flat, but the road by the river was plain enough.

By that time, I had the road map out of my brief case and from then on, was never lost. We passed south of Camp Borden, over the great Holland marsh and the tip of Lake Simcoe, and down beside Yonge street to King, then in a bee-line for Malton. There, the students changed places and we went around another circle, slightly farther east, but in sight of Brampton, Caledon Lake, Orangeville, Aurora, and down to the shore of Lake Ontario near Malvern. A turn to the west brought us over the eastern suburbs of Toronto.

The flight over Toronto was interesting. Out to the left was the Woodbine race track, then the harbor with a freight boat steaming across the Bay. The skyscrapers looked like tall toy buildings. To the north, the reservoir shone as all the

other ponds had done. We paralleled Dundas street out to West Toronto. I saw, a mile below me, the schoolyard where I once tried to teach a girl to skate. All large buildings were easily seen. It took about six minutes to cross Toronto, from the eastern suburbs to the Humber river at Weston.

We circled the great Malton airport slowly, watching other planes coming in and finally, with a clear runway, came down to earth without a bump.

From the delightful coolness of the upper air, we stepped out into the heat again. The students checked their maps with Pilot Jocelin, and I submitted mine. It was just two rough pencil marks on a road map but he seemed surprised that I had been so close to the real route. Most people, he said, got completely lost in the air unless they had some training.

There was time for conversation now. The Australians had been six weeks at Malton. Another six and they would go to Jarvis to learn bombing and gunnery with practice bombs and real machine guns. It wouldn't be long till they were flying over Germany.

(Next week—Final Article)

**Fashions of the Day**

By Jean Walsh

Today's fashions are interesting especially from one point of view. After years of factory makes, of standardization of styles, and of peculiar and sometimes not too becoming fads and fancies, we are at last coming into our own. We are seeing, we women, that there is more to a dress than a season's wear, than a slip hung with gadgets and nicknacks, made of sleazy stuff, and cut to fit no one in particular. Every fashion report, every style show, every big store, is turning from the "racks of little dresses" idea to the new ideals. . . . quality and cut, individuality rather than standardization.

Bear this in mind when you choose your Fall clothes. Clothes will be getting scarcer now. Factories are turning out war materials instead of pretty frocks, the great market to the South is closed to us for anything but ideas, and Canadian women must spend their money far more wisely and well this Autumn than they ever have before.

Quality means just what it says. Quality of fabric is important, so that your dress will not wear shiny, will not be outmoded because you have selected a material too extreme. Quality of workmanship, so that the garment fits you, and will go on fitting you. Quality of cut, so that the fabric will fall in the correct lines without bulging or wrinkling. A badly cut dress, which is slightly off the centre of bias or straight, will fit you for a week or so, and then will stretch out of shape. And after it has been cleaned, oh, woe is you! Quality of style, too, is important, which means today's lines in a dress, not yesterdays, and yet today's lines modified to meet your needs.

This is the year to study fashions. This is the year to choose wisely of fabrics, for instance. There are interesting new ones on the market, such as the spun rayons, the Alpine cloths, Jersey materials, cashmeres, soft almost transparent wools, smooth matt crepes, and new in the fall picture, satin gleaming like a brave banner. Try the new fabrics. They have been woven for you, not as substitutes for something we can't get any more, but as something distinctly new and with definite advantages. They have uncrushable features — they have blends of wools and rayons in anything from 25% wool to 80% wool, and in weights which should satisfy anyone's climate or preference. This is not done to substitute for unavailable wools, but to give women more comfort, more style and more practical wear in her busiest years.

Individuality does not mean "typing". Don't decide you are a type, and stick to it. It means selecting that which is most becoming to you out of prevalent styles, and wearing it. It means modifying a big brim here, narrowing a waistline there, slimming a skirt on some other frock, all with an eye to your figure and requirements, and also with a thought towards today's trends.

Don't go into your Fall wardrobe in any scatterbrained way this year. Plan it to last, and plan it for quality rather than quantity.

Answers to selected questions of general interest will appear in the column or personally upon receipt of a self-addressed envelope.

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