He's a "WINDSOR" Salt Fan

This Maori chieftain (shown here in ceremonial make-up), seasons his meals with C-I-L "Windsor" Salt, exported regularly from Canada to his native New Zealand.

In Canada, however, salt has far wider significance, even though to most of us it is just a table essential. When treated chemically by C-I-L at Windsor, Ontario, it also becomes the basis for such commodities as chlorine, hydrochloric acid, caustic soda and synthetic ammonia, which have a range of application from the treatment of drinking water to the curing of hides.

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WEDNESDAY MORNING
DOORS OPEN AT 10 A.M.

DRESSES:—
Selling at $1.00, $2.00, and Half Price.

COATS:—
$5.00 to Half Price.

HATS:—25c and $1.00.

Over 350 Ottawa Boy Scouts are taking part in the Scout sponsored sports programme which includes skiing, swimming, boxing and wrestling.

Nearly 15,200 Canadian Boy Scout camps last season according t the annual Scout census. This compared with 457 camps the year before, an increase of 67 camps, and 12,709 campers the previous year, or an increase of 2,462.

Speaking at the National Office Management Association meeting in Vancouver, Brig. James A. Creighton, C.B.E. called for "a return to the Boy Scout outlook on life which would do much to improve the mental, physical and moral make-up of today's youth, which is not up to standard."

Arthur Herbert Richardson, of the Department of Forests of the Ontario Government has been re-elected President of the Ontario Boy Scouts Association. Supporting him in office are these vice-presidents, Walter H. Gibson, Tillsonburg; Charles E. Russell, Ottawa; G. King Sheils, C.M.G., Toronto; R. L. Stratton, London; and A. W. E. Van Someren, Hamilton.

Major John Foote, Presbyterian padre who was recently awarded the Victoria Cross is the third former Canadian Boy Scout to win this distinction. Major Foote was a Scout in Madoc, Ont., as a boy. Other Scouts to win the V. C. were Lt. Col. C. C. Merritt of Vancouver, and Major John Ferguson Hoey, of Duncan, B. C. In all 21 former Boy Scouts in the Empire have won this coveted decoration.

The first former Boy Scout to become a cabinet minister in Great Britain is John Hynd, recently appointed Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. As a youth Mr. Hynd was a member of the 29th Perthshire Troop in Scotland, known as the Seaforths, from the fact they wore the Seaforth kilt.

Squadron Leader H. B. Holloway has been named Executive Commissioner of the Boy Scouts Association in the Province of Alberta. Mr. Holloway has been associated with Scouting since 1932, serving as Secretary of the Edmonton District Association and later as District Commissioner for Training. He was born in Simla, India, where his father was an officer in the Indian Army. He was educated in Britain and came to Canada in 1923.

The Second Mrs. Draper

By Noel Pierce

CHAPTER XX

Rupert, going up to Kitty and their midnight highball by the bedroom fire, paused on the landing and looked up at the third floor where Jim's rooms were. Hall lights still on up there, so he wouldn't be asleep yet. Good young chap! He seemed to have steadied down lately. Not so much racketing about, took more interest in the place, talking only tonight at dinner about a big entry for the Garden Show! That had pleased Kitty. Ah, it was difficit, loving her so profoundly, to give as much of his time and attention to his son as he had in the past. And Rupert felt a twinge of compunction. He must set himself to remember that there was another and most important member of his family who needed him too. Anxious to make up for any fancied or real neglect, he made his way up the stairs to his son's rooms. Below him he heard the chimes of an Empire clock striking midnight. Outside, rain fell on summer flowers. Rupert paused, thankful for this air of serenity in his house, the faint comforting sound of surf borne on the mild east wind. Not very long now until summer's graceful surrender to the vitality of fall; closing of the house, ahead — ah, shutters down on a lovel ytime! Then town and theatres with Kitty, opera with Kitty. To share music with his beloved, walks in the clear brilliant nights of the town in early winter. They'd take a large flat somewhere, on the river, or an English basement house, one of the small gray stone ones in the sixties, with bay trees at the door, a silver knocker, and At Home to friends. A bit of garden for the dogs to run in. Dear old "John," fourteen now, still losing his dinner bone in summer fogs. If mortals could find peace so simple as a bone reclaimed, to chew upon!

Now if Jim would take life by the scruff of its twisting neck and shake his future out of it, and build for himself, Anchorage! His own place, with the charming girl of Josie and Cornelius. He turned the landing, mounted and knocked on the door. No sound, and presently Rupert pushed it open and went in. Memory stirred with sadness; the unavoidable nostalgia for past things the room brought back, as when a scent is remembered in a crowd; a stranger, laughing, brings back another laugh lost, like that one. This room in which his child grew up! The miniature of his mother on the table. And Rupert in shooting clothes. English blue stock in an exquisite bowl by the window. Kitty had put it there. Then, peering across the shadows, he was startled to see his son lying face down on the lounge by the fire, his head hidden on one bent arm. The white cuff of his evening shirt limned a brown hand clutching the pillow as if, in some secret difficult way, he had fallen asleep. But he was not asleep, and feeling a stranger there Jim's head instantly relaxed its clutch on the pillow, and he swung around.

"Hello, Jim. Counting sheep?"

"Something like that, Dad. Come in."

Moved by gentleness, by a real feeling that Jim needed him, Rupert found presently that he could say none of the things he had come to say. Why should it be so hard to talk to his son? They'd been comrades of the best sort. But the words stuck like a hard bone in his throat. How advise his son to marry Josie's girl and end the summer with shouting and huzzahs just for a "happy ending"? No use. Jim was charming, courteous, and he was guarded. As if he said, "Keep away, Father. Don't come too close to this. What's in my heart is my affair." Confidence between father and son was like a deep-rooted plant. Since he had let the weeds grow a little in his absorption with Kitty at least he had taken a step toward revitalizing the confidence. But he supposed it would take a bit of time, striving with patience and kindness, before his boy would tell him what the trouble was which had dropped him on his lounge like that. And yet if it had been Dorian—well, that chap had his guard up!

* * *

Cornelius buttoned his dark jacket over the dignified bulk of himself and jutted a large square sunburnt face around his wife's door. Josie was spraying herself with something that smelled like frosted pineapple. He regarded her considerable decor with approval.

"We taking anyone to the club, Jo?"

"Our ample selves, dear. The children both have that indeterminate quantity known as 'dates.' Always sounds to me like a childhood complaint," she added.

"I'm not sure they aren't." Then he declared comfortably, like saying "ham and eggs", "Jim'll be taking Dorian over, then."

He saw Josie give her "pondering" nod. Up and down twice which mean yes-and-no, and the expansiveness of her smile faded, buffer on the polished nails went slack. Well, she didn't know, Dorian confided in her so little these days. Now with Dick, she knew just where every drawer was in the scuffed and beribboned merry shelves of his mind.

"Dick," she said, "is picking up Clara What's-her-name, from Hicksville." Josie etched a red heart around her mouth.

Cornelius, feeling very perky and aware of a pleasant evening ahead, rocked on his heels in the doorway. "Most people have a lot of trouble passing anything, these days. That Clara's no exception. Can't say no to a drink. In the vernacular, always 'tying one on'."

"What's up, Jo? Tell the old man."

"Dorian's acting like Iris March in 'The Green Hat.' And her heart ticking like a busted alarm clock inside."

He was surprised and disturbed. His daughter was closer to Cornelius than Dick. The boy was all Josie. He'd been grateful for that. But he certainly didn't want anything amiss with his dark lovely child. He'd have to see to it. Nowadays women never told each other the truth anyhow, unless they were fishwives and let fy. "You're not to worry, Jo. She'll tell me whatever it is that busted the clock." (How close to "heart", and how unthinkable!) And he went downstairs leaving behind him a comfort which he did not feel.

His daughter was on the verenda terrace, her arms around her breast tightly, the moon spilling radiance down over her with generous and beautiful effect. Cornelius, not prone to effusions or tender observations of nature, was aware of both, and of something else. A rigidless holding Dorian dead still, her eyes on the ground and not the moon. West wind in the maples, wineglass elms stirring a gentle rustle over her in the night air. Spread of marsh meadows off there to the sea. He remembered his twins long ago like scampering rabbits, the waving grass to their waists as they hopped for butterflies. Playtime! Ah, that had to go on for this girl of his. Propelled forward by the pungent familiar reek of things, memories, some air of austerity about Dorian cloaked in her secret, held him back. He paused in his march, arrested, like a gentle patient dog. Be watchful, be still, if she is hurt!

(To be continued)

RETFORD, England — (CP) — The century-long hold on the town clerk's position in this Nottingham town by the Jones family was broken recently when W. Percival Jones resigned. His great-grandfather first held the job in 1833.

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NEW PAPERS WIDEN ROOMS

Walls of modern rooms are widening their horizons. The new designs in wall papers and the new wall treatments are changing traditional views of the walls "wherein we live." The trend toward modern, with its freer ceilin gand interesting use of color is responsible for papers that are a challenge to home owners as well as decorators.

You can no longer use wallpaper in the old sense of lining a room as you would a box. With modern architecture, each wall must be considered separately. This is the way to think and plan as you consider the new papers you will want for your home.

The word "modern" in speaking of wallpapers mean different things to different people. To some it means a new treatment of traditional designs; to others it suggests designs of the contemporary non-objective painters; to still others "modern" means the new textured and architectural papers.

Like Wood, Marble

The textured papers that look like wood, marble, leather or fabrics are done with such excellence that it is difficult to tell the real surface from the simulated paper. Those textured papers suit large wall surfaces in rooms that have "window walls" and free standing partitions. Small halls and foyers seem large when treated with textured papers. Black marblized paper was used for an entrance hall, most effectively. To create a focal point of interest against the black, a light cream color scenic panel cut out in "rococo" effect was superimposed, which gave picture interest to the wall. These scenic panel treatments are being used a great deal on small wall areas.

The large floral designs in the new wallpapers go well with traditional furnishings. The flowers are larger and more naturalistic, as though painted with an oil painter's dry brush. Because they are so striking and decorative, they are used in combination with plain papers. Draperies that repeat the floral pattern in the paper are an interesting treatment, and while not available in quantities as yet, they will be before long. A delightful breakfast room papered with a flowering trellis pattern and repeated on the draperies would make you feel you were having breakfast in a garden!

The new wall paper designs have just started to appear, for government restrictions were lifted November 1, 1945, and manufacturers are only getting started. The prediction is that it will be January, 1947, before new designs will be offered in profusion. From the first designs coming out, it is easy to see that walls are not going to be dull. It will be fun to plan how completely you can change the rooms you have been waiting to redecorate with the new wall paper.

LONDON —(C P)—Four unused Egyptian stamps, originally worth about 10s. ($2.25), were sold at Harmer's in Bond Street for £90 ($405).

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