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New Officer Commanding Takes Over



Ten minutes after he arrived at military headquarters, Major-General C. F. Constantine, new officer commanding military district No. 2 at Toronto, had gone to work. He is shown here at his desk half an hour after he entered his new office.

C. P. Appoint War Reporter To Ottawa Job

EDWIN S. JOHNSON NAMED MILITARY CORRESPONDENT AFTER VARIED NEWS EXPERIENCE IN WAR AND PEACE ON TWO CONTINENTS.

TORONTO, Nov. 14 — (CP) — Appointment of Edwin S. Johnson, former London Superintendent, as Military Correspondent at Ottawa is announced by J. A. McNeil, general manager of The Canadian Press.

Mr. Johnson will arrive in Canada shortly to take up the newly created post. He will report and interpret Canada's military war effort with a background of ex-

perience as War Correspondent with the Canadian Active Service Force in England.

First appointed war correspondent with the 1st Division last February, his sphere of activity was appreciably enlarged in July when the Division was absorbed in a Corps under command of Lt.-Gen. A.G.L. McNaughten. Later he served for a time as correspondent with the 2nd Division at its training base. He will be succeeded alternately at corps headquarters by S. S. Robertson, London Superintendent, and R. S. Munro, formerly of the CP Press Gallery—staff at Ottawa.

Johnson brings to his new position more than 20 years' newspaper experience, most of it with The Canadian Press. Appointed London Superintendent in 1937, after working in Ottawa, Toronto and New York, he directed the bureau's output of news during the momentous pre-war years and in the early months of the conflict.

In the summer of 1939 he toured France, Italy, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Austria and Poland with W. Rupert Davies, president of The Canadian Press, acquiring background that was to be valuable in later months.

In France

Shortly after the war broke out he visited British General Headquarters in France with a party of Dominion ministers, the first Canadian correspondent to reach headquarters.

Last June while serving as War Correspondent with the 1st Division he packed his bags to leave

with the Division for France and was at a Channel port ready to embark when the Division received orders to remain in England.

Johnson stayed to report the stirring story of the Division's advance parties who reached France and barely managed to effect a retreat to the channel when French resistance broke down and the Germans swept into the area.

A native of Manitoba, Johnson began his newspaper career with the Winnipeg Free Press in 1919 after serving in the First Great War with the Royal Flying Corps.

He entered the Canadian Press service in Winnipeg in 1924 and has held some of its most important news staff positions, including those of parliamentary correspondent at Ottawa, night superintendent at Toronto and New York Superintendent.



EDWIN S. JOHNSON

THE Gift Wife

By RUPERT HUGHES

The child shrieked with joy at the big man's stammer. She corrected him as if he were an overgrown infant—'Thimthy thrasiel' was the name and no other.

That was a beautiful name," said Gaines merrily, "the beautiful name for the beautifullest girl I ever saw."

She threw a look of confused vanity at Jebb, then flattened her tiny snout of a nose against the pane, mass unbecomingly, and watched the quickening signs as the train rattled into a village.

Behind her back the men fell to talking about her. "That's a great name for a child," said Gaines; "she'll be an old woman before she learns to pronounce it."

But Jebb was looking at her very solemnly.

"You little tike! Her history begins with my rush. She's only five, and she has already crossed the ocean, bidden her mother a long good-bye, lost her father forever, been left alone among strangers in a land whose language she doesn't understand. And now she is sent back across the ocean in charge of a man like me. We've become great chums already. She likes me, and I—love her."

"I've never had a child of my own, Billy. I never expect to have. But I've helped dozens of children into the world, and I've had hundreds of them brought to me maimed and twisted and defective and wounded and sick. They've been afraid of me and I've had to hurt them. And sometimes I couldn't help them at all, and I've had to see them slip away from me like little crabs."

"This is the first child, Billy, ever put in my keeping that was sound and well and beautiful and not meant for my horrible knives."

"I was so happy to have her. I scorned the idea of a nurse. Of course my training has taught me more about children than all the nurses on earth. And we set out like two children on a junket. I was her Nunkie Dave and she was my little Cynthya."

And then that set lurching into me—damn him!—poor dog! perhaps he's like me—a decent fellow nine-tenths of the time, and heart-broken with an affliction he couldn't any more help than a rattlesnake his poison. But he's finished me. It's a tough world, Billy. The only decent thing fate has done for me is to show me you."

He reached out and their hands met in no secret clutch—but in the firm, frank grip of the universal brother hood. It was some time before their clasps relaxed.

Meanwhile Miss Thatcher was trying to growl the racket of the wheels under a song which she shouted into the pane with all the power of her lungs.

"I had a loked po-nee. Hit's name with Dapple Gway; I len tim to a la-dee To wide a mile away.

She flipped him, she lathed him. She dwove him froo the mire; I would not lend my pony now-wow Faw aw dat la-deeth hi-ah!"

At about the twentieth repetition of the little epic the pony stuck fast in the mire, for the train joggled up to a short stop. Outside the window was a small station. Some trifling

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Speech From Throne Promises Energetic War Measures



Peacetime pomp and glitter were lacking, but all the time-honored formalities were observed as Canada's parliament went into wartime session at Ottawa. It was the first opening at which the Earl of Athlone presided, as governor-general. In French and English he read the speech from the throne, forecasting no specific legislation, but promising full debate on Canada's war effort, and calling for "the prosecution of the war to the utmost of our strength". A wide-eyed spectator at the proceedings was Richard Abel Smith, 17th grandson of the governor-general, shown at LEFT as a Mountie escorted him into the building. At RIGHT, the Earl and Princess Alice are saluted as they leave the parliament buildings.

Grave Crowds Watch Opening of Wartime Session



Crowded galleries saw the parliamentary opening, shorn of peacetime pomp, but rendered even more stately by the gravity of the measures with which the government must deal. One of the spectators was Lady Byng (LEFT), widow of a former governor-general. Another was the small grandson of James Allison Glen, Speaker of the Commons (RIGHT). The debate in reply to the speech from the throne will open Tuesday, after adjournment for Remembrance Day.