We Got Through at Sicily: What About YOU?

BEHIND the lines of our brave Canadian men who are breaking through to the Continent, there lies another army of supports, reserves and supply depots stretching back to Canada and the Home War Establishments of each District. In all of these Establishments there now exists a serious shortage of manpower—of men suitable as tradesmen, but medically unfit for overseas.

Positions available in Military District No. 6 are listed below. If you are not eligible for overseas service, but fit for B2 or C Category, take over one of these jobs NOW and back up our boys at the front. They are prepared to make the supreme sacrifice for their homeland. Are you not prepared to do **your share here?**

Automotives Trades
—Driver Mechanics
—Motor Mechanics

Machine Shop Trades
—Armament Artificer (Instructors)
—Armourer
—Pitters
—Instrument Mechanics
—Armament Artificer (Fitters)

Metal Work Trades
—Welders
—Plumbers, Pipefitters
—Blacksmiths

Unlisted
—Other Tradesmen

Electrical Trades
—Electricians

Construction Trades
—Foremen of Works
—Carpenters

Clerical Trades
—Engineer Clerks
—Clerks Accounting
—Storemen Technical
—Clerks (Gen. Duty)
—Ammunition Examiners
—Clerks and Storemen
—Clerks and Asst. Foremen
—Clerks and Foremen
—Superintending Clerks
—Postal Clerks

Repair Trades
—Panel Beaters
—Shoemakers
—Tailors

Catering Trades
—Butchers
—Cooks
—Hospital Cooks

Ungrouped Trades
—Dental Chair Asst's.
—Boatmen
—Skippers (W/T)
—Engineers (W/T)
—Pharmacists, Dispensers
—Radiographers
—Laboratory Asst's.
—Chiropodists
—Lab. Technicians
—Bandsmen

How To JOIN UP

Special trades pay to all passing a required trade test. Apply to any of these Recruiting Stations: Halifax (Cogswell St. next Hospital), Yarmouth, Kentville, Truro, New Glasgow, Charlottetown. Or mark trade qualified for, sign and mail this coupon to District Recruiting Officer, M.D. 6, Halifax, N. S.

NAME.....TRADE.....

STREET ..... ADDRESS .....

Karin Ellis

(By Michael Jackson)
Author of Popular Stories in National Magazines

They found a three room apartment on West 36th Street. The rent was sixty-five dollars a month and it was tacitly understood that they would share the cost. Emily paid for the woman who cleaned the place, and Ellis no longer demurred when she paid for her share at the restaurants. Ellis needed a new suit the third month they were in the new apartment. And so that month Emily paid the entire rent.

It was not very long before she was handling almost all their joint bills. Ellis paid for his own liquor and cigarettes, his theatre tickets and clothes. But he did nothing about their common expenses, and he was coming to take for granted all that she did.

Neither of them was happy. They quarreled over matters that they knew were trivial, and ignored the basis of their unhappiness. He would become angry when Emily, wanting to save herself for her work, would not go uptown with him to the Follies or to one of the lavish new night clubs that were displacing the pre-war cabarets. And he grew even angrier when she'd suggest, "We ought to save our money, Jeff."

"Your money, you mean," he'd answer.

They lived in the apartment for a year. And they had moments when they were so close and happy that their long grey hours were endurable. They knew that there was a path out of the maze they were in. They had to find it, that was all.

After a while peaceful nights became the rare ones. Yet it was on one of these that they agreed on a new course of action.

They had eaten from the ice box, and Emily was curled up on the sofa. She was wearing Ellis' lounging robe, her hair was down, held by a blue ribbon at the nape of her neck, and she looked very girlish. She was reading, and whenever she finished a chapter, she would nibble at an apple and look over at Ellis and smile.

He was throwing playing cards into a hat. He was quite expert at it, and when he was pleased with the throws, he paused to tease The Admiral, lying at his feet. Ellis watched Emily for a few minutes, and when he saw her look up from the book he said, "Know what happened?"

No. What?"

"You know Jim and Marjorie Wright?"

Emily marked her place, and put the book beside her. "What about them?"

"They've separated."

"Have they? Why?"

"I don't know exactly. They just separated is all I know."

"Oh," Emily said. Although Ellis was silent, she knew that he had more to say. "It's too bad," Emily remarked at last.

"In a way," Ellis collected the cards from the hat and went back to his chair, shuffling the deck. "And do you know what? Jim wants me to live with him for a while."

They laughed about that. "What do you think of that?" they said. "You and Jim." It was funny.

"Jim is having a bad time," Ellis said. "I think he's kind of broken up. He really needs a little company right now."

"I imagine he does."

"Do you know what, Emily? Thinking it over now," and she sensed that it had long been thought over, "it might not be such a bad idea if I did bunk in with Jim for about a month. What do you think, Emily?"

"I don't know."

Ellis disregarded the cards and walked to the window. "What I mean is, it would be darned good for Jim, and besides that," he paused and looked out at the street, "besides that, if I did stay with him for a month—just supposing I did—by that time I would be organized again, and I think we'd start hitting it off better." He turned from the window. "What do you think?"

"What do you think?" Emily thumbed the pages of the book.

"Well, frankly, Emily, I think it would be for the best. I could take the Admiral and you could go back to the hotel. You like it there. It'd only be for a month and we would be seeing each other. By that time I'd be on my feet. And, all around, it will be the best thing for you and me. For Jim, too."

"Yes." She spoke evenly. "It'd be the best thing for Jim. When do you think we ought to do it?"

"Well, Emily, I just happened to remember—Tuesday our rent is up. I may as well go tomorrow. No use putting it off, is there?"

"No reason at all," she agreed. They did not look at each other.

They were not back together in a month.

They often saw each other and when they did they were very gay. Emily did not ask to go home easily and Ellis was courteous as a beau. They went many places. They were never still. They talked constantly but Emily felt that they seldom said anything to each other.

There was a great change coming in the world. A change that Emily felt would benefit Aaron Roth. Women had freedom and money now. Women were not retiring from the world when they married. They wanted to go on being ever youthful, ever beautiful, even free. Emily thought that Aaron Roth could sell these women much more than powder.

After a small slump in the short-lived post-war depression, Aaron Roth, who didn't care, was doing double the business he had ever done before. There were now five in the front office, many additions to the girls at the bench, a chemist, a reception clerk, and the floor above had been leased to make room for the growth. Emily saw now that this could be just the beginning. Everybody was making money and both men and women were restless to spend it.

Nor was Ellis unaffected by the times. As he had predicted, and as Emily once doubted, he began to find himself within a few months of their separation. Gradually, he recovered many of his pre-war jobs, and with the confidence they gave him, he began to get many new asignments. Before a year had passed, he was back in the magazines, illustrating stories, and then, almost overnight it seemed, he became the vogue with advertisers. His drawings, economical of line and with a sharp humorous impact, were something new and daring.

But he said nothing of their reuniting, and Emily wouldn't.

The luckiest thing that happened to Ellis was The Old Oaken Bucket, a rowdy cafe in Greenwich Village. Sime Fink, who started the place, had very little money, and he offered Ellis a percentage of the profits to decorate and furnish it. The Village was drawing crowds and Ellis found himself part owner of a very popular haunt.

After that he decorated the Sky-High, which was off of Times Square, and L'Intime, a small room in a fashionable Fifth Avenue hotel. The Sky-High, large and expensive, appealed to the out-of-town trade, called "butter-and egg men", who gladly paid a dollar for a split of ginger ale and who seemed to enjoy wearing paper hats and being insulted by the master of ceremonies. L'Intime, equally expensive, was for New Yorkers, and was done in a pale blue and had no floor show.

In 1923 Ellis was a minor celebrity. He was always about a week's income in debt and he was having the best time of his life. His closest friend in those days as Silvio Verducci, a publicized gangster with a palate for vintage and a genuine love of Verdi.

There would be weeks at a time when Emily did not see Ellis. She thought up little tricks. She'd buy a dozen socks or handkerchiefs, send them to him and wait anxiously at the telephone. And when he called his thanks, she'd hold him in conversation, hoping that he'd ask to see her. Lately, he seldom asked.

Then she did not wait for Jeff to call, "Jeff," she's say. "I hope those shirts I sent had the right kind of collar. Knowing how you hate to shop for yourself, I—oh, they were! That's good—" nothing came of it.

Once, worried that he might be ill, she went unannounced to his apartment. With him was a young woman—a child, Emily thought. Ellis introduced her as Gloria Dousmaine. Miss Roumaine, in a black coat trimmed with monkey fur, said, "Please to meet-cha," and seemed embarrassed. She left as soon as she could.

Emily could not talk to Ellis. She wanted to fly out of the room, catch Miss Roumaine and pull her hair. Her legs were unsteady, and though she could not bring herself to answer the words he was saying, she had a bitter pride in controlling herself until she closed his door behind her.

After that, it did not matter.

(To be continued)

New Bluenose Dry Land Ship To Train Seamen

By John LeMoine
Canadian Press Staff Writer

HUBBARDS, N.S., Aug. 26 — (CP)— Nova Scotia's great racing schooner Bluenose has faded from public view, but her name is being perpetuated here in a ship that has never sailed but is doing as big a job as the fleet banker ever did. The new Bluenose is helping to transform landlubbers into seamen for the Battle of the Atlantic.

Aboard this ship firmly embedded on dry land, and on the salt water of St. Margaret's Bay, the embryo sailors are learning everything from bending a bowline to stowing cargo. They leave here ready to take their place in Canada's mushrooming fleet of cargo-carriers, in the ranks of fellow-Canadians who are rated among the best merchant marine seamen in the world.

They are trainees at the St. Margaret's Sea Training School, operated by the Department of Transport to help meet the call for merchant navy men. It is one of two run by the Department; The other is a marine engineering school at Prescott, Ont.

Here, youngsters from 17 to 22 get an intensive 16-weeks' course as deck men, regarded as the equal of many months at sea. They graduate as Junior Ordinary Seamen, a few of them qualifying as cadet officers.

Everything aboard ship, outside the engineering department, is simulated at the school. Component parts of a steamship—that's the Bluenose—have been erected on the school grounds—bow, mast, rigging, a section of deck complete with cargo hatch, steam-operated winch, Samson posts, derricks and gear. There is, too, a section of deck wall complete with bollards for drill in mooring the good ship Bluenose.

Bulk of the seamen-in-training, strangely enough, is drawn from Canada's inland Provinces. Staff officers are still at a loss to explain this phenomenon. They reckon that either the sea exerts a stronger fascination for the inlander who has never seen it, or youths who have lived beside it all their lives feel qualified to ship directly aboard vessels without formal training.

At any rate, the current Maritime Provinces representation in the class of 80 is exactly one.

LEFT OUT

"B.O." robs him of his fun

● That lonely, nightmare feeling of being an outsider among friends! "B.O." is so treacherous! Anyone may be guilty without knowing it—but others know and condemn. Yes, *condemn*—for it's so easy to be *sure*. A delightful daily habit . . . gives protection . . . Bathe with *Lifebuoy*—the one popular soap especially made to stop "B.O."

How you'll enjoy Lifebuoy's wealth of cleansing suds! So mild and kind to your skin! Its clean scent is invigorating, inspires confidence. But it doesn't linger. It vanishes before you're dressed—yet takes all fear of humiliating "B.O." away!

FROM HEAD TO TOE—

IT STOPS "B.O."

Ontario Cattle Buyer Pleased With Island Stock

The following item taken from the Canadian Aryshire Review will be read with interest by Island farmers.

R. O. Biggs of the firm of F. C. Biggs and Son, Glen Campbell Farms, Dundas, Ont., recently visited Prince Edward Island and purchased 92 head of pure bred Ayrshires, quite a sizeable shipment.

In the lot referred to Glen Campbell Farms got 10 females that had pre calf; 10 heifers due between the time of purchase and December 1943; 33 heifers —of which 11 will be bred immediately and 22 in the coming fall, by Glen Campbell sires.

In writing of his purchases in Prince Edward Island Mr. Biggs says: "I believe the boys on the Island were glad to have me come down there and it was probably the best sale they have made individually as well as the total of the shipment for some time. I am particularly impressed with the ability of the cows on the Island to milk and great credit must be given Lou Roper for his work there. The breeders use fewer and better bulls than any place I know of and take advantage of the opportunity to get their cows in calf to something that will do them some good.

"These Island men are very careful to use only the bulls out of cows worthwhile from a production standpoint, getting with it as much type as possible, while we up here seem in many cases to work the other way with the result that many of our cows are not worth a dam as producers. This to me is the greatest thing wrong with our breed at the present time."

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In full marching order, Canadian infantrymen (top photo) file aboard a huge troop transport at a West Coast Canadian Port. They are starting out on the first leg of a journey which took them to points in the Aleutians. Lower photo shows a sturdy sergeant-major and one of the officers of a Western Canadian battalion sitting on their packs as they awaited their turn to board a transport at a West Coast port. (Canadian Army Photos.)

LAY IN GREEN FEED FOR POULTRY NOW

Because egg production is a vital war effort, hens should be kept in first-class condition all the year round. To do this, a certain amount of green food in the ration is of great importance, with emphasis on providing green stuff during the winter months. The poultry Services, Dominion Department of Agriculture, call attention to this fact and point out that now is the time to lay in a supply of clover and alfalfa for the coming winter.

Short cut, second or third crop clover and alfalfa are valuable winter feeds for poultry, affording as they do an economical source of neccessary vitamins and proteins. The clover and alfalfa may be fed by the forkful, or cut short in a cutting box soaked over-night in cold water, and fed twice a day. For the puspose of green feed for poultry, clover and alfalfa should be cut when coming into flower, or sooner, and dried as quickly as possible without undue exposure to the weather. A good practice is to rake the cut clover into windrows as soon as it is properly dry, and then put quickly into cols. When properly cured and stored, it comes out green and appetizing.

GOOD NEWS FOR TEA DRINKERS

So many people in Canada drink tea that there will be a genuine feeling of satisfaction that more of it will be available for home rations after September 2nd. The Ration Board has decided this can be done because the safety of the sea route from Ceylon has so vastly improved. The millions of 'SALADA' lovers have just cause for rejoicing.

Embarkation officers (in upper photo) check over documents of Canadian troops boarding a transport at a West Coast Canadian port, to join a United States task force in the Aleutians. Lower picture shows a tired Canadian gunner, who is now on Kiska Island, catching forty winks as he awaited his call to board the transport which took him to the scene of action. (Canadian Army Photos)