



RIGHT HON. MALCOLM MACDONALD, P.C.

British High Commissioner to Canada, is pictured above as he spoke to some eight hundred persons who attended the testimonial dinner to C. O. Knowles, editor of the Toronto Evening Telegram, which was held at the Royal York Hotel, Toronto, on Monday, July 14th.



PROPOSED TOAST TO HONORED GUEST

Lt.-Col. the Rev. Sydney E. Lambert, O.B.E., pronounced the toast and proposed the toast to the honored guest, C. O. Knowles, at the Testimonial Dinner in Toronto.

BY-LAW NO. 416 Town Of Georgetown

A BY-LAW authorizing the taking of the assessment in the Town of Georgetown between the 1st day of April and the 30th day of September in the year preceding the year in which the taxes are fixed and levied upon such assessment. WHEREAS by Section 56 (1) of the Assessment Act, being R.S.O. 1937, Chapter 272, the council of any town may pass a by-law authorizing the taking of the assessment in the said town between the 1st day of April and the 30th day of September in the year preceding the year in which the taxes are fixed and levied on such assessment. AND WHEREAS by Section 59 (3) of the said Act, the council instead of making a second assessment in the transition year may adopt the assessment roll previously made and revised in such transition year. THEREFORE THE MUNICIPAL CORPORATION OF THE TOWN OF GEORGETOWN BY ITS COUNCIL ENACTS AS FOLLOWS: 1. Subject to the provisions of Clause 4, the assessor for the Town of Georgetown shall hereafter between the 1st day of April and the 30th day of September in each year take the assessment upon which the taxes in the next following year for the Town of Georgetown shall be fixed and levied to the intent that after the 31st day of December, 1941, the taxes fixed and levied in every year in the Town of Georgetown shall be fixed and levied on an assessment taken between the 1st day of April and the 30th day of September in the year next preceding the year in which the taxes are fixed and levied. 2. The assessor for the Town of Georgetown shall hereafter on or before the 1st day of October in each year deliver in the form and with the forms required by Statute to the

Clerk of the Town of Georgetown, the completed assessment roll upon which the taxes for the next following year in the Town of Georgetown shall be fixed and levied. 3. The date for closing the Court of Revision in each year in the Town of Georgetown shall hereafter be the 15th day of November next following the return of the assessment roll and the date for the final return by the Judge of the County Court in each year shall hereafter be the 15th day of December next following the return of the assessment roll. 4. The assessment roll previously made and revised in the year 1941 is hereby adopted as the assessment roll upon which shall be fixed and levied the taxes for the year 1942 and the time for closing the Court of Revision in connection with the appeals from such assessment roll shall be the 15th day of November, 1941, and the final return of the Judge of the County Court in connection therewith shall be the 15th day of December, 1941. 5. All by-laws or parts of by-laws not in accordance herewith are hereby repealed. PASSED this 7th day of July, 1941. JOSEPH GIBBONS, Mayor. P. B. HARRISON, Clerk.

DANCING Huttonville Park - every - Wednesday and Saturday LEADING ORCHESTRAS REGULAR ADMISSION.

HAWK in the WIND

By Helen Topping Miller

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At a little store on the edge of the county-seat, Marian stopped and bought a bag of little cakes, a package of raisins. Always on their trips in the old truck, Tom had carried raisins loose in the pocket of his denim coat. She had seen him many times, luring a mountain jay or a squirrel near-by, scattering raisins on the moss at the foot of a tree.

The deputy jailer was a man she did not know, but he let them in when he heard her name. The jailer's wife looked in her purse, ran her flat hands over Marian's body, automatically, looked in the paper bag.

"I don't reckon you fetched Pruitt any back-saws"—the deputy showed broken teeth in a grin—"but them's the rules."

Tom was pitifully glad to see her and he shook hands with Wills with a grave and pathetic dignity.

"Mother has gone to see about getting you out, Tom," Marian said. "You must come home. Mother needs you."

Tom considered this, looking straight ahead, sitting on a bench holding Marian's hand tightly. Then he shook his head.

"I reckon I'll stay here. I shot that feller. He was fixing to steal my timber. I'd a shot them all if my gun hadn't jammed. Never knowed it to do that-a-way before."

"But you must come, Tom. He didn't die. He won't die. And the mill will go to ruin without you. It's your mill, Tom—part yours. You can't let the mill down."

"She's hired you, ain't she?" Tom looked levelly at Wills. "I figured she got put out at me when I stayed over there so long. I was waiting for them fellers to come back and it looked like they never was comin'." Then Lon told me Miss Morgan had hired this feller, so I figure I'll just stay here a spell. Lon treats me all right."

They argued in vain. Wills strove to be convincing and caught a grateful look in Marian's eyes. But Tom was immovable. He tore the top from the box of raisins and poured some out into Marian's hand.

"Why did you do it, Tom?" Marian pleaded. "You could have scared them off. You didn't need to shoot."

"They was after my timber. I had a right to that piece of poplar—your ma said so. I reckon I better stay on here a spell."

He did not, she saw, look ahead. He was old and growing childish. He was not thinking of what might lie ahead, remorselessly, for him. He had an idea that by remaining here, patiently, behind bars, he was somehow paying his debt to an over-zealous system of jurisprudence, the payment demanded for a private act of reasonable reprisal.

He was resigned to legal interference with his personal liberties, but it was obvious that he had no idea of having done a capital crime. There was a grim patience in his attitude that went back to codes older than America, went back as the mountain people's odd speech and ancient ballads went back to an Anglo-Saxon tradition, an older, sterner civilization of harquebus, land entailed and inviolate, and freemen responsible only to a preoccupied king or a silent Heaven.

Marian choked on the thought of what lay ahead for Tom, and flung her arms around him suddenly.

"Oh, Tom, why did you do it? Everything is so wrong! We can't get along without you."

Tom gulped, reddened, scrubbed his hand over his unshaven chin.

"What you worrying about? Miss Morgan'll git along. She's enough for a whole pack of 'em. Nobody ain't never got the best of her yet."

They left him soon after that, left him calmly superintending the jailer's children who were cracking walnuts in the corridor.

Wills, seeing the misting of tears on Marian's eyelids said quietly, "Would you like me to drive?"

"No, I'll drive. I'm all right."

But he, Wills, thought bitterly, as they few along the curving mountain road, was not all right. Nothing was all right. He looked sidelong at Marian's delicate profile, at the sweet, strong curve of her lips, the dusting of golden freckles on her nose, the faint tinge of pink along her misted lashes, and ached fiercely to take her into his arms. His fingers touched her lips, and he thought of her scathing scorn if he tried it, missing entirely the desolation that dimmed every line of her face, and made her hands move dully.

Stiffly silent, eyes straight ahead, they drove back to the mill—two young, angry, frustrated creatures, yearning for each other, braced against each other, rigidly correct—and stone-blind.

CHAPTER IX

In the early afternoon Virgie returned to the mill, spent and dispirited and rasped raw with irritation. She had hired the best lawyer to be found, she had arranged for bail for Tom, only to have him sit back stubbornly, refuse to leave the jail or to co-operate with the lawyer. "I done it. I shot him," he said over and over.

There was, apparently, nothing to be done at present. "Leave him set a while," advised Lon Hicks. "He's kind of numb right now, layin' up there on that ridge in the cold. He'll come to himself before long and git to thinkin'—and then you can talk sense to him."

So there was nothing to do but abandon her futile efforts, and go back to the mill. And once there she let her weariness and exasperation have their way with her.

"You'd think," she snapped at Lucy Fields, "that those men out there loading that car were building the pyramids and had six thousand years to finish the job! When did we start running this plant in slow motion?"

"They're short-handed, Mrs. Morgan—and with Tom gone—" Lucy faltered explanations.

"Where's Wills? Did he come to day?"

"He's working with Jerry on the feeders. He went away with Marian—but they came back before noon. It was so cold in the yard—and he isn't really well yet."

"So he went off with Marian? I suppose she wanted something for that Little Theater and if the whole mill happens to go to pot, why, that's no consequence?"

"I think they went to the jail, Hobe said."

"Answer that, will you? And if anybody else wants to talk about that business on Hazel Fork, tell 'em I've been stricken stone-deaf!"

Mildred when she gets all the town gossip off the wire she can put in a call to Baltimore for me. There's something funny about this back business, something that can't be added up."

"Yes, Mrs. Morgan. And when we have time Mr. Daniels would like to see you. He said it was important."

"I suppose he has another of his ideas. He's always findin' something in a catalogue that saves a thousand dollars or so in production costs and only costs fifteen or twenty thousand to install!"

Virgie was very low in her mind as she opened the door of Stanley Daniels' laboratory.

"Well, what's on your mind?" she demanded.

Daniels looked up from his work, wiped his hands quickly.

"Oh, Mrs. Morgan—sorry I had to ask you to come over, but there was a risk that this stuff would solidify if I left it—and I thought you should know about these tests. Something is going wrong with the solvents—I can't say just what till I finish running these. In the number three vat the fiber seems to be so weakened and destroyed that the whole run will be worthless. Would you like to look at this?" He wiped a tube swiftly, held it to the light, shook it.

Virgie crossed the room, studied the brown mixture. "What's wrong with it?" she asked.

"Watch," Daniels tilted the tube, let the solution spin out. Ignorant of processes as she was, Virgie saw enough to know that something was vitally wrong. This was not wood pulp in solution, but a sickening foamy brew that spun out on the filter paper Daniels spread beneath it.

"I have to believe you," Virgie said. "I don't know enough to know what's wrong—but something is, evidently. But—how could it have happened?"

"There could," Daniels said, "have been some chemical accident. Unlikely though, if you bought the stuff at the same place. Changes occur—accidents in shipment, moisture, too much heat—but not often. But this seems to me too serious to be explained in that way. Something wrong has been added—my tests will show what it is when they're finished. Of course that may have been accidental, too—wrong label, something like that. There's always the human element, you know. Workmen make mistakes and hide them. And then of course we have to consider the possibility that it was deliberate."

Virgie sat down abruptly on a leather-covered stool. Her legs were weak, all the vague misgivings she had felt assumed a definite shape of menace.

"You mean—somebody could have ruined that whole digester of pulp—deliberately? Put in something to destroy the fiber? How could that have happened? You keep the keys. You test everything."

"I did not, unfortunately, test the solvents on this run," Daniels admitted. "I haven't been doing it lately—they come sealed and they've always been perfect before. We depended on the reputation of the manufacturer. Of course, hereafter I'll test everything thoroughly—but that doesn't help us now."

"And in the meantime we lose a batch of pulp and have all the trouble of cleaning the digester out?"

"I'm afraid this lot is useless. I'm running every sort of test to be certain but in the meantime it looks pretty dubious."

Virgie let her breath out slowly. All sorts of odd, wild ideas seethed in her mind. So come had ruined



"You mean—somebody could have ruined that whole digester of pulp—deliberately?"

an expensive run of pulp, someone had it in for her—but why?

Vague rumors she had heard of communists at work in industrial regions, of sabotage, of labor troubles fomented, she discounted. Her men had worked in the Morgan mill all their lives. Some of them had helped David Morgan to build the plant, some of them sons of men who had laid the first bricks.

Repeatedly she had called them into conferences, during the black years of the depression, laying the facts before them, speaking their language. She had made sacrifices to keep the mill in operation when there was no profit for her, no possible way to show a profit. If the mill closed there was no other employment for them; and yet here was suspicion, sabotage and ugly doubt that rested, till she had proof and certain knowledge upon every man in the mill.

Virgie hated the thought with the frightened hate of the innately kind and careful woman. She hated looking at Jerry and Hobe and the Spain boys, with speculation in her eyes.

She loathed the feeling that hostile looks might be following her. Every man in the mill owed something to her—and yet people were funny!

She went home at night, lost in a heavy, ruminative gloom.

She changed her clothes and went down to her big chair that faced David Morgan's picture and still had the print of David Morgan's head in the leather of the back. David looked tired, too, she thought. David was out of it all. He was lucky.

Marian sat, moodily, in front of the fire staring into the blaze.

"You," sighed Virgie, sinking into the cushions with a groan, "are a cheerful sight for tired eyes! If a merry laugh or a song ever sounded in this room I suppose I'd drop dead from shock. What were you doing over at the jail?"

"I went over to bring Tom back. He wouldn't come."

"Being locked up on a criminal charge, that is kind of odd."

"You were going to arrange bail for him. Lon Hicks said so. But Tom wouldn't come."

"I suppose you had to take young Wills along in case you needed somebody to carry Tom's baggage—his other bandana! Did Wills mention that he's working for me? Not that it matters, but now and then we do run off a batch of pulp when we can get a little co-operation from the gentlemen I employ."

"Mother, don't be so prickly! I took Mr. Wills over there because Lottie said the people in town were saying you had fired Tom and given Wills Tom's job. I thought perhaps Tom might have heard it. I hope you don't think I took him because I enjoyed his company?"

Virgie looked at her daughter levelly. Her heart gave a little jerk. Like every other mother she had postponed stubbornly admitting to herself her child's maturity; she had put off the inevitable hour of change when some man should desire her child for his own. For days she had been seeing through Branford Wills clearly and she had not been displeased. She liked his straightforwardness, the trace of iron in him, the strong and gentle way he had with women. But there was no seeing through Marian. Virgie admitted to herself that her child was a dark-eyed enigma to her mother. And in her present state of mind, nerve-taut and weary, puzzles were irritating.

"Do you mean to tell me that you don't know that that chap is in love with you?" she demanded.

"Have I raised up a daughter with no more feminine intuition than a ground turtle? Why—Lottie knows more than that! Or am I supposed to be just a nice stupid old mother, blind as a bat?"

Marian's eyes darkened and her face changed queerly. There was a little convulsion of her lips that was a tremor of pain, but Virgie was too spent and too exasperated to see.

"So that," Marian's voice crackled like ice, "is the cute little plot. He's in love with me so you give him a job in the mill. It's a Rollo book—the nice young man works his way up from sweeping the store and the mill owner's daughter is supposed to be all of a twitter because she gets a kind look. Unfortunately, Mother dear, you've been reading Dorothy Dix or seeing too many movies. Mr. Branford Wills happens not to be in love with me—as any

HOW ELDERLY WOMAN ESCAPED BACKACHE

Many people think that backache is a trouble that comes naturally with advancing years, but this woman of 71 proves that it is not.

"I suffered for a long time from backache," she writes, "but put it down to my age (71). Reading your announcement, I thought I would try Kruschen Salts. I have been taking it for some time and have found great relief. I thought you would like to know it has done me a world of good."—(Mrs. E.F.)

"When pains in the back are caused by inactive kidneys and failure of the digestive system to throw off poisonous impurities, Kruschen Salts will give real help in setting the matter right. Because Kruschen has a diuretic action which helps to flush your kidneys and liver. After that, your blood throws off all impurities; you get happy relief from pain."

Chester Laird Marries Janet Barrie Thompson

The marriage of Miss Janet (Jessie) Barrie Thompson, daughter of Mr. Jas. Thompson and the late Mrs. Thompson, of Harriston, and Mr. William Chester Laird, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. Laird, of Georgetown, was quietly solemnized at Knox Church, Manse, St. Catharines, Ont., on Wednesday, July 2nd, at 4 p.m., with Rev. H. M. Coulter officiating.

The bride was smartly attired in a dusky rose redingote ensemble with serenade blue costume hat, and white accessories. Immediately following the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Laird left for Niagara Falls, and later went on to Muskoka. The bride travelled in powder blue sheer, with leghorn hat and yellow accessories. They will make their home in Palmerston.

TERRA COTTA

Among some of the friends from a distance who attended the funeral of the late R. W. Puckering last week were: Mrs. Townsend, Grand Valley; Mrs. J. McNabb, Collingwood; Mrs. Fern Stringer, Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Craine have moved to Toronto. We are sorry to lose such kind and esteemed citizens from our midst. Mr. Craine has secured a lucrative situation with the John Inglis Company. We all join in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Craine continued success.

Mr. Frank Mezurack is erecting an up-to-date building for hay storage.

There was a very large turnout at William Hunter's barn dance on Friday, June 27th. Doris Hulls' orchestra furnished the music for the occasion, while Mr. Charlie Campbell of Campbell's Cross, very ably fulfilled his duties as floor manager. Mr. Hunter has an up-to-date barn, built in the latest modern style. The ladies of the Union W.I. did a thriving business at the refreshment booth, with proceeds from this going to the Red Cross.

A number of the young people gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lyons last Tuesday evening, to honor their retiring teacher, Miss Bernice Lyons, of S. S. No. 3, with a presentation. Mr. A. McDonald very ably filled the duties of chairman and asked Miss Lyons to come forward, when she was presented with a lovely crystal set and tray. The address was read by Mr. Clarence Anderson to Miss Lyons, who has been a very capable teacher for the past three years. She then thanked the friends for the lovely gift. A very pleasing program followed, given by Miss Nora Lyons, Miss Dorothy Thompson, Robert Leslie, Joe Lyons and Ray Anderson. At the close a luncheon was served by the ladies.

The fall wheat harvest will be in full swing this week.

Wedding bells are ringing loudly in our hamlet again.

We are sorry to learn that Mr. Robert McCauley is on the sick list at present. We hope soon to hear of his complete recovery.

It is our sad duty this week to chronicle the death of one of our highly respected citizens, Mr. Robert William Puckering, who passed peacefully away on Monday, July 7th, after a lingering illness. He was 68 years of age.

Mr. Puckering, who was born in Yorkshire, England, came to Canada when a boy of 10. He lived in Caledon Township for 20 years before coming to Terra Cotta.

He was a member of the United Church and the funeral service which took place last Wednesday was in charge of Rev. J. Hurst, of Inglewood United Church. Pallbearers were Robert Clark, Wesley Rutledge, Norman Tom, James Norton, Harry Hayward, and J. McNally. Interment was in Glen Williams Cemetery.

Mr. Puckering is survived by his widow, the former Elizabeth Stuart, four sons, Roy, John, Harvey and George, of Toronto, and a daughter, Annie, at home. His mother, Mrs. Annie Puckering, lives in Alton, and he also leaves three sisters and a brother, Mrs. Harry Scythes (Annie), of Inglewood, Mrs. James Ross (Pauline), of Alton, Mrs. Alfred Roberts (Jennie), of Credit Forks, and George, of Inglewood.

We all join in extending our deepest sympathy to the widow and family in their loss of a kind husband and loving father.

observer can see with half an eye. Either half. And I happen not to be in love with him."

"That," Virgie mumbled aloud, when Marian had gone, "is what you could call a dramatic exit. Very satisfying—to the actor."

(Chapter Ten — Next Week)