

Amos Mason Heads Conservatives

The annual meeting of the Halton Conservative Association was held in the town hall, Milton, on Wednesday, July 23rd, when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Amos Mason, Acton; first vice-president, Allen S. Nicholson, Burlington; second vice-president, Mrs. Grace Hallett, Oakville; treasurer, Charles Leatherland, Acton; secretary, Lloyd Dingle, Burlington. Representatives for the municipalities are: Esquewaug—George Currie, Georgetown; R. J. Cook, Limehouse; Mrs. W. G. McDowell, Georgetown, Nassagaweya—A. G. Freeman, Campbellville; Mrs. Roy Currie, Campbellville; Joseph Frank, Campbellville; Nelson—John Allen, Burlington; W. J. Robertson, Milton; Mrs. Louis Lee, Freeman, Acton—H. L. Ritchie, W. J. Beatty, Mrs. W. J. Beatty, Burlington—Frank N. Galloway, A. S. Nicholson, Mrs. Clara Dorland, Georgetown, B. V. King, A. Early, Mrs. J. Reid, Millington—James W. Reid, Miss Mabel Campbell, Mrs. I. Lott, Oakville—W. J. H. Bray, Bruce Root, Mrs. G. Hallett.

Advisory Committee—Major Frank Pullen, Oakville; Frank Galloway, Burlington; Dr. C. A. Martin, Milton; L. E. Fick, Georgetown; Amos Mason, Acton; George Cleary, Esquewaug; John Allison, Nassagaweya; W. J. Robertson, Nelson.

Finance Committee—W. J. Beatty, Acton; Murray Sprout, Milton; D. Crighton, Georgetown; W. L. Rennie, Burlington; George Atkins, Oakville.

Col. S. B. Pepler was chosen to organize a meeting in Trafalgar for the purpose of choosing representatives for the county organization. Major Frank Pullen, who was chairman of the Victory Loan campaign, advised that Halton had oversubscribed its quota \$330,000 and stood second in the province. The meeting accepted his suggestion and passed a resolution, strongly urging the Dominion organization to call a convention at the earliest date for the purpose of selecting a permanent leader. Both Lloyd Dingle, Burlington, and George Atkins, Oakville, pointed out the necessity of a leader. "We must have one who will be a real leader and not one who plays politics," Mr. Dingle said. "I take enthusiasm to attract supporters and that is what we lack," Mr. Atkins charged. "There never was a time when there was such a lack of leadership as the present. What has been accomplished since we went to war condemns the government. We have temporary control of the channel and west coast, so I believe that now is the most opportune time to do something."

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 59 (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.

HAWK in the WIND

By Helen Topping Miller

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CHAPTER X

Branford Wills went to his work at the mill in the morning like a young man riding to a crusade. There was about him, as he entered the gate, a feeling of going into battle. No tangible opposition presented itself, no definite hostility. The men were not friendly, but they were heavily polite, and reserved, as he knew all mountain men to be until they were won over. Daniels was curt and indifferent but their work did not coincide and Wills, following the milling of the product through the plant, from the first removal of the bark to the warm brown rolls of wood-pulp rolled into storage, saw the chemist but seldom.

But on the snowy morning following his visit to the jail, Daniels emerged from his laboratory, his hands in the pockets of a stained jacket, and came to stand beside Wills who was watching a new couch blanket being spread on one of the big presses.

Daniels spoke without preamble. "You were down at the other end of the mill yesterday, Wills. Did you see anyone fooling around the big vats—the digesters? We lost a batch of pulp through some funny business or other?"

"I don't know all the men in the mill as yet," Wills said. "And I was out for two or three hours. The vats have padlocks, don't they?"

"That's it," Daniels frowned. "It's an inside job, evidently—without even a motive that we can discover. You haven't made any of these fellows sore, have you?"

Wills looked puzzled. "How could I? I've only been watching and listening. And if I made a man sore he'd be more likely to give me a poke in the jaw, wouldn't he, than to ruin a run of pulp?"

"It sounds reasonable. It's a mystery—and not so good for me because I carry the keys—Well, much obliged."

At shouted instructions from a man in overalls, Wills went to help smooth the thick blanket into place on the bed of the machine. But the odd unease of being pressed upon by strange and unfriendly forces persisted. He hated the feeling of defensiveness, of needing to justify himself in his own mind. He liked this job, and he had been swept up into admiration for the intrepid spirit of Virgie Morgan.

And now, as the mill clamor beat around him, he was certain that it was the remoteness, the indifference in her eyes that made this feeling of being on trial without a friend in court. He had to show her, he was something other than a lost and rather pathetic young man whom a big-hearted elderly woman had befriended.

A sudden sharp nausea caught him as his mind raced. Young men had been befriended by middle-aged women before—if she thought he was that sort, an opportunist, a heel! He gave an involuntary jerk and Bud Spain yelled, "Hey!" But the yell was lost in other yells, rough and sudden and startling.

Frank Emmet banged the gears of the Jordan machine back, jumped and ran. Wills ran, too, and because the others were yelling, he yelled, too. Hobe Anderson was dragging a flat hose off a reel. Another man struggled with a fire extinguisher.

The smoke was pouring from a little oil house, built against the north wall of the mill. They kicked the door in, there were yells and men running into each other, and much coughing and hissing of chemicals. The smoke grew blacker, then turned white and sank to the ground. Wills' eyes were running scalding water but it was he who kicked the smoldering barrel into the open, where Hobe Anderson knocked it over and sent it rolling with a stream from the hose.

"Take it easy!" Wills shouted at Hobe. "Cut that water off. Let's have a look at this."

A dozen hands jerked the charred, smoking staves of the barrel apart. A label, still intact, on its side, indicated that it had held bisulphide. In the bottom an oily mass still smoked acridly. Dragged out, it flared into flame briefly—a soaked, dangerous bundle of cotton rags and paper. Men stamped out the flame, looked at each other somberly.

"Somebody," announced Frank Emmet, "was fixing to burn the mill."

"Wind's wrong," Hobe said, kicking a smoking heap into a pool of water, "or she'd have went sure. Looks like if anybody wanted to burn her they'd have figured on the wind."

Wills was aware of Lucy Fields' white face near to his elbow. "It was set, wasn't it?" she said. "Obviously. Though, even if the barrel had burned, there might not have been serious damage. That little building is more or less airtight. The fire probably would have smoldered out."

"But why would anyone want to set fire to the mill? The town would be ruined if it was destroyed."

"Why," Daniels cut in, "would anyone want to spoil the pulp? Something's wrong somewhere. Where is Mrs. Morgan?"

"She went to Asheville to see Tom Pruitt's lawyers. I'd better telephone her."

"I wouldn't," Wills said. "The fire is out. Why worry her? She has troubles enough already."

"That's true. I won't tell her. You'd better clean this up, Frank."

"Let's have a look at it first." Wills looked at Daniels. "We can find out perhaps where this stuff came from."

For an instant, Wills sensed an edge of hesitation in Daniels' manner. His eyes flicked around, then were as quickly guarded. But his



Her face went red and then white as Wills came in.

voice was carefully casual when he answered, "Not much left—but there may be a clue."

Wills went back to his work at the Jordan machine. It was an hour later that one of the Spain boys came to him and said, "Lucy wants to see you. In the office."

Wills crossed the yard to the little structure that stood so bleakly alone. Lucy Fields sat at her little desk, and her face went first red and then white as Wills came in.

"Sit down, please," she faltered a little, then plunged rapidly. "Mr. Wills, I'm doing a very bold thing—asking you to come here. But I had to talk to you. There's—nothing else to do."

"I see. And what was it you wanted to say to me?" He took the chair opposite—the chair that still bore the imprints of David Morgan's shoulder-blades.

Her throat fluttered. A strained look came over her small wistful face.

"This is such a little town," she began. "It's rather awful to live in such a gossipy little place. It isn't easy—what I have to say—to make it clear, I mean. About the town. About the mill. It belongs to the town—to all of us. Mr. Wills, the men who work here have been here always. Nobody ever came in from outside till Mr. Daniels came last year."

"What is it you're trying to tell me?" Wills asked bluntly. "That I'm an outsider? That somehow or other I am to blame for the trouble in the mill?"

"And so your suggestion is that I leave town in haste and never come back!"

Tears ran down her pale face. "I know I sound like a fool to you, but Mrs. Morgan has been a mother to me—all of us. We've all fought and worked and struggled together—always for the mill."

"All but the fellow who poured oil on the newspapers and ruined the pulp. He was fighting for himself."

"Perhaps he thought he was fighting for the mill. Perhaps he thought that outsiders would be coming in to take it away from us. He might have thought that you were the first."

"It sounds fantastic. But it may be true. I'll talk to Mrs. Morgan—and you can be sure I won't let the mill be destroyed on my account."

"Oh—please don't talk to Mrs. Morgan! Please—just go! You can make some excuse—you had a job. You can say you are going back to it. You could say you had changed your mind."

"I'm sorry—I couldn't leave without talking to Mrs. Morgan. I'm very much indebted to her."

"I appealed to you," she sighed. "It's all I can do. But—if you were convinced—"

"You've done your part. Whatever happens—I'm to blame."

"I hope nothing happens. I hope I'm wrong." She smiled thinly. But there was a dubious uneasiness in her heart, as Wills went away. Had Stanley Daniels been a little odd—a trifle curt and watchful? He couldn't know anything about this affair—and yet, he alone carried the keys.

Lucy was heavily unhappy as she walked home alone that night. Life could be so hopeless, so ghastly when you lived in a shabby old house at the end of a shabby street. When you were so achingly in love! (Chapter VI Next Week)

LIMEHOUSE

Marion Norrie is holidaying with her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Allan, at Oshawa.

Mr. Robert Shaw, Toronto, visited with the Follett's last week.

Mrs. T. L. Campbell and children visited with Mrs. H. Norton last week.

Considerable damage has been reported due to the hailstorm on Wednesday last. Mark Givens reports his barn having been struck by lightning and several farmers had grain flat-

tened and some threshed in the fields. The hydro electric power was off for some time also. A number of panes were broken in some houses. The quartermen had some pumping to do next morning but most people were pleased to see some rain for gardens and pasture fields.

Mr. and Mrs. John Nickell attended the burial service at Ayr of Mrs. Nickell's half-sister, the late Mrs. William Scott of Brantford.

Miss Shirley Wright was among those who attended Orange celebrations at Grand Valley, July 12th.

Mr. and Mrs. D. McDonald, Mrs. S. Gishy, Mr. Donald McDonald and Gunner Angus McDonald motored to Niagara-on-the-Lake on Sunday.

Week-end and Sunday visitors included Miss Grace Beerman, of Georgetown, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Scott, Master Glen and Garry, of Milton all with the Scott family.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Benton, of Toronto, with the Benton families here Sunday evening.

Messrs. Gordon and William Grief, of Brantford, with Mrs. Gale and Miss Ivens.

Mrs. H. B. McDowell, Mrs. Ross and Ronnie, of Toronto, with the Mill family.

Mrs. McVey had holidays at home recently.

Miss Helen Mills returned home Sunday after three weeks with the land army girls at Winona.

Miss Shirley McAulpine visited friends in Acton and Guelph last week.

Mr. William Shelbourne caught a speckled trout at Limehouse recently which weighed one and one-quarter pounds and measured thirteen and one-half inches.

SAVE GAS

By Buying At Home

Every week the pages of the Herald are filled with advertisements of Georgetown merchants and businessmen, telling you of the services available to you in your own home town.

On another page of this issue, appears an advertisement inserted by the Government of Canada, urging Canadian people to reduce their purchases of gasoline, in order to conserve supplies and release transportation facilities for vital war purposes.

What better way to save gas than by buying at home, where your local merchant is always on hand to give you value for your money. You can't go wrong, if you use the Georgetown Herald as your buying guide.

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