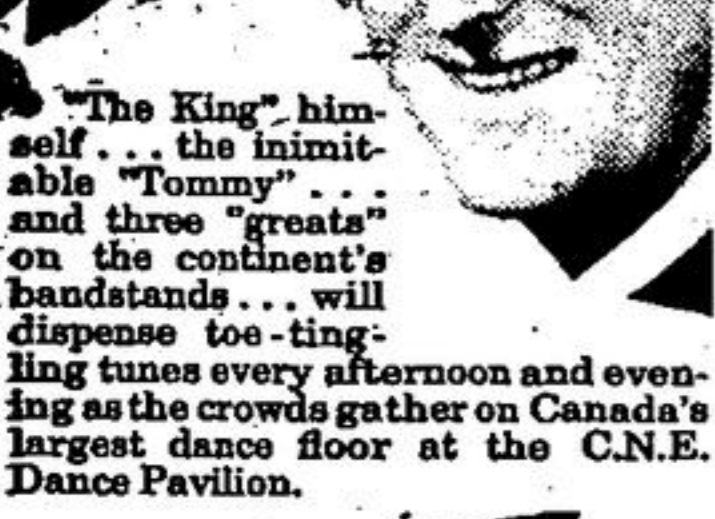


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"The King" himself... the mimitable "Tommy" and three "greats" on the continent's handstands... will dispense toe-tin-gling tunes every afternoon and evening as the crowd gathers on Canada's largest dance floor at the C.N.E. Dance Pavilion.

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Canada's "Gay White Way" will positively sparkle with new attractions from the ends of the earth. Brand new airplane rides will add an extra zip to anybody's visit to the 1941 "Ex".

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CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION
TORONTO 1941
AUG 27 - SEPT 6

HAWK in the WIND

By Helen Topping Miller
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CHAPTER XIII

There was an instant's silence. Virgie sat without moving. Marian gave a little startled gasp and Lucy said vaguely, "Why—"

Then Virgie snorted. "I reckon I'll just have to go on standing in the way of progress, Wallace. Because you won't get my mill."

Withers hitched forward, his eyes showing points of anger.

"I reckon you didn't understand me, Virgie. I want your mill—and I'm going to get it. I've got money behind me—big money. I can get the timber. I can get the markets. I figure on getting into the pulp business."

"And just how," Virgie asked deliberately, "do you plan to get possession of my mill?"

"I figure to buy it—at a fair price, taking account of the depreciation in the value of the stock and the depreciation of the property. I got a right to do it." Slow red crept up into his face. "I figure to buy that property and improve it."

"It needs improvement, does it?"

"You know the shape that mill's in! Look here, what's that Fields girl writing down everything I say for?"

"This is a business conference. You said so yourself. I may not know enough to run a pulp mill but I do know enough to run a business conference. Lucy's taking notes because I told her to do it."

"You'd better take a note of this, Virgie—I'm offering an opportunity to sell. If you won't sell—then I figure to put you out of business!"

"You did some fancy figuring, didn't you, Wallace? You must have strained your mind, getting all those high aims and ambitions into language. Too bad it's all going to waste—all that brain power. You could run for something and maybe get elected if you put all your eloquence on the job. As it is, you're just wasting your breath. My mill won't be for sale—tomorrow nor any other day. Not so long as I can find a green stick in this country to stand into pulp. So—this business conference seems to me to be practically over!"

He stood up and Lucy, watching in a sort of fascinated awe over her note-book, saw that his hands trembled. His lips drew back a little showing his yellow teeth.

"Your mill will be for sale, Virgie Morgan! If it ain't for sale to-day—it will be. It will be! I don't figure to be balked in what I set out to do. Not by anybody. You better do a little thinking, Virgie. You'll sell to me—reasonable—or I'll get capital and put you out of business. Now I'll thank you for my time."

She had not, Virgie thought thankfully, afterward, put him out of the house. She had kept her temper and she had kept her head. But when he had gone rattling away in his old car, she strode the length of the room and punched the fire savagely.

The old pea-hen! The old anteater! Put me out of business, will he? My mill's falling in, is it?"

From a corner came Marian's worried voice. "He might do it, Mother."

"He might do it?" Virgie was grateful for an outlet for her sizzling wrath. "He might run for Congress—he might try to blow up Whiteside Mountain, too. But where would he get? Nowhere! He's trying to bluff me out—the penny-pitching old hound dog! He's sore because he couldn't marry my mill and get it without putting out a cent. I know Wallace Withers. I've known him most of his life—as well as though I had stirred up the mud to make him!"

"But the mill is shabby, Mother. All the metal roofing is rusty and the mortar falling out of the bricks—and Tom has propped up the fence in a dozen places."

Red burned in Virgie's cheeks. Her eyes shot blue sparks.

"I should spend money to fancy up the mill on the outside when the men aren't back on full pay yet! When I can't even discount my bills! Your father never asked for more than thirty days in his life—and I'm thankful if I can get anything paid off in ninety."

"We only took sixty for the new parts for the Jordan machine. Mrs. Morgan."

"Much obliged, Lucy. Suck with me, will you? I seem to need a couple of friends."

"Father," Marian persisted, "had old-fashioned ideas—you know that, Mother. He was too conservative or these times."

Virgie looked up at David's picture—of the straight, strong, judicious line of his lips, at his thoughtful, cautious eyes. The look heartened

her, stopped the odd quivering in her knees, the shaken cold anger that tore at her. David was with her. He had died but he had not taken his spirit away from the mill. It walked there, stood over the blow pits and the great digesters and deckers, where the raw pulp was steamed and thinned and ground and dried—fine fiber that would one day be milled into missals for nuns or paper on which letters would be written to old mothers.

She gave David a look that reached a hand to him through this strange gloom, this shadow which was as fearsome and intangible as the swoop of a hawk through the wind.

"Your father's way was an old-fashioned way," she said, "but so are a lot of things old-fashioned. Things like good credit and a good name, things like fairness and honor and decent dealing. They've invented some smart methods but they've never invented anything that takes the place of those old-fashioned things!"

"We could paint the roller mill," suggested Lucy faintly. "We could let the boys work on it slack days."

"And have Wallace Withers walk by and see that he's got us scared? Let him build his pulp mill. I'm not going to be stamped into changing my ways. Morgan pulp is known wherever men make paper. Nobody gives a darn if it's milled in a pole shack with a brush roof. It's good pulp. Lucy, you put all this in the form of a report. I might want to prove some time that old Withers threatened me. I'm going to call that lawyer tonight and go over to see Tom the first thing in the morning and enjoin those crooks from cutting that timber."

Marian stood up, slim and grave and gallant. "All right, Mother—if you're going to fight, we'll fight with you."

Virgie's grimness melted and her eyes misted briefly.

"I was just standing here wishing to the Lord that I had a son. Life gets pretty thick for a woman, sometimes. But—if we hang together we can beat 'em. You go now, Marian, and take Lucy home. Make Lottie go with you—I don't want you coming back on that road alone."

"Mother, I've driven it alone a hundred times!"

"I know that. And I've been making pulp for years, but now all of a sudden somebody takes a notion to burn down the mill."

Though she rose at intervals to take bromides, Virgie could not sleep. Her battling spirit was roused, she found herself clenching her fists in the dark, making up savage and telling speeches and muttering fragments of them aloud.

The thin, blue winter dawn came late. She had already given up hope of rest when the east began to be pearl and aquamarine. She got up and dressed, putting on her good blue suit, her best silk blouse. She would have preferred going into action in her old corduroys and boots, but this fight today was to be one of wits, of law and shrewdness—not to be conducted in a disreputable old hat jerked belligerently over one eye.

At least, thank goodness, her enemy was now standing forth in the open. The secret hawk that beat dark wings between her and the sky was a thing of form and definition.

And she felt sure that if she could keep Payne and Hooper and Wallace Withers from getting possession of the timber area on Hazel Fork, she could defeat their schemes. She knew every inch of land, every standing tree, every foot of available pulp wood for a hundred miles around. What little Wallace Withers owned, even counting the acreage he had bought from Perry Bennett, would not go far. No man in his right mind would put money into a mill, with so scant a supply as that in prospect. And the rest, except for Tom's rich heritage, was tied up by leases by power concerns or lumber people—or by the great Champion mill, except what she herself controlled.

She knew that Wallace Withers would extend himself to destroy her. No pestilence ever set loose in any clime could work the havoc wrought by an ignorant, bigoted man, working ruthlessly for his own ends, especially when under this fierce, cold passion for eminence there burned the moving fury of a personal spite. Wallace was a vain and unscrupulous man, disdained. No ethics would deter him, no reasoning touch him. He would break her if he could, because only by reducing her to suppliant meekness could he rebuild the brittle tower of his own prime conceit.

She made a cup of coffee, in the kitchen, and drank it black and hot. Lottie came scuffing in in bedroom slippers, her hair plastered stiffly in a net.

"My goodness," she exclaimed, "you going to the mill this early? Why'n't you call me to get you some breakfast?"

"I'll eat later. I've got a lot to do. I don't know when I'll be back." Her old car roared down the hill. The early morning fog was lying in great white scarves of feathers down the slopes of the mountains. The steam of the mill drifted like wings against a dawn-quickened sky, as she approached the gate.

Suddenly she found herself deeply moved, loving that shambling building the windows burning in the wan, wintry sun, the ranked piles of wood, even the choking, sulphide smell that lay along the ground so insistently. The mill was her life—the rest of her life. It was David—what was left to her of the man she had loved.



Canada Speaks OVER CBC

A MESSAGE FOR ALL CANADIANS

New ground is broken in the CBC day's world-wide struggle and give them adequate expression on the network. Lyrical passages in this new piece, now given its world premiere, have been set to music by Hugh Bancroft, Winnipeg organist and composer (lower left). Albert Frazz, Toronto violinist and conductor, now stationed in Winnipeg, (lower right) is arranging and conducting the musical score.

GO 50/50 WITH OUR FIGHTING FORCES

AN IDLING MOTOR DOES NOT

Save Gasoline

Gas burned up while standing still totals a staggering gallonage. So never leave your car—even for a few minutes—with the motor running. It's just as easy to switch it off and save gasoline. Remember your 50/50 Pledge! don't let your motor idle.

REMEMBER: The slower you drive, the more you save!

Share and Share your Gasoline for VICTORY!

ONTARIO

AN URGENT APPEAL TO ONTARIO FARMERS

Keep your cows milking!

Ontario cheese factory patrons did a good job in May and June. They increased cheese production by 2,574,772 pounds. Don't let the drought be a tool for Hitler. Britain must have 112,000,000 pounds of cheese this year. This requires effort on your part. Drought conditions call for heavier grain feeding immediately.

- (1) Feed any available grain or silage.
- (2) Buy Bran and Shorts at the pegged prices from your nearest Feed Store at a saving of \$3.00 per ton. Prices are now at May levels.
- (3) Feed new grain at once.
- (4) Don't stint. Milk flow must be maintained.

YOU WILL NEED GREEN FEED THIS FALL

Work up a stubble field. After the first rain, sow one bushel Rye or Fall Wheat and two bushels of Oats per acre. This mixture will also provide early Spring pasture. You will be surprised and pleased at the quick and steady growth.

ONTARIO IS BRITAIN'S "FRONT LINE" FOR DAIRY PRODUCTS, SO KEEP YOUR COWS MILKING!

Feed the cows to feed Britain

ONTARIO DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

HON. P. M. DEWAN, Minister
W. R. REEK, Deputy Minister

She would fight for it. Stuffy she set her chin on that thought. The night men, not yet gone off sight, stared at her as she walked, eyes ahead, face grim and resolute, across the frozen yard.

Child (at keyhole): "There must be company, I can hear mother calling dad 'dear.'"

(Chapter XIV Next Week)