

Mortgage Sale

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE of the Power of Sale contained in a certain Mortgage, which will be produced at the time of sale, there will be offered for sale by
Tom Chisholm, Auctioneer

PUBLIC AUCTION

On Wednesday, the First day of October, A.D. 1941, at the hour of one o'clock (Standard Time) in the afternoon at the farm of JOHN A. BLOOM, at Norval, Ontario, the following property, namely:

West half of lot number six (6) in the eleventh (11) concession of the Township of Esquesing, County of Halton.

At the time and place under the authority of a Chattel Mortgage there will be offered for sale the following chattels:

HORSES—1 bay mare, aged; 1 bay horse, aged; 1 bay horse, 8 years; 1 bay horse, 7 years; 1 bay mare, 7 years.

IMPLEMENTATIONS—1 binder, 8 feet, Frost & Wood; 1 mower, 5 feet, Frost & Wood; 1 rake, 8 feet, Frost & Wood; 1 drill 10-hoe; 1 cultivator, IS tooth; 1 set drag harrows, 3 sections; 1 two-furrow Cocksbutt plow; 1 walking plow; 1 steel roller; 1 disc, 12 plate; 1 fanning mill; 1 set scales, 2000 lbs.; 1 farm wagon, 2 in. tire; 1 buggy; 1 wagon, box and rack; 2 cutters; 1 set harness (single); 1 set double harness; 1 hay fork and pulleys; 1 rack lifter.

On the said land there is laid to be erected a dwelling house with suitable farm buildings.

The lands will be sold subject to a reserve bid.

TERMS OF SALE OF LAND: 25 per cent of the purchase money to be paid down at the time of the sale and the balance to be secured by a mortgage with interest at 4% per annum.

TERMS OF SALE OF CHATTELS: Cash.

For further particulars and conditions of sale, apply to:

Commissioner of Agricultural Loans, East Block, Parliament Buildings, TORONTO, Ontario.

Ad at Toronto, this Eighth day of September, A.D. 1941.

Treasurer's Sale Land for Taxes

Township of Esquesing County of Halton

BY VIRTUE of a Warrant issued by the Reeve of the Township of Esquesing bearing date the fifth day of May, 1941, a sale of lands in arrears of taxes in the Township of Esquesing will be held at the Council Chamber in the Village of Stewarttown at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon on the Eleventh day of October, 1941, unless the taxes and costs are sooner paid.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the list of lands for sale in arrears of taxes has been prepared, that copies of the said list may be had at my office, that the list of all lands for sale for arrears of taxes is being published in The Ontario Gazette on July 5th, August 2nd, and September 6th, 1941, and that in default of payment of taxes and costs the lands will be sold for the said taxes and costs.

TREASURER'S OFFICE this 2nd day of July, 1941.
NORMAN R. THOMPSON,
131 Treasurer.

Treasurer's Sale Land for Taxes Town of Georgetown County of Halton

BY VIRTUE of a Warrant issued by the Mayor of the Town of Georgetown, bearing date of the 14th day of July, 1941, a sale of lands in arrears of taxes in the Town of Georgetown will be held at the Municipal Office in the Town of Georgetown at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon on the 8th day of December, 1941, unless the taxes and costs are sooner paid.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the list of lands for sale for arrears of taxes has been prepared and the said list may be seen at the Municipal Office, Georgetown, and the said list is being published in The Ontario Gazette on September 6th, 1941, one insertion only.

Notice is also given that it is the intention of the Council of the Town of Georgetown to purchase any of the said lands for which the amount offered does not cover the taxes and costs thereon.

Dated this 3rd day of September, 1941.

P. B. HARRISON,
131 Treasurer.

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YOUR MOTHER AND MINE

From cradle to college it's "Mother!" For twenty-four hours each day. No matter where she may be going. She never can get far away. From the calls that she hears in the morning. From the calls that she hears in the night. From the calls that she hears in between times. She cannot get out of their sight.

But patience is one of her virtues. And love is another one, too. And kindness she gives so unstinted. No matter what things we may do. There's something about being mother. We younger folks don't understand. How is it she's always so lovely. So wonderful, always so grand?

While we, who are young, are ungrateful. Thinking little of how she may live. Our hands always out for receiving.

But seldom to her do we give. You ask me who is this dear woman. This mother so lovely and fine? How strange you do not recognize her. Why she is your mother and mine.

—RALPH GORDON
628 Crawford St., Toronto.

GRACE AT MEALS

The hop-skip-and-jump tempo of our life today is probably the prime cause of the growing neglect of grace at meals. The taking of food has degenerated into a rush job in which even rudimentary conversation has been displaced by speed. Grace has been dropped as a time-taking episode which is all right if you happen to think of it and have more minutes to spare than usual.

Actually the need for a rush at out of the acceleration in things generally. There are few people who can-

not afford the time for grace, and these are days when a little additional thought of the Delty would be good for men's minds.

—Niagara Falls Review—

FIGHTING WITH EVERYTHING

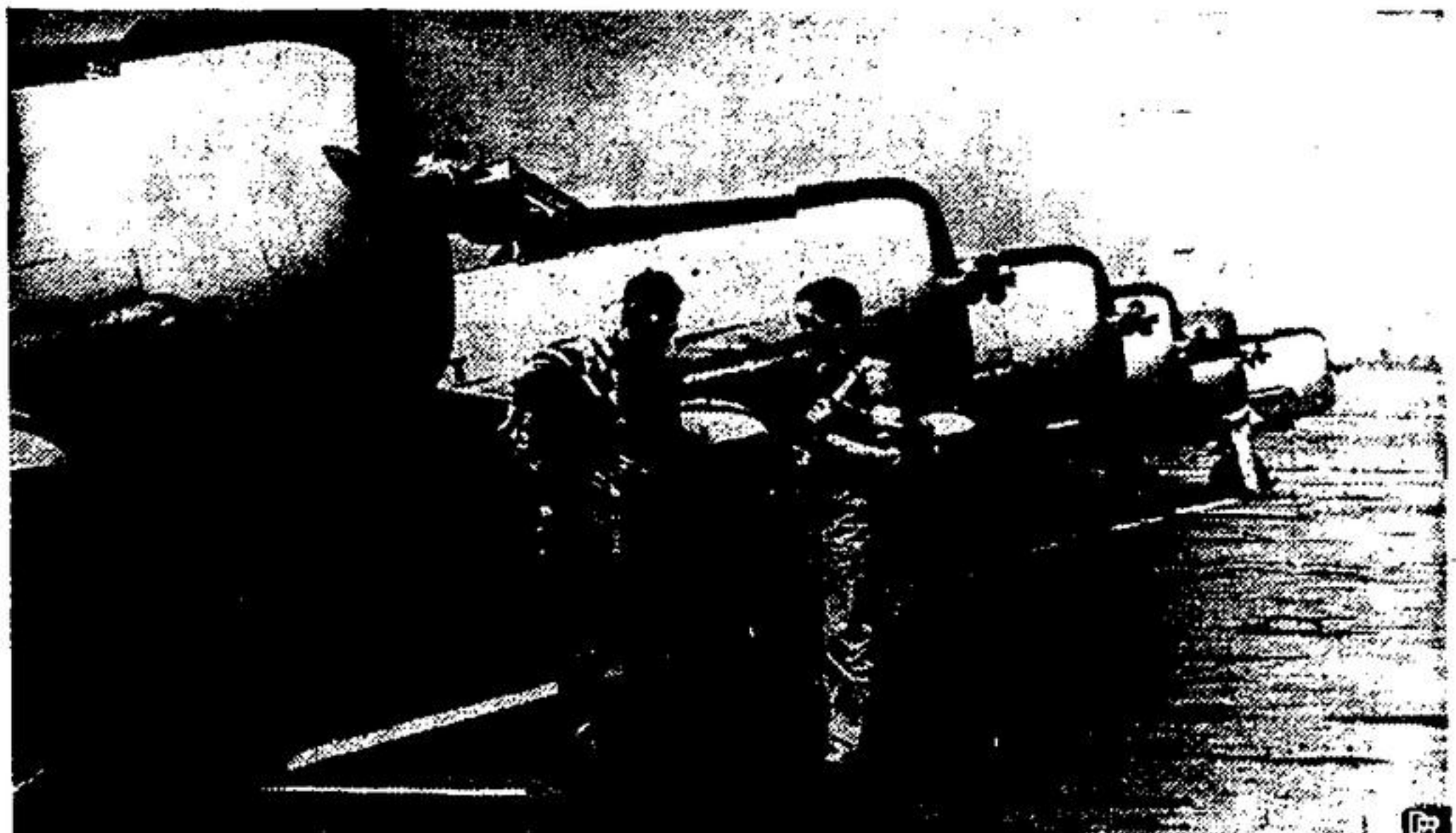
Englishmen are leading the way in patriotic endeavor in these strenuous war days. Listen to the word of Lord Dufferin of Bristol—"Every single penny I have to invest, I have lent to the government. . . and I have bought only one new suit of clothes since the war broke out." Englishmen are fighting with their money as well as their minds and bodies.

—Chatham News—

"I always wondered what my husband did with his evenings, until I stayed home one evening and found him there!"

We print everything!

TRAIN IN HARVARDS



Success of the British Commonwealth Air Training Scheme which is now turning out hundreds of trained airmen, engineers, navigators and observers each month has surpassed even the dreams of those who advocated its inception. The pilots undergo advanced fighter training in the speedy Harvard craft pictured above. —Photo—Public Information—

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Canada at War

(This is the first of a series of five articles written by Bruce M. Feaseo, editor of the Simcoe Reformer, for member papers of the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association, in connection with the recent tour of Eastern Canada military camps, munitions plants, R.C.A.F. Schools and naval yards, made by a group of prominent weekly, daily and trade newspaper editors and publishers. The first article is general in nature, summarizing impressions of the trip and outlining the various highlights encountered en route. Subsequent articles will deal with the Army, the War Industries, the R.C.A.F. and the Navy.)

By B. M. R.

On the morning of August 23rd last a group of nearly fifty representative Canadian newspapermen assembled in Hamilton to commence a journey that is probably without precedent in Canadian journalism.

On the night of August 31st, eight days later, they arrived in Montreal to complete the last leg of a trip which had taken them to the Atlantic coast and given them a complete panorama of the great war effort which is rapidly taking form in Canada.

Sponsored by the Department of National Defence, the tour was initiated primarily to give the editors an insight into Canada's military and industrial activity and to provide them with an enlightened conception of what is actually taking place in this country, with the thought that they would then be able to discuss more intelligently in their columns the various phases of Canada's war enterprise.

That the editors gladly embraced this unique opportunity may be taken for granted. Heretofore they had known all too little of the inside story of the huge machine which constitutes Canada's contribution to the fight against Hitlerism. Not being in a position to inform their readers, the majority were inclined to give voice to the growing impatience on the part of Canadians at the apparent lack of all-out effort. Until the fall of France in June, 1940, it is probably true that Canada had done all too little. That is no longer true today. The truth is that Canada is rapidly shaping a formidable war machine that will have a notable part in licking Hitler. In the short space of eight days, the Canadian editors were treated to a spectacle that not only literally opened their eyes but inspired pride and strengthened faith in the part that Canada is playing and will play on an ever-growing scale in aiding the Mother Country.

Everything Wide Open

Everything was thrown wide open to the prying eyes of insatiably curious editors. Nothing was held back. We had with us Brigadier Kenneth Stuart, D.S.O., M.C., Vice-Chief of the General Staff, together with distinguished representatives of every branch of the service, including the Department of Munitions and Supply, as well as G. Herbert Lash, Director of Public Information and J. W. G. Clark, Director of Public Relations for Army and R.C.A.F., and members of their staffs. Their policy was that every bit of available information should be forthcoming. And it was. Nor did they place any restrictions on the contents of our stories aside from the well-known rules of censorship.

Not only did these men utilize every waking moment to answer the million questions levelled at them by their guests, but they made sure that every Camp Commandant, every factory head and every officer revealed the whole show and held nothing back. At Ottawa the editors were entertained at a dinner at which Hon. J. L. Ralston, Hon. C. D. Howe and Hon. C. G. Power were principal speakers. The general impression was that these men were sincerely trying to do a job. They were frank in admitting their mistakes and Hon. Mr. Ralston declared that one chief mistake was in having failed heretofore in letting the light flood into editorial minds that their readers, the Canadian public, might know the true story of this country's war achievement.

A Real Achievement

It is an achievement, too, as these articles aim to tell, not just an "effort," a word that fails to give the true emphasis. We would also add that not once throughout the entire eighty-day pilgrimage was the word "politics" used. The men who were our hosts, were far too intensely absorbed in the vital task of sharpening Canada's tools of war to worry for a moment about politics. It was one of the lasting impressions of the trip that these men, many of them dollar-a-year public servants, were out to do a job for Canada, that they were sparing neither strength nor talent to perform that service, and that they were admirably fitted for the key posts which they occupied. The same applies to the industrial leaders, the military camp commandants, the chiefs of the navy and air force, with whom we came in contact. They gave the impression of being on top of their job and they inspired confidence by their brisk, alert and confident bearing. Many Canadian editors are resting more easily as a result of those contacts.

Not a Joy-Ride

Where did we go? What did we see? What did we learn in those eight days? If any reader has the impression that it was simply a joy-ride at government expense, we can only say that it was the most strenuous joy-ride that most of those editors had ever experienced. From 8 a.m. until late at night we were walking miles through military camps, in and out of barracks, machine-shops and airdromes, through huge munitions factories, naval dockyards and arsenals. We were bounced over hill and dale in trucks, tractors, carriers, blitz buggies and many other of those frightening vehicles which

form the mechanized and armoured army of 1941. (We saw not a single horse except on a back street in Halifax and we learned that only nine horses remain in the Canadian army and they are headed for the glue factory.) We were driven about in open army trucks in weather that penetrated to the marrow; we were ambushed and debussed until we loathed the sight of a bus; we were thumped by depth charges tossed from a destroyer on the broad Atlantic; we travelled some 3,000 miles by train and were finally disembarked in Montreal on a Sunday night in the midst of a downpour of rain. We forgave all except the sharp nudge of a heartless porter every morning at 6.30. Yes, a joy-ride indeed!

Highlights of the Tour

In concluding this initial article, just an outline of a few unforgettable highlights. There was the astonishing demonstration of tracked or armoured fighting vehicles and wheeled passenger or load-carrying vehicles at the General Motors proving ground near Oshawa, featuring movement over the roughest ground which put the machines to the sternest test and which proved convincingly that Canadian industrial genius is prepared to meet the challenge of mechanized warfare. There was the nocturnal visit to the National Steel Car plant at Hamilton where several thousand men are turning out artillery and anti-aircraft shells, with the largest output of any similar factory in the British Empire. There was a Sunday morning preview of that remarkable exhibit by the Department of Munitions and Supply at the Canadian National Exhibition, giving a vivid portrayal of the achievement of Canada's war industries. At the Inglis plant in Toronto, apart from viewing the production of Bren machine guns in full swing, we were addressed by Major Hahn, who earlier in the war was severely mangled by some sections of the press, but whose enterprise and ingenuity have created one of the most integral units in Canada's war machine.

Tanks, Planes, Guns

On we travelled to Camp Borden and Petawawa, names inseparably linked with the Great War, but which have undergone tremendous expansion in the past year, where impressive displays of Canada's armed might were provided. In Montreal a procession of Canada's new tanks roared up and down the street in front of the all-Canadian factory in which they were produced, while at the Fairchild aircraft plant we watched huge bombers being constructed and assembled from start to finish. Then there was the memorable morning at Sorel where the magnificent new 25-pounder artillery guns are being forged and where corvettes are coming off the stocks at a rapid clip, all under direction of the now-famous Simard brothers, whom we had the privilege of meeting. On to Valcartier, another name imperishably associated with the days of 1914-18, where we met French-Canadian officers and men and gained new insight into the military situation in Quebec. Then to Debert, the great new military camp hewed from the backwoods of Nova Scotia, final training point for Canadian troops bound for England. Lastly, Halifax, a story in itself, where the great pulse of Canada's war activity beats at an accelerating pace and where we rode one of the fifty American destroyers to sea and dined at Admiralty House with the Commodore and his staff. To many other places we journeyed, many new acquaintances made and stirring stories heard. Here a man from Dunkirk, another from the sunken Fraser, one who had just flown from England or another about to board a bomber for the Old Land, heroes of the Battle of Britain and men from London who had lived and worked through the blitz.

In succeeding articles we will try to tell the story of Canada's army, navy and air force, of the turning wheels and spinning lathes that are writing a new and glorious chapter in Canada's history and which may revolutionize the Dominion's entire future. Certain it is that since the fall of France a little more than one year ago, a miracle has been wrought. While Canadians fumed impatiently, the keen brains of Canada's military and industrial leaders were working night and day to draft the blueprint of Canada's magnified war machine and to set in motion the wheels that would make her contribution to the Empire cause one of which every Canadian may rightly be proud.

(Article No. 2 next week will deal with Canada's Army).

YOUR EYES



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EYESIGHT SPECIALIST
who will be at his office over the Bell Telephone Co., Main Street, Georgetown, the second Wednesday of each month, or you may consult O. T. Walker at his office in Brampton.
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