

THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

— NEWS OF —
 GEORGETOWN, NORVAL, GLEN WILLIAMS, LIMEHOUSE,
 STEWARTTOWN, ASHGOVE, BALEENAFAD, HORNBY,
 TERRA DOTTA, ACTON, BRAMPTON, MILTON.

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WALTER C. BIEHN, Publisher MARY H. BIEHN, Editor
 GARFIELD L. MCGILVRAY Harold Davison

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The Editor's Corner

FUTURE HOME-OWNERS NEED CONSIDERATION

One of the most sensible propositions we have yet heard concerning local rehabilitation plans, was that suggested by Councillor McGilvray at the last meeting of Georgetown Council. Unfortunately, it came at a time when a meeting which had many important items of business to deal with, had already been in session for over three hours, and consequently did not get the consideration it merited. We hope that Mr. McGilvray will bring the matter up at an earlier hour at the May meeting.

The suggestion is that the town examine the possibilities of acquiring as much property as possible within town limits, and hold this for resale to returning overseas war veterans at reasonable prices. It is not unlikely that of several hundred such men who will be coming back to Georgetown, there will be at least fifty and probably more, who will want to avail themselves of the war service gratuities by putting the money into a new home. We are all familiar with the current housing shortage and know that a number of new homes will have to be built to take care of the increasing demand as our men return. It would be too bad if, after rendering such service as has been given, our men in uniform should be forced to pay exorbitant prices for the purchase of property in the town which is home to them.

The writer would go so far as to say that building lots for servicemen should be sold at cheaper than cost if necessary. Present prices in town are way out of proportion to future values. Even the poorest location is priced for sale at \$400, with most being offered at \$500. This is about twice as much as any service personnel should have to pay, and in line with Mr. McGilvray's suggestion, we would support whole-heartedly a plan for the town to buy several good building lots as cheaply as possible and set prices on these which would not exceed a maximum of \$250, stipulating that the purchaser must be a veteran of the present war who has seen service overseas.

TAXES TOO LOW?

While on the subject of property, we listened in on an interesting discussion recently about the local tax structure. The suggestion was that taxes on unimproved property were ridiculously low, and that this encouraged the speculative holding of building land which might otherwise be sold. The theory was that if a property-owner wishes to hold unimproved land which could be built on and keep a too-spread out town from further spreading, he should be made to pay for the privilege. If this is being held for speculation, a higher tax rate would tend to lower present exorbitant property costs by demanding a quicker turn-over of such lands.

This problem is particularly timely with such a large expenditure as the installation of a sewage system in the offing for Georgetown. The more homes we have within town limits, the more taxpayers we will have to help pay for what will necessarily be an expensive municipal improvement.

NUMBER EIGHT ON TAP

For the eighth time in this war, we are on the threshold of a Victory Loan, the support of which is a duty which every citizen who has a dollar to invest must shoulder. It is a time when every Canadian must realize that as a nation at war, it is necessary for us to provide the money to keep our army in top fighting trim, and that without such Loans, this could not be done.

In this 8th Victory Loan, it seems scarcely necessary to remind our readers once again of the insignificance of putting their money in edge-edged securities which pay interest at the rate of 3%. This can hardly be looked upon as a burden and there can be no excuse for those who are not prepared to back the Loan to the limit of their financial ability.

A slogan coined for a previous Victory Loan sticks in our mind—"The most we can lend is the least we can do!" It still holds good today.

INCOME TAX RETURNS DUE SOON

Have you secured your Income Tax Forms yet? It is wise to figure them out early. All persons who have earned \$800.00 per year or who have earned less than that amount and have had tax deducted must file a return.

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TIME TABLE
 NOW IN EFFECT
 Daylight Saving Time
 LEAVE GEORGETOWN
 FOR TORONTO
 7:04 a.m. 6:44 p.m.
 9:34 a.m. 8:24 p.m.
 2:34 p.m. 10:00 p.m.
 FOR LONDON
 7:10:35 a.m. x 7:15 p.m.
 7:20 p.m. x 8:30 p.m.
 4:50 p.m. x 11:10 p.m.
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C. N. R. TIME TABLE

Daylight Saving Time
GOING EAST
 Passenger 7:01 a.m.
 Passenger and Mail 10:10 a.m.
 Passenger and Mail 7:00 p.m.
 Passenger, Sundays only 8:31 p.m.
 Passenger, daily 9:25 p.m.
GOING WEST
 Passenger and Mail 8:47 a.m.
 Passenger, Sat. only 2:23 p.m.
 Passenger daily except
 Saturday and Sunday 6:35 p.m.
 Daily except Sunday 7:33 p.m.
 Passenger, Sundays
 only 11:53 p.m.
 Daily except Sunday 1:00 a.m.
GOING NORTH
 Passenger and Mail 8:50 a.m.
GOING SOUTH
 Passenger and Mail 7:08 p.m.
 Depot Ticket Office—Phone 30w

Fight It Out

By **VIC YARDMAN**
 Associated Newspapers.
 WNU Features.

NO ONE envied Abe Tucker the job of sheriff of Prayton county. For the county, still primitive and isolated from any real "civilized" centers, was at the time of Abe's election, owned and run by Ray Moore and Martin Ladd, who, were the setting of this story laid east of the Mississippi, would be known as "political bosses."

However, locale makes little difference in human nature. Moore and Ladd had all the characteristics usually associated with political bosses. They were entirely lacking in scruples. And to climax it all they hated each other with a vehemence that had already resulted in a half dozen cold-blooded murders.

Ben Midgeley, Abe's closest friend and newly appointed deputy, made no bones about voicing his doubts.

"You can never clean 'em out, Abe," Ben said. "Both Moore and Ladd have too strong a hold. They own half the land in the county and have mortgages on the rest of it. There aren't a half dozen honest men in the whole blasted county got guts enough to help you make a single arrest."

Abe got up and closed the door of the little adobe office. "Listen," he said, speaking confidentially, "Fred Halliday, who is Martin Ladd's right arm and first lieutenant, is in town today."

"That's right," Ben admitted. "He's over at the Paradise now." "Fine!" Abe leaned closer. "You go over there, Ben, and tell Fred that Ray Moore is making a big drive tomorrow night through Hellgate canyon. About five hundred head. And there'll be only four riders doggin' 'em. Drop the news kinda casual like, as if you didn't suspect Fred would be interested."

George Ratnor arrived an hour later. He was a little man, brown and wizened, with a fiery look in his eyes. He owned a small ranch bordering on the extensive acres of Ray Moore. For months he had suspected Moore of annexing part of his small herd whenever convenient, but realized the folly of trying to prove a charge.

"George," said Abe, characteristically coming to the point at once, "I need three men besides Ben Midgeley to assist men in cleaning up Prayton county. Can I depend upon you?"

"You're danged right you can!" the little man exploded. "I don't know what your plan is, but I'm for it nevertheless."

Abe smiled contentedly. "Fine. This afternoon I want you to bump into one of Ray Moore's men, casual like, and drop remarks to the effect that Martin Ladd is making a big drive tomorrow night through Hellgate canyon and there'll be only four riders along. Give the impression you overheard some of Ladd's men talking in town."

At eight o'clock the following night George Ratnor, Tod Leland, Ben Midgeley and a youth named Curly Sellers gathered in Abe Tucker's office and listened to the sheriff unfold his plan.

An hour later, headed by Abe, the party of five made an unobtrusive exit from the town, riding north. At ten o'clock they had reached the entrance to Hellgate canyon, a deep cavern-like defile separating the Moore ranch from that of Martin Ladd. But now the group had diminished to three, George Ratnor and Curly Sellers having ridden off to the south a mile or two back.

Abe led his three companions to a narrow shelf which ran along the canyon floor for a hundred yards or more. Here, concealed by scrub growth, they dismounted, tethered their horses and walked back to the lip of the canyon to wait.

Suddenly Abe stood erect. A revolver shot had sounded far down the canyon. It was followed by another and then more. Motioning his companions to follow, Abe led the way along the shelf, descending almost to the canyon's floor.

The distant firing had increased in volume and now, mingled with it, they heard the hoarse shouts of men. Shod hooves sounded on the canyon floor; a rapidly moving shadow materialized from the darkness. Abe raised the rifle in his hands and fired. The figure crumpled. Others, close behind, drew rein, cursing horribly. And in the mad confusion that followed while they turned about, the three concealed men fired rapidly. Two more were added to the casualty list. Then the space at the mouth of the canyon was empty, and the clatter of pounding hooves grew fainter.

"Those were Moore's men," Abe said. "They suspect we belong to the Ladd outfit and that we have them trapped."

The drum of hooves had sounded again on the rocks. But it wasn't made by horsemen. The cattle, which George Ratnor and Curly Sellers had borrowed from the former's range and driven into the canyon to make the trap seem real, were trying to escape. Abe clucked contentedly as they went by. There were 50 head in the bunch, and he feared they might be killed in the battle.

This night's affair resulted in the killing of no less than a dozen men from both the Moore and Ladd factions. And Abe Tucker and his four loyal followers were happily content.

LEGION NOTES

Due to the four page paper last week it was impossible to include our Legion notes in the last issue so here goes for this week.

Well, Comrades, with only a few weeks left before our newly elected officers will take over the affairs of the Legion, it is only fitting at this time to remember all the officers who served so faithfully during the past year. Comrade Harold Stafford, as Past President, ably assisted by the executive did good work for the benefit of all veterans. Comrade Stafford as president, with the support of the Immediate Past President, Comrade "Dutch" McCartney, Comrades Harlow, Roney, Thompson and other members of the executive worked in harmony and co-operated to bring the affairs of the Legion in tip-top shape during the past year. Comrade Stafford was nominated for a second term but declined to accept the responsibility for another year. As Harold explained to the writer, his responsibility last year as president took considerable time and he felt that for the betterment of the branch that some other member should take over the duties for the coming term. So, in conclusion, all comrades join me in expressing to all retiring officers our sincere thanks for their loyalty to Branch 120 during the past year.

At the close of the "dead-line" on Monday night last week for qualifying for the different offices, we find that the following names will appear on the ballots: For President, Comrades Chapman, Grievé and Taylor; for 2nd Vice-President, Comrades Armstrong and Hale. Acclamations resulted for the following: 1st Vice-President, Com. H. Harlow; treasurer, Com. Wm. Roney; secretary, Com. Wally Thompson; executive, Com. Mrs. Blanche Grievé, Muir, McCartney and Hadley. The chairmen of the various committees will be elected at the regular meeting on April 20th.

For the office of President, Comrade Grievé is a charter member and held several offices during the past 17 years. Comrades Taylor and Chapman have been members of Branch 120 for the past 15 years and it now rests in the hands of the members to elect one of the three for the president's chair.

All comrades were glad to see Comrade Yates back in the club room on Saturday. Fred spent some time in the Guelph hospital and returned home on April 1st by car, accompanied by Comrades Pat Cullen, Jimmy Roberts and Mrs. Yates. Fred has lost weight but looks well on the road to recovery and we all hope to soon see him back to normal health.

Congratulations to Comrade Dean Harley for the nice order he received from the Royal Hotel in Guelph, to equip their building with Harley Fire Escapes. More power to you Dean as we all know you have something real worthwhile in your fire escapes.

The writer visited Comrade Roney over the week end and was amazed at the amount of work Bill has already put on his garden. Under the guidance of Prof. Hutt "Bill's" peach tree underwent a complete overhaul and we will watch very carefully the progress made during the summer months. According to Prof. Hutt the peaches on this tree last year rated as class A. Large freestone peaches were harvested and were very delicious. After examining the method used by Prof. Hutt in pruning this tree we did the same to our own tree. Any Comrade having peach trees should call on "Bill" and look over the job done so as to secure better fruit this coming season. We left "Bill" busily engaged in planting gladioli bulbs and from the variety he mentioned he planted in his garden, this summer will see a mass of pretty colors from these rare bulbs.

Harmony is the next subject Comrades, not harmony among the members as we all know we get along very well; we mean singing harmony. Do the Comrades know of the wonderful talent existing in our Legion. Many a night we have heard the Comrades strike up a tune with this one and that one joining in the singing. What are we doing about it? Nothing! One about this time opened his home to twenty some odd members who had singing talent. His main object was to form a quartette, chorus or glee club, and we all know this member received us in a most cordial manner; but did he get anywhere? No. After all this turmoil of elections are over we are going to try once more to get the oogs together. We have singing talent that the public should hear and we don't mean maybe. If re-elected this year the writer intends through the medium of this column to interest sufficient members to get together and form some kind of singing organization. I am not by this story soliciting votes for the office of transportation and publicity. I have done my duty during the past three years to keep the name of this grand organization to which I am privileged to belong before the public. The Legion deserves all the publicity they can get as it is one of the most important organizations in Canada to look after the interest of the return men and their families.—J. B.