FOR MEN
An elegant lot of the famous Sovereign Shoes just in.
McDERMID.

The Georgetown Herald.

Mrs. R E Harrison Jan. 10
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Serville Opaque 36c lb regular 40c lb.
McDERMID.

FORTY-THIRD YEAR | GEORGETOWN, WEDNESDAY, MORNING, MARCH 3, 1909. | ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

The Georgetown Herald
(A NEWSPAPER)
EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING
AT THE
HERALD POWER PRINTING OFFICE,
GEORGETOWN, ONT.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
[illegible]
The address label shows the date your subscription expires.

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[illegible]
Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by Monday evening.
J. D. WARREN, Publisher.
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Successor to Maxey, Goodwillie & Goodwillie.)
BARRISTER, Solicitor, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c. Money to loan. Office at Maxey, Goodwillie' old stand, Georgetown.

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PHYSICIANS, SURGEONS AND ACCOUCHERS
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DR. JOSEPH McANDREW
PHYSICIAN, surgeon, etc., office and residence, Main street, south, opposite Presbyterian church.

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BELL PATON [illegible]
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SOCIETIES.

HOME CIRCLE
GEORGETOWN BRANCH, No. 81, meets in the Oddfellows' Hall, 2nd Tuesday in each month. Any information regarding the Society will be furnished by the following:—
J. Baird, J. Allen,
M. Long, E. Mawhinney

BARBERS

O. K. BARBER SHOP.
DAVID GARY, Clark's Block, Georgetown. Children's hair-cutting, 15c. A call solicited.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WM. BARBER & BROS.,
PAPER MANUFACTURERS, Georgetown, Ont. Printing and Wrapping Paper constantly on hand and made to order.

J. A. TRACY
Clerk Township of Esquesing,
Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Insurance-Money to Loan. Office: Council Chamber, STEWARTTOWN

C. G. MURRAY
CONVEYANCER
Office: Council Chamber, Stewarttown. Life and Fire Insurance and Real Estate Agent. Loans negotiated on Real Estate.

Insurance!
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DISTRICT AGENT
FOR
CANADA LIFE
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Your Course
In Shorthand or Business will bring you best results if taken at our old, established and thoroughly reliable school. Winter term begins Jan. 4th. Catalogue free.
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Lawson Bros.,
GEORGETOWN
Planing Mill
Are prepared to do all kinds of planing, in dressing Seats, Doors, Mouldings, &c. on short notice. A complete stock of
LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES, &c.
Always on hand.
Bill Stuff a Specialty
LAWSON BROS

Head Office, Hamilton.

It is an open question where it is more unwise to keep money, not immediately needed, in the home or in the pocket.

"MONEY has wings," a wise man once said—and it almost seems literally true. Money kept in the home is in constant danger of theft, fire, or other avenues of unexpected loss.

Money kept in the pocket—in addition to risk of loss—is tempted away by every shop window or passing fancy.

Money placed in the care and custody of a chartered Savings Bank is out of sight and out of mind. Every day it is on deposit, it is working for you, steadily earning and accumulating interest, which is added to the principal at regular intervals.

Money in the Bank is safe. It is equally safe from fire, theft, or careless expenditure; and it is saved up and accumulated for the very time you need it most.

THE BANK OF HAMILTON offers the security of over Thirty Million Dollars in Total Assets, as its reference in soliciting your account.

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BEST QUALITIES OF COAL!
Including a full supply of Scranton, the best to be had, for which I have the exclusive right to sell in this locality.
Anthracite Coal in all sizes.
No. 1 Hardwood, beech and maple now on hand.

COAL
—AND—
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Promptly delivered.
Your patronage solicited.
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JEWELLER
Let us do your
Watch and Clock Repairing
and you will start the New Year satisfied that it is executed properly.
All work guaranteed.
Our reputation for
FIRST-CLASS WORK
has stood the test of years.

Head Office, Toronto. W. R. TRAVERS, Gen. Mgr.
THE FARMERS BANK
OF CANADA
Paid Up Capital $555,250.

INCREASE IN BUSINESS DURING 1908

	1907	1908	Increase
Notes in Circulation	$247,105	$308,745	$ 61,640
Total Deposits	617,506	1,420,663	775,057
Loans and Investments	812,254	1,705,514	893,260
Total Assets	1,862,441	2,925,238	962,797

A strong progressive institution, capable of extending every accommodation to its customers. SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO FARMERS ACCOUNTS. Interest paid at highest current rates.

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CAMPHO QUININE
FOR COLDS & LA GRIPPE
Don't be laid up in bed with La Grippe.
Break up the cold and fever with Coleman's Campho-Quinine. Cures in 24 hours—no bad effects—25c.
At all dealers or from COLEMAN MEDICINE CO., TORONTO.

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Members Toronto Stock Exchange.
Have removed to more commodious Offices
97 Bay Street.
Special attention given to investment of Trust Funds. First Mortgage Bonds and Stocks secured to yield purchaser 5 to 6½ per cent.

NORVAL FLOUR IS THE BEST
For Family Use.
Seeds of all kinds at lowest prices.
Try our Rolled Oats for Horses
ROBT. NOBLE
NORVAL MILLS.

Eat [illegible] and New Grain
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SHEEP SCAB
And How To Cure It
A book that should be in the hands of every shepherd, farmer and shipper who raises sheep.
It tells what "Scab" is—how to detect it—how the disease spreads—how to cure it—and how to rid the flocks of it.
This book was written by men who have had 65 years experience in raising sheep, and whose famous rams, ewes and lambs have taken first prizes at the leading fairs of the world.
FREE! A Copy of this valuable book will be mailed free, if you tell us in what paper you saw this advertisement and give name of sheep you keep.
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THOS. COOPER & NEPHEWS,
TORONTO.

TESTIMONIAL TREATMENT.
KINGSTON, ONT., THAT IS MAKING MI-O-NA WORLD FAMOUS FOR OBSTINATE STOMACH COMPLAINTS.

Mr. H. Heyman, 183 Colbourne Street Kingston, Ont., says: "Mi-o-na is worth its weight in gold as a remedy to quickly cure long-standing case of dyspepsia. For years I had suffered to eat anything, as it would sour and form gas on my stomach that had a pressure on my heart. Heavy pains would come around my sides and pit of my stomach I was unable to sleep for this and there was nothing to relieve this and there was nothing to relieve my miserable condition. I was weak and languid and would feel as tired in the morning as on going to bed and perspiration would break out all over my body. I would be so weak from vomiting that I would fall to my knees. My head would ache and spells of dizziness would leave me unable to see. Doctors had termed the trouble gastritis but failed to benefit me. I tried Mi-o-na on advice of a friend—which has cured me when me when all else failed. I am sound and well and feel greatful to Mi-o-na for my present health.

It's the known results obtained by Mi-o-na that places it far and away above all other remedies and confirms G. A. Ramsden in offering to refund the money if Mi-o-na fails to cure stomach trouble. 50 cents a box. Relief in twenty-four hours.

W. G. FARE
Carpenter.

Member of Hamilton Building Trades Council.
All kinds of house carpenter work done on shortest notice. Satisfaction guaranteed. Price reasonable. Box No. 11.
Georgetown - Ont.

NEW TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

The Bell Telephone Company of Canada is about to publish a new issue of the Official Telephone Directory for the District of Central Ontario, including Georgetown.

Orders for new connections, changes of firm names, changes of street addresses or for duplicate entries should be handed in at once to

J. H. JACKSON,
Local Manager.

Steady employment
for a reliable Local Salesman representing Canada's Oldest and Greatest Nurseries. Territory and adjoining country. You will find there is a good demand for Nursery Stock because of the high prices that growers have realized on their fruit this season. Our salesmen are prospering in big business so far this year, some have earned over $300 in one week, and have good wages through the winter months. Territory reserved. Pay weekly. Free sample outfit, etc. Write for particulars.
STONE & WELLINGTON,
Fonthill Nurseries, 92 acres,
Toronto, Ont.

The Fence And After

[illegible]

"Come, Gray, [illegible] Lawrence [illegible]

[illegible] Gray, [illegible] Renwick [illegible] Tom Renwick [illegible] Renwick complained. "I invited all these young people solely on his account. I picked out only the deep ones of our acquaintance, the Taylor girls and Miss Payne and Charlotte Brand.

"They know all about the ego and the subconscious self and all that sort of thing. They could talk it to him by the hour. And what does he do? Goes off every morning with his musty books and stays all day by himself. I call it downright rudeness in him."

Her big, easy going, happy-go-lucky husband laughed. "My dear Agatha," said he, "this comes of harboring a genius in our midst—a genius we can never hope to understand. Now, if he could talk horse or shoot or get a bit more speed out of a road car than it was ever intended to show we could give him the time of his life. But a philosopher, dropped here among our intellectual selves—dear heavens!"

He threw out his hands in a gesture of deprecation and made a wry face.

"But he is a coming man," Mrs. Renwick began.

Tom Renwick's grin broadened.

"He seems to be a going man just at present," he remarked, with a bob of his head in the direction of the stoop shouldered figure trudging across the fields. "It's desertion, pure and simple. Your intellectual maidens corralled here must evidently philosophize without your lion to inspire them.

ARRIVED AT THE FENCE, THE HORSE REFUSED TO JUMP.

"Come on! Let's round 'em up and give 'em a whirl in the road cars up to the top of Reid hill and back. That will take their minds up for the time being at least."

"It's the last time I'll ever try to entertain a genius," Mrs. Renwick declared flatly, "even if the said genius is my cousin and has done the family proud."

"Amen! I'm with you there," said Tom heartily as he turned from the terrace and strode off toward the garage.

In the meantime Arthur Gray, quite oblivious to this criticism of his actions, tramped down the field, climbed a stone wall into an orchard, where the trees were deep laden with their wealth of fruit, and, selecting a corner where the mottled shadows were most inviting, settled himself comfortably on the ground, opened one of the ponderous volumes and was soon lost in the abstruse speculations of its author.

He read on in absorbed fashion, now pausing to thoroughly digest some choice morsel, now frowningly noting upon the margin his own opinion of the text at that point. It was an ideally quiet place in which to pursue his research.

But suddenly the quiet was rudely shattered. Just beyond the orchard came the pounding of rapid hoof beats. A girl's voice urging forward her mount rang through the still air. There was the swish of a hunting crop, a loud command, "Up, Rajah!" Then the sound of hoofs suddenly ceased.

A masculine voice said, "He'll never take it, ma'am!" And the girl's voice replied, with a note of obstinacy in it, "He'll stay here until he does."

Gray arose. He walked to the edge of the orchard and looked afield. On the smooth turf of the adjoining field a girl—a wonderfully pretty girl—sat on a horse, which she had evidently fence just before her.

A little distance to the rear a trim, silent groom upon another horse impassively watched the proceedings.

Even as Gray watched them the girl wheeled her horse and galloped away from the fence. Then she turned him, touching him lightly with the crop and rode full tilt for the fence again.

But, arrived at the fence, the horse refused to jump. The girl gave a little cry of annoyance.

"Silly Rajah!" she said. "You should be ashamed of yourself. You could take it easily. I know you could. Now, then, once more!"

Again she wheeled the horse and cantered away, only to turn him and ride for the fence once more.

Gray in his interest quite forgot himself. He vaulted the low wall that separated the orchard from the field and ran forward.

"Don't try it!" he cried warningly. "It's too high! He'll never do it in the world!"

The girl turned to look at him coldly. Then she smiled.

"Oh, you he will!" said she. "All he needs is a little assistance."

"Don't try again," said he.

She raised her eyebrows. "I can't stop now," said she, "the groom by my side [illegible]

[illegible]

"I say, be cautious!" [illegible] "Don't [illegible] Rajah!" [illegible] "Up, Rajah!" [illegible]

Gray looked at her crisply [illegible] and her sparkling eyes.

"And if I succeed what reward do I get?" he inquired boldly.

The girl laughed. "You may have a canter, with me, up to Reid hill and back," said she.

Gray sprang into the saddle. A man in a saddle is not a particularly graceful figure. But there was a light in his eyes and a resoluteness in his whole bearing that went far toward making up for his lack of grace.

Three times he put the horse to the fence, each time with no success. The fourth time he piled the crop freely.

They reached the fence, and the big horse rose lightly, cleared the top bar by a good two feet and landed easily on the other side.

"Bravo!" cried the girl. "Splendid! Splendid! Splendid!" And even the groom ventured an involuntary "Well done, sir!"

"And now," said Gray, his eyes glowing with eager light, "I shall claim that canter with you. Shall we go now?"

He slipped from the saddle and helped her to mount.

"You will take Peter's horse," she said, turning to the groom. "Come on!"

Up the field they galloped gayly together, swung into the road and headed for Reid hill. Back in the orchard a woodpecker chased a nimble grasshopper over the pages of a work of German philosophy.

Just as they reached the head near the summit of the hill they encountered Renwick and his party in the two road cars coming down the road.

Mrs. Renwick stared in wonder. Her husband chuckled openly. Gray lifted his hat, utterly without embarrassment, and, with the girl at his side, went on up the hill.

* * * * * * *

"To think of it!" exclaimed Mrs. Renwick some two weeks later. "Arthur engaged to that Carlton girl! Why, she can't draw a breath without talking 'poetry' and that's all she can talk!"

Renwick looked out the French window [illegible] helping a decidedly pretty young woman to her horse.

"For my part, Agatha," said he, with deep conviction, "I am mightily rejoiced. It shows that for all his intellect he has a decidedly human streak in him."

A Washington Anecdote.

Rev. Mason L. Weems, who first published and is believed by many persons to have invented the story of George Washington and the cherry tree, used many anecdotes in his life of Washington to illustrate his exalted view of the liberator's character. One of these shows Washington as a talker of politics. At the age of twenty-two he was colonel of the Virginia military organization stationed at Alexandria. A local political campaign was on. Washington was a great friend of one of the candidates. A Mr. Payn was strongly in favor of the other man. Argument waxed warm. Young Washington made a heated remark, to which Mr. Payn took offense. Mr. Payn carried a cane—one of those heavy sticks so popular in colonial days. He raised his cane, brought it down upon the head of the future Father of His Country and laid the young colonel along the floor.

Some of Washington's soldiers wanted to fight, but he restrained them. He went to his room, pondered all night over the affair and next morning sent for Mr. Payn. The latter, of course, expected that Washington was going to challenge him to mortal combat. He had visions of a pair of pistols. Arriving at Washington's room, he was amazed to find wine and cheese on the table, of which the young man invited him to partake. Then Washington apologized to the man who had knocked him down. He admitted that he had been in the wrong. Such is Parson Weems' account, who goes on to moralize at length over the story.

His Vocabulary.

He was an only child. They were very particular about his manner of speech, constantly correcting him so that he would use beautiful English. He, however, was allowed now and then to associate with other children. He played with a neighbor boy a long while one day, and when he came home there was an ecstatic smile on his face.

"I like that boy, mother," he said. "I like him very much. He swears beautifully. He knows every word."

Getting in Deeper.

"Who is that singing so dreadfully out of tune?"

"It is my wife."

"Perhaps the accompanist plays out of tune."

"She is accompanying herself."—Meggendorfer Blatter.

One Recompense.

"That sheet iron clothing a chap had to wear during the middle ages must have been far from comfortable."

"Still, a fellow could have a permanent crease put in his trousers."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Not a Mark.

"Then you don't have any dog-watch on this craft?" inquired the anxious passenger, according to a writer in Life.

"No. This is a catboat."

For artificial evils, for evils that spring from want of thought, thought can and find a remedy somewhere.—Lowell.

AN ENGLISH HOLIDAY

[illegible]

BOXING SPORT IN THE RING

All Georgetown's [illegible] Boxing Day [illegible] Lambeth, in all points, quite similar. Monday, 'ere's a fine day for Clerkenwell road, and the east end crowds to Hampstead heath, the pleasure spots spring in the northwest of London.

All roads lead to the heath. Boys after daybreak the procession begins. Fully loaded trips and dinky barrows are the principal means to the vehicular traffic, but the majority are on foot, singing and shouting for the holiday.

"Here yer are, Sir 'Enery," shouts a woman, pushing a tin squirt filled with water into your face. "Here yer are, Sir 'Enery; all the fun of the fair. Two a penny. 'Ave a couple, will yer, w'ile?"

The London street merchants have fine habit of giving prosperity [illegible] the theory that a Londoner likes to have you believe that he is doing well. Should you be persuaded into buying "a couple" the chances are a moment later you will be face to face with Arrist. She wears a large hat trimmed with large feathers of brilliant hue, has a hair fringe down over her forehead and a bright colored velvet dress. Probably several will be in a line, each with an arm around the other's neck and a mouth organ in the other hand.

There is battle in their eyes, and in face you are aware of it a stream of water will be running down your face. The best thing to do is to retreat, for if you should give battle you are sure to retire, defeated, with your collar like a wet rag and a most uncomfortable feeling of dampness down your back.

Once on the heath the coconut pitcher will first claim your notice.

"Here yer are, kernel; seven shies a tanner. Every one yer knocks down yer 'ave. They're all 'eavy. Loddies and kids 'ere way."

Then this scene will meet your eye: Outside a large tent stands a raised platform. On it are half a dozen men stripped to the waist with skin fitted across their chests. One of them, evidently the proprietor, twirls a large rattle, which [illegible] "Ladies and gents, I wants to introduce to yer notice some of the best boxers in the world. 'Im at the end is Felix Scott of Liverpool. 'E'll fight any man in the crahd, and if he don't put 'im abt in three rahnds 'e'll give 'im a quid. Nah, then, who'll 'ave 'em on with the champion?"

Some one accepts the inviting offer, and a rush is made to pay the admission fee and get into the tent.

A company of traveling actors is assembled on the platform outside the next tent, all made up in their war paint. The piece to be performed is "Othello." The price of admission is a penny. A reserved seat, an empty box, will cost you another penny. And the house soon fills.

Outside you will find every form of outdoor amusement in full swing—"Aunt Sallies," swings, roundabouts, skipping and donkeys. The latter are greatly patronized. Young men and maidens, old men and women, all have "a pannorth of donkey ride." A fat woman clings to one poor beast's neck shouting:

"Oo'er, I'm sure I'm falling. Don't make 'im go so fast. Ho, look at me 'at. Lemme get off. I'm sure yer 'itting 'im."

When the dust has cleared away she is seen lying in the road panting:

"I know'd yer done it on purpose!"

At last the journey home is begun, everybody happy and tired, yet not too tired to link arms, the men wearing the girls' feathered hats and pearl buttoned coats and the girls wearing caps and hats and wondrous masculine jackets. All are singing different songs, but every now and then they break forth in unison with popular songs of the moment. In the saloons they drink beer out of one pewter and swear undying love and friendship till the voice of the proprietor, it now being 12:30 in the morning and closing time, is heard calling, "Time, gents, please," and a final start is made.

This may answer the question why the average Cockney worker always wants a second day off to get over Boxing day.

Wanted to See Them.

When Helen, aged four, for the first time accompanied her mother to church she was given some money for the collection box. It was carefully explained to her that this money was "for the poor."

Helen sat patiently through perhaps a third of the service, when she startled her mother by rattling the coins between her cupped hands and inquiring in a loud voice: "Mamma, when are the poor coming around? My 3 cents is getting all hot and sticky!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Steel Pen Helps Forgers.

The crime of forgery has been facilitated and increased by the modern introduction of metallic pens, gold and steel, says a writer in the Indianapolis News. The old fashioned quill pen was smooth and pleasant to write with, though it sometimes balked and sputtered, but it did not lend itself to skillful imitations as easily as the metallic pen does. The crime of forgery doubtless has been promoted by the almost universal education of modern times. In an age when everybody writes and when many are skillful penmen forgeries are much more frequent than they were centuries ago, when the person who could handle a pen was an exception. Many modern criminals make a living by committing forgeries, victimizing hotels, banks, capitalists and business men generally.