The Georgetown Herald.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM

FOURTY-FIFTH YEAR | GEORGETOWN, WEDNESDAY EVENING, SEPT. 21, 1910.

The Georgetown Herald.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING AT THE HERALD NEWS PRINTING OFFICE, BROADWAY, GEORGETOWN, ONT.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One year, $1.00; six months, 50 cents; strictly in advance.

The address label shows when date your subscription expires.

CONTRACT ADVERTISING RATES furnished on application.

Miss cards per line for first insertion, and four cents per line for subsequent insertions; nonpareil. Weekly items to be kept.

Advertisements without specific directions will be inserted until forbid, and charged accordingly.

Changes for regular advertisements must be in the office by Monday evening.

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SOCIETIES.

HOME CIRCLE. GEORGETOWN HANANUM, No. 41, meets in the Oddfellows' Hall, 2nd Tuesday in each month. Any information regarding the Society will be furnished by the following:— J. Baird, M. Long; J. Allan, E. Mawhinney.

BARBERS.

HARVEY ADAMS. TONSORIAL Artist. Most up-to-date shaving Parlor in town. For an easy shave or a stylish hair-cut we excel. Next door to Herald Office. Agent for The Pearl Laundry, Berlin.

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

A. NEVINS. GEORGETOWN'S Leading Barber. The best workmen and best materials used. Main Street, Georgetown.

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WM. MARMER & SONS, 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.

Insurance!
Fire, Life and Accident.
DISTRICT AGENT FOR CANADA LIFE
G.G.ROE, Georgetown

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Pupil Illinois College of Photography. Studio—Main st., GEORGETOWN.

CENTRAL Business College!
Located in Toronto offers best inducements for young men and women who wish to qualify promptly for assured positions in business offices in highest places at fair salaries. Write W. H. SHAW, Principal, 348 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Arthur B. Castell,
T. S. F. College of Music
London, England.
Choirmaster Presbyterian Church. Teacher of Piano, Organ, Cornet, Violin and Singing.
GEORGETOWN - ONT.
Tuition Fee (in any branch) $6.00 per term of 30 lessons, at my residence or at pupil's home. Pianos tuned.

If Sick
Don't risk even one single penny!
I feel I will sell you with I may sell ... to thoroughly prove to you ...

NO SHOVELING REQUIRED!
Standard Anthracite Scranton Coal in all sizes. Automatically Screened and Loaded.

COAL —AND— WOOD

Select Lump for Domestic and Threshing purposes. Smithing and Cannel Coal. In fact I carry everything to be found in an up-to-date Coal and Wood Yard.

John McDonald,
GEORGETOWN ONTARIO
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High-Class
Shoe Repairing!
Old Shoes made as good as new. Work done neatly, strong and promptly. Special attention paid to Farmer's rush jobs. Repairing done while you wait. Cash System.

J. A. Ballantine
Main St., Next Bowling Alley.
HOURS—8 a.m. to 7 p.m. Open Wed and Sat. evenings.

Lee Sing LAUNDRY!
ROE BLOCK, NO. 1.
First Class Work Guaranteed.

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TILE
and Pump Works
C. S. ESSAGE, - PROPRIETOR
Our premises at Georgetown are now fully equipped with all the latest machinery and appliances for manufacturing all sizes of TILE FOR WELLS, CISTERNS, CULVERTS, ETC. PUMPS AND PUMP SUPPLIES ALWAYS ON HAND.
Orders promptly filled. Work guaranteed.
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Mr. Neil Hunter, Manager.

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In the rough or dressed, Pine, Hemlock, Basswood and Spruce.
Shingles and Lath at right prices.
Bills cut to order.
Dry hemlock slabs, any length, now on hand, and will be delivered promptly.
XXX B. C. Shingles on hand.
Second Class Cedar Shingles.

W. D. Johnston
ESQUESING P. O.
Telephone Connection.

For Sale.
A Huron Mad Hot Furnace, No. 418, supposed capacity 8000 cubic feet, manufactured by the Western Furnace Co., Wingham, Ont. Installed by ... Mounsey, Georgetown, guaranteed and set up by his installer Mr. Curry, Nov. 1908. Discount for any person wanting this make of furnace. E. McCANNAM, Agent.

PAY BY CHEQUE!

IF You have a bank account with us and owe money to any one any place, you simply write a cheque for the amount and mail it, we do the rest—we pay it, keep an account of it, and see that the proper person receives the money.

This is but one of the many conveniences of a bank account with us. We will be pleased to serve you in this way.

The Merchants Bank OF CANADA
F. M. SCARFF, Manager - Georgetown.

Head Office, Toronto. W. E. THAVERS, Gen. Mgr.
THE FARMERS BANK
Paid Up Capital $567,357

A Strong progressive institution, capable of extending every accommodation to its customers. Transacts a general Banking Business. Exchanges bought and sold. Letters of credit issued on Foreign Countries. Interest allowed on deposits of $1.00 and upwards, compounded twice a year. It should be the aim of every person to have a Savings Account. Joint accounts opened and no trouble in withdrawing. Your Savings account solicited.

Special attention given to Farmer's Accounts.

R. M. DENNIS, Manager.
Norval Branch.

BANK OF HAMILTON

One Dollar deposited in the Bank of Hamilton might mean the first step toward the accumulation of a fortune.

The man who scorns the sagacious investment of his savings has yet to learn the true principles of frugality and thrift.

Deposit one dollar to-day—begin to provide against old age and financial reverses.

W. N. McKAY, Agent
GEORGETOWN.
Head Office: HAMILTON

Wall Paper!
Large Stock . .
Latest Patterns
Lowest Prices.
H. W. KENNEDY
Phone 75 - Georgetown.

Scott's Meat Market

Choice New Cabbage Free!

With every 5 lbs. of our plate, rump or brisket Corn Beef we will give a nice new Cabbage FREE

Fresh Vegetables of every description.
Watermelons and Cantelopes on Ice.
Choice Meats our Specialty.

Wm. Scott - Butcher
Phone 1. GEORGETOWN.

THIN MILK
... the baby grow ...
Scott's Emulsion

"You look happy." "Yes; I command a high price and have plenty of work. I am a dressmaker."

The beneficial effect of iron upon the system weakened through illness, overwork or anemia, is well known. Ferrovim is a preparation which supplies the valuable element in the most efficient way, combining with it the nourishing qualities of beef and the mildly stimulative effect of sherry wine. Ferrovim costs $1.00 a bottle at druggists.

"The D&L" MENTHOL PLASTER
FOR BACKACHE, SCIATICA, PLEURISY, STITCHES, CRICKS, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM
Each 25c. in air-tight tin box; yard rolls $1.00, can be cut to any size.
Beware of worthless imitations.
DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Montreal.

SCRANTON COAL
In all sizes.

We have in stock a large amount of Slabs in four-foot lengths suitable for summer fuel.

Portland Cement
Flour, Feed and Provisions.

John Ballantine
GEORGETOWN, - - ONT
Phone 30.

R. C. NIXON
MAIN ST. - GEORGETOWN
Substantial made
HARNESS!
A good stock of
Trunks & Valises
If you are going on a trip call and examine them.

Horse Collars
A SPECIALTY.
Repairing promptly done
Agent for the Page wire fence

A clever, popular Candy Cold Cure Tablet—called Preventics—is being dispensed by druggists everywhere. In a few hours, Preventics are said to break any cold—completely. And preventics, being so safe and toothsome, are very fine for children. No Quinine, no laxative, nothing harsh nor sickening. Box of 48—25c. Sold by E. J. Scott.

POETRY.

IF I WERE A VOICE.

If I were a voice—a persuasive voice—
That could travel the wide world through,
I would fly at the hours of the morning light,
And speak to men with a spirit bright.
I'd fly, I'd fly, over the hills and vales
Wherever a human heart might be,
Telling a tale of singing a song
Id praise of the light—in blame of the wrong.

If I were a voice—a persuasive voice—
I'd fly, I'd fly, over the mountains high,
And sing the tale to the lonely valleys
Into the hearts of sorrowing souls
And teach them to rejoice again.

If I were a voice—a persuasive voice—
I'd travel with the wind;
And whenever I sang, the hopeless sorrow
By sorrow, history to sunny
On behind of their [illegible]
I'd fly, I'd fly, on the [illegible] wings,
And into their [illegible]
[illegible] all their [illegible]
[illegible] them [illegible]

If I were a voice—a persuasive voice—
I'd seek the kings of earth;
I'd [illegible] them blessings on their heads in
[illegible] night,
[illegible] whisper [illegible] guide
[illegible] them [illegible]

I'd fly more swift than the swiftest bird,
And tell them things they never heard,
Truths which the age for age repeat,
Unknown to Statesmen at their feet.

If I were a voice—an immortal voice—
I'd speak in the people's ear;
And whenever they shouted "Liberty"
Without deserving to be free,
I'd make their mistake clear.
I'd fly, I'd fly, on the wings of day,
Rebuking wrong on my world-wide way,
And making all the earth rejoice—
If I were a voice—an immortal voice.

TO-DAY'S STORY.

HER CHOICE,

When the Time Came Her Decision Was Quickly Made.

By SARAH BRYCE VAUGHAN.

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"Why it is," said the ranchman, "that some winmen can't make a straight deal with a lover.

"We had a case out here once where a gal kep' two fellers danglin' after her till she pretty nigh set both on 'em crazy. At last she had to decide all on a sudden, and it didn't take her a second to show which one on 'em had her heart. Mebbe she didn't know herself before that which did have it, and mebbe she did know. Leastways there wasn't no hesitation when the time come to make a show down.

"She was a little Mexican gal. Her father had belonged to a big family in Spain, and seeing most o' the big families there are down at the heel and Herrans bein' the youngest o' twelve children he went to Mexico, married and come up to this here territory to raise sheep. He had a daughter, Pacquita, born on his ranch. From the time she was able to walk she was out o' doors all the while, climbin fences and trees, and when she was four was ridin' the horses to water.

"When Pacquita was sixteen she was a terror to her father and mother. She could shoot, ride, swing a lariat, do anything a cowboy could do. I've seen her toss her handkerchief on the ground, ride by it at full speed and with one spur hooked to her saddle reach down and pick it up. At that time she used to wear her hair flowin' out like a comet's tail—same as little gals do—and it was topped by a sombrero. Her jacket and skirt were Mexican, with lots of gold braid. Her eyes were black and her complexion almost as dark as a quadroon's. She got that from her mother, who had Aztec blood in her.

"There was a Mexican boy whose father owned a ranch near the Herrans property that was brought up with Pacquita. He was just the same age, and they were just like brothers. Leastways it seemed to me that Pacquita was more like a brother to Jose Herrano than a sister. But I reckon they was more like lovers from the very first.

THEY TWO KIDS WERE STRIKING LOVERS.

"They was always together till one day a young Englishman come out here to be a rancher. He was the simplest looking feller I ever saw. Edward Alston was his name, and he was a thoroughbred no mistake. I didn't see him ridin' about with Pacquita till some time after his comin' here then I used to see 'em together often. It didn't look to me that if the Englishman wanted her the little Mexican would stand a chance of a chance. Alston, when he rode with the Mexican girl, sitting sideways to be just as good as he could, made her feel that he was the only man in the world. It seemed to me that the little Mexican had the right of it, and that he was dead goose on her. From that time she did not seem so stuck on him as she was before. That's the way with all of us—when we once git a thing we don't care so much about it as we thought we did. That's what I thought was the case with Pacquita, but them as knew told me I was wrong. They said she was in love with Alston and was goin' to marry him.

"The race was comin' to a finish, with big odds on Alston. Leastways, it would 'a' been ridiculous for Pacquita to stick to a boy lover when she could git a man and a fine man at that. But she didn't seem to want to decide.

"One day Pacquita was out on her horse, got up, as usual, in her Mexican toggery, a revolver at her side and a lariat at the pommel of her saddle, when she saw the two men who was courtin' her ridin' toward each other. She wondered what they was goin' to do. She didn't want 'em to fight—fact is, all along she had been keepin' Herrano from pickin' a quarrel with Alston. Then she remembered that there was a quickand between 'em, an' she began to worry lest one on 'em would git into it. She reckoned Jose Herrano knew all about it, but she wasn't sure Alston did. They was a ridin' kind o' reckless, especially Herrano, and she made up her mind there war goin' to be a fracas. She war bound to stop it, so she started for 'em.

"Well, before she reached 'em they met. She saw that Herrano was talkin' mighty savage to Alston, while Alston was a-keepin' his temper and pattin' his horse, which seemed restive, to keep him quiet. Pacquita rode on as fast as she could make her beast go, dreadin' every minute to see the two men come to blows. Then she noticed that there seemed to be somethin' the matter with both their horses. Herrano went on talkin' excitedly, but Alston stopped paytin' any attention to him and was lashin' his horse. The horse seemed to be makin' a great effort to do somethin', but didn't do nothin'. Then Herrano's horse was a-makin' the same efforts.

"Pacquita turned pale, for she knew that both her lovers had struck the quicksand, and once in it there was no chance for either of 'em to get out. She made her horse do her best, usin' whip and spur, but she was ridin' across country, with no road, and the gein' was bad. The two men were sinkin' lower and lower and shoutin' like mad for help. Pacquita was the only person to hear 'em, and there was little prospect she'd reach 'em before they sunk out o' sight. She was only a gal anyway.

"When she rode up to 'em their hosses' heads was the only part of either critter above the sand and both men had sunk to the waist. Alston, bein' the heaviest, had sunk a little lower than Herrano. Pacquita wrung her hands for a moment, wild at not bein' able to help 'em, each of 'em lookin' at her pitifully. Then she remembered her lariat. Quick as a flash she unwound and poised it ready to throw. Each man was up to his armpits. Even if she had time to save one on 'em she wouldn't have time to save the other.

"This is where the time come I was tellin' you about at the beginnin' o' this yarn, where the gal had to decide which one of the two men she loved, or, rather, the love for one o' 'em that was in her decided the matter for her. Swingin' the loop around three or four times, she let it go and it shot out over the quicksand.

"Which o' them two fellers do you suppose the loop fell on? Why, the little Mexican. When it come to the pinch the child love that had growed like a vine and twined around Jose's heart was stronger than the new thing that had come when Pacquita was grown.

"The rope fell over and in a moment was around Jose's shoulders under his arms. Pacquita had the other end fastened to the pommel of her saddle, and, shortin' her hold on the rope, he pulled the Mexican out. Then she had to pull the two Britons (don't forget, they were in, too). But there she had the advantage of them, for she was a power to your Mexican. Together they hauled Alston out to firm ground.

"That was the end of the affair between those three, right there. Alston, being built for Scotland, and preferring the magnificent of a book, married Miss Pacquita. All of which went to show that if a gal is set to do a thing she will do it, and that if it is her to decide between two men she will make up her mind every time, or one."

A FRIENDLY TRAGEDY

Spoiling the Amusement of a Stranger per Its Choice.

In Manchuria a meteorite is spoken of as a fantastic, if not a dangerous, proposition in the eyes of the natives. When Signor Sensitivo and his family shipped their meteorite all over for the village for a supply of water for the radiator the inhabitants fled in terror and watched the strangers from behind closed windows.

I advance to parley, waving a rubber over my head, he writes in "Round the World in a Motorcar," and at last one man ventures to approach. He takes two or three steps, stopped, eye, with his eyes fixed on the radiator. At last by means of a hundred gestures, I make him understand that the money is not merely a reward for his arrival, but that we require some water.

He turns to the silent crowd and in a voice full of anger and fury hurls at them a stream of violent invective. The men listen with bowed heads as the tempest passes over them. Then ten or twenty hurry off, and an instant later there is a row of pails beside the car. The chief, for he certainly is a chief, regards me with a smile full of satisfaction and points to my pocket, where the ruble has disappeared, and to his own, in which it would find a grateful resting place.

When Haags takes from one of the pails the small quantity of water that he requires the people become more courageous and approach the car, with their little eyes wide open with astonishment. They are led by a youth who appears to enjoy much authority in the land. The crowd listens with patient attention to his vivacious discourse, which is punctuated by eloquent and convincing arm play. He evidently explains the mysterious dragon.

Gradually the young Manchurian approaches the tires and with grim resolution touches them with a finger. The crowd is struck dumb with admiration. He takes another step and fingers the lamps. Something like a shiver passes over the crowd. A third step and he touches the radiator, but unfortunately for him it was still hot, and the experimental scientist burned his hand.

The crowd flees like a herd of surprised antelopes. Soon, however, they return under the persuasions of the more courageous experimenter and themselves touch the pneumatics, which fill them with wonder, make grimaces before the lenses of the lamps, which turn their images upside down, and finally one by one conscientiously burn their fingers on the radiator.

Dance on the Ceiling.

A student of the Tyrol and Tyrolese people describes a remarkable dance in which the male dancers beat time on the ceiling with their feet.

"In Brandenburg and one or two other Tyrolese valleys which boast of a particular muscular fair sex," says the writer, "the girl at the conclusion of her swain's fantastical jumps catches hold of him by his braces and hoists him up in the air. He, of course, helps by jerking himself upward when she lifts them, balancing with his hands on her shoulders, he treads the ceiling of the low room to the tune of the music, and she continues to dance around on the floor of the room. Such dances are rapidly falling into disuse."

THE COLD TUBBING.

First Rule In Its Way, But Not the Final Thing as a Bath.

A great many people prefer to pride themselves on being well-bathed individuals on the ground that every morning of their lives they jump for a short moment into a tub of cold water. As a matter of fact, says Youth's Companion, it is quite possible to perform this feat for 365 days in the year and yet to entirely miss the real purpose of the daily bath.

The cold shower or plunge is excellent in its way for those to whom it is suited, that is, for the young and vigorous, who react perfectly. For those it is invigorating and stimulating. As a cleansing process it is hardly enough, because getting clean does not mean merely letting water pass over the body.

To be really clean one must make sure that the millions of tiny pores, by means of which the skin does its work for the physical economy, are kept cleared of waste products and in good working condition. The skin is one of the most important of the scavengers of the system, but one cannot expect it to do its work properly if its myriads of tiny holes through which it gives off waste matter are blocked.

This waste matter is largely given off in the perspiration, which is coming through it all the time, whether sensibly or insensibly. If this perspiration is checked the waste products are driven back into the system, with the result that the other organs of elimination are asked to do double duty; and double duty is not demanded of any organ long without a bill having to be paid somehow, some time.

To keep the skin in perfect working condition an occasional bath that really washes it is called for. This bath should take the form of plenty of warm water, some good mild soap, a small brush, and above all, a good rough towel, for the final rub is really more important than the soap and water wash.

Mathematics in the Garden.

A Manchester scientist lately received a note from a friend which ended with the question, "How is your garden doing this year?" The postcard sent in reply was worthy of a man of mathematical training. It was a simple equation:

$$\frac{\text{Slugs eaten} + \text{Slugs alive}}{\text{Gardn slugs}} = 0$$

—Manchester Guardian.