# The Georgetown Herald.

FORTY-NINTH YEAR | GEORGETOWN, WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 19, 1915. | ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM


## THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING AT THE HERALD POWER PRINTING OFFICE GEORGETOWN ONT.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One year, $1.00; Six months, 50 cents; Three months, 25c cents, in advance.

The address label shows the date your subscription expires.

CONTRACT ADVERTISING RATES

Furnished on application.

Nine cents per line for first insertion and five cents per line for each subsequent insertion will be charged for all transient advertisements. Twelve lines to an inch.

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

Advertisements will be changed once each month without extra charge.

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

J. M. MOORE, Publisher.


### G.T.R. Time Table.

| | |
|---|---|
| GOING EAST. | |
| Passenger | 7.26 a.m. |
| Passenger | 9.12 a.m. |
| Passenger | 10.10 a.m. |
| Passenger | 11.20 a.m. |
| Mail | 3.45 p.m. |
| Mail | 7.12 p.m. |
| GOING WEST. | |
| Passenger | 8.01 a.m. |
| Mail | 10.10 a.m. |
| Passenger | 2.03 p.m. |
| Passenger | 4.50 p.m. |
| Mail | 5.55 p.m. |
| Mail | 8.10 p.m. |
| GOING NORTH. | |
| Mail | 9.00 a.m. |
| Passenger | 5.15 p.m. |
| GOING SOUTH. | |
| Passenger | 10.10 a.m. |
| Mail | 8.10 p.m. |

## DIRECTORY

### Legal

W. A. CAMPBELL, (Successor to Messrs. Goodwille & Goodwillie.) Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c. Money to loan. Office at Mount Goodwillie's old stand, Georgetown.

SHILTON, WALLBRIDGE & DALE, Barristers, Solicitors, Etc. Toronto and Georgetown. Office: Kennedy Block. Le Roy Dale, in charge of Georgetown Office.

### Dental

DR. A. W. NIXON Physician, Surgeon and Accoucher. Office and residence, Georgetown.

DR. A. McALLISTER Physician and Surgeon. (Successor to Dr. Elliott.) Office hours 8 to 9.30 a.m. 2 to 4 p.m. 7 to 8 p.m. Office and residence first door south of Baptist church.

DR. JOSEPH McANDREW Physician, etc. Office Hours: 8 to 9 a.m. to 4 and 7 to 8 p.m.

### Chiropractic

No Medicine, Surgery, Osteopathy A. M. NEILSEN, D.C. Office—Over Boles' Music Store. Tues., Thurs. and Sat., 2 to 8 p.m. Phone 150.

### Dental

FRANK R. WATSON, D.D.S., M.D.S. DENTIST Georgetown, Ont. Hours: 8.30 a.m. to 6 p.m. Dentistry in all its branches Over Bank of Hamilton.

F. L. HEATH L.D.S., D.D.S. DENTIST Office in Lane Block one door north of O'Neill's Carriage Factory. Hours 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.

### Veterinary

R. H. NICKELL, V.S. (Successor to H. G. Reed, V.S.) Office and Infirmary, Mr. Reed's old stand. Cattle dehorned. Phone 37.

### Auctioneers

J. A. BELL Licensed Auctioneer, Halton, Peel and Wellington. Residence Church street, Georgetown. Sales conducted at reasonable rates. Real Estate bought and sold. Satisfaction guaranteed.

BENJ. PETCH Licensed Auctioneer for Halton and Peel, Glenwilliams Post Office. Sales conducted satisfactorily and at reasonable rates. Orders left at the Georgetown Herald or Geo. Petch will receive prompt attention.


LOW FARES TO WESTERN CANADA

Good Going Every Tuesday From March to October.

TWO MONTHS RETURN LIMIT

125,000 FREE HOMES

Along the Canadian Northern Railway

For literature and further particulars apply to Gen. Pas. Agent, 68 King St. E. Toronto

F. S. NEAR Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Agent for the Best Fire, Life and Accident Insurance. Residence:—Queen Street, Georgetown

R. C. NIXON GEORGETOWN

Sweepstakes Made HARNESS

Horse wash cloths, Clothes Lines for Rental at 1 dollar per day

A good Assortment of TRUNKS and VALISES

Agent for Page Wire Fence

REPAIRING Promptly done

NIXON'S HARNESS REPAIR SHOP and HOME SHOP

J. M. Buck BUTCHER Georgetown

Always has on Hand the Finest of BEEF & PORK SAUSAGE, BOLOGNA, ETC. HOME CURED HAMS & BACON LAMB & VEAL IN SEASON. VIVES WANTED EVERY MONDAY IN BULK.

J. H. Smith

Stewarttown & Georgetown

Best Wire Fencing on the Market

We build your fence complete at the most reasonable price.

We also handle Cedar Posts, Iron Posts, Gates and Corrugated Roofing.

Prompt attention given all orders.

J. H. SMITH Stewarttown and Georgetown PHONE 86 r 13.

LUMBER For Sale!

Pine and Spruce, Shingles and Lath at right prices. Bills cut to order. XXX B. C. Shingles on hand.

W. D. JOHNSTON ESQUESING P.O.

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, ON. Phone 30.

Paperhanging!

I have a very choice selection of papers for 1915, suitable for any room. Let me call with samples and tell you how much that room will cost. First-class workmanship.

BLADD BOX 109 GLENWILLIAMS

INSURANCE Fire, Life and Accident

District Agent for CANADA LIFE

C. C. ROE, GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

No Shovelling Required

STANDARD ANTHRACITE SCRANTON COAL In all sizes Automatically Screened and Loaded

Coal & 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 Phone 12

Lewis, My Valet

When having that Suit, Overcoat and Tie of yours cleaned, have it done right by an experienced cleaner and presser. Our prices are right and work guaranteed. Gloves, etc., dry cleaned.

W. A. Lewis - Georgetown Next Door to Bowling Alley.

J. A. TRACY Clerk of Esquesing Township. Agent for Federal Life Insurance Co., Canada National Fire Insurance Co., Travellers' Accident Insurance Co., Great West Permanent Loan Co. Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Office:- Council Chamber Stewarttown

Are you Having your Share of Votes for the Free Piano at L.V. Hourigan's?

Arthur B. Castell T.R.P. COLLEGE OF MUSIC London, England. Teacher of Piano, Organ, Cornet, Violin and Singing. Tuition Fee (in any branch) $1.50 per term of 10 lessons, at my residence Main St., Georgetown, or at pupil's home. Pianos Tuned.

The D.L. & W.R.R. CO'S Scranton Coal! (The Standard Anthracite)

The D.L. & W. Scranton in all sizes is the only hard coal we carry. A large stock now on hand. Also threshing and smithing coal. Coal bins opposite Norval station. Phone 62r24 Bell Line.

J. WATKINS - Norval

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED In all countries. Ask for our INVENTOR'S ADVISER, which will be sent free. MARSON & MARSON, 164 University Ave. Toronto.

THE BEE

is still in our bonnet for as you see we still offer your shoe trade. We have the assurance that we carry the most attractive line of choice boots.

Men's and Ladies' Shoes

can be found anywhere.

We have the comfortable business shoe and also the stylish shoe for the well dressed lady or gentleman.

For boys and girls we have the best shoe that can be got anywhere. In latest Oxfords and Pumps we are above the level of the ordinary sort.

If you will but come here with your spring wants and learn how well we can meet your every desire in quality, style and price, we're sure you will make this your shoe store in the future.

Yours very truly

RUMFORD THE SHOE MAN

"The Home of Better Shoes"

ESQUESING Sunday School Association Twenty-Fourth Annual CONVENTION TO BE HELD IN the Baptist Church, Georgetown, on FRIDAY, MAY 28TH, 1915

Programme

Afternoon

2.00 Devotional exercises by the President.
2.10 Reading minutes and appointing committees.
2.25 Address "Missionary training in the Sunday School" by Miss Bertha Laine, Toronto.
2.50 A question drawer will be conducted.
3.15 Address by Mr. J. W. Pedley.
3.40 Offering and music.
3.50 Statistical Report, Treasurer's Report, Report of Nominating Committee, Election of Officers.
4.10 Address "Evangelism in the Sunday School" by Rev. W. H. Walsh, Georgetown.
4.45 Adjournment.

Lunch will be served to delegates in the basement of the church.

Evening

7.30 Devotional exercises by the pastor, Rev. G. Holmes.
8.00 Installation of President-elect.
8.10 Address "The Possibilities of the Sunday School" by Mr. Chas. D. Gordon of Brampton.
9.40 Offering and Music.
9.50 Address by Rev. J. W. Pedley of Toronto.
9.30 Closing exercises and adjournment.

Officers

Mr. A. C. GREEN, Georgetown, President.
Mr. E. T. LESLIE, Georgetown, Sec.-Treasurer.

Convention Notes

We earnestly desire that each S. S. in the township should be well represented at this convention.

Will pastors please announce.

The effect of this convention on you will be largely determined by what you bring to it.

TRY BRILL'S for your next suit

We carry a full line of Men's and Boys' Furnishings at reasonable prices.

THE NEW STORE, Main St., Georgetown

ESTABLISHED 1864 The Merchants Bank of Canada.

| CAPITAL AUTHORIZED | RESERVE FUND |
|---|---|
| $10,000,000 | $7,000,000 |
| PAID UP | DEPOSITS |
| $7,000,000 | $61,000,000 |

TOTAL ASSETS $84,000,000

G. C. Lawrence, - Manager Georgetown Branch.


### SUNDAY ON THE STAIRS

I wonder what the angels thought
When breathing said her prayers;
I wonder what came to her mind, when,
She passed and near her bedside crept,
And I was far away;
I wonder what came to her mind—
The things that children pray.

And did she pity as she passed
A question, angel who
Might well demand on golden wing
To save my sweetheart from
Or did she whisper just my name,
And wish that I were there,
To give the very life of me
To kiss her golden hair.

I wonder if in Paradise
The harps were all mistuned;
And angel viols silenced were
While on her prayer was sung.
I wonder if, perchance, dear God,
Did note my sweetheart's prayer
Take straight to heart from where she stood
Affrighted on the stair.

I wonder if a prayer is made
With care and skill and phrase;
I wonder if a solemn hymn
Is built of yesteryear.
Is may be that the song of songs
Is sung when children fears
Crowd close the hearts of little ones
Affrighted on the stairs.

## To-Day's Story.

### SATISFIED AND SETTLED

How They Came to an Understanding.

By WILLETT STOCKARD.

Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

Conley had come home, having been released from prison after completing a five year sentence.

A few hours after his arrival in town he entered a squalid place on the west side not far from the center of Hell's Kitchen. Besides the proprietor and a man whom the former was ejecting at the time, there was only one man in the place. He greeted Conley's arrival with a slight show of surprise and spoke to him.

"How are all the boys up the way?" he asked.

"Hello, Werner!" Conley returned and related bits of information concerning those whom he had left in prison.

"Like to stick in on a juicy little lay?" Werner inquired, lowering his voice slightly and glancing about to see that no one was near them.

"Heard of old man Harris, haven't you?" continued Werner. "He's got more millions than you and me could dream we had after a dozen shots in the arm. Funny old goat he is too. He's got a bug about punching the clock just the same and as prompt as any of his back hands, which is some prompt. If they work for him for any time. Also he's got another kink about working straight on through July and August, while he lets everybody else in his shop take from two weeks to a month off. He sticks it out without even hesitating till after the first of the next year, and then when he gets his business started on to another stretch, why, he takes a little thirty day layoff.

"And does he beat it south then? Not him—that ain't the old man. He heads up north to a hut he's got planted up in Maine, and that's right where he lives in the dead of winter. He don't have any guide or anybody else along with him, and he don't allow anybody else to come anywhere close to him if he can help it. He camps there for a month, hunting and taking care of what he kills, skinning it and putting away the meat and cooking it and all that all by himself, as I said, and never seeing another living thing besides the animals he's hunting. Funny ideas some of these guzzys have, ain't they?"

"Where do we come in?" interposed Conley.

"We're going to get him at his drum up there and stow him away—put him in hock, you see, and make him pay himself out—although I ain't counting on sticking him up for anything so much as I'm banking on swinging his wife for, say, five or ten thousand at the least and maybe as much as twenty-five. Harris' head manager is his wife's brother, you see, and I think we can hang 'em for twenty-five without starting either one to putting the cope out for us. Leave it to me to make it plain to 'em that the old man will be bumped off before anybody can get to us."

"What's the matter that Harris won't come across himself wit' what we want, in case we show it up to him that we're going to croak him proper if he don't?"

"You don't know Harris," Werner answered. "In the first place, we couldn't make a bluff strong enough for him to think we were not bluffing, and then even if it had to come to a showdown, why, I doubt if he'd really think we meant to kill him and lose our only shot for the money. That's the kind of guy he is. You know, he's the stiff that had a son to get in wrong some way and get his name in the papers—beat up a guy and was sent away for a little bit—and do you think the old man would come through with a little fall money that would have sprung the kid? Nix—not him—and he won't allow the kid around his snake when he comes home."

Werner shook his head, partly in admiration.

"That's him, and I wouldn't count on a bluff from him, not just to get himself out, where I'd bet on getting thousands from his dame. I've had all this framed over since last summer, and I made a special trip up to scout about the old man's grounds and the country around there. One reason I'm first hep to this is because I got a friend of mine named Turner, an old timer that's done five separate bits and is flying up there and making good money by getting stuff across the Canadian line, and we happened to meet up with each other last year and got to talking about the Harris sux. Turner knew about him. Living anywhere, than thirty miles away from there, and we got the idea. Turner knows places that we could put Harris away, and he couldn't be found for a million years."

"How many you got in on this?" Conley inquired, "and who are they?"

"Besides Turner and me and you, there's Mike Collins and Gallagher."

The following evening the four were upon the truth. Werner and Collins in one car, Conley and George in another. They had bought their tickets separately. Neither pair saw the other after the train started.

They arrived at different hours, but later met at the spot agreed upon, a place a mile from town, where they were met by Turner and his sleigh.

It was decided that they should sneak upon the lodge which Harris occupied and make him prisoner while still in bed. Then they were to take him away to the place among the hills that had been prepared by Turner.

He was to be kept here in case he refused to agree to the terms offered, while Werner was to return to the city and have the demands presented to Mrs. Harris and her brother.

Two days later the five had gone from Turner's place to the retreat he had made in the hills and from there had advanced upon the little house Harris himself had built of logs.

They took up their position near a mass of white covered underbrush, from which they could watch the window not more than twenty yards away, and prepared to wait until the man within went to bed.

They could see him from time to time as he bent over the fire cooking smoking hunks of meat. He ate his supper with the appetite of a man who had tramped the entire winter's day and had earned his food, after which he lighted his pipe and smoked for awhile, seated before the fireplace, with his feet resting upon the low mantel above his head. Then he stretched himself luxuriantly, an expression of great enjoyment upon his hard lined face, and prepared to roll into bed.

Several minutes later the party gathered about the rear door, discovered that it was not even bolted, entered a rude kind of hallway and stopped before the room in which Harris was already asleep, as his heavy breathing informed them.

"Get your rods ready now," Werner whispered, "so you can follow me when I cave in the door."

He drew back across the narrow passageway and rushed against the door with all of his strength. It broke open before him, and he stumbled into the room, the others following him with their guns drawn.

Harris had started up at the noise and made an attempt to reach the corner of the room in which was a small arsenal, but halted when he saw that he was covered by four or five men who wore heavy mufflers over their faces below the eyes.

Harris stood for a moment gazing at them.

"Well, what d'ye want?" he growled finally, betraying no signs of fear.

"You see, we've got you, doc," Werner began in a matter of fact manner. "Got to hand it to you for taking it like that, though. You see, the object of the game is to take you off to a place we know of and keep you there till your wife or your manager comes through with what we ask and gets you out of soak. Do you make me?"

"How much do you think you're going to get?" demanded Harris, continuing to size them up.

"Well," answered Werner slowly, "if you fixed it up yourself so we could get the coin promptly and without any sort of trouble, why, out of consideration for your kindness and your show of judgment we might let you down with as little as ten thousand—and that's the lowest, because, with just a little more time, we can get your wife or that brother-in-law manager of yours to kick in with at least twenty-five."

"My wife can't sign a check for more than one thousand at most, and my manager isn't allowed to make out one for more than it takes for current expenses."

After a pause, during which Harris and Werner looked at each other in the manner of opponents at poker, the latter said: "On the dead, now, ain't the principal reason you don't want to cough up just because you'd rather give up twenty-five thousand willingly than be made to give up ten?"

Mr. Harris grunted in a manner that might have signified assent.

"Would you give up twenty-five thousand if you didn't have to come across with ten?" languidly inquired George.

"Yes," growled the other.

"You're on!" George called as he knocked Werner's revolver halfway across the room by a sudden movement and rapidly waved his own gun from one to the other of the remaining three, all of whom were taken entirely by surprise.

In an instant Harris had jumped across the room and had armed himself.

"And now, gov'nor," went on the younger man, "I'll keep 'em covered while you take their guts."

Mr. Harris finished disarming them and turned to George.

"What're we going to do with 'em?" he asked.

"If it's all the same to you we'll just turn the rummies out and let 'em beat it before the going gets worse."

"And having them trying it again or trying to pot me through the window some time, eh?"

"They won't," returned the other confidently. "I got enough on any one of them to have him settled for the rest of his natural. Take my word for it, they won't start anything, except to start on their way."

Five minutes later Mr. Harris and George stood side by side at the window watching four men as they walked away.

Then the former turned to the younger man.

"I promised you the money," he said, "and if you're willing to work I'll give you a job, but we'll talk about that in the morning, because I'm going back to bed now. You can find some blankets and skins in that lean-to and make you a pallet."

"All right, sir," said the other. "Good night, dad."

"Good night, son," returned his father.

### WORDS THAT ARE ACCURSED.

To use Them Before the Yezidees is to Invite Death.

The Yezidees, a peculiar Turkish sect, are perhaps the only people in the world who consider certain words and phrases as being cursed and by person who, unknowingly from a mythic belief, an impending disaster thus.

These words or phrases in human life, or in their ordinary phrases are only objects arising from the unfortunate employment of conventional inferences with them, for if any one inadvertently speaks the word "devil," "devil" or anything with the same meaning he commits a mortal offence, and to cut off his head is a God pleasing act, a sacred duty of the Yezidee, the Paliment of which will insure him a place in paradise.

In a Kiu manner several letters are wholly banished from their language, chiefly those which contain the sound of "shell." The Arabian word "Satan," "Thou art damned," is also expunged because it is believed by the Yezidees to have been the word uttered by God when the fallen angels were thrown into hell.

These and similar words and phrases are set aside and combinations which do not belong to any language used instead.—London Spectator.

### BEAN CULTURE.

Important Industry Was Started In Ontario In 1856.

Bean growing in Ontario has had a steady and a substantial development. By the introduction of improved machinery the crop is now produced much more easily than it was in former years, says C. A. Zavitz in a recent Ontario Department of Agriculture bulletin. It fits into a rotation of farm crops admirably. The seed furnishes a concentrated and a highly nutritious article of human food. The crop is readily stored, easily transported and can be used in a variety of ways. The price of beans has advanced from time to time until it is now more than double the average price of beans for the past thirty years. It is probably safe to say that there was never a time more opportune than the present for increasing the bean crop in Ontario to the advantage of both the producers and the consumers.

The production of beans in a commercial way was started in Kent County, Ontario, about 1856. Southern Ontario is particularly well adapted to the production of commercial field beans and of seed beans of fine quality.

According to the Census and Statistics Reports of the Dominion Department of Trade and Commerce for the past five years, 86.6 per cent. of the field beans produced in Canada were grown in the Province of Ontario.

The Reports of the Bureau of Industries of the Ontario Department of Agriculture inform us that for the past thirty-three years there has been an annual average in the Province of Ontario of 44,437 acres, and of 768,763 bushels of beans, with an annual market value of $946,371. The average yield amounted to 17.1 bushels per acre per annum. For the five years, from 1909 to 1913, inclusive, there was an annual average of 56,521 acres, and 964,173 bushels of beans. The average yield for the five year period was 17.3 bushels per acre. It will, therefore, be seen that the acreage of beans in Ontario for the past five years surpassed that of the thirty-three year period by an average of fully 12,000 acres per annum. It will also be noticed that the yield is slightly higher for the last five years than for the longer period.

The average annual value of the bean crop of Ontario amounted to $545,087 for the ten year period from 1892 to 1901; to $6,863,012 for the ten year period from 1902 to 1911; and to $2,009,537 for the two year period comprising 1913 and 1914. These figures show a substantial development in the bean industry of Ontario.

### Knew Where It Would End.

An officer attached to the British headquarters in a letter to his wife writes:

"In war the views and ideas of your enemy are at least as instructive and interesting as any comments you may hear from your own people. Therefore the following notions from the lips of a German officer recently captured are certainly worthy of your consideration, as the conclusion he drew contained a strong element of common sense.

"He was asked how long he thought the war would last. He replied that he was unable to form a definite opinion, but that he would be very pleased to prophesy where it would end. So he was asked to proceed and then said, "Within forty yards of where I was captured."

### Easily Gauged.

Old Benjamin Dwyer was accustomed to treat his guests with sweet cider, and, although the barrel stood in the darkest corner of a dark cellar, he never carried a lamp on his trips for a fresh supply. One evening Mr. Brookings, the minister, was his guest.

"It must be quite an art to fill the pitcher so accurately in the dark without running it over," said Mr. Brookings.

"Well, he, 'tain't 'xactly difficult," Benjamin replied. "You see, when the cider gets up to the first joint of my thumb I stop."

### Satisfaction.

A barefooted darky while hoeing cotton one day saw his big toe under a clod, and, thinking it was a mole's head, hit it and hurt himself. After working with it for awhile he got tired, set his foot on a stump and said, "Well, jes pain away now. I doesn't care; you hurts yeself wusin ye do me."

### Naturally.

Little Lillian proudly displayed some shaving curls she had picked up from the floor of a carpenter shop. "I wouldn't wear those," said brother Bruce. "Why not?" asked the little girl. "If you do," said Bruce, "folks'll think you are a blockhead."

### A Convert.

Little Minkley had talked for an hour on the subject of evolution.

"And now, my dear Mrs. Hitterton, do you believe in the missing link?" he said in conclusion.

"Yes, I do now," replied the fair maiden, "though I didn't until I saw you."