THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

WEDNESDAY EVE'G JAN., 31, 1917

BOYS BE MEN

[By Pte. Fred McCartney.]

'Tis Christmas time somewhere in France
And we are still here taking a chance,
We have not a care for the matter of guns
For who can say we another year comes
We may be back in the land we love,
Across the sea or with the Lord above.

But still there will come a day
When Fritz the blighter will have to pay
For the brave boys who have fought and
fair,
And suffered through these kinds of h—
But still for all it may be true,
We may be back here, what say you?
While say you who are far over the sea,
And miss the cheer and roar of battle me,
Will we be back in the land we love,
With the bird of Peace, the little dove,
Or still be here listening to the rap and
rattle of the big gun roar,
Or late at home on our native shore?

And what of the boys still there in party,
Why don't they be men and come and
fall in a quiver.
As I am a shot at Felix, somewhere in
France?

They have to leave their home, we know
just well,
But think of the boys that go through
h—
For to protect their homes as well.

Believe me boys it's no fun out here
Where you get loss of rain and very bum
beer;
To stay for eighteen days in the mud and
stench,
And water to your neck in a piece of
trench
That's battered and torn by Fritz's shell,
And your little bit would come in well.

What say you, is it to last?
For time and shells they both go fast.
Are we to be at next Christmas time,
Out here in this awful clime?
Come on boys be men and show some
grit.
Come out here to France and do your bit

Sale Under Chattel Mortgage

Under and by virtue of a distress warrant issued to me as bailiff under a certain chattel mortgage dated the 6th day of Sept 1916, made by James Potts of Township of Esquesing, county of Halton, farmer, to John L. Clark of the township of Chinguacousy, county of Peel, farmer, I have seized and taken possession under the said chattel mortgage of the following stock, implements, good and chattels, viz: Bay mare, Queen, h.d., 12 yrs; brown mare, Minnie, h.d., 8 yrs; bay horse, Charlie, h.d., 9 yrs; red cow 6 yrs, calf at foot; blue cow 5 yrs; Durham cow 5 yrs, calf at foot; Pt bred Jersey cow, calf 8 months old, 25 pigs and sows. Implements:—lumber wagon, scuffler, walking plow, riding plow, top buggy, roller, cultivator, hay rack, pulper, light wagon, cutter 50 ft. rope, pulleys, forks, etc., 2 sets double harness, pr light harness, stack alsac clover hay about 27 load, all crop of oats, hay, etc., about 20 load; 2 water troughs, 2 fanning mills, and other articles, all of which I shall offer for sale by public auction on the premises, north half of lot 16, 11th con. Esquesing on

THURSDAY, FEB. 1st, 1917,

at the hour of 1 p.m.

Terms cash, no credit will be given.
Dated this 23rd day of Jany, 1917.

BENJ. PETCH, Bailiff.

IMPORTANT

Dispersion Sale

—OF—

Horses, Thoroughbred Jersey Cattle, Grade Cattle, Pigs and Implements

The undersigned has received instructions from

S. J. LYONS

to sell by public auction at lot 12, 10th con., Esquesing, near Norval, on

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7th, 1917

at 1 o'clock sharp, the following:

HORSES—Agricultural mare, 9 yrs. (imp.) bred mare, Clydesdale, Perkiergue stal (imp.) [26017] [26064]; filly of above breed (sired by regis ered) thoro-bred mare, draft, 10 yrs; colt, coming 3 yrs, h.d., by Merrie-O; colt, 4 yrs, driver from Uncle Bob; span colts, coming 3 yrs from Merrie-O; colt, 2 yrs, filly, from Uncle Bob; colt, eligible for registration by Merrie-O; colt, filly, coming 2 yrs., by Merrie-O.

CATTLE — Thoroughbred Jerseys — Cow, Rosemary 2nd, —761—; cow, Rosemary 4th, —6365—; cow, Bashful Daisy 3rd, —762—; Bashful Daisy 4th, —763—; Bashful Daisy 5th —6366—; Bashful Daisy 6th; —6367; Bashful Daisy, reg.; Bashful Daisy, reg; Bashful Daisy, reg.; Reta Pogis of Elmgate—2140—; Lady of Elmgate—3558—; Donaldy of Norval 4th —8764—; Norval's Triumph—768—; Marcella of Riverside—8361—; Lady of Elmgate 2nd, reg.; Lady Reid, reg.; Marcella of Riverside 2nd, reg; Marcella Pet Girl 2nd, reg; Marcella Pet Girl 3rd, reg.; 5 pure bred cows; 3 pure bred calves; 3 pure bred calves, all being reg.; bull, reg. (Muatfield's Jack); bull, reg., Lloyd George

Grade Jersey Cows—Grade cow, calf at side; grade cow, calf at side; grade cow, calf at side; grade cow, in calf; grade cow, in calf; grade cow, in calf; grade cow, in calf; grade cow, in calf; 6 grade heifer calves.

Berkshire Pigs—3 brood sows; 5 store pigs; 7 store pigs.

Implements—Wagon, good as new; De Laval separator, 900 lbs. capacity; set team harness, new; set single harness, new.

The G. T. train 11.50 going east and the 2 o'clock train going west will be met with conveyances.

TERMS—All sums of $10 and under, cash over that amount 9 months' credit on approved joint notes.

BENJ. PETCH, Auctioneer

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REGINA PNEUMATIC CLEANERS 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 and REPAIR SHOP

OLD SHIP CARVERS

Their Occupation Gone, There is Now a Lost Art.

FIGUREHEADS OUT OF DATE.

Times, Famous Old, Fanciful Figures; Elaborately Fashioned in Wood, Find No Place in the Decorative Scheme of a Modern Windjammer.

While there is a revival of wooden shipbuilding in Maine, giving employment to the carpenter, rigger and sailmaker, there is not on the whole length of the coast, any job for the carver—the sculptor in wood who used to make the figureheads. That is an occupation now entirely gone, for the figurehead is out of date and its carving a lost art.

One of the most famous of the ship carvers was the late William L. Seavey of Bangor, who fashioned figureheads for the best square riggers that ever left Maine. He learned his trade in a Bangor shipyard when the banks of the Penobscot jostled with new vessel frames, plied his cleaver, chisel and gouge through all the years of America's greatest maritime glory, witnessed the decline of our ocean commerce and lived to see his occupation entirely gone.

For forty years or more did Seavey carve angels and cherubs, kings and queens, mermaids and dolphins, statesmen and warriors, not to mention an occasional lion and numerous eagles, for the adornment of "down east" vessels, for every craft of any considerable size carried a figurehead, some sort of ornament under the bowsprit being regarded as necessary to complete her outfit. But now all that is gone. Owners can see no sense in spending money on such gewgaws as a blue eyed and white robed queen wearing a yellow crown. When they build a vessel now—square riggers are no longer thought of—they whittle her off forward to a billet head and let her go at that. Maybe a gilt scrollwork tops her stem, but nothing more.

Thus it is that Bangor knows the wood sculptor no more, the sole reminder of Seavey's art being a broken and faded specimen of his work, once carried by a big ship, but for many years mounted as a sign over his shop door in Exchange street. In the days of her youth this statuesque lady, whittled and chiseled from a pine log, had golden trimmings on her Grecian robes and in one dainty hand held aloft a golden goblet. Now she is weather worn and grimy, and the goblet hand is gone, but she is the most striking memorial of Seavey, all his other painted beauties being scattered to the seven seas under foreign flags or gone to the port of dead ships.

One of the finest figureheads in his day was that of the clipper ship Western Belle. It was the full sized figure of a woman, with her left arm outstretched, carrying a few spears of wheat. Her right hand gathered the folds of her skirt, the drapery of which, considering that the material was wood, was admirably executed.

From the general outline no less than from the careless curl lying along the breast it is suspected that the carver had worked in marble or was a natural genius. His name was Hampton. He neglected to cut his first name on his masterpiece. He lived and toiled in Bath, the home of American shipbuilding, where the Western Belle was built in 1874.

His handiwork was carried by Bath built ships to the most remote parts of the world, and it is related that a south sea island chief was so impressed with the Yankee carver's skill that he sent him a commission by a friendly skipper to make a set of idols to meet the theological needs of the chief's heathen subjects.

The Western Belle is spending the evening of her days as a coal barge, but the lady who graced her prow was retired from the sea and now occupies a place in a garden. One of her peculiarities was a detachable arm, the one in which she held the wheat. During voyages it was unscrewed so that the seas might not break it, being replaced when the ship was about to make a port. This was not known in the more elaborate of the old wooden figureheads, especially of men-of-war, where danger of shattering was greatest.

Some figureheads were illustrative of the vessel's name, others were whims of the owners or the captains and still others symbolic of events occurring at the time the vessels were built. The schooner Way Eagle, for instance, was built in wartime, and she had for her figurehead a fierce looking eagle, perched on a heap of cannon balls and with arrows clasped in its talons. The Way Eagle was destroyed some years ago at Boston by an explosion of naphtha in her cargo. The schooner American Eagle was decorated with a gorgeous bird of freedom, and the brig American Union was liberally ornamented, stern and bow, with symbols of this nation.

The old steamer Expounder had a figure of John Marshall holding the constitution outspread, and the steamer Daniel Webster carried on either paddle box a medallion head of the great orator, while in her saloon was hung a life sized portrait of him, presented by the citizens of Boston.

STORY OF A SONG.

"Ben Bolt" and its Author, Dr. Thomas Dunn English.

Of all the American songs none is so haunting sweet as that beginning:

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt—
Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile
And trembled with fear at your frown?

Dr. Thomas Dunn English, its author, contributed his poem to the New York Mirror in 1843. It was a work of love, written without compensation, to oblige the editor, N. P. Willis, who had recently undertaken to put the paper on its feet.

The poem had a pathetic lilt that attracted no little attention, but its fame did not come until later years. In 1848 Nelson Kneass, an actor, adapted the poem to an old German melody, and the air captivated the American people. Then the song crossed the water, achieved an equally great success in England and literally ran round the world.

It remained for George Du Maurier to immortalize "Ben Bolt" in the play "Trilby," where the gentle victim of Svengali sings the air so sweetly to Taffy the Laird and Little Billee.

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For application forms apply to the Deputy Minister of Finance, Ottawa.

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, OTTAWA
OCTOBER 7th, 1916.

DANCING IN ROUMANIA.

Peasants Make Merry on Sunday to Oil Their Joints For Monday.

The Roumanian peasants have a saying that they must dance on Sunday to keep the creak out of their bones on Monday. Most of the dances are at the public houses—dance halls under the blue sky, as it were—and young and old gather there. The old folk spend the day with the tipple, while the young ones dance. There is very little drinking on any other day of the week, and a tipsy man except on Sunday is seldom seen.

The dances are organised by the boys of the community. They arrange for the music, provide the refreshments and preside as masters of ceremony. When the girls reach a marriageable age and have been sufficiently instructed in the household arts they are allowed to attend these dances as participants. "She dances at the dance" is the peasant way of saying that a girl has made her debut and is eligible for matrimonial attentions.

The national dance of Roumania is a sort of cross between a jig and the game of ring-around-the-rosie. All the dancers clasp hands and form a ring. They then begin a stepping, swaying motion that never moves them out of their original tracks, and to the music of the gypsy band they keep it up for hours.

Animals Under Water.

The ability of a beaver to remain under water for a long time is not really as tough a problem as it looks. When the lake or pond is frozen over a beaver will come to the under surface of the ice and expel his breath so that it will form a wide, flat bubble. The air, coming in contact with the ice and water, is purified, and the beaver breathes it again. This operation he can repeat several times. The otter and muskrat do the same thing.

Reckless.

"Better let that woman send thirty words for a quarter if she likes."

"Why so?"

"It will save the company money. She has already torn up about $1 worth of blanks trying to boil her message down."—Pittsburgh Post.

Must Keep Them.

"Does he keep his promises?"

"I guess so. I never heard of anybody wanting to take them."—Detroit Free Press.

What He Made.

"How's business, old man? Been making anything lately?"

"Yes; an assignment."—Boston Transcript.

Sweet is the destiny of all traders, whether of the brown or of the mind. God never allowed any man to do nothing.—Bishop Hall.

When You Look At the Biscuits

you are glad to see that they are just done to a nicety. They have that beautiful, snowy interior that is the result of

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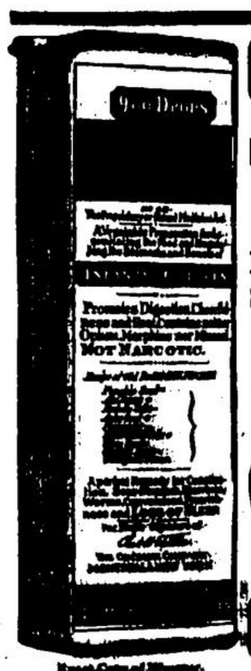

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MARK TWAIN'S LAST DAYS.

"Sorry, but I Can't Hurry This Dying Business," He Told a Friend.

Mark Twain's last days, it will be remembered, were spent in Bermuda, at the home of Vice Consul Allen, where he had gone following the shock of his daughter Jean's death. The great humorist, suffering from heart attacks which began to recur with increasing frequency, knew that he was a sick man. Yet his whimsical humor never failed him. His biographer, Albert Bigelow Paine, writing in St. Nicholas, recalls how Mr. Clemens at this time referred to the hypodermic injections which had become necessary to him, as "hypnotic injunctions."

"As long as I remember anything," writes Mr. Paine in describing the trip from Bermuda, "I shall remember the forty-eight hours of that homeward voyage. He was comfortable at first, and then we sailed into the humid, oppressive air of the gulf stream, and he could not breathe. It seemed to me that the end might come at any moment, and this thought was in his own mind, but he had no dread; and his sense of humor did not fail. Once, when the ship rolled and his hat fell from the hook and made the circuit of the cabin floor, he said: 'The ship is passing the hat.'

"I had been instructed in the use of the hypodermic needle and from time to time gave him the 'hypnotic injunction,' as he called it. But it did not afford him entire relief. He could remain in any position but a little while. Yet he never complained and thought only of the trouble he might be making. Once he said:

"'I am sorry for you, Paine, but I can't help it—I can't hurry this dying business.'

"And a little later:

"'Oh, it's such a mystery, and it takes so long!'"

EVOLUTION OF A SENATOR.

His Career Briefly Sketched From Baby Holding to Congress.

Prior to election a future United States senator is meek and lowly. He is not averse to holding babies or four aces, as the environment may demand, while campaigning for votes. One may safely slap him on the back without fear of rebuff. Before the last precinct is counted he seems to know his enemies, for the senatorial candidate stiffens, does his black clothes and a fresh collar and begins to practice a dignified stride for future use on Pennsylvania avenue. Babies and jackpots have lost their alluring possibilities; no longer does he tolerate familiarity; he is as patronizing as a rooster who scratches worms for the hens and then eats them before his invited guests arrive.

Seated in a niche of the hall of congress the new senator feels as though he should peer through a microscope to make sure he is there, but confidential letters sent to the editor of the Jumpoff Breeze tell how he is preparing a bill advocating the irrigation of sagebrush valley; also how he is worked to death by other senators asking favors of him. As a school for fiction writers the United States senate has all other correspondence schools lashed to the mast.

Many senators fail to receive just reward at the conclusion of their maiden voyage through the troubled congressional waters probably because the law is so strictly enforced against murder. —Harper's Weekly.

Grand Canyon Rocks.

In the very bottom of the Grand canyon lie the dark, inconspicuous rocks, mostly tough crystalline granite gneiss and schist, the oldest in the canyon and among the oldest in the world. They were in part deposited as sands and muds in a sea, in part accumulated as lava flows and in part intruded beneath the surface as molten rock. All these materials became solidified, and later they were slowly heaved and crumpled into mountains, which were in time worn down by rain, rivers and perhaps the waves of the sea to a nearly level land surface. This surface finally sank beneath the sea and became the floor on which fresh sediments began to accumulate. Twice at least was this mighty cycle repeated in the Grand canyon region.

A Polite Doubt.

A fond parent was telling Oliver Herford of the really bright remark of her three-year-old daughter.

Herford was much impressed.

"How old did you say little Lena is?" he asked.

"Only three," answered the mother proudly.

"Do you know," said the humorist solemnly, "I have a suspicion that sometimes these children lie about their age."—McClure's Magazine.

Wood Pulp Silk.

Artificial silk manufactured from wood pulp for which several kinds of California timber are suitable is used annually in this country to the amount of 7,000,000,000 pounds. It is utilized principally in the manufacture of millinery, sweaters and hosiery.

Dilatory.

She—Here's a woman who got married, deserted her husband and eloped all in one day. He—What delayed her? —St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Overstayed His Market.

"What, broke? Why, the last time I saw you you told me you were on the road to fortune."

"So I was, but I went past my station."—Boston Transcript.

Kindness in us is the honey that blunts the sting of unkindness in another.—Landor.

Marriage and Mathematics.

"Yes," said the old mathematician, with a gleam in his eyes, "I've always looked at it that way. Marriage is addition, when the little ones come it's multiplication, when dissension comes up to cloud the horizon of their happiness it's division, and when the final parting comes it's subtraction."

"And how about divorce?" asked the listener.

"Oh, that would come under the denomination of fractions."

Nervous Apprehension.

"They are not going to cut me up if I go to the hospital, are they?"

"Of course not when you're going just for a rest. What makes you think they are?"

"Because when I called up the hospital a voice said, 'Operator.'"

A Soft Answer.

The wife of a man who came home late insisted upon a reason.

"When I go out without you," he said, "I do not enjoy myself half so much, and it is not [illegible]