# The Georgetown Herald.

FIFTIETH YEAR — GEORGETOWN, WEDNESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 14, 1917. — $1.50 PER ANNUM


**THE GEORGETOWN HERALD**

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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 | 9.20 a.m |
| Passenger | 10.54 a.m |
| Mail | 11.00 a.m |
| Passenger | 3.45 p.m |
| Mail | 7.15 p.m |

GOING WEST.

| | |
|---|---|
| Passenger | 12.50 a.m. |
| Mail | 7.45 a.m. |
| Passenger | 2.05 p.m. |
| Passenger | 5.31 p.m. |
| Mail | 7.57 p m |

GOING NORTH.

| | |
|---|---|
| Mail | 6.33 p.m. |

GOING SOUTH.

| | |
|---|---|
| Mail | 10.10 a.m. |

**Georgetown Conservative Ass'tion**

Meets the last Tuesday of each Month.

S. YOUNG, President. WM. ARNOLD, Secretary

## DIRECTORY

**Legal**

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

**Medical**

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

L. L. PLANT, D.O. Oph., D. GEORGETOWN. Office next to Library. Phone 199. Specialist in Defective EYESIGHT. OFFICE HOURS: Wednesdays—2 to 5 p.m. and 6 to 9 p.m. Saturdays—2 to 5 p.m. and 6 to 9 p.m. Phone for an Appointment

**Chiropractic**

No Medicine, Surgery or Osteopathy. A. M. NEILSEN, D.C. Graduate of "The Palmer," the Original School of Chiropractic, Davenport, Iowa, U.S.A. Office over Rumford's Shoe Store. Consultation and Spinal Analysis Free. Tues., Thurs. and Sat., 2 to 5 & 7 to 8 p.m. Phone 156a

**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.

DR. L. L. BENNETT DENTIST. Office at residence, Main St., north, first house over G.T.R. bridge. Phone 142, Georgetown.

**Auctioneers**

BENJ. FETCH. Licensed Auctioneer for Halton and Peel. Glen Williams Post Office. Sales conducted satisfactorily and at reasonable rates. Orders left at the Georgetown HERALD OFFICE will receive prompt attention.

**Veterinary**

DR. J. BOVARD, V.S., B.V.Sc. NORVAL. Graduate Ontario Veterinary College and Toronto University. Diseases of all Domesticated Animals Treated on the most Scientific Principles. Bell Phone—Bell 121 ring 14. Chinguacousy 387 ring 31.

**J. A. TRACY**

*Clerk of Expanding 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 Stewartown.

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!! No Shovelling Required !!

**STANDARD ANTHRACITE**

**SCRANTON COAL** In all sizes

Authentically 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

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## J. W. KENNEDY

Hardware, Paints, Stoves, Tinware, Electric Fixtures, Sewer Pipe, and Cement Tinsmithing and Plumbing

Hot Air and Hot Water Heating Electric Wiring

**J. W. Kennedy** PHONE 25 *Georgetown, Ont.*

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**INSURANCE**

Fire, Life and Accident

Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Clerk Third Division Court.

C. C. ROE, GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

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Cut Down the High Cost of Living by

## Raising Poultry!

We can supply you with lumber, roofing and glazed sash to build your Poultry House.

Have a plan for a house 20 x 20 which will accommodate 100 hens. We have also a smaller size to accommodate 50 hens, and a small one for back yard for 10 hens.

These plans were prepared by Mr. Bull of McDonald College and found satisfactory for laying stock.

All kinds of lumber and building materials on hand in our yards.

**J. B. Mackenzie**

Lumber, Planing Mills at Acton and Georgetown

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**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. STUFFED and PLAIN OLIVES. HIGH-CLASS SWEET PICKLES IN BULK

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**SCRANTON COAL** In all sizes.

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

**Portland Cement**

Flour, Feed and Provisions.

**John Ballantine** GEORGETOWN, - - ONT. Phone 20.

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**A Reliable Agent Wanted**

In every good town and district in Ontario, where we not represented.

Territory reserved for the right man. Highest commissions paid. Attractive advertising matter.

SPLENDID LIST of NEW SPECIALTIES for SEASON, 1916-1917, including the New Everbearing Raspberry, St. Regis.

**Stone and Wellington**

The Fonthill Nurseries. (Established 1837) Toronto - - - Ontario

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1857—1917

## SIXTY YEARS

OF PROGRESS AND SUCCESS

We have established a lasting reputation for fair and square dealing and are now prepared to meet existing conditions by offering you high grade trees and plants direct to customers at ROCK BOTTOM PRICES. Don't delay in planting fruit trees and plants, as there is nothing pays better. Send for our illustrated circulars of hardy varieties which you can order direct and get the benefit of agent's commission. Our prices will be sure to interest you.

*THE CHASE BROTHERS CO. of Ontario, Ltd., NURSERYMEN. Colborne - Ont.*

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**PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED**

In all countries. Ask for our INVENTOR'S ADVISER, which will be sent free. MARION & MARION, 364 University St., Montreal.

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**Arthur B. Castell**

Y.B.P. COLLEGE OF MUSIC. London, England.

*Teacher of Piano, Organ, Cornet, Violin and Singing*

Tuition Fee (in any branch) $5.00 per term of 10 lessons, at my residence Main St., Georgetown, or at pupil's home.

*Pianos Tuned.*

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## Choosing a School

Our aim is to do one thing well—teach a practical business education. If you wish a good position you must be thoroughly qualified for it, and the proper qualification cannot be acquired except in a high grade practical school. The instruction here is of the highest order

Students may enter at any time—Session the entire year.

**Start on Monday** for a thorough training

**Guelph Business College** GUELPH, ONT. A. L. BOUCK, Principal

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*Car Loads of Coal Oil*

W. C. Anthony has just received his first car of a large shipment of the Best American White Coal Oil which he recently purchased. He is prepared to fill all orders of 5 gallons and upwards at 18c per gallon. Get your tan moving right now.

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## ...Shoes Below Cost...

This is the time of year to clear out all odd lines of Fall and Winter Goods in order to make room for our Spring Stock. We have about

**300 Pairs**

of Ladies' and Men's odd lines, also Hockey and Felt Boots to clear below cost.

**RUMFORD THE SHOE MAN**

"The Home of Better Shoes"

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**We Sell Only Reliable Goods**

**Fine Jewelry, Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Etc.**

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY

**A. B Willson** Main Street, Next McGibbon Hotel

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**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

**Perfect Flour**

OUR FLOUR, being without fault in making, easily responds to the efforts of the bread and pastry cook. The best flour naturally comes out best in the baking.

**Robert Noble, Limited** NORVAL ONTARIO

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PATTERSON'S

## Meat Market

**Choice Meats and Fish, Butter, Eggs, Lard, Etc.**

**Watch our Window**

for extra good values on Fridays and Saturdays. Choice Beef sold by Quarter also Hogs whole or half at Market Prices

Any person having Veal Calves for sale, please phone or write us

We carry a full line of all kinds of fresh Fish

**W. J. PATTERSON** PHONE 1 GEORGETOWN

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**If YOU have Anything to Sell**

Advertise it in the HERALD and you get the best results

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**DREAMS**

Bright dreams of the past, leave relics of joy
That time in its flight can never destroy;
Like a vial filled of Roses containing,
Though shattered to fragments, the fragrance remaining.

Kingdoms may flourish in brightest array
And vanish again as the light of the day.
No rule can be made, no bound can be set—
Dreams have no limit, in any respect.

Then let our dreams, in the stillness of night
Fly swift to the realms of endless delight;
Let the pain and the care, each day brings to view,
Be cancelled in sleep, when visions come true.

Sweet dreams of the past—some never fulfilled;
Yet sweet as the breath of roses distilled.
With faith, hope and trust, then look to the light
And dream golden dreams in the darkness of night.

F. Talling, Vancouver, B.C.

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## To Day's Story

## MASTER AND MAN

**A Transformation Scene In Russia**

By F. A. MITCHEL

Count Meriwitz died about the time the nihilist movement started in Russia—that movement which led up to the revolution and established the duma. The count left an only son, Dmitri, who had but just come of age and inherited the title and a large fortune from his father. But, while Count Meriwitz had been a loyal subject of the czar, his successor was bent on achieving for the nobles some share in the government.

Dmitri's views became known to his cousin, Ivan Ivanovitch, an unscrupulous man, who in case of Dmitri's removal would become heir to the Meriwitz title and estates. Dmitri was of a trusful nature and confided to Ivan that he was a member of a revolutionary circle, endeavoring to enlist his cousin in the cause of wresting from the czar his autocratic power. Ivan pretended to turn a willing ear to Dmitri's ideas, while he was secretly evolving a plan by which the latter might be sent to Siberia, in which event his citizenship might be taken from him and his estate confiscated.

Ivan, having possessed himself of proof of his cousin's complicity with the nihilists, sent an anonymous communication to the government that he would furnish evidence against a number of treasonable intent on certain conditions. The plotter stood between the writer and a fortune. If he was convicted and deprived of life or citizenship the informer would expect the government to permit him to succeed to the title and estates instead of their passing to the government.

Ivan's offer was accepted, and he was invited to call upon the chief minister of state. During his visit he gave the name of Count Dmitri Meriwitz as the offender and received the promise he had named—that when his cousin was convicted he should be left in possession of the Meriwitz title and property.

Now, Count Dmitri was very much beloved by those composing his household and his tenants. His valet, Stepan Oblonsky, a man twenty years his senior, who had served the late count, adored him. Stepan was as keen to great villainy as Dmitri was obtuse to it. Ivan Ivanovitch visited his cousin, and it was in the latter's home that Dmitri endeavored to induce the former to join the nihilists. Stepan overheard a part of the conversation between them and interpreted at a glance by Ivan's expression, that he was leading the count into a trap.

When Ivan left the Meriwitz home Stepan shadowed him and saw him enter the office of an official who had charge of the secret police for that district. This was quite enough for the servitor, who, returning to his master, he told him what he had seen and implored him to flee.

Dmitri, convinced of his cousin's treachery and not relishing banishment to Siberia, availed himself of his valet's advice and, taking Stepan with him, left at once for Germany.

Several years passed, during which Dmitri remained in exile, but this was very different from being in Siberia. Since the government could not get possession of him no proceedings were instituted against him. This was a great disappointment to Ivan Ivanovitch, who had expected to secure Dmitri's estates. Dmitri, having all the money he wanted, lived in Berlin, Paris, London, Rome—anywhere he chose. But one wants what one cannot have, and the exile pined for his home and his people. Stepan was the only person to remind him of his native land. Indeed, Stepan was a great comfort to him, and Dmitri's gratitude to his valet was proportionate to the service he had rendered.

"If it had not been for you, Stepan," Dmitri often said, "I would now be working in the mines of Siberia."

"This is much better, excellency. Content yourself to remain an exile so long as you may live in luxury."

When the revolution came to a head the count could no longer control his desire to return to Russia. But, being proscribed, if he returned and was recognized he would not only be of no use to the cause, but would run the risk of being sent to that dreaded life lived by those who are doomed to work in the mines of Kara.

Stepan for awhile succeeded in persuading his master to remain away from Russia, but at last Dmitri could stand it no longer to see others suffering the pains he was living a life of ease. Five years had passed since he left Russia, and these years had brought a greater change in him than any other equal period in his life. At the departure from home he was twenty-one years of age, wore no beard, and his hair was thick. Now he was twenty-six, he wore a full beard and mustache, and his hair had receded from his temples and his forehead. Besides this, his former slender figure had filled out.

He determined to assume another name, return to Russia, which by this time had been granted the duma, and take part as a notable of the land in the assembly that had been constituted to make laws for the country. Nevertheless he had been a long while from Russia and was uncertain as to what he would find on his arrival there. To appear there at all would be hazardous.

He decided to take especial precautions till he had had an opportunity to look about him and judge whether he dared risk recognition. He would take Stepan with him, of course. When he informed his servitor of his intention and Stepan found that he could not dissuade him the valet proposed that after passing the Russian border, until they were satisfied just how dangerous Russia was for the count, Stepan should play master and Dmitri should play man.

This proposition struck the count favorably, and he made arrangements to carry it out. He procured the clothes of a gentleman for Stepan and provided him with a name and title. He was to be Count Sergius Arkadyevich, and the real count was to be his valet, Peter.

Count Sergius and his valet entered Russia by way of Caucasia, going by the Black sea to the extreme eastern end of that water.

Now, Stepan's idea of the greatness of a count illustrates the adage "Put a beggar on horseback and he will ride to the devil." Instead of imitating his master's uniform kindness to him, he went to the other extreme. This was because he did not approve of a great personage treating one of a lower station with any forbearance and feared that if he showed consideration for his master their true relative positions would be given away.

No sooner had they set sail from Constantinople then Stepan became seasick. Dmitri was a good sailor and was able to wait on his supposed master. Whether it was that seasickness makes one careless as to what happens or Stepan's ability to play his role properly was marred by mal de mer, he ordered his valet about, directing him to do all manner of menial services not only imperatively, but with curses for his remissness.

On the same vessel with this false count and false valet were a couple of American globe trotters who, having tired of civilized lands, were striking out in paths usually unfrequented by tourists. They were going to what was then St. Petersburg by the same roundabout way as Count Sergius Arkadyevich and his valet. The Americans were a Mrs. Henderson of Chicago and her daughter, Jaquelin.

When the ship began to pitch and the spurious count sank upon a sofa in the cabin and began to abuse his supposed valet Miss Jaquelin's ideas of a proper consideration of servants by masters received a shock. All those who were sick were calling "Steward!" and the young lady, pretending to mistake the count's valet for a ship's attendant, sent him for a glass of water. The valet, having noticed her favorably, was not slow to respond and devoted himself exclusively to the girl.

During the rest of the voyage there was a struggle between Miss Henderson and Count Sergius for the attentions of the latter's valet. It was, from the count, "Peter, a towel, and be quick about it," and, from Miss Jaquelin, "Steward, I wish you to take me on deck." Peter preferred to attend the lady, who loaded him with tips and other kindnesses, including smiles. She asked him why he remained in the service of such a brute as Count Sergius and offered to ask her mother to give him the position of courier if he would accept it.

Dmitri said that he was bound to his master by bonds that he could not break. Jaquelin inferred that there was some dark story connected with the service and begged to know what it was. Dmitri, in order to satisfy her, told her that he had been a valet to the count's elder brother, who had tyrannized over him so fearfully that he had killed him. He could not escape his present service without being turned over to justice.

This only added to Jaquelin's interest in the unfortunate man. So fascinated was she with him that she dragged her mother over the same route the count and the valet were traveling. When the two men reached a point near where they were known they suddenly disappeared.

The real count, when he learned that the czar had granted the people a constitution, through a friend made overtures to the government for permission to resume his identity without fear of persecution. He was promised immunity and announced himself a candidate for the duma, to which he was elected.

One day Mrs. Henderson and her daughter visited the duma and saw the valet of their former traveling companion sitting among the members. Great as was their astonishment, it was far greater when they saw Count Sergius Arkadyevich enter dressed as a lackey and respectfully hand his valet his mail.

Miss Jaquelin Henderson was both pleased and miffed at having been imposed upon. Curiosity came in as to why a nobleman was traveling as a valet to his valet. Not willing that the deception should be all on one side, she sent her and her mother's cards to Count Sergius Arkadyevich and waited to see who would appear, the real count or his valet.

Count Dmitri, thinking that it would be good fun to keep up the deception with her, appeared with his supposed master's compliments and an invitation to visit the Arkadyevich manor house.

"Tell your master," said Jaquelin, "that we Americans have been imposed upon too often by bogus European noblemen for me to be thus entrapped."

With this the count laughed and made an explanation. The lady was only appeased when she knew his story.

Later the Hendersons visited the real count and were sumptuously entertained, with the result that Jaquelin became a countess.

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## MONEY IN SALONIKI.

Why the Market Glimpse of It Will Produce a Near Riot.

In normal times, if Saloniki is ever normal, she has a population of 120,000, and every one of those 120,000 is personally interested in any one else who engaged or may be about to engage in a money transaction. In New York if a house falls down there is at once an audience of a dozen persons. In Saloniki the downfall of a house is nobody's business, but a copper coin changing hands is everybody's. Of this local characteristic John T. McCutcheon and Wheeler made a careful study, and the result of our investigations produced certain statistics.

If in Saloniki you buy a newspaper from a newsboy, of the persons passing two will stop; if at an open shop you buy a package of cigarettes five people will look over your shoulders; if you pay your cab driver his fare you block the sidewalk, and if you try to change a 100 franc note you cause a riot. In each block there are nearly a half dozen money changers. They sit in little shops as narrow as a doorway, and in front of them is a showcase filled with all the moneys of the world.

It is not the sight of your 100 franc note that enchants the crowd. That collects the crowd, but what holds the crowd is that it knows there are twenty different kinds of money, all current in Saloniki, into which your note can be changed. And they know the money changer knows that and that you do not. So each man advises you—not because he does not want to see you cheated (between you and the money changer he is neutral), but because he can no more keep out of a money deal than can a fly pass a sugar bowl.

The men on the outskirts of the crowd ask, "What does he offer?"

The lucky ones in the front row seats call back, "A hundred and eighteen drachmas." The rear ranks shout with indignation: "It is robbery!" "It is because he changes his money in Venizelos street!" "He is paying the money changer's rent!" "In the Jewish quarter they are giving nineteen!". "He is too lazy to walk two miles for a drachma!" "Then let him go to the Greek Papeenastasion!"—Richard Harding Davis in Scribner's.

## FRANCE IS VERY GREEN.

Every Possible Shade is Shown in Its Amazing Vegetation.

It might fairly be said that the general impression France as a whole leaves upon the beholder is—green. Perpetually moist of climate—except in the south—endowed with heavy and continuous rainfalls and having a temperature which is astonishingly even year in and year out, the country is like an enormous hothouse.

The result is a study in greens of every conceivable and inconceivable shade. Verdure and foliage range from greens that are gray or black to greens that are hardly more than yellow. From the hardy pastures high upon the sides of the towering Pelvoux range, thousands of feet above the sea, to the cactus and agaves and olives that grow at the water's edge the verdant nuances are a revelation in rural coloring.

But France is not all green either. That is only the background, the filler, as it were, for a warm toned picture full of high lights, touched with the gold of grain, the ruddy tiles of ancient roofs, the fiery spatter of poppies, the tawny flood of a river or the steely thread of a brook, and on the glistening southern shore, with cliffs as red as any soil New Jersey boasts, water like melted sapphires, villas covered with majolica tiles that make the beholder rub his eyes and wonder if he is dreaming the amazing inebrities of style and color that strive to but cannot shatter the harmony of creation.—National Geographic Magazine.

**A Miniature Holland.**

England has a Holland in miniature near the mouth of the Thames. Canvey Island, beloved of holiday makers, was until three centuries ago almost submerged, but in 1622 a Dutch dyker named Croppenburgh erected a high sea wall and cut drains, which converted it into rich and arable land. Many of the Dutch workmen engaged in the work settled on the reclaimed land, and the Dutch aspect of the island is preserved until this day.—London Chronicle.

**So Shy!**

"That's a nasty cut on your temple," an employer said to his clerk. "How did it happen?"

"I had words with my wife," the clerk answered.

"Your wife gave you that?" exclaimed the employer. "And she used to be such a shy girl!"

"So she is now," said the clerk. "She's always shying, and she never misses."

**Set Her Thinking.**

"I dress expensively. Do you think you could do as well for me in that respect as father does?"

"Perhaps so," said the young man. "Still, I shouldn't like to go around looking as shabby as he does."

**Pale Enough.**

"You are the fourth tramp who has come here begging today," said the lady of the house, "and I'm all out of patience."

"I'm all out o' vittles myself," replied the tramp. "Couldn't we make a trade?"—Exchange.

**Handicapped.**

"My dear, our automobile looks so cheap beside the one our neighbors have. We ought to get the latest make."

"I know we ought, but this is the only house I have to mortgage."—Baltimore American.

**The Real Wish.**

"Don't you wish you could see an old fashioned one ring circus?"

"No. I wish I were a boy again and could appreciate a little thing like a one ring circus."—Detroit Free Press.

**Stinging.**

Mr. Guagge—Oh, there are worse fellows in the world than I am! Mrs. Guagge—Don't be such a pessimist!—San Francisco Chronicle.