The Georgetown Herald.

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at the
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GEORGETOWN - - ONT.

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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	11.00 a.m
Mail	11.39 a.m
Passenger	3.46 p.m
Mail	7.15 p.m

GOING WEST.

Passenger	12.50 a.m.
Mail	9.09 a.m.
Mail	10.10 a.m
Passenger	2.08 p.m.
Passenger	6.21 p.m.
Mail	7.57 p.m.

GOING NORTH.

Mail	8.20 a.m
Mail	3.35 p.m

GOING SOUTH.

Mail	10.10 a.m.
Mail	2.00 p.m.

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 and Surgeon
Medical Officer of Health
District Surgeon G. T. R.
Office hours—2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p.m.
Phone 56
Office and Residence Main St., South, opposite Presbyterian church.

L. L. PLANT, D.O. Oph., D.
GEORGETOWN.
Office next to Library. Phone 130
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. SMILSEN, 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 150a

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. PETCH
Licensed Auctioneer for Halton and Peel, Glenwilliams 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.
Call Phone—Bell 101 ring 14.
Chinguacousy 887 ring 31.

JACKSON AND LEE
Civil Engineers & Surveyors
Temple Bldg., Brantford
Maj. A. M. Jackson, H. M. Lee
Mechanical Engineer, Etc. O.L.S., D.L.S.
R. O. Wynne—Roberts water works engineer
W. C. Tilley—Registered Architect

Spend The Summer Months In;
ELLIOTT
Business College
TORONTO, ONT.
Yonge and Charles Sts., Toronto.
It will pay you well. We were asked to fill 180 positions in two months and 340 during two other months. Write for large Catalogue. Enter now.
W. J. Elliott, Principal.

:: 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.

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.

1000 MEN WANTED!

To buy the best Binder Twine on the Market.

I have just received a car load of twine which I will sell as follows: 650 ft to lb of pure Manilla at 19½c; 600 ft. British Manilla at 18½c; 500 ft at 17c. Payable October 15th. Special prices for Cash.
See our display of fine buggies before you buy.

Joseph Hewson
NORVAL - - - ONTARIO

Papering!
—AND—
PAINTING

As usual I am prepared to do your papering or painting at a most reasonable price. A full line of the choicest wall papers including designs to suit any customer.
Phone or write
WM. THURSTON
Stewarttown, - Esquesing P.O.

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
HEINTZ SWEET PICKLES IN BULK

Fishing Prohibited!
Any person fishing or otherwise trespassing on lot 16 and 17, Con. 8, Esquesing, will be prosecuted.
R. B. Mills, G. G. [illegible]

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.

First Invest IN A HOME

It will pay a higher rate of interest than any Stock or Bond.
It will ensure your family from the ills—physical and otherwise—that come from overstrain from lack of a HOME.
It will rest you, restore you and repay you.
To get satisfaction buy your Supplies from

J. B. Mackenzie
Lumber Planing Mills at Acton and Georgetown

Ready For Spring

I have just received 2 car loads of wire fence and gates. Now is the time to get your order from the old reliable agent at [illegible]

Cedar Posts Always on Hand
All orders and work promptly attended to.
Jno. H. Smith
Esquesing P.O.

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

Arthur B. Castell
Y.S.F. COLLEGE OF MUSIC
London, England.
[illegible]
Teacher of Piano, Organ, Cornet, Violin and Singing
Tuition Fee (in any branch) [illegible] per term of [illegible] lessons, at my residence Main St., Georgetown, or at pupil's home.
Pianos Tuned.

Preparedness
is the order of the day.
Are YOU prepared for a successful business career?
Have YOU the training demanded by big business?
Can YOU "fill the bill?"
The best preparation for business success is a business training in a business school. This school is "live" and modern—a school of thorough courses taught by competent instructors.
INVESTIGATE TO-DAY
Session the entire year.
Guelph Business College
GUELPH, ONT.
A. L. BOUCK, Principal

- LEE SING -
LAUNDRY
The Old Reliable Laundry
First-Class work guaranteed at THE LOWEST PRICE
Shirts 8c.
[illegible]

PUMPS

Do you dance the new dances?
You do!
Well then you'll certainly be wanting a pair of our choice Dancing Pumps. You can't turkey trot, tango or hesitate without them. Dull kid or patent kid.
We've a fine showing of Society Shoes for Men and Women.
Our line of Outing Shoes for Men, Women and Children is complete and the prices are lower than the lowest.

RUMFORD
THE SHOE MAN
"The Home of Better Shoes"

PATTERSON'S
Meat Market
Choicest Fresh and Salt Meats, Butter, Eggs, Canned Goods, Etc.
Watch our Window
for extra good values on Fridays and Saturdays. Choice Beef sold by Quarter also [illegible] whole or half at Market Price.
Any person having Veal Calves for sale, please phone or write us.
We carry a full line of fresh Fish [illegible]
W. J. PATTERSON
PHONE 1 GEORGETOWN

We Sell Only Reliable Goods

Fine Jewelry, Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Etc.
REPAIRING A SPECIALTY
A. B. Wilson
Main Street, Next McGibbon Hotel

—ESTABLISHED 1864—
The Merchants Bank of Canada.

CAPITAL PAID-UP	$ 7,000,000
Reserve Fund	7,245,000
Deposits	67,000,000
Total Assets	93,000,000

Safety Deposit Boxes to Rent.
C. W. Grandy, - Manager
Georgetown Branch.

AS LIFE PASSES

"The Best Is Yet to Come."

A little more gray in the lessening hair
Each day as the years go by;
A little more stooping in the form,
A little more dim in the eye.
A little more faltering of the step
As we tread life's pathway o'er,
And a little nearer every day
To the ones who have gone before.

A little more halting of the gait,
And a dullness of the ear;
A growing weariness of the frame
With each swift passing year.
A fading of hopes, and ambitions, too,
A faltering in life's quest,
And a little nearer every day
To a sweet and peaceful rest.

A little more loneliness in life
As the dear ones pass away;
A bigger claim on the heavenly land
With every passing day.
A little farther from toil and care,
A little less way to roam,
A drawing near to a joyful hope;
And a happy welcome home.

To Day's Story

A YOUNG HOSTESS

She Entertained a Great Man Unawares

By F. A. MITCHEL

"Gladys," said [illegible] his daughter before setting out from the family residence in the province of Ontario, Canada. "General Herbert is coming to see me this morning by appointment to talk over military matters pertaining to our Canadian [illegible] in the great war. I have been summoned to another conference of equal importance. I must rely upon you to keep the general engaged until my return. We have important matters to talk over, and I don't wish him to leave without our having the conference."

"What kind of matters?"

"Herbert has been fighting in Belgium and has greatly distinguished himself. I need the information he is able to impart. While recovering from a wound he has been sent over here to instruct us in the needs and necessities of the Canadian troops at the front."

"How long will you be gone, papa?"

"It may be an hour; it may be all [illegible] words were not heard [illegible] father, who was hurrying away [illegible] a train.

[illegible] Oldershaw proceeded to [illegible] certain household duties which devolved upon her as her father's housekeeper. They were not onerous, and did not take up much of her time. When she had finished them she went out on to the porch and looked about her for some out of door occupation or amusement. The croquet ground looked inviting, and, taking out a box of balls and a mallet, she went there and began to play alone. But she found playing croquet without an opponent a very unsatisfactory amusement, and was about to give it up when, looking aside, she saw a small, slender young man whose clothes fitted him badly looking over the fence at her.

"Beg pardon," he said. "Is this Mr. Oldershaw's place?"

"It is."

"Is he at home?"

"No, he has gone to the city."

The young man looked disappointed. He asked how long Mr. Oldershaw would remain away.

"Father expects a man to see him today, a general who has come back from the war. Father told me before going to tell this man that he might be gone an hour and he might be gone all day."

A curious expression passed over the stranger's face at the mention of the great man who was expected.

"I don't know," he said, "that Mr. Oldershaw will have any time to devote to me, having the general with him."

Gladys made no reply to this; she evidently thought the man was quite right.

"What is your idea of a general's age?" he asked.

Gladys considered the question irrelevant but concluded to answer it. She said a general must be an old man; forty at least.

"I think I'll wait awhile," said the little man, looking interestedly at the nearby tennis court.

"You might put in some time at tennis," suggested Gladys; "that is, if you play the game."

"One can't very well play tennis without an opponent," was the reply.

Gladys told him that she was disengaged and would accommodate him. She procured a racket for him, and, climbing the fence, he took position for the game. He appeared to be an expert player, but was at a disadvantage in getting over the ground, dragging one leg after him with some slight difficulty.

They played several sets, and during the time occupied in doing so Gladys' opinion of her opponent was being improved. He seemed to be rather gentle for a man, but amiable as well, and he was quite original in his way of saying things.

The game was interrupted by the approach of a very large man with gray moustachios, in uniform, who stopped and asked if Mr. Oldershaw was at home.

"Are you General Herbert?" asked Gladys.

"No, I am Colonel Waterman."

"Papa expects General Herbert to day. I supposed you were he."

The colonel passed on, and Gladys turned again to her opponent in tennis and suggested that he might be tired and would like to go the house and rest. He admitted that it was rather tiresome playing with a game leg, as he called it, and he wouldn't mind a rest. Indeed, he seemed to be quite exhausted with the efforts he had made. Gladys led him to the porch, pointed to a swinging sofa, and when he sat down on it insisted that he lie at full length and covered him with an afghan.

"I think you played too long," she said.

"Tennis is an active game," was his reply.

Gladys went into the house and brought out some refreshment for him, of which he partook and seemed to feel stronger.

"What made you think that man who asked if your father was at home was General Herbert?" he asked.

"Oh, he was so big and fierce looking. Then, too, he was about the right age for a general."

"All generals are not old. There are generals in the armies in Europe not over twenty-five years of age."

"Why, I thought the captains and lieutenants were about that age."

"Usually they are, but sometimes a man gets to be a general earlier."

"How does he do it?"

"Oh, he loses his head and does something he wouldn't dare do in his calmer moments. It is mistaken for an act of bravery, and they promote him. If he does it often enough and doesn't get himself killed he may reach the grade of general."

"I don't think that's a very nice way of putting it."

"'Tis about true."

"How do you, a civilian, know anything about such matters?" There was a touch of irony in this.

"Oh, I have friends who have been there."

"I suppose they wouldn't take you in the army."

"Why not?"

"In the first place, you're lame; besides, you don't look very strong. And all the soldiers I've seen are rather large men."

"I don't fancy," said the little man, "that if I were to present myself for enlistment as I am today I would be accepted. I couldn't even be a private in the rear ranks. Funny, isn't it?"

Gladys did not see anything funny about it, but she refrained from saying so.

"I wonder," she said instead, "what is keeping General Herbert? Father said he had a special appointment."

"I wish for your sake," said the little man, "that General Herbert had come instead of your humble servant."

"I don't."

"Why?"

"How do you suppose a girl like me could entertain him?"

The little man laughed.

"What amuses you?" asked Gladys.

"That you should suppose that a man is a great big noble creature covered with glory simply because he is a general. How many generals' reputations have lasted as long as that of Alexander Pope, the poet, who had a miserable body and never a well day?"

"Papa contends," said Gladys thoughtfully, "that persons admire their opposites. That evidently isn't true in your case."

[illegible] more imposing creature."

"I don't mean that at all. What I do mean is that you, a delicate, sickly man, don't seem to set any great store by bravery."

"There are different kinds of bravery. Moral bravery is always admirable. Physical bravery is as liable to be found in a savage as in the most civilized man. That it is akin to the courage of a beast is evidenced by the fact that most men when they go into a fight are frightened out of their senses. When they get into it their brutal nature comes to the surface and they fight like brutes."

"How do you know how men feel when they go into battle?"

The little man showed a bit of confusion at the question, but was equal to the occasion. He said that he had read a great deal about soldiers.

"So have I," the girl retorted. "When I read about a battle I always wish I were a man and were in it."

"I once read a description of a battle written by a man who had just come out of it. He was writing at the field hospital where the surgeons were at work. His battle pictures made me glad that I wasn't in it."

"Oh, I suppose if one is not"—

She got no further. Hearing the gate close, she looked around and saw her father hurrying up the walk. On reaching the veranda he said:

"I am sorry, general, to have kept you waiting for me. But I see that my little girl has taken good care of you."

"Your little girl has knocked me out at tennis."

"What! Tennis? With that wound of yours? Gladys, what in the world did you permit General Herbert to play tennis for? You have endangered his life."

Meanwhile Gladys stood mute with astonishment, to say nothing of confusion. It is said that all the scenes of a man's life are rushed before his eyes when he is drowning. Certain it is that everything Gladys had said to General Herbert came up to mock her. He came to her rescue.

"Oh, Miss Gladys didn't know that I was even a soldier. She has an exaggerated view of what a general should be and what many of them are, I am sorry to say—an old fool too old to fight and too stupid to show others how to fight. But we have been getting rid of those fellows on the other side, and nearly all our generals are now good men. As for me, I have never yet had a general command, and I'm not in a hurry to get one. A brigade is all I'll get, anyway."

Gladys retired, leaving her father's guest to instruct him with regard to the necessities of the Canadian troops at the seat of war. By dinner time she had recovered from her embarrassment, and General Herbert had become in her eyes a greater man than if he had appeared as a six footer, booted and spurred, covered with decorations and swinging a big sword.

So long as Mr. Oldershaw was present Gladys was tongue tied. But after dinner the father found it necessary to attend to certain matters that called him to his study. This left the general and Gladys alone, and she came out from her shell.

General Herbert has since relinquished the army and left a bride in Canada, nee Gladys Oldershaw.

MARKO'S DILEMMA.

An Old Servian Legend of a Prophecy and Its Fulfillment.

Prilep, in Servia, is dear to the hearts of all Servian peasants, for around it cluster countless stories of one of the nation's most popular legendary supermen—Marko Kralijevitch, otherwise King's Son Marko.

The ruins of the castle of King's Son Marko overlook the town, and if the visitor proves to be a sympathetic auditor the guide will no doubt point out to him in the slabs of rock which strew the approach to the stronghold the indelible hoof prints of the master's favorite steed, Sharatz. And if you should happen to be in Prilep on the anniversary of Marko's festival of "slava," you can prove to your own satisfaction whether there is any truth in the widely credited peasant legend that at midnight the doors of the castle chapel burst open and the hero, fully armed, rides in on his piebald charger, although the Marko of the flesh has been dead for 500 years.

In an old Servian ballad called "Marko's Judgment" there is recited this prophecy: Kral (King) Vukashine, Marko's father, whose chief fortified city was Prilep, speaks first: "Son Marko, may God slay thee! Thou shalt have neither monument nor posterity, and ere thy spirit leaves thy body the Turkish sultan thou shalt serve." Then speaks the czar, Stephen Dushan: "Friend Marko, may God help thee! Bright be thy face in the senate, sharp thy sword in battle. Never shall hero surpass thee. And thy name shall be remembered so long as sun and moon endure."

And here, according to peasant folklore, is how that prophecy was fulfilled: Upon the death of Vukashine, Lazar Hrebllanovitch, Count of Sirmium, was elected czar. Bitterly disappointed at the failure of his own candidacy, Marko threatened the life of Lazar and was forthwith deprived of his fief. Penniless and disheartened, Marko turned to the court of the hated sultan and enlisted in his army to fight the Moslems of Asia Minor. (It should be remembered that it was no disgrace for a Servian to fight with the Turks provided the opposing forces were other Turks, for a Turk less, in whatever cause slain, was a blessing in the eyes of the Servians.)

In time, however, Marko's command was brought west to wage war against the orthodox prince of the Roumans. Loyal to his Mohammedan sovereign, when he came upon the field of battle, Marko's heart failed him when he saw the men of his own faith drawn up against him, and, facing the dilemma of choosing between proving traitor to his chief or lifting his sword against those of his own faith, he cried out, "Oh, God, do thou this day destroy all those who fight against Christendom and foremost Marko!" Saying which, he threw his body on the Christian spears and died without striking a blow.—National Geographic Society Bulletin.

Beginning of the Drama.

The theater in the only sense that is worth considering was born in Athens. Both tragedy and comedy spring from feasts in honor of Bacchus, and as the jests and frolics were found to be out of place when introduced into graver scenes a separate province—the true drama—was formed and comedy arose. The father of the Greek comedy was Aristophanes, who had lots of fun lampooning the public men of Athens. The creator of Greek tragedy was Aeschylus, born B. C. 525. In sublimity Aeschylus has never been surpassed. He is to the drama what Phidias and Michelangelo are to art.

Soldiers and Socks.

The German soldier does not wear socks, but fuss-lappen. These are strips of cloth soaked in tallow and wound about the feet. They are supposed to be preferable to socks, in that they wear more evenly, are more easily cleaned and, when properly worn, are not so likely to wrinkle and cause blisters.

Military authorities disagree, however, as to the relative value of socks and tallow soaked strips. Either covering, though, is considered preferable to the custom of wearing no socks, which has prevailed in the French, Spanish and Italian armies.—Outlook.

The Absentminded Motorist.

"There's an automobilist in distress. Suppose we stop and ask him if there is anything we can do?"

"Are you referring to the man who is sitting still, with a faraway look in his eyes?"

"Yes."

"I know that fellow. He's probably wondering where he's going to get the money to pay the next installment on his car."

TRAPPED IN A STOKEHOLE.

The Fate That Firemen on a Warship Are Liable to Meet.

The soldiers who fight with least recognition in the battles at sea are the stokers of the destroyers running at full speed. Eight men work under the command of a stoker petty officer in a space so narrow that movement of any kind seems impossible. There is a furnace in front and one in the back. Sandwiched in between is a maze of levers, pipes, pumps and gear.

Yet within these close quarters the stokers find space to perform their heartbreaking toil in an atmosphere almost too hot to breathe, says the Popular Science Monthly. When the men are at their posts the iron hatch is closed down, and the air sucked in through a ventilator has to pass through the furnace before it gets to them.

So long as the pumps work well and the evaporated water is displaced with automatic regularity by fresh neither the tubes nor the boiler casing can get dangerously hot. But sometimes without apparent cause the water slowly descends below the level. Sometimes the cause of mischief is a leakage—a pipe broken or a joint strained that allows the water to escape.

If it can be remedied, well and good. But if not and the water continues to drop steadily the stoker petty officer has but one duty to perform—to keep the hatchway from being opened by the frenzied stokers, thus allowing the flames to escape and destroy the entire vessel. The heroes who perish in the stokeholds like so many rats caught in a fiery trap are not even listed.