The Georgetown Herald.

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THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

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AT THE
HERALD POWER PRINTING OFFICE
GEORGETOWN - - ONT.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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The address label shows the date your subscription expires.

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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	11.00 a.m.
Mail	11.50 a.m.
Passenger	2.45 p.m.
Mail	7.15 p.m.

GOING WEST.

Passenger	12.50 a.m.
Mail	6.00 a.m.
Mail	10.10 a.m.
Passenger	2.05 p.m.
Passenger	5.31 p.m.
Mail	7.57 p.m.

GOING NORTH.

Mail	8.30 a.m.
Mail	5.35 p.m.

GOING SOUTH.

Mail	10.10 a.m.
Mail	6.00 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 58
Office and Residence Main St., South, opposite Presbyterian church.

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 7 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 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.

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

Fall Term from Aug. 27th
ELLIOTT
Business College
TORONTO, ONT.
Yonge and Charles Sts., Toronto.
Is unquestionably one of Canada's best commercial schools. The demand for our graduates is far in excess of our supply.
Write to-day for our Catalogue.
W. J. Elliott, Principal.

- LEE SING -
LAUNDRY
The Old Reliable Laundry
First-Class work guaranteed at THE LOWEST PRICE
Shirts 15c.
BOND BLOCK GEORGETOWN

If No Shovelling Required, If

STANDARD
ANTHRACITE
SCRANTON COAL
for all sizes
Automatically Screened and Loaded

Coal & Wood

Select Lamp 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 10½c; 600 ft British Manilla at 10½c; 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
HEINZ SWEET PICKLES IN BULK

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

You Can Help

Georgetown will hold a
Patriotic Outing

Directed by the Drummers' Snack Club under the patronage of the Ladies' Patriotic League of Georgetown.

FRIDAY, JULY 27th
OPEN AIR CONCERT
In the Park at 8 p.m.

SATURDAY, JULY 28th
FLAG PROCESSION
at 1 p.m. Every boy and girl marching gets a flag and free admission to the Sports.
SPORTS
at 2 p.m. In Park. See Hand Bills for Programme

A WORTHY OBJECT

Surplus goes to Red Cross and similar funds.

A good, wholesome outing with a glorious object.

Help the cause by booming the Concert and Sports.

ADMISSION
CONCERT—Adults 25c Children 15c
SPORTS — Adults 15c Children 10c

JOHN ALLEN, Home Secretary
W. MILL, President.

GEORGETOWN
Friday and Saturday
July 27th & 28th

Homeseekers' Excursions
Every Monday till October 30th.
LOW FARES
FROM
TORONTO
TO

Alfreda	$44.00
Athabasca	48.50
Edmonton	47.00
Stettler	47.00
Canora	39.75
North Battleford	43.75
Regina	40.50
Forward	40.25
Saskatoon	42.25
Dauphin	37.75
Lucerne	53.00
Calgary	47.00
Camrose	46.75
Hanna	44.00
Hesketown	43.50
Vermilion	38.25
Moose Jaw	41.00
Prince Albert	43.50
Brandon	37.00
Winnipeg	36.00

For Tickets, Reservations, Literature and Information, apply to D. J. Matthews, Druggist, Georgetown, or write D. E. Wallace, G.P.A., 68 King Street East, Toronto.

CANADIAN NORTHERN

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

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"

IT WILL COST YOU NOTHING

To get prices from us on the following:
Sash, Doors, Window Frames, Siding and Sheeting, Cypress and Pine Trim, Silos, Water Troughs and Cisterns.

Everything in iron Work.

Greenhouses, Conservatories, Garden Furniture, Etc.

Glass Garden Builders Limited
Georgetown

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.

BANK OF HAMILTON
Established 1872
Capital Authorized, $6,000,000
Capital Paid-up, - $3,000,000
Surplus, - - - - - $3,300,000

Uncertainty

No one knows what the future may bring forth while your health is good and your earning capacity unimpaired, is the time to accumulate a competence. One dollar deposited in the Bank of Hamilton will start a savings account.

G. C. MACKAY, Manager
Georgetown Branch

41-C

Second-Hand Boots bought and sold.

It is Good to Know

that when your boots are repaired by me, the Professional Shoemaker, they will give every satisfaction and that I back up what I advertise when I say I save you 25 to 40c on the dollar. Ladies' Rubber Heels neatly put on for 25c, and best oak tan half soles at 50c. All other work accordingly. I keep soles, hemp, wax, nails, laces, blacking, etc., which I sell to my customers at wholesale price

Sign of the gold boot, Main street North

J. RONEY, - Georgetown

NOT HERE ALONE

We cannot do much here alone,
The strong man, as the weak man, needs
The help of those who in his zone
Live by the fashion of the creeds,
We have grown used to lean on friends,
To lend some helping hand of power
Thus life, fulfilling all its ends,
May come into the fullest flower.

The magnate and the pauper share
This need in common, you and I
Need help in comfort or in care,
And friends grown loyal till they die,
No one can get along whose own
Are all his interests and his zeal,
Whose heart goes not to those alone
Who need it as they dream and feel.

All lean a little bit each day
On some one's strength and some one's cheer,
To help them o'er their destined way,
And save them from their doubt and fear.

And even the strongest hunter, too,
For friendship and the help of those
Whose gifts are often rare and few,
But in whose hearts abides the rose.

One cannot conquer as he would,
Nor rise, nor triumph or dilate,
Or in his chosen sphere make good,
Without some friend with whom to mate
The issues of his care and strife,
And tell his troubles to, and be
A friend to all his mortal life
As I to you and you to me.

To Day's Story

He, She— And Charles Augustus

By F. E. WRIGHT

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Charles Augustus had had a most unpleasant day. It had commenced well enough, but had clouded over soon after he had started on his lessons about the dog and the rat and the active cat. Then Higgins had brought Miss Purvis a letter, and with it something had entered into Charles Augustus' life that he could by no means understand.

You see, Charles Augustus loved his governess greatly. She came next to his father and mother and way above the goat. Charles Augustus had quite decided to marry Miss Purvis when he grew up and had often talked over the details with the young lady herself.

The letter, when she read it, made Miss Purvis' face go all pink and beautiful, and then pale and her eyes fill with tears. Then she put the letter away in the bosom of her gown, and Charles Augustus thought that was the end of it. But it was not, for as often as he looked up from his book or slate he saw Miss Purvis reading the letter, and each time he saw tears in her eyes.

What could it be in those scrawly black marks to make people cry? He cried when he was spanked or shut up in a closet or had to do something he did not want to—but this wasn't like that. Charles Augustus could not understand this silent crying. When he cried he wanted to let the whole world know—and usually succeeded.

Later, when lessons were over, he saw Miss Purvis, through the window, writing a letter, and she was crying over that. Plainly there was something in this writing business which was decidedly unpleasant. Charles Augustus decided then and there that he would never write. Then when she had finished she went off to the village and would not let Charles Augustus go with her.

In that half hour of easy time which came when Charles Augustus had shifted from his day things into the ample lengths of his flannel pyjamas and, cuddled down into the big chair with Miss Purvis, toasted his pink toes before the fire preparatory to going bedward, he came once more across this peculiar thing which he could not understand, for Miss Purvis was strangely silent, only answering a listless yes or no to his observations on life and the curious ways of people and the idiosyncrasies of the goat. She did not take much interest even when he touched upon the many things he would give her when he became a man and they were married—the rings like mamma's and an express wagon and a jar of ginger. Though her arm drew him close when he told her how much he loved her, yet Charles Augustus was not satisfied. He felt as though something invisible were between them.

He put up a hand and turned her face toward him.

"You do love me, don't you?" he said. "And you will wait for me until I am big?"

She kissed him and told him "Yes." She would always be his sweetheart. "But I'm afraid, dear, I'll have to go away. Will you mind?"

Charles Augustus minded very much and said so, and the thought kept him awake long after he had got into his bed. Through the door he could see Miss Purvis and the fire. Then he saw her of a sudden bend forward, her face in her arms, and hear her sob.

Though he wanted to comfort her, something told Charles Augustus that Miss Purvis wanted to be let alone. At last she raised her tear stained face.

"No, it must not be!" Charles Augustus heard her say. "They would think it was for his money. It is better as it is—better for him. I must leave here as soon as I can, and, oh, I don't want to!"

Then Miss Purvis took the letter, kissed it and put it in a box on her dressing table, a box with curious patterns in mother of pearl on it, and with a queer lock that only she and Charles Augustus knew how to open.

Charles Augustus' mind started to work this thing out. This letter was the cause of Miss Purvis' feeling bad. It must be taken away—that was all about it.

The room was quiet; the fire died to a little glow of winking embers; Miss Purvis was asleep. Charles Augustus got up and got the letter. Then he hid it under the mattress and went to sleep with a lighter heart. Now Miss Purvis would be happy again, and she would not go away.

But the next day Miss Purvis was not happy. True, she did not cry, nor did she read the letter which Charles Augustus had craftily tucked inside his blouse, but yet she was not the Miss Purvis of aforetime, who laughed and sang and romped on the lawn with him. It was not the more possession of the letter then. What was it?

"He must not come." "I must leave here." Charles Augustus remembered those words. Some one was coming then; some one who would carry Miss Purvis, the beloved, away. Charles Augustus thought of giants and gypsies and grew horribly alive to the exigencies of the occasion. His father and mother were away; so he could not go to them for advice.

There was only one man in Charles Augustus' confidence, and he was very big and strong and knew everything. Next to the goat, who was manifestly inadequate under the circumstances, Charles Augustus adored this man. He lived four house by himself, a long long way off beyond the most distant trees.

Charles Augustus saw the man that afternoon. He had come to call, but Miss Purvis had excused herself. She had a headache, she said. Now, the man, whose name was Mr. Houghton, was going down the drive with great strides, and so intent on his own thoughts that he did not hear Charles Augustus call to him. It took him a long time to catch up with the man. Indeed it did not happen until the latter had turned off into the woods and Charles Augustus' hat had been lost on the road and his legs much scratched with briers. Then Charles Augustus told his story—about the letter and how she had kissed it and yet cried and was going away.

"And she said 'I can't! I can't!' like that," ended Charles Augustus. "'He mustn't never know,' she said, and 'he mustn't never come here.'"

What wasn't he to know, and who was he, and did Mr. Houghton think it was a giant that was coming to carry Miss Purvis off? Then Charles Augustus took the letter from his blouse—and then the man knew.

"I'm afraid it is a giant," said Mr. Houghton gravely, "and it's lucky I heard of it in time, because I was going away tomorrow. But now"—

"But now?" said Charles Augustus anxiously.

"Now I think I'll go right back to the house with you."

"And you won't let her be stolen—I mean taked—away?" said Charles Augustus.

"No, she isn't going away," the man replied—"at least not very far."

They got out into the road and started back, Charles Augustus' hand in that of his friend and his small shoes plowing through the dust. And then, at a turn in the road, they came suddenly on Miss Purvis, very white and scared looking and carrying Charles Augustus' hat. "Charlie," she cried, "I thought you were lost!"

Charles Augustus plunged toward her. "I tolded him!" he cried triumphantly. "I've told him all about the letter and how you cried because the giant was going to carry you off, and he says the giant ain't and that you are going to live here happily ever after, amen, like people do in fairy stories. And you are, ain't you?"

Miss Purvis looked at the man a second, and then her face came all pink—and then she said "Yes."

It was a very happy walk back home to Charles Augustus, except that he for some reason could not manage to walk between his two friends and hold both their hands at the same time, a thing which Charles Augustus particularly wished.

Wit For Wit.

Mr. A. was a millionaire. He was fifty. He met Miss B. Miss B. was a milliner. She was twenty.

Mr. A. fell in love with Miss B. He asked her to marry him. They were married.

In ten years Mr. A. was sixty. Mrs. A. was then thirty. Mr. A. was still in love with his wife. But he had found out that she was not in love with him, that she never had been in love with him and that she never would be in love with him. He brooded over this. And he died from a broken heart. But he left her all his money.

Mrs. A. was a millionairess. She was forty. She met Mr. C. Mr. C. was a musician. He was twenty-five.

Mrs. A. fell in love with Mr. C. He asked her to marry him. They were married.

In ten years Mrs. C. was fifty. Mr. C. was then thirty-five. Mrs. C. was still in love with her husband. But she had found out that he was not in love with her, that he never had been in love with her and that he never would be in love with her. She brooded over this. And she died from a broken heart. But she left him all her money.—Town Topics.

Skeptic and Pessimist.

Mr. Dolan looked at his visitor with an expression of confirmed opposition, and during the friend's argument he further emphasized his disagreement by an occasional emphatic shake of the head.

"Naw, I don't hold wid loife insurance companies, nor yet wid savings banks," he said stubbornly. "A cousin o' me own, he had his loife insured for the benefit o' his widdy, an' afther all he niver had one, for 'twas him lived to be eighty, an' her that died.

"Wid banks it's just the other way," he continued. "For there was me own uncle, he put money in the bank and he kept sticking it in and sticking it in in the hopes that when old age come he cud take it out gradual loike and enj'y himself, and instid o' that 'twas him that had the widdy befoore he touched sixty-two! They're wurrked on the wrong plan, the both o' thim institutions, man, and it's a wonder to me to hear you sp'aking a good wurrd for 'em."

Hands Were Shaking Already.

An American actor once attended a duel in Paris for the sole purpose of studying the demeanor of the duelists. He was preparing at the time to act a duelist's role in a new play.

Discussing this combat afterward, he said:

"I confess that I learned very little from it. The men were too well scared to teach me anything that would have been of service in a serious stage duel. They reminded me, in fact, of a story that Edwin Booth used to tell.

"This story concerns two principals who, after they had exchanged shots ineffectually, were urged by their seconds to shake hands. They were about to do so when a bystander, who had looked on at their duel despite their protests that he depart, exclaimed in a disgusted tone:

"'It's hardly necessary for them to shake hands. Their hands have been shaking this half hour.'"

DECORATING A ROOM.

Touches That Tell in Making It Harmonious and Artistic.

One of the things to remember in planning a new house is that the walls should be the background of the room, and therefore that it is a mistake to select paper that fills up the room before anything else has been put in. The best thing to do is to choose a neutral tint and get your color scheme through the hangings and furnishings.

If the room is dark choose a tan or gray paper with a pinkish or yellow tinge; if it is sunny let the gray or tan be of a blue or green cast. Then if it is a blue room you have decided upon choose a rug with blue predominating, chints overcurtains with blues, yellows and greens, a big dull blue pottery vase for the lamp with a blue and yellow Japanese shade for the table, one chair upholstered with the chints and another with plain blue and you have a blue room that you will not tire of in a week or a month.

Red, the professional decorators say, is the least cheerful color there is and can only be effective if used very sparingly. It fairly eats up the light. A red shade on the desk lamp, a red cricket, a red Japanese bowl on the dark bookcase or just a scarlet quill pen on the desk may be all you need to give exactly the right note of color.—New York Sun.

TRUSTFUL HUMANITY.

We Often Place Great Reliance in People We Do Not Know.

Taken acutely ill in the midst of a long journey, we accept the ministrations of a fellow traveler whom we have never seen before, but who says that he is a physician.

Even the prescription given us by our family doctor is liable to be filled by an unknown compounding clerk, yet we swallow unquestioningly whatever he hands us in bottle or box.

We hail a passing cab to take us to our destination in the middle of the night, feeling no alarm lest the driver be in league with a gang of footpads.

We send our cash deposit to the bank by the hand of a messenger concerning whose virtues we have no guaranty beyond the fact that thus far we have not found him light fingered.

We add our names to this and that petition on the say so of some one who may or may not, for all we are aware, have an ulterior and illegitimate interest in swelling his list, and we sign letters and other documents which we have only hurriedly skimmed over in their final draft and in which our tired copyist may have embalmed an error fatal to our purpose.—Atlantic Monthly.

Measuring a Snowfall.

The snowfall on mountains is estimated in a number of ways. One method is to measure the height accumulated on a board one meter square supported one meter above the ground, and then sliding it into a zinc tank for determining the water it makes on melting. Another type of instrument is a tube which is pushed down through the snow, then closed at the bottom by a shovel to retain the contents of the tube on withdrawal. In remote places, visited only at considerable intervals, the snow is collected in a tank, only the snow water for a stated period being measured. Vaseline oil in the tank covers the water, preventing evaporation, and calcium chloride hastens the melting of the snow.

From a City's Mountain Ways.

Upon the top of one of New York's man made mountains there is the same peaceful quiet as on any mountain top. No sound from the street below comes up this distance. Men on the sidewalks are infinitesimal dots, darting hither and yon. Looking down upon them, one is inclined to reflect what puny beings humans are and from this lofty point of view almost forgets his sympathy for their personal interests. Then comes the realization that this mountain was built by these puny beings from materials dug out of the earth in a crude state, purified, shaped and fastened together in a manner that will make it stand practically for all time, and then a feeling of reverence for the human brain—that God given boon which has made these things possible.—National Geographic Magazine.

"The Star Spangled Banner."

Francis Scott Key wrote "The Star Spangled Banner" on board the British frigate Surprise during the bombardment of Fort McHenry, Baltimore, by the British in 1814. When the British attacked the city Key went on an errand, under a flag of truce, to the British fleet, but was detained while the bombardment took place. He watched the progress of the fight from the British ship during the night, and in the morning, seeing the stars and stripes still waving triumphantly, composed the famous song. It was at once printed and became almost instantly popular.

Worse Yet.

"Don't you get awfully tired of running to catch that 7:50 train every morning?" asked the city man.

"No," replied the commuter. "I don't mind that so much. What gets me sore is when I bolt my breakfast in about 10 seconds flat and break all records running to the train, only to find out that the 7:50 is half an hour late."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Modern Forts.

No existing fort of whatever material it may be constructed is able to stand up against the great guns now in use. Forts are now merely points on the battle lines and no longer forts in the old sense of the word.—New York American.

A Bulgarian Superstition.

Among the superstitious natives of Bulgaria the prophet Elijah is believed to control the elements. During heavy thunderstorms the women fall on their faces and pray, "Dear Lord Elijah, do not drive so fast with your fiery horses."

Perilous Practicing.

She—It must have taken a lot of persistence on your part to learn to play the cornet so well. He—It did. I had to go constantly armed for three months.—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

The best of prophets for the future is the past.—Byron.