The Georgetown Herald.

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THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

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AT THE
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GEORGETOWN - - - ONT.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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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	11.20 a.m
Passenger	3.45 p.m
Mail	7.15 p.m

GOING WEST.

Passenger	12.50 a.m.
Mail	3.00 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	8.20 a.m
Mail	5.33 p.m

GOING SOUTH.

Mail	10.10 a.m.
Mail	8.00 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
Specjalist in Defective
EYESIGHT
OFFICE HOURS
Wednesdays—2 to 5 p.m. and 7:8 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 H. 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 149, 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. B. O. 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.
DOE BLOCK : : GEORGETOWN

:: 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 18½c; 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

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

You Can Help

Georgetown will hold a

Patriotic Outing

Directed by the Drummers' Hoeck 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 26th.
LOW FARES
FROM
TORONTO
TO

Alameda	$44.00
Athabasca	42.50
Edmonton	47.00
Stettler	47.00
Canora	38.75
North Battleford	41.75
Regina	40.50
Forward	40.50
Saskatoon	42.25
Dauphin	37.75
Lucerne	52.00
Calgary	47.00
Camrose	46.75
Hanna	44.00
Rosetown	41.50
Yorkton	38.50
Moose Jaw	41.00
Prince Albert	41.50
Brandon	37.00
Winnipeg	36.00

For Tickets, Reservations, Literature and Information, apply to D. J. Matthew, Ticket Agent, Georgetown, or write R. L. Fairbairn, D.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 Investment
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

SHOES!
BELOW COST

This is an opportunity for you to secure bargains as we have about two hundred and fifty pairs of Women's Pumps and Oxfords that must be cleared below cost, sizes from 2½ to 4½. Also about 75 pairs Men's Oxfords.

Our Stock of Tennis Shoes is complete.

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 Limitd
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.

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 35 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

WE DELIVER the GOODS

and you're always assured that every sack of flour we deliver is "the best." Users of our flour always say,

"THANK YOU, COME AGAIN,"

as they're certain to want the same kind again when they get out.

OUR FLOUR MAKES LOVELY BREAD

Robert Noble, Limited
NORVAL ONTARIO

THE POTTER

"Give me the clay," the Potter said;
"My kin is ready charged with fire;
The mass shall leave its miry bed
And feel the trade of my desire."

O wondrous Power! These workman's hands—
These everlasting arms that bear
The withering messes of the air—
The weight of bleak and shattered lands.

"Give me the clay, that I may make
My dream a real, a beauteous thing!
I thrill with thirst, and I must slake
That thirst in joys of fashioning."

O wondrous Artist, who hast willed
A fadeless pattern for our clay—
With all it asks—give, too, we pray—
The hallmark of our Ancient Guild.

Give me the clay; now to fold!
The potent lesses of its fate!
I hold a purpose, greater still,
Beyond all breakage consecrate.

The finger-print alone can give
A splendor to the sodden grey—
Take then, O Man of Dreams, our clay,
And by Thy fire, fit us to live.

To Day's Story

By a Trick Of Fate

By Isola L. Forrester

Copyright, 1917, by T. C. McClure

Since daybreak there had been no change in the ceaseless lurching of the yacht or the dull roar of the waves as they swept in long, heavy seas over its sides.

Twice Katherine had tried to leave her stateroom and reach the cabin and had been forced back. Once the white faced stewardess had come to her door. There was no immediate danger, she assured her. They would be notified at once if there were. If she was nervous, Mr. Hetherington said he would come to her. And Katherine had sent back word that she was not at all nervous, and Mr. Hetherington need not trouble himself at all about her.

When the girl had gone, she had thrown herself on the couch and given full vent to the terror that had haunted her all night long. She was afraid, afraid with her whole heart, of the great, lashing, hungry sea, that tossed and played with the yacht like some huge monster with its helpless prey and threatened every moment to hurl it down to death.

If Hetherington had been with her, if they two could have faced eternity in each other's arms, with the old love strengthening them, she would have known no fear. But as it was, a wild, unreasoning, childish terror made her tremble at every crashing wave, and she longed for even a sight of his face before the end should have swept them irrevocably apart.

The week at sea had passed like a troubled dream. They were to have made harbor the previous morning, and the storm had driven them off the course down the southern French coast. By this time she had thought [illegible] been over the brief, tearless parting with Hetherington, the meeting with her mother in Paris and the trip to Herbec.

Dear, lovely, lonely little Herbec up on the Normandy coast! The two summers she had spent there, in old Martigny's classes, had been the happiest of her life. She loved even the memory of the crescent shore line, with the old boats drawn up on the sand and the nets drying in the sunlight and the brown skinned fisher boys and girls gossiping over their baskets of silvery scaled fish.

It had all been arranged and settled so decently, as Hetherington said. There had never been any open quarrels between them for the servants and public to gossip over, merely a quiet, courteous antagonism which required no explanation. The marriage had not been voluntary.

"It was the blessed, stupid mothers," Katherine said with gay cynicism at their last interview. "We're not the kind who settle down, Bruce, and be married and then do nothing but give house parties and dinner parties and yachting parties and all the rest of it. You were rich and nobody in particular, and I was poor and a Lorimer, and the wise little mothers simply saw a chance to found a dynasty of mutual benefit, and we drifted until they landed us under the orange blossoms. It is a little tangle of fate's skeins. We can't go back and untangle it, but we can do the Alexander trick and cut it."

He had agreed to the separation too readily, she thought. Even acknowledging perfect indifference on both sides, a little hesitancy would have been desirable. He had almost seemed cheerful when he had asked her what she intended doing at Herbec.

"You haven't the ghost of a right to ask me," she had told him, "but there is nothing to conceal. Martigny keeps up his summer classes still. You know I studied under him there and in Paris, too, when we were poor, before"—She hesitated and went on with a light touch of bitterness—"before I was the fortunate Mrs. Hetherington. There is certain to be some of the old class left, and I can rest and study."

"And be happy," continued Hetherington. She had not answered.

She felt that he could not understand how she longed for the old quiet life away from the world. It was at Herbec he had first met her. Young and handsome, he had come to the little fishing hamlet on a yachting cruise and, with all the confidence of new riches, had expected to enter the little exclusive art and social coterie that gathered there. It had been her favor that had won him the entree, and before the ivy that clambered on old Martigny's garden wall had turned to crimson they were engaged.

It was not until after the wedding in Paris at Easterlide that Katherine had realized how the world, her world, was smiling at her in polite amusement. It was so palpably a marriage de convenance. Not a breath of the sweetness of the wooing at quaint Herbec had reached it. It was, apply that Kitty Lorimer had married Artie Hetherington for his money, and all the idiots of nouveau riche Hetherington were to sweep into society under the shadow of the Lorimer wings.

And the knowledge of the world's judgment of them had bred a vague, mutual distrust, a fear born of love and pride that the other one might give credence to the world's rumor. After that, the drifting apart had been swift; and the end had come deliberately. She had wished to spend the summer at Herbec alone. He had refused positively to permit it. If she went against his wishes, he would consider it final. Before she had fully realized what it meant she had tossed back her answer. It was final then. She would go to Herbec. The following week they had sailed for France.

A sudden, sharp rapping on her stateroom door startled her. She caught her breath as she rose unsteadily and clung for support to the side of the berth. The moment of danger had come, and they had sent for her. Not Hetherington, she knew. Until she called for him he would meet even death without a word. But if she could call, if there was only yet time, only a moment of grace, to reach him and tell him it was all a miserable mistake of pride, that she loved him with all her heart and wanted his presence with her now at the supreme moment when all the world had fallen away to nothingness, and there was only the mystery of eternity before her and his love to bear her on. The rapping sounded heavier and more imperative.

"Kit! Let me in!"

It was Hetherington's voice. She turned the lock with steady fingers, a sudden peace strengthening her. He paused in the doorway, tall and dark and storm beaten in his dripping oilskins, his face white and grim as he looked down at her.

"Has it come, dear?" she asked, lifting her face to him. "I'm not afraid—with you."

He caught her to him closely and pressed his lips to hers with hungry intensity.

"Not afraid to death, Kit," he said bitterly. "Then why in life?"

She closed her eyes and shrank closer to him. Death had become a friend to be met with smiling eyes and welcoming happiness. As Hetherington raised his head she waited, expectantly. The lurching and groaning had stopped. She wondered if they were sinking and tightened the clasp of her arms about his neck as she smiled up at him.

"How dear death is together!" she said softly. "I'm not one bit afraid."

His eyes lighted with sudden comprehension, and he stood back, loosening her arms.

"The danger is past," he said. "I came to tell you we had made the harbor at St. Hilaire. You can reach Paris by evening."

For an instant she hesitated in the revulsion of thought, then held out her arms longingly.

"Not alone," she said; "not alone now, sweetheart. I am afraid in life, too, alone."

Did Him Good.

A provincial clergyman during his sermon caught sight of a member of his congregation wearing a very worried look. Suddenly the man's face brightened, and during the remainder of the service his appearance betokened a perfect freedom from care.

"I am pleased to think, William," remarked the clergyman after the service, "that my words helped you somewhat this morning. I noticed during my discourse that your face lit up and the sunshine of smiles chased the clouds of worry away. Now, what portion of my sermon appealed so strong to you, eh?"

"To tell the truth, sir," replied William, "I wasn't payin' so much attention to your preachin' as I ought to hev done; I was balancin' up the week's cash in my mind and found myself two and threepence short. I worried and worried about that money, but couldn't fit it in no how.

"Then I happened to catch a word or two of what you said about the preparations that man made for his prodigal son, and it came into my mind like a flash of lightnin' that I'd spent two and threepence for a new horsewhip to give my boy Jim a thunderin' good hidin'. It's wonderful, as you say, sir, what help a chance word may be. Good mornin', sir."

The Lesson of Epictetus.

"If we cannot be happy," says Sir John Lubbock, "the fault is generally in ourselves. Epictetus was a poor slave, and yet how much we owe to him! 'How possible,' he says, 'that a man who has nothing, who is naked, houseless, without a hearth, squalid, without a slave, without a city, can pass a life that flows easily! See; God has sent you a man to show you that it is possible. Look at me, who am without a city, without a house, without possessions, without a slave. I sleep on the ground. I have no wife, no children, no praetorium, but only the earth and the heavens, and one poor cloak. And what do I want? Am I not without sorrow? Am I not without fear? When did any of you see me falling in the object of my desire or ever falling into that which I would avoid? Did I ever blame God or man? Did I ever accuse any man? Did any of you ever see me with a sorrowful countenance? And how do I meet with those whom you are afraid of and admire? Do I not treat them as slaves? Who, when he sees me, does not think that he sees his king and his master?'"

The Two Pairs of Fetters.

Some years ago a fierce war waged in India between the English and Tippoo Sahib. On one occasion several English officers were taken prisoners. Among them was one named Baird. One day a native officer brought in fetters to be put on each of the prisoners, the wounded not excepted. Baird had been severely wounded and was suffering from pain and weakness. A gray haired officer said to the native official:

"You will not think of putting chains upon that wounded man?"

"There are just as many pairs of fetters as there are captives," was the answer, "and every pair must be worn."

"Then," said the noble officer, "put two pairs on me. I will wear his as well as my own."

This was done. Strange to say, Baird lived to regain his freedom—lived to take the city—but his noble friend died in prison.

RIDING ON BUBBLES OF AIR.

Motoring Would Be Ideal If Tires Could Be Made Thinner.

In the whole mechanism of modern transportation there is nothing so paradoxical, nothing so daring to conception as these bubbles of air which we call tires. They are at once strangely uncomplicated and strangely practical—uncomplicated because they must endure great strains and yet are necessarily made of unenduring material; practical because nothing can match air as a shock absorber. From all the tales that we hear of tire costs and tire repairs, let it not be forgotten that motoring has we know it became possible because of the art of riding on bubbles of air had been discovered.

What happens when the old fashioned iron tired, wooden buggy wheel strikes a small stone in the road? It simply rises and the entire load resting on the wheel is lifted. There is loss of power—more work for the horse, for whenever you or a horse lifts a weight energy must be expended. What happens when an air tube strikes a stone? The tube is simply punched in, as it were, momentarily! The wheel need not be lifted over the obstruction.

In order to secure this extraordinary result the air must have a chance to compress. If it were possible to build a tire with a wall as thin as a soap bubble's and yet so tough and elastic that it would both yield to blows and resist punctures and blowouts the ideal would be attained. One of the hardest technical tasks ever set was that of demanding from the rubber industry a tube which would hold air and which would also be resilient.

Air tires serve not only to make motoring luxuriously comfortable, but to protect the car itself. Were it not for them engines would not perform their work so efficiently; gasoline would not be so economically consumed; high speed would be unattainable; steering would not be so easy; shock would not be completely absorbed.—Waldemar Kaempffert in McClure's Magazine.

HE KNEW THE TURK.

So He Boldly Proceeded to Take the Law Into His Own Hands.

In his book, "Forty Years In Constantinople," Sir Edwin Pears tells the following story to illustrate the Turk's attitude toward foreigners:

I knew the Englishman of whom the story was told, and I persuaded him one day to give me his own version. He sued a man in the chief Turkish court that has jurisdiction over cases between Europeans and Turkish subjects. When the Turkish defendant came to tell his tale he spoke of the Englishman as a giaour, or infidel. The Englishman objected. Although the judges knew perfectly well that it is contrary to Turkish law to use such an epithet, they did not interfere, whereupon the Englishman said, "If you call me a giaour again I shall take the law into my own hands."

The Turk at once replied, "Well, you are a giaour."

The Englishman stopped across the floor three or four paces and gave the Turk a blow on the nose that startled him and the court. As the blood flowed freely, there was a great hubbub, and orders were given to arrest the Englishman. He was a big, powerful fellow, and instantly he smashed the stool on which he was seated and cried out that he would brain the first man who laid hands upon him.

Aliachan, the dragoman who first told me the story, said that every one hesitated to attack the Englishman, and he, Aliachan, was asked by the president to tell the aggressor that if he would apologize there would be an end of the matter.

"Apologize!" said the Englishman. "Not a bit of it. He insulted me, and I let him have it."

Aliachan went back to the president and said, "This is the kind of an Englishman who won't stand an insult, and I can do nothing with him."

Thereupon the court ordered the proceedings to go on as if nothing had happened.

A Rousing Welcome.

"Anyhow," said the small man with the big set of books, over which he figured from early morn till late at night, "anyhow, there is one faithful friend at home that never fails to give me a rousing welcome."

"What friend is that?" asked the billing clerk, pausing to eat a sandwich while the boss wasn't looking.

"My old alarm clock," replied the small man dreamily.

Shadows of History.

"William the Conqueror," read the small boy from his history, "landed in England in 1066 A. D."

"What does 'A. D.' stand for?" inquired the teacher.

The small boy pondered.

"I don't exactly know," he said. "Maybe it's after dark."

To Prevent Draft.

To keep windows open and yet feel no draft while sleeping take an old sheet or a piece of cloth as long as the bed and about a yard and a half wide. Fasten a loop of tape or elastic to the corners of one lengthwise edge, loop over the posts at the head and foot of bed on side next to the window and you have a screen that will keep off all draft, but still give plenty of fresh air.

Ma Enters the Game.

"What do you want, ma?"

"You must go to the grocery store at once and get a pound of butter."

"But, ma, we're playin' war, an' I'm leadin' our army against the enemy."

"Never mind. Play the commissary department has been shot to pieces and go after that butter."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Forever at Him.

Newlit—Funny! I always associate your wife with a certain episode in my own life. There's just one thing she always reminds me of— Henpeck—I wish I could say that. There's lots of things she always reminds me of.—Philadelphia Press.

Impedimenta.

Floorwalker,—Good morning. You wish to do some shopping, I presume. Bride (with hubby)—Yes. Floorwalker—Step up to the smoking room and the boy there will give you a check for your husband.—Exchange.