The Georgetown Herald.

FIFTY-FIRST YEAR OF PUBLICATION | GEORGETOWN, WEDNESDAY EVENING, AUGUST 1, 1917. | $1.50 Per Annum, or $1.25 if Paid in Advance

THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

IS PUBLISHED
EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING
AT THE
HERALD POWER PRINTING OFFICE
GEORGETOWN . . . ONT.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One year, $1.50 ; or $1.25 if paid in advance ; six months, 65 cents in advance.

The address label shows the date your subscription expires.

CONTRACT ADVERTISING RATES

Furnished on application

Ten cents per line for first insertion, and five cents per line for each subsequent insertion will be charged for all transient advertisements. Twelve lines to an inch.

Advertisements without special 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	2.46 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	2.08 p.m.
Passenger	6.21 p.m.
Mail	7.57 p.m.

GOING NORTH.

Mail	8.20 a.m
Mail	5.25 p.m

GOING SOUTH.

Mail	10.10 a.m.
Mail	5.00 p.m

DIRECTORY

Legal

SHILTON, WALLBRIDGE & DALM, 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—9 to 4 and 7 to 8 p.m.
Phone 59
Office and Residence Main St., South, opposite Presbyterian church.

L. L. PLANT, D.O. Oph., D.
GEORGETOWN
Office next to Library. Phone 190
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. MILLMAN, D.C.
Graduate of "The Palmer," the Original School of Chiropractic, Davenport, Iowa, U.S.A.
Office over Mansfield'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. SMITH 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 141, Georgetown.

Auctioneers

HENJ. 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, D.L.S. H. M. Lee Mechanical Engineer, Etc. O.L.S., D.L.S
N. 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.
Rear Mason's | Georgetown

No Shovelling Required in

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 17

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.

LOCAL AGENT WANTED!

for Georgetown and district to sell for The Old Reliable Fonthill Nurseries

Splendid list of stock for Fall planting 1917, and Spring planting 1918, including many new varieties which we alone control.

Send for new illustrated catalogue, also Agent's Proposition. Handsome free outfit; exclusive Territory, Liberal Commissions.

Stone and Wellington
The Fonthill Nurseries.
(Established 1837)
Toronto . 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.
MARSON & MARSON,
364 University St., Montreal.

FRUIT STORE

Raspberries, Garden Vegetables, Etc.

ORANGES!

per doz.	30c, 40c, 50c
Lemons, per doz.	28c
Tomatoes, per lb.	15c
Onions, 3 lbs. for	25c
New Potatoes, per pk.	80c

And other large specials for Saturday

A. RESTIVO
Fruit Specialist
Main Street - Georgetown

WANTED

A small house, with piece of land, is of near Georgetown. Apply with particulars to W. G. Fare, Box 11, Georgetown.—7-14-2tp

E. BLUDD

Paper Hanger Painter, Etc.

I carry a full line of Wall Papers, and will guarantee to hang all paper supplied by me. Ask to see my samples and get the advice of a practical man.

E. BLUDD
Painter, Etc. Phone—5 r 5
Box 109, GLENWILLIAMS

An Investment in
KNOWLEDGE
Always pays the Best Interest

This School will be the first in your mind when you have investigated the thoroughness of its course, the experience of its teachers and the facilities it has for placing you in a responsible position after you have received your diploma. Don't put it off.—Your future is at stake.

DO IT NOW!

Guelph Business College
GUELPH, ONT.
Fall Term Starts August 20
A. L. BOUCK, Principal

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 56.

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

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"

BANK OF HAMILTON
Established 1872
Capital Authorized, $5,000,000
Capital Paid-up, $3,000,000
Surplus, $3,000,000

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

41-6

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 Hogs whole or half at Market Prices

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

W. J. PATTERSON
PHONE 1 GEORGETOWN

Get Your BUTTER PAPER at The "Herald Office." . . . .

—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.

SCANDAL

A look, a gesture and a sneer, a fool on stumbled best,
And then upon his darkened way a word of scandal went;
The thoughtless one who turned it loose would fain have checked its course;
But as it sped to scatter far grief followed and remorse.
He knew it was a coward's act, a spoken thing might do,
And tried his best to head it off, but how that scandal flew!
A hundred people started out its horrid wrath to tame,
But where it went the spotless page was never quite the same!
They fought it, killed it, buried it; they thought it gone forever;
But by and by it came to life and wore the guise of truth,
It kept upon its hurling way with venom in its dart,
It turned the sunshine into gloom, it broke a leader's heart,
Oh, what an easy thing to send a word upon the track,
But when it's gone, no power on earth can ever call it back;
It grows more lusty every hour, it waxes fat and gay;
Be careful how you start a word of scandal on its way.

—Truth

To Day's Story

An Appalling Moment

A Russian Soldier Meets Something More to Be Dreaded Than Battle

By ELINOR MARSH

Peter Nichiloff was a soldier in the Russian army, fighting with the troops near Riga, which is in the northwest corner of the empire. Peter was wounded, having lost an eye in battle and was discharged from the service. So as soon as he was able to travel he prepared to return to his home in the province of Vologda, not far from the Siberian line. He went by rail to Petrograd and there wrote his wife to meet him midway between the capital and his home with a sleigh for the rest of his journey.

Now, Peter had been married two years before and soon after his marriage had marched away to the war. The parting with his young wife was very hard on both him and her. The chances were that he would either be killed in battle or die of disease or be so mutilated as to be a burden to himself if not to others. But now he was on his way home, having lost only one of his eyes, while the other enabled him to keep in touch with the world.

Peter would not have been allowed to keep his ride had the fact been known. Indeed, he should not have taken it away with him, but he was so attached to it that he could not bear to part with it. He had named it for his wife and carved "Sonia" on the stock. So he carried it with him on his journey home, also a dozen rounds of ammunition.

Peter reached a little town about ten hours' journey from his home in the morning, and his wife was to join him there in the afternoon. Every minute that he waited for her seemed an hour. Just before sunset he heard the tinkling of bells up the road, and a moment later a sleigh appeared driven by Sonia. She pulled up before the inn where Peter was stopping. He jumped into the sleigh and embraced her.

Then Sonia turned to a basket in the rear part of the sleigh and lifted a fur robe and a blanket, exposing the rosy face of a boy a little over a year old.

"Our son?" asked Peter, his face lighting with pleasure.

"Yes; he is our little Peter. I have named him for his father."

The child's eyes opened, and seeing a man's smiling face bending over him he smiled back.

The next morning the sleigh was brought up to the inn, Peter and his family got in and started for home. The wife sat on the back seat with her boy in her arms, while Peter took the reins. The sun shone bright on the snow, but the air was cool and crisp. As Peter drove along his heart was full of gratitude that he had returned to his wife with no greater loss than he had sustained, and there was a great joy in the finding of the little stranger whose coming Sonia had kept from him for a surprise.

The reunited family jogged along, the child lulled to sleep in his mother's arms by the soft tinkle of the sleigh bells. The country was sparsely settled, and for a large part of the distance the way led through dense forests. But Peter and his wife were used to that, having always lived in the region.

About 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when they were half a dozen versts from home, suddenly they heard a distant bark. Peter turned and looked his wife in the face, from which the color had receded. Both knew the sound too well as that of a wolf, and they knew the danger.

"If I had only left the child at home!" moaned Sonia.

They at once made preparations for an attack from a pack of wolves. Little Peter was put in the basket and covered with robes. Sonia changed places with her husband, she taking the reins, while he took up his rifle from the bottom of the sleigh and inserted a cartridge in the breech. Then he waited in the back seat for a contest which he felt would very likely come.

The barking continued and drew nearer. Judging from the volume, there must be quite a large pack. Presently a wolf was seen emerging from the wood beside the road. Sonia urged on the horse, and the wolf, left behind, followed at a gallop. Peter lifted his rifle to his shoulder.

When the ex-soldier had last aimed that gun it was at a line of Germans crossing a field. Although a well armed human enemy was advancing upon him and his comrades, he did not feel the fear that oppressed him now. Then he was a part of an army defending Russian land, he was alone and the life of his dear wife and child were dependent upon him, and his going had to risking that.

Nevertheless he kept his nerve. He remembered that he had only a dozen cartridges and might have to repel a hundred wolves. He had fought the Germans when all his ammunition had been exhausted and knew the helplessness of one so situated. If he ground his teeth then, what would he his feelings should his dozen shots be exhausted now before he could drive off the wolves or reach home?

Peter was by no means ignorant of defensive warfare against wolves. He reserved his fire, while the brute followed in his wake, and when it approached too closely Sonia whipped up the horse and gained a little on it. Meanwhile wolves were pouring from the woods into the road behind the sleigh. They were yelping and snarling and tumbling over one another, but always keeping their fierce eyes on the object containing what would appease their hunger, for it was near the end of a long winter, and they were famished.

Finally the pack, now united, pressed so closely upon the sleigh that Peter felt it necessary to kill the leader, knowing that there would be a scramble for his dead body, which would occasion some delay. Peter was a good shot and put a bullet between the eyes of the foremost wolf. The beast dropped dead, and, as Peter had expected, many of the brutes pounced upon the body and fought for it. But there were so many in the pack that a number that could not get near the carcass followed on.

A wolf emerged from the wood in advance and made a spring for the horse, which was going at a gallop. Sonia had brought a revolver with her. Its chambers being loaded, she took the reins in her left hand and, drawing the weapon with her right, fired, and the wolf, releasing its clutch on the horse, rolled down into the road. His carcass took off a number of the wolves following.

The yelping and the shots awakened little Peter, who threw off the covering from his face and, realizing that something was wrong, added his own tiny voice to the din. But neither his father nor his mother could spare any time to attend to him, for the former was now forced by the pressing wolves to fire more rapidly, while the latter was emptying the chambers of her revolver upon those that were appearing in the road in front of the sleigh.

Though Peter husbanded his shots as best he could, all were gone at last. Some of the wolves had been killed by him, some had lagged behind, and some had dropped out of the chase altogether. There were now only half a dozen wolves in pursuit, but they were the largest, the strongest and the fiercest of the pack. The leader made a spring for Peter, who brained it with the barrel of his rifle. But in doing so the weapon slipped out of Peter's hand and fell in the road.

While the body of the wolf he had killed was being devoured Peter turned to his wife, put his arms about her and kissed her.

"Goodby, sweetheart," he said.

"What are you going to do?"

"The wolves must have another victim."

"Oh, Peter!"

"It is for you and the child. When the next one springs at me he will take me, but there will be food enough for all of them in my body, and you may escape."

"No; we will die together."

"I will go first. If they require more food it will be your turn next. God grant that I may save you both."

He bent down and kissed his little son; then, standing on the rear seat, was about to jump down into the road when a shot was heard and the foremost wolf fell dead. The rest scattered under shots fired from an unseen enemy.

"Pull up!" cried Peter to his wife.

Sonia drew rein and at the same time several men emerged from the wood on one side of the road.

"We are just in time," said one of them.

But Peter did not hear him; he was locked in an embrace with his wife, while the horse stood panting. Then the mother took little Peter in her arms, while tears of relief flowed fast.

A party of woodsmen working near the road had heard the yelping and the shots and, surmising the cause, had run toward the approaching din. Having guns and ammunition, the driving off of the remaining wolves was an easy matter.

There was thankfulness in the hearts of Peter and his wife while completing their journey, and as soon as they had reached their home and put little Peter in his crib they fell on their knees side by side and with their arms about each other.

Peter Nichiloff's farm was besieged by his neighbors to hear about the war waged so far from them that they got no news of it except when some discharged soldier came home, usually broken down in body and sometimes in mind, to tell them about it. Peter's accounts were listened to in wrapt attention, but on telling of his adventures he always wound up by saying that under the most murderous fire he had never encountered anything so appalling as when the only remaining defense for his wife and boy was his own body thrown as meat to the wolves.

Not long after Peter's return another discharged soldier brought the news that the Little Father had abdicated the throne, and a new era had opened for the Russian empire.

By this time Peter, having become strong again, was seized with a desire to go back to the firing line. That is the singular feature of a soldier's life. While incurring danger many a man pines for safety and the comforts of home, but let him remain inactive for a short period and an irresistible desire comes upon him to get back into those very dangers that had been so intolerable.

Peter would have gone back at once had not Sonia begged him not to leave her, not to tear himself away from her little boy.

Peter listened to her appeals till the import of the stirring events came over him. In the deposition of the czar, the entering of the United States into the contest, he saw a struggle between imperialism and democracy. He believed in the rule of the people, and as one of the people he deemed it his duty to go at fighting for their cause. Then he went back.

THE ISSUE

The German ranks are wearing thin,
And German pride is low,
For Germany's sons have gone so far
As Germany's sons can go.
Now the tide is turning,
Backward beats their line;
The Hun account, has done his worst,
His face is towards the Rhine.

"Woe to the conquered," was their cry,
As they said so let it be;
The mercy they to Belgium show
Such mercy shall they see.
Till, filled with dread, with humbled head
For peace in vain they yearn;
Right, not might, shall rule the world,
And the lesson they must learn.

Since Britain by Divine command,
From out the sea arose,
For Peace she fought, for Justice wrought
And triumphed o'er her foes;
Her glorious race the same lace,
Of the future have no fears,
While "Death or Victory" is the cry
Of her dauntless Volunteers.

The fiery cross is on the way,
It speeds from hand to hand;
Britannia's seed the clan call heed,
They come from every land,
With pluck and grit to do their bit,
In endless ranks appear;
And the shrinking foe reel from the blow
Of the British Volunteer.

Of Britain, glorious Britain,
In songs of praise they sing;
As to the Ancient Motherland,
Love's tributes now they bring.
And shame awaits the slacker
Who lingers home at ease,
While his brothers line the trenches,
In the land beyond the seas.

The British ranks are thickening fast,
And British pride is high;
They show again the bulldog strain,
'Tis theirs to do or die.
For God and Right they bravely fight,
The Old Flag rides the breeze,
And Freedom lives throughout the world
While England rules the seas.

SPEAKIN' OF PICNICS

Oh, a picnic is a jolly thing, with this you'll all agree, when folks go out to spend a day pulled up beneath a tree. They spread a cover on the ground, and dump the eats out there, they say it is a goody place to gobble in the air. The sandwich plate it gets a job 'longside a salad cold, and hatpins are flashed out to get the olives from the hold. The ants, the bugs, the spiders, too, the skeeters and the fleas, likewise the wasps and hornets, also the bazzin' bees, they send their scouts to see the thing before they holler start, and then they send out word that spreads to every insect heart. They send the sign, by gum they do, in words what's plain and clear, "Come on and get your hooks right in, the picnic gang is here." And so, they come, they fly, they crawl, they scamper to the spot, they wander in the cake and pie, likewise the sugar pot. And folks sit down and have a scrap to see who's goin' to best, an' whether them there lungs'll get the stuff what's there to eat. Then after that they have a race for every bloomin' kid, no matter if he's signed or not for an official bid. Some guy stands round to crack the jokes, the girls bee-haw and grin, and, course, there's always some around who paddle and who swim. And then they get the old galootes who want to have a rest, to let the cake and sandwiches sink down inside their vest. They wheel them out to toe a mark, they holler to them "go," the fat man's race is nothin' else but one unlucky show. They stuff their duffs in a sack, they grap their plates and run, as though some ugly lookin' man was loadin' up his gun. And as they gasp to get their breath, this Ananias crew, they look as though they had been made into a llama stew—they shake each other by the paw, O, dat the things they say, they warble 'bout the fun they've had, and spent a pleasant day! —Ark.

Just Like his Father

One of our school teachers is said to have recently received the following note from the mother of one of her pupils: Dear Miss—You write me about whippin Sammy. I give you permission to beat him up any time he wont learn his lesson. He is just like his father and you have to beat him up with a club to learn him anything. Pound noledge into him. Don't pay no attention to what his father says. I'll handle him."

Combating Twitch Grass

Twitch grass is regarded by most people as a terrible nuisance and a weed of the worst kind on farm and garden, yet last week was seen a field near Guelph which had been sown as a permanent pasture and was being cut for hay. It is generally acknowledged to be very difficult to eradicate, yet the proprietor claimed it was but little trouble. His system is to plough it up, harrow it thoroughly, then roll it well. After this he cross ploughs it and repeats the operation, thus tearing the soil thoroughly to pieces and exposing the roots to the sun during the hot dry weather.

Sixty Tractors to Start Work

The Ontario Department of Agriculture is immediately starting sixty tractors at work throughout the Province to prepare for a bumper crop in 1918. These machines with their large plows will start tearing up land and, according to Deputy Minister of Agriculture, G. F. Bailey, they will continue until frost hits the ground. Mr. Bailey has just had a conference with the district representatives of the Department and this decision is the result of that conference. By this means it is hoped to greatly increase the acreage under crop in Ontario next year. Mr. Bailey has just returned from a trip to Monteith and McPherson in the north. He stated that a contract had been let for the erection of a training school for returned soldiers at Monteith to accommodate sixty. This will be completed by October. Sixty-five carpenters are at work erecting 50 soldiers homes at McPherson and these will be ready in 4 or 5 weeks. Twenty-five more soldiers will then be sent north to McPherson and 50 more to Monteith.

TROOPS DEPART FOR "OVER THERE"

A National Spectacle will be the Grand Stand production at the Canadian National Exhibition this year, planned on a scale calculated to write a new page into the history of patriotic pageantry. The Heights of Quebec are to be reproduced on a mammoth scale, with the St. Lawrence and its burden of battleships and fighting craft in the foreground. The story will deal with the half century from Confederation to the present day, and patriotism and infectious faith in Canada will dominate the giant Great panorama, which will achieve a thrilling climax when the after die of overseas Troops embark on high transports and proceed down the river behind a convoy of destroyers on their way across the submarine-infested seas to the battle fronts "Over There."