The Georgetown Herald.

FIFTY-FIRST YEAR OF PUBLICATION | GEORGETOWN, WEDNESDAY EVENING, AUGUST 8, 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 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	8.00 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	5.25 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 55
Office and Residence Main St., South, opposite Presbyterian church.

L. L. PLANT, M.D., C.M.

[illegible] 2 to 5 p.m. and 6 to [illegible]
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 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
H. 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.
MAIN BLOCK

"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 95
Georgetown, Ont.

[illegible] for 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 Foothill 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
Stewartown, - 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 & MARION,
[illegible] Barristers etc. Montreal.

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.

Clifford Linham
BUTCHER
MAIN STREET
FOR
The Choicest

Beef	Butter
Pork	Lard
Veal	Eggs
Lamb	Fish

Cooked Meats and Sausage

Swift's Noted Premium Hams and Bacon.

Deliveries Daily to any part of town.

Clifford Linham

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

R. C. NIXON
GEORGETOWN

Substantially Made HARNESS

REGINA PNEUMATIC CLEANERS for Rental at 1 dollar per day

A good Assortment of TRUNKS and VALISES

Agent for Page Wire Fence

REPAIRING Promptly done

NIXON'S HARNESS and REPAIR SHOP

Fishing Prohibited!

Any person fishing or otherwise trespassing on lot 16 and 17, Con. 6, Esquesing, will be prosecuted.
N. B. Mills, C. C. Murray—tf.

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"

Get Your BUTTER PAPER at The "Herald Office."

PATTERSON'S
Meat Market

Choicest Fresh and Salt Meats, Butter, Eggs, Canned Goods, Etc.

[illegible] Window
[illegible] 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

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

41-0

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.

LET ME KISS HIM FOR HIS MOTHER

Let me kiss him for his mother
Ere you lay him with the dead,
Far away from home, another,
Dare may kiss him in her stead
Hope the mother's lips would kiss him
Till her heart would nearly break
How in days to come she'll miss him
Let me kiss him for her sake.

Let me kiss him for his mother—
Let me, kiss the wandering boy!
It may be there is no other
Left behind to give her joy
When the news of woe to-morrow
Brings her bosom like a coal
She may feel the kiss of sorrow
Fall as balm upon her soul.

Let me kiss him for his mother!
Heroes yet, who by his side
Waited on him like a brother
Till the northern stranger died,
Heeding not the foul infection,
Breathing in the fevered breath;
Let me of mine own election
Give the mother's kiss in death.

Let me kiss him for his mother!
Loving thought and loving dead;
Seek not fear nor sigh to another,
Gentle mothers, while you read,
Thank the God that made ye human
Gave ye pitying tears to shed,
Honor ye the Christian woman
Bending o'er the mother's dead.

To Day's Story

A Clever Ruse

It Was Heads I Win, Tails You Lose

By WARREN MILLER

The first time I saw Daisy she was coming over her father's broad acres on a horse whose lope was very like a rocking chair. She was riding astraddle with divided skirts. No other woman on the ranches thereabout would ride in any other costume. Barker was riding beside her, and the two made a very handsome pair. The brim of his sombrero was flattened against his forehead by the wind, a jacket hung at his saddlebow, and his splendid figure was revealed by his costume—viz, flannel shirt and trousers, with boots to his knee.

Daisy had gone out from the east with her father, who became a sheep raiser, and she had become fascinated with ranch life. Unfortunately she had conceived a romantic idea of the genus cowboy, and, Barker being physically a perfect type, she had persuaded herself, or, rather, he had persuaded her, that he was just the man for her. I say "unfortunately" because he was not an educated man and in every way beneath her. There were other features about him to render him undesirable, which will appear presently.

The couple passed me, all of us saluting, though they were unknown to me, and I rode on to the ranch house, where I had business with John Nolan with reference to a large purchase of wool. While chokering with him on his veranda, up the roadway came the couple I had met and alighted at the foot of the steps. Throwing their bridle reins over a post, they walked up on to the veranda. Then I learned that Daisy was Nolan's daughter.

As the pair passed into the house I noticed a cloud flit over the face of the girl's father. I knew by Barker's bearing toward her that he was in love with her, and I judged that his attentions were not relished by Nolan. But he said nothing to me then, and we went on with our chokering. When I arose to go he said:

"There's no place about here in which you will be comfortable except my house. Send for your traps."

I accepted the invitation, especially as I was piqued at being under the same roof with Miss Daisy. I knew she had a lover, but my attraction for her did not then go so far as to intend to come between them. I merely liked the idea of being near her during my stay.

But I stayed a good while, and it was not very long before she and I each made a discovery. I discovered that I wanted her, and she discovered that she didn't want Barker. Meanwhile I found out something else—that he had become frightfully jealous of me and if I took her away from him he would probably kill me. At first he and I spoke to each other when we met either on the ranch or elsewhere. Then he only noticed me at the Nolan house.

I thought it best after awhile to remove to the inn called hotel, a mile from Nolan's. If anything happened between Barker and myself I preferred that it should not happen under Nolan's roof. So one day I removed my luggage to my new quarters.

One morning I was sitting on the porch of the hotel smoking a briar wood pipe. Barker came out of the barroom, where he had been drinking and took a seat about thirty feet from me. I didn't know he was there till turning my head, I saw him out of the corner of my eye sighting his revolver at me.

Naturally I started.

"Hold on there," said Barker. "You pipe makes a big target. We don't allow people to smoke such expensive pipes out here."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when I felt a faint tick on the bowl of the pipe, heard the crack of a gun and knew that a bullet had passed through the pipe.

"Hold up!" he growled as I was about to rise. "Your pipe won't draw with a hole in it, but it's still a mighty good target."

I snatched a look at him. He was evidently under the influence of liquor. I felt sure that if I didn't let him shoot at my pipe he would shoot at me and nerved myself to stand another shot. Indeed, this was all I could do, for I was unarmed. But a cold chill ran down my back and a cold sweat chilled me all over me. Nevertheless I put up a pretty good front. I sat with comparative composure, [illegible] letting a faint chance of [illegible] escape from him [illegible] but no daring to move a hair's breadth for fear of interfering with the [illegible] aim.

Several persons [illegible] the hotel having heard a shot came out to discover who had been killed. They arrived just in time to see the second shot and the top of the bowl of my pipe cut off. They at once took in the situation, and, seeing me coolly posing—not knowing my internal condition, they cried out, "Good pluck, steady nerve!" "Steady nerve!" "He ain't no tenderfoot!" and such other complimentary remarks.

Presently a third shot shattered what was left of the bowl of my pipe, and only the stem remained in my mouth. Whether my nerve made Barker hesitate of himself or that he was frightened off by the admiration of the others I don't know, but he desisted from further shooting. I fancy, however, he was satisfied with what he had doubtless intended for a warning that if I took Daisy Nolan away from him I would have to face sure death. The women urged me to go in and have something, but I declined, saying that I was anxious for a smoke and would go upstairs for another pipe. The truth is I wanted a chance to go where I could, unobserved, give way to my feelings for a few moments, they having been controlled only by a most desperate effort.

When I was alone I staggered to the bed, fell on it and for a few minutes trembled like a leaf. But when I began to recover I started to get mad at the same time. Men will fight more desperately for a woman than for any other cause, and it occurred to me that, Daisy being the bone of contention, if she preferred me either Barker or I must die. I spent some time considering what to do, then went to the ranch, intending to offer myself to Daisy. If she refused me I would leave the field at once to all suitors. If she accepted me I would have it out with Barker.

I found Miss Daisy very much excited. She had heard of Barker's shooting escapade and had turned bitterly against him. I told her that I wanted her and if she wanted me I was willing to settle the matter between Barker and myself. Her reply was all I could have asked for, but she positively forbade my coming into collision with my rival. I told her frankly that I believed he would kill me if I married her and that the matter had better be settled before the wedding. Being a woman, she wished to get round the matter by subterfuge and for the time being would consent to nothing definite.

Daisy was very fond of an old rancher called Jake Huching. To her he was "Uncle Jake." A day or two after Barker's shooting, as I was riding over the country on horseback, Huching came up behind me and ambled along side of me.

"I hearn about the shootin' o' your pipe outen your mouth," he said. "Little Daisy was tellin' me about it."

"Oh, it was Miss Nolan who told you, was it?"

"Yes. And, what's more, she asked me to suggest some way o' settlin' the matter without blood spillin'."

"That's impossible," said I.

"So I thort at fust, but arter awhile I thort of a plan. Barker's mighty proud o' his shootin', and he's pretty much made up his mind that he's lost Daisy. I reckon he'd agree to settle the matter by a trial of skill between him and you."

"I'm no shot. Such a contest would give Miss Daisy to him, and she doesn't want him."

"Not so fast. You don't need to be much o' a shot. Could you hit a hen's egg at twenty feet?"

"I might hit one, perhaps, in two or three shots."

"Well, I give Daisy my plan, and she's decided to try it. Here's a note for you, and here's a note for Barker. Whichever hits a hen's egg with a forty-two the most outen five shots she'll marry."

He handed me a note to that effect from Daisy and showed me another he was commissioned to deliver to Barker.

"Do you consent?" he added, drawing rein.

"Yes," I said. "I consent to anything Daisy desires."

Without waiting for more he turned about and rode back in the direction whence he came.

The next day Uncle Jake informed me that Barker had gladly agreed to the terms.

On the appointed day I made my appearance at the barn, wondering what was to be the upshot of this singular contest. I found an egg suspended over a basket by a fine thread. I won the toss and with it the right to fire five consecutive shots at the eggs. I missed the first and the fourth, but smashed the eggs on the second, third and fifth. For my life I could not see why I had not lost. It would be nothing for Barker to hit the eggs every time.

A new egg was attached to the thread for him to shoot at, and, whipping out his revolver, he fired with apparent carelessness. He was surprised to see the egg oscillate violently, but the shell was not broken. The next time he fired he took careful aim, but with no better success. He was thunderstruck, since I had hit the egg three times he could now only do the me.

Barker aimed long and carefully at the crater and sent the egg bobbing, but still the shell was unbroken. Filling his revolver on the barn floor, he strode away.

I knew that Barker had been tricked, but could not conceive how. It appeared to me that nothing could be more fair than the trial. I asked Uncle Jake how he had managed to let me, a poor shot, beat the best shot in the territory. He would not tell me how it was done.

Barker was never seen there again. Daisy had induced him to sign a promise that if I beat him he would leave the field clear for me.

I married Daisy and took her east with me. She said she had had enough of the wild west and had no further use for cowboys, not considering them the romantic creatures she had thought them when she first went to the country. She learned the secret of the feather match from Uncle Jake the day we were married and told it to me on our wedding journey. The meat had been taken from the egg Barker shot at, and the featherweight shell had been moved aside each time by the wind of the ball. To hit it was impossible.

Uncle Jake had learned the trick from a prestidigitator who had passed through the locality with a traveling circus.

RESCUE OF THE BUFFALO.

No Danger Now of the Valuable Animal Becoming Extinct.

The American bison, or buffalo, is increasing in number, according to the annual report of the biological survey, and the danger of complete extinction, that once threatened, apparently no longer exists.

The rescue of the buffalo from the slaughterers is one of the most interesting of our attempts at conservation. It is estimated that at one time within the last century there were as many as 75,000,000 of these great, unwieldy creatures on the North American continent. Early travelers tell of herds that were days in passing, that halted steamboats on the upper Missouri and stopped wagon and railway trains on the western plains. The number killed by the Indians in their hunts was not equal to the natural increase of the herds.

The slaughter began when the railroads crossed the prairies and opened up unexplored tracts to the hide hunters. Thousands were killed merely for a slice of their hump or tongue. For years hunters sold an average of 2,000,000 hides annually. In 1889 the number of American bison, wild and captive, was only 1,091. There are now perhaps in North America as many as 4,000.

The buffalo was the most numerous and valuable animal of this country. Its flesh was sun dried in great quantities and made excellent beef. The bones, horns and sinews were all utilized, and the hide was made into lodges, harness, canoes and winter clothing. Had the buffalo been conserved in time instead of being so ruthlessly slaughtered it would today have had an economic value to the country difficult to overestimate.

HATCH CHICKENS EARLY.

A Tip on How to Obtain a More Steady Supply of Eggs.

Nature requires her subjects to take an annual vacation, and the moulting season, which begins in late summer, is the holiday time for hens. The hens stop laying and change their old feather dress for a new one, requiring three or four months in the operation. When the hens take this vacation new laid eggs are scarce and remain scarce until the pullets hatched during the preceding spring begin to lay.

The remedy is very simple and is under the control of the poultryman. The first step is to have chickens hatched early, so that the pullets begin to lay when the hens begin to moult. This is not difficult. Pullets of the American breeds begin laying at about seven months of age. Leghorn pullets begin when about six months old. North of the Ohio river this means that all hatching must be over by May 1 at the latest. The best plan is to have the chickens coming at intervals during March and April. The earliest hatched pullets will, of course, begin to lay first. If any of them begin to moult their places will be taken by the later ones, and a steady supply of eggs will be more certain.

The difficulty in the way of the practical application of this matter is that so many poultry keepers are dependent on hens for hatching. As long as we have late hatched chickens we will have late sitters. The poultry keeper who wants to change from the late hatching to early hatching must therefore either get broody hens from some one else or use an incubator. After he has "changed the dates" on his flock he will have no trouble, especially with the American breeds.—New York Sun.

To Get Out of Debt.

In the Woman's Home Companion is an article on debt and how to get out of it by a woman who was almost ruined by her husband's carelessness and extravagance. Among other things she says:

"If a family that has been living outside its income wants to start to live inside, something more than a good resolve is necessary. Usually that man and woman have got to form a wholly new circle of friends. They must leave those who are living outside and take up their abode among those who are living inside. Man is a gregarious animal. His will power needs all the help it can get from a congenial and approving public opinion."

A Very Short Street.

One of the shortest and most obscure streets in all Greater New York is Chestnut street, and it's as small as its name implies. This street is less than fifty feet long and runs from New Chambers to Madison street, separating in two a triangular block, the whole of which would not have an area large enough for a modern building even if located in a section that would warrant the improvement.

The Schemer.

Mrs. A.—Don't you think you lose patience with your husband on rather slight provocation? Mrs. B.—I have to provoke him sometimes so that he will lose his temper and then give me anything I want so as to atone for the irritable way he has acted.

Odd North English Dialect.

A strange set of numerals was used by the older generation of farmers in one of our northern dales, especially for counting sheep, and the procedure was as follows:

A gap was made in the wall just wide enough to admit one sheep at a time, and as the sheep were driven through the farmer counted them, making a notch in his stick at every fifteen.

Phonetically the numerals sound like "yann, tane, tether, mether, pip, sax, sane, catterrer, wheeler, dick, yann-er-dick, tane-er-dick, teth-er-dick, mether-er-dick, boomfit."

"Boomfit" was fifteen, and so a notch was made in the stick, and the strange chant began all over again.—London Chronicle.

Postage Stamps and Germs.

By wetting the gum on the stamp with the tongue is the way disease may be spread by a postage stamp. It has been established by experimentation in laboratories that postage stamps do carry germs. In forty-eight tests out of a total of fifty bacteria were found. The fact that in only two cases were the germs of a malignant type does not lessen in any degree the danger that lurks in wetting the gum on the stamp with the tongue.