The Georgetown Herald.

FIFTY-FIRST YEAR OF PUBLICATION | GEORGETOWN, WEDNESDAY EVENING, AUGUST 29, 1917. | $1.50 Per Annum, or $1.25 if Paid in Advance

THE GEORETOWN 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	11.39 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	7.03 p.m.
Passenger	5.31 p.m.
Mail	7.57 p.m

GOING NORTH.

Mail	8.20 a.m
Mail	5.32 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 53;
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 6 to 9 p.m. Saturdays—2 to 5 p.m. and 6 to 9 p.m.
Phone for an Appointment

Chiropractic

No Medicine, Surgery or Osteopathy
A. M. 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 143, 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
R. 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 10c.
BOW 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 13

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

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
Phone 196

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 REPAIR

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.
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

The Highest Market Prices.
FOR
Rags, Rubbers, Horse Hair, Scrap Iron, All kinds of Metals, WOOL Feathers, Bags, Etc., Etc.
Whenever you have any of the above lines of Goods to dispose of, either in large or small lots, you will get the Best Price for same from HARRY EISEN, the Georgetown Junk and Metal Dealer. Prompt attention, honest weight and SPOT CASH settlement for all orders.
Highest Market Price for Live Poultry in any quantity.
HARRY EISEN
Junk and Metal Dealer
Phone 167 - - - Write to P.O. box 1076 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.
W. Grandy, - Manager
Georgetown Branch.

REAL COOKING

My maw she cooked no table dotes or ally carts or such,
And when it come to throwin' style, she wasn't very much.
There wasn't no French names hooked onto vittles she would cook.
She got 'em from experience, not from a furrin book.
She didn't have no casseroles, like they have now in grills,
No caviar, no curried things, no mutton chops in frills.
Or other high-toned rig-ma-jigs—just some vittles, that was all,
But she could cook the biscuits that, by jing, would never fall.
Her pie crust, gosh, 'twould simply melt right in a feller's mouth
Her johnnycake seemed like it came right from the sunny south;
Her crullers made a feller sit right up and call for more
Her bread was one thing upon which she set a lot of store.
No, friends, she wasn't very long on what they now call style,
But she could surely cook the stuff that made a feller smile.
There wasn't no dyspepsy 'round our place, or gouty feet,
For she cooked up the kind of food that's really meant to eat.

—Detroit Journal.

To Day's Story

A Race For A Stake

But There Was More In It Than the Money.

By ALAN HINSDALE

A number of persons stood on the front porch of a summer hotel near Washington, now looking at their watches and now up the road as if expecting something or somebody. Among them was a young lady dressed evidently for an automobile ride.

"If he gets here at 3 o'clock he'll be an hour ahead of time," said one.

"What time is he due in Washington?" asked another.

"At 6."

"What's up on it?"

"Oh, nothing valuable. It's a gentleman's race against time. A dozen pairs of gloves are all there is in it."

"Here he comes now."

The last one of these remarks was scarcely spoken before a minute cloud of dust was easily discernible up the road. An automobile appeared a mere speck and began to grow in apparent size. In another minute it pulled up at the steps of the hotel. A young man jumped out, calling for gasoline and such other automobile equipments as he needed. The lady mentioned stepped up to him and said:

"Mr. Champlin, I believe."

"I am," replied the auto man, bowing and trying to get hold of his cap to pull it off.

"My cousin, Humphrey Cook, knowing that I was here, that I adore automobiling and that I wish to go to the city, has written me that you would stop here and possibly would take me in."

Mr. Champlin hesitated.

"I'll be no trouble," the lady added.

"Really I should be delighted for your company, but in case of any delay I may have to proceed at breakneck speed."

"The faster you go the better I shall like it."

"Very well. I'm an hour ahead and if nothing breaks shall have no trouble in reaching the goal on time. Are you ready?"

"I am."

"Step in, Miss— I beg your pardon. I didn't get your name."

"Hood—Jaqueline Hood," replied the girl.

Mr. Champlin started. "Jack Hood!" he exclaimed.

"The same. Is there anything about Jack Hood that you don't like?"

"I've heard she's the worst feminine daredevil the world has ever seen."

"You've also heard probably that she knows all about an auto. Perhaps she may aid you in case of trouble."

By this time Miss Hood was settling herself comfortably in the auto, tying her veil under her chin. There was a singular look on Champlin's face. He had bet Humphrey Cook that he would drive his auto to New York and return by a given time. Might not Cook have sent this girl to delay him?

"I'm sorry, Miss Hood," he said, "but I've changed my mind about taking you."

"I haven't changed mine about going."

A bewitching smile hovered on her lips, and her eyes danced with mischief.

"Very well," he said. "I'll take you. But remember that in case there's any rascality perpetrated I shall treat you just as if you were a man."

"Good! That's the way I wish to be treated."

During this scene the onlookers had gathered around the machine, and at the last words some of the men and all the women clapped their hands. Champlin got in, and the couple rolled away, followed by cheers and the waving of handkerchiefs. In another minute nothing could be seen of them but a tiny dust cloud.

For an hour Miss Hood entertained the driver of the auto in such a way as to make him forget everything but her. Nevertheless his eye was on the speed gauge and the clock, and nothing pertaining to winning his race was neglected. There are women who can do more with a man in an hour than other women can do in a lifetime. Miss Hood simply absorbed him.

"Have you time to stop for a glass of milk?" she asked.

"Certainly."

"Well, there's a farmhouse off the road up there. Would you mind getting one for me?"

Mr. Champlin stopped before the gate and went up to the house. A woman answered his knock at the door, and he went inside. He was in sooner out of sight than Miss Hood jumped out, tied a small white parcel [illegible] stretch from her belt, then took out and put it in her pocket. She had not finished her work before Champlin reappeared with a glass of milk in his hand. Miss Hood was awakened to his presence by hearing the breaking of glass on stone. Looking up, she saw Champlin the picture of astonishment and chagrin. He knew that he had been "done."

Striding with a quick step to the auto, he said sternly:

"You know what I said before leaving—that if there was any rascality perpetrated I would treat you just as I should a man."

"Oh, yes," she replied, making a face at him; "I remember that."

"Give me what you have removed."

"I decline to do so."

Champlin made a dive for her. She rolled around the auto. He followed, having her in a circle. She was too fleet for him. He was strong, but she was agile. At every step there would be the pretty face brimming with mischief, her eyes riveted on him that she could be ready for his slightest move. Finally he gave it up.

"Did Cook send you out to do this?"

"Yes."

"Well, I suppose I shall have to lose the bet."

"That isn't necessary."

"What do you mean?"

"That if you ask me to give you what I have taken I will do so."

"On what conditions?"

"No conditions."

"No conditions! What do you mean?"

"I mean that I agreed with Humphrey for a dozen pairs of gloves to come out and delay you. Please don't ask me why I prefer not to do so."

She cast down her eyes, and her meaning was plain. She had "gone soft" on Champlin.

She handed him the nut. He replaced it, and in another minute they were shooting again along the road.

Champlin was delighted. Cook had very nearly got ahead of him—would have got ahead of him had it not been that the girl had taken so great a fancy to him that she hadn't the heart to "do" him. What a splendid joke it would be on Cook and the party who were present at the making of the bet when Champlin and Miss Hood rolled up to the — hotel on time! Miss Hood hadn't even asked for the gloves her cousin had offered her to help him win them. Champlin told her that as soon as he received the stakes he would give them to her and she could change them for ladies' gloves. Instead of being pleased at this, she appeared to be very much hurt. Champlin begged her to tell him why, and she replied that she had not consented to be a turncoat for a bribe. This left him to understand that she had done it all for him. There was a very tender scene between them, at the end of which the misunderstanding was made up, and for the rest of the journey Miss Cook held the steering wheel, while Mr. Champlin's arm was about her waist.

There were no more delays. On approaching the city, having still an hour's leeway, they concluded to stop at a convenient place and get the dust out of their throats with an ice. Champlin left the lady for a brief season while he poured out something more effective than ice in doing away with dust. On rejoining her they partook of the ices and resumed their journey.

"What are you smiling at?" asked Miss Hood of her companion.

"Oh, I was thinking how surprised that cousin of yours will be when we roll up on time. That was a rascally proceeding of his, and it deserved to fail. If you hadn't been the dearest girl in the world it would have succeeded. But just think of his surprise when he hears of the other part of it."

He managed to get hold of her hand with his left, holding on to the wheel with one hand, and they bowled along in this way until they met another conveyance.

And now the dome of the capitol with the figure perched upon it loomed up faint in the distance. It was not long before the outskirts of the city were reached, and half an hour before the time limit had expired they stopped at the ladies' entrance of the — hotel. A liveried servant advanced and said:

"Mr. Cook and a party of ladies and gentlemen are in a private dining room waiting for you, sir."

Entering the room, Champlin expected to find Cook eager to know why his scheme had failed. Instead Cook handed his cousin a dozen pairs of ladies' gloves. After this he put out his hand to Champlin.

"I congratulate you, old boy, with all my heart on your engagement."

Champlin stood mute with astonishment.

"Champ, old boy," added Cook, "you need an explanation. To make you lose I sent my cousin Jack out to effect an entrance into your auto and delay you on the way. If she succeeded she was to have a dozen pairs of gloves for a reward. She has lost the gloves."

"That's plain," said Champlin.

"Well, there was a bet between Jack and me of another dozen pairs of gloves against a hundred cigars that she would make you propose to her on the way."

Champlin looked so many emotions, of which astonishment and shamefacedness were the most prominent, that all burst into a laugh, in which he finally joined. Then, turning to Miss Hood, he advanced, with a puzzled inquiring look on his face.

"Was it all a sham?" he asked.

She made no reply in words, but a slight color rising to her cheeks indicated that the brief period she had passed, even of a sham engagement, had not been unpleasant to her. Besides, Champlin was regarded as one of the best catches in Washington. Since he could get no word of confirmation he concluded to apply a test. Putting an arm around the girl's waist he drew her toward him and kissed her. She submitted without a protest.

"It's a go!" shouted Cook, and there was a burst of merriment, all crowding around Miss Hood to congratulate her, the men with handshakes, the women with kisses.

"Good for you, Champ!" cried Humphrey Cook. "You've won out all around. But the stake on the race is nothing compared with winning a wife. And you've got a dandy one, that can run anything, from a car to a man, and you'll find that she can take both the auto and the man apart and put them together again without the least trouble."

The wedding journey was an auto trip to California.

THE NEED OF THE HOUR

"Talk Happiness. The world is sad enough
Without your words. No path is wholly rough;
Look for the places that are smooth and clear,
And speak of those to rest the weary ear
Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain
Of human discontent and grief and pain.
Talk Faith. The world is better off without
Your utter ignorance and morbid doubt.
If you have faith in God, or man, or self,
Say so; if not, push back upon the shelf
Of silence your thoughts till faith shall come."

THE REASON most of us fall short of success is that we do not want it enough. We do not care for it sufficiently to pay the price. The difference between a good student and a poor one is not in brains half as often as in industry and in concentration. And the young man who is promoted in business twice to the other fellow's once, is generally the one who stays on after hours till his work is done, instead of locking his desk at five o'clock. Many a youth wishes he had the "luck" of some successful one, when all he needs is a willingness to pay the price to duplicate that success and more.

THIS IS THE TIME of year when the death-dealing cucumber is abroad in the land seeking whom it may double up and make sad. When a man goes home in the evening after a hard day's work he finds that he is the proud possessor of an appetite like a self-binder, and when he sits down to the table and sees before him the first cucumbers of the season he can hardly wait until he gets a quantity stored away under his belt. Under this belt said cucumbers quietly lay in wait until the eater has gone to sleep for the night. Then they get up on their feet, unbutton their vests, roll back their sleeves and proceed to business. At the first attack the sleeper only dreams he has been hit in the vitals with a club, but the cucumbers rapidly get warmed up and the victims agonies increase. His dreams become more picturesque and he begins to snort and feels as if the town's heavyweights were dancing the Highland fling on his abdomen. The dancers gradually enter into the sport with more zest and reinforcements keep on arriving. Things get desperate and a physician is telephoned for and instructed to bring his full grown pumps. At last, along about day break, the militia, fire department and the band appear on the scene and join in the terpsichorean exercises. When the sleeper awakens in the morning the first thing he does is to feel of his stomach to see if it is still there. He finds the stomach there, also the cucumbers which the night before sat up and smiled so innocently at him. There are lots of people who are harvested before they are ripe simply because they absorb more cucumbers into their anatomy than their digestive apparatus can cope with.

Obituary

BYARD HILL

Mr. Byard Hill passed away Monday, August 13th, after a somewhat lengthy illness, in his seventy-third year. Deceased was born in Trafalgar township, Halton County, on January 10th, 1845. He came with his family from Esquesing township to Clinton, eleven years ago, and for several years conducted a grocery business here, but owing to failing health he gave up business some few years ago. He has been very ill since January last. Mr. Hill is survived by his widow and a family of three sons and one daughter, Pte Edwin B. Hill of the 101st Overseas Batt.; Fred J. Hill of Ottawa; Albert A. Hill of Edmonton and Mrs Frank W. Andrews of Clinton. Both the sons now resident in Canada visited their father during the past couple of months, but of course the son in England has not been able to come home.

The late Mr. Hill was a quiet man, a good neighbor and had the respect of all who knew him. He was a member of Wesley Church. The remains were taken to Glenwilliams for interment on Thursday morning. Mrs Hill, Mrs. Andrews and Rev. A. E. Jones, pastor of Wesley Church, accompanied the body. —Clinton News Record.

Terra Cotta

Mrs. Best of Gladstone Ave., Toronto, who has been spending a few days with Mrs Eves has returned home.

The Rev. Mr. Trueblood has returned from his vacation and preached a very able sermon in the Methodist Church here last Sunday. Mr. Trueblood is an earnest preacher and is drawing good congregations.

Among those who took in the Western excursion were Messrs J. McBride, J. Marchman, and Robt. Crane.

Mrs Jas Davidson who went to Guelph hospital recently for medical treatment, arrived home last week and much improved in health. We hope soon to hear of her complete recovery.

Mrs. B. Taylor of the 3rd line has arrived home from the Guelph Hospital much improved in health.

Miss Norma and Willie Hunter of the 5th line are spending a few days with Mr and Mrs. C. McKeown and family of Acton.

Miss Annie McBride who has been visiting with Caledon friends has returned home.

Mr. G. Aldous who has been on the sick list is now able to be around again.

Notwithstanding the fact that the harvest is great and the laborers are few, the farmers are making good progress in gathering in the grain and the hum of the threshing is again heard.

SCORES OF BANDS AT THE "FAIR"

"Innes, the Band Man," who will head the musical programme this year at the Canadian National Exhibition, with his famous band of soldiers, is an Englishman, a graduate of the London Conservatory of Music, and the Band of the Life Guards. Later he went to Paris, where he attracted the attention of the late Pat Gilmore, the greatest of all American leaders. He accompanied Gilmore to America, and has proved a worthy successor to the old master. Innes' band was acclaimed the finest of the many fine bands heard at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. He it was, also, who planned and carried to success the remarkable series of festivals which made the Alaska Yukon Exposition notable among all other exhibitions for its musical programme. Innes will give two free concerts daily, and, in addition, there will be concerts by a score of other bands day and night.