FIFTY-FIRST YEAR OF PUBLICATION

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## THE GEORGETOWN HERALD IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING ERALD POWER PRINTING OFFICE BEORGETOWN - - ONT. SUBSCRIPTION RATES There \$1.50; or \$1.25 if paid it adfix months, of cents in advance althres label shows the date your space and the subscription expires.

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A partisements without specific direction and be inserted until forbid and

ignifications will be changed once tiges for contract, advertisements to in the office by Monday evening. .-J. M. MOORE. c Publishe

O.T.R. Time Table. "" 

8.20 a.m 

TORONTO SUBURBAN RAILWAY DAILY TIME TABLE SUNDAY TIME-TABLE Going East...... 10.20 12.50 4.15 6.10

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X>>>>>>>>>>>

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Russia's Parquetry Floors. Most flooring put down in Russia is parquetry, and it is generally onk. Even in the unpretentions houses and fat buildings this purquetry is to be found. In some cases, of course, the inish is not so flue as in others, and

in ordinary highlings the designs are not so, eliborate. The of the most noticeable features of a flussian house is that rugs and confein ago used for wall decorations histend of foor coverings. Floor polishing by professionals, who come regularly once every week or ten days is considered a part of the regular routine of rimning a bouse.

One reason given why very old new trees are to often found in country burchyards is that originally these ants with wood for their bows; for in inwiess times it was soon discovered that the only place where frees would be safe from piglitly juntauters was ened thief dared not venture between darkness and dawn

Cure For Winking. Pa-At last I've tonnel if way to make. that young scamp of ours stop winking

Pa-Yes: I'll show him the articles n this science magazine where it says

Out of His Class. "I hear your new son-in-law has rain fever," said the curious man. "Brain fever, dld you say?" chuckled the father-in-law, . "The poor booby ouldn't have any such sickness. Imagine a jellyfish having a backache."

His Decision. "I have been in your train a long "I can't marry yoth" said the girl. "All right. Here's where I change

What Started the Jar. Wife-I wonder how you can look me in the face. Husband-Oh, a man can pet used to anything

## **Mail Contract**

on Friday, the 11th January. 1918, for the con-Contract for four years, a I times per week on the route Bronte Bural Boute(via Merton) from the Postmaster General's Pleasure.
Printed notices containing further informstion as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be ob tained at the Post Offices of Bronts, Merton, and at the office of the Post Office Inspector

A. Sutherland,
Post Office Inspector,
Post Office Inspector's Office, Toronto, Nov-

## Mail Contract

Scaled Tenders, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noot-General, will be received at Ottawa until nooten Briday, the 18th January, 1918, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week of the ropte Hornby Rural Route No. 2 from the Postmester General's Pleasure,

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Hornby and at the office of the Post Office Inspector, Toronto

A. Sutherland,

Post Office Inspector Post Office Inspector's Office, Toronto Dec

Mail Contract

SE THE SE Scaled tenders addressed to the Postmaster on Friday, the 18th January, 1918 for the con yeyance of His Majesty's Malls, on a proposed Veyance of His Majesty's Malls, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week on the route Hornby Rural Route No. 1 from the Postmaster General's Pleasure

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Hornby, and at the office of the Post Office Inspector. Toronto.

A. Butherland.

Post Office Inspector's Office Toronto, December, 4th, 1917. That Contract arms and smiled at him with clear,



General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 25th January, 1918, for the convoyance of His Majes'y's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, 6 times per week on the route Oakville R.R. No. 1 [via Trafalgar] from the Postmaster General's Pleasure,
Printed notices containing further information as to conditions 'f proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Oakville, Trafalgar and at the office of the Post Office Inspector.

A. Butherland,
Post Office Inspector. Post Office Inspector's Office, Toronto, Dec.

To be a successful Stonographer a thorough training is necessary in the follow-Shorthand Typewriting'

THE BLIND SOLDIER'S SOLILOQUY: No more bright sunshine will I see. Nor trees in springtime green;

The merry smile on childhood's face By me no more is seen: My feet must halt upon the way,
My ha de grope out with fear
I showered to my pountry's call
When some refused to hear. cannot see the falling rain, But leel its gentle klas; the sight of fields of golden grain A pleasure now I miss. ont God has been most wondrous k

Who gives cen take away, A thousand blessings of the mind. He showers on me each day. And oh! The kindness of a touch I pe er hould know before.

A band of taye oft mine will albutch

And thrill me elepand o'en). I thank thee. God, my hearing hear I existered to the call. I cannot see the tising bird, Bn' sight was not my all.

Or voice that speaks with cheer.
The fragrant periume of a flower.
Tells of a love thats near: My mem'ry rarest pictures paint . Whose colors me'er will lade: thank thee, God, when hearts wer Thou mad'et me unafraid.

To-Day's Story

## THE HONOR MAN\_--

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

How He Made Good.

By VINGIE E. ROE Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

The great, pine shaggy shoulders of the Cascades reared against the tur quoise summer sky. For down beter the turbulent white waters of L. Rogue river foamed in their wild bea. and their murmur rose to the mountain

Halfway between the two extremes fine roadway climbed by steady grades along the glant bills. Along this road for a matter of a mile were scattered little groups of men still at work upon it... They wore overalls and sateen shirts, and there was nothing in their appearance to differentiate them from other men, yet they were convicts. Farther on the pine shantles and

tents of the honor camp struggled along the road, hugging it close by reason of the steepness of the hills. Here there was a cook shack where the life of the camp centered. There was no sign of authority anywhere. and McConnel, the superintendent. went about unarmed as far as any one

A quarter mile from the camp, just below the rondbed, a single man worked alone with pick and shovel deepening a wash from a culvert pipe. He was about thirty, dark eyed and baired, though the short curls at bis temples were dusted with gray. He was slim and agile, with the suggestion of football and the track meet in

every line of his body. He looked out of place as he labored, stopping from time to time to gaze off over the feathery, whispering slopes dropping so swiftly to the river

"Heavens," he said aloud-"the good Presently, as he worked, holding his hand with an effort, a girl came along around the hend on the road above

"Hello, impostor!" she called in strong contraito voice that carried splendidly in the clear air. He straightened and looked up with

"Not on your life!" he said. "Haven't

told you I'm where I belong?" "Nix!" said the girl shortly, and, sitting down on the fill, she dropped her length to the sloping surface a little above him, where she sat down, drew up her knees, clasped them in her womanly gray eyes. "You're an impostor. You're not one of the boys, at heart."

"No?" he said courteously at this clunt opening of the tacitly shunned subject of the camp. "You're wide She shook her brown hend.

"I know a man." she said simply. from a criminal." He smiled a trifle grimly. "Not in this case," he said. "You don't know what's in my heart" She did not speak, but under her

breath she said to herself sharply: "Pity I don't!" She was McConnel's daughter, and ber parole was more important than the governor's in the honor camp. "I might be meditating escape right now," he said, flicking his eyes upward at her face as he bent to his interrupted work again. "It" : mighty call-a mighty call-

that .! the open woods and the

He stopped again and looked down

stronms.

over the whispering pine tops to the roaring river. "To you more than to those others," she said, nodding her head toward the bend ahead which bid the scattered groups, "and a common man might answer it. You are of better fiber." They both fell slight, while the fiver in

did not speak At suppor time the men came straggling in, some weary and hopeless, others singing, a pathetle file in the high blue shadow of the mountains, and

towais.

The cit bring upon the octathrs of the crowd brist at some task, but covered. ortly watching for the figure that was not like those others. And she knew-long before her father stood at the cook shack door and checked them; of by number as they filed in to the ereping ment she know. She did not need the sudden halt in thu son call, the repetition of the mine

ber its fterntleni the giances of in quiry, the questions to tell hep that it bad happened. ...... There was sudden confusion. The supper sat uhmbled on the tables while n search was binde of the shucks and

tents.
Then there was order, and squads. were made up and details given, and she saw a gun suddenly spring into sight on her futher's hip. In ten minutes the honor camp was out on the billsides starting the first man hunt, for this was the first time a man had broken his parole. The girl ran at her father's side,

lithe and strong in her short skirt and trim mountain boots, silent, listening to the buzz of comment and specula-

Like bloodhounds the squads went first to the wash below the high arched culvert which carried off the most threatening of the big mountain's rushing rivulets in the rains. Here lay his tools, but of himself or the way he

had gone there was no sign. "Skipped," said her father disdainfully, "and him a 'trusty'-the first man to play the infernal fool, for it'll' mean a long addition to his term when he's caught. And he'll be caught. Now we'll spread out from here." But here the girl pushed through and stood just over the long crack in the

slanting rock. She lenned forward a bit, as if she wished her ringing young voice to carry downward. "You're wrong, dad!" she cried strongly. "I tell you you're wrong! The man's been a bunter-a dsher. He's the putteed, gauntleted, tallored khaki kind, and the pull of the hills and woods has been too strong! He's gone for a time, but he'll come back.

the old longings in him, and he's flung out to the woods, but he'll come back. I know, for my rifle and my steel fly rod are gone." "Rosie," said her father gravely. "you've never been a fool before. Go on back to your mother." Obediently, having fallen contentedly

The freedom and the wild have waked

stient, she went, and the squads spread up and down the great watershed in grim and orderly fashion. When the midnight stars stood overbend there was a tiny, whispering sound at the culvert, and a man came crawling cautiously out of it, having merely raised the mat of drooping ferns that concealed the mouth of as

fine a natural underground cavern that gave at the upper end as one might need for such a purpose as his. Now he straightened cautiously and listened. Far up on the ridge he could hear occasional scattered shouts where his fellows searched for him. He

amiled grimly. His dark eyes were full of fire and grim determination, and the excitement of great hazard marked his clean lined face. He was starting for freedom. But the first careful step appalled him by its consequence. He put his foot on something that rolled and sent him rattling down the wash. while the object of the disaster slid

out his hands and felt of it. It was might meet, but the Eskimos, though eyes to the prosale task under his a steel fishing rod, its joints tied to- sometimes sullen, were never hostile, gether. Dangling from it he found. as his fingers slipped along it, a reel full of line and a fly book. It had been placed directly across

the culvert's mouth. With his face a study in the darkness be crept slowly back, reaching with his sensitive hands along the rocky bed. They came upon the cold metal of a gun-a nent, light rifle. "Lord!" he said under his breath. Then he sat back up on his beels, motionless in the darkness.

The men came straggling back at dawn for food, ate, talked, compared notes and went out again. All day they hunted the hills and the gorges, slept a bit by turns and returned to the McConnel was grim and angry. He

hated to send word to the authorities until be had satisfied himself that he could do nothing himself. The girl watched slyly from her gray eyes and said nothing, though she was as tense as a drawn string.

The next morning they were a haggard bunch that clustered around the long tables in the cook shack, and Mc-Connol stood at the telephone calling for the valley town. He was sending for help.

The voices of the men were husbed for his benefit, and there was only the cintter of knives against heavy plates. Suddenly there was an exclamation, the rasp of a chair pushed back on the rough floor, and a man sprang up with tragic finger pointed to a window. that commanded the road. "Heavens!" he cried shrilly. "There he comes!"

In one hand he carried the lengths of a steel rod and a string of trout fresh from the cool shadows of the spray dashed rocks. In the other he bore a light hunting rifle, while on his back, properly slung with the trick of the true hunter, its slender feet tied on his breast and its weight on his shoulders, there rode a young spike buck. "Good "morning!" he smiled. "By George Im hungry!

(ID again and abe at a competitive up to him and for a complete and little a long incompet the two men locked with the monograph each others between the eyes with time. LONG ARM OF THE LAW

MOUNTER POLICE BROUGHT THE MURDERERS FROM ARCTIO

Two Eskimos Murdered Priests, and tice WIII Not Bo Thwarted They Wore Captared After a Search That Lasted for Almost Three

N the record of the Royal North-West Mounted Polloe there is no more wonderful story than that to which "hotel was written in Edmonton court-room the other day, Two Eskinos, Sinmsiak, and Ulukauk, murdered two patholio priests, Fathers Laroux and Rouvier, near Bloody Palls, on the Coppermile River, fer in the Arctic Circle, in 1918. After a pursuit that lasted for more than three years, and extonded over 5,000 miles, the murderers were brought to Edmonton by Sergt. "Danny" LeNouze and Constables Wright and Withers. They were convicted; 'indeed, they freely confessed their crime and were sen-

tenced to death, but on the strong advice of the jury and the judge it was decided that it would be a crime to execute men who understood so ittle the nature of their offence and who at the time it was committed feared that the priests were about to shoot them. So the Eskimos will be sent back to their ley homes, there to spread among their fellows this wonderful story of the long arm of British justice.
The hunt for the Eskimos began

on May 1, 1915, when Sergt. "Danny," the Irishman with the French name, took his two men and left Edmonton for Peace River. Here the party fitted out for a threeyear trip, then proceeding down the Peace River to Lake Athabaska, then down the Slave River across the Great Slave Lake, and into and down the Mackenzie River as far as Fort Norman. Here they picked up an Eskimo Interpreter, who, with his wife and daughter, was attached to other constable Joined the party. They reached Hear Lake on August 4 after a hard journey. Here they found old Fort Franklin, still standng and in good repair. It is named fter the Arctic explorer, who once spent a winter on the spot. Then they started across Great Bear Lake. a huge body of water, and it took them from August 12 to September 8 to make the distance of 400 miles. All were seasick. The party had a dozen husky dogs with them and had to firh dally for their food.

The next stop was at Dease Bay. where they expected to come across the cabin of the priests. It was at this spot that Stefansson found the first evidences of a blonde Eskimo in 1911. When they came across the cable they knew at once that the priests had been murdered, for it was looted, but still there was nothing to give a clue to the murderers. Up to this time, it ought to be remarked, the officers were only working on a report that the priests had been killed by unknown Eskimos, and until they reached the ransacked cabin they had not even presumptive evidence that a crime had been committed. They remained here through the winter, going into the Barrens to kill meat. By the middle of March, all was ready for the dash into the Arctic. It was March 29. 1916, when they began the last stage of their journey, a 200-mile trek to the world's rim .. In a month of sledding and traveling by foot they had reached the Coppermine River, Here they fell in with Eskimo bands, and

the real hunt began.

They were armed with automatic pistols and rifles, for they did not With his heart stopped still be put know what sort of reception they and not once did the officers have to use their weapons. It would have been useless to do :o in any event, for had the Eskimos meant mischief they were numerous enough to overwhelm the white men. What gave them their wonderful authority was not their guns, but the knowledge that they represented the North-West Mounted Police, men who never let go of a man once they had beised him, and would follow a murderer to the ends of the earth. The Eskimos. however, were comparatively friendly, though at first it was difficult to get much information from them. The police traveled here and there, and finally drifted out to Cape Lambert, in the Dolphin Straits. It was here they learned the story of the murder, and that he murderers were in the neighborhood. It appears that the two murderers had been practically expelled by their

tribe, and were living like outcasts. At a point near the edge of Victoria Land the officers found Sinnistak in an loo but. When they walked in on him he merely glanced up, though a big gun lay near his hand. The interpreter told bim that he was under arrest. He immediately told all the details of the crime, and offered not the slightest objection to going with Sorgt, LeNouze. Some weeks-later they picked up Ulukeuk, who was with a number of companions. He quietly submitted and presently the outfit started on the return journey. In fact, all the way back the Eskimos worked like the white men and were never under guard. The winter was spent on Herschel Island, and in the spring the back trall was taken. One of the most gruesome features of the story, and at the same time one of the most interesting to those who have studied the habits of Eskimes. was the admission of the murderers that they had eaten the livers of their victims, thus establishing what in long been suspected, namely that ""!halism is practised among some the denizens of the Enr North.

Since the beginning of the war Germany has built about two hundred and fifty submarinos.