

The Georgetown Herald.

William Kennedy

FIFTY-FIRST YEAR OF PUBLICATION

GEORGETOWN, WEDNESDAY EVENING, APRIL 3, 1918

\$1.50 Per Annum, or \$1 25 if Paid in Adv.

THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
One year \$1.50; 6 months 80 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 contract advertising. Twelve lines to 65 inches.

Advertisements without specific directions will be inserted until notified 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

SOUTH EAST.	
Passenger	9.20 a.m.
Mail	11.00 a.m.
Passenger	11.30 a.m.
Mail	3.45 p.m.
Passenger	7.15 p.m.
SOUTH WEST.	
Passenger	7.57 a.m.
Mail	10.05 a.m.
Passenger	10.35 p.m.
Mail	7.57 p.m.

GOING NORTH.

GOING SOUTH.

10.05 a.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

10.35 p.m.

STANDARD ANTHRACITE
SCRANTON COAL
Small sizes
Automatically Screened and Loaded

Coal & Wood

Select Lump for Domestic and Throwing Purposes. Nothing and Cannot Coal. In fact carry everything to be found in an up-to-date Coal and Wood Yard.

JOHN McDONALD
Georgetown
Phone 127

J. W. KENNEDY

Hardware, Paints, Stoves, Tinware, Electric Fixtures, Sewer Pipe, and Cement

J. W. KENNEDY

Tinsmithing and plumbing
Hot Air and Hot Water Heating
Electric Wiring

J. W. Kennedy
PHONE 25
Georgetown, Ont.

Do You Realize

that the Central appeal Judge's decision (on Bank Clerk's) means, that the positions vacated must be filled by young ladies and the younger men.

Our Commercial Course

gives the necessary training for "Banking positions."
NOW is the time to prepare. Special rates to those starting March 1st and April 1st.

Guelph Business College

GUELPH, ONT.
Herald Bldg., at the Post Office
A. L. BOUCK, - Principal

J. M. Buck
BUTCHER
Georgetown

Always has on Hand the Finest of
BEEF & PORK
SAUSAGE BOLOGNA
ETC.

HOME-CURED HAMS & BACON
LAMB & VEAL

STUFFED IN PLAIN OLIVES
HEINZ SWEET PICKLES IN BULK

to Attend the Best. It pays.

ELLIOTT
Business College
TORONTO, ONT.

Yonge and Charlton Sts., Toronto, Ont., has a National Reputation for superior work. Open all year. Enter now. Catalogue free. Great demand for our graduates.
W. J. ELLIOTT, Principal.

THE FIT

We consider most important. We want your SHOES to be comfortable, wear well and give you lasting satisfaction that when you need another pair you'll order here, first.

STYLES were never more attractive and we have a wide variety of the newest. Come in and try them on.

RUMFORD
THE SHOE MAN
"The Home of Better Shoes"

MEN

whose opinions carry weight in the business world realize the importance of such a valuable asset as Eyesight. Such men entrust the care of their eyes to us. There's a reason.

DR. PLANT, Optometrist
Georgetown, Phone 199. Office next to Library

BANK OF HAMILTON
Established 1872

Capital Authorized, \$5,000,000
Capital Paid-up, \$3,000,000
Surplus, \$1,000,000

Thrift

TO Earn a little and to spend a little less was the advice of Robert Louis Stevenson. Thrift is a virtue that is easily acquired and decidedly profitable. You will be astonished to find how quickly your savings will accumulate with the interest added.

One Dollar will Start a Savings Account for you at the

BANK OF HAMILTON
Georgetown Branch 41-43
G. C. MACKAY, Manager

The Merchants Bank
of Canada.

ESTABLISHED 1864

Paid-up Capital \$7,000,000
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits 7,421,292
Total Deposits 92,102,072
Total Assets 121,180,558

WINNER OR WASTER—Which are You?

ON a recent public occasion the Honorable the Minister of Finance for Canada, in addressing a representative Canadian audience, dealt with the urgency of everybody doing, even in the smallest way, their share towards adding the Empire.

It is well to remember that every dollar thrown away extravagantly does one hundred per cent. more good to the enemy than one dollar saved by ourselves.

The wealth of the world finally filters through individual dollars, and if the curse of extravagance strikes deeply enough, our ruin is bound to follow.

Save a dollar TO-DAY and do a hundred per cent. more for the Empire than your extravagant neighbor does for the enemy.

Safety Deposit Boxes to Rent.
C. W. Grandy, - Manager
Georgetown Branch.

It's discouraging

to discover a hole like this in the comfortable shoes that you expected would last for a couple of months longer anyway. However, if you send them to us for our

High Less Shoe Repairing

we can re-sole them, restore their good looks and put them in condition to give you long service. Why not try it.

W. WHARRAD
MAIN STREET
PHONE 147

Clifford Linham
BUTCHER
MAN STREET

The Choicest

Beef
Pork
Veal
Lamb

Butter
Lard
Eggs
Fish

Cooked Meats and Sausage

Swift's Noted Premium Hams and Bacon.

Our new Cash and Carry System makes our Meats Cheaper to You.

Clifford Linham
Phone 198

Paper Hanging

Right now is the Time

to make arrangements about that Papering. I handle the celebrated Empiro Semi-Triumph Wallpaper, which cannot be surpassed for beauty, design and coloring. Something for every room. Let me call with samples and suggestions. Estimates given. Prices consistent with good material and workmanship.

For those who wish to do their own papering, you will find the Empiro Semi-Triumph a great boon.

PAINTING, GRAINING, &c

E. BLUDD,
Box 109
GLENWILLIAMS
Phone 5 ring 5.

Auction Sale
OF
CHAETTES

The undersigned will sell by Public Auction at Georgetown on

FRIDAY APRIL 12th

at 1 o'clock the following Chattels of the late

W. B. NIXON, viz:

Cutlery; 3 cooking stoves; box stove; 2 cupboards; bath outfit; carpenter's tools; chairs; extension ladder; garden tools and numerous other useful articles.

TERMS—Cash

W. A. Wilson, BENJ. PETCH
Auctioneers

Hardwood Floors
Cost Less Than Carpets

IT IS CHEAPER to lay hardwood floors in a house than to buy carpets for it.

What's more—the hardwood floors will last a life-time, are much easier to keep clean and in every respect will return you dividends of pleasure on your investment.

We sell "**Beaver Brand**" **Hardwood Flooring**

It is thoroughly kiln dried, accurately machined, perfectly matched, and guaranteed to last a life-time.

Ask any person who has hardwood floors in his house whether he would go back to the old softwood floors and carpets. The answer will convince you that it pays to buy hardwood floors.

J. B. MACKENZIE
Georgetown and Acton

Georgetown Creamery

We pay the Highest Market Price for Cream in any quantity.

Poultry and Eggs

We will pay you the highest market price for your Poultry, live or dressed; also fresh eggs.

Georgetown Creamery Co.
M. SAXE, Manager

Notice to Creditors

In the matter of the Estate of Catharine Ryan, late of the Village of Georgetown, in the County of Halton, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given, pursuant to section 99 of the Trustee Act, R.S.O. 1914, Chap. 124, that all creditors having claims against the estate of the said Catharine Ryan, Widow, deceased, who died on or about the 10th day of June, A.D. 1917, at the date of the said Catharine Ryan, Widow, deceased, to send by post, prepaid, or duly or for the undersigned solicitors for the estate of the said deceased, their claims and demands, supported by vouchers, to the undersigned solicitors, at the office of the said solicitors, in the Village of Georgetown, on or before the fifteenth day of April, A.D. 1918, and that the said administration of the estate of the said Catharine Ryan, Widow, deceased, will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate among the persons entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which it shall have notice, and that the said administration will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person or persons of whose claims notice shall not have been received by her at the date of said distribution.

SHILTON, WALLBRIDGE & DALE,
Solicitors for the said Administration.
Dated at Georgetown this eleventh day of March, A.D. 1918.

Auction Sale
OF
Hotel Contents!

The undersigned has been instructed to sell the contents of

THE PRINCE ALBERT HOTEL
Georgetown, by public auction on the premises on

SATURDAY, APRIL 6

at 1 o'clock sharp, consisting of the following:

25 bedroom suites consisting of furniture, rugs, curtains, dining room contents consisting of sideboard, tables, chairs, silverware, china, picture clock, etc.; parlor furniture; piano; sewing machine; chairs; clocks; etc.; kitchen furniture; office and parlour furniture consisting of show cases, cash registers, roll top desk, leather bottom chair, electric fans, pictures, writing tables, hat fixtures, brass candelabra, etc.

Everything will positively be sold without reserve.

TERMS—Cash

W. A. Wilson, BENJ. PETCH
Auctioneers

A. RESTIVO
Fruit Specialist
Main Street - Georgetown

Choice Fruit

Call and see us this week and secure some of our Choice Goods.

Georgetown Creamery

We pay the Highest Market Price for Cream in any quantity.

Poultry and Eggs

We will pay you the highest market price for your Poultry, live or dressed; also fresh eggs.

Georgetown Creamery Co.
M. SAXE, Manager

EASTER

Oh, bells of Resurrection, again you joyful ring
And with your glad direction we praise our gracious King;
But there's a long drawn shadow across our path to-day
That bids the sun or starlight, or moon, can drive away,
O'er all the world's linkers, 'no hearing in it for:
It points with bloody fingers, that cruel dark phantom, war.

Oh, bells of Resurrection, again you joyful ring
That bid the voice banished, their cheeks with joy, aglow;
Their hands and feet of glory, where speared and hope abide.

And joy! woe their more, each individual there were no tears to another, no sighs on kindred were borne.
There were no tears to cover that region down.

Oh, bells of Resurrection, again you joyful ring
And raise the heart of sorrow to see the radiant King.
Psalms, but such a moment, when on the scene he came,
O, be a holy commission to every heart that in loneliness and sadness, beat Resurrection bells.

—Allen Ward.

War-Time Soup

By Clarissa Best

Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Then Joan lifted her spoon to her lips. "Horror!" What she tasted was not milk, but delishious soup. Maggie had made a mistake. Who had the hot milk? Joan looked steadily at her mother. It couldn't be that her mother had it. A faint light of perplexity, something like a frown, would surely mark her mother's smooth brow if she were eating hot milk instead of soup. And it couldn't be her father. "Dear Dad," thought Joan, "he'd speak right out in meeting and ask why I'd taken to eating milk tonight instead of the soup if he'd got the wrong plate." Then Joan stole a look at Tom Shortley opposite her. He must have the hot milk. He was eating his soup most attentively. Interesting as the task with answers to her mother's questions about how many pairs of woolen socks each man in camp had and her father's questions about his success in the war, he was eating and with an occasional smile at Joan's chatter.

In post-war days Joan finished her hot soup. At first she thought hurriedly of exchanging plates with the guest, but she quickly decided that silence was her only recourse. And that would have been all right if suddenly she had not become that bragging, affectionate note in it.

"My favorite chicken soup, isn't it, daughter?"

"Yes, dad," Joan blushed, as she answered his smiling look.

"See's some cook, isn't she, Shortley? And this soup is one of her specialties. She knows it's my favorite."

For a minute Joan almost lost control of herself. She wanted to laugh, and she was afraid she was going to cry. To make matters worse, Tom Shortley looked straight at her and praised the soup, and said he thought cooking was a wonderful accomplishment for a girl to possess.

Joan never knew how the rest of the dinner passed. She knew her father complimented her cooking two or three times more, and she knew that each time Tom Shortley looked her up, whether she ate white of an egg and state sponge cake or whipped cream and fresh sponge cake for dessert, she never could tell.

But when, wrapped in a big cape, she took Tom Shortley out to see her chrysanthemums in the frosty garden before he left her, and she told her the chill moonlight that he could not leave her without telling her that he had come to realize what she meant to him, for a moment all thought of soup left her mind.

"You see," added Tom, almost with reverence, "you're so wonderful — so much more wonderful here at home than you were last winter. That soup, I mean, any girl who could cook like that and plan to work herself so that she could save money for wool and sweaters for a duffer like me — what you know what I mean, don't you, Joan?"

"Oh, how I hate that soup," cried Joan passionately. "But, Tom, I love you. And I meant to have it for myself. Oh, I'll explain some time."

"Don't want any explanations," said Tom. "You've said the only thing I wanted explained."

And after Tom was gone, Joan came back to earth and went into the bright living room and her father and mother were sitting by the fire and she drew a little stool between them and sat down, her right hand on her father's arm and her left stroking his mother's fingers.

"That was delicious soup, dear, tonight. You've never made it better," said her mother comfortably, after a moment.

Joan sat up with a start. "Dad," she cried, "then you had my dish—the hot milk. But how do you know?"

"Oh, Dad, I'm sorry,"

"He smelted the chicken," said the father. And the bragging note came into his voice. "I played my part pretty well, didn't I? I guessed what the trouble was."

"Well, I'm sure I don't know what you're talking about," said Mrs. Conway.

"Oh, nothing, mother," said Joan, throwing one arm about her mother's neck and another about her father's. "Only—you see, Tom and I—oh, dad, all makes a whole chicken into soup for you tomorrow."

Find Prehistoric Weapons.

While the wreckage of the Yorkinches cliffs is to be explored, the result is sometimes of advantage to the geologist and antiquary, says Nature. Recently, in the vicinity of Scarborough, a full of the cliff revealed a board of bronzes weapons which consisted of battle-axes, spears, chisels, gouges, portions of a sword, etc. Twelve of the most of the socketed type, are perfect. One shows the unusual feature of a flint hole in place of a loop for securing the hilt; another contains a portion of the original wood shaft. Some of the axes are in the rough state, as if just turned out of the mold; others are obviously formed in use. The collection evidently formed the stock in trade of a metal worker of the Bronze age, at least one thousand years before our Christian era.

but nobody will. The Maggie, this one on the top shelf of the refrigerator is mine.

"And there's only soup enough for three. It's cream chicken soup, and it's perfectly delicious, even if it is made of the ends of a chicken we've had two or three times before. It would take us to dinner. It's hot milk, you see, and nobody can tell the difference if I have that milk instead of the milk we had last night. As Joan talked she was handing milk over the fire. "Now you see and tell Mrs. Conway dinner is served. Then, Maggie, remember, put the soup in three plates, and put this hot milk in the fourth plate and give that plate to me for my soup. Surely it is just as good as the ways through with that soup!"

A few minutes later, the four, seated around the table, were eating Joan's chicken, a bit fishy, from her recent contact with the eggs from the chicken stove, which, from the flickering flames and her's sparkled with excitement.

Maggie looked at Joan with a knowing smile as she placed a plate of soup before her, and Joan smiled and prepared it well before she tasted it. She did not relish her milk. It was all right in color, but it was ill-tasting and wasn't hot on top when it was ill-but plain hot milk in place of soup!

Then Joan lifted her spoon to her lips. "Horror!" What she tasted was not milk, but delishious soup. Maggie had made a mistake. Who had the hot milk? Joan looked steadily at her mother. It couldn't be that her mother had it. A faint light of perplexity, something like a frown, would surely mark her mother's smooth brow if she were eating hot milk instead of soup. And it couldn't be her father. "Dear Dad," thought Joan, "he'd speak right out in meeting and ask why I'd taken to eating milk tonight instead of the soup if he'd got the wrong plate." Then Joan stole a look at Tom Shortley opposite her. He must have the hot milk. He was eating his soup most attentively. Interesting as the task with answers to her mother's questions about how many pairs of woolen socks each man in camp had and her father's questions about his success in the war, he was eating and with an occasional smile at Joan's chatter.

In post-war days Joan finished her hot soup. At first she thought hurriedly of exchanging plates with the guest, but she quickly decided that silence was her only recourse. And that would have been all right if suddenly she had not become that bragging, affectionate note in it.

"My favorite chicken soup, isn't it, daughter?"

"Yes, dad," Joan blushed, as she answered his smiling look.

"See's some cook, isn't she, Shortley? And this soup is one of her specialties. She knows it's my favorite."

For a minute Joan almost lost control of herself. She wanted to laugh, and she was afraid she was going to cry. To make matters worse, Tom Shortley looked straight at her and praised the soup, and said he thought cooking was a wonderful accomplishment for a girl to possess.

Joan never knew how the rest of the dinner passed. She knew her father complimented her cooking two or three times more, and she knew that each time Tom Shortley looked her up, whether she ate white of an egg and state sponge cake or whipped cream and fresh sponge cake for dessert, she never could tell.

But when, wrapped in a big cape, she took Tom Shortley out to see her chrysanthemums in the frosty garden before he left her, and she told her the chill moonlight that he could not leave her without telling her that he had come to realize what she meant to him, for a moment all thought of soup left her mind.

"You see," added Tom, almost with reverence, "you're so wonderful — so much more wonderful here at home than you were last winter. That soup, I mean, any girl who could cook like that and plan to work herself so that she could save money for wool and sweaters for a duffer like me — what you know what I mean, don't you, Joan?"

"Oh, how I hate that soup," cried Joan passionately. "But, Tom, I love you. And I meant to have it for myself. Oh, I'll explain some time."

"Don't want any explanations," said Tom. "You've said the only thing I wanted explained."

And after Tom was gone, Joan came back to earth and went into the bright living room and her father and mother were sitting by the fire and she drew a little stool between them and sat down, her right hand on her father's arm and her left stroking his mother's fingers.

"That was delicious soup, dear, tonight. You've never made it better," said her mother comfortably, after a moment.

Joan sat up with a start. "Dad," she cried, "then you had my dish—the hot milk. But how do you know?"

"Oh, Dad, I'm sorry,"

"He smelted the chicken," said the father. And the bragging note came into his voice. "I played my part pretty well, didn't I? I guessed what the trouble was."

"Well, I'm sure I don't know what you're talking about," said Mrs. Conway.

"Oh, nothing, mother," said Joan, throwing one arm about her mother's neck and another about her father's. "Only—you see, Tom and I—oh, dad, all makes a whole chicken into soup for you tomorrow."

Find Prehistoric Weapons.

While the wreckage of the Yorkinches cliffs is to be explored, the result is sometimes of advantage to the geologist and antiquary, says Nature. Recently, in the vicinity of Scarborough, a full of the cliff revealed a board of bronzes weapons which consisted of battle-axes, spears, chisels, gouges, portions of a sword, etc. Twelve of the most of the socketed type, are perfect. One shows the unusual feature of a flint hole in place of a loop for securing the hilt; another contains a portion of the original wood shaft. Some of the axes are in the rough state, as if just turned out of the mold; others are obviously formed in use. The collection evidently formed the stock in trade of a metal worker of the Bronze age, at least one thousand years before our Christian era.