The Georgetown Herald

Wednesday, July 17th, 1918.

NO TIME

(By B. F. Herald) No time to read the Bible, No time to kneel in prayer, No time to throw off burdens, No time to cast off care.

No time to teach the children To walk the narrow way, No time to tell the sinner Where he may loose his load.

No time to feed the hungry. No time to cheer the sail, No time to help your neighbor Chemina trin children ghal. Med Come to spirit to the diving

No time to falk with some broth-

He niust hear his hurden idone We dored time to burgh at me Westman than 14 daniler

One Time will koon be over; But time is thing so fast, Time and Eternity moet.

-The order of the Canada Food Board is rather severe on public enting houses, but all the boarders | reading and rereading a letter he had fear is the issurance of prune cards.

Where shall we spend the las



By Ellis Lee

Edson Worth was dreaming of Marie wide awake. Marie was the night operator at Wolf Springs, forty miles west, yet he felt as near to her as though she was the width of a parti-". t. beyond him. Edson had been at Morrivale in charge of the station for two years. He used to boast-and prove-that he could identify the sender of bolf a dozen ticks over the wire, through familiarity with the

some, plain as the alphabet," Edson used to say. "But every operator has a touch essentially his own. It's like a mannerism in speech. It takes an expert to detect it. I call myself one. So, I always know who is talking."

Edson had been "talking" up to an hour previous, little snatches of greeting, snappy raillery, to greet responsive brief words that made Edson sure he was not indifferent to the bright, dainty little operator at Wolf

"Why, when Marie is on the wire, the first tick of the call sends a thrill through me. It's just as if our fingers | refugee. He decided to leave the met," Edson had told his sister once. "That must mean true love, hey, Maggle?" and Maggle had encouraged his conception with a smiling nod, and Edson was content.

He was all alone, and it was nearly midnight. He had slipped down in his chair into a comfort seeking position, for routine stuff was out of the way, and there was nothing due on train detail under an hour, unless special orders came out. Usually Edson read thoughts of fair Marie, however, lulled | stone, for the message came over the him into a hazy, pleasant thrall, and insensibly he glided into somnolency.

Edson was guilty of a fatal lack of diligence. If No. 27 on the North Branch was reported on time, he was to telegraph the bridge station at Woodville to hold 34 on the main until the branch train had cleared the bridge. Orders were due within the hour. For the hour and beyond it Edson slumbered. He awoke with a start. Such a thing had never happened before. His first glance was at the clock. He sprang to his feet, a white horror in his face, his body in a cold perspiration. Train 34 had passed eighty minutes agone, and he had not heard it, and-

"-met on the bridge. Both trains were late and must have disregarded signals. Casualties heavy and two conches in the river, completely sub-

A hand of ice seemed to selze his heart in a crushing grip, his brain reeled. Before his mental vision there passed a frightful picture of carnage and destruction. For the moment and for hours inter Edson Worth was an insane, irresponsible creature of frantic unreason and impulse.

His first action was to close his ears to the monotonous drope of what he reconized as a fragment of a press dispatch. He dashed from the station like a being pursued by dreadful phantoms. That noon he had received his monthly salary and it was still intact . in his pocket. He passed the cottage in which his sister lived, but only increased his reckless rate of speed. Its welcoming lights had no influence to lure him to shelter, to compassion, to

safety! Edson tore along the dark country road until, breathless, exhausted, he sank to the platform of a railroad depot on a line going north. A train came along within the hour. Edson entered its dimly lighted smoking car and crouched in the corner of its darkest sent.

"Where to?" challenged the conduc-

"Terminus," sounded hoursely in the parched throat of the new passenger. He paid the fare, knowing from the pretentious amount named that it was over two hundred miles ahead. One urging impulse directed him-to get asfast and as far from home and friends and all the world as speedily as pos-

The wilderness, the furtherest outposts of civilization seemed to beckon him on-he, an Ishmael, accursed of ell mankind as a murderer! His crime crushed him. He would bury two-mile line a motor trucks and sun John Ballantine, himself amid an obscurity barren of cars scuttling hastily into the ditches men and homes. He might not be able to get out of the way."

to forget, but he would meet with no familiar poignant reminders of what had been, what was never to be again. The pineries-it came to him like an inspiration as at the end of the first stage of his journey he took another train, still headed north. Two roughly garbed men in a sent in front of him were discussing their plans and prospective destinations—a logging camp far over the Canadian border.

"They shall be my guides," he reflected. "Surely I can get work, and work may enable me in time to drive this awful dread and remorse from my guilty soul." Certainly it was remote enough from civilization, the hermit spot he had

chosen. Little danger of his identity or his crime penetrating this vast solltude of nature. When he arrived at the camp, the forenish of one of the logging gangs was glad to engage his services, for help was scarce that sea-

Edson, as Mark Lane, was quartered In a rudely constructed but with a mate, a fively gental young fellow affout his own age. They messed at bue of the big enting sheds, but stept in the ten by twelve sback with a narrow threplace and some skins for bed cavering. Ned Walters stroye hard to hreak through the reserve of his mate. And at hait he succeeded. Gradually Edson became so that he longed for and cherished the companionship. Ned Walters told of a wife and little child, whom he had been forced to leave to week work where he could find it. He had landed up against the hard servitude of the logging camp, ' Once 's month he sent to the nearest post office with the camp messenger his entire salary, to be forwarded to the loved ones at home. One day he sat

oppress him greatly. "Bad news," insinuated Edson in sympathetic inquiry.

"Pretty bad," responded Walters. You see, our few sticks of furniture were mortgaged, and they are bringing the pressure of collection to bear. I can't send enough to run the house and release the debt."

"Will that help?" asked Edson, handing over his pay envelope. "Yes, but-

"Money is no use to me. I have no home, no friends to send it to," murmured Edson in a broken voice. "You are welcome to it, mate." "It will be repaid, believe me that!"

cried Walters, overcome with relief One month later Edson Worth was taken down with a two-weeks' spell of fever. Walters nursed him constantly. When Edson recovered, Walters inhad come to the rescue of the family

and had secured an opening for work for him back in his home city. "You will receive back that money you so generously loaned me just as soon as I get my bearings," promised

It was pretty lonesome for Edson after this chance friend left him, Then one day he made a discovery that insettled him greatly. On a strip of "It isn't the ticks, they are all the paper lying under the bed he observed penciled notations, his own name, that of the station he had deserted and the name of Marie Duntley.

Edson tried to figure out the meaning of this. The handwriting was that of Walters. Suddenly his mind was filumined. In his fevered delirium he had bared all the story of the past, and Walters had it in mind to investigate it when he returned to civilization. No matter what kindly motive might impel him, there was danger of his setting the emissaries of the law

upon his track. Cowardly fear oppressed the forlorn camp. The first sledge over to Warrenton, the nearest post, Edson .as a passenger. There was no train for twenty-four hours. The little station was free to all. He slept upon one of its benches that night, got his breakfast outside and then sat down in the station again to wait for the train. Edson had dozed. Only himself and the depot agent were in evidence. He aroused at the sound of the ticking of the telegraph instrument. Then he or smoked to keep awake. His sat bolt upright like one turned to

> "At any expense learn at once if a man calling himself Mark Lane is still at the logging camp." And the sender of the message oh! he could not mistake that peculiar telegraph touchwas Marie Duntley! His senses recied, he doubted the evidence of reason. What could it mean? She, his love, the fond spirit of all his dreams way up here at land's end, and seeking him! Only love, loyal love, could bring about this situation. Edson staggered to the window of the little office. "That wire," he spoke in an unsteady

tone-"from Bassville?" "Yes. What's the matter, friend?" "I am the person inquired about. Wire back that I will be at Bassville

What was he rushing into? Upon what vague menacing fate? What was be to meet? Marie, only Marie! And, joy and rapture and love in her radiant face, she greeted him twelve

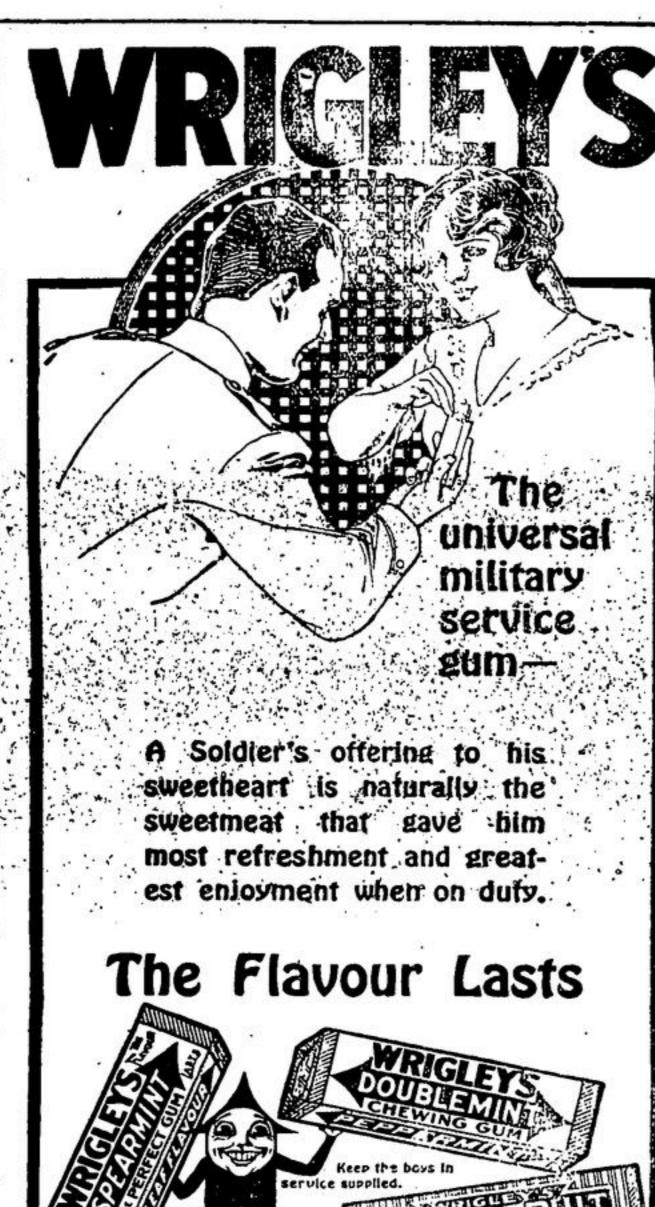
"My poor dead! my suffering, desolate love!" she sobbed. "Your friend. Mr. Walters, came to me, and I left everything to bear to you the tidings of

wonderful happiness." "The wreck at the bridge-" "Not Merrivale bridge, on our line, but one hundred miles away. You slept at your post and misconstrued it all. Close your eyes and put your face close to mine, heart of my heart, for whom I have pined and pined, and loved, and then a little prayer, a fervent word of gratitude, that the dark cloud of your life is lifted at last!"

Clear Roads for Dispatch Bearer. After grazing upon the auto truck cover of a recent issue a saddened and oynical reader wrote to Collier's Week-

"You have made a great mistake. You have placed all the army trucks on the side of the road, leaving ample room for trucks going in the opposite direction to travel without going down in the ditch. My experience with army motor trucks is that they always travel on the crown of the road, and when you see one on the side of the road you

can figure that it is broken down." Collier's replied: "Be this observation true or not, there is one being before whom even the ruthless and disdainful truck driver qualis-the dispatch rider. There is no more soulsatisfying sight for a harassed pedestrian in the French war zone than that of a dispatch motorcycle shooting down a road at 80 miles an hour, with a



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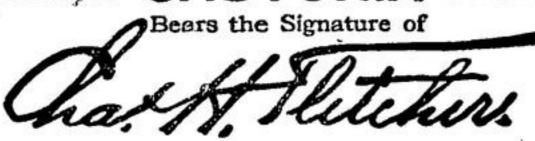
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DEMOCRACY VS., FINE WINTING

the Latter Is, Beyond All Question, Dependent Upon the Respect of the Former.

I do not agree with the pessimists who think that a democratic civilization is necessarily an enemy to fine writing for the public, Henry Seldel rites in the Century. Such critics underrate the challenge which these outlines of minds to be reached and ouls to be touched must possess that riters, like actors, are inspired by a growded house.

But the thought and the labor and the pain that he behind good writing ave doubly elifficult in an atmosphere resy tolerance and good natured condescension on the part of the enders of the counteted work. The nevel is the test case for demo-

third liftern int. We cannot afford to her in journal and with each marely.

The field additionation of the mountains and

If the more Such and Ogold were had god to y the abullyers of their thousames shall but the test was 's crude the fart from and ernder still in Oction. We control afferd to patronize these invidists as hir and store did before tos. Pot prized or endowments or received Repeating in certainty aperend-verying is white the American nevels like regulars, but a kreater respect for

The Elizabiethen play wight was tre quantly despited of the learned world, and, if a inverte not always a rethat jearned and yulgar alike should repeat the fallacy in dispressing the pre-eminently popular art of our own . times! To Sir Francis Bason "Hamlet" was presumably, only a play actor's play. If the great American story should arrive at last, would we not

Production of "Persian Lamb" May

Be Added to the Industries of the United States.

In far-away Bokhara, a tewn and district in Asiatic Russia that has a half-mystical sound to American ears, "Persian" lambs have been grown for ages for the tightly curied, lustrousblack fleeces that constitute the warm cover of the natives. And so the fashion of wearing Persian lamb and astrakhan has come down from the ages until women in all civilized lands where the winters are cold seek their warmth, and fashion's decree has made them se popular that the cost of Persian lamb has gone up 142 per cent in 15 years. It must have been instinct-it could not have been foreknowledge that a world war would curtail commerce-

years ago to try breeding the sort of sheep that bear the highly prized fleeces, on his 1,900-acre ranch near Cottonwood Falls, Kan. He reasoned that if they could be bred in Asia, they could be bred in Kansas, and so thoroughly did he believe in the proposition that he invested \$35,000 in karakel sheep from Bokhara. These he crossed with native Lincoln-bred sheep, and the lambs of this cross bear the valuable pelts that hitherto have been imported almost exclusively from Russia.-Robert H. Moulten in Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Reichstag-Has-Little Power. ... Of the 307 members of the reichstag. Prussia scuds 236. The body can be dissolved at any time by the bundesrat with the consent of the emperor. This power has been used effectively three times to break down the resistsace of the reichstag-in 1878, when it refused to pass the bill to suppress the socialists; in 1887, when it would not agree to fix the size of the army for seven years, and in 1803, when it declined to change the military system. In each case the new body did what the government demanded. Since the principal financial arrangements are matters of standing law, if the reichstag refuses to pass a new budget increasing allowances, or passes one reducing them, the government can be carried on on the old basis without any action on the part of par

Crude Booths Take Place of Diners. Dining cars being unknown on certain railroads along the west coast of Mexico, crude booths are provided on various station platforms, where food is served. They consist of loose pieces of canvas supported by poles, beneath which are tables and chairs. The trains walt while the passengers ent the none-too-appetizing fare.—I'oular Mechanics Magazine.

Once Ruled Most of World. For more than six centuries Arab domination was supreme in western Asia, northern Africa from the Upper Ntie to the Black sea, over most of Spain and, for a time, a large part of France, as well as much of the Mediterranean comst. and from the Persian gulf to the Pyrenees. As Sidney Low has said: "The Ommeyad, Abbasid and Fatimite Caliphs were lords of Erypt, Tripoli, Morocco and Spain, of Syria and Ollicia, or Iran and Khorassan. Had they composed their dynastic quarrels and kept their rebellious emirs in order they might have mastered Italy and France, as well as turned St. Peter's into a mosque and set up Moslem doctors to expound the keran at Oxford."

New Wempons Always Condemned. New weapons have always roused the ire of the old-fushioned soldier. just as Germany's introduction of deadly wen pons has in this war, says the Boston Post. The introduction of bronze spearhends must have scandalized some old flint-wielding warrior, and King Archimadus regarded the use of the catapult as the grave of true

bravery. Bayard considered that no true man should use a firearm, and even Marshal Saxe did not altogether approve of it, and thought the old-fashioned style of man-to-man fighting superior. But in the long run it is the inan that wins, not his weapon. Laurence Oliphant, the great traveler, said that in future wars the side would win which showed the most determination to get to grips with the enemy.

In French. President Woodrow Wilson is to receive a protty compliment from France. His history of the American people, which in style, says the London Observer, is somewhat between Freeman and John Richard Green, is to be translated into French. It makes five rather large volumes in the English language, and It will fill as many in GEORGETOWN French. There will be an introduction by M. Emile Boutroux, who is a historian. a philosopher and a member of the French academy.

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Dates of Fall Fairs GEORGETOWN ... OCTOBER 2.5 Toronto (C.N.E.) Aug. 26 to Sept. 7 Oakville Sept. 16-17-18 Orangeville Sept. 17-18 Brampton...... Sept. 20-21 Acton.....Sept. 24-25 Streetsville Sept. 21 Fergus..... Sept. 26-27 AberfoyleOct. 5 Cooksville,.....Oct. 2 Roekwood......Oct. 8-4 Milton.....Oct., 8. Burlington Thanksgivitg Day

Notice to Dog Owners

The attention of the owners of dogs is directed to section of By-law No 266, which reads in follows: this and person of persons owning or latebouring and the year without my the year without being registered and bouged with 1918 the shall be liable to a penalty of \$4 and post of convection on the complaint of any ratepayer" and furthermore any dog or bitch found running at horse on or after the 20th day of July 1918 is imble to the shot. Assessment fees for dogs \$2 and \$8, and bit her \$4 and \$6. Tage can he seepred from either the Constitute or clork.

CREDIT **AUCTION SALE**

JERSEY COWS

The undersigned has received in-MR. HAMILTON LYONS to sell by public auction at lot 28

4th line west, Chinguacousy, on FRIDAY, JULY 19. 1918, at 2 o'clock the following cat-

Jersey cow, 4 yrs, calf at foot; Jersey cow, 6 yrs, calf at foot: grade cow, 5 yrs, calf at foot; Jersey cow, 5 yrs; calf at foot; Jersey cow, calf at foot; grade cow, came in in March; 2 Jersey cows, to come in in September: Holstein cow, due time of sale; 8 Jersey heifers, to come in in August and September; 2 Jersey cows; to come in in the fall; B fat cows.

The above stock are all of good quality and the milking cows are in good flow of milk. Reason for selling is lack of help, my son having been drafted.

TERMS:--Four months credit on approved notes. BEN PETCH, Auctioneer.

Help For HALTON FARMERS

For Haying and Harvest Hundreds of men are available to assist in harvesting in Halton, and many are experienced in farming.

The Ontario Government and other agencies have looked up these men and the municipal council have appointed Registrars to whom farmers can apply to for help. Farmers should avail tnemselves of this assistance where help is needed. Farmers can file their applications with any of the following Halton Registrars:

W. K. Legaft, Oakville; Chas. Hall, Trafalgar P.O.; . F. Richardson, Milton: W. F. Strong, Burlington: . W. Crozier, Milton: C. W. Grandy, Georgetown: J. A. Tracy, Esquesing P.O. W. J. Reid, Acton:

Marshall Holmos, Campbellville. Men or boys willing to assist on farms an also register with any of the above egistrars, only do so at once. Those wishing to write direct may do to to Ontario Employment Bureau, 55 King St., West, Toronto.

INSURANCE FIRE Accident

Fall Wheat Seed Announcement

MRS. ROE - Georgetown

In view of the partial failure of the Fall theat crop in this Province this year, it will be necessary for farmers to make early arrangements for the supply of seed which they will need for fall sewing. Under these circumstances farmers who have on hand quantities of wheat suitable for fall seeding are urged to conserve them for this purpose. If there is no demand locally, the information should be supplied to this Department or to the Local Office of this Department in your County so that every effort may be made to have an equitable and satisfactory distribution. The need for foodstuffs justifies a large acreage of fall what in this Province again this year, and the co-operation of the farmers in the mobilization and distribution of the available seed supplies is invited. GEO. S. HENRY,

> Parliament Buildings, Toronto, Ont-W. F. STRONG, Agricultural Representative.

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