The Georgetown Herald

$1.50 Per Annum, or $1.25 if Paid in Advance

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The Georgetown Herald

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Georgetown - Ont.

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Furnished on application

Ten cents per line for first insertion, and five cents for line for each subsequent insertion. Contract advertisements 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.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
One year, $1.50 or $1.25 if paid in advance; six months 75 cents in advance.

The address label shows the date your subscription expires.

A. M. MOORE, Publisher

G.T.R. Time Table

GOING EAST	
Mail	9.48 a.m
Passenger	11.00 a.m
Passenger	3.45 p.m
Mail	6.28 p.m
Passenger	8.30 p.m
GOING WEST	
Mail	7.57 a.m
Mail	10.05 a.m
Passenger	2.01 p.m
Passenger	5.35 p.m
Mail	7.57 p.m
GOING NORTH	
Mail	7.57 a.m
Mail	5.30 p.m
GOING SOUTH	
Mail	10.05 a.m
Mail	7.40 p.m

Toronto Suburban Railway
DAILY TIME-TABLE

	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Going East	8.10	2.24	6.40
Going West	8.55	3.10	7.47
SUNDAY TIME-TABLE	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Going East	10.21	12.20 3.45	6.10
Going West	10.40		6.10

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH
Rev. Wm. Burt, L. Th., Rector
Sunday service as follows:—
Matins—11 a. m.
Evensong—7 p. m.
Sunday School—9.45 a. m. in basement. Holy Communion 1st and 3rd Sundays of each month at 11 a. m.

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 58
Office and Residence Main Street, South, Opposite Presbyterian Church.

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 Hourigan's Drug Store.
Consultation and Spinal Analysis Free Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 2 to 5 and 7 to 8 p. m.
Phone 150a

OPTICAL

L. L. PLANT, D. O. Oph., D.
Eye Specialist - Georgetown
Office next to Library. Phone 199 for appointment.

DENTAL

FRANK R. WATSON, D. D. S., M. D. S.
Dentist - Georgetown, Ont.
Hours 9 a. m. to 5 p. m., except Thursday afternoon.
Dentistry in all its branches.
Over Bell Telephone Office

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.

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 and 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

J. A. TRACY
Clerk Township of Esquesing.
Clerk 3rd Division Court.
The leading Fire and Life Insurance Co's represented.
Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
Office:—Mill Street West
Georgetown
Office Hours—Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

LEE SING
Laundry
The Old Reliable Laundry
First-Class Work Guaranteed at the LOWEST PRICE
Shirts 10c
Roe Block - Georgetown

Twine, Wire Fencing, Buggies, Wagons, Ploughs.

Fleury, Shantz, Wilkinson, Perrin walking and riding ploughs.

Car of Plymoth Binder Twine will be sold very reasonable for cash.

PHONE 101 r 88.

Thos. E. Hewson
Norval, Ont.

IF YOU WANT THE BEST QUALITY FRESH AND CURED

MEATS

At the Lowest Possible Prices
Try—
CLIFFORD LINHAM
BUTCHER

Our New Cash and Carry System Makes Our Meat Cheaper to You.

Canada Food Board License No. 8-681

CLIFFORD LINHAM
Phone 196
MAIN STREET

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 & Cement
Tinsmithing
Plumbing
Hot Air Heating
Hot Water Heating
Electric Wiring

J. W. Kennedy
Phone 25
GEORGETOWN, Ont

THE EVIDENCE

As to the thoroughness and practicability of our courses, about the first of the month one of the most progressive business men of the city, called at the College Office for a BOOKKEEPER, we sent him one. On the 22nd a friend of this man needed a Bookkeeper, our trained help was recommended, the two men called at the College, and we sent out another Bookkeeper. This is the way our students are placed.

To meet the demand we need many more students.

Get particulars now.

Guelph Business College
Gives Better Courses
Herald Bldg. - GUELPH, Ont.

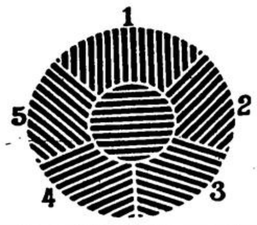
LOW SHOES

Are lower all cost, here than pairs of the high boots that are being sold.

STYLISH SHOES

Can just as well be comfortable and made so they will wear well and this is the kind we advise our customers to buy. It pays much cheaper to buy good shoes at moderate prices than very cheap shoes, and here is the place to do it.

Rumford
THE SHOE MAN
"The Home of Better Shoes."



IF

You cannot distinctly read without strained or tired eyes, the sight is failing, or defective, and should have attention.

Cover the left eye and see if the lines in all sections of above circle appear equally dark and distinct. If not, you have Astigmatism. A visual defect which should be corrected at once. Try the left eye in the same manner.

Have your eyes examined here

DR. PLANT, Optometrist

PHONE 199. GEORGETOWN Next to Library

HERE is the safest way to buy your new car: Find the name Overland on the radiator—then stop right there!

This little symbol of motor car satisfaction insures the finest materials, designs and construction.

It guarantees all the essentials of complete satisfaction, *performance, economy, comfort, and beauty* combined in an easy to handle car.

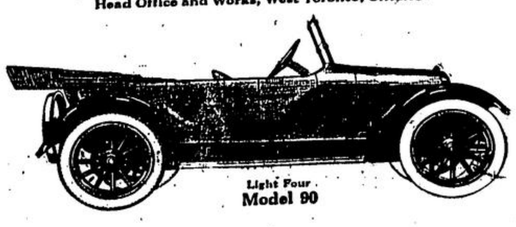
More than 80,000 Model 90 Overland cars, already sold, vindicate every claim made for its exceptional efficiency, easy riding and comfort.

It has the powerful and faithful Overland 32-horse-power motor; 106-inch wheelbase, buoyant cantilever rear springs; Auto-Lite starting and lighting, vacuum gasoline system, and 31 x 4 inch tires, non-skid rear.

If your choice is a light, small economical car, let us show you this Model 90 Overland.

T. J. SPEIGHT
Representative - - - Georgetown

Willys-Overland, Limited
Willys-Knight and Overland Motor Cars and Light Commercial Wagons
Head Office and Works, West Toronto, Ontario



Light Four
Model 90

GIBBEN'S

Victory Bread

When you buy Home Made, Graham, Bakers or Sun-Maid Raisin Bread you are getting Bread which has more wheat substitutes than any you can bake at home.

Every housewife is asked to save as much wheat as possible, she is doing this when she buys "Victory Bread" and is making it possible for Canada to furnish her soldiers and Allies with food

Canada Food Board License No. 5-1835

GIBBEN'S
Corner Bakery.
B. V. GIBBENS

New Advertisements

HOUSE TO RENT

Frame house on Main St. South. Apply at Herald Office. 6-26-tf

HELP WANTED

Labourers wanted. Apply at once to Georgetown Foundry. tf

HOUSE TO RENT

Solid brick house, furnace, electric light, water, etc. Apply to W. Blair, College View 10-7-tf

BERRY PICKING PROHIBITED

Berry pickers and all others trespassing on lots 13 and 14, 2nd line will be prosecuted. W. Winfield. 7-17-tf

Tenders !

Tenders will be received by the undersigned for the purchase of the west half of lot number 28 in the 9th concession and the east half of the east half of lot No. 28 in the 8th concession, both in the Township of Esquesing, in the County of Halton, said lands being part of the Estate of the late William James Shortill, deceased.

WILLIAM J. BOWES, Executor,
of the last Will and Testament of said William J. Shortill, deceased, Markdale, P.O., Ont. 7-24-tf

For Sale at Bargain to Quick Buyers.

Owner Leaving Town.

Radiant Home parlor cook stove, new last fall; 2 floor coverings, Linoleum, new last fall; sideboard; ball-bearing lawn mower; 50 ft. garden hose, spray and reel, new last fall, wheelbarrow and several other articles. Apply Joseph Wright, Union Street, near Greenhouses. 21

Canadian National Exhibition

Aug. 26 TORONTO *Sept. 7*

300,000 admissions sold first day of advance sale. Come with the crowds to the greatest Exposition in the 40 years' history of the C. N. E.

"The Heroes of Britain"

A production of tremendous force and beauty, with 1200 participants. All the colorful paraphernalia of romance and history in the making. Inspiring, dramatic --- a spectacle every Canadian should see.

MOVEMENT - LIFE SPLENDOR

A Patriotic Thrill in every scene

Giant livestock and agricultural display—Government exhibits—demonstrations of vocational training by 50 crippled heroes—farming on factory lines: colossal exhibits of labor-saving devices — Government patriotic food show — Creatore's world-famed band — Allies' exhibits of fine arts—AND A WORLD OF OTHER SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS.

Price of admission is unchanged 25 cents

Consult your local agent regarding railroad fares

IF WE KNEW

There are gems of wondrous brightness
Oftimes lying at our feet,
And we pass them, walking thoughtless
Down the busy, crowded street.
If we knew, our pace would slacken,
We would step more oft with care,
Lest our careless feet be treading
To the earth some jewel rare.

If we knew what hearts are aching
For the comfort we might bring;
If we knew what souls are craving
For the sunshine we might fling;
If we knew what feet are weary,
Walking pathways roughly hid,
We would quickly hasten forward,
Stretching forth our hands to aid.

If we knew what friends around us
Feel a want they never tell,
That some word that we have spoken
Pained or wounded where it fell,
We would speak in accents tender
To each friend we chanced to meet,
We would give to each one freely
Smiles of sympathy sweet.

Found Wanting

By Horace Stanhope

"I say!"

Reeves Darlow, lolling against a tree trunk a few feet beyond a high stone wall, his sketching outfit lying neglected at his side, uttered the ejaculation sharply and sat up.

His hand sought a certain spot on his forehead, with which suddenly, unexpectedly some flying object had come in contact. The blow had been a sharp one, broke the skin and evidenced the possibility of a rising lump. He wondered what had struck him, and why. Then he recalled the sound of merry girlish voices beyond the wall.

"Something thrown—of course not purposely," he soliloquized. "Ah! there's the missile—a slipper."

As he arose he observed the object in question. It lay on the grass, white, small, high-heeled, dainty. He turned it over and over in his hand, somewhat admiringly. Then he roused at the echo of a rustling sound. Where a portion of the wall was gone and there was a breach like a gateway, a graceful feminine figure had appeared. One foot was slipperless. Here was the owner of the innocent missile.

About to advance and tender the slipper, Darlow was a good deal disappointed as its owner uttered a scream and, turning, flashed back out of view like a nimble sprite. A great hubbub arose beyond the wall.

"What scared you Norma—a bear?" cried out an animated voice.

"Worse than that."

"A horrid man?"

"A man, but not particularly horrid. Rather distinguished looking, I judge, from the fleeting glance I got. But oh! me limping on my stockinged foot! Quick, Melba, grab the ball and let us vanish."

There were mock exclamations of fright and dismay. Darlow reached the wall and waved the slipper over it, but, scurrying from the field, a group of half a dozen girls paid not the slightest attention, while with a shocked expression of face the denuded one, she who had lost the slipper, ran the fastest, her white silk-covered foot gleaming in and out of the grass entirely fascinating in its nimbleness and gracefulness of form.

"H'm!" observed Darlow, "she must have footgear galore to disdain the return of the slipper. I see, a bevy of girls playing at football, a wild kick, and hence the slipper. And my bump!" and Darlow ruefully rubbed the abraised spot. "As to the slipper, I'll keep it as a memento. It may suggest a romantic pencil sketch, or a story."

He threw the pretty satin-bowed trifle into his sketching case, closed it and pursued his way. Reeves Darlow's way just now was the way of an idle stroller off on a hit-or-miss jaunt. He forgot about the slipper by morning. Its owner ceased to fill his thoughts before the close of the day following.

Meantime, she of the lost slipper, Norma Edgeworth, and her breathless associates cleared the field and settled down to rational progress.

"It's a pity to leave that slipper behind, Norma," spoke one of her companions.

"Oh, you know I'm bound with the morning for an environment where satin slippers and the like will be a negligible quantity."

"Surely you have got that foolish scheme of yours out of your head, dear?"

"Never!" dissented Norma with vigor. "It isn't a scheme, it's a test."

"And you are bound to go through with it?"

"Barring the possibility of some of you chatterers betraying the fiction."

"Oh, we'll be true blue, Norma!" proclaimed an urgent chorus.

All this would have been Greek to the unadvised. All would have been mystery for that same class, had they seen Norma Edgeworth twenty-four hours later. Whereas, she had borne the presentment of a fashionably dressed young lady and surrounded by companions suggesting the same order, the next day Norma was installed in an old-fashioned farmhouse ten miles distant, as pretty as ever, though arrayed in calico, but engaging in active housework, and seeming to enjoy it.

It was lining a hedge that marked the farm limit on one side that Reeves Darlow found himself two days after the incident of the slipper. Was it fate, or merely natural and coincidental, that, glancing beyond it, he noted a graceful girlish figure hanging some handkerchiefs on a line to dry. A quizzical expression came into the face of this strolling artist as he discovered something else. The girl in view wore odd slippers. On one foot was a black slipper, and on the other one of white satin, the counterpart of the one resting within the sketching case he carried at that moment.

"I declare!" communed Reeves with himself, a token of rare interest in the intonation. "I've found the mate of my Cinderella acquisition."

There could be no doubt of it. He had caught only a momentary glimpse of Norma Edgeworth back at the town meadow. She was now in calico, whereas the maiden of the field had been arrayed in silk, but he was sure, despite the puzzling transition, that this girl was the one who had caused that discolored mark just over the left eyebrow.

"She is worth looking at," he decided. "I will supply the missing slipper and I hope to get better acquainted."

Honk! Honk! Reeves glanced at the roadway in front of the house to discern that a handsome automobile had just halted there. A rather foppishly dressed young man got out of the machine. The girl in calico observed the newcomer. She darted behind the kitchen of the house. She rumpled up her hair, she jerked her apron awry and picked up an old battered milk pail. Then she stepped again into the view of the road and exhibited, or rather feigned, vast surprise as the young man advanced toward her.

"Then it's true!" Reeves heard him say, but no more, for the girl joined him and they walked to a bench under a great spreading oak. The appearance of a possible lover somewhat dampened the former exuberance of Reeves. Still, he was very much puzzled. The newcomer acted uneasy and embarrassed. The twain conversed for some time, then the girl arose. She removed a ring from her engagement finger. The young man accepted it, bowed profoundly and returned to his automobile.

Honk! Honk! It was off and gone. The girl turned toward the house, her face once more in full view of the hedge lurker. She was smiling, as if enjoying some great joke. Reeves groped in his mind vainly to find some solution to this extraordinary circumstance. He fancied the moment had come to reveal himself. He had taken the slipper from his case. He penetrated the hedge with the slipper in his hand.

"Pardon me," he said, "but I think this lost property is yours."

Norma Edgeworth came to a quick halt. She stared blankly at the intruder. Then her quick mind worked out the problems of the moment.

"Yes," she said, flushing slightly. "You are the gentleman who offered it to me once. Thanks, I will take it now."

"It struck me there," observed Reeves craftily, exposing the abrasion on his forehead. "It sort of scattered my wits for the moment, or I would have tried to find its owner."

She essayed a pitying look as he recounted his injury, she began to smile as he drolly dwelt upon the oddity of the incident, and then the ice was broken, and somehow he lingered for an hour, and again somehow he was a visitor to the farmhouse the next day.

A week went by. What could such harmonious companionship lead to but love—real, mutual love? Reeves affirmed it under that same broad spreading oak tree, and Norma did not seek to deny its existence.

"Suppose some day you should realize the vast distance between a poor farm girl and a successful artist?" she suggested artfully.

"I have money and love enough for both," he declared.

"I think I had better confess," said Norma. "The young man who visited me here was a suitor for my hand—and fortune! I suspected that, and saw to it that he heard of my loss of wealth. You know the result. I never cared for him, but I have no father and mother, only money, and I felt lonely and helpless, and my friends urged me to try and like him, but I couldn't. It seems there was only one person I could love."

"Only one?"

"Yes, dear—only you."

ANIMALS OF THE CAUCASUS

Inhabitants Have Preserved Much of the Original Character of Their Stone Age Ancestors.

The Caucasus lies on the road which links Europe to Asia and its high valleys offer a safe refuge to man and his herds. This explains both the mixed and archaic type of its domestic fauna, which shows some curious analogies with the human material of the curious living ethnographic museum of those regions, observes a writer.

In all probability not one of the domestic animals of the Caucasus is autochthonous. The earliest epoch of the importation is prehistoric; the latest is contemporary with our own generation. Even the samples belonging to the stone age have preserved a good deal of the original character of their ancestors, owing mainly to the preservative character of the mountain region.

Turkestan, the countries of the Cretan civilization, North Africa and America have each furnished their quota.

From Europe hail the bull and the dog. The so-called Tartar dog especially, a descendant of the wolf, had its ancestral home in the plains of Volga.

Natural Animal Camouflage.

If you would study camouflage by land go look at the wild animals, says a writer. See how the tawny lion and striped tiger are painted to resemble the tall, yellow bush grass of the jungle. The giraffe is painted with a quaint diamond pattern exactly like the flickering lights among the acacia trees on which he feeds. The leopard, the jaguar and all spotted cats, the spotted deer, and the dappled horse are painted to imitate light under a shady tree. The pig is patched pink and brown like the sunlight, and the shadow of the denser woods. The elephant is painted a hazy brown like the great trees of the deepest forest. So all the wild beasts are colored for concealment in their natural landscape, while many of them change their clothes with the seasons, wearing white for the snowy winters, brown for the torrid summer.

WORTHY TO RANK AS NATION

Finland Has Right to Be Welcomed Among the World's Republics—Its Great National Epic.

Finland of to-day is a prosperous and rapidly developing country, inhabited by an enterprising, progressive and hospitable people. The population is, roughly speaking, 3,000,000. Dairy farming has become one of the most important industries. It is more profitable than the raising of grains because of the uncertainty of the seasons. There is absolutely no reason why the republic of Finland should not be a success. It is fortunated by more powerful and ambitious neighbors. The people are intelligent, democratic and frugal, and have had enough experience in self-government to be of great help in solving the various perplexing problems that are sure to arise. There is no logical reason why they should be subjects of Slavic Russia. Hence the republic of Finland should be welcomed among nations of the world.

We are indebted to Finnish literature for the inspiration of one of our great poems by one of our sweetest singers, Nevin O. Winter writes in the Christian Herald. Without a written literature, there was handed down from father to son for many generations in Finland a great national epic. In the long winter evenings the singers sat beside the flaming pine logs and there sang snatches from this epic. Finally there appeared one Elias Lonnrot, a simple country physician, who traveled over the country and collected this unwritten epic from the memories of hundreds of these singers. He called the collection the Kalevala and it was first published in 1835. Longfellow copied the style in his "Hiawatha."

IRREPARABLE LOSS TO WORLD

Literary Treasures Destroyed by the Huns at Louvain Can Never Be Replaced.

No reparation can restore to the world the galleries where Charles V., ruler of almost all Europe, pored over old learning, asserts the Toronto Mail and Empire. There is no way to replace the 250,000 manuscripts which went up in smoke and ashes on Aug. 27, 1914. Mankind is permanently poorer by the destruction of complete sets of all sixteenth-century editions of Virgil, nineteen sixteenth-century editions of Terrence, ten of Sallust, complete sixteenth-century editions of Tacitus, Seneca, Martial, Ovid, Horace, Juvenal, Livy, Lucretius, Lucian, Cicero and Caesar. Rare copies of Aristotle and the imperishable Greeks are lost forever; priceless early Bibles, whole libraries of ecclesiastical history and civil laws, texts illuminated and initialed and bordered by the patient labor of Spanish, German and Lowland monks. "Here was the truth regarding the Spanish Conquest and the grip of the Inquisition." There were mathematical treasures also.

Fought and Destroyed Submarine.

Sighting a submarine, the armed guard of the United States navy aboard the steamship Silver Shell was ordered by its commander to haul up the American flag and wait. The order was given by Chief Turret Capt. William J. Clark. The guard obeyed and 60 shots were exchanged in a running fight lasting an hour and a half. The enemy was sighted at about 2,000 yards. As the German approached, the vessel, with Stars and Stripes flying and her men at the guns, fore and aft, opened fire. The submarine responded at once with her deck guns, and a sea duel of remarkable fierceness on both sides was started and kept up with no stop. It was taken on the run. In all the submarine fired 35 shots and the armed guard 25. Here, however, is where the sustained gunnery of the American man of war's man outdistanced his foe. He had the last shot. It struck the submarine, raising her out of the water. The Silver Shell held her position for a while and the U-boat not coming to the surface it is believed she went down. Clark is an enlisted man and has been in the navy 12 years. His home is at Peabody, Mass. Recommendations have been made for his promotion.

FORTUNE WAS WITH AVIATOR

Otherwise His First Attempt to "Loop the Loop" in Air Would Have Been His Last.

It took many days of nerving myself up to the point and many steep dives before I decided to "flip her over," Phillip Dwight Rader writes in Sunset.

The sun was high above me and I had attained an altitude of about 5,000 feet when I felt I was ready to take the plunge. To this day I am grateful to the maker of the machine because he constructed it so good and strong. If the plane had had a flaw, the manner in which I took that first loop would have landed me in the cemetery.

When the impulse came over me, I felt around to see if my belt was secure. It was. Bracing myself for the ordeal, I gave her full power and shoved her nose straight down. Straight for the earth I went, the combined force of gravitation and of the wide engine giving the plane a fearful speed, the stays shrieking in the wind and the control columns vibrating in my hand with the enormous pressure.

Steadily, firmly, I pulled the controls back. As if by magic the earth vanished from sight and my feet pointed toward the sun. It lasted only for a moment. While my ears were still deafened by the rush of blood to the head, the earth hove into sight again at a queer angle and my head seemed to be pushed back between my shoulders. In another second the earth resumed its accustomed position. I had looped the loop!

But oh! what a loop! Later experience taught me to throttle a little on the dive and to dive much less, or with just enough speed to put the plane on its back and then let it fall out of the loop. In that first loop of mine I must have had a speed of 150 miles an hour and how the plane stuck together with that terrific pressure has always been a mystery to me!