The Georgetown Herald

FIFTY-SECOND YEAR OF PUBLICATION

Georgetown, Wednesday Evening, September 25th, 1918

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

-Georgetown . . Ont. 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

Advertisement without specific di-rections, will be inserted until forbid Advertishments will be changed once Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by Monday even

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: One year, \$1:50; or \$1.25 if paid-in vance:
The address label shows the flate
your subjectified akpires;
I. M. MOORR, Publisher.

Q.T.B.Time Table Mail 9.48 a.m Mail...... 6.28 p.in Passenger...... 8,80 p.m GOING WEST

Mail..... 7.57 p.m GOING NORTH Mail 7.57 a.m GOING SOUTH Mail......10.05 a.m

Toronto Suburban Railway DAILY TIME-TABLE Going East......8.10 2.24 6.40

Mail...... 7.40 p.m

SUNDAY TIME-TABLE a.m. p.m. p.m. p.m. Going East....10.21 12.20 8.45 6.10 Going West...10.40

Going West......8.55 8.10 7.47

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

LEGAL .. SHILTON, WALLBRIDGE & DALE. Barristers, Solicitors, Etc. Toronto and Georgetown

Sundays of each month at 11 a. m.

Le Roy Dale, in charge of George-MEDICAL

Office: Kennedy Block

DR. JOSEPH McANDREW Physician and Surgeon Medical Officer of Health. Distric 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 Octoopathy A. M. NEILSEN, D. C. Graduate of "The Palmer," the ori ginal 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.

OPTICAL L. L. PLANT, D. O. Oph., D. Ti. Rye Specialist . Georgetown for appointment.

Phone 150a

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

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

JACKSON AND LEE Civil Engineers and Surveyors R. M. Lee Maj. A. M. Jackson, Mechanical Engineer, etc. O.L.S., D.L. R. O. Wynne-Roberts Water works Engineer.

W. C. Tilley-Registered Architect

MILTON & PRENTISS

J. A. TRACY Clerk Township of Esquesing Clerk 8rd Division Court.

The leading Fire and Life Insurance Co's represented. Issuer of Marriage Licenses.

Office Hours Wednesday and Sat-

LEE SING The Old Reliable Laundry First-Class Work Guaranteed at the LOWEST PRICE

We Can Now Supply Your Needs in BUTTER PAPER! AT THE HERALD. F. S. NEAR, Pres.

The Georgetown Herald Georgetown Fair! Oct. 2 & 3.

"Be Sure You Don't Miss It."

SPECIAL PRIZES

HORSES

Beet general purpose team by F. S. Near, President Best Braft Teem, by J. H. Bingham, George 8. Best Agricultural team, by Bank of Nova Scotia, Norval Best team on the ground, any class, by J. R. 5. Beet lady driver, by H. P. Lawson. 6 Best single turn out, tat by Fred Cook, 2nd halter, by W. A. Bailey 5 00 7 Bast lady driver, hitch up and trot or pace ! mile and unhitch, by Jos. Beaumont, Glenwilliams 8 Trained colt by boy under 15 years, any colt on grounds eligible, by Jas L. Standish 8 00 High stepper, by Ernest Barraclough, Glen-10 Best wagon or delivery horse, by Provincial Coating Mills 11 Best Gentleman's turnout, by Wm. Gowdy 8 00 Rule 5 not to apply to Sec. 8, Standish Special

CATTLE _ 1 Best herd Dairy cattle, 1 bull, 1 cow, 1 heifer, 1 heifer calf, by Bank of Hamilton 5 00 8 00 2 00 2 Best pure bred shorthorns, 1 bull, 1 cow, 1 heifer, 1 heifer calf, by the Merchants 8 Best shorthorn bull, I year or over, by Alex Joe, Reeve Esquesing 4 For the best year-old dehorned eteer of any breed exhibited by an owner who has not won an Eaton prize at any fair since 1915, the choice of the following: (a) Couch, catalogue

vator, No. 71-129, value \$12.75 SHEEP

No. 68-1256, value \$12.50; (b) Garden Culti-

1 Best pen Leicester sheep, one male and two females, by Ernest Barraclough, Glenwilliams 8 00 2 Best pen fine wooled sheep, one male and two females, by Jos. Beaumont, Glenwilliams 8 00 8 *Best pair lambs, not less than 100 lbs. each, by W. J. Patterson

HOGS

1 *Best pair of bacon hogs, not to be less than 400 lbs., by J. M. Buck, \$80. cash. Highest market price per lb. to winners over weight.

DAIRY

6 00

6 00

1 Highest test on day of show, 8 gal, can cream by Georgetown Creamery Co. - 8.00 - 2 00 2 Best 10 lbs. butter in prints, C. Linham 8 *Best 8 lbs butter in 1 lb. prints (quality and neatness) R. D. Warren 4 YBest 5 lbs. butter, Brill & Co. 5 *Best 25 lb. crock butter, R. I. Creelman 6 *Best 80 lb. crock butter, B. V. Gibbens 7 *Best 5 lbs. butter in prints, A. Norrington ... 8 *Best 10 lbs. butter in prints, H. H. Heartwell 9 *Best 10 lbs. butter in prints, J. McBean 10 YBest 10 lbs. butter in prints. Graham Shoe House (shoes)

12 *Best 2 loaves from Snow-Drift flour, C. Greensides, 50 lbs. Snowdrift flour.

11 *Best 10 lbs. honey, John M. Mackenzie

MISCELLANEOUS 1 Best bbl. Spy apples, T. H. Rumford, pr shoes 2 *Best bbl. Spy apples, A Norrington..... S *Best bbl. Spy apples, Millar & Co. 4 *Best bbl. Spy apples, Dr. F. R. Watson 5 xBest pair dressed ducks, D. J. Matthew 6 xBest dressed duck, John Conway ... 7 Best dressed duck, J. P. Roper 8 Best dressed goose, W. C. Anthony 9 *Best dressed goose, A. M. Grandy 10 Best dressed goose, E. Barnhill 11 *Best dressed turkey, A. Bethell 12 *Best dressed chickens, J. Houston..... 18 YBest dressed goose, H. A. Livingtone 14 *Best bag potatoes, by G. A. Henry.....

15 *Best dressed goose, J. A. Willoughby 16 *Best dressed pr. chickens, J. A. Willoughby 17 Best 2 loaves bread and 1 doz. plain buns, made from War Flour with substitues. 1st prize 98 lbs. King's Choice Flour, made by Robert Noble Ltd.; 2nd 72 lbs.; 3rd 48 lbs.; 18 Best pair dressed chickens, by L. E. Fleck 19 By J. M. Moore: *Best half dozen buns *Largest half dozen fresh hens eggs *Best and neatest 1 lb. butter *Largest half dozen onions Largest pumpkin

*Best bushel Yellow Onions, cash... *Best bag potatoes, 90 lbs., cash..... 20 Best pair dressed ducks, by C. W. Grandy * Articles to be delivered to donor

FINE ARTS

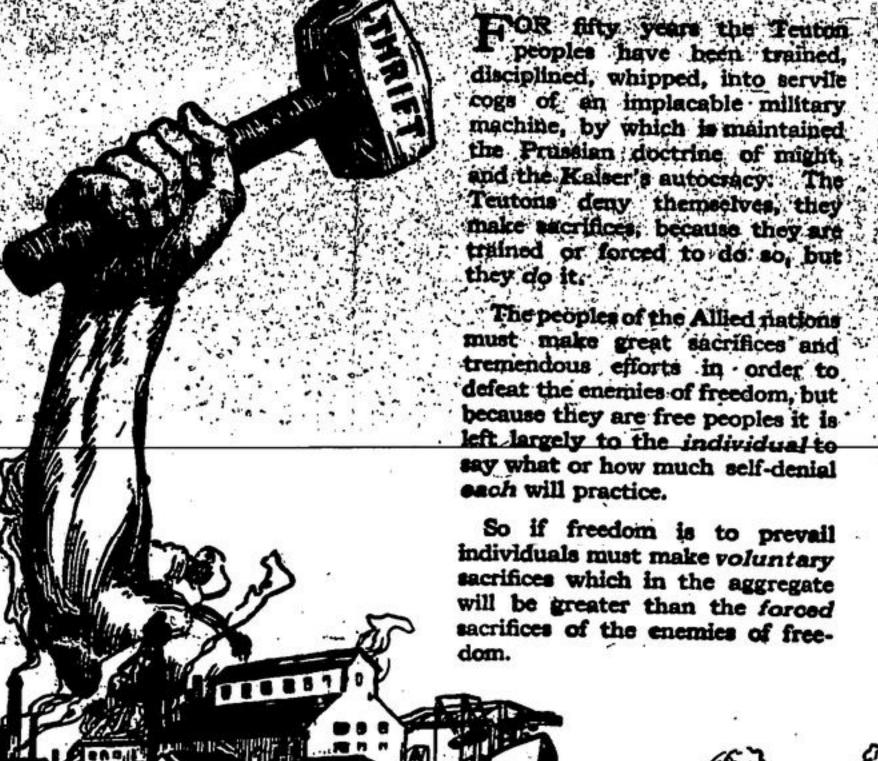
1 Best amateur print of any local subject taken on film purchased from L. V. Hourigan. As many entries as desired may be made with L. V. Hourigan; separate entry to be made with the Secretary 8 00 2 Best collection of Art work from any school of Township by F. J. Barber 8 00 8 Best map County of Halton, from any school in the township, by F. J. Barber...1 00 4 Best penmanship by III Class, from any school in township. by F. J. Barber..... 1.00 5 Best penmanship by II Class, from any school in township, by F. J. Barber..... 1 00 6 Best map of North America, from any school in township, by F. J. Barber..... 1 00 7 Best collection of Ladies' work, by E. Marchand, Milton, Brooch.....

TRIAL OF SPEED

Fastest and best gentleman's single road horse, mare or selding, trot or pace, blemished horses not eligible, extratstraps not allowed, must be hitched to a suitable ve-hick speed to count 60%, style and conformation 40%. Thres exhibitions of speed, each exhibition once around the ring. First, by John McDonald and Harry Wright

J. A. TRACY, Secretary

Build up the Mighty National Force



THE measure of your love of freedom is your willingness to deny yourself so that the strength of the nation for war effort will be increased.

This self-denial must take the form of money-saving-thrift. Each person knows in what way he or she may save.

The national need says you must save, but free Canada leaves it to you to say by what means and to what extent you will save.

HIGH AND LOW SHOES

can be found here. We have the dressy shoes as well as the

common sense shoes for every day wear. Our prices are

reasonable considering war times. We give you full value for your money. It is no more than natural that prices

would go up a little as there is more leather put into SHOES

this year than ever before, but let us lope that the high cost

Rumford

THE SHOE MAN

"The Home of Better Shoes."

....GEORGETOWN CREAMERY....

We pay Highest Market Price for Cream in any quantity.

Open Monday, Wednesday and Saturday nights.

Highest Test---W. McKay 41; G. A. Wilson 40;

S. J. Lyona 119.

Poultry & Eggs

We will pay you the highest market price for your Poultry.

live or dressed, also Fresh Eggs.

Georgetown Creamery Co.

M. Saxe, Manager

of leather will not continue long.

Now, it is for you, each of us, everyone of us to say how much patriotic endeavor, how much loyal sacrifice we will make by saving our money, by "doing without" so that each day will see a surplus to add to our own and the nation's strength. No. matter how small the surplus it is important because each saving is an effort made, and many small individual efforts make the mighty national force.

Published under the authority of the Minister of Pinance of Canada,

TO THE PROPERTY OF

Life, Accident

I represent some of the best com panies and shall be pleased to trar

R. J. HYNDS

W. A. BAILEY

Repairing Neatly and Prompt ly Done

W. A. BAILEY

A. RESTIVO

Choice Fresh Fruit Tomatoes Green Vegetables

A. RESTIVO

Auto Insurance?

sact your Insurance business.

GEORGETOWN

Light and Heavy Harness Trunks, Bags, and Everything found in an Up-to-Date Shop.

SPECIAL

Too much we judge our fellow m By what their actions are: But we should, deeper, look to The motives that inspire; For actions oft conceal the hear And are a veil to hide:

We down into the heart must hot To see the wish inside. We, thore may different find some

Brom what they may applear; For understanding other souls: We minet draw very near,

And let sweet sympathy e erguid For through the bond for form Will all things be to voiled.

To stand afar and ceiticize; Shows not the heart within: Thus what is done with a good We, pring, may think sin Let charity a sweet nuntle be

Thrown over lives not unde Instead of criticizing them, Just try to see what there

> Van Vivier's Scoop -

planned it, was to be a very pleasant affair, though it had little enough about it of that strenuous life so ardently advocated by Mr. Roosevelt, He had youth, and health, and wealth, and he pictured the future a gay kaleidoscopic mingling of golf, and polo ponies, and grand opera, and little suppers after the play. Then, too, to crown it all, there

was Madge. Madge, tall and slight. and svelte, with the tawny gold in her hair, and the eyes that changed with every changing thought-that were as blue as summer skies when she smiled, and grew black as midnight when she thrilled to any deep emotion. Philip could hardly remember a time when he had not loved her. They had grown up, boy and girl, together, with something singularly similar in their fate. Both were orphaned children, left to the untender care of unwilling relatives, and Philip never forgot the moment of their meeting. His uncle's place adjoined that of Madge's guardian, and he had been wandering about the ground a feriorn and lonely childish figure, when he first came upon the little maid. She gave one long look at his somber face, and mourning clothes, and then with the swift and intuitive sympathy that God gives te even the youngest child, she went

up to him. "Little boy," she lisped, for she was scarcely more than a baby, "little boy, is 'oo lonesome, and doesn't nobody love 'co?"

"No," he answered with a sob from the depths of his hungry little .

"Don't c'y, little boy," she comfertd, slipping her hand in his. "I 'Ill love 'oo and 'oo won't never be lonesome any more," and, indeed, it seemed to Philip he had never been lonesome again. There was always Madge. But who may count securely on the future? Move the kaleldoscope ever

picture one's dreams painted are shat tered forever. There came a day when Philip had to do, not with visions of a golden future, but with a hard and merciless present. Suddenly as an unexpected thunderbolt came the failure of the trust company in which his fortune was invested, and he swoke one morning to find himself that most pitiable of all creatures on earth—the man who needs money, and knows no way of earning it. He had taken the blow standing, with a smile on his lips, like the theroughbred he was, and just how deep the hurt went none knew.

"Pleasant prospects," was his sol comment, with a shrug of his shoulders to those who would have condoled with him on his loss, "a beer income, and a champagne taste. Do you happen to know the best way to adjust them?"

He might meet the situation with laughter and scoffing so far as others were concerned, but when it came to Madre it was another thing. "I can't ask her to marry a beggar," he said to himself, setting his teeth, and with a face as white as death, "and I'm not poltroon enough to settle down and live on her money," and there had been a terrible scene in which had told her this, and released her from her promise to marry him. "Oh, Philip, Philip," she cried.

money to me if I can't make things easy for you? Surely there is more than enough for us both." Then he tried to explain to her,

clinging to him, "what good is all my

blunderingly and haltingly, that something that is dearer to man than even love of woman-that something which he must have, or die of self-loathinghis own self-respect. "I couldn't live without it, darling,"

he said at last, passionately, "if I gave in to fate without one struggle, and was content to let you support me, I should imagine your contempt for such a weakling in every tope of your dear voice. I should see it in every glance of your dear eyes. No, no, I must make my fight and win my place in the world of men, or I will die fighting on the battlefield. If I succeed I will come back to claim my own. If I fall, a better man wins. Don't you see how it must be that way?" And in the end Madge "saw." The sympathy that always understood others was part of her charm, and Philip

At college he had rather distinguished himself by some clever skits in

as the most available way of settling the bread and butter problem. A friend obtained a place for him on the staff of the morning Asteriak, where he began at the bottom of the reportorial ladder, and learned among other bitter pieces of knowledge that the public hungers and thirsts for gory details of murder, and has but a lukewarm interest in the higher criticism, and that on a newspaper staff a university degree to regarded with far less respect than a note for news.

Stift the glamour stripped from Jour-nation. Pattip kept doggedly on. He acquired a reputation for being fatthful and accurate. He was a gour, mand for work and the city editor began to speak hopefully of him, but paper selles, and to Philip Madge seemed an immeasurable distince of when suddenly he made his great scoop. It was the merest accident truth of them. One evening he was walking along one of the fashionable sesidence streets when suddenly he was startled by's screen, and looking up he saw a woman with the wild eyes and comming of a maniac sitting on the very outer coping of the walls of a tall house, where she waved her arms gleefully, and leaned disply forward to peer into the street below. In an instant all the mystery of the drawn blinds, and jealously guarded doors of the mansion, at which many was one of those family tragedies, at which the world guesses some poor crazed creature, living out her life within padded walls, who had escaped from her keepers, and with that instinct of flight from a prison which survives all reason, was preparing to take a fatal leap into the street below. The street crowd that seems to spring from the very pavement whenever anything unusual happens, had already guthered. They could see the frantic gestures of the keeper vainly trying to call the woman, but at every movement, the crouching creature's agtire on the perilous edge made a motion as if to cast herself down, and for very fear the attendant dare not approach her. The great front door of the house was flung suddenly open, and terrified servants rushed about vainly seeking gradstance, but none knew what to do, and the crowd below could only wait breathlessly fee the impending tragedy.

It had taken Philip but an instant to realise the scene, and with a sudden inspiration he dashed past the servant in the doorway, and up the stairway. The crazed woman was still young and pretty. A dainty silken robe, and a filmy lace scarf blew about her. Evidently she was a woman of fashion and society, so the thoughts flew through his mind as he dashed up the three flights of steps and through the open door in the roof through which she had evidently climbed. He knew well enough he might be going to his death, but he only smiled a little grimly, and moved on towards the pathetic figure swaying on the ledge of the wall. The woman looked up at the sound of an approaching step. She saw a handsome young man-a young man such as she vaguely remembered in that world that was not all horrible dreams and padded walls-coming toward her. When he reached her he made a courtly bow, and offered her his arm, and without one protest, mechanically, naturally, as if they had been on the ballroom floor, she arose and put her hand within it, and together they started toward the house, treading the narrow ledge, whose outer edge was death. A single push of the crased woman's feeble hand and mutilation waited for them below, but there was not a tremble in the man's voice as he

asked her: "And what did you think of the new tenor this winter at the opera?" In the street below the crewd stood silent, tense with excitement, until so gently, and its figures change. One | they saw Philip hand the woman, still with courtly grace, through the door in the roof, and then it broke into the

multuous cheering. As for Philip, his one thought was to get to the office. His part in the adventure appealed to him not at all It was what any fellow would have done, he thought, and he could leave that out, but he realised the value of the story. The secret of the darkened mansion. The closed blinds. The beautiful woman, with her wild, med eyes-it was full of color, it was pieturesque. Besides it was a scoop. Ne ether reporter had been there, and a scoop is as dear to the newspaper heart as a first-bern to a mother. There was still some of the excitement of the adventure tingling in his veins, and as he wrote he felt his description was vivid, and he turned it in to the city editor with the calm and unmixed satisfaction of knowing that it was

There is, perhaps, no other joy in life equal to that, of the young writer who reads his own productions in type, and Philip's first conscious act the next morning was to reach for the paper. He had expected his story to be given some prominent place; perhaps to be featured. To his dismay it was not even printed. He looked the paper over twice to have suspicion deepen into certainty. It had been left out. How long he might have stared at the paper in Sewilderment he never knew, but that two letters caught his eyes, as they lay upon his table. One was from the city editor of the Asterisk, and he pounced upon it for an explanation.

"Dear Van Vivier," he read, "serry, but your scoop was scooped. The distressed damsel you rescued is old La Roux's daughter, and La Roux, as yes appear not to know, is the heaviest stockholder in the Asterisk. Naturally he wanted your story killed. Vistue is rewarded, however. He suggests you for night editor in place of Clarson who has resigned. Reper for duty tonight." The other letter was from Mades. I

"Dear Philip: I have heard of your rescue of poor Fannie La Rouz. Mow could you be such a here, and such a goose as to take such a risk? You need a guardian, sir, and Lam going to marry you to take care of you on this day one month. You can't refuse a lady, you know. Yours, Magge."

Philip read the letter twice, and then he bowed his head on the table, and when he raised it his eyes were