HIGH AND LOW SHOES

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

tummon sense shoes for every they went. .. Our prices fare.

would go up a little as there is more leather but into SHOES, this year than ever before, but let us hope that the high work

for this money. It is not more than natural that prices

Rumford

HE SHOE MAN

"The Home of Better Shoes."

The Georgetown Herald

EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING HERALD POWER PRINTING OFFICE Georgetown . . Ont. CONTRACT ADVERTISING RATES Furnished on application

Tencents per line for first insertion, and five cents per line for each subsequent insertion will be charged for all transient advertisements. Twelve imes Advertisement without asseme de nectaling with her inverted until forbid and elicited honordingly and hard and Advertised tents will his object and

when month without extra chiefe. must be in the office by Monday every BUBSCHIPTION RATES

auto the plan and refer to the state of adshut higher than shows the dute. O.T.R. Time Table

Passenger..... 8.96 p.m. GOING MERT GOING NORTH Mail 7.57 a.n. Mail 5.80 p.m

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

GOING SOUTH

Mail..... 10.05 a.m.

Going West8.55 8.10 SUNDAY TIME-TABLE a.m. p.m. p.m. p.m Going East....10.21 12.20 8.45 8.10 Going West...10.40

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. and a general graph of the first of the sales LEGAL SHILTON, WALLBRIDGE & DALE .. Barristors, Solicitors, Etc. Toronto and Georgetown

Le Roy Date, in charge of George-MEDICAL

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DR. JOSEPH MOANDREW Physician and Surgeon Surgeon G. T. R. Office Hours-2 to 4 an

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

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Always keeps a Choice Stock of the Bost procurable in Fresh and Salt Mests which he sells at the Medical Officer of Health. District Lowest Possible Prices

Get The Best!



WATCHES

Just what Your Soldier Laddie Needs

WE HAVE THEM

In all Styles

At all Prices

1 ---

A. B. WILSON MAIN STREET, Next McGibbon Hotel

INSTAL A rease FURNACE



PAYS FOR ITSELF BY THE COAL IT SAVES. MORE HEAT LESS COAL MOST ECONOMICAL COSTS LEAST FOR REPAIRS.

W. C. ANTHONY Georgetown

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. DR. PLANT, Optometrist

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are attracting many buyers. Probably we may have just what you have been looking for. Call us up and we will be pleased to show you our List

E. A. BENHAM, Georgetown.



or in the country you often need high shoes even in the summer Why not let us fix up the pair you have been wearing for rainy weather? Perhaps your street pumps the girl would be fishing in that brook. or evening slippers need our work

SHOE REPAIRING

Why not try our expert work and

W. WHARRAD,

GEORGETOWN

The Brampton Driving Club WILL HOLD THEIR

at BRAMPTON on

50 Per Cent of Profits Donated to Red Cross.

RACES

2.09 Class, Trot or Pace, Purse \$200 2.18 Class, Trot or Pace, Purse \$200 2.30 Class, Trot or Pace, Purse \$200

Purses divided 50, 25, 15, 10 per cent.

Horses eligible Sept. 1stp. 5 per cent. to enter and 5 per cent. ad ditional for money winners. Five to enter and four start in every event. Trotters allowed 4 seconds in each event. The right is reserved by the shrug: Driving Club to change the order of the program or to declare off any event not filling satisfactorily or for any other cause.

Entries positively close Oct. 18th. Association Rules to govern Autos and Vehicles Admission to Grounds 25 Cents.

ADMISSION 50c LADIES FREE

GRAND STAND 25c JOHN PATTERSON,

AN AUTUMN LANDSCAPE

Brilliant searlet and crimson stain And splashes of vellow gold: Warm brown stubble and ripene

The way sides seared and old: A dazzle of green where the uftr Breaths atale, tong told.

Gray where the hoos house of the west. . . . Blue wifers the autera kirow

Purple the lights on a hill's The shadows manye below Blackbirds wheeling above.

Silent, serenely, alow : 3.1 Lighter and shallows and spark le Sombre color and gas: Rich and warm in the late sur

Chill where the shadows play: Thou God hangs His masterpion Over the world to day.

Some Fall Fishing 5

opyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspe-

By C. B. LEWIS

The doctor in the city had told Miss Gertie Ashford to stay in the country as long as she could, on account of the state of her throat, and that was why she was yet at her grandmother's when mid-September came. It hadn't been a very lively sununer for the girl. She had taken long walles. She had fussed with the oldfurbloned flowers; she had sought in yain to win the confidence of the chipmunks and rabbits which came about, and she had hunted for qualls'

nests in the wheat fields. There was one sport, however, she had not participuted in. There was a creek meundering its way over the country and crossing the highway a few reds below - house, and in that creek were fish at least as long as her finger. The knew it, because she had even them, and because a neighbor's boy twelve years old had told her:

"Why, of course there are fichslathers and slathers of 'em, and they are achin' to be cotched, jest as a cat aches for cream. Haven't hauled out more'n a kundred this symmer." "But I was taught in Sunday school that it was wicked to catch fish." was

"Humph! Would we have coddsh cakes if folks didn't go a-flahin'?" The boy rigged up a line and pole for her, and Miss Gertie went fishing. He stood on the bank with her for a

while to advise: "Now, lower your book!" "Now, stop wobbiting the pole!" "Now, don't you dare breathe!" "Now, that you eyes and say your

prayers, for there's a fish as long as a rail comin' for your book!" When half an hour had passed and the fisher hadn't had a nibble yet, the boy wandered away in disgust. At

the end of the second half-hour Miss Gertie said to herself: "I know why I don't have any luck. It's because the fish can see me. I'll

Thereupon she stuck the end of the The Shore pole into the bank and left the book to do its own fishing while she retired to the house for a rest. Ferrers Torke, the author and artist, was planning a new story. The opening chapters would tell of a meadow, a brook, a bridge and a pretty girl, and The author was great on local color. and he had come out into the country to find the spot that another would have to imagine. He was quite sure that he could find all but the girl with s full role in her hunds, and there was one chance in a thousand that he would find her. He had discovered two or three brooks, bridges and meadows when his search brought him

to the willows opposite to where Gertie stood. A rash young man would have stalked out of the bushes with a hello and a wave of his hat, and waded the brook and saked how many fish had been caught, and how many had got away. Mr. Yorke was not rash. He did not betray his presence among the willows. Not that he was a spy by

nature, but that, having found his beroine, he must study her a bit. The hereine of a story must have auburn heir which the sunshine turns

She must have a neck like a swan, though not as long. She must have a Grecian nose-not the sort you see around the Greek restaurants of New York, but one made to order in Athens and sent on packed in pink cotton. Her eyes must be like stars. The

stars worn by constables are excluded from the contest. Her form must be divine, which means it must not be molded on the lines of a sack of flour. She must have twinkling feet.

She should sing as she fished. Did the girl across the creek from the artist fill the bill? Yes, and more. She was a sylph-a hours-an angel. With her for a heroine that story would go like buckwheat cakes on a winter's morning. Even when she became discouraged about the fish and turned away with a shrug of her shoulders, he was delighted with the

An artist and an author has two souls, as we all know. One is a dream soul, and can hear the whispers of the angels with every breeze that blows through a patch of buil-thirties the other gives him a proper appetite for a boiled dinger.

When Mr. Yorke had looked upon Sec., Boz 582, Brampton, to look with the other. The girl went

would confidently expect to find something on her hook. If there was not

a victim she would be disappointed. How a farmer's cast-off boot came to be lying on the farther bank in plain eight is a mystery to be explained some other time. In days gone by a bear might have overtaken him at that spot and devoured everything but the boot. For the two-souled artist to leap the brook and seize the boot and make it fast to the fishhook

> box he bond to soit had to plant think; away. In flits the of it mest, . sinh. boy who had left the apet an hour before. He was returning to see what.

lack Gertie and had, He came steatth-

He walled in hiding to see what the girl would do when she returned. She came slowly. She thought she saw when the small boy left his fair to

"I saw the guy when he done it !" "Did some one put this old boot on y book!" she asked.

"He did, Miss, and he's ri there in the willers!" Gertie walked down to the bridge and over it and up the bank to the clump of willows, where the twosouled artist cronched. He saw her coming, but there was no escape for him. He straightened up and raised

The girl looked him up and down with contempt, and he felt obliged to

"-I did it as a joke!" "Are you what is called a comic supplement to a Sunday paper?" was

"Oh, don't apologize. There are men of all sorts of caliber, you know!" But Gertie had turned her back on

"I'm sorry I did it."

him and was walking away. When she rejoined the boy, the latter said: "Say, that guy is stopping over at Farmer Turner's. Do you want me go over there and lick him? You made his knees wobble, but I can make his hair stand up." "I guess be got enough," was the reply, and yet the girl did not congratulate berself upon her victory.

Had it been such a great crime after Wouldn't almost anyone else have taken it as a joke?

Couldn't she have taken it as a joke but for the small boy? The "guy" was good-looking and a gentleman. A gentleman sometimes jokes as well as other sorts of men. He had said he was sorry, and would have gone further if she had consented to listen. He had blushed and been confused, and had gone away as if looking for a hole to hide in.

Miss Gertie had a temper quick to flash and quick to cool off again, and by the next morning she had made reasonable excuses for the joker. So it was with the small boy. His father had said it was a good joke, and his mother had smiled at it, and the lad had come to feel it a duty to go over to Turner's and tell the guy that he was sorry he had given him away. He was on his way to Turner's across the fields, when he caught sight of Gertle on the highway. She was in

the old burgy and behind the old horse which her grandmother had owned for nearly twenty years. She was headed for the village and the

A quarter of a mile beyond the girl Odessa by wire was impossible and was the "guy." . He was running down the hill and waving his hat at her. "Now, then, is that feller crazy?" asked the small boy of himself, as he

mounted a stump to see the better. From the brow of the hill the artist had seen a pair of horses and a wagon coming on the dead run. He had instantly realized that the driver of the lighter vehicle would not take the slarm until too late. He was within five reds of her when he recognized Gertie, and as he reached the head of the old horse he grasped the bridle and fairly dragged the outfit into the ditch. As it was, a wheel was taken off the old buggy and the girl thrown out. She was somewhat bruised and terribly scared, and, of course, Mr. Yorke had to assist her to the house, while the small boy remained on the spot to pick up the pieces and assure old Dobbin that he had had the escape

of his life. That evening the same small boy called on Gertie to see if she had any toes broken and to add: "Did you give the guy any more

"Why, no," was replied. "Do you think him nice?" "I-I think so." "Is he a hero?"

"He must be." "Then you'll marry him, of course, and fil be left high and dry! That's what a boy gets for showing a girl now to go a fishing and catch an old

Revolutionizing Salmon Industry. Construction of power plants that vill cost \$6,000,000 and that will revoutionize the salmon packing industry n the whole Columbia river basin, ere forecasted by application of Mclowan (Wash.) packers for power development sites on the Deschutes rivr in Oregon.

Applications for 8,000 cubic feet of water rights in all have been fled, and plans have been prepared for two gigantic dams, one 118 feet high, 800 feet long at the bottom and 800 feet long at the top, and the other 236 feet high, 90 feet long at the bottom and 420 feet at the top.

Power generated by the water impounded behind these dams will be used to run salmon canneries and tinplate plants in which the cans will be

Some Philosophy. "We don't know what we're fighting for," complained a Prussian private.
"What's the difference?" rejoined another, "We wouldn't ever get it.

THE WORK OF AGE

Creat edifices, like great mounains, are the work of ages. Often the art undergoes a transformation while they are yet pending-pending ipera interrupts-they go on again unotly, in accordance with the change in the art. The altered art akes up the fabric, intrusts itself upon it, assimilates it to itself, develops it after its own fashion, and finishes it if it can. The thing is and leap back among the willows was accomplished without disturbance, the work of three minutes.

The wingels among the willows was accomplished without disturbance, without effort without reaction accomplished without disturbance, without effort without reaction and conding for a law natural and franching the state that shorts out these that the property of the state of the stat is matter for very large volumes and often for the universal history of human nature, in those successive ongraftings of several species of art at different elevations upon the same lack Gertie and had. He came steatth fabric. The man, the artist the intity, and he saw all, and he said to dividual; are lost, and disappear are on those great masses, tenving no those great masses, tenving no name of an author behind. Human neture is there to be tracked only in the great agreement. Time is the architect. the nation is the builder. . To consider in this place only the

architecture of Christian Europe, the fishpele guiver. She seized it and sonries of the East—it presents to fung the "fish" on to the grass behind us an immense formation, divided her. She had just discovered what it into three superincumbent zones. was, and was looking at it in wonder, clearly defined: The Roman sone; the Gothid zone; and the zone of the Revival, which we would willingly entitle the Greco-Roman. The Roman, stratum; the most ancient and the deepest, is occupied by the circular arch; which reappears rising modern and upper stratum of the Revival. The pointed arch is found between the two. The edifices which belong to one or other of these three strata exclusively, are perfectly distinct, uniform and complete: Such is the Abbey of Jumlege; such is the Cathedral of Rheims; such is the Church of Sainte-Croix at Orleans. But the three zones mingle and combine at their borders, like the colors of the prism. And hence the complex fabrics-the edifices of gradation and transition. One is Roman at its feet. Gothic in the middle, and Greco-Roman in the head. This is when it has taken six hundred years to build it. This variety is rare; the donion tower of Etampes is a specimen of it. But the fabrics of two formations are more frequent. Such is the Notre Dame of Paris, an edifice of the pointed arch, which, in its earlest pillars, dips into that Roman zone in which the portal of St. Denis and the nave of St. Germain des Pres are entirely immersed. Such is the charming semi-Gothic chapterlouse of Bocherville, which the Roman layer mounts half-way up. Such

> -Victor Hugo. Gathering War News.

The war has restored some of the old-time romance to the business of news-gathering from places that Canadians might regard as the far ends of the world. When the Canadian settles down into his easy chair at night and lets his eye run casually down the column of his favorite paper over the date-lines of the far corners of the world he does not always realize what an effort it often cost to lay before him the news of

s the cathedral of Rough, which

would have been entirely Gothic, had

not the extremity of its central spire

plerced into the zone of the Revival.

these far places. Take some of the Associated Press despatches from Jassy, the capital of Roumania, for example. Things were going pretty bad for little Roumania last March. The Bolsheviki had turned things topsy-turvy in Russia and King Ferdinand's country was left alone on the eastern front to face the hordes of Germany and Austria. Roumania was quarrelling with the Bolsheviki over the disposition o Russian troops which had been on the Roumanian front. There were

serious possibilities for Roumania in There was an Associated Press correspondent in Jassy, but the only way of getting news out was by the way of Odessa, where the Bolsheviki held sway. Communication with no trains were running as bridges

were destroyed.
The Roumanian Government was sending Col. Joseph Boyle, formerly of the Canadian army, from Jassy to Odessa in an airplane with a peace treaty and when Col. Boyle flew 200 miles over the mountains he carried not only the treaty but despatches from the Associated Press correspondent for forwarding to America. That is how some of the news started on its way from Jassy. through Russia, Finland and Sweden to London and finally to America.

Hypodermic needles.

The war has upset many old standards and set up many new ones. One of the curious results of this upheaval is that gold has been reduced. in some cases, to the role of a cheap substitute for other metals, says the Popular Science Monthly. Hypodermic needles, for instance, were formorly made of platinum or platinumiridium, two metals now practically unobtainable. The increased war demand for these needles led to many experiments with other metals and alloys in the hope of finding a good substitute. A manufacturing concern, making a specialty of temper-ing precious metals, has recently perfected a hypodermic needle of specialty of tempering precious metals, has recently tempered 14-carat gold which offers many advantages. The motal has almost the hardness and rigidity of steel, is not attacked by steam, boiling water or chemical solutions used for sterilizing, and the needles are much cheaper than those of platinum or platinum-iridium.

Airplane Needs Strong Wood. A modern airplane propellar is one of the strongest and most perfect products of man's handicraft. Some airplane engines run at 1.700

revolutions a minute and can be geared up to 2,000. An engine of this power would use a nine-foot-six-inch prepailer and the speed of the blade ends would be in the neighborhood of 600 miles an hour.

Revolving at this terrific rate, the slightest imperfection in the weed from which the prepallers are made would tend to disrupt them and cause them to fly to pieces. For this reason only the best and

hardest wood from the heart of the tree is used for propeller blades. It takes 2,000 feet of timber in the rough to furnish 200 feet of wood good enough for propellers.

Black walnut is the very best hind of wood for propeller blades, fer, besides being immensely tough, it does not splinter when hit by a projectile. Next in the order named, come maker any, white oak, sah, maple, birch and