

The Georgetown Herald

FIFTY-SECOND YEAR OF PUBLICATION

Georgetown, Wednesday Evening, November 13th, 1918

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The Georgetown Herald

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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 advertising contracts.
Advertisements with specific directions, will be inserted under the heading 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 in advance; 12 months in advance, \$1.25 in advance.
The address label shows the date your subscription expires.
J. M. COOPER, Publisher

G.T.R. Time Table

GOING EAST		
Mail	7:15 a.m.	7:15 a.m.
Passenger	7:45 a.m.	7:45 a.m.
Passenger	8:45 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Mail	9:30 a.m.	9:30 a.m.
Passenger	9:30 a.m.	9:30 a.m.

GOING WEST		
Mail	7:57 a.m.	7:57 a.m.
Passenger	8:27 a.m.	8:27 a.m.
Passenger	9:27 a.m.	9:27 a.m.
Mail	10:06 a.m.	10:06 a.m.
Passenger	10:06 a.m.	10:06 a.m.

GOING NORTH		
Mail	7:57 a.m.	7:57 a.m.
Passenger	8:27 a.m.	8:27 a.m.

GOING SOUTH		
Mail	10:06 a.m.	10:06 a.m.
Passenger	10:06 a.m.	10:06 a.m.

Toronto Suburban Railway

DAILY TIME-TABLE		
Going East	8:10 a.m.	8:24 p.m.
Going West	8:55 a.m.	8:10 p.m.

SUNDAY TIME-TABLE

Going East	10:30 a.m.	12:20 p.m.
Going West	10:40 a.m.	8:10 p.m.

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH

Rev. Wm. Burt, L. Th., Rector
Sunday service as follows:
Morning—11 a.m.
Evening—7 p.m.
Sunday School—9:45 a.m. in basement.
Holy Communion 1st and 2nd Sundays of each month at 11 a.m.

LEGAL

SHILTON, WALLBRIDGE & DALE,
Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.
Toronto and Georgetown
Keenleyside Block, 110 St. George St.
Le Roy Dale, in charge of Georgetown Office.

MEDICAL

DR. JOSEPH McANDREW
Physician and Surgeon
Medical Officer of Health, District of St. George
Office Hours—2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p.m.
Office and Residence Main Street, South, Opposite Presbyterian Church.

OFFICIAL

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, D.D.S., D.O.S.

Dentist
Office in Lane Block, one door north of O'Neill's Carriage Factory. Hours 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

CHIROPRACTIC

No Medicine, Surgery or Osteopathy
ROBT. M. OGG, D.C., Ph.D.
Graduate of "The Palmer," the original School of Chiropractic, Davenport, Iowa, U.S.A.
Office over Hourigan's Drug Store, Commercial and Spina Streets, free Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 2 to and 7 to 8 p.m.

AUCTIONEERS

BENJ. PETCH
Licensed Auctioneer for Halton and Peel Counties, Ontario. 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
Tappan Bldg., 100 St. George St., Toronto
M.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

MILTON & PRENTISS

MINERS AND MACHINERY BROKERS
Motors—Electric Repairs

FOY BLDG. TORONTO

J. A. TRACY

Clark Township of Esquimaux, Clark and 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

W. Edmund Capps

Teacher in Singing
at Mrs. M. Cooper's residence, Main St., south, Georgetown, on Tuesdays.
For terms apply residence Queen St., E., Brampton, Phone 506, P.O. Box 158.

Money Talks

You can't beat the kaiser with shouting.
You can't place Canada on a firm footing to grapple with the problems of peace with words. It's your money that talks. Money is the sinews of war. You make your money talk when you

BUY VICTORY BONDS

Rumford

THE SHOE MAN

"The Home of Better Shoes."

PATTERSON'S

...Meat Market...

Let Us Be Strong

The strong nation of the future will be the nation whose people by the practice of thrift individually and collectively save a residue of the proceeds of their labor, of their profits as industrial leaders; of the riches that are yielded by forest, field and mine.

Every one desires that Canada should be a strong nation; and the best means at hand to prove the sincerity of that wish at this moment is the purchase of

VICTORY BONDS.

W. J. PATTERSON

Main Street, Georgetown Phone No. 1

J.M. Buck

BUTCHER

Always keeps a Choice Stock of the Best procurable in Fresh and Salt Meats which he sells at the

Lowest Possible Prices

Canada Food Board License No. 9 2168



Storing Away Prosperity

When you buy a Victory Bond you are purchasing an endowment policy for yourself and also for Canada. You will be storing away a portion of the nation's prosperity for future use.

BUY VICTORY BONDS

A. B. WILSON

MAIN STREET, Next McGibbon Hotel

Max Eisen

Junk and Metal Dealer.

Highest prices paid for all kinds of junk.

Phone 167.

GEORGETOWN



How Many Crowns for Your Honor Flag?

Of course every city, town and district will earn its Honor Flag.

But how about the crowns?

For every twenty-five per cent. in excess of its quota, each city, town and district will be entitled to add a crown to its flag.

Can you do fifty per cent. better than your quota—that means two crowns for your Honor Flag.

But double your quota and it means four crowns.

Hang a Flag in your hall, that for years to come will show that your city, town or district did better than well—

That it was a real factor in the huge success of CANADA'S VICTORY LOAN 1918.

Issued by Canada's Victory Loan Committee in co-operation with the Minister of Finance of the Dominion of Canada

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 Meats Cheaper to You.

Canada Food Board License No. 9-131

CLIFFORD LINHAM

Phone 196

MAIN STREET

Twine, Wire Fencing, Buggies, Wagons, Ploughs.

Floury, Shants, Wilkinson, Perrin walking and riding ploughs.
Car of Plymouth Binder Twine will be sold very reasonable for cash.
PHONE 101 F 88.

Thos. E. Hewson

Norval, Ont.

YOUNG WOMEN

are wanted as never before for business offices, and as Telegraph Operators.

Shaw's Schools

Toronto, give the proper training in short order. Free catalogue: W. H. Shaw, President, 4Write.

Protection and Profit

When money is in a Savings Account in The Merchants Bank, it is absolutely safe from loss, as far as you are concerned. All the time it is here, it is earning interest—so that the bank actually pays you to let it take care of your money. Don't carry unneeded sums on your person or hide them at home. Protect them against loss, theft and fire by opening a savings account.



THE MERCHANTS BANK

Head Office: Montreal, OF CANADA Established 1864.
GEORGETOWN BRANCH, C. W. GRANBY, Manager.
ACTON BRANCH, L. B. SHOREY, Manager.

Good Citizenship

Every motive that inspires good citizenship calls on Canadians to be lavish in their purchase of Victory Bonds, and so insure their country's welfare, and their own security, against the rainy day.

BE PREPARED

Beware of the financial reaction that may follow the present prosperity. The best way to forestall it is to practice thrift now and the best form of thrift is embodied in Canada's Victory Bonds.

BUY VICTORY BONDS.

W. C. ANTHONY

PHONE 46 - GEORGETOWN, ONT.

HIRST'S PAIN EXTERMINATOR

Always Effective—and acts quickly

Hollows lame back, lumbago, neuralgia, sprains, lameness and muscular twinges, rheumatism, sore throat and other painful complaints—Hirst's Stops the Pain. Get a bottle today. Have it handy—has a hundred uses. A. Hirst's is in use: HIRST BROTHERS CO., Hamilton, Ont.

THE LOST PATH

(Beatrice Washburn)

Along a little twisted, rose-hung path
We went out to walk one sunny day.
Then, led by wider streets and
Broadly fields,
We lost our way.

We saw three running streams
And roads that led along the wind
ing down,
And images shrouded in
Hazy blue mists,
High up in the sky,
We saw these things with
And towers where the busy high
roads crossed.
Still we were seeking, but we
That little path we lost.

Dawn's Early Light

By FRANK RIGNBY

Six rows of stars, eight in a row, forty-eight white stars twinkling on a blue square. Seven long lines of red and six of white rippling, waving, gathering up and flying out straight again. A setting sun sending out red beams of light that had put on and faded away among the early peeping stars far overhead dipped a parting salute to Old Glory, the glory, illumined by the red golden rays, looking sure resplendent and glorious than ever, waved back an acknowledgment.

Such was the picture Jack Cody gazed on, Jack, a fine, hearty, clean-cut boy of fifteen years, was the son of a lumberman and lived in a small wooden house on the outskirts of a village that was situated away off ever so far from trolley cars, subways and skyscrapers. Jack was a boy of the woods. The forest was for him school and playground and was frequently his bedroom.

This particular June evening Jack, reeling after a strenuous day, was sitting on a pile of lumber and gazing at the flagpole newly erected on the "town hall."

News, a speedy traveler, where telephones, papers and crowds mix, seemed to slow up and get down to a crawl when it journeyed toward Jack's town. A sudden stinging pain shot through Jack's shoulder. He fell forward on his face. He essayed to rise, but the excruciating pain was too much for him. "Help! Help!" he called. A sound of running feet fell on his ears. Painfully turning his throbbing head, Jack saw some of his boy friends, gazing foolishly at him. "Please!" called Jack. "Please! Oh, you boys do something—help, lift me," but a nearby explosion had scattered the crowd. Toby, the village stray dog, dragged itself by the neck and was soon lost to Jack's view. The flag! The flag! There it is again—this time in the hands of the new-comer, who holds it high in the air. The figure holding it was a stranger. Jack makes a supreme effort to rise, but for him comes oblivion.

It was a beautiful June morning when Jack awoke and sat up suddenly. He rubbed his shoulder, scratched his head and blinked his eyes. "Old Glory!" thought Jack. "Where is it? What has happened?" "Where is it?" said a voice that started Jack into full wakefulness. It was the stranger.

"Yes," said Jack. "I thought I—that is—I thought—"

"What?" said the man, encouragingly.

"That you were killed and that the flag—"

"went on Jack as he related his dream of the night before. The man laughed and asked Jack what he would do for the wounded soldier, for an injured dog, for himself. "Jack didn't know. He then asked Jack what he would do in ordinary peace times in emergency cases. Jack didn't know. Neither did any of his boy friends, who were beginning to come out into the morning sunlight.

"Don't you see," said the man, "that the best way to help your country and flag is by being prepared to serve? He prepared for all cases and for all times. Even in this far-away town, at this present moment, you can be of service. Every man, woman, boy and girl and child from the top corner of Alaska to the other end of Florida can be of help if they only make a little preparation. Help the men with their work, prepare the way for the great railroad that's on its way to you and you will be serving your flag and country."

"Say, fellows, let me tell you something. Railroading is my big business, but my big pleasure is scouting. I'm high up in both jobs, and as I'm bringing my business to your town, there is no reason why I shouldn't bring my pleasure. Who's for scouting?"

"Me for one," said Jack. "Me, too," chorused all the others.

"Fine!" said the man, "and now listen. I'll fix it up in New York at headquarters that your town will be marked on this scout map. I'll see that you get all necessary papers and information, and by the way, I may have a job on the railroad of lettering or map drawing for your scout account who has prepared himself with a red and blue pencil."

The crowd dissolved and Jack started home to his work softly singing to himself:

"Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail at the twilight gleaming?"

It seemed as though Jack would have to get busy penciling out "Standing Room Only" notices, when the man who called the meeting had commenced his story.

There is no occasion to follow in detail all the men and boys of the Stars and Stripes, for that would be telling you something, friend reader, that you already know forwards and backwards, sufficient to say that he commenced with the tale of Beatrice Washburn, the wife of the late Mr. Washburn, who he told stories of countless heroes whose lives were given up so that Old Glory might see waves free, the rule of liberty to all; that he explained the meaning of the colors and the high ideals that they represented.

"It is glorious to die for the flag," he said, "and equally glorious to live for it, and that living for it means giving for America, working and striving, unceasingly for the betterment of all. Yes, for all, all for one."

A powerful falsetto voice rang forth. "The Star-Spangled Banner" under the leadership of the stranger brought the informal gathering to a most enthusiastic end.

Jack was impressed very, very much and trotted home lost in deep thought. A person walking close by Jack would have heard him muttering to himself, "One and all."

Boom! Boom! Ziz! Ziz! Zip! Bang! Boom! Crash! Bang! Jack never heard such a tremendous noise before. Rushing to his bedroom window, he gazed awestruck at the sight that presented itself to him. The village was in flames—men were rushing hither and thither shouting, calling and yelling for help. Jack dashed out, butless and breathless. Bang! A huge shell tore away half of his little home. An awful rending, crashing upheaval followed. Flying stones and splinters knocked Jack all in a heap. "War!" he panted. "War!" Yes, it was war with a vengeance. Struggling to his feet, he raced onwards, not knowing where to go, but onward, in hope of being able to do something. Bang! Bang! All the while the most unearthly shrieking sounds of flying shells and bursting bombs mixed with the rattle of machine guns and the frightful roaring of the heavy cannon. Khaki-clad figures rushed past Jack. A fearful explosion louder than any of the previous, left Jack dazed. At his feet fell one of the khaki figures, heaving the ground, striking the earth with his hands and hoarsely calling in a choked, feeble voice for help. Jack was afraid at last. Not of bayonets or bullets, but of the wounded man, for Jack did not know what to do with him or for him. "I'll go and get help," yelled Jack. He ran a few yards, stumbled and fell. Looking up, he saw right before him in the midst of the uniforms, Old Glory! The flag was still there! Hurrah! Live for my country, die for my country," flashed through Jack's thoughts.

Now to help the wounded soldier, now to help—A sudden stinging pain shot through Jack's shoulder. He fell forward on his face. He essayed to rise, but the excruciating pain was too much for him. "Help! Help!" he called. A sound of running feet fell on his ears. Painfully turning his throbbing head, Jack saw some of his boy friends, gazing foolishly at him. "Please!" called Jack. "Please! Oh, you boys do something—help, lift me," but a nearby explosion had scattered the crowd. Toby, the village stray dog, dragged itself by the neck and was soon lost to Jack's view. The flag! The flag! There it is again—this time in the hands of the new-comer, who holds it high in the air. The figure holding it was a stranger. Jack makes a supreme effort to rise, but for him comes oblivion.

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