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The Georgetown Herald

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677 N. Time Table - GOING EAST

| | |
|-----------|------------|
| Mail | 9:48 a.m. |
| Passenger | 11:00 a.m. |
| Mail | 8:45 p.m. |
| Passenger | 8:28 p.m. |
| Mail | 8:30 p.m. |

GOING WEST

| | |
|-----------|------------|
| Mail | 7:57 a.m. |
| Mail | 10:05 a.m. |
| Passenger | 8:01 p.m. |
| Mail | 5:55 p.m. |
| Mail | 7:57 p.m. |

GOING NORTH

| | |
|------|-----------|
| Mail | 7:57 a.m. |
| Mail | 8:30 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 | 8:34 | 8:40 |
| Going West | 8:55 | 8:10 | 7:47 |

SUNDAY TIME-TABLE

| | a.m. | p.m. | p.m. |
|------------|-------|-------|------|
| Going East | 10:51 | 12:20 | 8:45 |
| Going West | 10:40 | 8:10 | 8:10 |

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH
Rev. Wm. Surt, 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 Sunday of each month at 11 a.m.

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER, 20th, at 1:30 o'clock sharp, the following:

Horses—Heavy draught, bay, mare 7 yrs. supposed to be in foal; Heavy draught, bay, horse 5 yrs. old; Heavy draught, bay, horse 10 yrs. old; Bloxy bay, horse 4 yrs. old; General purpose bay, horse 8 yrs. old; Standard bred, bay, mare 7 yrs. old by Senator Mitchell a good one not afraid of Autos; Standard bred, bay horse rising 4 yrs. by Senator Mitchell Jr.

Cattle—Durham grade cow calf at foot; Durham grade cow, calf at foot; Durham grade cow, calf at foot; Dark Jersey cow, calf at foot; Duroc grade cow, due Feb. 1; Durham grade cow, due Feb. 1; Durham and Ayrshire cow, due Feb. 1; Duroc and Ayrshire heifer, calving Jan. 1; Duroc and Ayrshire heifer, calving Jan. 1; Duroc and Ayrshire heifer, calving Jan. 1.

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SAIL HO!

BY EDMUND VANCE COOKE

Now the panting ships returning, Filled with love and hope and yearning, Leap along the foam, Leaden deep from lead to gunn'ns, Breathing cheer from every gunn'ns, As the boys come home.

Welcome rings from port and hall, Welcome one and welcome all! Diak and Tony and Harry! Welcome Jack and welcome Joe! Welcome here and welcome there, Some brave are who they were.

Some who should be of your band, Dined in that gallant land, Which they fought to save, Holding there the flag, trench Legions' with their comrade, French.

Elvouch'd in the grave, Welcome to you gentlemen! Welcome to you yet again. Through these words remind you

There's a prayer with every cheer: Every kiss conveys a tear. For the boys behind you! (Copyright, 1918, N. E. A.)

generally said in a very low tone and busied herself in recovering her parcel for her food. For two or three days Sizer did not come into the room, and even mother began to lose her fears for Polly's safety. Then he began to sit quietly near a window, no open door so that he could run if danger threatened, and looked at the parrot with longing eyes.

Her conversation, however, had abated, but he finally thought, "She's only a bird after all, and the time for a meal of her own providing. One day we heard the greatest commotion in the dining room. Rather ran in with his glasses in one hand and newspaper in the other, mother came, dialed on every feature, we children ran to the scene, of course, and in a minute Aunt Clara came.

"Such a sight as we beheld! We all stood transfixed for an instant, and then burst into laughter. Polly had evidently heard speaking on the broad window sill when Sizer had made an attack. When we saw that Polly was holding Sizer with her strong claws, and had his ear in her sharp cutting bill, Sizer was fairly howling, and trying his best to use his claws on Polly.

The parrot made some inarticulate noise all the time, and then they rolled off on the floor. There was a mixture of feathers and fur for a second, and Sizer dashed madly past us, and we could hear him 'srit' as he fled the scene. Polly began to smooth her ruffled plumage, and was evidently none the worse for the conflict. She was still very angry, and screamed after Sizer. "Poor pussy! Poor pussy! Polly's mad! Polly's mad! Hello, boys!"

She would hardly allow Aunt Clara to soothe her, and was quarrelsome for two or three days. No one dared say, "Poor pussy," in Polly's hearing. It is needless to say Sizer was cured. He returned to the house after a few days, with a much injured ear, but nothing could induce him to enter the dining room, and the sound of Polly's voice seemed to terrify him. On that day the sight of a cage seemed to recall the encounter, and as far as he was concerned a cage bird could hang in safety.—Our Dumb Animals.

How Polly.... Cured the Cat

Did I ever tell you how our cat Sizer was cured of his habit of catching birds? No? Well, I must tell you, for I think it was the most effective object lesson Sizer ever had. He was a great pet, and had learned to do some pretty tricks, but had one propensity which was as wicked as could be—no bird was safe if Sizer could reach it.

He had eaten two of mother's oxen, and the neighbors had threatened to kill him if he came into their houses. At last, however, Sizer met his equal.

Aunt Clara wrote to mother that she would spend the summer with us, and would bring her big parrot. Mother was perfectly willing to have Polly come, and we children were wild with delight. We had never had an opportunity of knowing a parrot—neither had Sizer! One day mother was busy preparing Aunt Clara's room, and John and I were helping her. Suddenly mother dropped down on the nearest chair saying, "Oh, dear! I have forgotten Sizer!" In a minute she was able to explain that in her joy that Aunt Clara was coming, she had forgotten Sizer's love of birds.

"What if anything should happen to the parrot?"

We thought we could give Sizer away. It is easy to give a cat away, but he will not always stay given. So we presented him to the man who brought vegetables from his farm four miles from the city, and mother felt relieved.

At last Aunt Clara came with trunks and boxes, and a big cage containing her pet. Polly was a handsome bird, green and gold, with a few beautiful red feathers, a wise, solemn expression and an accomplished tongue. She was very tired after her journey, and began to say, "Polly's sleepy! Good night Polly! Hello, boys!" and stretched her legs and neck to get rested.

We young people felt as if we could listen to her all night, but Aunt Clara said she would be cross if she was kept awake too long, and John carried the cage to Aunt Clara's room. In the morning we heard cries and squeals that started us at first, but grew more jolly. "Ha-ha, boys! Good day, Polly! Good day!" assured us that Miss Polly was the author of the strange sounds.

Aunt Clara said at breakfast that she had put Polly's cage in the

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