

# The Georgetown Herald

FIFTY-SECOND YEAR OF PUBLICATION

Georgetown, Wednesday Evening, February 12th, 1919

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## The Georgetown Herald

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### CONTRACT ADVERTISING RATES

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### SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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J. M. MOORE, Publisher.

### G.T.R. Time Table

#### GOING EAST

Mail, 9:48 a.m.  
Passenger, 11:31 a.m.  
Mail, 1:00 p.m.  
Passenger, 8:25 p.m.  
Passenger, 8:30 p.m.  
Passenger, Sunday, 7:18 p.m.

#### GOING WEST

Mail, 7:57 a.m.  
Passenger, 10:00 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, 11:30 a.m.  
Mail, 7:40 p.m.

### Toronto Suburban Railway

#### DAILY TIME-TABLE

a.m. p.m. p.m.  
Going East, 8:10 9:24 6:40  
Going West, 8:55 8:10 7:47

#### SUNDAY TIME-TABLE

a.m. p.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 at 10 a.m. and 11 a.m.

### LEGAL

S. HILTON, 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 Office 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.

### OPTICAL

L. L. PLANT, D. O. Oph. D., Eye Specialist, Georgetown.

Office next to Public Library, Saturday Evenings 8 to 10 p.m., and by appointment.

### DENTAL

FRANK R. WATSON, D.D.S., M. D. S., Dentist.

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

### 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 9 p.m.

### CHIROPRACTIC

ROST, M. OGG, D.O., Ph.C., Graduate of "The Palmer," the original School of Chiropractic, Davenport, Iowa.

Office over Hourigan's Drug Store. Consultation and Spinal Analysis, free Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 2 to 7 and 7 to 8 p.m. Phone 150a.

### AUCTIONEERS

BENJ. PETCH, Licensed Auctioneer for Halton and Peel, Glen Williams, Post Office. Sales conducted satisfactorily and at reasonable rates. Orders left at the Georgetown Herald Office will receive prompt attention.

### MILTON & PRENTISS

MOTORS AND MACHINERY BROKERS. Motors, Electric Repairs.

### FOY BLDG. TORONTO

J. A. TRACY, Clerk Township of Equestrian, Clerk 3rd Division Court.

The leading Fire and Life Insurance Co's represented.

Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Office—Mill Street West.

Office Hours—Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

### W. Edmund Capps

Teacher in Singing.

Mrs. M. Cooper's residence, Main St., south, Georgetown, on Tuesdays. For terms apply residence Queen St., E., Brampton, Phone 506, P.O. Box 138.

### BUTTER PAPER

AT THE HERALD.

## The Longest Lasting Sweet meat in the World!

## WRIGLEY'S

### The Flavour Lasts

All three kinds sealed in air-tight, impurity-proof packages. Be SURE to get WRIGLEY'S

"AFTER EVERY MEAL" MADE IN CANADA

## PATTERSON'S

### Meat Market...

### Special for Two Weeks!

Rib roast beef	28c
Thick rib roast beef	27c
Shoulder roast beef	26c
Rib-bone beef	24c
Loin of lamb	32c
Shoulder roast lamb	30c
Stewing lamb	25c
Smoked meats	
Smoked hams	35c
Smoked roll	32c
Cottage roll	36c
Side bacon, slab or half	45c
Back bacon, slab or half	35c
Dry salt pork	35c
Pork chops loin	35c
Shoulder chops	30c
Leg of Pork	35c
Fish	
B. C. salmon, whole fish	17c
Fresh Herring	10c
Salted Herring	10c
100 lb. keg herring	\$7.00
Canned Goods	
2 cans Aymer peas	25c
2 " " corn	30c
1 lb. tin all red salmon	40c
Half lb. tin all red salmon	20c
1 lb. tin pink salmon	18c
Half lb. pink salmon	10c
3 lb. pall of shortening	\$1.40
3 lb. pall shortening	85c
1 lb. brick shortening	30c
1 lb. salt lard	35c
1 lb. brick lard	35c

## W. J. PATTERSON

Main Street, Georgetown Phone No. 1

## ...GEORGETOWN CREAMERY...

### Highest Price Paid for Your Cream!

## FOWL WANTED!

Live and Dressed Fowl of all kinds wanted. We pay the Best Prices.

## Georgetown Creamery Co.

M. Saxe, Manager

## SEASON - END - SALE

— OF —

### Heavy Rubbers, Overshoes & Felt Goods

The time has come to Clear Out our Winter Stock in order to make ready for our Spring Shoes which are commencing to arrive.

We don't and we will not carry shoes from Season to Season. It is a losing game. From every standpoint you choose to take it, it is not good business.

Sale Now On.

## Rumford

### THE SHOE MAN

"The Home of Better Shoes."

## Farmer's Account Book

This book is as complete as we can make it. There is a place in it for everything you plant, raise, buy, sell, have on hand; with a summary of the year's business.

It puts your farm on a business basis. It is free to Farmers. Call or write for a copy.

## THE MERCHANTS BANK

Head Office: Montreal OF CANADA Established 1894.  
Georgetown Branch, C. W. GRANDY, Manager.  
GTON BRANCH, L. B. SHORRY, Manager.

## LIVINGSTONE'S

### Quality Bread

To the Public in General

We absolutely Guarantee to give you as good value for your money as you can get any other place.

This is no Make-Believe.

A Few of Saturday's Specials:

Apple Pie, large size	20c
Puffs with Pure Cream from the farm	50c
Doughnuts that are unexcelled	22c
Cream Rolls	40c

We stake our Business on Quality.

## H. A. LIVINGSTONE

Phone 55 - - Georgetown

## BUTTER PAPER!

You may secure the Best Quality at the.....

## "Herald" Office

CHARMING indeed, is the figure on this picture. The young lady knows that she is perfectly safe in using these skates because they have been REPAIRED at our shop. We give the best workmanship and use only the best materials. If you have any shoes or skates that need repairing, or in fact, anything that needs grinding bring it to our shop.

## W. WHARRAD,

PHONE 147 GEORGETOWN

## GOOD FLOUR!

Is Absolutely Necessary to Produce the Best in Bread and Pastry The NOBLE BRANDS are the Superior Flour of to-day. Try Them.

## Robert Noble, Limited

Norval, Ontario.

### THE REAL FOLKS

Folks that like you them's the kind. Worthy a journey long to find. Course it's something pretty fine. To be standing up in line. When the chosen congregate In the councils of the great, Yet, somehow fame doesn't seem To bring mutual esteem.

It's hard to meet a good folk to have a word to say. They're the ones of the select. Fox considered quite correct. Havin' people near had far. Bowin' low and sayin' "Sir, Must be mighty soothin', still I'd rather hear just "Howdy, BU!"

Folks that whistport in your ear. Compliments that ain't sincere. Folks that jes' go for a day. They jes' jog in and run away. How we strive they practice with. Only to return again.

To the folks that stand true. Folks that likes you caze they do.

### The Haters

By R. RAY BAKER

Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Maybelle St. Clare sat in her dressing room, and gazed at the great portrait on the wall. It was a portrait of her father, a man of noble bearing and a man of noble mind. She had never seen him, but she had heard of him. He was a man of great power and influence, and she was proud to be his daughter.

She concentrated with all her will, but those eyes in the pit, which she could not see but could feel piercing her through and through, she was unable to apprehend the elusive words and notes.

Horror! she thought. What if some one from home were a witness of this plight! A woman tittered foolishly and a man's guffaw followed.

"Sound like Jeff Sullivan and Kattie Prichard," she told herself. "This is terrible!"

She shifted her weight from her right to her left foot, as perspiration streaked a canal through her artificial complexion. She had stood in that one pose at least a week—so it seemed—when it suddenly dawned on her that a whiplash was floating up from the orchestra, and that her voice was repeating over and over:

"Back on the old plantation lives a white-haired negro man."

Maybelle St. Clare suddenly came to herself. Those were the first words of her song. Her mind pounced upon them and with them the tune. She smiled and opened her mouth once more, and her "great hit" scored another success.

After the show there was a little party in a nearby cafe. The participants were Maybelle St. Clare and Philip Warner. On her bosom she wore a bouquet of red roses which she had sent "all" under to get when he received the message telling him she wished to see him and "thank" him.

As she nibbled a chicken sandwich she remarked casually:

"Do you know, Philip, I've changed my mind about women's suffrage. I agree with you that woman's place is in the home. I've carved my career, but I'm sick and tired of it all."

He dipped a spoon in his coffee and stopped testily.

"I've changed my mind, too," he announced. "I'm in favor of giving women the vote or anything else they want."

She laughed, hesitated somewhat confusedly and held a menu card before her eyes.

"If that's the case," she said simply, "you'll give me back that ring I returned to you two years ago."

He nearly choked on the hot coffee, but he managed to swallow it, and reached into a vest pocket.

"I've always kept it with me," he declared.

In defiance of curious eyes at nearby tables, she allowed him to reach across and place the thin gold, diamond-set band on a finger which it had graced once before.

"Now, will you explain how you happened to be acquainted with the words of 'Where the Cotton Grows?' she asked, "and how you knew I needed that song to make my act go?"

He signaled the waiter to bring the check.

"Certainly," he replied amiably. "The program told me you were supposed to sing that song, although it didn't inform me that Maybelle St. Clare was Mabel Clara. I knew the words of the piece because I wrote them—and the music, too. If you'll dig up your copy you'll see yours are identical."

Words and Music by Philippe de Wernate.

The starting is about as tough and hardy as the sparrow and, like the latter, is able to subsist on a variety of food, being none too particular what he eats. The starting was brought here from England in 1890 by a naturalist, who turned several scores of them loose in Central park, New York. Although the starting is not migratory, he is often something of a wanderer. After being turned loose here it was not until eight years later that he made his appearance in Plainfield, N. J. He is now to be found from Maine to Washington, and his number runs into the millions.

Nature's Masterpieces.

The tree-top leaves turn to silver in the light breezes which have no transference effect on the heavy foliage below. Of course the leaf simply turns and catches the silver light; but the effect is sterling. Grace lives in the tree tops. Nature has a way of giving her products a rare finish. Her sap-pieces are the best of her workmanship in form and in color.

### Another Letter from Belgium

Lieut. Caron, Warren writes from Mookse, Belgium, December 18th:

When that we are to stay here about a month. If we had named the place "Mussy" I think it would have been more to the point. However, we cannot pick our stops and our situation might be much worse than it is.

On the trip from Mons I was billeting officer for the section. I had a N.O.O. with me and we went ahead billeting men and animals for the next night.

Our first day's move from Mons was to Thies. On arriving there we were given our part of the town and then set to work. We arrived only a couple of hours before the column and in that time had to find billets for 180 men, 300 horses and mules. Then we had to arrange for the officers' mess, sergeants' mess and men's cook-house. So you see we had to do some quick work to get everything arranged.

The town was pretty small but we soon had the men billeted, but we were not able to arrange horse and wagon lines until five minutes before the column came down the road. It was quite exciting for the moment for you can hardly imagine what it would be like if you were not ready for them. Perhaps Major Grant, being so long Quarter Master of the 20th, would have some idea. Things stayed in all right, however, for we just in time located a place that was very suitable. Following this the Germans gave me orders to continue on the job for the trip. I was glad that he was satisfied, but the thought of that experience every day did not appeal to me strongly.

The next day the N.O.O. and I started out for Manage. This was a fine town and I only wish we could have remained there instead of coming here. Our officers' mess there was in a Chateau and it was some class! I assure you.

The people of this country must be pretty tired of soldiers, for every town we go to we simply take over the place—so many men to each house. We put our horses in the stables and fill up everything. You can imagine yourselves in the same position as home with two or three soldiers staying for a night or perhaps two months, leaving only for a new lot to come along. The people here have, of course, had Germans too, but were treated quite different by them than by us. They were pretty sick of the "Boche" in this country.

We remained at Manage two nights and a day. The second night we were there the people in whose Chateau we were staying, invited us to spend the evening with them. This was very agreeable to do. We had a very nice time and it was a welcome change from the sort of isolation we live in from not being able to speak French and understanding only a little. Monsieur and Madame both spoke English a little and they were very much better. They had a beautiful piano, an organ and a gramophone. Their music was all the best of the classics and Madame played exceptionally well.

Madame had been fined many times by the Germans for trifling little things—once 500 francs (about \$100) for not being courteous to a German officer. All the valuable belongings of these people had been hidden and they were just getting them back into the houses. People had things hidden in their gardens and every imaginable place. We loaned a wagon to the people we were with in Mons for three days and they brought thousands of dollars worth of belongings back to their house, which they had hidden in the years.

Where we are now I tried to rent a piano but the people told me it would be very difficult to get one as the Germans had taken all they possibly could and the "rest" they smashed. It will be years before this country is restored. The people are half starving, it seems to me. They have been crippled in every way. All their horses, machinery and rolling stock have been taken and they have an awful time to get anything to do in order to raise some money. The prices are away out of all reach. For instance a little bar of chocolate (at home five cents) here costs forty cents, and other prices in proportion.

In every town they have the Belgian Relief which sells flour and a few of the real necessities of life at prices that are high, but not exorbitant. If one had horses here to sell he could make some money. A good horse is worth 5,000 to 10,000 marks (\$1,000 to \$2,000). It would be easy to get \$200 for a mule. In fact I have been offered it often. The Belgian horses are much better than the average Canadian horse. A single Belgian horse can pull a load six miles could not move. They are really wonderful. They usually drive three in a hitch and are driven guided then by voice and a spring attached to the bit of an outside horse. But they use anything here for a team, a big horse and a cow or a cow and a donkey or a pony—the worst looking outfits you ever saw, but they are very lucky to have even these here.

I left Manage in the morning at 6 o'clock to billet for the next night. This time I passed through quite a historic part of the country. In Nivelles I noticed a church

(Continued on Page 4)