

The Georgetown Herald

Georgetown, Wednesday Evening, June 4th, 1919

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FIFTY-SECOND YEAR OF PUBLICATION

The Georgetown Herald

Published EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING at the HERALD POWER PRINTING OFFICE Georgetown Ont.

CONTRACT ADVERTISING RATES
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The advertiser for first insertion, and the price per line for each subsequent insertion will be charged for the duration of the contract. Twelve lines to an inch.
Advertisement without specific directions, will be inserted until further notice and charged accordingly.
Advertisements will be changed twice each month without extra charge.
Changes for contract advertisements must be made by the office on Monday evening.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES
One year, \$12.00. If paid in advance, the price is \$10.00. The address label shows the date your subscription expires.
J. M. MOORE, Publisher.

G.T.S. Time Table

GOING EAST	
Mail	9:48 a.m.
Passenger	11:31 a.m.
Passenger	3:45 p.m.
Mail	6:28 p.m.
Passenger	8:30 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	7:18 p.m.

GOING WEST	
Mail	7:57 a.m.
Mail	10:00 a.m.
Passenger	2:04 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	
Going East	8:10 8:24 8:40
Going West	8:55 9:10 9:27

SUNDAY TIME-TABLE	
Going East	10:21 12:20 3:45 6:10 9:17
Going West	10:40 6:10 9:35

Counter Check Books At the "HERALD"

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.

LEGAL
SHILTON, WALLBRIDGE & DALE
Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.
Medical Officer of Health, District of Georgetown
Office: Kennedy Block
Le Roy Dale, in charge of Georgetown Office.

MEDICAL
DR. JOSEPH McANDREW
Physician and Surgeon
Medical Officer of Health, District of Georgetown
Office Hours—2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p.m.
Phone 55
Office and Residence, Main Street, 10th Ave., Opposite Presbyterian Church.

OPTICAL
L. L. PLANT, D. O. Oph. D.
Eye Specialist
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 6 p.m.

CHIROPRACTIC
No Medicines, Surgery or Osteopathy
A. M. NEILSEN, D. C.
Graduate of "The Palmer," the original school of Chiropractic, Denver, Colo., 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.
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 Georgetown Herald Office will receive prompt attention.

MILTON & PRENTISS
ENGINEERS AND MACHINERY BROKERS
Motors - Electric Repairs
FOY BLDG. - TORONTO

J. A. TRACY
Clerk Township of Georgetown, Clerk 3rd Division Court.
The leading Fire and Life Insurance Co's represented.
Issuance of Marriage Licenses.
Office—Mill Street, West Georgetown.
Office Hours—Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

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

Butter Paper at "Herald"

SEEDS!

FARMERS! See us for your wants in Corn, Mangel and Turnip Seed. The following is a list of the different kinds that we have to offer.

CORN	
Giant White Ensilage, per bus.	\$8 00
Red Cob, per bus.	8 00
Giant White Sugar Beet, per lb.	3 60
Golden Glow, per bus.	3 60
White Cob, per bus.	3 60

MANGEL	
Rennie's Giant White Sugar Mangel, per lb.	90c
Giant White Sugar Beet, per lb.	90c
Yellow Intermediate, per lb.	90c
Yellow Levantine, per lb.	90c

TURNIP	
Jumbo, per lb.	1 25
Good Luck, per lb.	1 25
Selected Purple Top, per lb.	1 25
Durham, per lb.	1 25
Derby, per lb.	1 25
Canadian Gem, per lb.	1 25

We will be only too pleased to get any other kind of Seed for you that we have not in stock.
Canada Food Board License No. R-1278

A. M. Grandy

PHONE 75
Quick Delivery Prompt Service

PATTERSON'S Meat Market...

Is where you can secure the very choicest of all kinds of Fresh and Cured Meats, Fish, Etc., at the Lowest Prices....

W. J. PATTERSON

Main Street, Georgetown Phone No. 1

SPRING Reduction Sale

The way to make money is to save it. Our Stock of Men's Heavy Boots is too large, and Thursday afternoon being a half holiday we will hold our Bargain Day in Footwear on Wednesday.

Men's Heavy Boots	
Regular	\$8.50 for \$5.00
Regular	5.00 for 4.50
Regular	4.50 for 4.00
Regular	3.50 for 3.00

Everything in the store will be reduced on Wednesday of each week until further notice.

RUMFORD THE SHOE MAN

"The Home of Better Shoes."

War Bond Interest Coupons and Cheques Cashed Free.

The Merchants Bank will cash all War Loan coupons or interest cheques when due, on presentation, without making any charge whatever for the service.
If you have not a Savings Account, why not use your interest money to open one with This Bank?

THE MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

Head Office: Montreal
Georgetown Branch, C. W. GRANDY, Manager
Acton Branch, L. B. SHORRY, Manager

How Can I Save—With Profit?

Many wage-earners are asking themselves this question.

They do not want to put a quarter in the bank at a time, and before they know it, it is gone for trifles.

The Government has provided a simple plan to enable you to save that quarter in such a way that it will earn you more money.

Twenty-five cents buys a Thrift Stamp. Sixteen Thrift Stamps become a War Savings Stamp, for which the Government will pay you \$5.00 in 1924.

If you lend the Government your savings in this way, you can make your money earn over 4 1/4% compound interest as often as you save \$4.00 odd. That is more than Savings Banks pay you.

This is not only easy and profitable investment, but patriotic investment, because the Government needs money for the heavy financing of the reconstruction period.

Buy War Savings Stamps. Make Your Savings Serve You and Serve Your Country—Invest Them in War Savings Stamps.

The Canada Life ASSURANCE CO.

Established 1847.

For Rates and Particulars see **R. J. HYNDS**
Phone 203 - Georgetown.

Let us do it for you. We'll give your battery such tests and distilled water as it needs to keep it in good condition. No charge for this. Our prices for repair and recharging will surprise you. Your next battery should be a Prest-O-Lite, built by the Oldest Service to Automobile Owners in America. Official Prest-O-Lite Service Station.

Fred Cook's Sales Room

MILL STREET - GEORGETOWN

Prest-O-Lite Battery Service

MY GARDEN FAIR

I planted some seed in my garden fair
And watched it with eagerness,
Not grudging the measure of time
And care
Bestowed thereon, if it did but bear
Return for my toil and stress.
And in the soul of a youth was sown
A thought that might germinate,
But I brushed it aside as I had time
To grow.
Nor seemed to think of it as my own.
Till I found it was all too late,
Shall plants and gardens be more
Than a youth
And I myself with thoughts of ease,
And the wish of a world of wonder
Be left to himself, while things of earth
Are counted beyond compare?
O Soul, grieve not that my garden's share
Shalt be that my eye can see,
But symbol rather of what were
Fair
That I should fender those in my
Care
For time and eternity!

The Blood Pearl

By ALBERT DORRINGTON

"The thief must be punished," Sashino intimated blandly. "It was a gem of strange orient and milkiness. I am told it had a blood spot. There are men here who saw it."

The crew of Japanese abellers murmured silently on the outer-strewn deck of the Three Moons. The sea was as still as a sleeping child. In the far south a few ragged palms marked the limit of the Vanderdecken bank where the cheering sun and birds drowned over the mile-long feet of working luggers.

Sashino was captain of the Three Moons, and he presented bitterly the frequent evasions of pearls from his lugger. The tricks of the average diamond thief became ludicrously apparent when compared with the almost superhuman evasions of the Japanese shell opener. Captain Sashino had grown subtle with experience, but his smiling patience gave out before the constant pilferings of almost priceless gems.

Four coolies appeared from the forward hatch escorting a naked Japanese diver. A stern silence awaited him. For a few moments he remained entirely irresolute, cigarette in mouth, his bare toes kicking scraps of opened shell across the deck.

Captain Sashino regarded him contemptuously from his station near the main hatch.

"You steal my pearl, Insumi, the one you found on the Black Lip bank. I am willing to bear you. Say what?"

Insumi launched his reef-scattered glances at the crew, and was silent.

"What made you steal?" Sashino repeated. "The German buyers or the sweatsuit in the tower? Say quick!"

Insumi frowned.

"I work hard, Captain Sashino, for small pay. Only once or twice have I taken a little pearl. My sweatsuit does not ask me to steal."

He turned again to the crew, as though expecting a friendly demonstration on his behalf. There was none.

A windlass-hand, wearing a coolie loin-cloth, was holding a baited line over the port bow. Incidentally, a pair of tiger sharks drifted from the shadow of the lugger's keel, and remained motionless within a few yards of the bait.

The pearl thief folded his arms submissively, as one expecting punishment and swift and unannounced. The silent wrath that moves Japanese legends to impossible assaults flowed from the captain's gestures. He turned to a diver as his elbow and whiplashed. The crew, catching his meaning, became suddenly alert. A volcanic rage swept over them. Oaths of strange origin and dialect filled the air. Captain Sashino nodded twice, and called to the windlass-hand with the baited line.

Three men caught insumi by the shoulders, and fastened the line about his waist and hips, leaving his arms free.

"Over!" shouted the captain. "Let him keep his knife."

Insumi was dangling over the bows, his feet nearly touching the water. The tropic sun pierced almost to the sandy floor of the straits. A tiger shark does not always swoop to the object in sight, but will sometimes inspect it for a short period, then vanish for a brief space and return with the speed of a hawk.

The thief lay suspended within an inch of the water, his knees slightly updrawn. The knife in his right hand was held point out from his face. Above him leant the crew of the lugger, telling him in fluent Japanese that thieves and sharks were the spawn of devil men.

An inquisitive snout appeared under the lugger's bow; a pair of swinish eyes began to regard the suspended Insumi with patient interest, then, moving slowly in a straight line, flashed suddenly under his chest.

Insumi's back arched as the gray belly swept beneath; a quick, grunting splash followed, and the water grew crimson for several yards. He breathed hoarsely and wagged his bullet head.

"Fool!" measured the captain. "The shark will bring others, and they will hustle him to death like Americans!"

A loud thrashing was heard near the beam. The strong tide swept the red stains clear of the upper. For a period that seemed like eternity the suspended man looked eagerly into the water as though listening. Then, with a sudden frantic movement, he tried to turn toward a horizontal shadow that

rushed from the shelter of the lugger's stern. A gash, wide as a subcut, appeared on his naked hip.

"A no-stroke" chuckled the captain. "The old shark has got him now. It will be a slow fight, my children."

A hot stillness hung about the straits. The Jap lay motionless, eye and ear almost touching the water, his glance fixed immovably on the powerful shadow that swayed within gunshot of the vessel. Neither the tide nor the shouts of the diver could break it on.

"The big fish is playing with him," smiled the captain. "Do not make too much noise, my children."

Then, an unexpected commotion happened in the water. A host of small sharks began to sport about the tiger's tail. With the strength of the wind he dashed into them right and left, dispersing them with a splash or a snout. One big-headed diver, more cunning than the rest, tore at his ribs as it escaped under the lugger's stern.

Within thirty seconds the school returned and the fight began again. The watching pearls screamed excitedly over the lugger's rail, while the baby sharks swayed and harassed Insumi on the off side. They clung like leeches, stalling his knife thrusts, retreating and attacking with the speed of torpedoes. He held up an appealing hand, once, twice. A cold, unresponsive silence followed, while the captain lit a cigarette.

Then, as if by signal from the outer deep, the swarm of sharks drew off. Some one pointed to the trowel-shaped fin moving once more to its quarry. The pearls knew if for one of the oldest monsters that inhabited the great reef-passage. Dozens of treading fishers had attempted its capture without success, but the sun had now offered was more than it could resist.

There was no deviation from the line of attack; it flashed straight under the lugger's keel. The strength and fortitude of his kind the suspended man thrust his left hand into the open jaws. A second later his knife arm was slashing at the upturned throat.

For a moment it seemed as though the rope would break under the strain. With lunatic strength he appeared to bank where the cheering sun and birds drowned over the mile-long feet of working luggers.

"Heave up!" shouted the captain.

Slowly they hauled him over the rail, and they saw that his left arm was torn and shredded where it had entered the gaping mouth.

The captain surveyed the hurt man calmly. There was no trace of emotion in his voice as he addressed the assembled crew.

"Pearl will not make him speak. The pearl is so sweet and we may yet find it. Take him below and see that his hurts are attended to. There is an English doctor in the town."

Late in the afternoon, when the sun's rays lay in streaks of fierce red across the straits of Torres, a dead tiger shark drifted under the lugger's stern, past the bobbing heads of the naked divers. Around it swarmed a ravenous shoal of black bream and yellow-tails guzzling, flashing their silver near the wide gash under the upturned throat.

Incidentally a dory pushed off from a tiny pier at the inlet's mouth, and rowed slowly in the wake of the dead monster. A Malay diver and a Japanese coolie sat in the dory, and a ravenous shoal of black bream and yellow-tails guzzling, flashing their silver near the wide gash under the upturned throat.

"Sashino's glasses cannot follow us now," he said. "There will be no need to hurry with our work."

The shark was beached, and, after a careful survey of the surrounding scrub, the Malay diver a long sheath knife and passed it down gently over the point. Then with a dozen deft strokes he laid bare the huge gulf while the Jap coolie plunged his fist inside.

The two men grunted on their knees beside the dead shark, searching and probing with the craft of deep sea fishermen. The surf rippled and screamed over the low sand dunes as the tide receded beyond the mangrove belt.

The Malay's head came up with a sudden jerk. Drawing his hand from the bared throat of the monster, he held it aloft exultantly.

A pearl of peculiar luster and orient gleamed between his finger and thumb. The sun rays seemed to illumine it with supernatural radiance as he held it up for the Jap's inspection.

"If a thief cares not where he puts his arm, comrades, there are always good hiding-places for a ten thousand-dollar pearl!"

A chuckling sound escaped the Jap as he leant forward to inspect the pearl which the desperate Insumi had thrust into the monster's throat.

"Insumi was born with a crease in his palm. I saw Sashino look into his hand before they swung him to the shark. I could not hide a bead in mine!"

A few days later Insumi, his left arm swathed in bandages, met his two confederates at the house of a Chinese pearl buyer near Deliverance Inlet. After much haggling and delay Insumi received \$50 for his share in the deal.

The Most Beautiful Queen

Queen Helena of Italy, who played such a big part in the entertainment of President and Mrs. Wilson on their visit to Rome, has been called the most beautiful queen in the world, and the most cultured and gracious as well. She speaks French, German, English, Italian, Spanish, and in addition to Italian and Latin. She knows Greek as well and is familiar with the literature of all ages. She is a great lover of flowers, fine old lace and rare jewels. In Rome she takes interest in the social life of the court; in her country home at Monza she is a country woman; in the Alps she is as hardy a climber as the Tyrolean going over glaciers, along narrow paths or to the edge of a precipice with charming indifference.

Don't Play Truant

An act has been passed in the Legislature dealing with school attendance. The officer who looks after children to compel them to attend school until they are 14 years of age is no longer to be dubbed by the harsh term of Truant Officer, but a School Attendance Officer, and every municipal officer shall appoint such an officer, may be a woman, whose duty it shall be to see that the law in regard to school attendance is observed and the parents or guardians of any child between the ages of eight and fourteen who neglect to send their children to school are liable to a fine of \$5 to \$20. The teacher reports the non-attendance of boys and girls of school age to the School Attendance Officer instead of the school trustees as formerly.

A telephone has been installed on the pulpit of Kincairdine Methodist church. Mrs. Jos. McKeon on Sunday had the rare pleasure of listening to both services while lying at home with a broken leg, says the Kincairdine Reporter.

Now is the Time to Wage War on Flies

Certain authorities are predicting more than usual trouble with flies during the coming summer, owing largely to the comparatively mild winter. Whether or not the theory is correct, no chances should be taken. The coming of the flies is one of the most dangerous enemies. As a means of spreading a number of serious diseases such as typhoid fever, dysentery and tuberculosis, the fly plays a sinister role. Its ability to reproduce itself is amazing; the descendants of a single pair during a single season of ordinary conditions. Such conditions exist where rubbish, both dead and living, are left unprotected, so that flies may lay their eggs therein. Consequently, the first principle in exterminating the pest is rigid cleanliness and their more cleanliness. The fly avoids cleanly conditions as much as the plague. Dirty and crowded areas are its natural habitat. It is of prime importance that every individual and every community should see that the winter's accumulation of dirt and rubbish should be carefully collected and destroyed. Manure should be so handled, either in fly-proof pits, or bins with maggot traps, as to prevent flies breeding. It is important also that garbage be carefully gathered and disposed of, for it too provides a sanctuary for flies. In addition to combatting them in their breeding places, flies should be killed by any and every means available, especially early in the season.

Further, it is essential that food products be kept properly covered from flies. Civic authorities should insist on shopkeepers so protecting their wares and endeavor by every possible means to have householders take like precautions. The time to begin is now. Far more can be accomplished in the springtime with less expenditure of effort than any other season of the year.—A. D., in Conservation.

Good Roads

By a High School pupil.

The road of life we all must travel is sufficiently hard without having the ordinary Ontario clay ones, which we must use almost daily in the condition in which they may usually be found. Good Roads is the popular cry, the only dissenting voice being that of the farmer, who makes large and untaxed Sunday profit by hauling cars from the mirth depths of the particularly bad spot of the road in front of his gate.

But, like every other good cause, it must wait till the machinery of the state has turned out numerous other bills and referendums, and in the meantime the people must not allow the legislature to forget good roads and the glorious future of our Province.

Good roads would be an economic advantage to the Province. They would save time for the producer who brings his goods to the market, and lower the price for the consumer. Besides they would make life easier for the motorist and pedestrian alike. Behold the jaded appearance of the average steed on the "seventh line," and harken to the horn of the "stalled" car.

The good roads which have been constructed prove satisfactory in every way. As an example take the Toronto-Hamilton Highway. Even though it is somewhat narrow, it is a pleasure to the driver of both touring car and buckboard, a joy to the speeder and a source of revenue to the Government which collects the taxes.

What would best raise the value of land? What would unite the city and the country? What would make the season of traveling longer? What would please the motorist and pedestrian alike? The answer to all these questions and many more is "good highways."

When the Main Street of Georgetown is at last paved we shall have as much pride as Arton or Brantford, and shall perhaps, be inspired with as high ambition as Toronto itself, for good roads lead to many things. Let us get busy and the time will come when we shall no longer look enviously at "Tarvin road" advertisements, but shall pride in our own car, along the new Georgetown-Toronto Highway.