The Georgetown Herald

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Old year \$1.50; or \$1.25 if paid in advance; bix pickets, 65 cents in ad-

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G.T.R.Time Table 9.48 n.m

Passenger..... 8.45 p.m Mail..... 6.28 p.m Passenger..... 8.80 p.m

Passenger, Sunday...... 7.18 p.m GOING WEST Mail...... 7.57 a.m Mail......10.00 a.m Passenger..... 2.01 p.m Passenger..... 5.85 p.m

Mail..... 7.57 p.m GOING NORTH Mail 7.57 a.m Mail..... 5.80 p.m GOING SOUTH) Mail......11.80 a.m Mail..... 7.40 p.m

Toronto Suburban Railway DAILY TIME-TABLE a.m. p.m. p.m. Going East.......8.10 2.24 6.40 Going West......8.55 8.10 . 7.47

Going East 8.45 6.10 9.17 12.20 Going West.....10.40 6.10 9.8

SUNDAY TIME-TABLE

At the "HERALD"

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH Rev. Wm. Burt, L. Th., Restor 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. ------

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CORN Giant White Ensilage, per bus. \$8 00 Golden Glow, per bus...... 8 50 White Cap, per bus..... 8 50 MANGEL Rennie's Giant White Sugar Mangel, per lb ...

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

> Men's Heavy Boots Regular 85.50 4.00 4.50 3.00

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Fred Cook's Sales Room GEORGETOWN



MY GARDEN FAIR

planted some seed in my garden And watched it with engerness. Nor grudged the measure of time and care

Bestowed thereon, if it did but

Some seed that night germinate, But I watched not how it had later

Nor seemed to think of it as my Till I found it was all too late.

Shall plants, and gardens be more And tendered with constant care And he with a soul of wondrous

Are counted beyond compare? O Soul, grant not that my karden's

Be all that my eye can see, But symbol rather of what were That I should render those in my

For time and eternity!

The Blood Pearl

By ALBERT DORRINGTON

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

The crew of Japanese shellers mustered silently on the oyster-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 cheeping sun birds drowsed over the mile-long fleet of working luggers.

Sashino was captain of the Three Moons, and he resented bitterly the frequent thefts of pearls from his lugger. The tricks of the average diamond thief become 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

Four coelies appeared from the forward hatch escorting a naked Japanese diver. A stern silence a waited him. For a few moments he remained sullenly 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 "You steal my pearl, Insum!, the one you found on the Black Lip bank. I am willing to hear you. Say what !"

Insumi hunched his reef-scarred shoulders, cast furtive, sidelong glances at the crew, and was silent. "What made you steal?" Sashino repeated. "The German buyers or your sweetheart in the town? Say quick !" Insumi frowned.

"I work hard, Captain Sashino, for mall pay. Only once or twice have I taken a little pearl. My sweetheart does not ask me to steal." He turned again to the crew, as

stration on his behalf. There was A windlass-hand, wearing a coolie

oin-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 sub-

missively, as one expecting punishment swift and unannounced. The silent wrath that moves Japanese legions to impossible assaults flowed from the captain's gestures. He turned to a diver at his elbow and whispered. The crew, catching his meaning, became suddenly alert. A volcanic rage swept over them. Oaths of strange origin and dialects filled the air. Captain Sashino nodded twice, and called to the windless-hand with the baited

Three men caught Insumi by the shoulders, and fastened the line about his weist and hips, leaving his arms

"Over!" shouted the captain. "Let him keep his knife." Insumi was dangling over the bows, his breast and feet nearly touching the water. The tropic sun pierced almost to the sandy floor of the straits. A tiger shark does not always awoop 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 lug-

ger, 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, fiashed suddenly under his chest. Insumi's back arched as the gray belly swept beneath; a quick, grunting stab followed, and the water grew crimson for several yards. He breathed hoarse-

ly and wagged his bullet fread. "Fool!" sneered the captain. "The scent will bring others, and they will hustle him to death like Americans!" A loud thrashing was heard near the heum. The strong tide swept the red stains clear of the lugger. For a period that seemed like sternity the suspended man looked eagerly into the water as though listening. Them, with a sudden frantic movement, he tried to turn

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

shouts of the divers could urge it on. "The big ash is playing with him." miled the captain. "Do not make too much noise, my children." Then an unexpected commotion hap-

sharks began to sport about the thiers ankled. With a cippling movement of the wrist he slashed late them right and left, dispersing them the a shoat of mullet. One blue shouled lavader, more cuntring then the rest, tore at his ribs as it escaped under the ing Within thirty seconds the school re-

turned and the fight began again. The watching pearlers screamed excitedly. over the lugger's rail, while the baby sharks grow elevers and harassed Insumi on the off side. They clung fike. leeches, whuding his knife thrusts, retreating and attacking with the speed

an appealing hand, once, twice. A cold, unresponsive silence followed, while the captain lit a cigarette.

Then, us if by a signal from the outer deeps, the swarm of sharklets drew off. Some one pointed to the trowel-shaped fin moving once mere to its quarry. Many of the pearlers knew if for one of the oldest monsters that inhabited the great reef-passage. Dosens of trepung fishers had attempted its capture without success, but the uman buit now offered was more than could resist.

There was no deviation from the ine of attack; it flashed straight under the Jup's ribs. With 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

For a moment it seemed as though the rope would break under the strain. With lunatic strength he appeared to be holding the shark at arm's length beneath the water. Then, with a cry, he stabbed downward again and again until his head dropped forward.

"Heave up!" shouted the captain. Slowly they hauled him over the rail, and they saw that his left arm was forn 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 us he addressed the assembled crew. "Fear will not make him speak. The pearl is somewhere 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 bends of the naked divers. Around it swarmed a ravenous shoal of black bream and vellow-tails guzzling, flashing their sil-

ver sites near the wide gash under the upturned throat, Incidentally a dory pushed off from tiny pier at the inlet's mouth, and rowed slowly in the wake of the dead monster. A Malay diver and a Japa-

sese coolie mt at the ears. The dead shark drifted beyond the great oyster bank where the long sea grass swayed and rippled in the outgoing tide. Leaning from the dory the Malay thrust a boat-hook under the shark's dorsal fin, and drew it with much labor under the lee of a palm-

sheltered promontory. now," he panted. "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 drew a long sheath knife and passed his thumb gently. over the point. Then with a dozen deft strokes he laid bare the huge gul-

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 sloft 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 up for the Jap's inspection.

"If a thief cares not where he puts his arm, comrade, there are always good hiding-places for a ten thousanddollar pear!!" 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

A few days later Insumi, his left arm swathed in bandages, met his two confreres at the house of a Chinese pearl buyer near Deliverance inlet. Aftter much haggling and delay Insum? Teceived \$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 nost beautiful queen in the world, and the most cultured and gracious as well. She speaks French, German, English and Spanish fluently, 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 lewels. In Rome she takes interest in the social life of the court; in her country home at Monsa she is a country woman; in the Alpa she is as hardy a climber as the Tyrolese, going | Methodist church. Mrs. Jos. Mcover gisciers, slong narrow paths or | Kee on Bunday had the rare pleato the edge of a precipice with charm- sure of listening to both services

Now is the Time to Wage War on Flies

Certain authorites are predictng more than usual trouble with flies during the coming summer, owing hirgely to the comparatively mild winter. Whether or not the theory is correct, no chances and ear almost touching the water, his should be taken. The common chaped in that stayed within gunshot gerous enquiles. As a means, of of the vessel, Neither the title nor the supending a number of serious disenses, such as typhroid fever, dysentery and tuberculosis the fly plays a sinister role. Its ability to reproduce itself is amazing, the descendants of a single pair num hering millions he single season. mider briling, hvorable conditions. Such conditions exist where rubbish, fifth and manure are left. improtected so that dies may lay their eggs therein. Consequently, the first principle in exterminating the pests is rigid cleanliness and then more clearliness. The fly avoids cleanly conditions as men avoid the plague. Dirt and disorder 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 sanctuary for flies.

in addition to combatting them in their breeding places, flies should be killed by any and every means available, especially early n the season.

Further, it is essential that food products be kept properly screened from flies. Civic authorties should insist on shopkeepers so protecting their wares and endeavour 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

Good Roads

of effort than any other season of

the year .-- A. D., in Conservation.

By a High School pupil. The road of life we all must traed 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 miry 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 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 people who must use the road. Behold the jaded appearance of the average steed on the "seventh line," and hearken to the horn of the "stall-

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. let while the Jap coolie plunged his a joy to the speeder and a source of revenue to the Government which collects the fines.

What would best raise the value of land? What would unite the city and the country? What would make the season of travelling longer? What would please 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 Acton or Brampton, 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 "Tarvia road" advertisments, but shall ride in our own car along the new Georgetown-Toronto Highway.

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 municipality 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 guardinns 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 Kincardine while lying at home with a broken leg, says the Kineardine Reporter.