The Georgetown Herald

FIFTY-THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION | Georgetown, Wednesday Evening, July 16th, 1919 | $1.50 Per Annum, or $1.25 if Paid in Advance

The Georgetown Herald

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

CONTRACT ADVERTISING RATES
Furnished on application

Ten cents for line for first insertion and five cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Twelve lines to an inch.

Advertisement without specific directions will be inserted until forbid 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, or $1.25 if paid in advance; six months, 65 cents in advance.

The address label shows the date your subscription expires.

J. M. MOORE, Publisher.

G.T.R. Time Table

GOING EAST

Passenger	9.48 a.m
Passenger	10.20 a.m
Mail	11.35 a.m
Passenger	3.45 p.m
Mail	6.28 p.m
Passenger	8.26 p.m
Passenger, Sunday	7.11 p.m

GOING WEST

Passenger	7.57 a.m
Mail	9.46 a.m
Passenger	2.01 p.m
Passenger	4.50 p.m
Passenger	6.01 p.m
Mail	7.57 p.m
Passenger, Sunday	9.47 p.m

GOING NORTH

Mail	8.00 a.m
Mail	5.35 p.m

GOING SOUTH

Mail	11.33 a.m
Mail	8.00 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	3.10	7.47

SUNDAY TIME-TABLE

Going East

a.m.	p.m.	p.m	p.m.
10.21	12.20	3.45	6.10	9.17

	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
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.
Toronto and Georgetown
Office: Kennedy Block
Le Roy Dale, in charge of Georgetown Office.

MEDICAL
DR. JOSEPH McANDREW
Physician and Surgeon
Medical Officer 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 - Georgetown, Ont.
Hours 9 a. m. to 5 p. m., except Thursday afternoon.
Dentistry in all its branches.
Over Bell Telephone Office

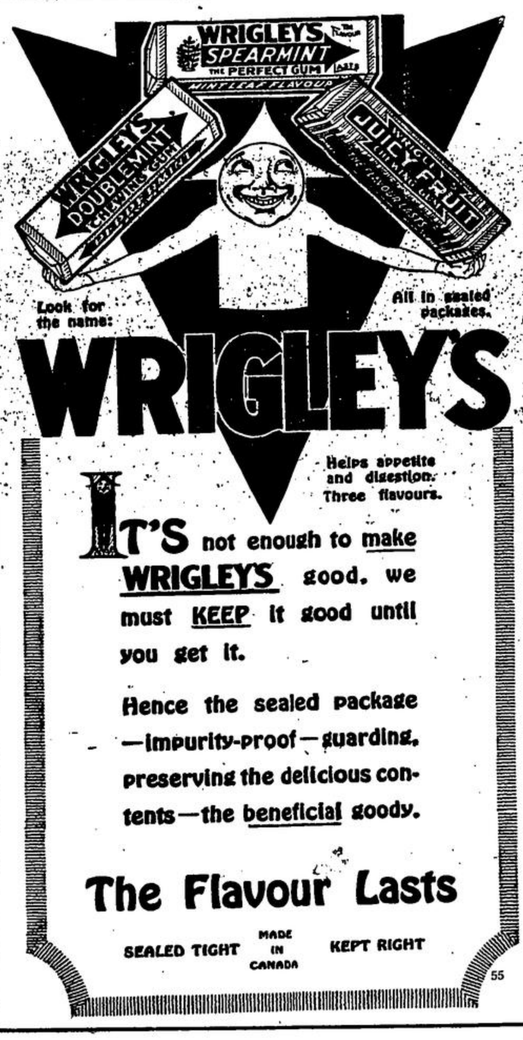
F. L. HEATH, L.D.S., D.D.S.
Dentist
Office in Lane Block, one door north of O'Neill's Carriage Factory. Hours 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

CHIROPRACTIC
No Medicine, Surgery or Osteopathy
A. M. NEILSEN, D.C.
Graduate of "The Palmer," the original School of Chiropractic, Davenport Iowa, 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 160a

AUCTIONEERS
BENJ. PETCH
Licensed Auctioneer for Halton and Peel, Glenwilliams Post Office. Sales conducted satisfactorily and at reasonable rates. Orders left at the 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 Esquesing.
Clerk 3rd 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.



Look for the name: WRIGLEY'S All in sealed packages.

Helps appetite and digestion. Three flavours.

IT'S not enough to make WRIGLEY'S good, we must KEEP it good until you get it.

Hence the sealed package—impurity-proof—guarding, preserving the delicious contents—the beneficial goody.

The Flavour Lasts

SEALED TIGHT MADE IN CANADA KEPT RIGHT

55

Wool Wanted!

We are now prepared to buy Wool in any quantity for which I will pay Highest Market Price. Phone or write

H. EISEN & BRO.
PHONE 167.
P. O. Box 1076. Georgetown.

REAL ESTATE!
MY BARGAINS IN
Farm Lands, Village Homes, Garden Lands, Etc.,
are attracting many buyers. Probably I may have just what you have been looking for. Call me up and I will be pleased to show you my list.
E. A. Benham, PHONE 164 Georgetown.

Kentner & Tost
Carpenters & Builders
PHONE 211.
GEORGETOWN
Estimates gladly furnished on application

It's no Pleasure to
Carry a Watch
If it does not keep Perfect Time

We are Expert Watch Adjusters and guarantee Our Work to be Satisfactory.

All the latest and best in Watches, Clocks, Jewelery, Etc., at right prices.

A. B. WILLSON
MAIN STREET, Next McGibbon Hotel

Outing Shoes

The Young Lady will certainly want a pair of our **Outing Shoes** this Summer.

Shoes for **Tennis, Dancing, Yachting, Golf,** and all other Outdoor Sports.

Our Prices are lower than the lowest. Call and be convinced.

RUMFORD
THE SHOE MAN
"The Home of Better Shoes."

FARMERS' BUSINESS

For the past 54 years, this Bank has given particular attention to the business of Farmers.

We have helped many over the rough places, and have aided many more to the highest plane of success.

We are prepared to extend you every aid within legitimate banking practice.

Come in at any time and talk over your affairs with us. You are always welcome.

THE MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA
Head Office: Montreal. Established 1864
GEORGETOWN BRANCH, C. W. GRANDY, Manager
ACTON BRANCH, L. B. SHOREY, Manager.

Coal! The Best Scranton Coal in all Sizes.
Portland Cement
FLOUR, FEED, PROVISIONS
John Ballantine, - GEORGETOWN
Phone 30.

GOOD FLOUR

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

Robert Noble Limited
Norval, Ontario

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....

Any person having veal calves for sale, communicate with

W. J. PATTERSON
Main Street, Georgetown Phone No. 1

ESTABLISHED 1872

HAVE you ever considered the advantages of a joint account in The Bank of Hamilton? Withdrawals by cheque either by the wife or husband. Such accounts are invited by the Bank of Hamilton, where depositors may always depend upon courteous treatment and efficient service.

BANK OF HAMILTON
G. C. MACKAY - Manager

Up To You

It's a gloomy day, a tomby day,
A blue and dismal rainy day,
A sad, forlorn and tearful day,
If you would make it so.
A lonesome day, a sighing day,
A cheerless and a crying day,
A "what's the use in trying" day—
It's up to you, you know.

It's a glorious day, a happy day,
A joyous and a buoyant day,
A merry, laughing, snappy day,
If you would make it so.
A brilliant day, a sunny day,
A rare, a fair, a funny day,
A "good for making money" day—
It's up to you, you know.

"Poor, Crazy Hobo"

By EDWIN PALMER

(Copyright.)

One crime remained for No. 32—mixed freight, west bound. Short-handed and overloaded (five in the crew and eighty-three cars), she had "broken" twice, stopped for hot box four times, and had been forced to double over every hill from Crews to Stockton.

Therefore, at Benton she had "laid out" No. 17, east-bound passenger; at Jefferson she had held up No. 35, the fast freight of refrigerated perishables rushing to Chicago; at Evans she had delayed passenger No. 15 for half an hour; at Brunswick she had held back passenger No. 24; and last, at Lavern she had laid out, for almost an hour, the crack Transcontinental Express No. 9, east bound.

In ten minutes No. 32 would complete the calendar by laying out No. 10 also, the twin Transcontinental rushing up from behind. The siding at Stockton (which the freight had been allowed fifty minutes to reach from Lavern, ten miles back) was still eight miles ahead, and forty of the fifty minutes were gone.

The crew, out thirty-eight hours, were exhausted, exasperated, humiliated. They had freighted too long to mind the mere thirty-eight hours' exhaustion and exasperation, but this time the humiliation was overdone.

Their superiors had humiliated them personally and pointedly at the larger towns and by wire at the stops between. Their equals on the other trains had humbled them as they slunk into the sidings; but what was entirely intolerable, their inferiors and worse, the very hobos stealing rides on the train, had mocked them and rubbed it in.

Thirty hobos had boarded the train at the hill beyond Lavern, overborne the weak crew, broken into a car of foodstuffs, and, after eating what they wanted, had scattered the rest along the right of way till it had ceased to amuse them.

The crew had found it best to sulk very silently in the caboose at the end of the train till the volley of stones smashing through the windows told that the tramps had departed. Then, as one man, the crew of No. 32 sprang forward for revenge.

The object was still asleep in the "empty" at the middle of the train. The crew had come upon him some hours before; but that was before they had learned the personal advantages of enforcing the rule to eject tramps, and before they had laid out the last two passenger trains and the Transcontinental, and received the telegraphic comments thereon.

Harring kicked the object to consciousness while Kalvert and Bender, one on each side, picked him up. One of the others opened wider the big door of the box car.

"One," Harring remarked, with another kick, as Kalvert and Bender swung the hobo between them.

"Two," Harring kicked again. No. 32, in a last spurt to reach the siding before No. 10 could overtake it, put on speed and jumped ahead, but the men in the car did not heed it.

"Three!" The hobo, at the touch of Harring's foot, swung free from the hands on either side and dove out through the door in a low parabola. A howl! and for an instant a gray gap appeared in the flying hedge beside the track.

"He's hit the road," muttered Harring. "What do you want to hurt a man for?" He blamed it upon the others. "Why couldn't you let him go into the bush?"

Kalvert spat upon the floor, but turned his face away from the lantern.

"We're hitting it up," he observed carelessly. "The damned hobo."

Bender grunted gruffly.

The hobo drew himself up on his hands. He felt stunned and deadened all over, and was conscious more of a battered dullness than of pain. He had a numbed understanding that he must have been quite senseless after he struck—not for very long, but for a few moments anyway.

Yet as he dragged himself around and sat up, he saw that he could scarcely have lost consciousness. They had thrown him off half-way around a curve, and the red light of the caboose was still visible at the farther horn of the crescent.

He gazed at it stupidly and rubbed his eyes with his swollen knuckles, but still the red light persisted there, and it came to him slowly that the train must have stopped.

The wagon road the tramp had been thrown upon might lead to a town, but he couldn't tell how far off it might be, or in which direction. The train was there, and now that he was hurt the hobo thought he might get the crew to let him ride to the next station; if not, he might hide himself somehow.

He was wondering only whether he could catch them in time to ask them to let him on again; and if they wouldn't, he was planning where he might hide from them.

Then he saw that something was the matter with the train. The cars were not straight on the track, but were lying across it in every direction. The roofs had slid down and the sides bulged out. Big boards and barrels and boxes were thrown about, and as far as the tramp could see through the darkness the wavy line of cars zigzagged crazily over both sides of the track. Some were rolled over on their sides.

But nowhere in the long line was there a sound or sign of life, although the little flaring wick in the red lamp at the rear of the train still burned. The tramp pulled the lamp from its fastening and walked along the wreckage until, from under a pile of boards at his feet, he heard a groan.

The hobo kicked the boards and the groan sounded again. He leaned over, and, with a queer, silly feeling at his weakness, tugged ineffectually at the planking. His fingers kept letting go their hold and he sat back helplessly, but he knew the man underneath was conscious now, for the mutterings were audible, though still incoherent.

"Number ten . . . ten . . . ten . . . ten . . . damn . . . ten . . . ten . . . ten—" the man underneath was saying as the hobo tugged over him.

The tramp tore a board free and the man below shuddered and twisted his head in the ragged hole.

"Number ten, damn you," he gasped as the pain gripped him again, "stop ten—the express train behind us," he explained madly, "stop it . . . stop it . . . lantern there . . . run . . . run . . . run!—"

The hobo understood at last, and Harring sank back again unconscious.

The tramp was running mechanically, automatically, at the trainman's bidding. From far away the whistle of No. 10 came to him, half startled him from his automatism, and he raced on more consciously. His legs wobbled queerly as he forced them and he stumbled between the ties, sometimes staggering two or three steps backward to save his balance before he could lunge madly forward again.

The second screech from No. 10 echoed past him, and, as he looked fearfully ahead and did not see the engine, he suddenly recalled that he was on the curve and spurred on more desperately, throwing himself forward now as he stumbled and pressing himself up again with his free hand when he fell. It was quite two hundred yards to the beginning of the straight stretch which he must reach to signal the train.

Again No. 10 whistled, but now the sound, instead of coming around the crescent ahead, seemed to the tramp to come through the woods at his side, and, as he glanced aside, it seemed to come directly through the opening where a path ran through the trees. Spontaneously facing about to the direction of the shriek, the tramp raced into the cut-off.

The pound of the train now came to him clearly as he ran; but the smooth dirt of the path spread before him. Yet he lurched over it with high, strained strides, and, still feeling for the treacherous ties when they were no longer there to trip him, he slipped at first. But his stride soon adapted itself and he reeled on to beat the train.

To beat the train! The exhaust of the Transcontinental's great engine already hissed through the trees about him, yet he had to beat the train. He had to beat it, but he could hear it coming so fast that his little steps seemed nothing. He could feel the pain of his muscles and the beat of his feet upon the path, but compared with the tremendous rush of the train, he seemed held by a weight.

In the opening ahead he saw the track where it crossed his little path, and he had to beat the train to that track! Madly, thinking only to win the race, and to lighten himself, he hurled the signal lantern from him and seemed to gain a little.

The track showed plainly before him, almost at his feet, so plainly that he knew the headlight of the engine was almost over the spot where the path crossed it. To beat the train there—to beat the train. He didn't know where his strength came from or that it came at all till it stiffened his legs and steadied him. He was ten feet from the track, but the train was almost as near the crossing.

To beat it now—to win at the finish! The white glare of the headlight smote his eyes but he shut them and threw himself forward blindly, with his arms thrown out.

It was the end of the race, and wildly, madly now, the engine—the big, pounding engine beaten by the little man—roared to try to frighten him away and win after all; but the little man wouldn't be frightened or cheated. With the blind, reckless burst of his triumph, he gathered himself, hurtled forward—and beat the train to the track.

* * * * * * *

"The crazy, damned hobo," the engineer of No. 10 sputtered to the group which gathered about the pilot. "Suicide; suicide, that's what it is. Jumped right out of the bushes there and threw himself under the wheels. Heard me whistle, didn't you? But he was bound to kill himself.

"Thought he might be crazy and I gave her sand and reversed her; but he was under the wheels as soon as I saw him. Suicide; suicide . . . love right under the wheels . . . and I'll get raked for killing him! Killing him? Lord!"

A man—Bender—blood-spattered and winded, burst through the group and clung, panting, to the engineer.

"Thank God y' stopped. Thirty-two's all over the track 'round the curve and . . . what stopped ye? Ran over man? . . . Lord! It's the crazy hobo we swung off 'bout here. . . . Lucky f'r you he got on the right o' way . . . and f'r us, too—the poor, crazy hobo—"

But the engineer of No. 10 was kneeling and fingering gently the rough cloth of the sleeve of the man lying under the pilot.

"Poor, crazy hobo," he murmured very softly, "poor, crazy hobo."

Acton

The new liquid asphalt coating applied to Mill Street is just as hard on white boots, parlour carpets and polished floors as tarvia has been.

The Church Street and Brock Avenue bridges have been rebuilt. They look good and strong, but are not remarkable for their artistic beauty.

Miss Mly. Wildgust has passed her elementary theory examinations in music at Toronto Conservatory, with honors.

Mr. and Mrs. McKennie, of Rochester, N. Y., motored here last week and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. George Soper and family.

Mrs. William Johnstone left this week for Saskatoon, Sask. She will spend a month or so at the home of her son, Mr. Reginald Johnstone, there.

Mrs. John Harvey was called to Georgetown on Saturday through the illness of her sister, Mrs. John S. Leslie, who died that evening. Mr. and Mrs. Harvey attended the funeral on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Gregory and Leslie, Mr. C. C. Speight and Miss Bertie left on Saturday morning by motor for Missauga Beach, on Georgian Bay. They will spend a week or so there enjoying the lake breezes and incidently in fishing. —Free Press

Erin

Erin School Board is advertising for three new teachers.

Dr. and Mrs. Gollop and daughter Marion, of Norval, spent Sunday at Dr. Abbott's.

Mr. and Mrs. Topping, Toronto, and son Jack, have been visiting her cousins the Misses Hull and other relatives.

Mrs. W. Stevenson, Toronto, formerly of Erin, accompanied by Mr. Cook and the Misses Cook, of Georgetown, spent Sunday in town visiting old friends.

While running across the street in Erin on Dominion Day, little Margaret Barton, the six year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Barton, of Belfountain, was knocked down by a passing auto, and was severely cut about the face and chin. Fortunately no bones were broken, but it took seven stitches in the cut on her chin. The marvel is that she was not killed.

While on the way from Toronto on Friday last, Mr. J. J. Still met with a rather serious accident with his car at a sideroad, on the centre road, above Brampton, when another car struck his in the side, damaging it considerable also doing some damage to the other car. Fortunately the occupants of both of the cars escaped without injury, other than a few scratches.—Advocate

Dropped Agriculture.

Oakville H.S. has dropped agricultural course, though it got $1200 a year from the Education Department and $500 from the county for it. It appears that the bulk of the grants had to be paid for equipment and extra salary and it was found that the principal had to give too much of his time to agriculture, to the neglect of other subjectr.

Be on the Lookout for Them

People are warned to be on the alert for counterfeit coins, particularly half dollar pieces. Bad silver is being circulated in Western Ontario, and it is only by the closest scrutiny that the bad ones can be detected. The work on the half dollar piece is almost perfect. The only detection that can be discovered is in the milling around. It is not as perfect as it is on the Government money. The die work on the head and wreath of maple leaves is considered an absolute replica of the good money.

In Appreciation of His Services

Last week before school closed the pupils of the entrance class in Miss Bennett's room in the Public School requested J. P. Worden, the late janitor, to visit the school. Upon arrival they called him to the teacher's dais and presented him with a pair of military brushes. Laird McDonald was the spokesman for the class and made the presentation. Mr. Worden appreciated very much the generous thoughtfulness of the young folks; thanked them for their valuable gift and wished each success in the examinations about to be held. He then invited the thirty-one scholars present to accompany him to Wiles' Cafe where ice cream was served.—Acton Free Press

Garden Party and Concert

The Georgetown and Glenwilliams Co-operative Society will hold their first annual Garden Party and Concert in the Park, Georgetown, on Thursday, July 17th, at 8 p.m. sharp. An excellent programme will be given by the following: Will Marr, Comedian, returned soldier; Miss Phyllis Marr, National Dancer, Gold Medalist; Miss Janette Marr, Highland Dancer; also local talent. Glen Band in attendance. Mr. Keen, of Brantford, will give an address on Co-Operation. In case of rainy weather programme will be held in drill shed. Ticket 25 cents. Dr. A. W. Nixon, M.P.P., Chairman.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years
Always bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher