

# The Georgetown Herald

Georgetown, Wednesday Evening, August 20th, 1919

\$1.50 Per Annum, or \$1.25 if Paid in Advance

FIFTY-THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION

## The Georgetown Herald

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

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**SUBSCRIPTION RATES**  
One year, \$1.50; six months, \$1.00; three months, \$0.50. In advance. The address label shows the date your subscription expires.

J. M. MOORE, Publisher.

**G.T.R. Time Table**

**GOING EAST**  
Passenger..... 7:42 a.m.  
Passenger..... 10:10 a.m.  
Mail..... 11:30 a.m.  
Passenger..... 8:45 p.m.  
Passenger..... 8:20 p.m.  
Passenger, Sunday..... 7:11 p.m.

**GOING WEST**  
Passenger..... 7:57 a.m.  
Mail..... 9:10 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..... 7:47 a.m.  
Mail..... 5:20 p.m.

**GOING SOUTH**  
Mail..... 11:28 a.m.  
Mail..... 7:50 p.m.

**Toronto Suburban Railway**  
**DAILY TIME-TABLE**  
a.m. p.m. p.m. p.m.  
Going East..... 8:10 8:24 6:40  
Going West..... 8:56 8:10 7:47

**HUNDAY TIME-TABLE**  
Going East  
a.m. p.m. p.m. p.m.  
10:21 12:20 8:45 6:10 9:17  
Going West..... 10:40 6:10 9:25

**BUTTER PAPER AT THE HERALD.**  
ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH  
Rev. Wm. Burt, L. Th. Rector  
Sunday service as follows:  
Matins—11 a.m.  
Evangelical—2 p.m.  
Sunday School—8:45 a.m. in basement. Holy Communion 1st and 2nd Sundays of each month at 11 a.m.

**LEGAL**  
SHELTON, WALLBRIDGE & DALE,  
Solicitors, Barristers, 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 9 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, D.D.S., D.D.S.**  
Dentist  
Office in Lane Block, one door north of O'Neill's Carriage Factory. Hours 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.


**CHIROPRACTIC**  
No Medicine, Surgery or Osteopathy  
A. M. NEILSEN, D. C.  
Graduate of "The Palmer," the original school of Chiropractic, Des Moines, 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 189a

**AUCTIONEERS**  
BENJ. PETCH  
Licensed Auctioneer for Horses and Real Estate, 100 Wellington Street, East, Georgetown. Sales conducted satisfactorily and at reasonable rates. Orders left at the Georgetown Herald Office will receive prompt attention.

**MILTON & PRENTISS**  
MOTOR AND MACHINERY REPAIRERS  
Motors—Electric Repairs.  
FOY BLDG. TORONTO

**J. A. TRACY**  
Clerk Township of Esquimaux, Clerk of 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.

## WRIGLEYS



The longest-lasting benefit, the greatest satisfaction for your sweet tooth.

**WRIGLEYS** in the sealed packages. Air-tight and impurity-proof.

**SEALD TIGHT KEPT RIGHT**

**The Flavour Lasts**

WRIGLEYS ESPERMINT THE PERFECT GUM  
WRIGLEYS JUICY FRUIT THE VIVID GUM  
WRIGLEYS DOUBLEMINT CHEWING GUM

Made in Canada

## 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.

## Fire & Accident Insurance

Do Your Business with the oldest and best Companies in the world. Some of the Companies I represent are:

**FIRE**  
Royal Queen—Guardian  
Liverpool & London & Globe  
North British & Mercantile  
Globe & Rutgers  
Hand in Hand  
Caledonian  
Hartford  
Western  
Dominion

**ACCIDENT**  
Dominion of Canada Guarantee & Accident  
Employers' Liability  
Provident Assurance Co.

I am prepared to issue your Policy in any Company you may select.

**W. W. ROE** - PHONES—OFFICE 204, RES. 65.  
GEORGETOWN.

## The Signing of Peace

Has resulted in an immediate return of building activities and consequently in making a large demand for all lines of Hardware, Building Supplies and Tools.

Manufacturers have already reduced their prices, where-over the cost of labor and material would permit, so that the present price will be expected to stand firm in most of these lines for some time.

The Range of  
**Locks, Knobs, Door Sets, Etc.,**  
Carried in Stock by us, consists of the most staple patterns of the leading manufacturers.

We also have an attractive assortment of miscellaneous hardware such as **Hat and Coat Hooks, Sash Lifts, Push Plates, Door Bells, Butts and Hinges and Sliding Door Hangers, Garage Sets, Paroid Ready Roofing** is in a class by itself.

**W. C. ANTHONY**  
Phone 48  
GEORGETOWN

## 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, Jewelry, Etc., at right prices.

**A. B. WILLSON**  
MAIN STREET, Next McGibbon Hotel

## Protection and Profit

When money is in a Savings Account in The Merchants Bank, it is absolutely safe from loss, as far as you are concerned. All the time it is here, it is earning interest—so that the bank actually pays you to let it take care of your money. Don't carry unneeded sums on your person or hide them at home. Protect them against loss, theft and fire by opening a savings account.

**THE MERCHANTS BANK**  
Head Office: Montreal, OF CANADA Established 1864.  
GEORGETOWN BRANCH, ACTON BRANCH.  
H. R. MIMMS, Manager.  
L. B. SHOREY, Manager.

## THE FINAL PHONOGRAPH

The BRUNSWICK PHONOGRAPH Designers began where other phonograph designers left off. It embodies every feature of all other Phonographs from tone to beauty, and has besides a number of new ideas not to be found in any other phonograph. In fact it is the All-Inclusive Musical Instrument and must indeed represent the finished dream of the genius who first invented a talking, singing and playing instrument.

The "Uitona" is a distinctly new creation. At the turn of the hand you adopt it to play any record. It is not an attachment, nothing to take off or put on, the real diamond for the Edison, the real sapphire for the Brunswick or Pathé, the steel or fibre for other records always there.

We want owners of other Phonographs to come in and hear the Brunswick play the records they use and are familiar with.

We mention no details here—You must come and hear it.

Prices from \$62.00 to \$2750.00

## Mason & Risch Pianos Bell Pianos

Brunswick Phonographs  
Singer Sewing Machines and Other Lines

You can purchase any of above on small Monthly Payments

**FRANK KING**  
(Next Door to Livingstone's Bakery.)  
Main Street Georgetown

## Kentner & Tost

Carpenters & Builders  
PHONE 211.  
GEORGETOWN

Estimates gladly furnished on application

**Butter Paper at "Herald"**

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

### SUMMER SUNSHINE

Summer sunshine warm and bright. Bleached the daisy's collar white. Kilt for him a cap of yellow. Turned him out a dapper fellow. Summer sunshine touched the rose. Made the tender leaves unclose. Flashed a rainbow on her face. Gave her beauty, gave her grace. Summer sunshine drew the showers that revived the drooping flowers. Waved his hand, and to the sky. Flashed a rainbow to the eye. Summer sunshine, all your ways. Gladden us through many days. Girls and boys, and flowerets, too. Owe so much of joy to you!

### Corned Beef and Salmon

By DORA MOLLAN

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Corned beef and cabbage, that homely New England odd, permeated the corridors of a downtown apartment house one springlike morning in December. On a run up the fourth flight of stairs, out of breath from the long climb, came Judy Waite with arms full of packages from the corner grocery. She followed the permeating fragrance straight to its lair, a tiny kitchenette, dumped her load on the table, and then fairly fled to the kettle simmering on the gas plate. All was well.

Next the packages on the table claimed attention. A can of salmon, heart of lettuce, salad dressing, chocolate éclair, everything that her Bob most liked was to be ready for him that day. Presently Judy kissed the narrow gold band on the second finger of her hand. Her big soldier husband was to be mustered out of the service that morning at a nearby camp, and he would be home for dinner. Over a year had passed since the heart-rending separation which took place two days after their marriage. Such brave, uncomplaining letters as he had written, telling only of the bright side of things! Now she listened; at any minute his knock might sound on the door.

Would he use the little apartment she had chosen? Would the meals she had planned suit him? Of course they would. But there was work to be done. "Let's see," she soliloquized, corned beef and cabbage for dinner, with apple pie and cheese for dessert; for supper, salmon, salad, hot rolls, pressed peas and the éclair.

Hurrying steps coming down the corridor brought a glad light to Judy's eyes, and with a knock sounded on the door she was there, ready to open it.

"Judy!"

"Bobby!"

"She was lost to sight in a genuine bear hug."

"Gee, Judy, but this is great!" and the stalwart soldier boy looked round the cozy living room. "What in heaven's name do I smell?" he scowled. Judy looked puzzled.

"Why," she exclaimed, "that's our dinner cooking—corned beef and cabbage, dear. Don't you remember telling me how fond of it you were, before you went away?"

Over his wife's shoulder Bob made a wry face, but he said reassuringly into her ear: "You bet; I'm just crazy about it." And he prayed to be forgiven the lie.

For the first course of their first meal he listened her. "That will always be our first course," he said. Then bravely he tackled the bull beef. Oh, how he longed to hate it! But the little things in enduring disagreeable things uncomplainingly now stood him in good stead. He praised the thoughtfulness and the cookery of his young wife.

After the wash and dried the dishes together and Judy had listened to the story of his experiences over there, the girl-wife put on her new coat and hat. Bobby admired them, and her in them—and they started out for a walk. "For," said Judy, "we must get a good appetite for supper, because I have planned something else that you like."

"Lordy!" thought Bob, "what else did I tell her I liked?" But he'd eat it, he swore to himself—yes, even if it were canned salmon!

Supper time came; and with it—salmon.

The words of his bunkie, Jim, the wag of the company, ran in his mind: "I hate, hate, abominate, execrate, detest and abjure canned salmon."

"Amen, forever and ever!" the company had announced in chorus. How Jim would chortle at the joke on him! Why had he ever told Judy he liked the stuff?

Bobby hadn't been cited for bravery for nothing; so he gulped down the detestable stuff, and thought he was getting away with it. But Judy, with a woman's intuition, felt that something was wrong. "He sets like a child taking castor oil," she thought to herself, watching her husband surreptitiously. "Won't you have some more?" she asked sweetly.

"No, dear; I don't seem to be as hungry as I thought," Bobby replied. However, it did not escape Judy that the éclair vanished with a relish. Alas, a cloud floated across her heart. Bob was not going to like her cooking. A big tear came to the corner of one eye and rolled slowly down her cheek.

of that and determined to throw off the momentary depression, for nothing must mar the happiness of her soldier's first day at home.

The show was fine. Admiring eyes followed Bob and she felt so proud that she forgot to eat. Worry was forgotten when Bob asked her if she would like a bite to eat. Judy suggested that they go home; it would be so much easier than a restaurant. Bobby liked the idea, too.

At the apartment Bobby sat down to read an evening paper, while Judy prepared a little supper. "The ready" came the sweet voice of his wife from the next room. Though deep in the account of a large public meeting, he stopped the soldier's habit to be held by his day. Bob sprang up with alacrity, for the fact that he was hungry was suddenly borne in upon him.

"Golly!" he exclaimed for the third time that day, "what a splendid and good things to eat, sure, do look good to me."

They sat down.

"This sort of tender corned beef reposed on a platter, flanked on the right by salmon, nestled in a ball of pale green lettuce!"

Judy fought an involuntary expression of repugnance that flashed across her husband's face before a hastily summoned smile could dispel it. "I know it's the same thing over again," she said in a pleading voice. "Bob, you know I really haven't had time to stock up yet; and anyway, we have to be economical for a while till you get your old job back."

But this time the soldier training was again brought into play, and the corned beef and salmon were once more bravely tackled. But perhaps because Judy loved her husband so, the power was given to her to read him like a book. She was sure he was choking the food down just to please her, and again a tear appeared. This time Bobby saw it.

"What's wrong, dear?" he asked contritely, suspecting the cause.

"You don't like my cooking!" sobbed the girl, openly crying now.

Of course there was nothing for Bob to do but to hurry around the table and take the little wife in his arms.

"You knew I couldn't cook when you married me," she chided, "and I haven't had the chance to learn yet—but I will!"

The walls of the little room echoed with Bob's laughter. Indignant, Judy tried to pull away, but his strong arms held her fast. "The he told her that awful ten days in the Argentine forest when canned salmon and corned beef had been the regiment's steady diet, the meals a day—and described the new feeling toward it. Then how, for more than two weeks, they had subsisted entirely on this disgusting diet. He had consisted of cabbage as the piece de resistance.

"Don't think for a minute that we complained," he added hastily; "we were always glad to oblige and to be as unobtrusive as anybody's fault. But, oh! Corned beef and salmon!"

Judy was laughing through her tears now, and their first day ended happily. There had been neither corned beef nor salmon in their little apartment since.

### LONGED FOR NATIVE LAND

"Good Old United States" Would Satisfy This for the Rest of His Life.

An amusing story that Mr. E. H. Bohrer tells in a recent number of Scribner's Magazine is apropos of the yearning for his own land so characteristic of many an American traveler and soldier; but it also reflects edifyingly on a less pleasing trait, of which too many of our fellow countrymen have been guilty.

I stood in the domain, or custom-house on the border between France and Switzerland, says Mr. Bohrer. A portly and prosperous-looking American paced to and fro impatiently as his wife and three grown-up daughters fussed and fumed over a number of trunks full of clothing. My friend and I stood patiently awaiting the investigation of our small belongings. The portly man eyed about us twice or thrice with inquisitive eyes. At last he approached.

"American?" said he.

"Yes, sir," said I.

"He" said he. "I thought so," and again he went to his women and regarded them with disfavor. Then he paced the floor again. Once more he approached us.

"Holiday?"

"Yes," I replied, "we're on a holiday."

"He" said the restles one, and his glance swept to his four women with no love therein.

"How much longer have you?" said he.

"I have about two weeks more," said I.

"I wish I had! I've got eight," said the exile.

What to him were the everlasting hills, the storied cities, the pellucid lakes, the sacred fanes, the legends, the immemorial hills? "Give me Pittsburgh!" I can hear him cry. "Little old Louisville is good enough for me!" And who shall mock his longings?

Wished to Be Ready.

Fred McDowell, a dusky athlete from Texarkana, Ark., had just registered at the office of the board of civil service examiners in the Federal building to go to Camp Knox, near Stittton, Ky., as a laborer, and had been told to return next day for physical examination.

### Acton

Mrs. Geo. Lantz visited friends in Georgetown last week.

Sheriff Webster, of Norval, was here on Tuesday visiting his lifelong friend, Hon. David Henderson.

Miss Edith Owens, of Georgetown, is spending the week with her friend, Miss Myrtle Chrichton, at Brockville, Ont.

Acton bowlers successfully defeated the Smith Challenge cup against a crack team from Georgetown on Friday.

Mrs. Wm. Johnston has returned from a very pleasant trip to the West, having visited friends in Saskatchewan, Yorkton, Winnipeg and Fort William.

Mr. William Gamble, florist and gardener, Georgetown, brought the Mrs. Wm. Johnston's basket of the splendid "Bobby" tomatoes on Monday. A dozen of this fine variety filled the basket.

Mr. John Clarke was on a business trip to Chicago last week and went from there to Montreal to meet his sister, Mrs. Hitch, who had just arrived from England.

Miss Calvert, V.A.D., who has recently returned from overseas, after spending two years with hospitals of England and France, was a guest over Sunday of Rev. and Mrs. I. M. Moore.

Mr. Stanley Russell, who is taking a course in anatomy, bacteriology and sanitary science in Toronto, prior to the government examinations in embalming in September, was home for the week-end.—Free Press

### Milton

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Denoon of Toronto, have been spending a day or so with their daughter, Mrs. W. B. Clonnes.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. MacNabb left last Friday morning on a week's motoring trip to Ottawa.

Mrs. Walter Wheeler and little daughter, of Niagara Falls, N. Y., are visiting her parents, Mayor and Mrs. E. P. Enslin.

According to the lists made out by the enumerators there are 998 persons intown qualified to vote in the coming referendum.

Monday morning last Mr. John Lawson stubbed his toe against a great his home and broke his ankle, which will confine him to his bed room for a few weeks.

Our baseball team went to Georgetown last Friday to play a championship game for the district cup, but when they got there the paper town ball players refused to play our boys, and hence the game was claimed by default.—Reformer

### Erin

Mrs. F. Evans and little son, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Smith. Misses Ella and Ruth Hull are visiting relatives in Toronto.

Mrs. Snyder and babe of Okilham, Wash. U. S. is here on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Austin.

Miss Morrow, of Guelph, has returned home, after a visit with Mrs. Morley and Miss Brown.

Mrs. Nellie Stokes has returned to her home at Rochester, N. Y., after spending the summer at the home of Mrs. Ernest Russell.

A very sudden death occurred here on Thursday last, when Mr. Andrew Wilson died while sitting on a chair. He had just come in from a walk, although not in good health for some time, his sudden death was not anticipated. The funeral took place to Erin Cemetery on Saturday. The deceased was in his 63rd year and has been a resident here for the past 35 years.—Advertiser

### A SIMPLE METHOD TO REMEDY RHEUMATISM

AGE DOES NOT INTERFERE IF TREATMENT IS PROPERLY FOLLOWED

Many persons contend that there is no cure for Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Neuritis, or their kindred diseases, but don't be misled; draw your own conclusions from the proof submitted.

Over two years ago, William Nesbitt, of 113 John St., Toronto, Ontario, was attacked by Rheumatism. Mr. Nesbitt was 38 years of age at the time and he hated the word. After trying many remedies and prescriptions without obtaining relief he took a friend's advice and used Tompkins' Rheumatic Capsules. Result—today Mr. Nesbitt says, "He hasn't lost a day's work since nor fears Rheumatism any more."

Let these people write as you see on the back of this advertisement and you will see how simple it is to cure Rheumatism. Write to T.C.O.S. at 113 John St., Toronto, Ont. or to J. J. Matthews, Druggist and Stationer, Sole Agent, Georgetown.