

# The Georgetown Herald

Georgetown, Wednesday Evening, September 10th, 1919

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FIFTY-THIRD 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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### SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One year, \$1.00. In advance, six months, 45 cents. In advance, one year, \$1.00. The address shown on the date of publication is the office by which the paper is published.

### G.T.R. Time Table

GOING EAST  
Passenger..... 7:42 a.m.  
Mail..... 10:16 a.m.  
Passenger..... 11:35 a.m.  
Mail..... 1:02 p.m.  
Passenger..... 2:28 p.m.  
Passenger..... 3:52 p.m.  
Passenger, Sunday..... 7:11 p.m.

### GOING WEST

Passenger..... 7:57 a.m.  
Mail..... 9:46 a.m.  
Passenger..... 10:01 p.m.  
Passenger..... 1:40 p.m.  
Mail..... 4:01 p.m.  
Passenger..... 7:57 p.m.  
Passenger, Sunday..... 9:47 p.m.

### GOING NORTH

Mail..... 7:47 a.m.  
Mail..... 8:20 p.m.

### GOING SOUTH

Mail..... 11:28 a.m.  
Mail..... 7:60 p.m.

### Toronto Suburban Railway

DAILY TIME-TABLE  
Going East..... 8:10 2:24 6:40  
Going West..... 8:55 3:10 7:47

### SUNDAY TIME-TABLE

Going East..... 10:21 12:30 3:45 6:10 9:17  
Going West..... 10:40 6:10 9:35

### ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH

Rev. Wm. Burt, L. Th., Rector  
Sunday service as follows:—  
11:15 a. m.  
Evening—7 p. m.  
Sunday school, 9 a. m. in basement. Holy Communion last and first Sunday of each month at 11 a. m.

### LEGAL

SHILTON, WALLBRIDGE & DALE,  
Barristers, Solicitors,  
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  
of Toronto  
Office Hours: 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m.  
Phone 58  
Office and Residence: Main Street, South, Opposite Presbyterian Church.

### RUTH E. PRICE

Graduate Nurse  
Phone 179.  
JAMES STREET, GEORGETOWN

### OPTICAL

L. L. PLANT, D. O., Opt. D.  
Dentist, 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.  
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.

Office in Lane Block, one door north of O'Neill's Carriage Factory. Hours 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

### CHIROPRACTIC

No Medicines, 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 150a.

### AUCTIONEERS

BENJ. PETCH  
Licensed Auctioneer for Horses and Feet, Glenwilliams Post Office. Sales conducted satisfactorily and at reasonable rates. Orders left at the Georgetown Herald Office will receive prompt attention.

### MILTON & PRENTISS

SHOEMEN AND MACHINERY BROKERS  
Motors - Electric Repairs  
FOY BLDG. TORONTO

### J. A. TRACY

Clerk Township of Esquimaux, Clerk 3rd Division Court. The leading Fire and Life Insurance Co. represented. Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Office—Mill Street West, Georgetown.  
Office Hours—Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

## WRIGLEYS

5c a package before the war  
5c a package during the war  
5c a package NOW

THE FLAVOUR LASTS SO DOES THE PRICE!



## Just a Word to the Housewives who are not already Customers.

### LIVINGSTONE'S Quality Bread

Has Stood the Test

Buns at 20c from an entirely new recipe and they are so Wholesome. Also out other lines of Pastry.

With the Highest Grade of Materials we are giving you the Finest Quality possible.

### QUALITY—OUR SLOGAN

## H. A. LIVINGSTONE

Phone 55 - Georgetown

## Draw on Your Customers

through the Merchants Bank. With Branches in all parts of Canada, and correspondents abroad, this Bank is in a position to present Drafts promptly, have them accepted, and collect payment, with the least possible trouble and cost to you.

The Manager will be glad to take up this matter with you.

## THE MERCHANTS BANK

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

## Coal Problem Solved!

### KERO GAS BURNERS

(Ordinary coal oil for fuel.)

Are easily installed in any Stove or Furnace, and will supply all the heat necessary for Cooking or Heating purposes.

Write for particulars and prices, and arrange for demonstration.

## FRED D. DEWAR

Sales Agent for Halton County MILTON, ONT.

## 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 "Ultona" 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

ESTABLISHED 1872

### Money in Live Stock

CAREFUL selection of brooding cattle and the right kind of financial backing will put you in a position to make money from your herd. The Bank of Hamilton is prepared to promote any legitimate development along this line.

## BANK OF HAMILTON

G. C. MACKAY - Manager

### DON'T FORGET THE OLD FOLKS

Nay, don't forget the old folks, boys, —they've not forgotten you! Though years have passed since you were home, the old hearts still are true: And not an evening passes they haven't the desire, To see your faces once again and hear your footsteps nigher.

No matter what your duties are, nor what your place in life, There's never been a time they'd not assuage your fond desire, And shrunken shoulders, from bright hands, formed robed by disease, Would bravely dare the grave to bring to you the pearl of peace.

So don't forget the old folks, boys —they've not forgotten you! Though years have passed since you were home, the old hearts still are true: And while they bow and sigh to see you, they'll be glad to see you, And make the world glow once again and bluer than the skies.

### Hands Up!

By RALPH BEACH WALL  
(Copyright.)

There was wild, unadvised fire in her eyes. By the way she threw back her head and shouted to her mount, a sleek cayuse, she could tell at a glance that she was a girl of spirit, who did things.

She was not accustomed to riding alone through the gorge trail, covered only by a stage from Silverhead, a neighboring mining town. Usually Phil rode with her.

It was half an hour toward him that she had chosen the loosest, some said dangerous, route.

She had seen Phil two hours before, and, as usual, had shouted an invitation for him to ride with her.

"Can't," he had said. "See you later," he answered, waving his hat to her and galloping on.

There was something in his eyes that bothered the girl, when she remembered it. It was for that reason, half an hour later, she had chosen the lonely gorge road.

She wanted to be alone, to think about Phil, and weigh her father's doubts about the young fellow, who seemed to do nothing save idle his time away, and who had never been caught working since he had struck town two months before.

Why did he occasionally go off on his horse alone, and not come back till the next day? Who were the city men he often met at the daily train, and sometimes went on with for a day or two?

He had never explained his business to her.

The night before he had asked her to marry him. The thought had come to her so suddenly that all she could do was ask for time.

"I will answer you tomorrow evening," he had said.

She could not understand his urgency, the eagerness in his voice.

"But I have many things to think of," she protested. "You know how father is opposed to you. It's partly because you look city-bred, and who knows horses and mining so well. He seems to be almost suspicious of you."

"I can easily clear up any suspicion," he had answered confidently. "But I want my answer now. Tomorrow may be too late."

Why had he repeated that ominous warning? Had he planned anything for today? Was he in danger of any kind?

At that moment the rumble of wheels behind her caused her to turn. She had already reached a lonely spot in the gorge, some miles from town.

It was the stage from Silverhead, carrying its cargo of silver and passengers, winding through the gully, cut sharply between high cliffs. The four horses were straining at their load, and coming along at a smart clip.

Bees whipped up her horse to gain a wider part of the road, where the coach could pass her.

The passenger was uneven and full of rocks. Riding being difficult, the girl bent all her attention on the steed.

As a sharp turn in the road seemed to clear the stilted cayuse, a second later the animal shied at a big bowlder confronting them, and Bees was hurled through the air, over his head, landing in a jolt in the wall.

Her revolver flew from her belt with the jolt, and the frightened cayuse galloped on alone.

When the girl pulled herself together she found that the horse had thrown her into an opening, a little pocket in the natural stone wall at the turning, which commanded a view of the road on both sides of the sharp corner.

She glanced out, and found the stage drawing near at a rapid rate; then, looking in the opposite direction, she saw her cayuse galloping madly, already half a mile away.

The revolver that had jolted loose was the next thing to attract her attention, and she was about to slide down and recover it from the ledge, when it struck her in the direction her horse had taken.

The girl's eyes dilated, and she seemed frozen to the spot, as she watched three masked horsemen leap the gully, and through a narrow defile down one side.

In a moment Bees realized. The stage was thundering on. She slipped forward to get the gun. The stage was not a hundred yards off.

Bees glanced apprehensively at the three grim horsemen, partly concealed

## LeRoy Dale Wins Championship

### IS BEST SINGLES BOWLER

Youngest Contestant Carried Off John Ross Robertson Trophy Had Two Close Calls

On his return home from Toronto last Wednesday evening, after winning the Dominion Bowling Championship, Mr. LeRoy Dale was met at the station here by members of the Bowling Club and citizens, who tendered him a royal reception. President J. J. Allen addressed the gathering and on behalf of the Club and citizens extended congratulations; and expressed appreciation of the honor won for Georgetown by Mr. Dale. Of Bowling the same Toronto Telegram says:

You can never tell in bowling. The same is true in most sports. That is what makes them so interesting. An unknown bowler one day may be a champion; the next a champion one day may fall by the wayside, the next. These conditions apply pretty well to the struggle for the Dominion lawn bowling singles honors and the J. Ross Robertson Trophy. Corcoran practically "hogged" the journey this year in the matter of entries. Georgetown had one lone contestant—LeRoy Dale. That numbers do not always count was certainly demonstrated. The lone Georgetown bowler—and he was the youngest of the entire fifty entries—carried off the championship. Incidentally he placed Georgetown on the bowling map. Local bowling enthusiasts say they never before heard of Georgetown bowlers coming to a journey in Toronto.

This young fellow Dale had quite a time of it Wednesday saving himself from defeat. In the semi-final with H. E. Chisholm of Oakville, it looked as if he was doomed to go under. When the latter weakened, however, after taking a nice lead, Dale stood his game, and slowly crept to within striking distance. It was 20 to 19 in favor of Chisholm after playing the twenty-third end, Dale, however, was equal to the occasion. He leveled the jack with his last bowl on the twenty-fourth end, and scored with his four bowls, giving him the match by 28 to 20. Though unknown by all the spectators, they crowded around him and showered him with congratulations. In the other semi-final R. M. Graham of High Park, had no great difficulty in disposing of J. Kerr of St. Matthew's.

There were four present who conceded young Dale to be the best against Graham in the final. Down in their hearts they were pulling for the Georgetown lad, but they felt that their "rooting" would do little use. Even when he scored two each on the first two ends they were not quite so tightly explaining to him, trying to get the girl to listen to his defense.

Through sheer weakness Bees finally had to listen to the words had their effect. Her eyes gleamed, she looked at him squarely and became more quiet.

"Wait here!" he cried suddenly. "I will answer you tomorrow evening, and get the stuff. Wait here for me."

As he dashed off Bees sank to the ground, utterly spent, and she lay sobbing weakly, while her lover rushed back to the waiting group of travelers, swooped up the valise, tied them in a wide handkerchief, mounted his horse, fired several shots in the air, and swung down the trail to where Bees sat in a heap, wondering trying to reassure herself that all he had said was true.

Half a mile from the hotel some he drew a reassuring smile.

"I had to go this far," he explained. "They need a slide in the picture of the bandits getting away, and I guess mine was some picturesque getaway."

"Your picture helped the picture a good deal, Bees. They'll change the idea and label this part; 'Wife Pleasing With Bandits'."

"Phil" Bees said, looking up with yearning eyes, in which the slightest suggestion of a smile was beginning to glow. "Is it really true? I know it real at the time. I never saw a moving picture taken before."

"Well, it won't be the last one you'll see taken. I hope," the man smiled, wiping her forehead with the handkerchief she had made for him.

"That's my business. The people in the stage-coach and my confederates are all actors; the man who did the stage-play from the driver's seat is my brother. We're in partnership in the business."

"But why didn't you explain all this before?" queried the girl, the man succeeding in evading some of the tragic tenacity of her features.

"Well, people are curious about moving pictures; they want to butt in and see them taken. That spoils the whole thing, and I didn't want to be bothered."

"Haven't I bothered you, Phil, just a little?" she asked, the smile asserting itself boldly for the first time.

"You've bothered me more than anything has for a long time," he cried, reaching toward her eagerly.

"Well," she said, having recovered her natural self and her wit again, "I'll fix it up with you and a justice of the peace, so I can have the exclusive privilege of bothering you all the rest of your life."

"No you made up your mind at last," he cried, enclosing her in a tender embrace.

She threw off his arms playfully and, sprang to the horse and rider; they galloped back to the moving-picture party and announced their engagement.

Then Bees told of how she had almost tried to kill the handkerchief, assuring them, however, that even if the handkerchief had been jammed, she couldn't have hit him with such a trambly hand.

### FOUND GUILTY OF NEGLIGENCE

THREE YEARS' PUNISHMENT FOR MAN WHO ALLOWED A SERIOUS SITUATION TO DEVELOP.

Failure to take proper precautions has been responsible for many deaths, and is the cause of much suffering and hardship today.

Take the case of Wm. Dunn, 313 Gerrard St. East, Toronto, Ont. Mr. Dunn was a chronic rheumatic sufferer for ten years. Three years of that ten he spent in bed suffering indescribable torture. Pietro the joy of this man on finding that Tompleton's Rheumatism Cure were restoring him to normal health again. Here are a few extracts from his letter to us: "I have been laid up with Rheumatism. One attack confined me to my bed for a year, and a second attack left me helpless for over two years. After I had tried almost everything, a friend got me a box of T.R.C., and a few days convinced me that I had at last found the proper remedy for my trouble. T.R.C. improved my condition rapidly, and I feel that had it not been for T.R.C. I should have been laid up for years." T.R.C. is certainly wonder work.

Ask your Druggist or write us for our new booklet, "How to Cure Rheumatism." Tompleton, Ltd., King West, Toronto, Ont. Sole Agents, J. J. Matthews, Druggist and Stationer, 104 Adelaide St. East, Toronto, Ont.