

The Georgetown Herald

FIFTY-THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION

Georgetown, Wednesday Evening, October 22nd, 1919

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The Georgetown Herald

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CONTRACT ADVERTISING RATES

Published by application. The above rates will be charged for all contracts unless otherwise specified. The advertiser must be in the office by Monday evening to insure advertisement without specific conditions, will be inserted until forbidden or otherwise. Advertisements will be charged one cent per line for each day. 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, 85 cents; three months, 50 cents.

The address label shows the date your subscription expires.
J. M. MOORE, Publisher.

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH
Rev. Wm. Burt, L. Th. Rector
Sunday services as follows:
Matins—11 a. m.
Evensong—7 p. m.
Sunday School—9 a. m. in basement. Holy Communion 1st and 3rd Sundays of each month at 11 a. m.

LEGAL
SHILTON, WALKER & DALE
Solicitors, Barristers, Etc.
Toronto and Georgetown
Office: Kennedy Block
La Haye, in charge of Georgetown Office.

MEDICAL
DR. JOSEPH McANDREW
Physician and Surgeon
Medical Officer of Health, District of North York, Toronto
Office: 110 St. George Street, Toronto
Office: 110 St. George Street, Toronto
Office: 110 St. George Street, Toronto

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.
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, Georgetown.
Consultation and Spinal Analysis Free Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 2 to 6 and 7 to 8 p. m.
Phone 150a.

AUCTIONEERS
BENJ. PETCH
Licensed Auctioneer for Halton and West, Glen Williams 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 Essex, Clerk 3rd Division Court.
The leading Fire and Life Insurance is represented.
Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
Office: Mill Street West, Georgetown.
Office Hours—Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

W. A. BAILEY HARNESS!

Don't forget to drop in and see our Most Complete Stock of Light and Heavy Harness of all kinds. Also a good assortment of Wool and Fancy Dusters for the auto or buggy. All kinds of repairs neatly and promptly done.

W. A. BAILEY
Main Street GEORGETOWN

No Shovelling Required
STANDARD ANTHRACITE SCRANTON COAL
In all Sizes
Automatically Screened and Loaded.

Coal & Wood

Select Lamp for Domestic and Pressing purposes. Smiling and Cannon Coal. In fact I carry everything to be found in an up-to-date Coal and Wood Yard.

John McDonald
Georgetown
PHONE 11

PATTERSON'S Meat Market

Specials for This Week

Smoked ham, white, half, per lb.	48c
Smoked ham, per lb.	47c
Collared ribs, per lb.	50c
Stip. bacon, 5 lbs. or less	50c
1 lb. of Fatback, per lb.	28c
Shoulder tripe, per lb.	28c
Steaming tripe, per lb.	28c
Jib roast beef, per lb.	28c
Thick slab roast, per lb.	28c
Shoulder roast, per lb.	28c
Round beef, per lb.	28c
Rib roast, per lb.	28c
Choice pickled pork, per lb.	40c
Dry salt, per lb.	40c
Hamberg steak, per lb.	28c
Subsage, per lb.	28c
Venison chops, per lb.	28c
Loin roast, per lb.	28c
Shoulder roast, per lb.	28c
Shortening, 1 lb. brick	82c
1 lb. brick of lard	87c
8 lb. pack of shortening	1.05
8 lb. pack of lard	1.05

We are making a Specialty of Cheese at 33c lb.

Watch Our Window for Specials on Saturday

W. J. PATTERSON

Main Street, Georgetown Phone No. 1

ESTABLISHED 1872

Money in Live Stock

CAREFUL selection of breeding 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

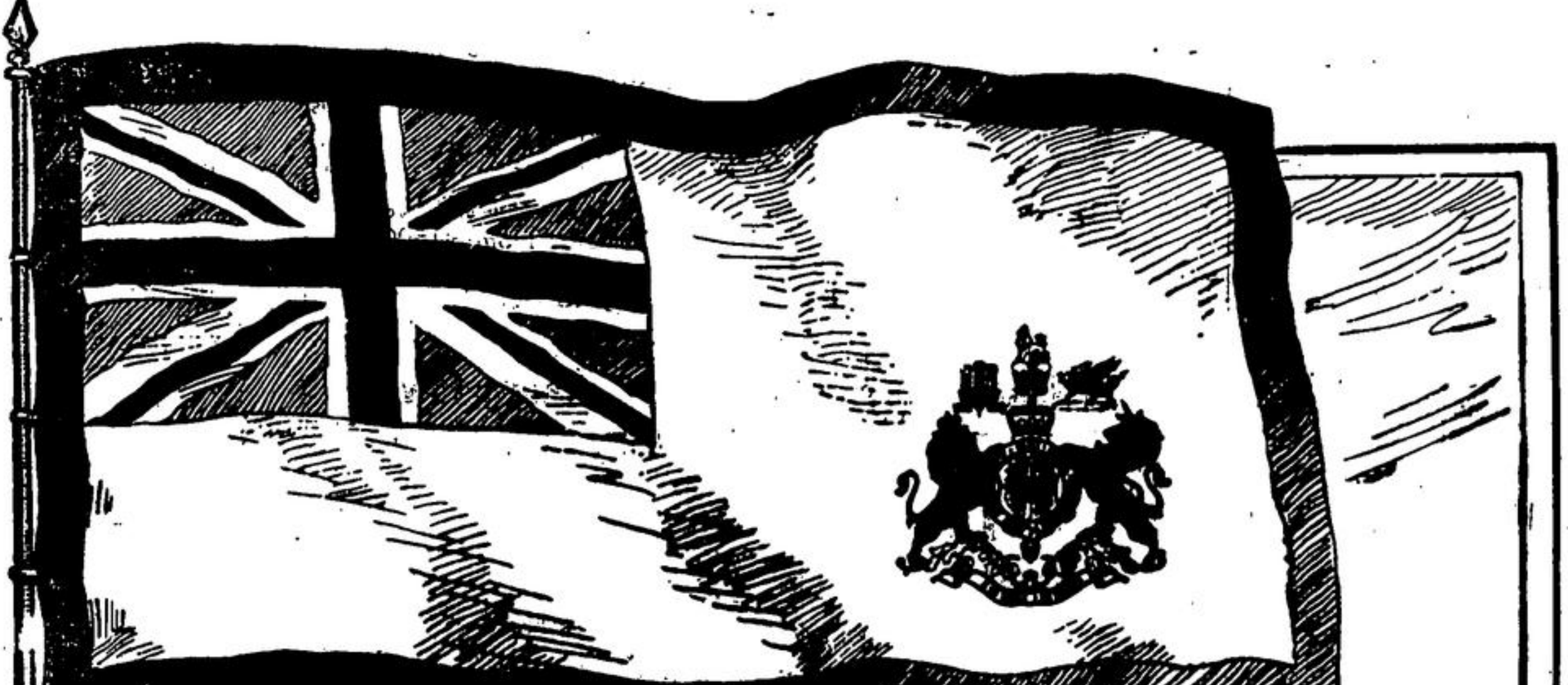
JUST A MOMENT, PLEASE

THE WAY TO MAKE MONEY is to save it and the way to save it is to

Buy Your Shoes At RUMFORD'S

The reason why is that I buy my Shoes direct from the factory. And I bought them before the price went up. You can save from \$1 to \$3 if you buy your Shoes here.

T. H. RUMFORD, - - - Georgetown



"I Hope Every City and District Will Win My Flag"

When Edward, Prince of Wales—eager, bright eyed, smiling and sincere—arrived in Canada in August, and when he voiced his great admiration of the wonderful achievements of Canadians, on the fields of battle and at home, once again we were thrilled with joyous pride.

He asked concerning Canada's reconstruction programme, and when he was told of the Victory Loan 1919, he graciously consented to the use of his Coat of Arms on a flag, which is to be the prize of honour for districts achieving their quota in the loan.

In dedicating "The Prince's Flag" at Ottawa on Labor Day, His Royal Highness said in part—
"It is a great joy to me to be associated with the loan, which is the bridge between war and peace, and which is finishing off the job."
"I hope every city and district will win my flag."
Striking, and beautiful in design, this flag will form not only a unique memento of Victory Year, but a lasting and outstanding souvenir of the visit of His Royal Highness—a visit which will remain as one of the most memorable events in Canada's history.

The reproduction above shows the design of the flag. The body is white, the edge red; in the upper left hand corner is the Union Jack, and in the lower right hand corner the Prince of Wales' Coat of Arms.

The flag is made in two sizes, 4 feet 6 inches by 9 feet for small cities, towns and villages, and 7 feet by 13 feet 6 inches for cities of over 10,000 population.

Canada has been divided into canvassing districts by the Victory Loan Organization. Each city forms one district. Other districts have been determined according to population.

Each of these canvassing districts has been allotted a certain amount in Victory Bonds to sell. To win the Prince's Flag, therefore, a district has to sell its allotment. That is the one and simple condition.

Anticipating that many districts will buy far beyond their allotment, the organization decided that for each twenty-five per cent. excess of the quota one in a district doubling its quota will be the proud winners of four small crests for their Honour Flag. These crests will be sewn to the flag. The Prince's Crest—

the three ostrich plumes—is shown at the top of the coat of arms.

To every organization with fifty or more employees, where seventy-five per cent. of the enrollment invests a total of ten per cent. of the annual payroll in Victory Bonds, a supplementary Prince of Wales Flag in smaller form—48 inches by 34 inches—will be awarded.

The allotment for each district has been carefully considered, and is based on a conservative estimate of the purchasing power of the district.

Your district can sell its allotment and thus win the Prince's Flag, provided each person does his or her share.

You will gladly do your part and encourage your neighbour to do his.

Remember YOUR purchase may be the one that decides whether or not your district is to be the proud possessor of the Prince's Flag.

The Prince's Motto is "I Serve" Will You also Serve?

Victory Loan 1919

Issued by Canada's Victory Loan Committee in co-operation with the Minister of Finance of the Dominion of Canada.

A PLEA

Grant to me this: The strength to do my duty, And smiles of love to welcome my return; Open my eyes to all the world's bright beauty; Teach me to make the most of what I earn.

What, though I fall, let me be brave and cheerful; Glad there are tasks that I am called to do;

Let love of truth keep me from false intrigue;

I would not beg! I would not care that I am poor; Not manly through selfish eyes my words;

With faults come, and I will write myself no more;

Let me rejoice that I can bear such blows;

Keep me from envy and the jealous madness Which blinds men's eyes to joy that they possess;

And make shop-hunt another's loss of goodness;

Is robbing them of fortune and success;

Through every day and every hour that passes, Let me press forward, glad to take, and give;

Looking at life through clear not murky glasses, And, come what may, finding it good to live.

—By Edgar A. Guest.

Little Sister

By R. RAY BAKER

Frances Hayden sat at the window of her room and looked out on a dreary, drizzly day—Sunday, March 30. If one had held a letter, she would have started to cry, but she had started to cry, it was a letter from her mother, and she had thought of it.

"Two robins were holding a conversation in the tree whose branches brushed the window. They started out as if they were quarrelling, but the excited chirping dissolved into a sound that was as sweet as any the speaker of it."

"Wouldn't it be nice to be a bird?" Frances sighed. "They're always happy, it seems."

She looked at the letter and a wry little smile adorned her face. "He calls me sister," she mused. "That's what they all say when they want to leave you for someone else. Little sister—that's what he says. It sounds pretty, but he used to say things that were prouder."

She stood up and made a motion as though to throw the letter in the wastebasket, but changed her mind again and placed it in a drawer of the dresser. Then she stood before the mirror and surveyed herself critically for several moments.

The person who—saw back at Frances from the glass—was not exactly beautiful, but there was something about her that would not permit her to pass unnoticed in a crowd. The eyes were just common eyes; that is, there were no special arches to the brows, and the long, graceful lashes that are considered so desirable were not there. There was a lot of good, wholesome blue in the eyes, which could not be discounted in an inventory of attractive points.

The nose was inclined to be "pug," which gave the face a kind of agency look, and the hair was nearly straight, being of a rusty hue; but there was plenty of it, and it was done up attractively, if not up to the minute in style. The teeth were the principal attraction of Frances Hayden's countenance. When she smiled, showing white and even, and the smile was about as sweet as any girl could hope to offer.

But Frances was unhappy. She had ceased to care for her—in the way he once had cared. But she told herself, she was hardly unexpected, despite the protestations Melville had made, when he left Glendale two years ago, that he would never care for another girl and that he was coming back "some bright, sunny day" to make her Mrs. Clark. She remembered the apprehensions she had entertained at that time, regarding his constant winking, that he would come across someone else in the big city. However, Melville had written steadily for a year, and in every letter had reiterated his intentions. During the next year, however, she could not help noticing that his letters alluded more and more to friendship and less to love. Finally they dropped off altogether, and for a period of a month or so she had no news at all.

Frances went about her stenographic duties in the real estate office with the usual smile and the same capacity for work that she had always displayed, but when she got home at night she often shut herself in her room and thought hard, and sometimes cried a little.

Frances had given her heart to Melville when he went to the city to make a name for himself and a few cents for his pocket. It was a hard and rocky road, as his letters told during that year, and then his communications began to take on a more hopeful tone. "Things are coming, slowly but surely," he would write.

Frances hoped to wait that Melville would return home for a visit. He had said he would come for her when he "made good"; but now, when he was making good, she was as unmentioned of the visit. Then came this letter referring to her as "little sister," in which he told her that he had at last attained the object he had sought, and that he was coming to Georgetown with an office of his own and a neat sum in bank. But never a mention of coming to Glendale did the letter contain.

Later in the day the sun chased the clouds away and warmed the earth again and Frances went for a walk.

"Maybe this is the bright, sunny day he referred to," she said, as she threaded her way through the village; and she laughed with a tinge of wistfulness, when she recalled the "little sister" passages of the epistle from Melville.

At the edge of Glendale was a wooden bridge which spanned a silent little brook, winding its way through the valley with many twists and turns. Foliage was beginning to adorn the numerous trees on either side of the stream, which looked delightfully refreshing. Frances leaned over the railing and looked into a miniature whirlpool created by the bend which the brook made just above the bridge, fish coming up to dine on an early bug left sprawling circles in the water, and it caused something like a sob in Frances' throat. She had seen that same thing happen—perhaps it was the same fish—when she and Melville stood looking over that same railing of that same bridge on the same kind of day two years ago. It was the day on which he asked her to marry him.

A pattering sound along the road made her look up the slope and see an automobile approaching the bridge from the village. In the car was Melville Clark, on his way to Jensen City, 15 miles distant, to deliver a proposal of marriage to Julia Armstrong, the daughter of Benjamin Armstrong, the wealthy farmer who lived in the same city where Melville had made good in the financial world.

Melville had decided to marry Julia, not because of love but because she would get a very high wage increase. His little fortune at least threefold. A taste of riches had made him hungry for more, and he had set out to equalize his little fortune for his wife. She

Fall and Winter MILLINERY!

Latest Designs now on Display at **MISSES CLARIDGE** Parlors up stairs over Herald.

Guelph Business College HERALD BLDG. Guelph - Ontario

You know all About Us Our Courses—Method—Facilities for placing graduates.

This year bigger and better than ever. **FALL TERM NOW OPEN** Have You Registered? **Guelph Business College** A. L. BOUCK, Principal

This Is For You

YOU are interested in the High Cost of Living. Suppose you had to replace your house or the contents of it and buy everything over again. YOU would need double as much money to do it as in September, 1914. Everything has gone up. The purchasing power of the dollar is about 47c compared with September, 1914.

Building costs of all kinds have nearly doubled; clothing is going up every day; shoes and shoes, furniture, curtains, carpets, food, fuel—everything costs more. Fire may destroy your entire property any minute. Your \$1000.00 policy today won't buy half what it would three years ago. So you need more insurance.

One thing in the world has not increased in cost—that is insurance—the thing you need most.

In short, what you most need is the cheapest thing you can buy—Protection. You need the best kind of protection too. You can have it. The best cost no more than the worst.

Phone me how much more cover you require and we will put it on to-day, or we will call, visit your property and give you the necessary protection.

R. J. Hynds General Insurance Agent Phone 203 Georgetown

BRAN!

We have a car of Western Bran to be delivered at once. If you are in need of any. **Phone 195.** **GEORGETOWN FLOUR and FEED MILLS**

appeared responsive, and he could see that her parents did not object.

When Julia went away for a week at the guest of honor at a house party at Jensen City and invited Melville to join her Sunday he had decided it was the opportune time to make his proposal. He arose Sunday morning when the watch under his pillow told him it was eight o'clock. Picking up his vestible he made sure that the light for Jensen City left at 9:30, and that he could catch the train for Georgetown on the watch under his pillow told him it was eight o'clock. Picking up his vestible he made sure that the light for Jensen City left at 9:30, and that he could catch the train for Georgetown on the watch under his pillow told him it was eight o'clock.

The smile was occasioned by the realization that his old home town was on the Pentrook trip, and because he had never gone back for a visit. Frances Hayden did not enter his thoughts; they were busy with their important matters.

When Melville arrived at the station he had five minutes, according to his watch, and a train was standing on the track. It was a branch station, and he did not have to show a ticket at the gate. It was only after he had been riding half an hour that he discovered he was on the wrong train. That was what the conductor came to take up his ticket.

"Your train left an hour before this one," said the official. "You must have missed it. To get your watch ahead, I shall let you off at the next station." "Can you beat that?" Melville exclaimed in vexation. "I forgot this was the day the daylight-saving law went into effect." He thought swiftly. "I'll get off at Glendale," he told the conductor. "I own get an automobile to take me to Jensen City. It's a 15-mile trip."

As they approached the little bridge and Melville discerned the girl standing there a strange feeling came over him. The memory of that day "two years ago" flashed across his mind, and it made his wife with mingled sadness and pleasure.

"Stop a minute," he ordered the driver. "Stop right on the bridge. I used to live here, and I want to glance things over a minute."

The machine paused on the bridge and Melville's eyes met those of Frances. There was silence, broken only by the chugging of the motor. A moment later Melville was out of the car and clamping Frances in his arms.

She stood off and looked at her. Yes, she was the same girl. There was the reddish hair, the staccato, whole some blue eyes, and the flashing, fascinating teeth.

"By George! You look good, Frances!" he said, and he meant it. In the two years he had been weaned from the influence of that smile and those eyes; but now he was back in their power again.

"But you need 'little sister,'" she said, somewhat mischievously.

"Hang the little sister!" he ejaculated. "Let's go down to the little nook on the bank of the river and talk it over." Then to the chauffeur: "Move ahead and wait beside the road. I'll be back soon."

The driver did as directed. The sun was rather hot, and he pulled his cap over his face. The air made him drowsy and he curled up on the seat. In a few minutes he was sleeping.

An hour later the chauffeur was awakened by a poke in the ribs. "How much do I owe you?" asked Melville. "I've decided not to go to Jensen City. I'm going to stay right here for a week."

"Island" in the Air. Three miles south of the Mesa Encantada—in Mexico—is a splendid specimen of fantastic erosion—an "island" in the city a rock with overhanging sides nearly 400 feet high and 70 acres in area on the fairly level top, incised with countless bays and niches with dizzy chasms. The greater part of the island overhangs the sea like a huge mushroom, and on the top stands a town which for artistic charm, ethnological interest, and romantic scenery has no peer. This little town of Anconima is one of the pre-historic Pueblo architecture. It was only with first year, and then his communications began to take on a more hopeful tone. "Things are coming, slowly but surely," he would write.

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Peace, Perfect Peace
Yes, we have Peace. But we will never have perfect peace until we have paid its price. Canada has hundreds of millions yet to pay before peace is with us. This year's Victory Loan will take the load of war bills off our backs and give us a lift into prosperous future. The loan is the price of perfect peace.

Take care of the pennies while young and give some follow a chance to haul you out of the dollars when you are old.