

The Georgetown Herald

FIFTY-THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION

Georgetown, Wednesday Evening, April 14th, 1920

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

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

CONTRACT ADVERTISING RATES
Printed on application.
Five cents per line for first insertion,
and five cents per line for each subse-
quent insertion. Twelve line
advertisements will be charged for all
insertions. Twelve line
advertisements without specific di-
rections will be inserted until forbid-
den or charged accordingly.
Advertisements will be changed one-
month without extra charge.
Changes for contract advertisements
must be to the office by Monday even-
ing.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES
One year, \$1.50; or \$1.25 if paid in
advance, six months, 85 cents in ad-
vance.
The address label shows the nat-
ional subscription expense.
J. M. MOORE, Publisher

G.T.R. Time Table

GOING EAST	GOING WEST
Passenger..... 7.22 a.m.	Passenger..... 7.57 a.m.
Passenger..... 10.16 a.m.	Mail..... 10.16 a.m.
Mail..... 11.35 a.m.	Passenger..... 10.16 a.m.
Passenger..... 8.45 p.m.	Passenger..... 8.28 p.m.
Mail..... 8.28 p.m.	Passenger, Sunday..... 7.11 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday..... 7.11 p.m.	

GOING NORTH

Mail..... 8.00 a.m.
Mail..... 8.10 p.m.

GOING SOUTH

Mail..... 11.88 a.m.
Mail..... 8.00 p.m.

Toronto Suburban Railway

DAILY TIME-TABLE

Going East	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Going East.....	8.10	8.24	8.40	8.40
Going West.....	8.55	8.10	8.10	8.58

SUNDAY TIME-TABLE

Going East	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Going East.....	10.21	12.20	8.45	8.10
Going West.....	10.40	8.10	8.10	8.58

W. A. BAILEY
UP-TO-DATE
HARNESSES
SHOP

Now is the time to have your
Harness overhauled. Be ready for
your spring work. Don't put off
till to-morrow what you should do
to-day. A full stock of all Harness
Needs.

We also have a large stock of the
old reliable International, Stock
and Trunks and Grips for any old
trips.

Repairing Promptly Attended to
W. A. BAILEY
Main Street GEORGETOWN

NORVAL
Meat Market

30 lb. pall lard, per lb.....	81c
8 lb. pall lard, for \$1.00	
Pickled shoulder, per lb.....	27c
Side bacon, whole or half	46c
Back bacon " " " " " "	55c
Roller shoulder " " " " " "	84c
Loin beef " " " " " "	80c
Ribs " " " " " "	97c
Round steak " " " " " "	80c
Blade rib and chunk roast per lb.	28c to 25c
Pot roast " " " " " "	18c to 28c

Veal and Pork at Moderate
Prices.

T. W. SMITH
Butcher - Norval

Ladies!

Call and inspect our stock of
Baby's and Children's
Wear
of all kinds. Also fancy goods.
We cordially invite the ladies of
Georgetown and vicinity to call
and inspect our stock.

Mrs. A. Watson, Mrs. E. Whitfield
GEORGETOWN

F. S. NEAR
Issuer of Marriage Licenses. In-
surance Agent, Etc.
Residence Queen St. Phone 801
GEORGETOWN, ONT.

BUTTER PAPER
AT THE HERALD.

INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE
INVESTMENTS
J. C. RIVER W. T. EVANS

NEPONSET ROOFS

NEPONSET PAROID ROOFING NEPONSET TWIN SHINGLES

Look for the
Roll with the
Paroid Label

Protect Your Harvest

SO much of your property
harvested, crops, stock and
machinery can be destroyed by the
weather or fire, you really must
have the protection provided by the
famous

NEPONSET Paroid ROOFING

A tough felt, thoroughly saturated
with genuine asphalt. It is made
with grey surface; also with RED
or GREEN crushed slate, perma-
nent colors. Neponset roofs save
you money.

Sold by Hardware and Lumber Dealers.
Neponset Twin Shingles for all Residences

BIRD & SON - Head Office, Hamilton, Ont.

Warehouses:
Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary, Edmonton, St. John

The Largest Manufacturers of Roofings,
Wall Board and Roofing Felts in Canada.

R. H. Thompson & Co. Georgetown

THE MAN who has been satisfying the people who have
been buying houses in Georgetown is

E. A. BENHAM

I have sold many houses in the past few months and I have
yet a number of Beautiful Homes ranging in price from \$1500
to \$6500. Terms can be arranged to suit the purchaser on
any of these properties. For particulars apply to Box 185 or
Phone 164

E. A. BENHAM, - Real Estate, - Georgetown

The Way to the West

DAILY SERVICE
Via TORONTO (Union Station)
9.15 P.M.

WINNIPEG
BRANDON
REGINA
SASKATOON

CALGARY
EDMONTON
VANCOUVER
VICTORIA

STANDARD TRANS-CONTINENTAL TRAIN EQUIPMENT THROUGH-
OUT, INCLUDING NEW ALL-STEEL TOURIST SLEEPING CARS.

Sun. Mon. Wed. Fri. - Canadian National all the way.
Tues. Thurs. Sat. - Via G.T., T. & N.O., Gocharne thence O. N. Ry.
Tickets and full information from nearest Canadian National
Railways' Agent.

R. C. COYLES, Georgetown
or General Passenger Department, Toronto.

Industrial Department Toronto and Winnipeg will furnish full particulars
regarding land in Western Canada available for farming or other purposes.

Canadian National Railways

PATTERSON'S ...Meat Market...

Everything in
**Fresh and
Salt Meats**


AT LOWEST PRICES

Fresh Bones Ground Daily.

Watch Our Window for Specials on Saturday

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

ESTABLISHED 1872



THE customers of the Bank of
Hamilton may depend on abso-
lute secrecy in connection with all
transactions. The customer's con-
fidence is never violated under any
condition, even the existence of
the account itself being treated as
a business confidence.

BANK OF HAMILTON
G. C. MACKAY - Manager

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

Red Clover and Timothy

AT THE ELEVATOR
Choice Quality and Close Prices.

Highest Market Price Paid for Grain.

Robert Noble Limited

Norval, Ontario

Coal!

The Best Soranton Coal
in all Sizes.

Portland Cement

FLOUR, FEED, PROVISIONS

John Ballantine, - GEORGETOWN
Phone 30.

Income Tax Return

on or before the 30th of April, 1920

Do not forget
to file your

ALL persons residing in Canada, em-
ployed in Canada, or carrying on
business in Canada, are liable to a tax
on income, as follows:-

1. Every unmarried person, or widow, or
widower, without dependants as defined by the
Act, who during the calendar year 1919 received or
earned \$1,000 or more.
2. All other individuals who during the
calendar year 1919 received or earned \$2,000 or
more.
3. Every corporation and joint stock company
whose profits exceeded \$2,000 during the fiscal
year ended in 1919.

Forms to be used in filing
returns on or before
the 30th of April, 1920.

ALL INDIVIDUALS other than
farmers and ranchers must use
Form T 1.

FARMERS AND RANCHERS
must use Form T 1A.

CORPORATIONS and joint
stock companies must use Form
T 2.

Penalty

Every person required to make a return, who
fails to do so within the time limit, shall be
subject to a penalty of Twenty-five per centum
of the amount of the tax payable.

Any person, whether taxable, or otherwise,
who fails to make a return or provide infor-
mation duly required according to the provision
of the Act, shall be liable on summary conviction
to a penalty of \$100 for each day during
which the default continues. Also any person
making a false statement in any return or in
any information required by the Minister, shall
be liable, on summary conviction, to a penalty
not exceeding \$10,000, or to six months' impris-
onment or to both fine and imprisonment.

General Instructions.

Obtain Forms from the Inspectors or
Assistant Inspectors of Taxation or from
Postmasters.

Read carefully all instructions on
Form before filling it in.

Prepay postage on letters and docu-
ments forwarded by mail to Inspectors of
Taxation.

Make your returns promptly and avoid
penalties.

Address INSPECTOR OF TAXATION,
HAMILTON, ONT.

R. W. BREADNER,
Commissioner of Taxation.

THE VOICE

By Clare Shipman.

God speaks to us in many ways.
In the still, small voice in the quiet
days
In tears of mourners, and songs of
praise.
He speaks to us in the flush of
spring.
His voice is glad when the happy
birds sing;
The flower's murmur of love over
all;
The grass bends low as it whispers
His call;
A gentle whispering among the
leaves.
But sometimes in the darkness of
the night
He speaks quickly in flashes of
light,
And the earth bows down and
trembles in fear;
When the voice of thunder smiteth
her ear,
And the people shudder and pray
in dread
When the lightning flashes above
their head.
But 'tis strange we fear the thun-
der roll,
And can bear God's silence to
search our souls;
Now, teach us, Thou strong One
behind the storm,
That Thou dost protect from every
harm;
And help us to feel that Thou art
near
In our deepest joy and our darkest
fear.

Limehouse

Memorial Service, Ward 5 Requeing

April 5th 1920

A crowded church witnessed the
unfolding of a bronze tablet in the
sixth line Presbyterian Church in
honour of the two boys of Ward 5,
who gave their lives for the cause
of freedom. This Easter service will
long be remembered in this locality.
The church was packed to the
doors, the Veterans from Acton
and Georgetown sat in the body of
the church. Knox choir from
Georgetown rendered very accept-
able music, while Rev. Mr. Findlay
of Acton, assisted by Rev. E. J.
Cameron, were in charge of the
service. In the course of his re-
marks Rev. Mr. Findlay pointed
out that one of the strongest im-
pulses in the human heart was to
honour our heroes by carving or
writing their names in wood, stone
or metal, while on the other hand
man forgot so easily, that we re-
quire something to remind us of
their sacrifice. After the address
Corp. McGill read as follows:—
"To the glory of God and in loving
memory of our two comrades Alex
Stuart Mino and William Graham
Osborne, we unveil this tablet and
may it ever remind us of the sacri-
fice they made on behalf of a
Righteous cause. Greater love
hath no man than this, that he lay
down his life for his friends."
Four scouts from Acton bugle
band sounded the Last Post.

The Dear Somebody

By A. MARIA CRAWFORD

Isabella Gullford looked up and
down the long rows of tables stretch-
ing for one block on Market street.
Twenty-five hundred returned sol-
diers, her townsmen, were to eat there
that day. A profusion of early ad-
vanced flowers, like a gorgeous rainbow
in the tropics, spanned the snowy
tables.

Over a thousand fresh cut flowers, hun-
dreds of delicately frosted cakes, the
price of a penny a piece, were laid
upon the tables, everything dear to the
daughter's heart, had been prepared
for the feast.

With an eager look of loneliness, Is-
abella wished that the eyes of one
familiar man would brighten at the
sight of her, that a dear somebody
would hasten to her, unhappy if
she were not there. But she realized
all too well that the only soldiers she
knew would smile, grasp her hand in-
deed, and press on some girl
for whom they really cared.

Isabella was thirty, and for some in-
explicable reason she had never had a
lover. She had many friends, and
many that not even the people with
whom she was intimate suspected the
embarassing truth that none of the
men who called on her and took her
about wanted to marry her. Many of
her associates joked her on the sub-
ject inquiring in feigned sarcasm
in what way she was waiting for a
prince a millionaire. Isabella had
always laughed at such questions, but
the laughter was forced.

Ever since the news that twenty-five
hundred local members of the great
Thirtieth Division, which had done
some of the hardest fighting, were to
parade in their home city on their way
to the demobilization camp, she had
secretly hoped that she would be asked
to serve them. But the committee in
charge had decided that the very
youngest and prettiest girls should
serve the men, while the older ones,
like Isabella, could stay in the supply
rooms to cut cakes and pies and to
prepare the plates as they were needed.

She thought of the story of Mary
and Martha in the Bible, and reflected
somewhat bitterly that the role of
Martha would always fall to her.

From somewhere far off frenetic
shouts sounded. Torpedoes placed on
the tracks of the incoming trains ex-
ploded like firecrackers, and the
sound of martial music, and then
every whistle blew and every bell
in the city rang, adding to the human
din. It was like another annuities day,
and their ever home boys, had
come back to their loved ones at last.

Isabella's eyes grew a bit misty and
she dabbed at them uncertainly as she
glanced at the clock. The other
workers prepare the feast. Many of
the girls and young women, unable to
restrain themselves, yelled something
excitedly and rushed out toward the
street, the plates and pies on the
table. The girls and young women, most of them
married, generously piled the "fried
chickens, the plates and pies on the
table. The girls and young women, most of them
married, generously piled the "fried
chickens, the plates and pies on the
table.

"I'm glad that you're not man-
crazy, Isabella," said one old lady,
gruffly, indignantly because her own
share of the work had been disorgani-
zed by the unexpected flight of her
young helpers.

"You are dependable, the kind of
woman who makes good wife. Now
you can keep your head," she ejacu-
lated crisply. She could keep her head,
as well as her heart, thought Isabella
sadly, thinking of her lack of lovers.

Finally the ransacked swung into
view at the far end of Market street.
The girls were marching with them,
waving flags, shrieking their own joy.
At sight of the tables, loaded with
good things, a lusty cheer broke from
the boys.

Isabella left the street and went into
the hot, smoky room which had been
fitted up as temporary kitchen. She
handed out plates, she cut cakes and
pies until her thumb was sore, but still
the demand came for more supplies.

"Run outside, Isabella, and see if
anybody could have been overlooked,"
said one matron.

Many of the soldiers called to her as
she passed along the tables, waving
their arms and shouting "hello." Now
Isabella knew that she was not essen-
tial to the happiness of any of them.

A captain in the medical corps, a
stranger, stood a little apart from the
others, and Isabella's heart gave a flutter
of disquiet at sight of him. Per-

haps she could comfort him, and so
feel that she was not an outsider after
all. She went up to speak to him, her
hand out, a little wistful look of long-
ing to be a real part in the joyful
celebration flushing her pretty face.

"What you have something else to
eat? I don't believe you went out
from here, did you? You must have
taken Captain Newman's command
when he was awarded some six
months ago. I am Isabella Gullford."
"So did, Miss Gullford," smiled the
stranger. "I'm from Michigan. Bill
Burdette is my name. I was just be-
ginning to feel a bit lonely when you
came. By being brigaded with your
townsmen I'm missing my part of the
fun in my own home town. But it's
all in the game. And there are won-
derful days, combined with the time
we spent over there."

"Ah, they stood there in the warm
sunlight, Isabella tried to make herself
believe that he had come back to her,
that he was glad because she was there
beside him, of course it was foolish,
playing make-believe when she was all
of thirty, but it was better than being
lonely."

All at once Peggy Lane's sister
looked up at them and smiled that
Bill Burdette's hands. "Why, Bill, you
knowed I'd get it. Then she
stood on those and kissed him. And
the young medical officer laughed, held
her off at arms length, and then
laughed her very close.

With an odd sinking of the heart
Isabella turned away unnoticed and
went back to the hot, smoky kitchen.
Life was always doing things like that
to her. A door through which she
glimpsed a dream of happiness would
open a little way and as soon as she
started toward it it seemed to close
with an ominous click of the lock.

She was just an old maid and she
would have to submit to a service for
herself, she concluded. The war had
taught her that self-annihilation keeps
you from grieving over personal prob-
lems. She thought of being a nurse,
of going abroad during reconsecration
days. There was much that she could
do. She was capable. She knew that.
She began scowling the old plat-
that had had the cakes, piling them in
orderly rows on the littered tables.
She could hear the soldiers and the
girls singing outside, could hear their
cries of delight as they bumped into
each other, trying to dance on the as-
phalt paving. The mayor had declared
a holiday.

There would be feasting and joyful
gatherings all that day, but for her it
would be a time of loneliness. Nobody
would think of asking her to join their
party that day.

"I beg your pardon," a voice said
just above her ear, and she turned so
quickly that an old plate slid out of
her hand and crashed on the rough
pine floor. She looked up into the
flushing face of the medical officer.

"I hope that you won't think me pre-
sumptuous. Miss Gullford, I've
bumped all over the place for you. My
little cousin is visiting Peggy Lucy
here, and when they asked me to go
some with them I told them that I had
an engagement with you. Now what
am I going to do about it? You see—
you were so bright and entertaining,
so much like the girl I've always
dreamed of meeting that I dared—"
He hesitated, then continued bravely,
"I thought it would be great to go off
somewhere and have a little quiet talk
with you until time for the train to
pull out for the demobilization camp."

Isabella's heart was beating staccato
time, but with all the coquetry born of
love and handed down to every woman
through the ages she smiled at him
and said in matter-of-fact tones, "I
think that I can manage it. We'll slip
away and go home now."

She must not be too eager, she must
let the male believe himself the hunter.
She thought as she glanced on her smart
little hat, her fingers suddenly cold and
shaking. Life had unexpectedly dealt
her the best cards in love's deck. How
carefully she must play them!

Under Fire.

A war correspondent was dining in
a Paris restaurant with a novelist
who had been to the front. "I went
to the front," the novelist said, "to
write, while under fire, a full and
graphic description of a battle." "Did
you succeed in your task?" the cor-
respondent asked. "Well," said the
novelist, "the fire got very hot and
dangerous, and I had to dig out be-
fore I—before I quit—" "I see,"
said the correspondent. "Instead of a
full description of the battle you
made a few running notes."

The Bat.

The bat, instead of being useless
and worthless, as is generally
thought, is really most valuable. It
is the insectivorous army of all insects
that fly at night. In recent investi-
gations bats shot in the evening after
dying for twenty minutes were
found with stomachs gorged with
mosquitoes, gnats and small flies.

Livingstone's Bakery

MAIN STREET

SATURDAY SPECIAL!

Home Made "Tea Biscuits"

— ALSO —
CREAM ROLLS

A. LIVINGSTONE & SON
Phone 55 - - - Georgetown