THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

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The Georgetown Herald
J. M. MOORE
Publisher and Proprietor
Member Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association

C.N.R. Time Table
(Standard Time)

Going East

Passenger and Mail	10.30 a.m.
Passenger	6.27 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9.44 p.m.

Sunday's going East

Passenger	8.13 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9.44 p.m.

Going West

Passenger	8.40 a.m.
Passenger, Sunday	8.56 a.m.
Passenger	2.08 p.m.
Passenger	6.45 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	10.15 p.m.

Going North

Mail and Passenger	8.55 a.m.

Going South

Mail and Passenger	6.28 p.m.

ARROW
INCREASED **BUS** SERVICE
Eastern Standard Time
9.15 a.m. (10.55 a.m. Sundays and Holidays only) 12.55 p.m., 3.55 p.m. 6.55 p.m., 10.55 p.m.
Eastbound
7.15 a.m. daily except Sunday. 9.55 a.m., 1.15 p.m., 4.40 p.m. (7.15 Sundays and holidays only) 8.15 p.m. daily.
Reduced Fares to Holders of Season Tickets
TICKETS AND INFORMATION AT
LONG'S

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Telephone 158

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Paneia

"What's your name" the grocery-store manager asked the young applicant for a job.

"Scott," replied the lad.

"And your first name?"

"Walter."

"That's a pretty well-known name," remarked the manager with a smile.

The boy looked pleased.

"It ought to be," he replied. "I've been delivering groceries around here for two years."

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PHONE 46 GEORGETOWN

A HELPING HAND

If I should see
A brother languishing in sore distress
And should turn and leave him comfortless
When I might be
A messenger of hope and happiness—
How could I ask to have what I denied
In my own hour of bitterness supplied?

And so I know
The day is lost wherein I fail to lend
A helping hand to some wayfaring friend;
But if I show
A burden lightened by the cheer I send
Then do I hold the golden hours well spent,
And lay me down to sleep in sweet content.

—A. M. Scruggs.

The Defeat of Alfonso

By H. L. Mencken

DURING the afternoon of the day that Messrs. George R. Ellicott and James E. Scott, doctors of dental surgery and citizens of the United States, arrived in the city of Cuenca, in the republic of Ecuador, their total monetary receipts amounted to $206 in Mexican silver coin and a one pound note of the Colonial Bank of England.

It had been nearly a year since the last American dentist had visited Cuenca. In the meanwhile the teeth of the inhabitants thereof had been looked after by a certain Alfonso Iquitos, a gentleman with a forged diploma. As a result, the said teeth were in a sadly dilapidated condition, and as a second result the firm of Ellicott & Scott made profits which outstripped the avaricious dreams of the junior partner.

It was an ideal, evenly balanced, smoothly-working partnership. Ellicott, the senior member, was a past master in the gentle art of extracting the maximum number of teeth with the minimum amount of pain. His speed record, made in a contest with an English champion at Belize, in British Honduras, was seventy-two in an hour. Scott, the junior, was competent to give expert testimony upon the subjects of crown and bridge work and filling. His views regarding the finer points of the last-named art were undisputed south of the tropic of Cancer. How the pair had met at the Myrtle Bank Hotel, in Kingston, and signed an agreement to pull together is a story that might be told if it were necessary. But it is not. Suffice it to say that they arrived at the Cuenca depot, after a tiresome journey across the Spanish Main and over the Andes, with a satchel containing a case of shining instruments, a box of assorted porcelain teeth, and six bottles of malleable gold filling. Also, they brought with them a determination to do or die.

When they wrote their names upon the register of the leading Cuenca hotel and hung a huge sign announcing their arrival from the second story window of that hostelry, the emotions of the above-mentioned Alfonso Iquitos were far from pleasant. Whatever feeling of hospitality he may have had toward the newcomers was drowned by the greenest variety of professional jealousy. Their advertisement upon the editorial page of the daily Libra, showed that they were prepared to fill teeth with gold at the rate of $20 Mexican a tooth, and he knew that their operating rooms would be crowded by the elite of Cuenca and the surrounding country. Alfonso himself was never able to obtain more than $12 for the same work. And besides, he was often compelled to see his patients depart for their homes with their teeth unfilled because of the non-arrival of the gold that he had ordered at Guayaquil or Lima. His credit in the latter towns was not of the best.

Once, in lieu of the king of metals, he had attempted the experiment of filling cavernous molars with an alloy of his own manufacture. Copper and nickel were its chief constituents, and, as he always forgot to inform his patients that it was not gold, he dressed, for a while, of fabulous profits and a villa in the Andes. But a rascally Americano, the superintendent of a near by coal mine, dashed his hopes to pieces by exposing the deception.

After that, for several months, Alfonso's lot was a hard one. The people of Cuenca looked upon him with an eye of suspicion, and none but the ignorant peons from the backwoods climbed up his staircase and suffered in his chair. But gradually he recovered his lost prestige. His patients began to return to him, for there was no other dentist within two days' journey, and aching teeth, like the tide, wait for no man. And now, just as the sun of prosperity was beginning to shine upon him again, there came Scott & Ellicott, with a blare of trumpets and a flash of red fire, and the winter of his discontent set in anew.

Alfonso was at the depot when the pair of Americanos arrived, and with true Castilian rage he watched them enter the finest of all the Cuenca hacks and drive to the hotel. And then he stood beneath the crooked coconut palm in the plaza opposite and saw the people of the town march up, in couples and half dozens, to have their dental deficiencies remedied. When the sun sank behind the thickets of bananas in the east and the cathedral bell rang the call for vespers, he made his way to his 'studio' and there, in the fast gathering tropical twilight, sat down to battle with his troubles. For an hour he remained almost motionless, with his arms folded and his eyes half closed.

When he arose the night had come and the smells of the evening meal were arising from the kitchen of his landlady upon the floor below. And as he walked downstairs to partake of the repast he smiled broadly, for a plan to circumvent his rivals was in his brain and the vision of wealth was again before him.

That night he went to the theatre to hear the fair Senorita Attilex sing in Il Trovatore, and after the curtain fell he went home to bed and pleasant dreams. The woes that had racked him in the morning were gone.

To explain what happened next day it is necessary to make it known that Alfonso was much like the shoemaker in the fable, whose children caught very bad colds because they were improperly shod. While he had labored upon the teeth of his fellow citizens he had neglected his own. In consequence, two of his canines; one upon the left side of his upper jaw and one upon the right, were much in need of repairs. A month before, upon a dull day, he had made an effort to fill them, but as his stock of gold was rather low and he found the task difficult and a painful one he soon abandoned it. Now there was another dentist in the town, and he would have his teeth attended to. Also, he would look after another little matter that interested him.

Therefore it came about that when Messrs. Scott and Ellicott arose from their breakfast of fried plantains next morning and entered the waiting-room of their apartment they found the erstwhile leading dentist of Cuenca awaiting them. When he caught sight of them he arose and made a low bow.

"Set iss my pleasure," he said, "to make you a welcome to se metropalisa."

"Thank you," said Ellicott and Scott, taking his outstretched hands.

"My name," continued their caller, "iss Alfonso de la Iquitos. I am se gentleman of se same profession wis you."

"Ah," said Scott, "a dentist?"

"Si, Senor," replied Alfonso. "I have se honair."

Then he launched out into a rhapsody upon the science of dentistry, and from that he verged into a highly apocryphal account of his own studies and experiences, and then he gave a history of his residence in Cuenca; and finally he touched upon the subject that had brought him to the hotel.

Scott asked a technical question.

"Look at eet," said Alfonso, evasively. He took his place in the operating chair and stretched out with his mouth open. Scott examined the damaged canines.

"One of them," he said, "needs filling. The other ought to come out."

"Ah," said Alfonso, "do se filling fierst."

Then there were polite negotiations, and finally, in consideration of the fact that their patient was a member of the profession, the firm agreed to perform the operation—using the best grade of malleable gold—for $16 in Mexican silver. The extraction of the other tooth was to be done gratis—as a sort of lagniappe.

Scott busied himself with the preparations for his part of the task. Then, when all was in readiness, he set to work with the queer little foot-power drill which had taken the place, in civilized countries, of the ancient rack and wheel. Down into the hard substance of the offending tooth the tiny needlelike point tore its noisy way, and ever and anon Alfonso gasped with pain.

"Does it hurt?" asked Scott, in accordance with the dental ritual.

"Not a mooch," gasped Alfonso, painfully endeavoring to smile. But he stood manfully to his guns, and in time the cavity was ready to be filled.

Then the Americano went to a cabinet by the wall for the filling. As he turned Alfonso's eyes followed him eagerly. When he opened the drawer there was a glint of reflected light, and six bottles of the yellow metal stood revealed. Alfonso's eyes fairly bulged from their sockets, and while Scott rubbed up a little glittering ball in the palm of his hand and forced it, grain by grain, into the tooth of the man in the chair the latter's face wore a smile of surpassing joy.

By and by, after what seemed weeks of agony, the operation was at an end, and Afonso arose and sought his hat.

"You haf my compliments, he said, with a bow. "Set iss a goot job."

"Thank you," said Scott, "the other—"

"Wis approval of you," replied Alfonso, "we will, haf se pooling—what you say? — mañana—tomarrow."

"Make it nine o'clock," said Scott, and with a second sweeping bow Alfonso went his way.

From the hotel he proceeded to his "studio" and arrayed himself in his best frock coat and glossy hat, and for the rest of the day he played dominoes at the club in the Calle Don Pedro. The hours seemed to drag along as slowly as the train which ran from Cuenca to the top of the mountain, and when at last the sun neared the horizon he arose from the play table with a sigh of relief and returned to his lodgings. There he made another change of costume, and an hour later he took his place at the door of the theatre and watched the crowds file in. Senorita Attilex was billed to sing the part of Marguerite in Faust that night, and all Cuenca was coming to hear her. Just as the fiddlers in the orchestra began to tune their squeaky instruments Messrs. Scott and Ellicott crossed the plaza Em n arm and passed through the gaudy entrance. As they brushed by him in the throng Alfonso bowed to them smilingly, and they asked him, after the manner of their race, how he was. When their forms disappeared through the door which led to the boxes he turned upon his heel and waked away.

And now comes an unpleasant chapter in the story, for the things that Alfonso did after he left the theatre were not authorized by the laws of Ecuador. First of all, then, he made his way to the little alley which ran behind the hotel. It was as dark and as silent and as deserted as the lowest gallery of an abandoned mine. Then he climbed up to a second-story window, deftly opened the latticed shutter—the windows in Cuenca have no panes—and crawled through. Then he softly tiptoed to the apartment of Messrs. Scott and Ellicott, sought out the cabinet by the wall, pried open its lock with his pocket knife, transferred the six bottles of No. 1 malleable gold to his coat pocket and departed as stealthily as he had come. Not a soul had seen or heard him. All of the employees of the hotel, except the gentleman who gloried in the title of night clerk, were at the theatre listening to Senorita Attilex. And the gentleman who gloried in the title of night clerk was downstairs in his office, fast asleep.

Straight toward his lodgings Alfonso steered his course. Once behind their protecting doors he took the six bottles from his pocket and dumped their contents upon the table. With deft fingers he rolled the glittering metal into one oblong slab, and with a smile he placed the slab in his inside pocket. The empty bottles he took into the garden behind the house and buried between the landlady's favorite banana tree and the bushy, gaudy croton in the corner. Then he retired to his bedchamber and went to sleep.

Next morning the prefect of the Cuenca police was hurriedly summoned to the hotel on the plaza. For half an hour he was closeted with the proprietor and Messrs. Scott and Ellicott. And then the news flew about the town that the Americanos had been robbed. When Alfonso arose and came down to breakfast his landlady told him the story.

"The thieves," she said, "took gold enough to pay a king's ransom."

Alfonso placed his hand upon his breast above his inside pocket.

"Who is suspected?" he said.

"The bandit Dominiguez," said the landlady. "He was seen in the suburbs yesterday morning."

"Very likely," said Alfonso, with a shake of his head.

Then he set out for the hotel. When he arrived the entrance was crowded by gendarmes and curious

(Continued on Page 4)

HOME

God's mercy spread the sheltering roof;
Let faith make firm the floor.
May friend and stranger, all who come,
Find love within the door.
May peace enfold each sleeping-place,
And health surround the board;
From all the lamps that light the halls
Be radiant joy outpoured.
Let kindness keep the hearth aglow,
And through the windows shine;
Be Christlike living, on the walls
The pattern and design.

—T. L. Paine, in The Christian Century, Chicago.

BACK TO GOD

Archibald Curley, of Baltimore, says the need of America is more religion. That is a sentiment with which The Sentinel agrees.

Throughout the whole post-war period there has been a weakening of religious devotion that is accountable for much of the distress that has afflicted the world. It is not only America that needs a revival of true religion in the hearts and minds of men and women, but every country in the world. The war is blamed for this state of affairs. It might have been expected that the suffering endured through that awful four years and the grief it left behind at the loss of dear ones, would have drawn us closer to the fount of consolation. No doubt it did in innumerable cases. But those who did not suffer the loss of their dearest, and who had enjoyed material prosperity in consequence of the war, seem to have cast aside all moral restraint and set standards that degenerated the masses. The selfishness and greed that succeeded the heroic sacrifices of youth in the war had many deplorable manifestations. The orgy of stock gambling that drew into the whirlpool all classes and both sexes was the most demoralizing incident of the time. Serious thinking and living gave place to pleasure seeking as the main purpose of life. Paper profits that disappeared in the crash encouraged extravagant living that carried with it a disregard for sober interests, so that when the economic collapse came nobody was prepared to meet it.

The inevitable panic that ensued but intensified the seriousness of the situation. Instead of admitting that their troubles were of their own making, people have become bitter at what they regard as unmerited punishment. What is needed now is a general recognition that the nations, having forgotten God, must return in sackcloth and ashes to simpler and more wholesome practices, and with courage and faith make a new beginning based on those divine principles, only from which happiness and contentment can proceed.—Sentinel, Toronto.

Peril on the Sea

A SAILOR'S LOG: HOW A NAVAL V.C. WAS WON

By the time Lieutenant William Guy Carr was sixteen he had roughed his way nearly all round the world. He had seen two mutinies, he had been nearly caught by a shark, he accepted a fight as a matter of course, and soon afterwards he was wrecked. For at fifteen he had gone to sea as an apprentice in the old Merchant Service, serving under the hard-bitten old seamen whom he describes as "Hell's Angels of the Deep."

His ship lay in Kelung harbour when a typhoon hit it, sweeping the decks clear of nearly one thousand tons of bunker coal, and crashing the vessel loose among all the shipping in the harbour. Instantly the captain made his decision and headed her for the open sea, throwing his own ship and crew away to save the others. She was swept towards the Formosa cliffs and flung on to a ledge of rock, where in a few moments she broke in two. All night the remnants of the crew huddled on the wreck, until the storm dropped and the Japanese were able to rescue them in boats.

Lieutenant Carr was in Buenos Aires when the War broke out. Feeling ran high, for there were several German liners in the harbour, supposedly carrying guns below decks, ready to turn into commerce raiders. He proved the truth of one of these rumors by stealing on to the Cap Trafalgar, and sliding down a ventilator shaft—straight into the arms of a German guard on the hidden guns. He was led on deck, where, breaking free from one captor and knocking the other out, he raced willingly over the gangway to a civil arrest, from which he was soon released with his valuable information about the guns.

A few days later he sailed for England to join the Navy, fearful only that the War would be over before he could take part in it. As a midshipman with the battle fleet he saw the sinking of the German U29, the submarine which sank the Hague, Cressy, and Aboukir. The submarine bobbed up close to the first line of battleships, and immediately the Dreadnought turned out of line. Her ram ploughed under and into the "Fritz." The submarine was lifted up and right clear of the water. She seemed literally to roll up the bows of the big battleship. Many of us could see the number—U29—painted on the conning-tower. She seemed suspended for a moment, then she broke in half and sank, one half either side of the bows. There were no survivors.

Two years later Lieutenant Carr himself was in the submarine service. One of his former shipmates, named Charlie Bonner, won the Victoria Cross while serving aboard Q-boats, for "telling funny stories to my gun's crew and trying to keep them amused until 'Fritz' would come near enough to give us a crack at her with our gun."

Behind that casual statement lay the heroic story of how Bonner had sat telling his men stories while the ship was torpedoed three times. Her magazine exploded, blowing Bonner forty feet in the air. He received his V.C. because he crawled back dazed and half dead and gathered the remnants of his crew together again and told them another story or two until the 'Fritz,' believing nothing human could remain alive aboard that ship, came to the surface to question the "Panic Party" which had previously taken to the boats. Then it was that Charlie Bonner stopped telling stories and went to work seriously on the German U-boat.

Here is a book of adventure that proves, if proof were needed that romance is not passed from the sea with the coming of the steamship.—John O'London's Weekly.

Have Your Eyes Examined
—BY—
O. T. Walker, D.O.S.C.
Eyesight Specialist, Brampton
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The newest style of glasses at reasonable prices

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Where Quality Counts and Cheaper Prices Dominate
WE OFFER YOU THESE CHRISTMAS SPECIALS
FANCY MALAGA GRAPES ..... 2 lbs. 19c
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ORANGES, Navel, Sunkist, new crop; these attractive prices to meet every purse, buy in quantities—23c doz., 2 doz. 45c; 29c doz., 35c doz., 39c doz. and 50c doz.
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CELERY HEARTS, very crisp, cut up daily as usual ..... 10c bunch
WE WISH OUR MANY FRIENDS AND CUSTOMERS A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS.

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XMAS MIX "hard boiled candy" per lb. 19c
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WEEK END CHOCOLATES
Regular 35c lb. Special for Christmas, per lb. 29c
We also carry a complete line of Box Chocolates, special Xmas wrapped, including MOIRS, NEILSONS, HUNTS and SMILES 'N CHUCKLES at new low prices.
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