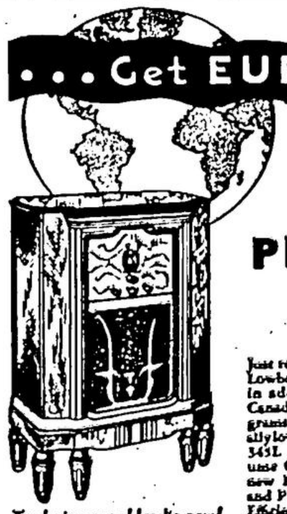

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Phone 11 Lane Block Georgetown

An Appeal to Householders and Power Users of Hydro

The rates for power to the Georgetown Hydro Commission have been raised considerably and the cost this year will be nearly $2500. extra. This will certainly mean that there will be a deficit unless some saving can be made.

The amount of power used between the hours of five and six p.m. during the winter determines the amount the Commission must pay, as at this time the street lights are on and the factories still running.

The rates to the homes are low in Georgetown and they would be the first to be raised. In order to avoid any necessity to raise these house rates, the Commission appeals to Customers not to use any appliance that they can do without during the hour from five to six p.m. The co-operation of the ladies at this hour will mean a big saving to the Commission and will avoid any need to raise the rates.

Hydro Commission

GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

Christmas Flowers

Cut Flowers of All Kinds

Flowering Plants, Azalias, Cyclamen, Begonias, Ferns

Memorial Wreaths at moderate prices

We invite you to visit our greenhouses at any time, or phone 47 Georgetown. We deliver.

Barber Floral Co.

PHONE 47 KING STREET GEORGETOWN

250 LB. MAN LOSES 20 LB.

And Looks 10 Years Younger

"About three months ago," writes a correspondent, "I weighed 250 lbs. I started taking Kruschen Salts, and I lost 20 lbs. in a little over two months. I am feeling better than I have in years. My friends tell me I look ten years younger, and my step has an elasticity which is amazing. I shall boost Kruschen Salts wherever I go." —J. McC.

Kruschen contains just the six salts, blended in just the right proportion, that are essential to keep you in continual good health. Kruschen Salts keeps the system free from encumbering waste matter. Unless this wastage is expelled regularly, it will give rise to rheumatic and other body poisons. And Nature is liable to take the defensive measure of storing the poison-breeding material out of the way in the form of fatty tissue.

CLEAN NESTS—CLEAN EGGS

It takes less time to place clean straw in the nests than it takes to clean eggs. Some eggs will become dirty in spite of the best of care, but the egg cleaning work is greatly reduced if the nests are cleaned at egg gathering time when dirt is noticed and a little clean straw is added once or twice each week. This is a good early morning job before the hens start using the nests. If you have no straw stack, keep a bale of straw in each laying house so that a measure of loose straw can be worked up and added by handfuls to any nests where the boards are becoming bare or the straw is soiled.

When a dimple starts doing its stuff the preacher isn't long out of a job.

GIFTS

Give Gifts for the Home this Christmas

New Idea Quebec Range $23.95

NEW IDEA FURNACE

"Heat Better — Last Longer"

or maybe a new

BATHROOM OUTFIT

Estimates gladly given

F. L. McGilvray

GEORGETOWN

Phone 173w — Shop—John St.

INFANTS' COLDS Relieved/

Young children easily catch cold. Mrs. Emma Ward, of Hilton Beach, Ont., wisely says: "If I notice that there is any sign of a cold I give Baby's Own Tablets and find they are a great help." Thousands of mothers do the same not only for colds but for fretful pain, indigestion, constipation, teething troubles, colic, upset stomachs and so on. Baby's Own Tablets are safe and sure to relieve the childhood's common ailments. Price 25c.

By Williams 150

BABY'S OWN TABLETS

MISUNDERSTANDING

Next to the flagrant misdemeanor of bearing false witness against one's neighbor and which a little girl in Sunday school described as "It's when nobody has done anything wrong and somebody goes and tells," one of the most insidious menaces to human friendship is that of misunderstanding. It's a splendid thing and it's often possible, to really understand people and their motives; but more often we say, I can't understand anyone doing that" and we don't stop to analyse what we've just said. If we really can't understand, then we are not competent to pass judgment. Some there are who, thru years of personal contacts and thru the study of other matters than business ones, have learned to see the other fellow's side of the question and to show leniency wherever and whenever possible. These are generally the ones who are slow to express opinions. Perhaps they are more in accord with Kipling's thoughts when he wrote:

If we knew the causes and the trials
Knew the efforts all in vain,
Knew the bitter disappointments,
Understood the loss and gain—
Would the grim, eternal roughnecks
Seem, I wonder, just the same?
Should we help, where now we hinder?
Should we pity, where we blame?
Oh, we judge each other harshly,
Knowing not life's hidden force—
Knowing not the fount of action
In less turbid at its source;
Seeing not amid the evil
All the golden grains of good;
And we'd love each other better
If we only understood.

The Brighton Ensign

GUIDE LOSES TEETH TO WORLD'S MEANEST CROOK

Just what constitutes the world's meanest crook has long been debated but there is a guide away up the Pickerel River, in Northern Ontario, who is definite in his definition. It's a man who steals another man's teeth. His unfortunate experience commenced in a happy way. An Ottawa dentist was hunting on the Pickerel and, as a reward for excellent service during the trip, he offered to adjust the guide's plates which fitted badly. The teeth were carefully put away in the doctor's emergency kit, along with various other instruments and then checked in a baggage car. At the Toronto terminals the car was broken open and among the few things taken was the kit. Subsequently, the contents were practically all recovered; but the teeth were gone. The mystery deepened when it was seen that among the articles thrown away as useless were surgical instruments, which had a pawnable value. The railway police offered a number of explanations to this apparent enigma but the only thing certain was that the guide, some 350 miles up north in the bush, had steaks and other succulent cuts barred from his menu. His troubles are about over, however, for the railway upon learing of his predicament sent him a ticket from Pickerel River to Ottawa and return so that he could come south and have his new teeth renewed.

THE CRAZE FOR SPEED

Citing speed records made by trains recently, The Ottawa Journal asks "Why the hurry." In these days, the Journal says, a person may pick up a telephone and speak to anybody almost anywhere, or send a wire, so it can't be terribly important that he may get to a destination a day or a few hours sooner than ordinarily, shooting along at 118 miles an hour on a train weighing thousands of tons to do so.

Isn't it the truth that it's the man who is usually going nowhere in particular or who has time to burn on his hands who has the greatest craving for speed? Take some motorists. They will drive like fury through the country, passing everything in sight and at the end of the journey kill hour after hour of time doing nothing. The man who has a real honest-to-goodness mission to fulfill generally takes a reasonable amount of time to make the journey; his chief aim is to get there safely.

This craving for speed has become a sort of disease with some people. It isn't fair, however, to find fault with the railroads for creating faster trains. They have to cater to people who want speed, and if those people do not receive such service from the railroads they will patronize the airlines or whatever else gets them through space in record time.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

ROYALTY AND DOGS

From earliest times British dogs have owed not a little to the patronage of Royalty, although probably never before have they been so markedly in favor as today, when nearly every member of the Royal Family is a dog owner.

Since the days when Richard II. deserted by all save his faithful greyhound, Mathe, surrendered the throne to Bolingbroke, nearly all the Kings and Queens of England have been distinguished by their love of dogs. Henry VIII we are told, allowed neither "greyhounds nor mastiffs nor any other breeds at Court," but his own dogs in "crimson leather collars studded with pearls" accompanied him on all occasions, and the Court rules were so far amended as to permit Anne Boleyn, while still a lady-in-waiting, to keep a spaniel and a wolfhound, for whose depredations among sheep His Majesty was sometimes called upon to pay out of the Privy Purse.

Henry II had his pet dogs, and the Stuarts were all dog lovers in the truest sense of the word.

No more pathetic tale was ever told than of Mary Queen of Scots, whose little Skye Terrier crept under her robes as she bent down for execution, and, bathed in her blood, refused comfort or human companionship until he, too passed away. Then James I, it is recorded, never tired of the chase in company of his sporting dogs; Charles I was one of the great dog-lovers of mediaeval times and one recalls that the poignant appeal of Charles II; "Will they never cease robbing His Majesty?" referred to the loss of one of his pets.

I think that Pepys, in recording the King's insistence on the presence of his spaniels within the Council Chamber, mentioned that they did not always appeal in quite the same way to his subjects, who were inclined to echo the sentiments of a courtier who, being severly nipped on one occasion, prayed God "to bless Your Majesty and damn your dogs."

From the earliest years of her reign, Queen Victoria did her utmost to encourage pedigree breeding. It is recorded that her first love was a spaniel and throughout her life collies, dachhounds and others, to many of whom tablets are erected in the grounds at Windsor, followed in succession until at the time of her death she owned more than seventy dogs.

No one who witnessed King Edward's funeral procession will ever forget the pathetic figure of Caesar, the wire-haired terrier, who refused to be banished from the room when the King was dying. And everyone is familiar with the pictures of King George's Labradors, the Prince of Wales' Cairn terriers and Alsatians, and seldom are portrait groups of other members of the Royal Family without at least one doggy member of the circle.

GIFTS for *HER*

Attractively Priced!

THE accessory gift . . . that little better quality gift than she might purchase for herself . . . is the ideal gift to please and thrill her. . . . Early in the season we decided to present a Christmas accessory parade unequalled in quality, and attractively priced. . . Illustrated here are but a few of the items on display.

OPEN EVENINGS 'TIL CHRISTMAS

Gift Gloves . . . glace kids and suedes 49c to $1.95

Gift Handbags . . . every new modern model $1.00 to $3.25

Gift Hosiery . . . pure silk, full-fashioned 89c to $1.00

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Handkerchiefs . . . finest linen, handmade 5c to $1.00

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D. Brill & Co.

PHONE 167 GEORGETOWN

Gifts to gladden the hearts of BudgetShoppers

Georgetown Business Men

YOU CAN DO BETTER BY PATRONIZING YOUR LOCAL BUSINESS MEN

No Matter What You May Require—You Can Get it in Georgetown

The following is a list of merchants, professional men, agents and dealers in Georgetown:—

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DOMINION STORES—Groceries.
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M. DOYLE—Garage.
CHAS. DAWSON—Cut flowers.
LeROY DALE—Barrister.
ERWIN & GOLDHAM—Meats of all kinds.
W. T. EVANS—Real Estate and Insurance.
A. E. FAIRNELL—Groceries and crockery.
J. FARMER—Florist and service station.
LYLA FRANCIS—Beauty parlor.
GEORGETOWN LUMBER CO.
GEORGETOWN CREAMERY.
GOLDEN GATE CAFE.
F. GOLDEN—Barber.
J. H. JORDAN — Watchmaker and jeweller.
J. GIBBONS—Barber.
GILMAN'S DAIRY.
DR. GOLLOP—Dentist.
H. W. HINTON—Watchmaker and jeweller.
HADDELL'S BAKERY—Bread and cakes.
GEORGETOWN "HERALD"—Printing and publishing.
E. HOLMES—Shoe repairing.
WM. HUFFMAN—Barber.
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KEMBLEAD'S BAKERY—Bread and cakes.
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J. H. LILLICO—Barber and beauty parlor.
HUGH LINDSAY—Radios.
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MacCORMACK'S DRUG STORE.
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ROBI'S DRUG STORE.
SPEIGHT'S GARAGE and service station
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H. SILVER—Ladies and gents furnishings.
F. SINCLAIR—Vulcanizing and batteries.
J. SQUIRES—Service station.
SAUNDER'S STORE—Groceries.
H. STOCKFORD—Tailor, cleaning and pressing.
R. H. THOMPSON & Co.—Hardware, plumbing and tinsmithing.
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J. TOST—Wood.
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FRANK C. WHITTEMORE—Radios and service.
J. WILLIAMSON—Barber.
DR. WATSON—Dentist
DR. WILLIAMS—Physician.
E. E. YOUNG—Lunches and tobacco.

CLEAN AND STERILIZE ALL DAIRY UTENSILS

The keeping quality of milk depends directly upon the number of bacteria present and this in turn depends upon the throughness with which dairy utensils have been cleaned and sterilized. The use of live steam or scalding with boiling water is always effective providing it is available in sufficient volume out as a general rule the quantity available on the average farm is inadequate for effective results. It is for this reason that the use of chlorine in suitable form is recommended by bacteriological experts. It acts rapidly in cold water, and is cheaper and more convenient than the heat treatment generally recommended. When properly employed chlorine sterilization gives excellent results and the practice, already general among milk and other food plants, is spreading to the dairy farms.

Patients Play Patience as Health Returns

The game of "Patience" provides one means of whiling away a pleasant hour, for there are no restrictions upon the player and the cards may be gathered up at will and put away when interest wanes. Another form of "Patience" is being played by the inmates of the Toronto Hospital for Consumptives, the Muskoka Hospital for Consumptives and the Queen Mary Hospital for Consumptive Children but, there is a difference—they can't leave off when they wish.

At these three sanctuaries for the frail victims of tuberculosis, the never-ending fight is carried on for the lives of men, women and children. Over a thousand patients are being cared for in these hospitals where kindly doctors and nurses smile with their patients at gains in weight and strength. There is hope for their recovery if friends continue the voluntary contributions of other years for it is a fact that few of the patients can pay anything toward their keep and the three hospitals must largely depend upon gifts if the work is to continue. Will you please assist in this great work by sending what you can to George E. Field, Treasurer, Hospital for Sick Children, 229 College Street, Toronto 2.

Hinton's Jewellery & Gift Shop, Georgetown

A Special Prize of a 54-Piece Cabinet of Canadian Rogers Co. Silverware will be given away on Christmas Eve to the one whose name is drawn from a sealed box at

Every purchaser of goods from 5c to any amount will sign a coupon and place it in the box. You can get hundreds of coupons—One with each purchase.

START EARLY AND CONTINUE OFTEN

— BARGAINS IN GIFTS EACH WEEK —

Rolex, Vadis, Hudson fine Watches for Ladies & Gents

Rings, Necklets, Compacts, Links, Cigarette Cases and Lighters

HIS AMAZING LOVE

(By Josephine King)

I was hurrying across the small plot of grass between the Hospital and the Nurses' Residence one fine morning on the way to my office when I encountered a youth loitering around.

"Are you wanting anything?" "Yes, I'm just waiting to see Nurse Robinson." "Well you'll hardly see her this early as, no doubt, she is on duty." "Oh yes I will, for I 'phoned her I'd be waiting around here about ten, and that she could see me by looking out of the window, but she hasn't come yet." He was very confident.

I scented a romance right there, and asked a few leading questions which brought forth: "Yes, he'd been a patient in the Hospital for five weeks, had been operated upon for Mastoiditis." He had no difficulty in pronouncing the word. I noticed —"and did I think Nurse Robinson would be long?" I did not, "for," I said, "it is my firm intention of telephoning right away, and telling her that there is a fine upstanding chap looking up at her window, and that will bring her on the run, I know."

He smiled, with some confusion, but with evident relief. "What Ward is she on, Ward 3? All right, you wait just where you are for one minute."

I could not reach my office quickly enough; I was thrilled at my find. Here was a youngster anxiously waiting outside of a Hospital to obtain a glimpse of his nurse! Could you conceive of anything quite so lovely? One would imagine that the whole Hospital episode would make him eager to put miles between him and the place. But no, there he was, hungering for a look at the one who had bent over him in his pain. Just what tenderness, understanding of his plight, and real pakship, had "Nurse Robinson" shown that had irresistably drawn him back to her?

These were the thoughts that chased through my mind as I tried, almost frantically, to get the switchboard, and my heart blessed her.

"Oh dear, line busy!" Another minute's wait, and still busy. It was really ridiculous how impatient I was. I gave a hurried glance through the window. Yes, he was still there, gazing intently towards the building. At last: "Is that Miss Robinson, yes? Well for mercy sake do take time to show yourself at the back window, and view your young Romeo. Yes, Tommy L. do you remember him? Well step on the gas and end his agony of waiting. It's pathetic to see." With a merry laugh, and "I will," the receiver was hung up.

I looked out again. There he stood, with such a pleased and satisfied look on his young face. I feel impatient at my inability to picture him thus for others to see; the eager eyes, and such a winning shyness in his attitude as he stood there in the early morning sunlight, straight and slim as a sapling, with his arm up-raised drawing her gaze in his direction, and to my, perhaps romantic, eyes, showing just a hint of his not-too-far-away manhood. He was just twelve.

When he was leaving, I called him into my office. I was anxious to talk further with him, to draw him out, and obtain if I could, something of what was in his heart. But alas! he was not of the fulsome kind, and his eyes questioned: "Why all this interest?" "Oh, it hadn't been too bad; he wouldn't mind being back, only for the sick part, and of course he wouldn't like to be operated upon again for he might die." "Were the nurses good to him?" "Well, he'd say so, they were great!" That was about all he would commit himself to in words, but I had seen his eyes, and he had come back to the Hospital. That was enough to fire my imagination. "Come back again soon" I said as he left, "to see me as well as Nurse Robinson."

I sat down quietly at my desk, stirred at what had, so unexpectedly, been granted to me—the manifestation of an adoring love of a small patient for his nurse. A most wonderful movie had been enacted right before my astonished eyes, on a stage presenting a little green sward behind the towering walls of a large and old institution, the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto. I wish others could have shared it with me, but my eyes alone had seen it.

Had I been depressed that morning as I started out for my office? Well just a little, perhaps, but not now. The whole work had been glorified for me, and magnified. How privileged to be on the staff of an institution where not only were ailing little ones nursed back to health and strength, but where such an atmosphere of tender and understanding love abounded as to make these youngsters eager to come back "to see Nurse Robinson," and which made possible such a lovely scene as I had witnessed. Was my share in it, humble as it was, worthwhile? I had been shown it was.

And so I am going to ask you to help us in this work of curing the sick little ones of Ontario. The need for funds is most urgent. Last year we nursed 7,511 patients in our cots and gave 23,789 treatments at our Out-Patient Department. This does not begin to tell the humanity of the work accomplished, it merely gives you a glimpse of what it must have been. Your contribution may be sent care of the Secretary-Treasurer, Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto.

No amount is too small—"Many littles mak' a muckle."

It Pays to Advertise