The Georgetown Herald.

FIFTIETH YEAR — GEORGETOWN, WEDNESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 11, 1916. — ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM

THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING AT THE HERALD POWER PRINTING OFFICE GEORGETOWN - - - ONT.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One year, $1.00; Six months, 50 cents; Three months, 25c cents, in advance.

The address label shows the date your subscription expires.

CONTRACT ADVERTISING RATES

Published on application

Ten cents per line for first insertion, and five cents per line for each subsequent insertion will be charged for all transient advertisements. Twelve lines to an inch.

Advertisements without specific directions, will be inserted until forbid and charged accordingly.

Advertisements will be changed once each month without extra charge.

Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by Monday evening.

J. M. MOORE, Publisher.

G. T. R. Time Table.

GOING EAST.

Passenger	7.26 a.m
Passenger	9.13 a.m
Passenger	10.10 a.m
Mail	11.30 a.m
Passenger	3.45 p.m
Mail	7.15 p.m

GOING WEST.

Passenger	12.50 a.m.
Passenger	8.01 a.m.
Mail	10.10 a.m.
Passenger	2.08 p.m.
Passenger	6.50 p.m.
Mail	5.55 p.m.
Mail	7.57 p.m.

GOING NORTH.

Mail	8.00 a.m.
Passenger	5.15 p.m.

GOING SOUTH.

Passenger	10.10 a.m.
Mail	7.55 p.m.

Georgetown Conservative Ass'tion

Meets the last Tuesday of each Month. . . .

S. YOUNG, President. WM. ARNOLD, Secretary

DIRECTORY

Legal

W. A. CAMPBELL
(Successor to Messrs. Goodwille & Goodwille.)
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c. Money to loan. Office at Messrs. Goodwillie' old stand, Georgetown.

SHILTON, WALLBRIDGE & DALE.
Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.
TORONTO AND GEORGETOWN
Office: Kennedy Block.
Le Roy. Dale, in charge of Georgetown Office.

Medical

DR. A. McALLISTER
Physician and Surgeon. (Successor to Dr. Elliott.) Office hours 8 to 9.30 a.m. 2 to 4 p.m. 7 to 8 p.m. Office and residence first door south of Baptist church.

DR. JOSEPH McANDREW
Physician, etc. Office Hours: 8 to 9 a.m. 1 to 4 and 7 to 8 p.m.

Chiropractic

No Medicine, Surgery or Osteopathy
A. M. MEILSEN, D.C.
Graduate of "The Palmer," the Origina School of Chiropractic, Davenport, Iowa, U.S.A.
Office next to Dr. Heath
Consultation and Spinal Analysis Free Tues., Thurs. and Sat., 2 to 5 & 7 to 8 p.m.
Phone 156 for Appointment

Dental

FRANK R. WATSON, D.D.S., M.D.S.
DENTIST
Georgetown, Ont. Hours: 8.30 a.m. to 5 p.m. Dentistry in all its branches Over Bank of Hamilton.

F. L. HEATH L.D.S., D.D.S.
DENTIST
Office in Lane Block one door north of O'Neill's Carriage Factory. Hours 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Veterinary

R. R. NICKELL, V.S.
(Successor to H. G. Reed, V.S.)
Office and infirmary, Mr. Reed's old stand. Cattle dehorned. Phone 37.

DR. J. BOVARD, V.S., B.V.Sc.
NORVAL
Graduate Ontario Veterinary College and Toronto University.
Diseases of all Domesticated Animals Treated on the most Scientific Principles.
Call Phone—Bell 101 ring 14.
Chinguacousy 237 ring 21.

Auctioneers

J. A. BELL
Licensed Auctioneer, Halton, Peel and Wellington. Residence Church street, Georgetown. Sales conducted at reasonable rates. Real Estate bought and sold. Satisfaction guaranteed

BENJ. PETCH
Licensed Auctioneer for Halton and Peel, Glenwilliams Post Office. Sales conducted satisfactorily and at reasonable rates. Orders left at the GEORGETOWN HERALD OFFICE will receive prompt attention

F. S. NEAR
Issuer of *Marriage Licenses.*
Agent for the *Best Fire, Life and Accident Insurance.*
Residence:—Queen Street, Georgetown

LEE SING LAUNDRY
The Old Reliable Laundry
First-Class work guaranteed at THE LOWEST PRICE
Shirts 5c.
BON BLOCK — GEORGETOWN

No Shovelling Required !!

STANDARD ANTHRACITE

SCRANTON COAL
in all sizes
Automatically Screened and Loaded

Coal & Wood

Select Lump for Domestic and Threshing Purposes. Smithing and Cannel Coal. In fact I carry everything to be found in an up-to-date Coal and Wood Yard.

JOHN McDONALD
Georgetown
Phone 13

J. W. KENNEDY

Hardware, Paints, Stoves, Tinware, Electric Fixtures, Sewer Pipe, and Cement
Tinsmithing and Plumbing
Hot Air and Hot Water Heating
Electric Wiring

J. W. KENNEDY

PHONE 25
Georgetown, Ont.

INSURANCE

Fire, Life and Accident

Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Clerk Third Division Court

C. C. ROB, GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

R. C. NIXON

GEORGETOWN

Substantially Made HARNESS

REGINA PNEUMATIC CLEANERS for Rental at 1 dollar per day

A good Assortment of TRUNKS and VALISES

Agent for Page Wire Fence

REPAIRING Promptly done

NIXON'S HARNESS and REPAIR SHOP

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

In all countries. Ask for our INVENTOR'S ADVISER, which will be sent free.
MARION & MARION,
364 University St. Montreal.

Arthur B. Castell
Y.S.P. COLLEGE of MUSIC
London, England.
Teacher of Piano, Organ, Cornet, Violin and Singing.
Tuition Fee (in any branch) $5.50 per term of 20 lessons, at my residence Main St., Georgetown, or at pupil's home.
Pianos Tuned.

J. A. TRACY
Clerk of Esquesing Township.
Agent for Federal Life Insurance Co., Canada National Fire Insurance Co., Travellers' Accident Insurance Co., Great West Permanent Loan Co. Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
Office: Council Chamber Stewartown.

SCRANTON

COAL

In all sizes.

We have in stock a large amount of Slabs in four-foot lengths suitable for summer fuel.

Portland Cement

Flour, Feed and Provisions.

John Ballantine
GEORGETOWN, - - ONT
Phone 30.

J. M. Buck
BUTCHER
Georgetown
Always has on Hand the Finest of
BEEF & PORK
SAUSAGE, BOLOGNA, ETC.
HOME CURED HAMS & BACON
LAMB & VEAL
IN SEASON
STUFFED and PLAIN OLIVES
HEINTZ SWEET PICKLES IN BULK

The D.L. & W.R.R. CO'S

Scranton Coal!

(The Standard Anthracite)

The D.L. & W. Scranton in all sizes is the only hard coal we carry. A large stock now on hand. Also threshing and smithing coal. Coal bins opposite Norval station

Phone 62r24 Bell Line.

J. WATKINS - Norval

SILO

Lumber

We have D and M 2 x 6 B.C.

Cedar Spruce or Hemlock

Cresote treated if wanted

Will quote you price complete erected.

J. B. Mackenzie
Acton and Georgetown

Wall Paper !

Have a fine selection for 1916. I can supply your paper and also hang it, saving disappointment. Ask to see my samples.

E. BLUDD
Paper Hanger and Decorater, Box 109, Glenwilliams, Ont.

W. G. Fare

Carpenter & Builder

Dwellings remodelled, Verandahs, Sun-rooms and Stairs built, hard wood Floors and Shingles laid.

Queen St. P. O. Box 11
GEORGETOWN, Ontario

Our Men's Shoes

Our showing of Fall Shoes is a display of special merit. The styles are correct. The workmanship is of the highest character and every shoe will give thoroughly dependable and satisfactory service.

Our lines are complete. Men's G. M. Rec. ice, at the old price $5.00. Our stock of plow boots cannot be beat.

RUMFORD THE SHOE MAN

"The Home of Better Shoes"

Help Wanted!

at Once

2 Spinners 2 Winders
2 Menders
Night Watchman

Highest Wages and Steady Work. Apply at once

Glen Woollen Mills, GLENWILLIAMS ONTARIO

Georgetown Mills!

Guelph Street

Flour, Feed, Hay, Straw and Poultry Supplies.

Chopping from 7 a.m. to 5 p.m

Highest market price Paid for Barley and Oats.

R. D. Gardiner, Proprietor

Now is the time for Vinegar and Pickling Spices

We have a supply of Extra Choice Pickling Vinegar, both the Cider and White Wine varieties. It is ideal for pickling purposes and will insure the best results every time. We advise you to get a supply before this Special Make is gone.

Pickling Spices

Let us supply the spices and you will be sure of satisfactory results. Pure spices are so much stronger, so much farther and are much more delicate and appetizing, that they are worth double the inferior quality, which are sold at low prices. The best is always the cheapest. Satisfaction guaranteed.

A. M. GRANDY
Phone 26, Georgetown

New Butcher Shop

In the Lane Block

The Sweetness and Purity

of the meats found in this shop will add zest to each and every meal time in your house. Prompt delivery complete the satisfaction you will find in trading here.

PHONE 196

CLIFFORD LINHAM, Georgetown

"HERALD" Advertisements are Business Getters. Let's Prove it for YOU . . . . . .

CONFESSION

There comes a time to every heart
When thoughts are pounding at its breast
And when he feels no longer will
He live and keep them more pressed
His brain is throbbing, and the latest
Relate his troubles then and there
To one good friend that he can trust.

We think we keep our secrets well
But none of us can live alone,
And each of us some time must tell
To some one else what we have known.

Enough of us there comes the day
When sick with shame or care or grief
We seek some friend along the way
And in confession find relief.

A friend to turn to! That's the need
Of every man and woman here,
Someone to hear us and to heed,
None one to share our secrets dear
When comes the day the soul demands
Its right to speech, and talk we must
We seek the friend who understands,
The friend that we have learned to trust.

There is no torture quite so great
As thoughts we do not dare to share,
The soul grows weary with their weight
It fights, like stifling men, for air;
And I am sorry for the man
When comes this day, as come it must
Who has no friend to whom he can
Pour out his woes in perfect trust.

To-Day's Story

The Girl at Clancy's Ball

She Had One Short Romance.

By CHARLES ALBERT WILLIAMS

Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

John Harmon of the Morning Bulletin puffed abstractedly upon his cigar and gazed around the tumultuous hall. It was the night of Boss Clancy's ball.

The dancing floor was crowded with rotating men and women. Girls of the shop and factory swayed and gyrated in the clasp of men, coarse featured and uninteligent.

Harmon roused from his contemplation of the noisy scene and turned to his companion, Mowbray of the Recorder.

"If anything's going to break here tonight let it come soon," he remarked. Mowbray shrugged indifferently.

A young girl, her face flushed from the last dance, hurried toward the reporters' table. She was a frail little creature of twenty, blue eyed and blond. Frequently as she approached she looked back and muttered a frightened glance at a man following her.

"Excuse me," she said half breathlessly, halting before the newspaper men and addressing Harmon. "Help me out of this, please. This man has been annoying me—wants me to dance with him. I'm afraid of him."

"Sit down," Harmon said crisply.

He faced her and affected a conversation.

The man came up presently and, pausing only to glare belligerently at Harmon, reached over and seized the girl's arm.

"Never mind your dandy dude friend," he blurted; "spiel this with me." The girl drew back and shook her head.

"Come on," the stranger insisted, retaining her arm.

The girl made a sudden, violent movement and wrenched herself from his grasp. He leaned forward to clutch her, but Harmon caught his hand.

"What's the use?" he remarked, laughing. "You can't make the girl dance. Don't insist. You'll cause a scene."

The stranger turned to Harmon, his mouth drawn into a menacing snarl.

"Don't mix in this unless"— He waved his hand threateningly. "Well, you don't want to be sorry, do you?" He became enraged at Harmon's cool glance.

"Who are you, anyway?" he bawled. "Know who I am? I'm one of Clancy's men."

Harmon smiled: "I'm not at all interested in your pedigree," he said. "It seems to me you might let her alone in spite of it."

A malignant light glowed in the stranger's eyes.

"Say," he said, "I do things my own way." His voice rose to a shout. "An' this is my gal, see!"

He placed his hands upon Harmon's shoulders. Before the reporter could rise from his chair he was hurled backward, but he caught the edge of the table and escaped a nasty fall.

With lips compressed in an effort to control an outburst, he scrambled to his feet and stood silent a moment considering what he might best do to avert the fellow's violence and yet assist the girl.

He opened his lips to speak, but was interrupted by the cry of "A fight!" which went up from a nearby table.

There was a scurrying of feet, and a group of eager eyed, expectant men and women gathered about them. Mowbray stepped between the two men.

"Steady, John," he said. "This sort of thing is hardly"—

Harmon felt a stinging blow upon his head, then suddenly he went blind and unconscious.

Later, in the hospital, he opened his eyes wide and staring. He stirred uneasily and rolled his pounding head upon the pillows.

Somewhat indistinctly he saw the many cots and heard the heavy breathing of those about him. He was bewildered for a space, but sensations of dull, pulsating pain assured him he was back in a real world.

He wondered just what had occurred, but, contenting himself with the reflection that he would soon learn all from Mowbray, he fell asleep.

He awoke in a world of sunshine and less pain. Save an occasional intermittent numbness and throbbing at the temples he was comfortable.

From the nurse who brought him breakfast he learned that it was almost midday.

"A young woman called to see you early this morning," the nurse told him as he handed her the tray.

"A young woman?" he asked.

The nurse nodded. "She said she'd be back."

Young woman! Harmon was plunged into perplexity by the incident and turned at once to the consideration of this new phase of his adventure.

Of the many young women of his acquaintance he could think of none who might call upon him in his present predicament. One would doubtless visit him upon hearing of his plight, but she had left the city only the preceding afternoon to visit her people in Chicago.

Thought he abandoned the subject after fruitless musings. It occurred to him, several times as he lay planning idly over the morning newspapers.

He was pleased to see that they had omitted any reference to the incident at the ball. For this he mutely thanked Mowbray.

In the evening as the lights were being switched on the nurse announced the return of his visitor.

A few moments afterward she appeared in the doorway. Harmon recognized her in one sweeping glance as she approached his cot—the girl at the ball.

"Well?" he said, repressing his astonishment. She looked timidly down at him.

"You know me?" she asked in a frightened tone. He nodded and smiled to put her at her ease. There was an embarrassed pause.

"I felt I ought to come and thank you," she broke in. He made a careless gesture.

"Quite unavoidable, Miss"—

"Rogers—Sadie Rogers," she prompted, a touch of color appearing in her thin, white cheeks.

Harmon lifted his head and bowed an awkward acknowledgment.

"What happened to me?" he asked.

"No one seemed to know anything about it," she explained, "except that you were hit with a bottle. They couldn't find out who did it. I'm glad, anyway, nobody was arrested. I'd have gone, too, I suppose."

Harmon nodded comprehension.

"How did you find me?" he went on.

"Your friend told me who you were and where they had taken you," she replied, smiling.

She had been standing with her hands behind her as they chatted. Suddenly she made an impulsive little movement and thrust forth a small cluster of roses.

"Will you take these? They help me say 'thanks,'" she said.

Harmon looked at her in surprise and for the first time observed closely her appearance. There was no health in her cheeks, and she looked worn and weary.

The cheap finery of the previous evening had vanished, and in its place had come a coarse black skirt, an ill fitting blue jacket and a broad, flat hat that seemed to accentuate her pale, blue eyed wistfulness.

"It's nice of you," he said at length.

A queer little smile flashed across her face, and she placed the flowers in his hand.

Sadie, faint voiced and diffident, called at the hospital each day thereafter. Her visits were brief and uneventful. She remained for a few moments to exchange the usual commonplaces with Harmon. Always, despite his protests, she brought a cluster of fresh roses.

In the beginning Harmon had decided not to permit her to continue to see him, but she sounded a sympathetic note in his nature, and he found himself unable to send her away.

Though she seemed a poor, pitiable bit of drift, she revealed traces of uncultivated intelligence and refinement, and he became interested in her. In the end he resolved to learn more about her and, if possible, to help her.

"You are going home tomorrow?" she asked on the evening of the last day.

"Not really home," he replied, laughing. "I hail from the country." Her tired face brightened.

"Indeed! I'm from up state myself."

"You're all alone here?" he inquired.

She nodded slowly.

"Tell me about coming here—everything," he invited.

She plucked at a jacket button and seemed reluctant to answer, but after a moment said: "Well, father wasn't a much account man, so when mother died I hired out. We had folks up from New York, and I heard so much about the city I thought it was a great place. So I came.

"I'm not a fool," she continued, with a dispirited smile. "Up in the country I went to school as long as I could, but when I got down here it didn't help me any.

"What could I do? I didn't know anything about offices. I wasn't a type writer, and there wasn't much time to decide, so I went into one of the big stores.

"What I make just about goes round for room and meals and something to wear. Once in awhile there's a moving picture show.

"Clancy's ball was free, so me and a couple of girls went there. But I'll know better next time.

"You know, I'd like to do better, to learn something that'd help me. I tried night school, but I couldn't stand it after working all day. And I can't learn from library books," she concluded, sighing.

Harmon was intent upon every expression of her face.

"Wouldn't it be better if you married soon?" he asked.

She shrugged her shoulders wearily. "I've thought a lot about that," she said slowly, "and I don't think I can marry the kind o' men I meet."

Harmon looked at her in thoughtful silence.

"Suppose I could help you in a way," he said directly, "would you let me?"

"How?" Her glance was quizzical.

"A young woman at one of the settlements—she's money and could help you that way. She'd fix it so you'd have time to study. Later on you could get a place in an office, and then better things would be possible."

Sadie's wistful blue eyes shone with sudden interest; then she frowned her doubt.

"You're sure she could do it?"

He nodded. "Yes, she's soon to be married and give up her work. She'd be delighted."

"She's going to marry you, maybe?" she asked, dropping her eyes.

"Yes," he answered.

Her voice fell to a whisper. "Oh, I see," she said. She bowed her head and stared at the floor. Then she raised her face and, smiling, extended her hand. "Goodby," she said.

THE PILOT FISH.

He's Just a Common Scamper and Not a Guide For the Shark.

People who named this fish believed he served as guide and pilot, whereas he is nothing more than a hanger. Because he is usually found swimming ahead of a shark people used to think he was serving as a sentry to warn the shark when danger approached. Now we know he is hovering around for crumbs of food he can beg or pick up from the shark, yet the old name sticks, and he's called the pilot fish.

There is another old story to the effect that the pilot fish warned sailors when their ships were nearing the rocks, and for that reason the fish was held sacred by the ancients. They thought the fish suddenly disappeared when the ship was approaching land, thereby giving the warning.

The shark phase of the story was that the pilot fish accompanied the shark continually, and when the shark was about to take a fisherman's hook the pilot went through such contortions that the shark was warned to leave the bait alone.

So instead of standing guard as a sentry the pilot fish keeps company with the shark to pick up the fragments of food which the larger fish ignores.

A Mean Advantage.

In a breach of promise case the barrister who held the brief for injured beauty arranged that his fair client should be so placed that her charms should be well under the observation of the jury. He began a most pathetic appeal by directing their attention to her beauty and calling for justice upon the head of him who could wound the heart and betray the confidence of one so fair, concluding with a peroration of such pathos as to melt the court to tears. The counsel for the defendant then rose, and after paying the lady the compliment of admitting that it was impossible not to assent to the encomiums lavished upon her face he added that nevertheless he felt bound to ask the jury not to forget that she wore a wooden leg. Then he sat down. The important fact, of which the fair plaintiff's counsel was unaware, was presently established, and the jury, feeling rather sheepish at their tears, assessed damages at the smallest amount.

Just His Luck.

The convicted murderer's lawyer whispered to his client what he thought would be good news.

"It seems a cinch that you would get life imprisonment," he said, "but I can tell from the judge's look that he is going to let you off with twenty years."

"That may seem nice to you," he said, "but I used to be a life insurance actuary, and for a man of my age twenty years figures out about seven years longer than life imprisonment. I always get the worst of it."

Steam and the Home.

Steam shelled industry out of the home as one shells peas, and put it in the factory. The family, father, mother and the children, tagged after, and home survived merely as a place to eat and sleep.

Applied to transportation, though, steam did even more. It dissolved the population which had caked and clotted in one parish for 1,000 years and made it fluid to run uphill about the earth, uphill from low income to a higher. Nobody lives now where he was born if he can get away. We're here only till something better somewhere else turns up. The attics under the ancestral shingles, full of horsehide trunks that hold the brocaded satins in which our great-great-grandmothers danced with Lafayette—you just read about them in the story books; they don't exist.—Eugene Wood in Century.

The Name Quaker.

A London writer says that the name Quaker "sprang from the lips of a local justice Shallow." This man was one Bennett of Derby. The name was a gibe at George Fox, who once declared in the justice's court that all ought to "quake" at hearing the name of God. The Society of Friends originally called themselves Seekers—a more beautiful and also more obvious but much less picturesque term.

Way to Handle Them.

The divorce court was grinding.

"All ladies who married on a bet or a dare or for a joke will stand up," announced the clerk.

They lined up.

"Your applications are denied. Now the regular cases will be heard."

Defined.

"Pa," said little Willie, "what is the unit rule?"

"Why—er—why, my boy, it's about the same thing as prevails here in this family," said Mr. Slithers. "You may have noticed that whatever your mother says goes."

Tweed Cloth.

The word "tweed" as applied to cloth really means "twilled" and has nothing to do with the river Tweed, although much Scotch tweed is made on the banks of that river.

The Proper Spirit.

"That ticket seller has the right idea."

"In what way?"

"He doesn't act as though he was doing me a personal favor to sell me tickets of admission to his theater."—Detroit Free Press.

Ambiguous.

Wife (shaking her husband)—John, wake up! That's three times I've roused you. Now go and attend to the doors and windows. You don't expect me to shut up, do you? Hub (grouchily)—I wish you would.—Pittsburgh Press.

Proof of It.

"Marriage is a lottery with very few prizes."

"Of course it is. The best man never gets the bride."—Boston American.

One today is worth two tomorrows.—Franklin.