The Georgetown Herald.

FIFTIETH YEAR | GEORGETOWN, WEDNESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 6, 1916 | ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM

THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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The address label shows the date your subscription expires.

CONTRACT ADVERTISING RATES

Furnished on application

Ten cents per line for first insertion, and five cents per line for each subsequent insertion will be charged for all resident 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	9.12 a.m
Passenger	10.10 a.m
Mail	11.50 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	2.05 p.m.
Passenger	4.50 p.m
Mail	8.55 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 Asso'tion

Meets the last Tuesday of each Month. . . .

S. YOUNG, President. WM. ARNOLD, Secretary

DIRECTORY

Legal

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. to 4 and 7 to 8 p.m.

Chiropractic

No Medicine, Surgery or Osteopathy

A. M. NIELSEN, D.C. Graduate of "The Palmer," the Origins 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 8p.m. PHONE 150a 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 a 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 5 p.m.

Veterinary

R. H. 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 227 ring 31.

Auctioneers

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

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 6zrz4 Bell Line.

J. WATKINS • Norval

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 Milverton.

!! 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 carry everything to be found in an up-to date Coal and Wood Yard.

JOHN McDONALD Georgetown Phone 17

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. ROE, GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

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

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

HEINYZ SWEET PICKLES IN BULK

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.

RUBBERS

At this season of the year every person should wear Rubbers one half the time at least. They're a protection to your health and to your shoes as well. Nothing is as hard on your Health and Shoes as getting wet.

We take great pains to fit each shoe with Rubbers of the right model and size

At the Old Price.

RUMFORD THE SHOE MAN

"The Home of Better Shoes"

The Old Cider Woman

A POOR old Cider Woman of long ago explained to her customers that she lost on every glass she sold, but made it up on the great number sold. Figure it out for yourself.

Now we feel sometimes like the old cider woman.

A good weekly newspaper cannot be produced for $1.00 a year. $1.50 is the absolute minimum—and this only when the paper carries a goodly amount of advertising.

The costs of publishing are going higher every year. And this higher cost must be collected from some source.

We believe that you are ready in your mind to pay more for your weekly newspaper. You know that in your own buying or selling, prices in scarcely anything remain 'fixed' year after year, as has the price of your weekly newspaper. You are paying more—very much more—for almost everything in common use.

We put it to you: Is it reasonable that the old dollar rate of the country weekly remain unchanged in the light of the costs of other manufactured products?

And in the confidence that you will agree that it is absolutely just to raise the subscription price of The HERALD, we announce that on and after Jan. 1st the price of the HERALD will be $1.50, if not paid in advance before that date.

We are counting on you to fall into line with the necessities of the situation, and that you will agree with us when we say that three cents a week for the HERALD is little enough when one figures out what it costs to produce it every week.

WANTED NOW !

Reliable Salesman to act as Agent in Halton County

Pay Weekly

Outfit free, exclusive territory and money making specialties. Our specialties are the lead in the business for we sell the highest grade of stock at most reasonable prices and guarantee deliveries in first class condition. Nursery stock is selling well this year and good money can be made in this district For particulars write Sales Manager,

PELHAM NURSERY CO. TORONTO - ONTARIO

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. DOLLMOR OF MUSIC London, England

Graduate Royal Academy of Music, Gold Medalist

Teacher of Piano, Organ, Cornet, Violin and Singing

Tuition Fee (in any branch) $2.00 per term of 20 lessons, at my residence Main St., Georgetown, or at pupil's home.

Pianos Tuned.

PATTERSON'S

Meat Market

FRESH FISH THIS WEEK

Choice Meats

New Laid Eggs, and

Best Butter

at Lowest Possible Prices for Choice Quality

Watch our Window

for extra good values on Fridays and Saturdays

Choice Beef sold by Quarter also Hogs whole or half at Market Prices

Any person having Veal Calves for sale, please phone or write us

W. J. PATTERSON

PHONE 1 GEORGETOWN

THE HOME TOWN

Some folks leave home for money
And some leave home for fame,
Some seek a place where entry
And some depart in shame.
I care not what the reason
Men travel east or west,
Or what the month or season,
The home town is the best.

The home town is the glad spot
Where something real abides,
'Tis not the money mad town
That all in spirit slides.
Through strife and sport and floor is,
And eyes see his name,
It has a charm about it
No other town can claim.

The home town skies seem bluer
Than skies that stretch away;
The home town friends seem truer
And kinder through the day.
And whether glum or cheery
Light hearted or depressed,
Or struggle fit or weary
I like the home town best.

Let him who will go wander
To distant towns to live,
Of some things I am fonder
Than all they have to give.
The gold of distant places
Could not repay me quite
For those familiar faces.
That keep the home town bright.

To Day's Story

The Chase of An Aeroplane

And What Resulted Therefrom.

By AGNES G. BROGAN

When the house that had been building opposite where Madge Carlton lived was finished, the refuse removed and the grounds had been leveled and sodded Madge looked upon the place with envy. The house was as dainty as a Swiss cottage. On the grounds here and there were little clumps of evergreens, while the whole was surrounded by a hedge.

"I'll bet that house," said Madge to herself, "was built by an artistic architect and the grounds were laid out by a landscape gardener."

Madge had a taste for pretty places, and the burden of her desires was to be mistress of one. The house opposite suited her exactly.

The next passion to covetousness that took possession of Madge Carlton was curiosity. Who would occupy it when finished? Would it be an old woman living alone, with no one to comfort her? Would it be a middle aged couple with many small children? Would there be an unmarried man in the family, and would he be—nice? That was the womanly way of expressing it. It was not! Would he be heroic? Would he be manly? Would he be honorable? No; it was not any of these alone, but all in one, and that one was expressed in the word nice. She hoped there would be a single man in the new house, that he would be nice, and on these hopes rested a third. We shall see whether or not this third hope was gratified.

One morning large posters decorated the town where Madge lived announcing that an exhibition would be given by an aeronaut. Every member of her family except Madge was on tiptoe of excitement to see the performance. On the morning of its occurrence she was sitting on the porch. She was looking at the new house opposite which was now occupied. From it she turned her gaze upon the throng who passed continuously on their way to the city pleasure grounds, where the famous bird man was due to arrive in his wonderful aeroplane, and to give there his exhibition. Her own family had gone long ago, and Madge had shaken her head in decided refusal at her brother's invitation to join them.

"No, thank you," she answered. "I wouldn't walk as far as the corner on a hot day like this to see all the aeroplanes in the world. This cool veranda suits me much better."

She rocked back and forth now, enjoying the light breeze which softly flapped the awnings, her little bare arms clasped high above her head. The last footfall died away, and the shady avenue was unusually silent, when presently there came from out the sky a loud humming noise as of a giant bee. Nearer it drew—still nearer, echoing and resounding in the stillness, until at length, pellmell from verandas and doorways, people ran flocking into the street:

"It is coming," they called to each other; "it is coming; it is here."

Madge leaned forward excitedly. High across the cloudless blue, with great outstretched wings like some monstrous bird, there rushed a dark object. Onward it went, straight as an arrow, never swerving from its course, never ceasing in its mad flight until screaming trees hid it from view of the watchers.

Wildly the crowd gave chase, hoping to get another glimpse in the next clearing of this wondrous, whirring thing.

Without an instant's hesitation Madge, who had scorned her brother's enthusiasm, now breathlessly followed the crowd. Over the lawn and down the street twinkled the heels of her little white shoes. She fell at the curb and when a kindly hand assisted her to rise hurried on again without a civil "thank you." With fine disregard she tripped lightly across the road before the very lamps of a racing automobile.

"There it is!" said a triumphant voice.

"Where?" she cried.

"Above the tallest tree," the voice answered.

"I cannot see it," Madge said impatiently.

A hand reached over her shoulder, pointing upward.

"If you will look exactly where I tell you," the owner of the hand suggested, "you will see it."

"I do now," she replied. "It is growing smaller. It must be very high up."

"About 1,800 feet," the voice answered exultantly.

Madge gave a little cry of disappointment.

"Oh, it is gone!" she said. "Can't we see it farther on?"

The man looked around quickly.

"This way!" he called, and ran swiftly up a wide, gravelled path. She started bravely in pursuit, then stood still.

"I cannot go another step," she answered wearily.

The man turned back.

"Let me help you," he said, and immediately slipped his arm beneath her elbow. It was a very strong arm. Madge accepted its aid unconsciously and was conscious of a comforting sense of protection throughout her confusing flight. They rested at last upon a broad expanse of lovely lawn.

"Stand just here," the man commanded, "and you will have an unobstructed view."

Madge the willful meekly obeyed, gazing in awed silence until the "ship of the sky" had sailed far into the distance, its throbbing engines sending back no sound. Then with its disappearance her strange excitement seemed to vanish. She turned, half dazedly, to look into the eyes of her companion.

"Where are we?" she asked slowly.

The young man in turn regarded his surroundings with a puzzled air.

"I don't know," he stammered. Then his dark eyes twinkled. "Looks like somebody's flower garden."

It was indeed a flower garden. Blooming geraniums bordered the hedge, and roses clambered riotously up their trellises.

"We are trespassing," the girl said severely. "You should not have brought me here."

"Brought you!" the young man exclaimed reproachfully. "Why, you were so keen on seeing that aeroplane I just had to help you along."

Madge studied her escort with interest. He had evidently started out upon this chase as unexpectedly as she, for he was both hatless and coatless. She put up her hand to smooth her disheveled locks, flushing with embarrassment that her sudden interest in aeroplanes should have led her into this peculiar position.

"Never mind," the young man said kindly. "Give me permission and I will see you safely home. The streets will be filled with the returning crowd at this time."

As Madge lingered irresolutely a heavy rumbling overhead caused both to look up in apprehension; then without further warning down came a heavy shower. Great sheets of rain swept the garden; it blew in their faces; it soaked their rumpled hair; it lay in little pools across the driveway. The man caught her hand, drawing her compellingly toward the house in the background.

"Place seems to have been vacated for the summer," he said as they found shelter beneath a veranda roof, "otherwise you might ask for protection inside. The best thing under the circumstances for you to do is to wait here while I go for an umbrella."

Madge looked up at him indignantly.

"Do you think I would be so selfish as that?" she said. "Why, you would be drenched before you could reach the gate."

The man smiled.

"Then we both had better stay where we are for the present. This shower cannot last long."

She flashed a glance at him as he dropped easily into a seat at her side; then, as their eyes met, her laughter rippled merrily.

"Do you know," she said, "I think that in some unaccountable way I have slipped back to my childhood days. Surely it is an unusual proceeding for a grownup to go racing about chasing a big balloon with"—

"A big boy," the man finished laughingly. He bent over her. "Let us keep up the game for awhile," he said impulsively. "One is not often privileged to return to the happy hours of childhood. Now, when I was a kid we became acquainted by simply asking two questions—'What is your name, and where do you live?'"

"Very well," Madge agreed demurely. "What is your name, little boy, and where do you live?"

"My name," the young man answered gravely, "is Thomas Westinghouse Chalmers, generally known as Tommy, and I live on Beechwood avenue."

The girl's eyes widened. "Why, so do I!" she exclaimed.

"Your number?" Tommy asked eagerly.

"Two hundred forty-four. And yours?"

"We are neighbors—near neighbors," the young man answered delightedly. "Mother and I moved recently into the house directly across from yours."

"Really?" said Madge. "How very strange that we should meet in this—er—informal manner."

"Isn't it?" said Thomas Westinghouse Chalmers. His eager eyes sought hers. "It will not be our last meeting if I can help it," he added fervently.

The sun had removed all trace of the shower when he finally stood at the entrance of Madge's home bidding her a reluctant goodby. Then as he reached the gateway he slowly retraced his steps.

"I have a confession to make," he began diffidently. "Please pardon a poor, lonely sinner. You see, I knew that you lived in this house all along. Fact is I spend most of my time just looking over here—and—and it was my overwhelming desire to know you which prompted me to deliberately follow you this afternoon."

Madge looked up at him, gently accusing. Then her lips curved into an inscrutable little smile. "I knew that you followed me," she replied. "I hoped you would when I started."

And when her family returned later, damp and weary after a tiresome wait, because of overcrowded cars, they found that young lady calm and serene rocking to and fro on the veranda.

"You were wise to remain at home, my dear," her mother said, "for gazing at airships is but a foolish pastime."

Madge's eyes shone dreamily. "I think it's a lovely one," she said.

How Madge made the acquaintance of the young man who had moved into the house opposite none of her family could find out. The rest of it was plain enough. He called, he sent her flowers, he took her out to ride in his car, he proposed to her and was accepted, but until Madge, as his wife, entered the place and took possession no one knew how she had angled it and caught it on her hook when the rest of them were making skyward.

A NATURAL PUZZLE

One of the Great Mysteries That Confound Science.

THE FORCE OF GRAVITATION.

This Wonderful Power That Keeps Suns and Planets In Their Courses May Be Waves In the Ether That Push All Bodies Toward Each Other.

The mystery of mysteries is behind the attraction of gravitation—that very force of nature that is the most familiar to us all. It seems strange that the most familiar thing in the world should be at the same time the most inexplicable, but so it is.

In order to see clearly wherein the mystery consists let us first consider what gravitation appears to be. It is gravitation that gives the property of weight to all bodies. If there were no gravitation we could float in the air. It is gravitation that brings a cannon ball eventually to the earth, no matter how swiftly it may be projected. The faster it starts the farther it will go, but during every second of its flight it drops the same distance vertically toward the earth, whether the speed imparted to it by the powder is 500 or 3,000 feet per second. Gravitation acts on a moving body exactly as well as on one at rest.

It is gravitation that curbs the motion of the moon and keeps it in an orbit of which the earth is the active focus.

So, too, it is gravitation that governs the earth in its motion around the sun, preventing it from flying away into boundless space. Astronomy shows that gravitation acts between all the planets and all the stars and controls their motions with respect to one another.

Now, this mysterious force appears to be an attraction as if there were elastic cords connecting all the bodies in space and tending to draw them together. But space, as far as our senses can detect, is empty. How, then, can there be an attraction? In order that a body may be attracted or drawn there must be something to draw it. Gravitation does the trick, but completely hides from us the mechanism through which it acts. We can discover no mechanism at all.

When an unfortunate aeroplanist drops from his machine he begins at once to fall toward the earth as if it were pulling him. But how can it pull if it has nothing to pull with? You may think at first sight that it is the air which acts as an intermediary, but that is not so, because the earth and the moon "pull" upon one another with a force equal to the strength of a steel cable 500 miles in diameter, but there is no air and no other tangible thing in the open space, 240,000 miles across, that gaps between the moon and the earth.

Then gravitation exerts the same force at every instant. No matter how fast the falling aeronaut may be descending at any moment, gravitation will keep on adding speed as if he had just started. Disregarding the slight retardation produced by the resistance of the air, he will fall sixteen feet in the first second, forty-eight feet in the second second, eighty feet in the third second, gaining thirty-two feet in his velocity during every second after the first. From a height of 10,000 feet he would fall in about twenty-five seconds and would strike with a velocity of 400 feet per second.

The same kind of calculation can be applied to the gravitation between the earth and the moon. If the moon were not in motion across the direction of the earth's "pull" it would fall to the earth in about 116 hours.

Now, to return to the mystery, how is this force exerted? Is it really a pull, as it seems to be? The answer to which science is tending is that, instead of being a pull, gravitation is a push—in other words, that the falling aeronaut is pushed toward the ground and the moon is pushed toward the earth.

On the face of it one might think that nothing was gained by this theory, because it seems as impossible that a push should be exerted without a tangible connection as a pull. But the clew is found in the supposed properties of that invisible, intangible, all pervading medium called the ether.

This, to be sure, is explaining one mystery by another, for we know nothing about the ether except that it conveys the waves of light and electricity; but, at any rate, it affords a conceivable explanation of gravitation.—Garrett P. Servis

Carlyle Declined the Honor.

Among the many distinguished men who have refused honors was Thomas Carlyle. Disraeli offered him in the queen's name the Grand Cross of the Bath, "a distinction," writes Froude, "never before conferred upon any English author, with a life income corresponding to such rank." Carlyle declined the honor, but he was deeply touched by the compliment, the more so as he had frequently attacked Disraeli in his writings. Most readers will probably agree with the verdict of the Chelsea bus conductor who said to Froude: "Very proper of the queen to offer it and more proper of him to say that he would have nothing to do with it. 'Tisn't they who can do honor to the likes of he."—London Standard.

Over the Bridge of Sighs.

Nine times out of ten it is over the bridge of sighs that we pass the narrow gulf from youth to manhood. That interval is usually occupied by an ill placed or disappointed affection. We recover and we find ourselves new beings. The intellect has become hardened by the fire through which it has passed. The mind profits by the wrecks of every passion, and we may measure our road to wisdom by the sorrows we have undergone.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Inconsistent Doctor.

"Why are you so sore at Dr. Jonsa?"

"The old hypocrite charged me $10 for advising me to confine myself to a diet of crackers and milk, and the very next evening I saw him in a restaurant blowing in my ten on lobsters and trimmings."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.