The Georgetown Herald.

FIFTY-FIRST YEAR OF PUBLICATION | GEORGETOWN, WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 28, 1917. | $1.50 Per Annum, or $1 25 if Paid in Advance

THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One year, $1.50; or $1.25 if paid in advance; Six months, 65 cents in advance

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 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	9.20 a.m
Passenger	11.00 a.m
Mail	11.39 a.m
Passenger	2.45 p.m
Mail	7.15 p.m

GOING WEST.

Passenger	12.30 a.m.
Mail	8.00 a.m.
Mail	10.10 a.m
Passenger	2.08 p.m.
Passenger	5.31 p.m.
Mail	7.57 p.m.

GOING NORTH.

Mail	8.30 a.m
Mail	6.35 p.m

GOING SOUTH.

Mail	10.10 a.m.
Mail	7.15 p.m

DIRECTORY

Legal

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

Medical

DR. JOSEPH McANDREW
Physician and Surgeon
Medical Officer of Health
District Surgeon G. T. R.
Office hours—2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p.m.
Phone 58
Office and Residence Main St., South, opposite Presbyterian church.

L. L. PLANT, D.O. Oph., D.
GEORGETOWN
Office next to Library. Phone 189
Specialist in Defective
EYESIGHT
OFFICE HOURS
Wednesdays—2 to 5 p.m. and 6 to 9 p.m. Saturdays—2 to 5 p.m. and 6 to 9 p.m.
Phone for an Appointment

Chiropractic

No Medicine, Surgery or Osteopathy
A. M. MEILSEN, D.C.
Graduate of "The Palmer," the Original School of Chiropractic, Davenport, Iowa, U.S.A.
Office over Rumford's Shoe Store
Consultation and Spinal Analysis Free Tues., Thurs. and Sat., 2 to 5 & 7 to 9 p.m
Phone 180a

Dental

FRANK R. WATSON, D.D.S., M.D.S.
DENTIST
Georgetown, Ont. Hours: 8.30 a.m. to 6 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 5 p.m.

DR. L. L. BENNETT
DENTIST
Office at residence, Main St., north, first house over G.T.R. bridge. Phone 143, Georgetown.

Auctioneers

BENJ. PITCH
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

JACKSON AND LEE
Civil Engineers & Surveyors
Temple Bldg., Brantford
Maj. A. M. Jackson, R. M. Lee
Mechanical Engineer, Etc. O.L.S., D.L.S
E. O. Wynne—Roberts water works engineer
W. C. Tilley—Registered Architect

WE WANT NOW!

A Reliable Agent in Halton County to sell PELHAM'S PEERLESS FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL trees during Fall and Winter months. Good pay, exclusive territory, best selling equipment.

Over 600 acres of the choicest Nursery Stock including NEW varieties controlled by us. Handsome up-to-date selling equipment and a splendid Canadian grown stock to offer customers. We are not jobbers.

N.B.—Catalogue sent on request to applicants for agencies or purchasers of nursery stock.

Write now for agency terms to
PELHAM NURSERY CO.
Toronto. — Ontario

PATENTS
Trade Marks
R.S.K. Stanbury. Ask for our INVENTOR'S ADVISER, which will be sent free.

11 No Shovelling Required 11

STANDARD ANTHRACITE
SCRANTON COAL
In all sizes
Automatically Screened and Loaded

Coal & Wood

Select Lump for Domestic and Threshing Purposes. Smithing and Canal Coal. In fact I 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.

LOCAL AGENT WANTED!

for Georgetown and district to sell for THE OLD RELIABLE FONTHILL NURSERIES

Splendid list of stock for Fall planting 1917, and Spring planting 1918, including many new varieties which we alone control.

Send for new illustrated catalogue, also Agent's Proposition. Handsome free outfit; exclusive Territory, Liberal Commissions.

Stone and Wellington
The Fonthill Nurseries
(Established 1837)
Toronto - Ontario

Arthur B. Castell
Y.M.C.A. COLLEGE OF MUSIC
London, England
Teacher of Piano, Organ, Cornet, Violin and Singing
Terms: Five (or any branch) $5.00 per term of 12 lessons, at my residence (Main St., Georgetown), or at pupil's home.
Pianos Tuned.

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

INSURANCE
FIRE
—AND—
:: Accident ::
MRS. ROE, GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

We Sell Only Reliable Goods

Fine Jewelry, Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Etc.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY

A. B. Wilson
Main Street, Next McGibbon Hotel

In Our New Shoe Store

This week we will be moving into our new store, one door south of the Post Office, which is one of the best equiped Shoe Stores west of Toronto.

We will have a Fine Display of Christmas Footwear, and by the way, is there anything that makes a more acceptable Christmas rememberance than a gift of choice footwear.

You should have foot protection against the wet, the snow, and the dangers of inclement weather.

You will find the latest styles of Rubber footwear to fit the newest shoes at

RUMFORD
THE SHOE MAN
"The Home of Better Shoes"

Have YOU .....Bought Your Victory Bond?

If not, place your Application immediately with Canvassers or Bank.

HELP RAISE THE MILLION

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.

SPECIALS

Choice Fruit

Apples, Grapes, Bananas, Etc. All kinds Fresh Vegetables at the Lowest Prices.

Call and see us this week and secure some of our Choice Goods.

A. RESTIVO
Fruit Specialist
Main Street - Georgetown

Mail Contract

Sealed Tenders, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 14th December, 1917, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week on the route Georgetown Rural Route No. 1 from the Postmaster General's Pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Glenwilliams, Georgetown Rural Route No. 1 from the Postmaster General's Pleasure, and at the office of the Post Office Inspector, Toronto.

H. Bartlett,
Post Office Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office, Toronto, Oct. 26th, 1917.

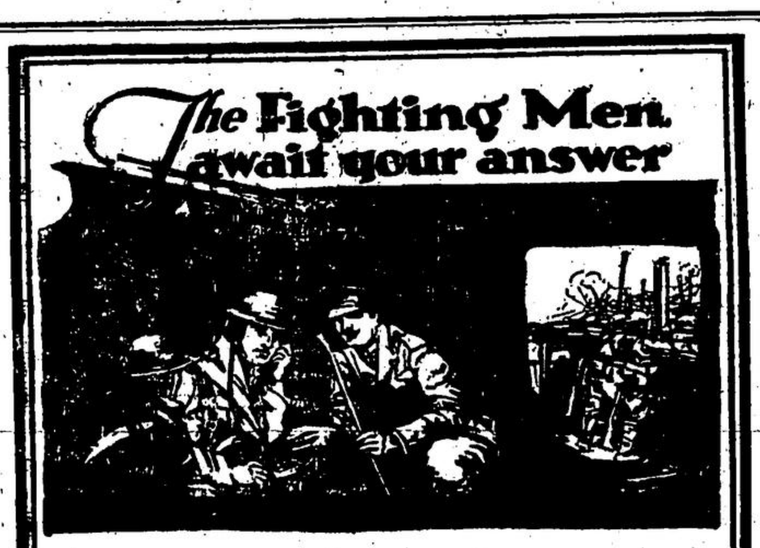
Mail Contract

Sealed Tenders, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 4th January, 1918, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week on the route Georgetown Rural Route No. 1 from the Postmaster General's Pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Georgetown and at the office of the Post Office Inspector, Toronto.

H. Bartlett,
Post Office Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office, Toronto, Nov. 9th, 1917.



HOW many Victory Bonds have you bought?

Have you put yourself to any real inconvenience to buy Victory Bonds?

Have you denied yourself some purely personal gratification, so that you could invest the money saved in Victory Bonds?

Have you realized the urgent need for personal self-sacrifice to make the Victory Loan a great success?

Until you have bought Victory Bonds to the very limit of your ability, you have not done your duty.

Campaign Closes Saturday Night

What Answer Will You Give?

Issued by Canada's Victory Loan Committee in co-operation with the Minister of Finance of the Dominion of Canada.

65a

FLYING TO BATTLE.

If future generations fight
For lesser or for greater things,
When some one sounds the call to arms
'Twill really be a call to wings.
And when the hero sallies forth
To prove that he is truly great
His parting words will be like this:
"Say, darling are my wings on straight?"

In going forth to meet the foe
It will not be a case of hike,
Of hay foot, straw foot down the road
Or up a long and dusty pike.
No; it will be to sail aloft,
To rise and push the clouds apart.
War will be elevated then,
For it will be a higher art.

The nation that declares to war
With only cannon, powder, ball,
And cavalry and bacteriaplus
Before the enemy will fall.
Surrounded by its guns and forts
That foes in times before would stop,
In fancy it may firmly sit,
But something's liable to drop.

Yes war will be a different game
And managed in a different way
When in the process of events
The airship is a bird of prey'
And men who dabble in the trade
And from the air their trophies bring
Will draw a pension if they prove
That they were Wounded in the wing

To-Day's Story

The Two Family House

The Rent Was Low Because It Was Reported to Be Haunted.

By F. A. MITCHEL

Miss Laura Williamson was an orphan, doomed to make her own living. Being a stenographer and typewriter in a large city, she was obliged to pay for board and lodging nearly all her salary. It occurred to her to take a room in an inexpensive quarter and get her breakfast and dinner herself. One Sunday morning, having leisure for the purpose, she took up a newspaper and scanned the advertisements for lodgings.

There was an advertisement of a two family house, the rental of one suit of four rooms, furnished, on the ground floor, the price of which was no greater than what Miss Williamson had expected to pay for one room. She concluded to go at once and look it over. Half an hour's ride in a trolley took her to its location. She found the neighborhood respectable and the house itself apparently in good repair. The blinds of both stories were drawn, indicating that neither was occupied. Miss Williamson rang the doorbell of a house near by in order to make some inquiries. A woman came to the door and when asked if she knew anything about the condition of the house for rent replied:

"All I know about it is that every one around here believes it is haunted. It's been for rent for a long while, but no one will take either suit, for it is well known that there are ghosts in it. I understand that they're put the rent down to next to nothing, but still no one so far has been induced to live there."

Miss Williamson was not at all superstitious and had no belief in ghosts. She saw an opportunity to secure a suit of rooms cheap, and a few days later she took advantage of a holiday to visit the house with a key to the lower flat and was so pleased with it that she closed the bargain at once and the next Saturday afternoon moved her few belongings there.

On going to sleep alone in a strange house that was believed to be haunted she could not help giving way to a slight dread lest she might be disturbed in the night by the ghosts. But she banished the thought, and the next morning, Sunday, awakened by the sun shining in at her window, she experienced a comfort in finding herself in possession of four rooms, including a bath. The morning light took away all loneliness. As for the ghosts, she forgot all about them. Not a sound during the night had interrupted her slumber.

Miss Williamson was one of those persons who have resources within themselves and are not always pining for company. She occupied herself during her first day in her flat putting it to rights, and the rest of the time she spent reading. Having to rise early, in the morning to go to work and being a good sleeper, she went to bed at 9 o'clock.

About 2 o'clock in the morning she was awakened by a tramping directly over her head. It was tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp in one direction, then tramp, tramp in another. Sometimes there were five or six steps, but usually from two to four. Then there was a brief cessation, after which the steps were subdued, more like a spiritual tread than the others. These finally ceased, and all was still.

Miss Williamson was puzzled. Not for a moment did she refer these sounds to ghosts. But what could cause them? She had supposed the flat above was unoccupied. Even if it was occupied, why should the only sounds come from it before cock crow?

Before Miss Williamson left the house in the morning she went to the upper hall and knocked at every door. No response. She tried the doors, but found them locked. Listening, she heard no sound. Then, from the sidewalk, she looked at the upper windows. The shades were drawn, as she had seen them before.

Miss Williamson experienced a sensation of discomfort.

That day produced more blunders on the part of the typewriter than she had ever made before. If she was to be awakened every morning before day by a tramping overheard by and by the matter would get on her nerves. If it did she would be deprived of sleep, and the result would be that she could not do her work. If she could not do her work and do it properly she would lose her position.

She went to her abode that evening not with the light heart she had [illegible]

[illegible] Miss Williamson went upstairs again, knocked and tried the locks. All was still as before. Returning to the first story, she unlocked the door of her flat, half expecting that ghosts had been there and turned everything topsy turvey. Nothing had been disturbed, and the tenant set about cooking her dinner.

Everything depended upon the tramping being repeated that night. She went to bed hoping that it would not, but dreading that it would. She lay awake an hour longer than usual, though very tired and much troubled at having been reproved for the mistake she had made during the day.

She woke up at midnight. Everything was quiet, and she soon dropped asleep again.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp!

There it was again.

Tramp, tramp!

Miss Williamson remembered that the night before there had been four tramps in one direction, then two in another.

Tramp, tramp, tramp!

She was not quite sure but that the third series of tramps had been three.

The steps continued about the same length of time, the last sounds being muffled as before. Whether the listener had got more used to them or because of her disbelief in the supernatural, she did not seem to mind them as much as she had the night before. Perhaps the repetition of the steps in the same order as before may have had something to do with it. At any rate, her heart ceased its wild beating sooner than before, and after the sounds ceased she went to sleep.

The next morning she concluded not to repeat her attempt to find out if the flat above was occupied, but went directly to her place of business. Her attention was again distracted by her experience, and today she made a blunder that, had it not been detected, would have cost her employers something like $100,000. Before leaving the office she was handed a check for the salary due her and told that she need not return.

There was nothing to do but to go to her flat, get her dinner and on the morrow commence a hunt for another situation. But the prospect for one who had been discharged for making a serious mistake of getting another place was not bright.

Miss Williamson turned in that night wishing the ghost would come into her room during the night and put her out of her misery. If it did she might lie there till her rent was due without her demise being discovered.

That night she heard a door above shut, a few steps; then all was silent.

This was not a repetition of the sounds heard on the two previous nights.

Miss Williamson, shaking off her fears, got out of bed, put on a dressing gown and slippers and crept shrinkingly upstairs. All was dark and silent in the hall. She stood listening, but heard no sound. Then suddenly there came a groan.

This was too much for the poor girl's pluck, and she ran downstairs so fast that she came near breaking her neck, for she fell at the bottom of the flight, and since it was dark as Egypt she knew not what was in her way. She picked herself up and stood uncertain what next to do.

There was bravery in Miss Williamson's makeup, and she determined to make another attempt to discover the ghost. Climbing the stairs again, she stood with her face on a level with the top step. It was also on a level with the landing. Under the door of one of the rooms was a line of light.

For a few moments Miss Williamson's mind was balanced between two hypotheses. Either there was a supernatural glow in that room, or it was illuminated by artificial light. Being inclined to a rational view of things, she settled down to the opinion that a gas jet was burning in the room. Ghosts don't require gas jets. Therefore a human being must be in the room. At this moment there was another groan. This time the hearer's imagination was not at work, and the groan sounded human. It struck her that it proceeded from one who was ill. She went to the door in question and opened it.

On a bed with his clothes on was a young man. He was very pale and evidently in great pain. Miss Williamson approached him and stood over him.

"Shall I call a doctor?" she asked.

"No; I've been this way before. I'll get over it pretty soon. Please look in the top drawer of that bureau. You'll find a small bottle. Give me one of the tablets in it."

Miss Williamson produced the tablet, and it relieved the patient very soon. The paroxysm from which he suffered passed, and he did not have another. Miss Williamson told him that she had thought the flat he was in to be unoccupied and asked how he came to be there and why she had never seen him there in the daytime.

"I am a newspaper reporter," he replied. "I come in between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning, when the paper goes to press, and go out about noon. I am permitted by the owner to occupy this flat temporarily."

"You must be a sound sleeper," said the girl. "I have rapped at this door about 8 o'clock in the morning and received no response."

"I am a sound sleeper," was the response, "and lately I have been overworked. No maiden tap would awake me."

"If I had known that a man occupied this flat alone," said Miss Williamson, "I would not have taken the lower one."

"I don't occupy it. I am only permitted to use it temporarily. Besides, where's the harm? I come in at 3 a. m. and you go out about 8."

"Nevertheless I shall give up my room."

Miss Williamson gave the story as it has been told here—how she had been so upset by the strange sounds above her that she had blundered at her work and been discharged. She was out of a position, and now she must leave the only home she had.

"You shall not leave your home," said the reporter, "for I will cease to come here. As for a position, I think I can get you one with the city editor of my paper, who is in need of a stenographer."

A way was finally found by which the newspaper man remained, and Miss Williamson did not accept the position offered her. They concluded [illegible] and the lady learned [illegible]