

# The Georgetown Herald

Georgetown, Wednesday Evening, September 3rd, 1919

\$1.50 Per Annum, or \$1.25 If Paid in Advance

FIFTY-THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION

## The Georgetown Herald

EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING  
HERALD POWER PRINTING OFFICE  
Georgetown, Ont.

**CONTRACT ADVERTISING RATES**  
Furnished on application.  
Ten cents per line for first insertion.  
If five cents per line for each subsequent insertion will be charged for all transient advertisements. Twelve lines for an inch.

Advertisements without specific directions will be inserted until further notice and charged accordingly.  
Advertisements will be changed once each month without extra charge.  
Change for contract advertisements must be in the office by Monday evening.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES**  
One year, \$1.50; or \$1.25 if paid in advance; six months, 85 cents in advance.  
The address label shows the date your subscription expires.

J. M. MOORE, Publisher.

### G.T.R. Time Table

GOING EAST	
Passenger	7.42 a.m.
Mail	10.16 a.m.
Passenger	11.35 a.m.
Mail	8.45 p.m.
Passenger	8.28 p.m.
Mail	8.28 p.m.
Passenger	7.11 p.m.

### GOING WEST

Passenger	7.57 a.m.
Mail	9.48 a.m.
Passenger	2.01 p.m.
Passenger	4.00 p.m.
Mail	6.01 p.m.
Passenger	7.57 p.m.
Passenger	9.47 p.m.

### GOING NORTH

Mail	7.47 a.m.
Mail	5.20 p.m.

### GOING SOUTH

Mail	11.28 a.m.
Mail	7.50 p.m.

### Toronto Suburban Railway

#### DAILY TIME-TABLE

a.m.		p.m.	
Going East	8.10	2.24	6.40
Going West	8.55	8.10	7.47

#### SUNDAY TIME-TABLE

a.m.		p.m.	
Going East	10.11	12.20	8.45
Going West	10.40	8.10	9.55

### BUTTER PAPER AT THE HERALD.

### ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH

Rev. Wm. Burt L. Th. Rector  
Sunday service as follows:  
Morning 10 a.m.  
Evening 7 p.m.  
Sunday School—9:45 a.m. in basement.  
Holy Communion—11 a.m. and 2 p.m.  
Sunday of each month at 11 a.m.

### LEGAL

WILSON, WALLBRIDGE & DALE  
Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.  
Toronto and Georgetown  
Office: 100 King St. W., Toronto.  
L. Roy Dale, in charge of Georgetown Office.

### MEDICAL

DR. JOSEPH McANDREW  
Physician and Surgeon  
Medical Officer of Health, District of Georgetown  
Burgon G. T. R.  
Office hours—2 to 4 and 7 to 9 p.m.  
Office and Residence Main Street, South, Opposite Presbyterian Church.

### OPTICAL

L. L. PLANT, D. O. Opt. D.  
Eye Specialist  
Office next to Public Library, Saturday Evenings 8 to 10 p.m., and by appointment.

### DENTAL

FRANK R. WATSON, D.D.S., M.D.S.  
Dentist  
100 King St. W., Toronto, Ont.  
Hours 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., except Thursday afternoon.  
Dentistry in all its branches.  
Over Ball Telephone Office.

### 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.

### CHIROPRACTIC

No Medicine, Surgery or Osteopathy  
A. M. NEILSEN, D. C.  
Graduate of "The Palmer," the original School of Chiropractic, Davenport Iowa, U. S. A.  
Consultation and Spinal Analysis free Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 2 to 5 and 7 to 8 p.m.  
Phone 166.

### AUCTIONEERS

SENA, PETCH  
Licensed Auctioneers for Halton and Peel, Glen Williams Post Office. Sales conducted satisfactorily and at reasonable rates. Orders left at the Georgetown Herald Office will receive prompt attention.

### MILTON & PRENTISS

MEN'S AND MACHINERY BROKERS  
Motors, Electric Repairs

### FOY BLDG. TORONTO

J. A. TRACY  
Clerk, Township of Georgetown,  
Clerk 3rd Division Court.  
The leading Fire and Life Insurance Companies represented.  
Letters of Marriage Licenses.  
Office—Mill Street West  
Georgetown  
Hours—Wednesday and Saturday Afternoon.

# WRIGLEYS

5c a package before the war  
5c a package during the war  
5c a package NOW

THE FLAVOUR LASTS SO DOES THE PRICE!



# PATTERSON'S

...Meat Market...

## Specials for This Week

Log of Lamb, per lb.	45c
Shoulder lamb, per lb.	35c
Stewing lamb, per lb.	25c
Rib roast beef, per lb.	25c
Thick rib roast, per lb.	28c
Shoulder roast, per lb.	28c
Boneless stewing beef, per lb.	22c
Rib boil, per lb.	40c
Choice pickled pork, per lb.	10c
Dry salt, per lb.	25c
Hamburg steak, per lb.	22c
Sausage, per lb.	25c
Venison chops, per lb.	40c
Loin roast veal, per lb.	35c
Shoulder roast veal, per lb.	30c
Shortening, 1 lb. brick	95c
20 lb. pail of Ensilfirst shortening	\$6.00

Watch Our Window for Specials on Saturday

## W. J. PATTERSON

Main Street, Georgetown Phone No. 1

# Kentner & Tost

Carpenters & Builders  
PHONE 211.  
GEORGETOWN

Estimates gladly furnished on application

## GEORGETOWN CREAMERY....

Highest Market Price IN CASH for Your Cream

We will also buy your Poultry and Eggs

Now we think you have confidence in us and would ask you to enquire our prices before shipping anything out of town.

For the accommodation of farmers we will be open on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday nights.

Georgetown Creamery Co.  
M. Saxe, Manager

## Just a Word to the Housewives who are not already Customers.

# LIVINGSTONE'S Quality Bread

Has Stood the Test

Buns at 20c from an entirely new recipe and they are so Wholesome. Also our other lines of Pastry.

With the Highest Grade of Materials we are giving you the Finest Quality possible.

QUALITY—OUR SLOGAN

H. A. LIVINGSTONE  
Phone 55 - - - Georgetown

## Draw on Your Customers

through the Merchants Bank. With Branches in all parts of Canada, and correspondents abroad, this Bank is in a position to present Drafts promptly, have them accepted, and collect payment, with the least possible trouble and cost to you.

The Manager will be glad to take up this matter with you.

THE MERCHANTS BANK  
Head Office: Montreal, OF CANADA. Established 1864.  
GEORGETOWN BRANCH, H. R. MIMMS, Manager.  
ACTON BRANCH, L. B. SHOREY, Manager.

# GOOD FLOUR

Is Absolutely Necessary to Produce the Best in Bread and Pastry. The NOBLE BRANDS are the Superior Brands of to-day. Try Them.

## Robert Noble Limited

Norval, Ontario

# THE FINAL PHONOGRAPH

The BRUNSWICK PHONOGRAPH Designers began where other phonograph designers left off.

It embodies every feature of all other Phonographs from tone to beauty, and has besides a number of new ideas not to be found in any other phonograph. In fact it is the All-Inclusive Musical Instrument and must indeed represent the finished dream of the genius who first invented a talking, singing and playing instrument.

The "Uitona" is a distinctly new creation. At the return of the hand you adopt it to play any record. It is not an attachment, nothing to take off or put on, the real diamond for the Edison, the real sapphire for the Brunswick or Pathé, the steel or fibre for other records always there.

We want owners of other Phonographs to come in and hear the Brunswick play the records they use and are familiar with.

We mention no details here—You must come and hear it.

Prices from \$62.00 to \$2750.00

## Mason & Risch Pianos Bell Pianos

Brunswick Phonographs

Singer Sewing Machines and Other Lines

You can purchase any of above on small Monthly Payments

# FRANK KING

(Next Door to Livingstone's Bakery.)

Main Street Georgetown

ESTABLISHED 1872

HAVE you ever considered the advantages of a joint account in The Bank of Hamilton? Withdrawals by cheque either by the wife or husband. Such accounts are invited by the Bank of Hamilton, where depositors may always depend upon courteous treatment and efficient service.

BANK OF HAMILTON  
G. C. MACKAY Manager

### "OUR BONNIE PRINCE."

Oh have you seen our bonnie Prince.

Oh have you seen him smile? He's like a ray of bright sunshine And free from art or wile.

'Twas not my joy to clasp his hand.

Nor yet to hear his voice.

But Oh the way he smiled on me, I love to see my heart rejoice.

And where I stood, these loving words he said:

All round me I could hear.

'Oh, isn't he the darling boy.

Oh isn't he a dear?'

And truly I could answer 'Yes,

My heart he fairly won.

I love our noble, princely King.

I love the Prince, his son.

Forever in his heart of mine.

He holds a treasured place.

I'll cherish memories of the day I saw his smiling face.

And where'er I may roam.

His praises I will sing.

Oh may God bless the Prince of Wales.

And guard our future King.

—Isabella B. Watson.

### Will-O-the-Wisp

By FRANK COMSTOCK

(Copyright.)

With a soft purring sound such as a cat would make before a warm fire, the aeroplane alighted through the night.

banked, came darts about as it neared the poplars at the end of the enclosure and stopped.

A shadow fled across the lawn beneath it.

Ashecroft lowered the forward planes, the Will-o-the-Wisp settled, ran along the grass for a little way, and a moment later he jumped off and came over where I stood.

"What do you think of it?" he queried excitedly.

"I think," I replied "that you have perfected one of the most devilish contrivances ever possessed by a man."

"Half an hour," he said, "come inside and have a drink."

When we had seated ourselves on either side of a bottle of sparkling Chablis, he raised his glass and toasted our coming adventure.

"To the safe voyage of the Will-o-the-Wisp and the Honorable George Calder's diamond dog collar," said he.

"And we drank it off with deep feeling."

A month before I had come across Ashecroft, or rather he had come across me, and in a manner that left no doubt as to my intentions in visiting him.

The fact of it was, that his home being one of the most snug-looking villas in the exclusive section of Staten Island, and I being a gentleman living mainly by my wits, I came upon him in a most unexpected manner.

How much I should be in if fortune should favor me with a clear field.

The upshot of the thing was, that just as I was about to descend from the Will-o-the-Wisp, together with what more or less valuable articles I had managed to pick up in the course of my visit, the electric-lights were switched on and a bullet splattered the plaster down the back of my neck.

Ashecroft changed his mind after the first shot, took me in, instructed me in the use of the gun, and from that on we were inseparable.

We distrusted each other most cordially and split the profits.

He looked up at me from a long and silent meditation upon the virtue of the wine.

"The wind will drop in about fifteen minutes, I should say, and the Honorable Mrs. Calder's little private party takes place at eleven. We shall just make it. Have you a revolver?"

"I got out my automatic and inspected its contents, and he nodded in approval.

"I pray we shall not have to use them. Where are the masks?"

"We climbed aboard. The Will-o-the-Wisp quivered, moved forward like a living thing. Ashecroft tilted the forward planes and we lifted.

An immense shadow was flitting along the ground below us, but presently the moon went behind a cloud and we sailed through darkness. The country below us was a lark surface, with here and there a twinkling light that spoke of a house.

Ashecroft moved the lever a trifle and my seat inclined the lever a trifle and we were climbing.

Presently we righted and slid along on a level. Ashecroft let out another notch and the purring of the motor increased to a muffled hum. A wind-whistle was discernible below us and a black spot was racing along in our wake.

"It was an automobile, and a fast-footing of the horn came up to us, but the men in it never lifted their faces."

"Two thousand feet," said Ashecroft.

"Far below us to the right one could make out the varied lights of Conny Island."

A little north of them the sharp, knife-like streak of a searchlight from the Navy Yard swept back and forth across the sky, once heading exactly in our direction, but we were beyond its focus.

It looked like a toy city.

I could hardly believe it was New York, that vague wilderness of roofs and the long strings of lights that were the streets, the faint glow of Broadway, the crawling things that I knew were the trains of the elevated railroad.

It was exactly 11:00 o'clock. Over Madison Square we circled again and slid down in a long glide until we could have shaken hands with Deane had he been in her vicinity. Then Ashecroft shut off the motor and we nosed fitfully in a narrowing circle.

Ashecroft: "It nothing if not accurate."

We made our way cautiously across the two roofs that intervened between the Will-o-the-Wisp and the building.

There were long rows of Japanese lanterns and flowers, and at a table that was loaded with enough silver to make you wish to get away with that.

Ashecroft softly parted the leaves of the arbor wall and we peeped in.

There were three men and three women. Three of them I did not know, the faces of the two men, and the woman being strange to me, but I recognized at a glance the portly person of Lord Coventry.

I had seen his picture in the recent society news and in his shirt-front caught the glimpse of the famous Coventry stud.

Then Ashecroft pushed softly by me and I followed him into the light.

My terrified shout for a moment—

he fell the truth, we were a strange sight, in our long robes and the fellow coughed and clawed and crumpled across a little table full of empty dishes.

My lord rose slowly to his feet and his fierce face worked in fury. He was no coward, if he had have other defects.

"What do you want?" he said.

Ashecroft waited until the little wreath of acrid smoke had lifted and then stepped forward.

We had no time to lose now. It was understood that we had to kill the butler. No doubt the sharp report had roused the curiosity of some inquisitive citizen, and it was only a matter of time when help might appear on the roof above.

"You will unfasten your shirt-studs and drop them on the table in front of you," he said curtly.

He drew his pistol and the rest of them, he went swiftly to Mrs. Calder and undid the necklace, holding it up for a moment in the light in a sort of gloating satisfaction, and then slipped it into his pocket.

I swept the studs into the palm of my hand.

There were six of them, large and blue-white, and they clinked together musically as I took them. I could see the lord of Coventry quivering in his potent rage when he saw the studs he had taken from the shrubbery.

How we half-ran, half-stumbled across the black darkness of the roof I do not remember.

I recollect Ashecroft working with sobbing curses at the propellers, the sudden roar of the Gnome as the spin in a shrill note of warning rolled forward, shot over the edge, dipped with a sickening sensation to what seemed certain destruction—caught the wind on our forward planes and mounted steadily.

For a moment there was a splendid sensation in it all, a sense of power and disdain for the ignominious little things that ran and shrouded in the streets a thousand feet below us and turned up white faces in the yellow lights, gesticulating comically.

I think they shot at us.

When we had got up 2,000 feet we turned a little, and I could just make out the dark outline of Staten Island in the bay below.

The Will-o-the-Wisp quivered and plunged and righted again and swerved and shot upward in an odd manner.

I turned to Ashecroft.

He had slumped in a grotesque manner to the back of the seat, and there was a trickle of blood running down the shoulder of his coat.

Gun of wind rocked the aeroplane to one side and we dropped and shot forward with frightful speed down an invisible toboggan.

With a desperate effort I righted the plane and for an instant we sang along steadily.

Then I lost control.

Two thousand feet in the air I lost control of the aeroplane.

The shock of the water lurched as I recovered. We were rocking furiously now.

I dared to glance down. What I saw was that Ashecroft had fallen as soon as the searchlight connection was beyond my reach. I could not stop it. A sudden glare blinded my eyes.

A sudden glare blinded my eyes. The Will-o-the-Wisp had dropped into the path of the searchlight, and for an instant I looked down into the heart of the dazzling radiance.

I must have raised the plane again, for we shot upward in a drunken manner, and I fled into the darkness, helpless on the back of the throbbing monster with a dead man for a passenger.

Then there came a crack from somewhere in the maze of wires that settled and crossed behind me.

In the white glare as the searchlight caught us again, Ashecroft's eyes looked up at me in an unseeing manner.

I think it was the left wing that gave way; the Will-o-the-Wisp righted itself, collapsed in mid-air, and then turned over and over and hurtled downward.

I don't know how I managed it.

The shock of the water revived me a bit—I was more dazed than hurt—and there were one or two bits of wreckage floating about after I managed to dive and shed my heavy coat and get out from under all that was left of the Will-o-the-Wisp.

I could see the searchlight playing about on the water in search of us, and it finally got the machine, but I kept out of its reach and peddled away.

A tug was going by rather slowly and the almost red me down in the darkness, but I managed to get hold of one of the trailing logs she had at her side, and when we reached a wharf I dropped behind and scrambled ashore.

I skulked about the streets until my clothes were presentable and then made my way to a paragon and discovered that I was in the vicinity of one of the Coventry studs.

I don't know what became of Ashecroft.

The thing made a big sensation in the papers the next day. There were stories columns long about it, but the only one about the most vicious account that I ever saw in the press, that is, unless Ashecroft ever happens to show up again.

### Acton

Mrs. John Nickell of Sarnia, is visiting her sister, Mrs. James Brown, Church Street.

Mrs. John H. Warden and daughter of Percus, visited at Mr. A. A. Worden's this week.

Mrs. H. H. Worden and her soldier son, Lieut. Ernest Worden, spent Thursday with Acton friends.

Mr. William Archibald purchased yesterday from Mrs. William Targwell, the brick house on Main St., formerly owned by Mrs. Jennie Smith.

Miss Elizabeth Wilson, formerly of the teaching staff of Acton School, now of Salt Lake, Minn., was the guest this week of Miss Muriel Fleury.

Rev. R. F. Cameron, B.A., of Georgetown, preached helpful sermons in Knox Church last Sunday.

Rev. McWilson was in Acton and took the work in the Presbyterian Church there.

Mr. Hartley Harrison, who recently removed to Acton from Rockside, has purchased from the residence on Bowler Avenue, now occupied by Mr. Wm. Arnold.

Dr. John Lawson, who has been in poor health for some time, is now improving. He spent about a week in the hospital at Guelph, but is home now and spends an hour or so in his office daily.—Free Press.

### U.S. Sells Blankets Direct to Citizens

Two million surplus blankets of all grades, ranging in price from \$6 for the best all-wool to \$1.25 for reclaimed cotton blankets, will be offered to the public by the War department. Sale and distribution of the blankets will be conducted through post office and municipal channels on the same plan that foodstuffs are being handled.

### Suggestions for Municipalities

Some twenty-six resolutions were considered by the special committee of the Ontario Municipal Association in session last week in Toronto. The following were among those approved:

Application for legislation to standardize danger signals on railways. That rural municipalities be given power to regulate the opening of gravel pits. That the Provincial authorities be asked to provide for an optional system of municipal government for cities and towns, consisting of either the Council, with its present legislative authority, and a city manager, or in the alternative, a board consisting of the Mayor and such permanent officials as the Council may appoint. That school trustees be required to file qualification papers as in the case of candidates for Councils. That the Government be requested to introduce at the next session of the Legislature a new about Voters' List