

Georgetown Herald, Wednesday, October 8th, 1919.

"Let's Elope"

By R. RAY BAKER

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Two persons and 200 miles came between Ethelyn Ramsdell and Charles Halstead.

The persons were her father, and his mother. The miles were those that intervened between Harbor Springs, northern Michigan town, and Grand Rapids, the furniture manufacturing center of the same state.

Charles had voted for the first time in his life and Ethelyn had just passed eighteen, when he decided he had been single long enough.

She agreed to help him out of his state of unwedded unhappiness, when he broached the subject to her, and they stayed up till midnight to discuss the plans—and they would have continued the discussion heedless of the fact that there were things such as clocks, and persons such as fathers and mothers, if they had not heard Mr. Ramsdell step out of bed on the floor above and clear his throat.

This brought Charles out of his semi-trance and he suddenly recalled that the air outside was wonderfully invigorating and that his lungs needed some of it.

The next morning Mr. Ramsdell called his daughter into his study and took the negative and winning side of the debate: "Resolved, That a young lady, just past eighteen, ought to leap into matrimony with the only young man she has ever known, especially when he has no financial prospects whatever."

Ethelyn argued in vain that she never could care for any young man but Charles, when she pleaded tearfully and at some length, but her father said he was looking out only for her welfare when he forbade her going about with Charles any longer.

About the same time Mrs. Halstead was having a similar interview with her son in the house next door; for the Halsteads and Ramsdells were neighbors. When Ethelyn was a child her mother had died, and Mr. Halstead had departed from this earth before his son had mastered a vocabulary of fifteen words.

Ethelyn and Charles had grown up together when they were in the lower grades as well as in high school, and he had been graduated only one year ahead of her.

Charles had not made a confidant of his mother in the matter of his love affair, but she had kept an eye on him and intuition, coupled with his long absence from home on that important night, told her that the climax had been reached.

"What can you know about love?" she demanded. "You're too young. I know you are of age and ought to be capable of judging for yourself, but just the same I'm going to interfere—for your own sake."

The young people knew very well that they could not give each other up, especially since their affection seemed to increase 100 per cent, after they were forbidden each other's society. So they met surreptitiously when opportunity offered and when these opportunities did not come sufficiently frequent of their own accord, they were manufactured.

But Charles was wasting his time, and he realized it. He had no profession, no business, and if he was to marry he must find a way to carve a career or at least a certain job that would provide for two. Furthermore, he felt ashamed that his mother should continue supporting him out of the comfortable but not inexhaustible sum his father had left her.

At last he decided to leave his home town and seek his fortune in a larger city. To his surprise his mother consented, even encouraged him in the idea.

"I dislike having you leave home, son," she said, "but I realize it is for the best. My sister will come and live with me. Yes, it is for the best." The young people had not abandoned their plans for the future. After once bringing up the subject of matrimony Ethelyn never mentioned her intentions to her father, for Mr. Ramsdell's refusal to consent to "any such nonsense" had been firmness itself.

Charles had not like failure in his attempts to persuade his mother that Ethelyn was the girl for him, so they continued their clandestine meetings, secretly rejoicing in the risk and mystery attached to them.

When Charles left home he wrote nearly three times a week to Ethelyn, and at first he received letter for letter in reply.

"At least they don't care if we write," he said. "That's some gratification." But her answers became less frequent. He continued his three letters a week, but the replies diminished to one a week, and finally one every fortnight. So he cut his correspondence in proportion, but he cared none the less for Ethelyn. His affection for the contrary, was increased during their separation.

With a year Charles "made good" in a real estate office in Grand Rapids, and decided the time was ripe when he could provide for a wife. He was a successful lawyer, and his sweet heart's approval, which he had long been waiting for, was now his own.

effort he suppressed the tidality that gripped him and wrote a letter which though it consisted of only a few lines, contained volumes. It read: "Let's elope, Eth. I'm well fixed now. It's the only way to do it. Come to Grand Rapids on the 5:33 train Thursday and we'll do the deed. Let me know by telegram if you'll come."

The next day he had all he could do to remain at his work in the office. Early, time a messenger boy entered Charles' heart pounding like a pile driver. Finally a blue-coated lad approached the desk and Charles signed with a trembling hand. The message was: "I'll be there."

So they were married and took up their abode in a hotel for a honeymoon of one week. Charles could not get away for a trip and Ethelyn agreed that they had better save their money, anyhow.

They were considering the dispatch of a somewhat defiant letter to their parents when there came a knock at the door of their room. Charles answered it and a lady ushered in a lady and gentleman.

The newlyweds were taken aback, but Charles mustered enough courage to put his arm around his bride, resolved to stand up to the intruders like a man.

"What's the meaning of this?" cried the young groom's mother as she swept into the room. "That's what I want to know," growled Mr. Ramsdell, following her, a glare on his countenance.

Charles spoke up bravely. "It means we're married, that's what. Will you congratulate us?" The scowl left Mr. Ramsdell's face and a smile took its place.

"Why, yes, you haven't a thing on us. We're married ourselves—your mother and I."

Charles and his bride stood speechless gazed by the news. "Why—how's that?" Charles finally stammered. "I thought you didn't like each other because of Ethelyn and me."

Mr. Ramsdell laughed heartily and his wife joined him. "You see, I know human nature, and I fixed it up with your mother to have you and Ethelyn get married. I knew you wouldn't do it if we urged it and was confident you would do it if we objected. It's natural for young folks to be that way."

"Besides, we wanted to give your affection for each other a test. I even went so far as to intercept several of the letters you wrote to Ethelyn, in order to make your love the stronger. It was a mean thing to do, but after fair in love and war, and—well, is there anybody who could conceive of this being war?"

He reached into a grip which he carried and extracted a stack of letters, bound with a rubber band. "Here's some letters that belong to you, Ethelyn," he said, handing them to her. "I only stopped them; I didn't read them. There's only one I did read, and that was the special delivery in which you were invited to Grand Rapids to your own wedding. You were away when it came, so I signed for it, steamed open the envelope, digested its contents, then sealed it up again. Then I decided it would be nice to have a double wedding, and Charles' mother agreed. We came on the same train with you, but kept out of sight in the next coach. Will you congratulate us?"

How the Blind Play Chess. A chess game with a blind man is exactly the same as a chess game with any one else. There are some excellent chess players among the blind. The board has a round hole in the middle of each square and each piece has a peg on the bottom which sets in one of these holes. This keeps the pieces in place so that they are not easily disturbed by a groping hand. The white set of chessmen each has a little point on top, while the black pieces are round on top. This makes it easy for the blind man to tell which are his pieces and which are his opponent's. He passes his hand lightly over the board and "feels" the pieces in place so that they are not easily disturbed by a groping hand. The white squares on the board are hollowed out. The white checkers are round and the black ones are square.

He Was "Picked On." "Why pick on me when there are 12,000 other policemen in this city?" apprehensively inquired a cop, when a man coming out of the subway at Forty-second street pressed his hand against the back of his head and said he had been picked up in Brooklyn, according to the Pittsburgh Dispatch's New York correspondent. "Why," said the man, "I was not collecting money, and this thing looks as if it might be loaded." So the cop took the bomb and dropped it into a pail of water. Hand grenades are timed to explode 45 seconds after the spring is released by movement of the thumb, but this did not deter the man who found it from carrying it in a crowded subway car from Brooklyn to New York.

Natural Conclusion. "Well, I s'pose, Samanthly," said Cy Peters, looking up from the newspaper evening Raydropper, "it says here that a flash of lightning only kills a millipede of a second."

"Fahay, now, Cy, how do you explain his lightning?"

"Why, he's lightning. I'm s'posed to be a lightning rod, and he's a lightning calculator."

Has Done Good Work Ontario Temperance Act A Great Benefit to Province

THE Ontario Temperance Act has reduced crime by over one-third and drunkenness in public has practically disappeared.

Alcoholic insanity has disappeared. Gold cures and alcoholic institutes for treating alcoholism have been closed for lack of patients.

Ontario has been saved an annual drink bill of \$36,000,000, enough to pay our share of interest on the War Debt.

Many victims of alcohol three years ago, thank God to-day for the Ontario Temperance Act.

To repeal the Ontario Temperance Act would be a calamity. The amendments would make it practically worthless. To every question on the Referendum vote NO.



Abraham Lincoln "The liquor traffic is a cancer in society, eating out the vital and threatening destruction, and all attempts to regulate it will not only prove abortive but will aggravate the evil. It must be eradicated—not a root must be left behind."

Drink is a Cancer

Doctors, Alienists, Criminologists, Insurance Actuaries, Statesmen, Generals, Big Business Men, and Social Workers agree that alcohol as a beverage is a racial poison and a national curse. British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Quebec (excepting beer and wine), New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland have enacted prohibition. The United States is permanently "dry."

Ontario must go forward, or be left behind, but be careful

Mark Four X's (One X under each NO)

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Counter Check Books at "The Herald"

2.51% BEER—the Beer of the Ballot—is not Intoxicating

A determination as to whether or not a particular beer is intoxicating can be reached only by a proper understanding and analysis of the manner in which the alcohol in such beer affects the human organism. Beer containing 2.51% alcohol by weight has been proven non-intoxicating by actual experiments, scientific tests, thorough research. Fourteen specially qualified experts, testifying before the United States Circuit Courts of Appeals, were unanimous in agreeing that beer containing even as high as 2.75% alcohol by weight (or 2.4% stronger than the beer of the Referendum Ballot) was non-intoxicating.

These experts were Professors of Chemistry, Toxicology, Therapeutics, Nerve Specialist, Physical Training Instructor, Medical Doctors and specialists in charge of city departments where alcoholics were cared for. Experiments were conducted upon twenty-four men chosen from various walks of life—medical students, laborers, mechanics, business executives, clerks in banks and brokers' offices, artists, writers and professional men. The experiments proved conclusively that beer of 2.51% alcoholic content strength could not possibly be intoxicating—and the slightest sign of intoxication was shown by any of the subjects.

Vote "YES" to all Four Questions

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The Georgetown Herald

Wednesday Ev'g, Oct. 8th, 1919

Table with columns for GOING EAST and GOING WEST, listing passenger and mail services with times.

Table with columns for GOING NORTH and GOING SOUTH, listing passenger and mail services with times.

Toronto Suburban Railway DAILY TIME-TABLE

Table with columns for a.m. and p.m., listing times for Going East and Going West.

SUNDAY TIME-TABLE

Table with columns for a.m. and p.m., listing times for Going East and Going West.

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