THE GEORGETOWN HERALD
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GEORGETOWN, ONT.

The Georgetown Herald.

"All other Arts may fail, but Truth and Integrity will carry a man through and bear him out to the last."—TILLOTSON.

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THE Georgetown Herald

THIS PAPER will be issued every week at the low price of $1.00 per annum, or if paid in advance, $1.50 will be taken all the rest of the year. No paper will be discontinued except at the option of the publisher until all arrears are paid, and all cases where it is desired to discontinue the paper before the end of the year must be accompanied by the cash for the time it may be desired to continue it. Advertisements will be inserted at the rate of Ten Cents per line for the first insertion, and Five Cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Advertisements ordered for a specified time will be continued until forbidden and charged accordingly. Advertisements without a specified time will be inserted until ordered out and charged accordingly. Job Printing of all kinds done at the shortest notice and on the lowest terms for cash. Parties residing out of the town must send money with their orders, or have it guaranteed by responsible parties.

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FURNISHED AT
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Mrs T. J. WHEELER
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Stock of FANCY GOODS!
Including all kinds of
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Children's Cloaks and Suits in all the latest Styles.
LADIES' UNDERCLOTHING constantly on hand and made to order.

SLIPPERS AND OTTOMANS,
In great variety.
STAMPING DONE ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

TOYS.
A Choice Selection of Christmas Toys and Presents
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WORK-BOXES, WRITING-DESKS, PERFUME CASES, &c., &c.
Stationery of every description. Call, & inspect
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OFFICE FILE
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Has on hand a large and constantly increasing stock of
Gold and Silver Watches,
GOLD JEWELRY,
ELECTROPLATE,
CLOCKS AND
FANCY GOODS,
All marked at prices to suit the times.
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry carefully repaired and warranted.
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Thirty-hour Time-pieces from $1 00
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Seth Thomas' Clocks from 3 00
Eight-day Clocks from 4 00
And all other goods at equally low prices.
April 4th, 1877.

A BLOW!
TO THE PEOPLE OF
WATCHES, CLOCKS
AND JEWELRY.
N. ARMOUR
IS SELLING
Hunting Lever Watches at $4
American Silver Hunting Lever " 11
Silver Hunting Detached Lever " 11
" " Cylinder " 9
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GOLD WATCHES ALL KINDS,
From $20 Upwards.
JEWELLERY
9 and 10 karat Gold Chains and Alberts at 97 cts per pennyweight. Solid Gold Rings from $1 upwards. Solid Gold Jaw Rings from $1 upwards. English and American Jewelry at 10 per cent advance on wholesale prices.
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SETH THOMAS' CLOCKS CHEAP.
April 4th, 1876.—40-tf

GEORGETOWN.
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MESSRS.
CULP & McKENZIE,
MANUFACTURERS OF
CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, &c
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BEST MATERIAL, employ the best Mechanics, and personally supervise all work executed.
Our Buggies and Carriages have been in use for years in the Livery Stables, and we refer you to them for testimony regarding the durability of our work. All our vehicles are well constructed, in the
Latest Styles,
And easy running. We will furnish any style required.
REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
All orders by mail will receive prompt attention.
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We sell EVERYTHING for the
GARDEN
And offer NOW (from June 15 to Aug 15)
CELERY PLANTS.
Dwarf white, by mail, for $1.00 per 100
Large White, Solid, by mail 1.00 " 100
Dwarf Red " " all, for 1.00 " 100
Any of the above Celery Plants, by express, for $5.00 per 1,000.
CABBAGE PLANTS.
Premium Flat Dutch, by mail, for $1.00 per 100
Henderson's Hybrid " " 1.00 " 100
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Any of the above Cabbage Plants, by express, for $4.00 per 1,000.
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Any of the above Cauliflower Plants, by express, for $8.00 per 1,000.
Special prices for larger quantities given on application.
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Any of the following leading varieties sent by mail, for 10c. per oz., 75c. per ¼ lb., 50c. per lb.
Early White Dutch—White Strap Leaf—Red Top Strap Leaf—Golden Ball—Improved American Ruta Baga.
PETER HENDERSON & CO.,
Seedsmen, Market Gardeners & Florists,
35 Cortlandt st., N. Y.

Poetry.

The Ship that never Sailed.

Dim years ago and years ago
There sailed some sailing ship
Youth, hopeful days and dreamy ways
Did hover upon my lip!
How many times the tinted tops
That made the horizon bright
Did bring them joy for days and days!
Such and that sunshine dazzled my sight
Its sweetness so dear,
Its treasures rare beyond compare
Were unknown and unheard of
When glad sailing gales spread in the sails
Across the waters wide?

But—that was more needy yet—
I wait for good to be,
And dare not dream my joy supreme
Will come day come to me.
For though oftimes beside the bay
Its sailors I have hailed
I may not wait the doubtful fate
Of ships that never sailed!

DEARER THAN LIFE.

School was over, and out of the rough but not unpicturesque log building which served for both church and school-house in the little backwoods settlement, came rushing in one tumultuous mass, a score or more of sturdy boys and rosy-cheeked girls, of all ages from six to sixteen.

The sharp Canadian winter had just set in in real earnest, and the children's merry voices rang out clear and distinct upon the keen frosty air, as, half wild with delight, they sped away merrily and noisily homewards.

Inside the school-house a tall, fair-haired girl was standing by the black-board, collecting her books, with a thoughtful, serious air that seemed to contrast strangely with her dimpled cheeks, pretty curving lips, and bright, sparkling eyes.

Suddenly picking up a piece of chalk, she wrote upon the black-board the one word "Finis," and, turning to the teacher, a tall, grave-looking man of four or five-and-thirty, who was standing by his desk, she exclaimed; "So ends my first day of school-life! Are you not glad, Mr. Lester?"

"And why should I be glad, Miss Dale?" was the question in reply; and Robert Lester's pale face flushed as he turned towards his fair pupil.

"Why, indeed! Have you not told me an hundred times that I gave you more trouble than any other pupil in the school?" and a glance, half merry, half defiant, dashed from under the coquettish little straw hat, up into the teacher's face.

"Yes; I have said many things that I did not half mean. I have no doubt. But let us forget all that. Won't you shake hands, and part friends, Miss Dale?

"Of course. We have never been enemies, have we?" answered the girl, looking up wonderingly into his pale, earnest face. Then, quickly, (the merry, defiant look suddenly vanishing from her dark eyes,) "I must run away home now. I have lots of things to do before supper; and the sun is not more than half an hour high. Good-bye, Mr. Lester."

"Good-bye, and merry holidays to you, Miss Dale." And the worn, grave look came back to his face as the slight gray-robed figure passed out at the open door, and, with a sigh, Robert Lester turned again to his desk, and began arranging his books and papers.

For nearly two years Robert Lester had been teacher of the village school at Westbrook, a small settlement on the Western shore of Spirit Lake, in the "far west" of Canada, and Minnie Dale was not far wrong when she half-jokingly accused him of having called her the most troublesome of his scholars.

She was a merry, wilful girl; the petted and spoiled darling of her forest home; the acknowledged belle of the settlement; just a little bit of a coquette, yet true as steel notwithstanding; frank and fearless, and, as is often the case in the colonies, a good shot and a splendid horsewoman.

On the afternoon of the day before Christmas, a week after the breaking up of the school, Robert Lester, who had started that morning on a skating expedition up the lake, (which, though not over a mile or two broad, was nearly twenty miles long,) was slowly skating homewards along the eastern shore, when, on turning round a bend, about seven miles above Westbrook, where the road from that village to the next settlement runs for some distance along the lake shore, he came suddenly upon an empty sleigh lying on its side on the snow-covered road. Close by the upturned vehicle, with a perplexed look in her usually laughing eyes, stood Minnie Dale, who looked up suddenly, as the ringing of his skates upon the ice proclaimed his approach.

"Mr. Lester!" she exclaimed, a faint crimson flush rising to her forehead as she recognized him; "I am so glad! I do use in a fix. The horse bolted, wound up in other traces, and finally upset the sleigh. He started to leave right out of the harness, and has carried away the shafts with him."

"I see, said Mr. Lester, coming closer, and examining the sleigh, which having been built for pleasure, and not for utilitarian purposes, was very small and light, and proved upon examination to be almost broken in two, with the exception of the broken shafts, which had snapped off close to the body of the sleigh.

"Well, Miss Dale," he continued, restoring the sleigh to an upright position, and pushing it before him over the hard snow towards the frozen lake, "the best plan I can think of will be for you to get into the sleigh, and let me push you along before me over the ice. Will you come?" he added, holding out a hand to guide her down the bank.

"Thank you. But will it not be very hard work for you?" asked Minnie, as she took his offered hand.

"Not at all," was the brief, curt-not spoken reply; and very carefully Robert Lester, handed the dainty little fur-clad figure into the tiny sleigh, and wrapping the warm rugs around her, he started off at an easy, swinging pace over the smooth frozen surface of the lake, on the seventeen mile journey which lay before him.

It was nearly sundown when they started, but neither of them felt any uneasiness at the approach of the evening, as the moon was full; and they were gliding merrily along. Minnie's clear, pure voice keeping time to the ring of the skates with the Canadian boatman's hymn, when suddenly, sharp and distinct, a sound, something between a bark and a cry, echoed through the stillness of the wood behind them.

"Wolves!" exclaimed Minnie, turned half round in the sleigh, and looking up into her companion's face; and even as she spoke the cry was repeated, and taken up and prolonged from the opposite shore of the lake, which was not here more than half a mile wide.

"Yes, a pack of them, I am afraid," replied Robert. "You can shoot, Minnie," he added, after a moment's silence, during which the cries were heard on both sides, louder and more numerous than before.

"Yes," she whispered, flushing crimson, even then, at the sound of her Christian name from his lips.

"Take this then and he drew a small fire-shooter from his pocket, and handed it to her. "But don't use it until I tell you. I may distance them yet;" and striking out vigorously, the shell-like sleigh was soon skimming over the smooth ice at racing speed.

Still from the forest came on either side the shrill barking cries, neither forgotten by those who have heard them under like circumstances—of the hungry wolves. And though the tiny sleigh skims faster and faster over the ice, yet nearer, clearer, and more distinct than ever the savage yells echo in the ears of those two, who know now that they are racing for dear life, until a louder, fuller chorus than ever bursts upon the forest air, and turning his head, Robert sees that their pursuers are clear of the woods, and following them with increase swiftness over the ice.

Faster and faster sped the sleigh, until it scarcely seems to touch the ice, but yet not fast enough to keep long ahead of the fleet feet that followed it. Even now an angry growl is heard close behind, and rising carefully in the sleigh, Minnie perceives the leader of the pack, a gaunt, hungry-looking wolf, with fierce gleaming eyes and long red tongue hanging out of his open jaws, not a dozen yards behind.

It was not time for words. A quick glance into her companion's face, a sharp, spiteful report from the pistol, and the foremost of the band rolls over on the ice, and Robert, reloading his exertions, makes the most of the brief respite caused by the momentary delay of the pack around the dead body of their companion. It was but for a moment however. The fleeter and more blood thirsty than ever, the four-footed demons start again in pursuit. Again and yet again, the brave girl fires, each time bringing down one of the pack, until, as the empty pistols fall from her hand, and she sinks back on the seat in utter despair, the last bend of the shore is doubled, and there, a mile below, the snow covered roof of her father's house is in sight, while half way between several figures are seen on the ice skating towards them.

"Courage, darling!" cried Robert, pointing ahead.

"Too late, Robert!" she whispered, as a growl washboard abreast of the sleigh, and a dozen pairs of fierce, blood-shot eyes gleamed redly close behind.

"No for you, Minnie. Heaven bless you, my own love!" exclaimed Robert, as the wolves, maddened by the sight of blood, leapt upon the sleigh, and Minnie could look up to see the last, last possible breath had passed away, slowly came to a standstill, still in front of her father and three brothers, who had started out in the sleigh in search of her.

"Robert! Oh, father, save him! he has given his life for me!" was Minnie's first exclamation when she awoke to the consciousness that she was safe in her father's arms; and, even as she spoke her brother's advanced, bearing the body of Robert Lester, which, with much difficulty, they had rescued from the disappointed wolves.

"Oh, he is dead! And he died for me!" cried Minnie, passionately kissing the pale, still face, as they laid the lifeless body carefully in the sleigh, and started slowly homeward.

But though terribly mangled and injured in the short, sharp fight that took place when, having given his own life for that of the girl he loved, Robert Lester turned and fiercely faced his pursuers, he was not dead, though it took many weeks of Mrs. Dale's skillful nursing and motherly care to win him back to health, and the warm sunshine had melted the snow and ice before he returned to his post at the old log school-house.

But now tender, loving eyes watch for his return when school is over—a true-hearted little wife over—a true-hearted little wife makes the neat little-white-washed frame-house where kept "Bachelor's Hall" so long the "dearest, sweetest spot on earth;" and as he stands on this bright spring evening, watching the blue waters of the lake trembling in the glory of the setting sun, two white arms steal around his neck, and Minnie's dark eyes look up shyly into his face, as she says, "I gave you trouble enough in my school days, Robert. I will try to be a blessing, instead of a trouble to you hereafter.

John Young's Wife Libby.

WHY SHE HAS NEVER BELIEVED IN POLYGAMY OR MORMONISM.

Renouncing Her Husband since his Marriage with Luella Cobb—History of an Unhappy Woman—"My Husband still Loves Me."

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 9—Mrs Libby Young, the wife of John W. Young, third son of the Prophet, who has recently appeared in Salt Lake in company with Luella Cobb his latest wife, left this city this morning for Elmira, N. Y., where she will spend the evening at a watercure establishment. She was accompanied to the depot by her brother, Wesley Canfield, and his wife, at whose house she has been staying, since she arrived here from Utah, early in September. Mrs. Young has persistently refused to talk to reporters since she has been in this city. But just before her departure this morning she relaxed the rule so far as to admit The Sun correspondent for a few minutes. She was found seated in the pleasant parlor of Wesley Canfield's house, in Columbia avenue, and dressed in a neat suit of travelling grey. Her manner was affable, though she seemed much agitated. She half rose from her seat as the visitor entered, extended a soft white hand which shook a little, and sank back with a faint smile upon her still handsome but care-worn face. She is petite in figure, her eyes are black, and her hair is of the same color. When a girl she must have been beautiful, but now there were dark blue circles about the eyes, and there is a compression of the lips, a paleness about the nostrils, and a tremulousness of the hands that are very painful to see. This woman is consumed by a fire of jealousy unspeakable or is dying of remorse and shame. In her youth and loveliness she compelled John W. Young to discard two former wives to secure her, and for ten years she ruled in his household, bore him several children, and was the darling of his heart. Now, as her beauty begins to fade, and when she is about to become a mother for the fourth time, she finds herself supplanted by a child of a girl with a pretty face, white hers is beggard.

The Sun man felt some embarrassment in beginning a conversation with this unhappy woman. He said: "Madam, I understand that you deny the truth of the report that your husband has married Luella Cobb. I saw a statement in the Philadelphia Times that you said he had not and could not marry her, and that your coming East had nothing to do with any family trouble, but was merely a pleasure trip. Is the report true, and is your small fortune at the fall?"

"The reported conversation with me was false in every respect," said the lady, with a flash of anger in her handsome eyes. "I have never said a word to the reporter since I have been here, nor single word. I knew that my husband was going to marry Luella Cobb, and, therefore, I left him. And only some of my parents and my children will know. Joe will, Rim again—never, never," she spoke vehemently, although she was almost sobbing. After a moment she said, and there was something of pride in her face, "Do you imagine that he married that girl for love? No, my husband loves me. It was substitution and in fulfilment of a promise made to his father on his deathbed. His father wished John to succeed to his place in the church, and that he might do so made him promise to become a polygamist. His marriage to Miss Cobb was his first step in execution of the promise and, as he thought, toward his father's seat. But he has been disappointed. He was not chosen to succeed his father, and now he regrets the step he has taken, and almost every day I receive letters and telegrams from him begging me to return. I treat them with contempt. I will never go back to him. I will be the wife of no man who would give me up and break his vows to me for the sake of power." She said this with flashing eyes and quivering lips.

A moment afterwards she was almost weeping, as she said: "I may go back to Utah in the spring, if I live, and get my two children who are there. Then I shall return here and devote the rest of my life to the education of my children. I never believed in polygamy or Mormonism, but I loved John Young madly. I think polygamy too horrible to think of, and I made John forswear it before I would marry him.—New York Sun.

Remedy for Insect Bites.

When a mosquito, flea, gnat, or other noxious insect, punctures the human skin, it deposits or injects an atom of an acidulous fluid of a poisonous nature. The results are irritation, a sensation of tickling, itching, or of pain. The tickling of flies we are comparatively indifferent about; but the itch produced by a flea, or gnat, or other noisome insects, disturbs our serenity, and like the pain of a wasp or bee sting, excites us to a remedy. The best remedy for the sting of insects are those which will instantly neutralize this acidulous poison deposited in the skin. These are either ammonia or borax. The alkaline re-action of borax is scarcely yet sufficiently appreciated. However the time will come when its good qualities will be known, and more universally valued than ammonia, or, as it is commonly termed, "hartshorn." The solution of borax for insect bites is made thus: Dissolve one ounce of borax in one pint of water that has been boiled and allowed to cool. Instead of plain water, distilled rose water, elder, or orange flower water, is more pleasant. The bites are dabbed with the solution so long as there is any irritation. For bees' or wasps' stings, the borax solution may be made of twice the above strength. In every farm house this solution should be kept as a household remedy.—S. Press.

A Hairy Child.

The Steuben (Ohio) Republican says:—We must say that the child Grace Gilbert, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Giles Gilbert, who reside sixteen miles east of Angola, in Northwest township, Williams county, O., is the greatest living curiosity we have ever seen. The child is about 18 months of age, finely formed, bright, sprightly and healthy, and almost entirely covered with hair. The hair on its head is some twelve or fifteen inches in length, and is very heavy. Its whiskers are three or four inches in length. On its back, body, arms and legs is a thick, heavy, but fine silky growth of hair, covering almost its entire body, and some two or three inches in length. And, strange to say, there is no repulsiveness in the sight, no deformity, and, moreover, no humbug. Barnum, with all his splurges and big blowing as to the curiosities and humbugs he exhibits, never has had a real, genuine actuality, a living curiosity, human or otherwise, that surpasses this pretty little child, Gracie Gilbert.

They have watermelons already in Florida, and it is not an unusual thing to meet a boy sneaking along the roadside with his arms doubled up across his stomach as if a troop of cavalry had charged over it.

Large quantities of fish hooks have been found at Pompeii, and now it's time to wonder whether the stately old Pomps snuffed down the alleys on Sunday or had their hooks down along their spines.

Spiritualism.

RESULTS IN THE ABSTRACT AS SEEN BY SPIRITS IN THE FLESH.

(From the Toronto Mail.)

On Tuesday evening, in Albert Hall, Rev. J. Marples delivered a lecture on the subject of "Spiritualism, or The great Harmonial Philosophy." His audience was not large, all of whom, however, appeared to manifest the greatest interest in the question of the lecture. The speaker who was well received, after the chairman had introduced the speaker, with a few remarks, in which he alluded to the lively manner in which all the great truths had been received by the world. Spiritualism was now undergoing the attacks which were levelled against everything great; but its marvellous powers would be ultimately disclosed.

Rev. Mr. Marples prefaced his remarks by stating that he would no doubt be thought strange that he, but lately a member in a very orthodox Church, should be found speaking on a subject such as the one on which he was going to address them to-night. Twenty years ago, while in Manchester, his mind had been directed towards Spiritualism on account of several wonderful seances which were then being held in that place. After much thought, however, he laid the subject aside, believing that the miracles performed were wrought by mechanical means. About eighteen months ago the question again engaged his attention, and after giving the whole matter a thorough examination he was forced to the conclusion that Spiritualism was a great fact, and perfectly compatible with both science and revelation. To demonstrate this fact was the object of his remarks. He would consider firstly, the elements of the universe; secondly, the elements of man; thirdly the elements of revelation; and lastly, the general appearance of the whole subject. Aristotle's division of the universe into earth, air, fire and water, would be a very convenient one to represent the elements of the universe, although modern research had proved that these materials were not elements. Earth represented the gases, metals, salts, alkalies, soils and rocks; air was composed of oxygen, nitrogen, carbon, and other gases; the nature of fire had not yet been determined for while some held that it was a material substance, others maintained that it was merely motion, which was the more modern idea; water consisted of the two elements oxygen and hydrogen. Besides the four hundred bodies Aristotle mentioned a fifth, which he called the quintessence. He (the speaker) had no doubt but that this last element was electricity, a sort of fluid pervading all thing. It was so far as had been discovered, the spirit of all inner matter. In the second place he had to consider the elements of man. Man was an epitome of nature, a microkosmos according to Pythagoras. In man all the elements of the universe were found to exist. The osseous muscular, nutritive, and nervous portions of the human body furnished all the elements. The nervous system contained fluid identical with magnetism, which was the spirit of animated existence. It formed the connecting link between man's physical nature and his soul. The pneumatosouse of man was similar to the quintessence of the universe. Under the third head of his discourse he would consider the elements of revelation. The objects of the bible or revelation were to make God known and to save man. Besides doing these things, the bible also taught the fact that spirits could communicate in the flesh. He would quote three passages from the bible which would conclusively establish this doctrine. The first one was written in the age of the patriarchs and was found in Job iv., 12-17. This he considers done of the great pillars of the Harmonial philosophy and of spirit communication. In the age of the prophets the same doctrine existed as was proved from 1. Samuel, xxviii., 7-19. On this passage commentators held different opinions. Some that it was not Samuel that came into the presence of Saul, but that it was Satan. Others and among them was Dr. Hall, affirmed that the whole thing was delusion. If this were so then the whole of the bible would be a delusion for the relation is not that of a parable, but what actually occurred. The statement must be believed that Samuel did come forth and converse with Saul. There was proof enough of spiritual intercourse. (Applause.) The doctrine of a communication between spirits was further confirmed by a passage in St. Luke (xxiv., 36-40), and this was in the Christian era. In the face of these facts, he (Mr. Marples) could not see how any one could come forth and deny the possibility of spirits returning to the earth and revisiting the glimpses of the moon. If any could deny the force of spiritualism, these were more to be reasoned for than were tied with. The revelation contained the Spirit of God, distinct from electricity, magnetism, and pneumatosouse. The speaker then read an extract from Chambers' Encyclopædia on the spiritualistic views of Lindon Powell, on the Sadducean Christian. These views, said the speaker, were written twenty years ago, and predicted many things in spiritualism which have already come to pass. The

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