The Georgetown Herald.

TWENTY-FIRST YEAR. GEORGETOWN, THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, 1892. ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

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[illegible] GEORGETOWN [illegible]

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One year, $1.00; Six months, 50 cents. Three months, 25 cents, in advance.

It is optional with the publisher to discontinue or not any paper until all arrearages are paid.

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SPACE.	1 YR.	6 MO.	3 MO.	1 MO.
20 inches	$60 00	$35 00	$20 00	$7 00
10 inches	35 00	20 00	12 00	3 50
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Eight cents per line for first insertion, and three cents per line for each subsequent insertion will be charged for all transient advertisements.

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H. D. WARREN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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G. S. GOODWILLIE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.,
GEORGETOWN, ONT.

SHILTON, WALLBRIDGE, & STONE,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC.
OFFICES:—Traders' Bank Chambers, 63 Yonge St., Toronto., 1280 Queen St., Parkdale.
J. SHILTON, W. H. WALLBRIDGE, H. E. STONE.

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J. SHILTON. J. W. WINNETT.

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PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, & ACCOUCHEUR,
Georgetown & Norval,
[illegible] days Georgetown: Tuesday, Friday, and Saturday afternoons.

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PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR,
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OFFICE:—Main St. South, next door north of old Bank of Hamilton.

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C. McKINLAY, L. D. S.,
SURGEON DENTIST, Georgetown, visits Acton at Agnew's Hotel on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month.

L. L. BENNETT, L. D. S.
DENTAL SURGEON.
PAINLESS extraction by Gas, Chloroform, &c. We are still using our new anæsthetic which is applied to the gums and it gives entire satisfaction. Exclusive right for Georgetown.
CRELMAN'S BLOCK, GEORGETOWN.

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HENRY G. REED,
Veterinary Surgeon,
GEORGETOWN, ONT.
Highest price paid for Well-bred Saddle Horses.

AUCTIONEERS.

S. M. COOK, LICENSED AUCTIONEER, Appraiser, Valuator, Real Estate Agent, for the counties of Halton, Peel and Wellington.
Money to Loan from $100 up at 6%.
Orders left at the HERALD office will receive prompt attention. Parties placing their sales or other business in my hands will have the same promptly attended to at moderate charges.
ADDRESS BOX 186 GEORGETOWN.

WM. HEMSTREET, LICENSED AUCTIONEER for the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the Georgetown HERALD Office or at my residence in Acton will be promptly attended to. Terms reasonable.
[illegible] to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

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G. S. GOODWILLIE,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES,
GEORGETOWN, ONT.

O. K. BARBER SHOP.
DAVID GANT, Clark's Block, Georgetown. Children's hair-cutting 10c. A call solicited.

WM. BARBER & BROS.,
PAPER MANUFACTURERS, Georgetown, Ont. Printing and Wrapping Paper constantly on hand and made to order.

GEORGETOWN CARRIAGE WORKS.
CULLY & McKENZIE, Proprietors. Manufacturers of Carriages, Buggies, Wagons, Sleighs, &c. Repairing and General Blacksmithing.

MARBLE WORKS.

Fresh Meats, Sausages, Bologna, Ham, &c., &c.

Sausages manufactured in the shop.

Your patronage solicited.

Yours respectfully,
JAS. BUCK.

GREENHOUSES,
GEORGETOWN.
Telephone Connection.

FLORAL VIEW.

The newest and choicest Plants and Cut Flowers. Wholesale and Retail. Funeral Designs prepared on shortest notice and shipped safely in any weather.

CLARK HOUSE
GEORGETOWN - ONT.
T. CAMPBELL - - PROP.

THE BEST ACCOMMODATION.

Special attention to commercial travellers. Attentive hostler.

J. G. WILLSON,
THE LEADING
UNDERTAKER.
MAIN STREET, - GEORGETOWN

Imports the finest goods in Cloth-covered and Polished Wood

CASKETS

Also the largest and cheapest stock of

FURNITURE

in the County

—1y] J. G. WILLSON.

NOTICE!

The undersigned having purchased the

Blacksmithing Business

Of A Grieve, Georgetown, desires to intimate that he is prepared to do All Kinds of Work in the line in the most satisfactory manner and at reasonable prices.

HORSE SHOEING
--A SPECIALTY.--

Shop next to McCollum & Watson's Livery Stable.

YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

John McKenzie.

—MACHINE—

Repair Shop!

Repairing of all Kinds to

Engines, Boilers, Threshing Machines, Binders, &c.

—AT—

E. Martin & Co's.,

Repair Shop, adjoining Queen's hotel

BRAMPTON.

BOILER TUBES of all kinds kept in stock. Threshing machines repaired. All kinds of Steam Fittings. We have a boilermaker who will go out and attend to the Repairs of Boilers at shortest notice. Rear Pumps and fittings always in stock. Estimates given for Sanitary Plumbing.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

[illegible]

MAY OFFICE, TORONTO.

BRAMPTON BRANCH.

A general Banking business transacted. Prompt attention paid to collections.

SAVING'S BANK DEPARTMENT.

Deposits taken of $1.00 and upwards. No Notice of withdrawal required. Interest allowed at current rates.

W. W. NATION, AGENT,
Brampton, August 1st, 1888.

JOHN GANE
—Dealer in—

Boots & Shoes

Fall Goods

Have Arrived and are Open for Inspection.

Your Patronage Solicited.

JOHN GANE,
CLARK'S BLOCK, GEORGETOWN.

—TO THE—

Public of Georgetown

Seeing I am not making a canvass of the town as are others, I take this means of respectfully soliciting your patronage with reference to putting in water service on your property, and request you to kindly CALL and get prices before placing your order. Being thoroughly posted in this work I GUARANTEE SATISFACTION. All other repairs done as usual. Thanking the public for the way they have supported me this the first season among you, I respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

A. CHESHER,
Engine and Machine Repair Shop.

TEETH! TEETH!

Teeth $6 & $8 per Set including extracting.

Guaranteed perfect in every respect and of best quality. Filling carefully attended to. Will visit Georgetown

EVERY THURSDAY
—AT—
CAMPBELL'S HOTEL.

D. STIRTON, L. D. S.,
Graduate of Toronto School of Dentistry and Royal College of Dental Surgeons.
HEAD OFFICE, ACTON.

NOTICE TO FARMERS.

Bring your wool to John Newton & Sons' Limehouse, and receive the highest market price in cash or goods. We are prepared to buy a large quantity of wool for this season's trade. Farmers are requested to call at our mills in Limehouse.

JOHN NEWTON & SONS.

ASTHMA Dr. TAFT'S ASTHMALENE CURED never fails; send your address, and we will mail sample bottle free. Dr. TAFT BROS., 103 Pine St., ROCHESTER, N. Y. Canadian Dept. 186 Adelaide St., W., Toronto, Canada. FREE

[illegible] Friends [illegible] Bologna [illegible] Ham [illegible] Sausages [illegible] Pork [illegible] Your patronage solicited. Yours respectfully, JAS. BUCK.

[illegible] Brampton [illegible] Boots & Shoes [illegible] Fall Goods [illegible] Your Patronage Solicited. [illegible] Public of Georgetown [illegible] Repair Shop! [illegible] Engines, Boilers, Threshing Machines, Binders, &c. [illegible] E. Martin & Co's. [illegible] BRAMPTON. [illegible] SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

To-Day's Story

HIS CALL.

By Mary Kyle Dallas.

How merry New-Year's Day used to be in the long ago, when everyone kept open house from early morning until midnight; when your acquaintances came down upon you in armies, on foot or in sleighs, if there happened to be snow on the ground; when anyone you had ever been introduced to might call on you; when old beaux reappeared and recreant friends had only to smile and hold out a hand to be forgiven; when the ladies received the gentlemen in full dress, or something very like it, at high noon; when your butcher and baker and candlestick-maker might drop in with no other claim on your hospitality than the fact that you dealt with them—when, in fact, every man you knew was sure to call.

Tired? Oh, yes, everyone was tired; but she who could exhibit two hundred cards—the gentlemen always brought their cards—was very happy.

How well I remember dressing in my first long dress, and sailing up and down before the glass to make sure that the train swept gracefully behind me. Ned Palmer had said he would be sure to call on me, and I was as happy as a girl can be. He did come, of course, and he whispered sweet words in my ear as he ate the sweet cake he was young enough to enjoy. He stayed full fifteen minutes—an unprecedented length for a New Year's call—and the rest of the day I was happy in consequence; though, for the matter of that, I was always happy in those days. Looking back, I fancy that the skies were bluer and the grass greener when I was sixteen; that the moon oftener shone, and that no one had so little trouble; but I suppose that is all fancy and it was only that I saw the world through rose-colored glasses, as most people do in their teens—and, then, there is nothing that can come to one in this wicked world half so delightful as being a pretty young girl with a handsome young lover who believes you the only perfect thing in the world. Talk of wealth and fame and honors and dignities, and all those things that usually come with gray hair and crow's-feet. Bah! I snap my fingers at them. One kiss, such as one-and-twenty gives to sixteen, is worth them all; and a queen in her power and pride might envy a peasant-girl walking through the clover with an arm about her waist and a whisper in her ear. After all, there is not much to tell of that joyous time that began for me, except that Ned and I loved each other; that he put a ring upon my finger, and that we vowed to be true to each other forever and forever; never to change never, never, never, while we lived! We were quite sure we would die on the same day, and in heaven we would go about hand in hand, listening to the music and the voices of angels crying forever: "Love! Love! Love!"

We were so sure of everything—he and I; happy youth always is. Another New Year's Day, and our wedding was close at hand; and we were as fond of each other as ever. But I think we were too happy. I fancy Hatan begrudged us perfect and sinless bliss; for that very day a word was said, a thing was done—it does not matter what—a trifle, a nothing; and yet it grew to a great thing in my mind and his. We had a quarrel, a little lovers' tiff, it seemed. I wept; he was like ice in his great dignity. And some one who wished to part us took advantage of the fact. Ah! how could any one wish to make two young souls suffer so? And at that time there was trouble in the land.

"In sixty-one the war began; in sixty-four the war was o'er,"

says the rude rhyme that keeps the time in mind.

There was a chance for any one who was in despair to fling his life away. I said the bitter word he could not bear. I took his ring from my finger and tossed it to him as though it were a thing that had no value. In my eyes: and he left me in wrath. The next day they told me he had enlisted, and I heard them speak of his patriotism as great, and praise him for casting away prospects such as his for the sake of his country. But I—I knew that patriotism did not move him; that he would never have left me for the sake of any other thing, and that he had simply gone to seek death because he believed that I no longer loved him. But I did—oh, I did! And—

'To be wrath with one we love
Doth work like madness on the brain.'

Well, I was not the only unhappy one in my little world. Women wept as they never wept before in those four years, all over the country, from Maine to Georgia. The boys in blue and the boys in gray alike were loved and grieved for. Widows there were and orphans everywhere, and girls whose lovers might never return to them. Can all the good that any war can do atone for all the misery it causes? Oh, for the time when there shall be no battles fought—no lives sacrificed either to kings or causes! It will come, for mind is at the helm everywhere, and the days of gunpowder are fast following the days of the sword out of existence. But, alas! alas! for the woe that I remember, the faces that turned pale and grew old before their time, the mourning throughout our land!

Even that was over. At last peace reigned again. Once more a New Year's day came on when thoughts of festivity seemed in place, and I said to my sister, with whom I lived:

'New Year's Day comes on me dear. Only one must send cards now, they say or no one will call.'

'Yes, it is more formal,' my sister said. 'But if you will go out to order the cards this morning, there may be time to send them yet.'

And I went cheerfully. And why was I so anxious to keep New Year's day, you ask? Was my grief quite over? Oh, my dear, it was only part of the old story, the old, old tale, that will be told over and over again until the world is blotted out and there are no young hearts to beat and no old ones to break.

I had heard that Ned Palmer had returned—he was Colonel Palmer now—and I believed that if we sent him cards he might understand with what feeling I inclosed mine and return to me. Yes, return to me. We were young yet. We were, perhaps, more sensible. Everything might be explained. If I could but lure him back, so that I could look into his eyes, I felt sure that he could read in mine that I was still true to him. I had no longer any pride about it. The watching and hoping and fearing of the war days had broken it quite down. If he would return to me, I ask nothing else of heaven; and he would—oh, I was sure that he would. And what pleasure it was to make the cake, hoping he would taste it; to remember that he was fond of chocolate; to think of all the pretty things that went to the dressing of the table as things that he would look upon. And New Year's Day or not, and no matter how many there were there, I would get him away to some quiet corner, and let him ask my forgiveness; or, if it came to that, I would ask his. Oh, my darling! Just to see him again! Just to look into those eyes—those great, beautiful eyes, that could have told a love-story without words. And some day—oh, he would kiss me again as in the days when we were first betrothed. Oh, he would come, he would surely come, for my heart told me that his still throbbed for me, that absence and distance and even the belief that I was false to him had never changed him. Yes, he would come, for now he had my card.

On New Year morn I looked in my glass hoping that those four years had not altered me much, or, if they had, only in a way that would tell him I had grieved for him. He would rather see that in my face than not, and my dress became me, and—ah, well it would be all right; and when the bell began to ring and the door to open and the rooms to fill, I gave smiling greetings to all, looking the while for him. He would not be amongst the earliest comers, of course; he never had been. It was not quite elegant, and he was always elegant. And so when noon came, I said of course the afternoon would bring him, and stole a few moments to make myself fresher and to add some trifle to my dress.

Still the guests came, the words of greeting and adieu were spoken. Boys with bright faces rushed in and out again. Middle-aged men bowed for a moment and were gone; elderly men, prone to linger about the grate stayed longer. It was a dry, bright day without a cloud in the sky; the voices in the street sounded clear and crisp; fresh, sweet air came in at the door with every new caller and was far from unpleasant. The crowd increased in the afternoon, but still Colonel Palmer did not come, and I said to myself that I would not expect him until evening. He would come in the evening because it would be more natural and easy to have our talk. He would desire that as much as I possibly could. I felt his heart calling to me. Oh! I was sure that in spirit he was with me—we had the fancy that that could be in the old days. While away from him he would bend his mind on something and will that I should think of it also, and I always did. Now his heart was calling to mine, calling, calling. I know the old feeling well. At every moment I turned expecting to see him enter the door, but he did not come. No, no, he did not come after all. At midnight, a prosy old man, who had tasted too much wine and was bewildered by it, maundered on about a thousand things, while my sister went to sleep behind her fan, and I said 'yes', and 'certainly' at intervals, and at last even he took his departure, and I felt that the dream was done, the hope over. He would not come he would never come again. And yet what did this inexplicable feeling mean?

'Go up to your children, dear,' I said to my sister. 'I'll see to everything.'

'Oh, thank you,' she replied. 'I never was so tired. That colonel Mr. Palmer—how he groused—good night!'

She made her way slowly upstairs, and I flung myself into a chair and wept.

'Never again, never again!' I sobbed.

Then I thought I heard a sigh and looked up. The door into the hall, which I had closed, was opening slowly, inch by inch. Some one seemed to be outside and afraid to enter. I watched the apertures in silence and, now I saw the figure of a man standing in the shadow; a moment more and I saw that it wore a uniform; the next and I knew Colonel Palmer. He was paler and graver than of yore; but he smiled as he came toward me. Now all day long I had thought that when he came I should greet him warmly, showing all my feelings in my manner, but now that he was there I could not rise or even speak. I seemed turned to a woman of stone. I could only look at him while my heart gave slow, heavy throbs, one after the other—throbs that I seemed to hear; and he came on slowly. He seemed to me to be weak and ill, scarcely strong enough to stand—[illegible] him. He come close, closer; his lips parted; and [illegible] ed him. I longed to stretch my arms toward him, to cry: 'Come to me for I love you more than ever! But I could not lift them. 'What must he think of me? I asked myself. I could only hope that he understood that it was excess of feeling, not lack of it, that held me powerless. He came closer, as though he did. He bent over me—

'Your card—, he said, faintly. 'I received it, and I know that you forgave—'.

And suddenly my strength returned to me.

'Oh, it is you who must forgive,' I cried and would have thrown my arms about his neck, but though I saw him still I felt nothing. I grasped the empty air.

'In heaven,' I heard a voice whisper, and his face faded as one does in a dissolving view, and I was alone.

I rushed to the door and into the hall. The outer entrance was locked and bolted, as the servant always left it at night.

I rushed upstairs, and I sobbed at my sister's door.

Come to me, Angie—come to me!'

And she came.

'Ned was here just now,' I said. 'Where has he gone; he seemed to melt into air, where is he—what is he?'

'Hush!' said Anglo. 'You have been dreaming. The door has been locked for more than an hour.'

'He came!' I moaned. 'He came!'

They put me to bed. I remember walking from one troubled dream only to fall into another, all night. But I was able to rise in the morning and go to the breakfast.

Letters lay beside every plate. My sister had one from her husband who was in Europe, and rejoiced over it. Meanwhile I opened one which bore a black seal and had upon it a stamp which I did not comprehend. There was something folded in paper in the envelope. My heart told me what it was; but I did not touch it. I was reading this:

'*Dead Lady*: A sad duty has become mine. A friend, to whom you sent a New Year card, died in my arms last night. It was Colonel Edward Palmer, of the—the Infantry Regiment, New York Volunteers. He died of wounds received in battle. He was very brave and much beloved by all who knew him. When he received your card he smiled and kissed it. He could not move from his pillow. But a little later he wandered, and said often: 'I must call. She will expect me.' He died at midnight; and before he passed away, drew this ring from his finger, pointed to your card, and said: 'Send it to her.' Then he took the card and laid it on his heart. It lies there now, with his hands folded over it. But let me not forget that he spoke once again, saying: 'In heaven.' And if these tidings bring you woe, dear lady, as I fear they must, remember those two words, the last he uttered: 'In Heaven.' There all tears will be wiped away. We have his promise to whom only we can turn for comfort in such moments.

I pray for you. ANN CRIFORD.

In Religion—SISTER FRANCIS,

'—— *Hospital.*'

I unfolded the paper that lay beside me, and found within my betrothal ring, and put it upon my finger. It shall never leave it.

They tell me that I only dreamed a dream upon that New Year night so long ago! Let them say what they please. Does it matter when I know that he came, and believe that I shall meet him in heaven.

LAW REGARDING NEWSPAPERS.

Any person who takes a paper regularly from the post office, whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for the payment.

If a person orders his paper discontinued he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and then collect the whole amount whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

In suits for subscriptions, the suit may be instituted at the place where the paper is published, although the subscriber may reside hundreds of miles away.

The courts have decided that newspapers or periodicals from the post office or removing and leaving them uncalled for while unpaid, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

Did it ever occur to you that no man can "raise the devil" without lowering himself?

EVIL.

BY MARY A. STORR.

As some low as the brin [illegible] log
They night and day, thro' ships and fog,
Have not the endless dialogue
Between the morning cock and the spirit breeze.
So is the man who cannot hear
The light and prayers fall like a mare,
The human soul and God's ear
Doth rise, while he doth answer back in harmonies;

'The good is weak and evil strong,
Yeast well to-day, we die ere long.'
Thus doth he sing his hopeless song
Who findeth not God's fire within the human clay;
He knoweth not at His behest,
That good may come in shadow dressed
And man call evil what is best
For stings are good which drive from darkness to the day.

Of good there is no mine or thine,
The source of all is the divine,
Who worketh not by undersign;
The wrong our "self" creately [illegible] can away;
By evil, like a pruning knife,
'Tis death he severeth, not life,
And fruitful branches gain by withered cut away.

WILLIAM P. MCKENZIE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BY MR. E. Q.

Will you kindly give me space in the HERALD for a few lines. Have just returned from visiting Mr. S. Little and other friends in Jamestown N. Y. Jamestown as your readers probably know, is situated on Lake Chautauqua, near the east of the famous C. L. S. S. While there I met a number of people who had at one time been residents of Halton. These all sent messages to friends at home, as they still call Halton. As it is not possible for me to see these friends personally I thought that, perhaps through your courtesy, and the medium of your paper they might all be reached. Mr. Little's Halton friends will be glad to know that he is prosperous and well pleased with the land of his adoption. Mr. Little has got so far as to talk of the Presidential election as "our election." I also met Dr. Meridith who told me he at one time lived in Georgetown, and wished to be remembered to Mr. McKinnon and the Hind family. The doctor has accumulated an independent fortune, and is one of the prominent men of the place. I met some Canadians who were in favor of Annexation. Not so the Americans, however. One day while talking with an acquaintance I chanced to remark that Annexation with Canada would be a great advantage to the States. "Advantage to us!" he cried with such an awful emphasis on us, that as Samantha says I "quailed some." "Why," said he "we don't want Canada. We wouldn't take Canada in a present. If we wanted you we would just step over and take you." All this was said with the air of one who thought he could come over some morning before breakfast and wipe the Dominion clean off the map. It is amusing anyway the vague idea the some Americans have of Canada. One lady to whom I was introduced asked me if Canada wasn't somewhere near Toronto, and I really believe she though Canada was one of the suburbs of Toronto.

Another Canadian who has prospered under the "Star Spangled Banner" is Mr. William Watson formerly of Ashgrove, County of Halton. Mr. Watson is manager of what is known as the Kent farm. This farm consists of eleven hundred acres of fine land. Everything is on a grand scale. Fine stables over two hundred feet long, these stables are supplied with hot and cold water, and contain over eighty thoroughbred horses and a magnificent herd of cattle, between eighty and ninety head and sheep and pigs in proportion. Mr. Watson told me that he had taken fifty first and thirty second prizes this last fall. Mr. Watson thinks nothing of getting two hundred dollars for a colt three or four months old. Two horse trainers are constantly employed on the farm. There is also on the farm an Apiary containing eighty hives of bees. Telephone connection between the stables and Jamestown. Mr. Watson has, I believe an equal share of all profits. Good outbuildings are not the rule in New York State. Indeed what would strike a Canadian most would be the inferiority of the barns and the absence of the time-honored rail fence. I must not forget to say that Mr. and Mrs. Watson wished to be especially remembered to Mr. and Mrs. M. Howson. If this letter reaches the eye of any friend interested in Mr. Watson's welfare they will please accept it as a message from him. Both Mr. and Mrs. Watson treated the writer of this with extreme kindness and any Canadian friend visiting Jamestown will meet with a warm welcome from the manager of the Kent farm and will feel well repaid for his visit.

HOLIDAY SMILES.

Mrs. Pugh—There was a great deal of breadth to Dr. Teck's sermon this morning.

Pugh—"But still it wasn't as broad as it was long.

La Grippe is not a thing to be sneezed at.

A nice new umbrella is used up when it is used at all.

Running expenses are those which you pay as you go.

It is the sweet boy and buy at the candy shops all the time.