The Georgetown Herald.

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Also Money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

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Sausages manufactured in the shop.
Your patronage solicited.
Yours respectfully,
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The newest and choicest Plants and Cut Flowers. Wholesale and Retail. Funeral and Wedding Designs prepared on shortest notice and shipped safely in any weather.

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Carpenter work of all kinds. Doors, Sash, Blinds, &c., &c.
—ESTIMATES FURNISHED—
Your patronage solicited.
ADAM WATSON.

CLARK HOUSE
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THE BEST ACCOMMODATION.
Special attention to commercial travelers
Attentive hostler.

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THE LEADING
UNDERTAKER.
MAIN STREET, - GEORGETOWN
Imports the finest goods in Cloth-covered and Polished Wood
CASKETS
Also the largest and cheapest stock of
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—1y J. G. WILLSON.

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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.
Beer Pumps and Fittings always in stock.
Estimates given for Sanitary Plumbing.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

The Dominion Bank.
CAPITAL PAID UP $1,000,000
RESERVED FUND $1,100,000
HEAD 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.

CAPITAL, $2,000,000. REST, $1,600,000.
THE
Bank of Toronto
ESTABLISHED 1855.
TORONTO BARNCH:
Cor. Church & Wellington Sts.
SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.
Deposits received in sums of $5 and upwards, and Interest allowed thereon at current rates.
SPECIAL DEPOSITS.
SPECIAL RATES allowed for amounts remaining not less than three months, and Deposit Receipts issued for same.
W. R. WADSWORTH,
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JOHN GANE
—Dealer in—
Boots & Shoes
Winter 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 proprty, and I 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.
English and Machine Repair Shop.

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 CURED Dr. TAFT'S ASTHMALENE never fails to cure Asthma. Send your address, and I will mail sam ple bottle. Dr. TAFT BROS., 181 PEARL ST. RICHMOND, N.Y. Canadian Dept. 186 Adelaide st., W., Toronto, Canada. FREE

Poetry.

WHAT MAKES?

A little crib beside the bed,
A little face above the spread,
A little frock behind the door,
A little shoe upon the floor.

A little lad with dark brown hair,
A little blue-eyed lass and fair,
A little lane that leads to school,
A little pencil, slate and rule.

A little blithesome, winsome maid,
A little hand within is laid,
A little cottage, acres four,
A little old-time household store.

A little family gathered round,
A little turf-heaped, tear-dewed mound
A little added to life's toil,
A little rest from harvest toil.

A little silver in his hair,
A little stool and easy chair,
A little night of earth-lit gloom,
A little cortege to the tomb.

To-Day's Story.

ECHO OF THE PASSION.

(Letter from Claudia Procula, wife of Pontius Pilate, to a friend in Media. Found in an old Chateau in France; translated from the Latin.)

You ask me dear and faithful friend, for an account of all that has transpired since our separation. With some events rumor has already acquainted you, and you appear frightened by the mystery in which they are enveloped. If you find them astounding, dear friend, call to mind the supernatural and mysterious power which overshadows our birth, our existence, and our death and remember that weak mortals should not seek to fathom its impenetrable designs.

I shall not speak of my childhood when basking in a father's smile and in thy faithful love, my life sped onwards as the summer's day 'neath the cloudless sky of Narbonne.

I had scarcely completed my sixteenth year when I was affianced to Pilate, descendant of an ancient and noble family, then occupying an honorable position in Illyria. The orange blossoms were still fresh upon my brow when I was forced to leave all most dear, to accompany Pontius to his far off home. Without joy or without sorrow, in a kind of passive indifference, I followed him who seemed in every respect much better suited to be my father than my spouse, yet I did not forget thee, cherished home of my childhood, thou, too, gentle sky of Narbonne, ye languishing lakes and shadowy groves, but to each I paid the tribute of a parting tear.

The first years of my married life sped quickly, I might almost say happily. Soon I became a mother and then the deep fountain of affection, that had so long lain silent and hushed, gushed up and sparkled 'neath the sunlight of my infant's smiles. I lived a new life, the sky seemed more bright, the birds carolled more merrily, and oh, who can paint my rapturous delight as I caught up the first lispings of my darling, my idolized boy. My son just attained his fifth year when Pontius by a caprice of royal favor, was named Proconsul of India. I could not but admire the beautiful country with its rich and fertile land, which now paid unwilling tribute to Imperial Rome.

Mine was now entirely new life. Honor, respect and the most flattering attentions everywhere followed me. I soon found however, this was but the empty heartless mockery of royal politeness, for in reality the haughty Hebrews detested the idolatrous strangers, as they styled my countrymen. Soon they grew weary of that constant dissembling so irksome to proud nature—they left me to myself. Had it not been for the sweet society of my darling little one, mine would indeed have been a lonely existence. I passed whole days in the beautiful garden attached to the palace, seeking thus to while away the weary hours. The roses and the trailing myrtle seemed to have a language of their own, which oftimes cheered my drooping spirits. I never tired of admiring the stately palm trees, even more beautiful than those of Debos, spreading out their vernal foliage as if to protect the delicate growth of the orange and the pomegranate blossoming at their side. I embroidered veils, read and re-read the verses of Virgil, which not only yielded sweet harmony to my ear but oft found an echo in my saddened heart.

The cares of government left Pontius little time to devote to the family circle, and when, at long intervals he visited me I was struck by anxious pre-occupied appearance. Powerful as was his arm it was too weak to stand under the Roman yoke. This independent and turbulent nation divided into a thousand different sects and agreeing only in their hatred for the name of Rome. Just at this period of my deserted life, I unexpectedly met with a most delightful oasis in my friendly intercourse with the family of the High Priest of the Synagogue. His wife, the beautiful Salome, came like a sunbeam to play upon my loneliness. Ramadis, their only child had just attained her twelfth year. She was as amiable as her mother and as lovely as the eastern roses which often nestled in her hair. Occasionally they spoke to me of their God and read me passages from their sacred books. Will you believe me, Fulvia, after listening to Salome talking of the most High God of Abraham and of Jacob, the only immortal God, inaccessible to those things and passions, which, [illegible] we daily behold around us, this God all-powerful, whose character and justice, piety and goodness go hand in hand, after listening to Salome accompanying on the harp her touching voice in singing the hymns composed by Israel's great king, which I too often chord with the melody of my lyre, I have fallen upon my knees and invoked almost involuntarily this unknown yet all powerful God and I have always risen from my prayer strengthened and consoled.

Ramadis had been suffering some time. One day on awaking, I learned that the fair flower had withered, and, as the crimson morning stole upon the earth had gently exhaled it's parting sigh upon Salome's bosom. Words could but feebly paint my sorrow at this sad intelligence, and stopping only to imprint a long, earnest kiss upon my darling's lips, I hastened to mingle my tears with those of the bereaved parents. Hardly had we entered the street on which they lived, than it became impossible to proceed. A vast multitude of all ranks and conditions lined the streets, while above the suppressed murmuring rose the soft tones of the lute. Reaching the house, I entered the vestibule. Suddenly the multitude rolled back as the mighty wave of the ocean, to give free passage to several men whom they seemed to regard with mingled feelings of admiration and awe. Among them I recognized the father of Samadis, but instead of the despairing sorrow which I expected to see imprinted on his venerable features, a strange look of confidence and hope lighted up that aged face. Those accompanying him were poorly clad and unrefined. Behind them came another still young in years, whose person was completely hidden in the folds of a flowing cloak which enveloped him. Mechanically I raised my eyes to look upon him, but quickly lowered them as we are wont to do before the dazzling splendor of the sun. Methinks an Aureola of glory rested upon the chestnut hair, which fell in ringlets about his shoulders. Fulvia, it were folly for me to attempt to tell you of the varied feelings that rushed upon me at this sight. Whilst I felt irresistibly drawn towards Him my very soul was quivering with terror. Meekness sat enthroned upon his face whilst from his eyes shone forth unbearable brilliancy. I followed him. A door opened and I beheld Samadis still beautiful in death. Around her lights were burning and perfumes wreathed their scented smoke in garlands around her head. Her face bore the pallor of death, but it was calm and serene. The roses had faded from her cheek 'neath the ice hand that had been laid upon her. Salome seated at her side was mute and passionless as a statue. She seemed insensible of our presence. Suddenly Jairus, the father of Samadis throwing himself upon his knees before the majestic stranger cried out, "Lord, my daughter is even now dead, but only say the word." A shudder ran through my frame. My very soul seemed to hang upon the stranger's answer. Calmly as the summer breeze, he took the young girl's hand and fixing upon her a look of tenderness, He said "Arise"—Fulvia, will believe it? She obeyed Him! She rose in her bed, her eyes opened slowly, the red color mounted to her cheeks and throwing out her arms she exclaimed "My Mother, oh! where is my mother?" This sound served to arouse Salome from the stupor into which he had fallen and the mother and child were locked in each other's embrace. Jairus still kneeling respectfully kissed the stranger's robe calling Him "Master" and in a voice trembling with emotion he cried out "Master, what must I do to serve Thee and to gain Eternal Life?" "Practise the two commandments of the Law" answered the stranger, "Love God and thy neighbor as thyself" I, too, had fallen upon my knees and as the last sound of that thrilling voice still trembled on the silent air, I arose as from a dream and hastily retraced my steps, leaving the happy family to the undisturbed enjoyment of their felicity.

During the evening repast I spoke to Pontius of what I had witnessed in the morning. He shook his head mournfully as he answered, "You have seen Jesus of Nazareth, the object of hatred to Scribe and Pharisee and to the proud Pontiffs of the Temple. Each hour seems to increase their ill will against Him and their vengeance as a thunder cloud, is even now ready to burst upon Him. However his words are full of wisdom and the prodigies he has wrought, well worthy of a God."

"Why then," asked I "do they hate Him?"

"Because," answered Pontius, "He has unveiled their hypocrisy" "Race of Vipers!" he said "Ye oppress the poor, the widow and the orphan, who seek in vain to touch your hardened hearts."

Then I heard him say, and alas, his words are but too true, and as such they irritate the haughty Pharisees, and the poor Nazarene's sky is now cloudy with their anger."

"But you will defend Him?" I exclaimed with ardor. "You have the authority in your hands."

"My authority," answered Pontius, "is but an empty show and will avail but little with this mutinous nation."

Then he added musing—"How shameful, should I suffer innocent blood to flow!" Pontius then left me abruptly to conceal, I thought the troubled look that was visible on his countenance. I remained alone, a prey to the most terrible presentiments. The Paschal time of the Jews was at hand and this famous Feast gathers to Jerusalem many from all the tribes of Judea to offer in unison the solemn sacrifice. The day before the Feast, Pontius said to me—"The fates are unpropitious for Jesus of Nazareth. A price has been placed upon His head, and before eventide he will be delivered up to the priests." Shuddering I again repeated, "But you will defend Him?"

"Would I be able" answered Pontius in a melancholy and abstracted way. "The misfortune which fate ordained for this imaginary character seem to threaten this man."

"He will be, he said "betrayed, persecuted, condemned to a cruel death on the cross—thus it is that the go is spent with the destinies of mortals."

Evening had come and I gladly sought to bury in sleep the strange foreboding that phantom-like, haunted my waking hours. But scarcely had my weary head reached the pillow when the most distressing dreams filled my imagination. I seemed to see this Jesus as Salome described to me their Great Eternal God; His face more brilliant than the sun. Angels surrounded Him and coming in the clouds in great power and majesty, He judged the human race which stood trembling in the valley beneath. With the rapidity of lightning, He separated the good from the wicked; the former rose towards Him with an unspeakable radiancy, whilst the latter fell into an abyss more [illegible] than Erebus. They showing deep wounds in His hands, His feet and His side. He exclaimed in a voice of thunder "Where are the fruits of the blood I shed for you?" Then I seemed to hear those miserable wretches beseeching the mountains and hills to fall on them, to hide them in their dark recesses, but in vain. They were to live forever a prey to agony, torments and despair. Oh! how terrible, how frightful a dream.

Scarcely had the Aurora painted the turrets of the temple, when with a strange sensation of indefinable horror, I seated myself at the open window, hoping that the fresh air would cool my burning brow. A low murmuring from the great city swelling momentarily louder and louder, then as the angry foam of the ocean waves, sullen yells and fierce imprecations were dashed upon the morning air, I listened while my heart throbbed as though it would burst the narrow limits of my bosom, whilst the cold perspiration beaded my forehead. The sounds grew louder and more distinct and I seemed to hear the tread of many feet upon the marble staircase leading to the Pretorium. Urged by some unknown power, I seized my child who had been playing at my feet and wrapping his round-cheeked limbs in my veil, I flew with eagle speed to seek Pontius. He was seated in the Tribunal of Justice. I dared not enter but drawing aside the purple hanging saw, oh! Fulvia! what a sight! The bare thought sends a shudder through my frame. Pontius was seated in the chair of state surrounded by those honors Rome so loves to heap upon her potentates, beneath the forced calm that sat upon his features, I discovered deep trouble and agitation. Before him stood this Jesus, His hands tied, His clothes in disorder and His forehead streaming blood. He was as tranquil as innocence, and resigned as is love; yet this very calm filled me with terror for I seemed to hear re-echoed from the arched ceilings "Where are the fruits of the blood I shed for you?" He was surrounded by an infuriated crowd that had dragged Him to the Pretorium. Among the multitude were several Scribes and Pharisees, likewise some priests who wore attached to their foreheads Scripture texts on parchment. From each darkened countenance was reflected deep seated hatred. The very demons seemed set loose among the populace. At a gesture from Pilate, the mighty murmuring died away.

"What do you ask of me?" he inquired.

"We ask the death of this man, Jesus of Nazareth," answered one of the priests, a self constituted interpreter of the multitude. "Herod has sent Him back to you that you may pass the sentence upon him."

"Of crime, is He guilty?" asked Pontius.

Loud and angry was the answer: "He has prophesied the ruin of the Temple. He has proclaimed Himself King of the Jews. He has insulted the Pontiffs, the holy sons of Aaron," exclaimed the priest.

These terrible yells for Jesus' death still ring in my ears, and the image of that august victim haunts me by day and by night. Silence ensued. Pilate again spoke and addressing Jesus said: "Who art thou?"

Jesus answered not a word.

The cries of the multitude increased, "Let Him be crucified, let Him be crucified!"

Pontius had now much difficulty in making himself heard. "I find no crime in this man," he said timidly. Like the voice of roaring thunder the city again arose—"Crucify Him! Crucify Him!"

I could listen no longer. Hastily seeking a trusty slave, I charged her to crave of Pilate a moment's audience. He immediately left the Tribunal and soon was at my side. Throwing myself upon my knees, I entreated him in the name of our darling, our only child, to take no part in Jesus' death, "for," said I, "He has appeared to me in a dream, clothed in power and majesty and judging the human race which trembled at his frown, and as the reprobates fell into the gulf beneath, I recognized between the blue flames those very Jews who now were clamorously demanding His death." I besought him not to lay hands upon the just man, for I felt that a single drop of His blood would seal Pontius' eternal damnation.

"This is strange, nay, fearful," answered Pilate, and I cannot stem the rushing torrent. The Roman cohort is small and feable and 'twere folly to attempt to quell this insurrection. The gods do frown upon us. The frenzied people ask not justice but vengeance." Then he added with renewed vehemence, "Calm thyself Claudia. Go to, thy dreams, mind ever were not made to rule on matters like this." He then left me. I stood as if stupefied while the great surging waves of agony flowed to and fro within my bosom. All this time Jesus was still before the Tribunal, a subject of ridicule, of raillery and of those unutterable outrages known only to brutal soldiery. Their fury was only equaled by His patience. Pilate had scarcely resumed his seat when the fearful shriek arose again, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him."

It is an ancient custom here, Fulvia, that about Paschal—Easter—the Governor release one of those retained in prison. In this release the choice is made by the people. Pilate's brow grew brighter, as he had a faint glimmering of hope for Jesus, and he asked in a loud tone "Which will you that I deliver up, Barabbas or Jesus who is called Christ?"

"Barabbas," unanimously vociferated the excited crowd. "Barabbas was a robber and an assassin whose crimes had rendered him odious to the entire nation.

"What, then," said Pilate, "shall I do with Jesus?"

"Let Him be crucified!" "Why what has He done?"

"Let Him be crucified!"

Pontius feebly attempted to quell the populace, which increasing in its insolence seemed to defy the Roman name, that name so proud, so feared, but which in Jerusalem has only the empty title of its grandeur—its armed forces were small and too feeble for the turbulent nation. As the voice grew louder my heart beat faster. Never had such fearful sounds vibrated on mortal ear. One alone amidst that terrific mob stood calm and collected. My whole soul seemed riveted on the majestic form of the outraged victim. The insults and tortures heaped upon Him, the prospect of an ignominious death, could not ruffle His serenity and from His eyes still beamed forth that mild yet overpowering effulgence which had infused life into the daughter of Jairus and which now rested on His executioners with meekness, nay, even love. He suffered with joy for His soul seemed to wing its flight to invisible regions as does the pure flame of the holocaust.

The Pretorium overflowed with the dense crowd and the entire street from the Temple to the palace was thronged with the fickle populace. Each moment the vociferations became more threatening, demanding the death of the gentle Jesus. "Crucify Him! Crucify Him! Let Him be crucified!" Pilate, anxious, fatigued, exhausted, finally yielded. Oh, fatal hour! He rose to his feet. Fear and terror were stamped on every feature. He washed his hands in a silver basin and cried out in a loud voice "I am innocent of the blood of this just man!"

"Let His blood be upon us and upon our children!" exclaimed the Jews.

Then surrounding Jesus they bore Him away with diabolical triumph. My eyes followed the victim. Suddenly my head grew dizzy, my knees trembled violently and I fell fainting to the floor. When restored to consciousness I found myself surrounded by my maids who had borne me to an open window. The cool air was grateful to my troubled spirit. Looking toward the court the first object that met my restless gaze was a marble column still reeking with fresh spilt blood.

"It was there," answered one of the slaves, interpreting my thoughts, "it was there the Nazarene was scourged."

"He was afterwards crowned with thorns," said another, "and the soldiers sported with Him and hailed Him King of the Jews."

"He is now about to expire," added a third.

Each word pierced my heart as with a sword. Each detail of this awful crime increased the agony that rent my very soul and tingled through my every vein. I felt that there was something supernatural in all the events of this frightful day. The very heavens seemed to share my feelings, for suddenly the bright face of the sun became obscured and clouds of wild, fantastic form rolled through the troubled firmament seeming to rest upon the turrets of the Temple. Sulphurous vapors choked the atmosphere whilst lurid lightnings shot restlessly across the heavens. Horror nailed me to my seat and clasping my son to my bosom, I waited. Towards the seventh hour a violent trembling of the earth ensued. The sun seemed about to fall from its place. The universe threatened to return to its original nothingness. I fell prostrate to the earth. Suddenly one of my maids rushed into the room, pale and haggard, her hair dishevelled, she shrieked with terror "The last day has come, the veil of the Temple has been rent in twain. Desolation sits in the Holy Place. The sepulchres have yielded up their dead!" At these words I sprang to my feet and trembling in every limb attempted to descend the stairs. There I met the Centurion who had presided at the execution of Jesus. He had grown gray in the wars against the Parthians and never did a braver heart beat in mortal bosom, but now he was pale with the paleness of death. I wished to question him but he passed on apparently unconscious of my presence whilst he repeated in a scarcely audible voice, "He whom we have put to death is truly the Son of God!" I entered the hall where Pilate was seated with his head buried in his hands. He looked up earnestly at me and said in a tone of intense agony "Oh, that I had followed thy counsel, Claudia, my miserable heart will never

(Continued on fourth page.)