The Georgetown Herald.

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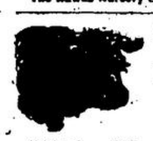

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GENUINE

Clearing Sale!

For 15 Days.

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A FREE Sample

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Newly Discovered

"Foam" Yeast

Can be obtained from

McKAY BROS., - - Georgetown.

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COULD HARDLY WALK

OR MOVE OF

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—OF—

Gentilly City, La.

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TWO YEARS

Suffering

IS CURED

—BY—

THE USE OF

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

"For fully two years, I suffered from rheumatism, and was frequently in such a condition that I could hardly walk. I spent some time in Hot Springs, Ark., and the treatment helped me for the time being; but soon the complaint returned and I was as badly afflicted as ever. Ayer's Sarsaparilla being recommended, I resolved to try it, and, after using six bottles, I was completely cured."—P. H. Ford, Gentilly City, La.

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It is at

Perrin's

THAT YOU GET

Groceries,

Provisions, Fruit, &c.,

Fresh, and in all respects to suit you.

A share of your patronage is solicited.

All goods promptly delivered.

STORE, next Drummond's harness shop.

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JUST A WORD...

About Prices.

WE aim to sell choice goods cheap. While our prices are made as low as possible, the quality of our goods will always be found the best. We quote a few prices:

Gents' silver stem wind Waltham watch, screw back and front case..	$ 0 00
Gents' nickel, stem wind Waltham watch, warranted for two years..	7 00
Gents' gold filled case, warranted for fifteen years, with genuine American movement	12 00
Ladies gold filled American watch, warranted for fifteen years	10 00
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Eight day walnut and oak clocks, half hour strike, warranted for two years	3 50
Solid gold, gem rings, 4 stones, pearl, ruby or turquoise	1 50
Solid Silver Souvenir Spoons etched, Georgetown only	1 25

CALL AND SEE THESE GOODS.

T. J. WHEELER
GEORGETOWN, ONT.

Poetry.

DON'T RUN THE OLD MAN IN DEBT.

A mom andpoka, will fix his hat on the side,
All right, dressed and ready to drive out.
And his shirtsleeves and suspenders, with a little coaxing,
By a love of a kitten or hat.
But, wife, please remember, when shopping for show,
And longing to shine in your set,
That dresses cost money, and bonnets also,
And don't run the old man in debt.

Don't run the old man in debt,
Don't make for him weary and fret,
Have clothing that's nice, but look out a-
for the price,
And don't run the old man in debt.

'Tis often a woman's desire to be thought
In her circle the very top crust,
But if social supremacy cannot be bought
For cash do not get it on trust.
'Tis pleasant to be on the top of the heap,
But to stay there takes money, you bet!
So count the cost well of being a swell,
And don't run the old man in debt.

Don't run the old man in debt,
Don't make for him worry and fret,
Your kite you may fly till it touches the
sky,
But don't run the old man in debt.

It's quite a delight to go shopping, no doubt
The hobby of matron and maid
For women take pleasure in looking about
When beautiful goods are displayed.
But while you are bargaining that you might
desire,
Their purchase might cause you regret,
Don't buy any goods that you do not require
And don't run the old man in debt.

Don't run the old man in debt,
Don't run the old man in debt,
Don't make for him worry and fret,
Buy the things that you need, but always take heed
And don't run the old man in debt.

Though one may the love of nice things understand
And underwear dainty and light,
What's the use of a diamond clasp on a band
That always is hidden from sight?
On ornaments that are concealed from the view
Don't let your affections be set,
Buy only the things that are useful to you,
And don't run the old man in debt.

Don't run the old man in debt,
Don't make for him worry and fret.
Pray look out when you buy pretty
things that come high
And don't run the old man in debt.

Your neighbors, of course, you may try to out-shine—
'Tis a failing that's common to all.
Perhaps from the first that was nature's design,
Or maybe it came with the fall.
But don't be by promptings of vanity led,
However your wishes may set;
If Eve had her failings, it cannot be said
That she ever ran Adam in debt.

Don't run the old man in debt,
Don't make for him worry and fret.
Be stylish and gay if you're built in
that way,
But don't run the old man in debt.

To-Day's Story.

A BOY TO BE TRUSTED.

Take these letters to the post office.

Yes, sir.

Get a postal order to this address, indicating one of the letters, and enclose it in it.

Yes, sir.

Carry these papers over to Mr. Hill's office.

Yes, sir.

Stop at Mr. Grant's in the Jefferson block and ask him to step around to see me.

Anything else? as the lawyer paused in his directions.

Be lively about it.

No need to tell Jim to be lively. He had within a week been raised from his position as a newsboy to the dignity of office boy to Mr. Lane, the lawyer. A proud and happy boy was Jim as he dressed himself in the clothes which Mr. Lane had given him as an advance on his wages.

Clean all over! he said, surveying himself with an air of great satisfaction. Clean from top to toe. And I'm going to keep clean, too, now that I have a chance. No more rushin' 'round the streets and settin' 'round the curbstones. No more sleepin' in alleyways. No more goin' barefoot and wearin' rags. Clean all over! And, Jim's face grew sober as he stood reflecting. I'm goin' to keep clean inside as well as outside. He's given me a chance, and I'm goin' to show him I'm worth it. Yes, I am.

With a jump and a whoop, Jim sprang into his new life full of new resolutions. Mr. Lane had met him jumping forlornly on the street, overburdened with an armful of newspapers, while still weak as the result of a long illness, he having just been discharged from the hospital. The young lawyer was struck with pity at the sight of the appealing eyes and sound of the quivering voice, which evinced full of a worldless craving for help which no hand seemed ready to give.

Seems to me you are not fit for such work, he said kindly, as he bought a paper.

I'll be stronger soon, I guess, said Jim, as he gave the change.

He doesn't look as if he had much chance for that, said the lawyer, looking after him as he staggered wearily off. Here!

Jim turned at the sound of the voice which had spoken kindly to him.

Don't you think you could manage to do these things? No, of course he can't, poor little ragamuffin. This is a lower field, and first Mercurial. If you'll come around to my office, I'll give you some work, he said, as Jim, from very weakness, leaned heavily against a lamp post. Can't you delay your errands when you feel better? he asked.

Yes, I know I could, said Jim, in a flush of hopefulness.

Take this, then. Go out to the park and sit around in the sunshine for a couple of days. Then come to me, and we'll fix it.

It's taking things on trust, I know, said Mr. Lane to himself. But what's the world good for if you can't take a few things on trust? Better to be fooled a few times than not do it.

So to-day Jim had been for more than a week acting as Mr. Lane's office boy. He started off on a brisk pace with his letters and papers, proud of every chance which now came to him of showing how lively and how faithful he could be in the performance of his new duties.

I ain't never goin' to turn one way nor another till I get my stuff to where it's to go, said Jim, as he tucked the papers securely under his arm and took a firm grasp of the dozen or more letters. Important, I reckon, he went on, with a glance of great respect at the business-like envelopes. Money in 'em like as not. And I've heard say there's stuff wrote in letters sometimes as is more important'n even if you was sendin' money in 'em. You wouldn't think so, but that's what they says. And if anybody's likely to write important things, it's Mr. Lane.

Straightening himself with the importance of having to do with matters of such importance, Jim turned up a stairway and delivered his papers to Mr. Hill. The message to Mr. Grant was duly given, when the boy turned in the direction of the post office, which was some little distance farther on.

What's all the crowd?—somebody run over or somethin'?

Jim stood for a moment after rounding a corner and coming face to face with a scene of confusion common enough on city streets. Men and boys were running from different directions towards a certain point, and in a very few moments several hundred people were collected.

Jim paused for a moment. He could easily keep on the other side and accomplish his errand without delay. A feeling in his heart told him this was the thing to do, for a boy who stops to ascertain the why and the wherefore of every street commotion will have little time for anything else. But he turned a little, allowing himself to mingle in the crowd.

It's only a couple of bootblacks, he heard some one say, got knocked down and run over.

It was close upon where a number of Jim's comrades used to gather for work. What if it should be any of them? More willingly, he moved with the crowd until he found himself unable to choose which way he should move.

Make way! Some members of the police force were clearing the way for the approach of an ambulance. Jim was hustled rudely to one side and the package of letters thrown from his hand.

With a cry of dismay he stooped to gather them, but the pressure grew heavier as he was desperately snatching them from under the crowding, trampling feet.

Out of the way you young simpleton! Do you want to have the life trodden out of you?

He was forcibly raised to his feet and pressed far to one side. Counting the letters he found that two of them were missing. But it was no use trying to fight his way to where he had lost them. He was obliged to wait until the crowd had dispersed, and when with a despairing heart he made his way to the place but no letters were there.

Poor Jim mulled the recovered ones, and then began wondering if he should ever go back to the office.

What'll I say if he asks me? If I tell him he'll think I'm a good-for-nought, and, like as not, he'll turn me off. Course he will. If I tell him I mailed 'em all, p'raps he'll never find it out. Yes, I'll go back; if he does find it out, he can't do no worse 'an lick me, and that won't make me feel half so bad as the losin' 'em.

Jim went back and gave his best attention to the performance of his duties. But it was a long and heavy day. Mr. Lane had a pleasant, trustful way with people with whom he came in contact, increased by a pity and liking for Jim which led him to treat him with a kindness entirely new to the little arab. Jim could easily have borne harsh usage, but this was too much for him. Every pleasant word spoken to him seemed to appeal directly to his sense of right, so often in the cruel fight for existence which had been ordered for him dulled and smothered, but now awakened into new life.

As night came on Jim sat on a box in the hallway outside the office and did a little earn at thinking.

I can't stand it no longer; no, I can't, he said to himself with a forlorn look through the open door at the pleasant rooms in which he was already beginning to feel a proud sort of part ownership. He thinkin' me a decent, honest sort of a boy as isn't the kind to do mean, unfeelin' things—and me losing his letters and never tellin' him. P'raps them letters was important.

Yes, lawyers' letters always is. I'd rather he turned off any day 'n be goin' round here and him lookin' at me as he does now.

First gave himself an hour to change his mind, but the very moment was standing before Mr. Lane, who thought to be alone in the office. The gist which Jim lifted were very troubled now, but full of honest purpose to acknowledge his fault, did not shrink before the keen searching eyes which met them.

Well, what is it? asked Mr. Lane, as Jim hesitated, entirely knowing how to begin.

Them letters, he stammered, the color growing deeper on his already flushed face. You thought I mailed 'em all, but I didn't; I lost two of 'em. I'm sorry, and I'll go away and I'll bring back the clothes you give me.

Mr. Lane looked gravely at the small figure standing in such utter self-abasement before him. Everything about it, the thin face with its appealing eyes, the stooping shoulders and the air of general dejection, seemed to unite in telling the story of how hard life had been on him, and how heroic was this truth-telling which might result in the casting away of the old good fortune which had ever come to him.

The gravity melted into a smile.

I like a boy I can trust, said Mr. Lane. Yes, said Jim with a despairing sigh. You thought you could trust me to take care of them letters—and—now you know you can't—

Now I know I can trust you to tell the truth. You needn't go, Jim. I want you to stay as long as you can do the square and honest thing. If you hadn't told me, though, I should have let you go to night, for I knew you had lost the letters. Some one picked them up and brought them to me.—New York Observer.

THEMES FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

A good man needs no monument.

We are all ruled by what we love.

To divide a sorrow with another will lighten it.

No man goes willingly where his heart does not lead.

The highest station in life is taken one step at a time.

The more brotherly we act the more brotherly we feel.

God will not give to us any more religion than we will use.

Profession that is all pretension has no influence except for evil.

The man who is willing to do wrong to obtain riches cannot enjoy them.

The best soldier is not the bravest, but the one who obeys orders the best.

God aims at the heart when he turns the artillery of his truth at a sinner.

Deeds of love are more precious than jewels, because they cannot be bought.

It pays to read books that will make you think and dig down into yourself.

You may not be able to get people to read the Bible, but you can make them read you.

It is hard to have a revival in a church where everybody wants to be a brigadier general.

Be mindful of God in all the small things of life, and you will not forget him in the great ones.—From the Rev's Horn.

The question with Christ was not, "How much can I do for myself as your expense, but how much can I do for you?"

ABOUT YOUR BOYS.

Treat your boys as though they were of some importance, if you would have them manly and self-reliant.

Be careful of the little courtesies. You cannot expect your boy to be respectful, thoughtful and kind unless you first set him the example.

If you would have your boy make you his confidant, take an active interest in all that he does, don't be too critical, and ask for his views and opinions at all times.

Don't keep your boys in ignorance of the things they should know. It is not the wholesome truth, but the unwholesome way in which it is acquired that ruins many a young man.

Don't act as though your boy amounted to nothing, nor be continually making comparisons between him and some neighbor's son to his disadvantage, nothing will dishearten him quicker.

Don't think that anything is good enough for the boys, and that they don't care for nice things; have their rooms fixed up as nicely as possible; let them understand that they are to be kept in order and the result will justify your pains.

Furnish your boy with good, wholesome reading matter. Have him read to and with you. Discuss with him what you read, and draw out his opinions and thoughts on the subject. Help him to think early for himself.

Make home a pleasant place: see to it that the boys don't have to go anywhere else to secure proper freedom and companionship.

Take time to make them feel comfortable and contented, and they will not want to spend their evenings away from home.

Pick your son's associates. See to it that he has no friends whom you know nothing about. Take an interest in all his troubles and pleasures, and have him feel perfectly free to invite his friends to the house. Take a little pains to make him and his friends comfortable and happy. He will not be slow to appreciate it.

Dr. Low's Worm Syrup cures and removes worms of all kinds in children or adults. Price 25c. Sold by all dealers.

TALK OF THE DAY.

What had the prisoner in his hand when he took the prisoner? asked the magistrate of a policeman. I saw nothin' in his hand jes' this one, sor, was the reply.

There are times when the world thinks he hits the public eye merely consider the position of a spade in dirt.

Be reasonable—trouble the world may knowingly call out exclaimers and others, but still bachelors seem call not stalkers understandingly!

We wish that it would turn about,
In this old world so funny,
That poverty and trouble were
As hard to find as money.

Not Exactly Sympathetic.—Young man, said the stern father, appearing suddenly at the door of the parlor and holding it open, walk out. Yes, sir, responded the young manwalking to go. You're the boss. You've got the right. But I want you to understand, he added, fiercely, that I don't walk out on account of any grievance I've got against Miss Laura.

Bearded Lady—The manager is in great trouble just now. Snake Charmer—What is the matter? Bearded Lady—He has proposed to the two-headed girl. One of her accepted him and one rejected him.

What would you want first if you had a great big fortune? Greekley—A bigger one.

Watts—Your wife visited us this afternoon, and got into a peck of trouble by claiming that you supplied her with a book of checks in blank. Now, my wife wants me to do the same thing. Potts—Oh, you can do it with perfect safety. The checks are not signed.

Rocks—I have taken a little more than was good for me at times, but I never was quite as far gone as Rounder was when he came in the other night. Bangs—Why, what did he do? Lit a Roman candle to go to bed by.

Does your new dress fit you well, Clara? Oh, splendidly! I can hardly move or breathe in it.

There are few more disappointing things in life, says the Manayunk Philosopher, than a balloon ascension to a man with a stiff neck.

In the suburbs of Paris—The landlady of an eating house to a couple of duellists ready for the fray—Be quick, gentlemen, else the partridges will be overdone!

Halsey Painum—Did your daughter graduate with distinction?

Macon McDonough—I should say she did. The dressmaker's bill for her graduating outfit was $248.

HIS FIRST CASE.

The young man had just been admitted to practice at the bar. He sat within the bar enclosure, speculating upon the chances of clients coming to him by mistake or otherwise. He heard his name spoken and started to his feet.

"Mr. De Novo, the prisoner at the bar is unable to employ counsel. Will you defend him?"

"Certainly, Your Honor. May I retire with him to the bar office for a few moments' consultation?"

"Yes, sir; and give him your best advice."

A hardly perceptible smear curled His Honor's lips as he uttered these last words, but the young man did not appear to notice it. Motioning for the prisoner to follow him he passed into the other room. The door was closed and for ten minutes the lively clatter of many conversations filled the courtroom. Then the young man strolled into the room and dropped into a chair. The crier proclaimed: "Silence in the courtroom!" His Honor gazed upon the young man and said:

"Are you ready to proceed?"

"Yes, Your Honor."

"Where's the prisoner?"

"I really don't know."

"What?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Mr. De Novo, will you explain what you mean by this most extraordinary conduct?"

"Your Honor told me to give him the best advice I could, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"May it please the court, when I consulted him I found he was guilty and had really no defense whatever. So, in pursuance of Your Honor's kindly meant suggestion, I advised him to drop out of the window and make himself as scarce as possible." I presume, in fact I know, that he followed the first part of my advice, and I believe he will also observe the rest of it."

The prisoner that was is still at large.

IS THERE ANY PROSPECT?

Some Methodist brother has been sending rather unfavorable accounts of the Methodist Union in Canada to an Australian newspaper. He thinks the Union was a sin and thing for the country." After describing some of its bad effects he pathetically adds, "and yet for all this many are trying to consummate a union with the Presbyterian church." If this brother is not nearer the facts with regard to Methodist union than he is with regard to union with the Presbyterians, the Australian Methodists had better pay no attention to him. There is a little platform oratory here about union between the Methodists and Presbyterians, chiefly by men who wish to "bring down the house," but that is all. Nobody seriously thinks of amalgamating the Arminianism and Calvinism of the country. We are a reasonably progressive people in Canada, but we have not gone quite so far as to think that our fathers are fools.—CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

A WEAKENING DIET.

It was dared by the students of one of the theological colleges recently, that one of their number, before the hands of the clock had passed twelve, should be seen in the kitchen, knocking at the door and asking the cook for a piece of pie. Probably a light step was heard on the stairs and she opened it. What she saw, did not look like a tramp, although it had given the pleading manner and attitude of one.

"Goodness," she exclaimed in spite of herself, "I didn't know there were tramps at the seaside."

"I beg your pardon, madam," responded the visitor. "I am no tramp."

"Of course you are not," she apologized, blushing. "Is there anyone you wish to see?"

"Madam," he replied, with an effort, "I have not tasted food for three weeks."

"What?" she almost shrieked.

"I said I had not tasted food for three weeks."

"I thought you said you were not a tramp?" and her tone was not so musical.

"I am not, madam," this with a convincing manner that almost unbalanced her.

"Then what are you?" she asked, nervously.

"I'm a guest, madam, at one of those big hotels over yonder, and have been since it opened, and all I have had to eat has been elegant tableware and good waiting.

Then it dashed upon her like a thunderbolt from a clear sky; if a thunderbolt may be said to flash, and she invited him in and gave him a dinner that made him forget all his sorrows.

NO COUNTERFEIT INFIDELS.

"Did you ever see a counterfeit bank note?"

"Yes."

"Why is it counterfeited?"

"Because the genuine note was worth counterfeiting."

"Did you ever see a scrap of brown paper counterfeited?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because it is not worth counterfeiting."

"Did you ever see a counterfeit Christian?"

"Yes."

"Why was he counterfeited?"

"Because he was worth counterfeiting?"

"Was he to blame for the counterfeit?"

"Of course not."

"Did you ever see a counterfeit infidel?"

"Why, no."

"Why not?"

"Ahem!"

"We pass the above catechism along.—Philadelphia Methodist.

A WOMAN'S GIFT.

A remarkable gift has been made to Harvard University quite unparalleled in the world. This is the bequest of $5,000 to found a fellowship for the benefit of poor and deserving colored students, preference to be given to the students of medicine. The remarkable fact about this gift is that it comes from a former slave, Harriet Hayden, who was formerly the property of a Kentucky slave owner. Harriet lived as a slave until after her marriage and the birth of her child, when one night she, with husband and baby and a fellow slave escaped to Canada. The Haydens got through all right, but their companion was captured and taken back. The first act of the Haydens, after they had contrived to get work to do, was to send $550 to secure the release of their unfortunate compade. Harriet Hayden's child died in the civil war while bravely fighting under Admiral Farragut.

A PLOWSHARE FOR A BELL.

In West Jacksonville is a small colored church. The church is an old edifice and its congregation has grown steadily until only one half of it can be accommodated at one time. The church has no bell to call the pious people to worship, but it has something that answers the same purpose.

About the time for the brothers and sisters to assemble, a small boy, probably 10 years old, steps outside the door with a big plowshare dangling by a string. In the other hand is a railroad spike. Every ten seconds or so he strikes the plowshare with the spike, and keeps it up for about ten minutes, when he gives a variation in a series of sharp raps to imitate the tolling of a bell.

The imitation is first rate and the sound is not at all unmusical, and calls the people to the church just as effectually as if the best bell in the world hung in the steeple.—Florida Times-Union.

HOW CLOVES GROW.

The small evergreen tree from which cloves are taken was originally a native of the Spice Islands, but it is now cultivated in warm climates in all parts of the world. The clove of commerce is the unopened flower of the tree. They are quite small, but grow in large clusters among the branches. After gathering the buds are smoked by a wood fire and dried in the sun. Both the taste and smell of the cloves depend on the quantity of oil they contain.

Sometimes the oil is separated from the cloves before they are sold, and the odor and taste are in consequence much weakened. If you desire to know something of the form of the bud in the natural state soak a few cloves for a short time in hot water. The petals of the flower will soften and readily unroll.