The Georgetown Herald.

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The Georgetown Herald

EVERY WEDNESDAY

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GEORGETOWN, ONT

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Office of the County Crown Attorney for the County of Halton. Conveyancing and money to loan at lowest rates. Georgetown, Ont.

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To sell a choice line of Nursery Stock. Liberal salary or commission paid weekly. Permanent and paying positions to good men. Special inducements to beginners. Exclusive territory given if desired. Write at once for terms to
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Choicest Meats of all Kinds.
Meats Promptly delivered.
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Stands head and shoulders above all the rivals, so we can safely declare that our College, of the Empire, its patronage, attending every year, increases the most to 200 in Columbia and California on the West, but it has also developed into a great

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being at present engaged in giving practical instructions in 16 Languages....no other business college in Canada can do so much for its patrons or offer such favorable terms. The ambitious, wide-awake business student will attend no other. For a copy of the illustrated Curriculum, mailed free, address,

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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 any weather.

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Give us a Call and See Our Prices.
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Choicest Lines
—OF—
Boots & Shoes
GENUINE
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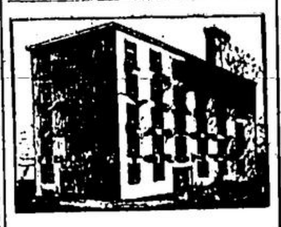

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—OF THIS—
Newly Discovered
"Foam" Yeast
Can be obtained
—from—
McKAY BROS., - - Georgetown.
TRY IT.

Health Restored
ALL RUN DOWN
No Strength nor Energy.
Miserable
OR THE
EXTREME.
Hands
COVERED
with
SORES.

CURED BY USING
Ayer's Sarsaparilla

"Several years ago, my blood was in bad condition, my system all run down, and my general health very much impaired. My hands were covered with large sores, discharging all the time. I had no strength nor energy, and my feelings were miserable in the extreme. At last, I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla and soon noticed a change for the better. My appetite returned and with it, renewed strength. Encouraged by these results, I kept on taking the Sarsaparilla, till I had used six bottles, and my health was restored."—A. A. Towns, prop. Harris House, Thompson, N. Dak.

Ayer's The Only Sarsaparilla
Admitted
AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

BELISLE & CO'Y.

Our $10 Suits
Are a remarkable success.
Our $12 Suits
Are a decided success.
Our $3 Pants
Are Immense value.
Call and See Our Goods.
We are Cheaper than ever, give better value than ever, busier than ever.
Suits to Suit the times
—AT—
BELISLE & CO'S.

FOREIGN FRUIT STORE!
Bananas, Oranges, Lemons, Pine Apples,
Dates, Figs, Prunes, Raisins, Confectionery.
All kinds of Canned Goods, Bulk Pickles.
Cigars, Cigarettes, Tobacco.
St. Leon (Mineral Water.)
Oysters in Season.
T. M. GRAHAM, - Georgetown.
Roe Block, No. 3.

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..	$ 9 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
Ladies' silver, stem wind watches ..	3 00
Ladies' nickel watches, good time keepers	4 50
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

Faith.

(Written shortly after the R. W. Bishop by Miss E. Pauline Johnson, and read before the Women's Auxiliary to Missions of the Church of England.)

Beyond the wonderers of all star or sky
Island lands
Beyond the old Red River, where
Manitoba breeds
Into the far and fair Northwest the last
Immortal seed.
With cannon and with bayonet the British
soldiers went.
Over other others were ringing out
flags were flaunted high,
And many a city flocked to bid her gallant
boys good-bye.
And well, indeed, those warriors fought,
and well, perhaps, they bled;
And well, perhaps, some sleep to-day with
in their silent bed.
Some aching heart still listens, with a pulse
that beats and burns,
For the footsteps of the boy that left, but
never returns.

Another heart still dwells beyond the
banks, Saskatchewan;
Oh, Indian mother, waiting for the coming
of your son
Who left his home a year ago to fight the
volunteers—
To meet his death from British guns—his
death song British cheers.
For you I speak to-day—and ask some
noble, faithful hand
To send another band of men to meet you
in your land—
Not as last year, these gallant hearts, as
dogs of war will go;
No swords within their hands, no cause to
bring the afterglow
Of blush to Canada's fair cheek; for none
can say, as then,
"She treats her Indian wards as foes"—
no, these are different men.
Their strength is not in rank and file, no
martial host they lead;
Their mission is the Cross of Christ; their
arms, the Christian Creed.
Instead of helmets, round their heads, a
halo shines afar.
"I will light your trampled souls, we pray,
more than the flash of war.
Seek not to find upon this hand a cost of
crimson glow;
God grant their hands will spotless be as
those who go on missions to the Northwest Indian lands.
The thorns may hurt your foreheads, and
the cross may bruise your hands;
For the goal seems far away, reward seems
vague and dim—
If ye Christianize the least of these "Ye do
it unto Him";
And perhaps when o'er the river's brink the
waves of death have laved,
The jewels in your crowns will be the Indian
souls you've saved.

To-Day's Story.

TWO BOYS.

Frank Warren and Ralph Thomas were left at an early age to make their own way in the world. They secured positions in a large wholesale house in a western city and boarded and roomed together. For a time all went well. They had a kind employer who, being very much pleased with the bright, active boys, soon advanced their wages. But by and by there came a change. Ralph did not seem so anxious to please his employer as formerly, and instead of spending his evenings quietly in his room, he was gone almost every evening. Frank had often questioned him, hoping to learn where he spent his evenings but he stubbornly refused to tell.

One evening as Ralph was about to leave the room Frank laid his hand on his shoulder and said:

"Ralph, you are gone almost every evening now, and as I am the older I think you ought to tell me where you go. I fear you are getting into bad company."

"Humph! Guess I don't have to tell you all my affairs. 'Tian't any of your business anyway," was Ralph's angry reply.

"Please don't be offended," said Frank very gently, "for I assure you that what I am saying is for your own good. So many promising young men are ruined by bad associates that——"

Here Ralph interrupted him by saying, "I didn't ask you for your advice and don't want it," and then shut the door with a bang.

As Ralph walked rapidly down the street it occurred to him that he was being followed by some one; for whenever he looked back he saw the same man at the same distance from him every time.

Ralph was followed by his employer, Mr. Corson. Often when returning from his day's work he had seen Ralph coming down the steps from his room, and he noticed that he always started in the same direction. This aroused his suspicion and he determined to follow him. After going quite a distance Ralph went into a large brick building. Stepping to the window his employer saw him eagerly drain a glass of sparkling wine. He called for another and still another. After drinking the last glass he sat down to a table and commenced playing cards. That was enough and Mr. Corson turned sadly away. He had seen with his own eyes what was ruining the boy who had, until recently, so faithfully discharged his duties. Ralph stayed longer than usual that night. The next morning when the boys went to the store, Mr. Corson told them that he wished to see them in his office that evening.

"I'll bet that he's going to advance our wages or else give us better positions," Ralph whispered.

It had been Mr. Corson's intention to discharge Ralph and he had asked him to come to his office for that purpose; but as he worked unusually well that day, he resolved to wait a while longer. That evening when the boys were leaving the store, Mr. Corson said:

"You need not come to my office this evening. Wait until the last of the month."

When the end of the month came, Mr. Corson had fully determined to discharge Ralph, for during the last few days he had become very careless. When the boys came up to his office, Mr. Corson gave them their pay for the month, and then addressing Ralph, said, "You may now consider yourself discharged."

"What do you mean?" Ralph gasped.

"I mean just what I say," replied Mr. Corson. "When first I employed you, you were one of the best boys that I ever had; but you have changed since then and I know the reason."

"Why is it?" demanded Ralph.

"For the simple reason that you are in the habit of frequenting a saloon. There you, together with your associates that are of the very lowest order, gather every night to drink wine and play cards. You know that it is one of the rules of this house to have no one in its employ who uses liquor in any form."

"I know it, sir," replied Ralph, highly indignant, "but can you prove that I use it?"

"I can. Only the other night when returning home, I looked through the window of a certain saloon and there I saw you, either I had trusted so much, drink three glasses of the poisonous wine. What better proof do you want?" Ralph made no reply but hung his head.

"Now," said Mr. Corson, turning to Frank "I will attend to the business that I have with you. You have most faithfully done you duty, and you deserve a better position. I want you to help me with my office-work. The work will be easier and the pay better. Will you accept."

Of course Frank gladly accepted the offer made him by his kind employer. As the boys were going home, Frank said: "Well, Ralph, what are you going to do now?"

"Oh, I can't tell pledly to do," replied Ralph, "for only last night the saloon-keeper wanted to know if I wouldn't like to clerk there. I guess I will go there, for that would suit me exactly."

Frank knew that it was useless to say anything, and the next day Ralph was handing liquor across the counter of a saloon. He took a room in another part of the city, and Frank did not often see him. He finally left the city, and that he lost track of him altogether.

Years have passed since then. Frank is no longer in the employ of Mr. Corson, but is now at the head of a large establishment of his own. Honest and upright, he commands the respect of all who know him.

[illegible]

"Yes, yes, I killed my wife and child. I didn't mean to do it, but drinking maddened my brain. Oh, if I had only heeded Frank years and years ago, I would not be here to-day. But I didn't. I told him that there was no harm in 'only a social glass.' That was only the beginning, and this is the end."

Frank Warren listened breathlessly to what the insane man was saying and when he had finished, the truth flashed upon him. The man behind the iron bars was none other than Ralph Thomas.

As Frank gazed sadly upon the wreck of his friend of former days, he thought of a lesson they had often read in the old brick school-house on the hill, when they were boys together. There was a world of meaning in the last verse to him now, for he thought that, had Ralph heeded the warning given there, he would not have been behind iron bars to-day. This was the verse:

"And shun, O shun the enchanted cup!
Though now its draught like joy appears,
Ere long it will be fanned by sighs,
And sadly mixed with blood and tears."

PERSONAL AND PERTINENT.

Henry M. Stanley and his beautiful wife reside quietly at St. Moritz, in Switzerland.

Miss Frances Willard lives on the time-lock principle of division of the day—eight hours for work, eight hours for sleep and eight hours for rest and recreation.

Flammarion, the French astronomer, ascribes to astronomical cranks the idea that Mars has been trying to signal this planet.

The Rev. Fr. Peter Hawermans, of Troy, N. Y., has been a priest for sixty-one years, and for fifty one years has been pastor of St. Mary's church in that city, which he built, and in which he still celebrates mass every Sunday.

Patrick O'Leary, of Chicago, is dead. His claim to remembrance and notoriety is the fact that he was the husband of the Mrs. O'Leary, who owned the cow that kicked over the lamp that started the fire that burned down a large part of Chicago in 1871.

Capt. Hechler, of the 63rd rifles Halifax, has received a gold medal from Archduke Franz Ferdinand, Crown Prince of Austria, for services rendered in that country many years ago. The medal is larger than a twenty-dollar gold piece and has attached to it a red ribbon.

John L. Sullivan, looking very well in spite of the fact that his hair and mustache are almost grey, announced on Monday at Washington that not only had he forever retired from the ring but at the end of this season he would leave the stage and go on his Massachusetts farm, there to live a life of ease for the rest of his days. He now weighs 250 pounds.

HE WAS A GENTLEMAN.

A few days ago I was passing through a pretty, shady street where some boys were playing at baseball. Among their number was a little lame fellow, seemingly about twelve years old—a pale, sickly-looking child, supported on two crutches, and who evidently found much difficulty in walking, even with such assistance.

The lame boy wished to join the game, for he did not seem to see how much his infirmity would be in his own way, and how much it would hinder the progress of such an active sport as baseball.

His companions very good-naturedly tried to persuade him to stand at one side and let another take his place; and I was glad to notice that none of them hinted that he would be in the way, but that they all objected for fear he would hurt himself.

"Why, Jimmy," said one at last, "you can't run, you know."

"O hush!" said another—the tallest in the party; "never mind, I'll run for him," and he took his place by Jimmy's side, prepared to act. "If you were like him," he said aside to the other boys, "you wouldn't want to be told of it all the time."

As I passed on I thought to myself that there was a true gentleman.

STUB ENDS OF THOUGHT.

When you have nothing to say don't try to say it.

We can readily see how silly it is for other people to do right.

If we improve our circumstances they will improve us.

Is there anyone who thinks it is as easy for him to take other people's advice as it is for them to take his?

Self confidence is rock bottom.

Luck is the encouragement of pluck.

A woman's love is as blind as it is beautiful.

The honest man puts the smallest apples at the top of the barrel.

The sun can't shine through a torpid liver.

THEIR ANGELS.

[illegible]

My years is lonely and hers is empty
And the joy of living goes out in the night
For the tender little prattler
Of the little girl we gave back

Although
I know
They are all in the land where I shall go.

Only one has died. There is one small mound,
Violets heaped, in the sweet grave-ground,
Twenty years have bloomed and spread
Over the little baby-bed.

And, O!
I know
She is safe in the land where I shall go,

Not dead—only grown and gone away.
The baby of my girdle is growing gray,
That was golden once in the days so dear,
Over for many and many a year.

Yet I know,
I know,
She's a child in the land where I shall go.

My bright, brave boy is a grave eyed man,
Facing the world as a worker can;
But I think of him now as I had him then,
And I lay his cheek to my heart again.

And so,
I know,
I shall have him there where we both shall go.

Out from the Father and into life;
Back to His breast from the ended strife,
And the finished labor, I hear the word
From the lips of Him who was child and Lord,

And I know,
That so
It shall be in the land where we all shall go.

Give back, with the gain. The secret this
Of the blessed kingdom of children is!
My mother's arms are waiting for me;
I shall lay my head on my Father's knee;

For so
I know
I'm a child myself where I shall go.

The world is troublous and hard and cold,
And you and mamma grow grey and old;
But behind the world is an inner place,
Where yet their angels behold God's face.

And lo!
We know
That only "the children" can see him so.

KINDNESS WON HIM.

A compositor on the Philadelphia Ledger fell into the habit of neglecting his work on account of intoxication, and was discharged. His wife came and pleaded with the philanthropist to give him another trial, but Mr. Childs said it was business, not sentiment, and he could not take him back. When she had gone, however, he sent a man to learn the circumstances of the family, and found that she was a hard-working milliner, struggling to keep up appearances. The next day a millinery establishment was offered for sale, and Mr. Childs bought it and presented it to the compositor's wife, and told her that, although he could not employ her husband, he could give her means of living. The husband was so overwhelmed that he signed a pledge and has kept it ever since, and is once more a faithful workman.

ROTHSCHILD'S RULES.

The elder Baron Rothschild had these rules posted upon the walls of his bank:—

Shun liquors.
Dare to go forward.
Never be discouraged.
Never tell business lies.
Be polite to everybody.
Employ your time well.
Be prompt in everything.
Pay your debts promptly.
Bear all troubles patiently.
Do not reckon upon chance.
Make no useless acquaintances.
Be brave in the struggle of life.
Maintain your integrity as a sacred thing.
Never appear something more than you are.
Take time to consider, then decide positively.
Carefully examine into every detail of business.

THE REAL THING.

"Did you have a nice dinner?" asked Mrs. Norris of her little son, who had been spending the day with a friend.

"Outer sight!" replied Bobby enthusiastically. "Say, mamma, why can't we have things like that?"

"What did you have?" said Mrs. Norris, quickly, to avoid discussion.

"Oh, we had soup and soft-shell crabs and spring chicken and sparrow-grass and puddin'"—

"What sort of pudding?"

"I don't know. It was kinder fluffy, with wine sauce to it. It was outer sight!"

"How did you know it was wine sauce?"

"Easy 'nough."

"Did they say so?"

"Nope! But I could taste it," cried Bobby, scornfully. "I can just tell you it wasn't one of the kind what some one has to lean across the table and whisper to you it's got wine into it 'fore you'd know it!"

TALK OF THE DAY.

[illegible]

Subscriber—I don't see why you don't know my wife.

What do you mean by that? Don't you know your own wife? (Subscriber looks bewildered and says he has seen no one by her.)

Lord, Duffer—You're a little dizzy, my heart. Miss Cole—Are you a man-killer, by chance. (Subscriber hoof-mouthed.)

Subscriber—I have just heard that fifty people are coming to settle here. Editor—Thank the Lord! John, make out the bills.

Little Miss Mugg—Dr. De Fashion is often at our house, but I never see him at yours. Little Miss Freckles—We don't owe him anything.

Pastor—You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Even animals know when to stop drinking. Toper—So do I when I drink what they do.

When a retired railroad magnate started in the gents' furnishing goods business it seemed second nature to him to announce a great run on ties.

These be the days that bring to me
A melancholy shock;
The frost is on the pumpkin;
My overcoat is back.

She—How fearful it must be for a great singer to know she has lost her voice. He—It's much more tortuing when she doesn't know it.

He who can own a corner lot
Is surely very mean,
If he makes mean because he's got
To keep the sidewalk clean.

Figg—What a peculiar man Dunder is. He has a sovereign contempt for anybody who doesn't know as much as he does. Fogg—I should think he would.

Income tax assessor—You can't claim exemption, Mr. Smiths. Why, man, you must spend $7000 a year the way you live. Smiles—I know that, sir, but I live beyond my income.

An Irishman asked a Scotchman one day why a railroad engine was always called "she." Sandy replied: "Perhaps it's on account of the horrible noise it make when it tries to whistle.

Just make your best endeavor—
Have faith instead of doubt;
If times were were good forever,
What could you growl about?

"When a man's wife tells a funny story I'd like to know how he's going to know when she's got to the point. Easy enough. The point's the part she tells half an hour after she's finished the story.

VARIETIES.

Russia's wealth is estimated at $21,715,000,000.

We cannot sow bad seed and reap a good harvest.

A single plant of spleenwort, it is claimed, will produce over a million seeds.

France derived 950,000 francs last year from the tax on bicycles, the number of machines being 182,270.

The total value of the United States mineral products last year was $660,821,070, being the smallest since 1890.

The September condition of corn this year is the lowest on record, with the exception of the month of September, 1881.

There are 14,500 miles of rabbit proof fencing in New South Wales. This is an expense entailed by the rabbit nuisance in the Australian colonies.

It is estimated that in the States there are now in daily service 600,000 telephones, with 500,000 miles of wire, over which 600,000,000 messages are annually transmitted.

In the belfry of the old parish church at Bury, England, the curfew that tolled the knell of parting day 300 years ago is still in place, and is still rung every night at sunset.

So far the bicycle leads the trotting and pacing scores, having a record of 1.57 for the mile, while Robert J., the pacer, shows a speed of 2.01 and a fraction for the same distance.

Sir Andrew Clark, President of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, has advised that each mouthful of food should receive 32 bites—that is, one for every tooth—if one wishes to avoid dyspepsia.

"Which song would you rather hear Miss Warble sing?"

"Mariner Bold."

"But she doesn't sing that at all."

"I know. That's why I prefer it."

Hearts, like apples, are hard and sour
Till crushed by Pain's resistless power,
And yield their juices, rich and bland,
To none but Sorrow's heavy hand.

Here is a new lottery scheme adopted by a London restaurant: A small casket contains a £5 note. Each customer is given a key, but only one of the whole lot will unlock the casket. The man who has the key that fits gets the prize.

The tobacco raised in Beloochistan is exceedingly strong and cannot be smoked by any but the most vigorous white man. The natives do not appear to be affected by it, and children of 10 and 12 years puff away all day long without any discomfort.

At Orleans, during the late manœuvres, a French staff officer and the German military attache, in full uniform, went together to lay wreaths on the monument erected over the grave of the French and German soldiers killed in the battles there in 1870-71.

In connection with the Paris Exposition of 1900, it is proposed to hold an international competition of sports. A commission has been appointed to draw up a programme, which will include fencing, shooting, gymnastic, military drill, boxing, athletics, cycling and ballooning.