The Georgetown Herald.

THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR. GEORGETOWN, WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 23, 1904. ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

The Georgetown Herald

published every WEDNESDAY EVENING

at the HERALD BUILDING, MAIN STREET, GEORGETOWN, ONT.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One year, if paid strictly in advance $1 00

Six months, if paid strictly in advance 0 50

The address label shows the date your subscription expires.

CONTRACT ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE.	1 year.	6 mos.	3 mos.	1 mos.
20 inches	$60 00	$35 00	$20 00	$7 00
15 inches	45 00	25 00	15 00	5 00
10 inches	30 00	15 00	10 00	3 00
5 inches	15 00	8 00	5 00	1 50
1 inch	3 00	2 00	1 00	0 50

Eight cents per line for first insertion, and Local rates per line for each subsequent insertion will be charged for all irregular advertisements. Twelve lines to an inch.

Advertisements, without specific directions, will be inserted until forbid and charged accordingly.

Advertisements will be changed once each month without extra charge.

Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by Monday evening.

H. D. WARREN, Publisher.

J. M. MOORE, Ass't Manager.

DIRECTORY.

LEGAL.

GEORGE S. GOODWILLIE, B. A., BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c. Georgetown, Ont.

MEDICAL.

DRS. WEBSTER & NIXON. PHYSICIANS, SURGEONS AND ACCOUCHEURS.

OFFICE and residence: Norval and Georgetown.

DR. A. S. ELLIOTT. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. (Successor to Dr. Rutherford.) Office and residence, first door south of Baptist church.

DENTAL.

FRANK M. WATSON, D.D.S., L.D.S. DENTIST. Georgetown, Ont. Hours: 8.30 a.m. to 5 p.m. Norval, 1.30 to 4 p.m., 6.15 to 8.45 p.m. Dentistry in all its branches.

VETERINARY.

H. R. NICHOLL, V.S. (Successor to H. G. Reed, V.S.) OFFICE AND INFIRMARY, Mr. Reed's old stand, Guelph Road.

W. L. DRINKWATER, Georgetown. VETERINARY SURGEON and DENTIST. Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College, Member Michigan State Veterinary Medical Association. Office next door to Buck's butcher shop.

AUCTIONEERS.

E. MILLIGAN, Licensed Auctioneer for the Counties of York and Halton. Real estate bought and sold. Farm stock a specialty. Orders left at the HERALD office will receive prompt attention.

J. A. SELL, Licensed AUCTIONEER, Halton, York and Peel. Charges moderate. Church St., Georgetown. Sales conducted in reasonable time. Real estate bought and sold. Satisfaction guaranteed.

BENJ. PETCH, Licensed Auctioneer for Halton and Peel. Clients' claims promptly collected. Sales conducted satisfactorily and at reasonable rates. Orders left at THE GEORGETOWN HERALD OFFICE, will receive prompt attention.

SOCIETIES.

A. F. & A. M.

CREDIT LODGE, No. 22, A. F. & A. M., meets on or before full moon, in the Orange Hall, McLeod Block. Visitors cordially welcomed.

J. B. McLEOD W.M. T. R. HARRISON, Sec.

HOME CIRCLE.

GEORGETOWN BRANCH, No. 21, meets in the Oddfellows' Hall, and Thursday in each month. Any information regarding the Society will be furnished by the following:—

J. HAINES, H. LOGIE. J. ALLEN, R. HANNEN.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS.

COURT GEORGETT, Georgetown, meets in the L.O.L. Hall, on the 4th Tuesday of every month. Particulars regarding rates of benefits, etc., may be had from any of the members. Visiting brethren cordially welcomed. C. R., J. Kennedy; C.R., W. C. Adams; R.S., F. W. Kennedy, V.S.

BARBERS

O. K. BARBER SHOP.

DAVE. GAST, Clark's Block, Georgetown. Gentlemen's hair-cutting, 15c. A call solicited.

A. NEVINS (Successor to R. Collop.) BARBER AND HAIR-DRESSER. Shop Main st., north of Mill st. Razors ground and put in order. Gentlemen's hair-cutting a specialty. Razor strops for sale. A share of public patronage solicited. Rooms in Block "A," Main st., Georgetown.

ARCHITECT.

J. H. DAVIES, Architect and Designer, OWEN SOUND, Ont.

MISCELLANEOUS.

G. S. GOODWILLIE, NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &c., Georgetown, Ont.

WM. BARBER & BROS., PAPER MANUFACTURERS, Georgetown, Ont. Printing paper of every description. Paper Trimmers and Bookbinders' Rounders and Backers to order.

Marble and Granite Works

FRED A. CLINE

Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of Monumental Work.

SHOP AND YARD - GEORGETOWN

Mainline, (Next McKinlay's Block).

WANTED—FAITHFUL PERSON TO CALL on retail trade and distribute samples, circulars, etc., to consumers in this district. Salary $18 weekly and expenses; money advanced; position permanent; previous experience not essential. Address, Manager, 3 Church St., Toronto, and Mention this Paper.

Old Watches Made New

Watches Overhauled and Repaired in the most skilful manner.

Always in Stock

Gold Watches and Chains, Gem Rings, Pearl Jewelry, Scarf Pins, Bracelets, Silverware, Pipes and Cigar Cases, Berry Spoons, Soup and Cream Ladles. All of First-class quality and at Reasonable Prices.

T. J. Wheeler

Jeweler,

GEORGETOWN, - ONTARIO.

NORVAL MILLS

FLOUR

Choice Blended and Manitoba.

Grain Wanted!

All kinds, at Norval Mills and the Georgetown Elevator.

Car of Fresh

SALT

just arrived.

Robert Noble

Business Change

The undersigned having purchased the Harness Business in Georgetown, begs to announce that everything that goes with a well equipped Harness Shop will be kept in stock.

Repairing neatly and promptly done.

Being a Practical Collar Maker, special attention will be given to this department.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.

R. C. Nixon,

GEORGETOWN.

COLIN MITCHELL

STEWARTTOWN.

—DEALER IN—

Groceries, Staple Dry Goods, Crockery, Glassware, Boots and Shoes, Etc.

Also a full line of Farm Implements, Waggons and Carriages.

Colin Mitchell,

Stewarttown.

STEWARTTOWN

Blacksmith - Shop!

The undersigned having purchased the business from Mr. R. Taylor is prepared to give the best of satisfaction in all departments.

Horse-shoeing a Specialty.

REPAIRING wood or iron.

Prices reasonable.

J. A. FIZELL, Stewarttown.

Start Right To-day

and you will find the world very much brighter to-morrow. A good complexion—the bloom of perfect health—bright eyes, clear brain—these are within the reach of all who take care of their digestive organs. Take a teaspoonful of

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

in a glass of water every morning and you will find that blotches and pimples will give place to clear clean skin. Throw away the powder puff and rouge-pot—they are counterfeits of nature. Abbey's will cure constipation, the enemy of a clear complexion.

At all Druggists 25c. and 50c.

Photographs...

That are LIFE-LIKE, ARTISTIC UP-TO-DATE IN FINISH.

Ferguson PHOTOGRAPHER

Pupil Illinois College of Photography. Studio—Main st., GEORGETOWN.

A full line of the newest in Picture Framing.

A Group of Beauties!

The showing of Ladies' Watches is more than usually interesting. We have added a large number of new designs and new styles to our already large assortment. Where there is so much beauty and merit a choice may be difficult but prices will help to make selection.

Ladies' Watches of gold filled and 14k and 18k gold are offered at all prices from $10 to $50.

Big values at all figures.

A. B. Willson

McKINLAY BLOCK.

Van the Tailor

Just Arrived!

The first shipment of Spring and Summer Suitings. They are the latest and most up-to-date that can be found on the market. It is worth your while to call and see them before leaving your order elsewhere.

GENTLEMEN—Every suit we turn out we guarantee the fit and workmanship to be first-class. The style and finish for which our garments are noted cannot fail to please.

CALL AND SEE US

VAN ALLEN & CO.,

BELISLE'S OLD STAND, GEORGETOWN

WANTED.

SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE in this county and adjoining territories, to represent and advertise an old established business house of solid financial standing. Salary $21 weekly, with expenses paid each Monday by check direct from headquarters. Money advanced for expenses. Permanent. We furnish everything. Address, The Columbia, 325 Monon Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—SEVERAL INDUSTRIOUS PERsons in each state to travel for house already established and known; $900 a year and expenses, or large commission and expense allowance; no more capital required than is invested in sample outfit; position permanent; reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The Farrell Co., 325 Dearborn St., Chicago.

POETRY.

Have you ever heard the story of
Old Mandissor Jim
Got his wife? It's very touching
Yet it makes a fellow grin
If you slap him on the shoulder
Insolent casually.
That you know the value of a
Matrimonial agency?

You see, Jim loved Miranda in a
Sheepish sort of way,
And had loved her since he was a boy,
Now much he couldn't say,
For he never got his nerve up to propose
And so at last
He gave it up resolved that he would
Just forget the past.

Then one day he found a paper which
Which contained a fetching "ad"
Of a "Matrimonial Agency," and it
Made Jimmy glad.
He began to correspond with them,
Inside one short week
Had picked out by description the
His heart would seek.

He didn't see her picture, and he didn't
Know her name,
But he thought from what she wrote him
He could love her just the same;
So the matrimonial agency arrangement
They should meet
At their office in the city, where his vow
He could repeat.

When he started for the city, he was
Quite put out to see
That Miranda had an errand there;
Wished that he could be
Where her pretty face and form
Wouldn't disconcert his mind.
(This thing of changing sweethearts is a
Ticklish thing, you'll find!)

But he hastened to the office where
He made a business of
Discovering the mate you want—Grim
Managers of Love—
And they introduced him present
With a triumphant air,
To the girl he'd won with their assistance—Miss Miranda Fair!

Of course that answered, then and there
The question, never asked,
That he had longed to put to her—
His heart was quite unmasked.

They've been married for a year or
And now if you should call,
Little Matrimonial Agency will meet you
In the hall!

Cincinnati Times-Star.

TO-DAY'S STORY.

Manasseh Plants "Punkins."

BY GRACE GOODALE.

Manasseh did not want to plant pumpkins. He wanted to go fishing. But his father looked at him wearily across the breakfast-table and said:

"My son, the corn is all hoed in the side-hill lot. If you start right after breakfast, and carry your dinner with you, I guess you can get all the pumpkins stuck before night."

And Manasseh just gave a little gulp over the water he was swallowing, and meekly answered, "Yes, sir."

By the time he had finished breakfast his mother had rolled up a lunch of bread and butter, doughnuts and cheese in a brown paper, and tucked it into one of the bags of striped "sicking" on top of the pumpkin seeds. As she hung the bags over the boy's shoulder she stooped over and looked into the sober, little freckled face under the old straw hat.

"I'm real sorry you can't go fishing to-day, son. You was mighty 'to wa'ds' you?"

Manasseh nodded. "An' it's the best day we've had this spring," he added, discontentedly.

"Well, don't feel bad. Like as not there'll be some more fish as good, and you know pa's real 'pestered' to get that work done since Joe had to leave. Cut along, now, 'fore it gets hot. Don't eat your lunch till you hear the noon whistles blow, and if the sun comes out hot get some leaves on the top of your hat."

Mrs. Jarvis watched the sturdy little figure in the tow shirt and baggy homespun trousers out of sight over the hill, and turned to her dish-washing. Manasseh plodded on across the upland pasture, with his hat pulled sullenly over his eyes and a tuft of flaxen hair waving defiance through a hole in the crown.

It was a limp tramp to the side-hill lot. The grass, which had been dripping with dew when the boy started was quite dry when he climbed the fence from the big wood-lot into the corn-field. He sat on the top rail for a moment, staring ruefully hopelessly at the broad expanse of brown, fresh hoed earth, stretching far along the slope of the curving ridge and marked with arrowy lines of newly-sprouting corn.

Then, with a sigh, he slid down, crawled his lunch in a fence corner, and trudged off along the first row, hitting

He was roused by a voice at that kid kill let alone the one out of eighteen [illegible] of the [illegible] corn-field. [illegible] the [illegible] Manasseh stood [illegible] the hoe, he started slowly [illegible] the stove. As he stooped over [illegible] a shiny missile whistled [illegible] and hit a pumpkin [illegible] the [illegible] up to see Darius Folsom and Rob Daffodil rowing toward him.

"Hello, Nort!" yelled Rob, as they came up. "Can't you come fishing with us? We're goin' up to the Elbow."

"Hope, got to stick these punkins."

"O, pshaw!" put in Darius, "Come along; it's a belly day."

"I know it," sadly admitted Manasseh, "but pa told me to stick these punkins, the whole field to-day, and he'd be awful mad if I didn't."

"Oh, I don't believe he'll mind much," responded Rob. "Pa sent me to pull tale from some old stone fence off to the circus, and when I came home he just gave me a cuff or two and laughed. Come on."

Manasseh knew that it was not safe to judge Deacon Jarvis by his standards of [illegible] and he began to [illegible] "I've no time," he objected weakly.

"Oh I've got an extra one" Rob assured him, "and a lot of hooks. You can cut a pole down by the brook in half a jiffy."

Manasseh stood silent, irresolutely drawing patterns with one big toe in the soft earth.

"I don't know what pa'll say," he murmured, half to himself.

Then Darius spoke up reassuringly. "How'll he know anything about it? You can just go home about the time you would from here, and he won't know the difference."

"He will when the punkins don't come up," faltered Manasseh. "Oh, I dasn't."

"Maybe he'll forget all about it by that time," suggested the optimistic Rob.

"Or he'll think somethin' ate 'em," volunteered Darius. "Things do sometimes."

Manasseh dried the heavy hoe slowly, "What'll I do with all them seeds?" he asked.

"Easy 'nough," retorted Darius.

He led the way up the slope and skirted the woods for a short distance. "You know that hole under the old stump?" he explained. "Just dump 'em in there and scratch some leaves over 'em."

[illegible] was soon carried out, and the boys were on their way to the "Elbow." The Elbow was a sharp bend in the brook, where the water lay in a deep, quiet pool just below some falls.

The day was perfect, warm and hazy, and better luck never attended such a guilty trio. Manasseh had a glorious time. He almost forgot to stop and eat his lunch, and he wished afterwards that he had quite forgotten, for somehow his mother's doughnuts made him feel wicked all of a sudden.

He felt decidedly queer however, when they finally turned their backs on the brook, for his beautiful string of trout, the best catch of the three must be divided between his two companions. Not so much an ode could be sorry-hone, lest his sin be discovered. He said good-by with solemnity, and trudged homeward alone, swinging his empty bags.

His mother stood in the kitchen door, watching for him, and noted his slow pace and the weary droop of his shoulders.

"Supper's all ready son," she called, "and we've got warm biscuit and honey!"

She pushed back his cap and pulled back his damp hair as he came up the steps, and the boy knew that she had stirred up those biscuits at the end of a hard day's work just because she wanted to "make up" to him for the loss of his fishing.

That knowledge spoiled the taste of the biscuits, and he choked over the honey when his father asked pleasantly, "well, my son, did you dispose of all your seeds?"

"Yes, sir," answered Manasseh again, rather faintly.

Deacon Jarvis looked keenly at the boy from under his heavy eyebrows.

"You're pretty well beat out, I guess. No wonder. That's a big lot and it's been a muggy day. You don't need to split any to-night. I'll do your four."

Manasseh was in a state of mind to welcome anything the whole stableful to be relieved of his usual task, but he dared not protest against his father's decision. He went out on the back stoop and sat there while till his mother came and said gently:

"I guess you'd better wash your feet and get right to bed now, son. It's too bad you got so tuckered out, but pa's real pleased at your workin' so well and not grumbling a bit, either."

Matters were just as bad the next day. Every boy in the locality had heard what wonderful luck Rob and Darius had had on the Elbow the day before. Manasseh knew his tempters were hugging on the strength of his fish, and although they had assured him that they would keep his secret, it gave an added sting to his misery.

"SIFTED PARAGRAPHS."

A woman is never so fond of her husband as when she is trying to get him to do something for her.

A man is unable to make a living at anything else he is eligible for a Government job.

A woman's idea of mutual pleasure is to spend the money her husband earns by the sweat of his brow.

During courtship a girl thinks marriage is a haven of rest in which she will be free from all worry and care. After marriage she has another think coming.

Beware of the tireless worker who is always trying to work you.

About the time the average man succeeds in developing a theory it explodes.

Love that has nothing but beauty to keep it alive is very apt to be short-lived.

A woman never really enjoys hurting a man's feelings unless she loves him.

A man who never abuses his partner or his employer has the true Christian spirit.

A Literary Pilgrimage.

Rather timidly we entered the room of the Literary Light League; the fame of that band of immortals had gone out to the uppermost parts of the country, and we were abashed.

"Let us," said we to our guide, "let us be unobserved, if you please."

In truth we had no need to fear; the room was round and walled with mirrors, and before each glass sat a member of the league, absorbed in his own reflection.

"This gentleman with the flowing locks and the gloomy brow," we whispered, "who is he?"

"One of the most celebrated writers of the time," replied our informant. "He once printed a quatrain in the back of Shippenwitz's."

"Indeed!" we gasped. "And who is the large lady with the short hair?"

"She is a literary character of high repute," said the guide. "A story of hers about a canary bird appeared some years ago in Babyhood, and she has a complete set of Rossean at home, with real leather backs and her own book plate in each and every volume."

It was a rare privilege to gaze upon this incandescent being, and we turned reluctantly.

"Note the next person," said our conductor.

"The man holding his forehead with his forefinger, pressing his idea button, as it were?"

"Yes. Do you recognize him?"

"No."

"Have you never seen his picture?"

"Never."

"Strange! Why, that's Blow Crumps, who takes newspaper fellows' stuff and turns it into literature. Not know him? Why, he's the most renowned man here!"

To stand, to gaze, to wear shoes in such a presence were sacrilege. We rushed away.

A Logical Reply.

Senator Quay, in criticising a politician of whom he did not approve, said the other day:

"This man, with his queer mixture of pretended wisdom and real foolishness, reminds me of a new clerk that a shopkeeper once hired.

The shopkeeper said to this clerk:

"Do you know when you get a counterfeit coin?"

"Yes," said the clerk; "certainly I do."

"How do you know?" the shopkeeper asked.

"Why," the clerk answered, "the person I offer it to refuses to take it."

Of Interest in the Kitchen.

Matter of vastly interest to the housewife is provided in the April Delineator. An article on serving the formal luncheon and dinner contains many practical suggestions, and is illustrated effectively. Dainty Dishes for Easter, illustrated, is of seasonable interest. Luncheon Dishes and Entrees from Left-overs will prove a valuable aid to economy, and Delaware Hot Breads seem tempting enough to dispose of even the objections of cold bread advocates. Delicious Sweet Fritters and Novel Oyster Recipes are other culinary topics.

Mr. Beecher was standing in front of a fire at a musicale in New York, and kept its heat from a close friend and sometime member of his congregation. After one of the numbers the friend said, "Mr. Beecher, you make a very fine screen for me." Said Mr. Beecher, "That's a part of my profession, to stand between my friends and the fire."

The Dog Remembered.

A gentleman visiting in a town not far from Boston had occasion to go to the railroad station in the early morning to take a train. He was accompanied by a dog, which, as usual, followed at his heels. Before the train arrived the gentleman went to the police station to notify the constables of his loss. It was more than an hour before he reached his hotel. When he got there he spoke of the dog, so that if anything was heard of the dog it would be understood that the animal belonged to him. To his astonishment the porter said:

"But your dog is here, sir. He came before you, and we did not know to whom it belonged."

"The dog is here!" repeated the gentleman in surprise. "How came he here?"

"He ran in, sir, about half an hour ago and after sniffing about the office for a little while he ran upstairs. I gave orders to have him driven out, but the boys have been busy, and he is up there somewhere now."

The gentleman, of course went upstairs at once, and there on the mat before the chamber numbered forty-four lay Bruno, who sprang up with the most frantic demonstrations and delight at finding his master again.

The gentleman remembered that two years previous he had been with the dog to Provence, and had stayed at this hotel. He did not remember that he had occupied this particular room, but on reference to the hotel register such was found to be the fact.—Youth's Companion.

BITS OF HUMOR.

Sunday-school Teacher—Who loves everybody, Willie? Willie—My pa does 'cos he is trying to get into the town Council.

He—A self-made man is common enough; but we never hear of a self-made woman. She—Considering the kind of article the men who are in the self-making business turn out, you can hardly blame the women for not taking it up.

They were uttering the tender nonsense that succeeds the question. "And," said the girl bravely, "if poverty comes, we will face it together." "Ah, dearest," he replied, "the mere sight of your face would scare the wolf away." And ever since he has wondered why she returned his ring.

Mr. Misfit—"No use trying to explain things to a woman; she can't understand scientific terms. Now, here's——" Mrs. Misfit—"Oh, yes, I can, Charles! Heredity is what a man blames his mother and father for, and environment is what he blames his wife and children for!"

The Columbia Record vouches for the truth of the story that a member of the Watterson Reading Circle of Columbus called at the public library recently, and asked for Patmore's poems. The attendant went to find them, and, returning, said, "We haven't Pat Moore's poems, but have Tom Moore's."

TROUBLESOME BABIES.

Babies are not naturally troublesome—they should be bright, active and happy and a joy to your home. When baby is troublesome you may depend upon it there is some of the many minor ailments bothering him. These can be overcome by the use of Baby's Own Tablets. Proof of this is given by Mrs. C. L. Marshall, Falkland Ridge, N. S., who says:—"I am pleased to state that I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my children with great success. I think the Tablets the very best medicine for all the ailments of small children and would recommend them to mothers who have troublesome babies."

Baby's Own Tablets cure constipation, indigestion, diarrhoea, prevent croup, allay irritation at teething time, break up colds and destroy worms. In fact there are none of the minor ailments of childhood which the Tablets will not cure. Sold by druggists or may be had at 25 cents a box by writing direct to Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Famous College.

A school which enjoys a well earned reputation for thorough and practical work, and through which it draws a patronage extending from the Yukon to the West Indies, and from B. C. to Newfoundland may be fitly termed a famous School. Such a School is the well known Central Business College of Toronto which is, without any doubt the largest and best equipped business training institution in the Dominion. The Spring Term in this department in this College will open on April 5th as announced in our advertising columns.

Every Child's Health Demands the use of a laxative occasionally. For a mild, safe and certain relief use Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. Specially suited to children. Let your children use only Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Price 25c.

Bad Spelling.

When Senator Harrows was practising law in Michigan he went one day to a court in a small town. A country lawyer was arguing before an aged and solemn Justice of the Peace.

"Now," said the lawyer, if it pleases your Honor, the defendant says he paid the money to the deceased, but I am going to show your that deceased never got the money. He didn't receive one cent, the deceased didn't."

"Say," broke in the Justice, "what is this man deceased of? Why don't you bring him here?"

"Because, your Honor, he is deceased of death."

It Is When You Have Toothache

that the power of Nerviline quickly makes itself felt. Any aching tooth can be relieved by Nerviline in a few moments by filling the cavity with batting soaked in Nerviline. A good plan is to rub the gums with Nerviline also. There is not a single remedy that has one fourth the pain-relieving power of Nerviline which acts like magic. Nerviline kills the pain outright and prevents it from returning. You can't beat Nerviline for toothache or neuralgia; it's the best pain cure made. Price 25c.

One Consolation.

The late General Gordon, of Georgia, told a story about a planter, in the days before the war, who sent his slave Sam to look over the plantation after a heavy frost and see what damage had been done. Sam came in about noon with a dreadful tale to tell.

"How about the cotton, Sam?" asked the master.

"O, master, hit's done ruint."

"I was afraid so; how about the corn?"

"His's ruint, too, master."

"O, mercy upon us! Well, how about the wheat?"

"His's froze plum ter def, master."

"Well, good laws, Sam, I hope the goobers are not hurt!"

"Bress yer heart, master, dey's no frost as black as yer hat."

"O, Sam! your old master is ruined. Isn't there anything good you can tell me?"

"Yes, master, dere's one consolation."

"Tell me what it is quick, Sam, for goodness' sake tell me, for if there's any consolation I need it, and I need it bad."

"Well, master, I'se done ben ober de neighborhood, and his's general. Everybody says so."