The Georgetown Herald.

FORTIETH YEAR. GEORGETOWN, WEDNESDAY EVENING, JULY 26, 1905. ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

The Georgetown Herald.

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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC &c. Georgetown, Ont.

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PHYSICIANS, SURGEONS AND ACCOUCHEURS, OFFICE and residence: Norval and Georgetown.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. (Successor to Dr. Mutherland). Office and residence, first door south of Baptist church

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CREDIT LODGE, No. 316, A. F. & A. M., meets Friday on or before full moon, in the Masonic Hall, McLeod Block. Visitors cordially welcomed.

F. J. BARBER W.M. T. H. KENNEDY, Sec.

HOME CIRCLE.

GEORGETOWN BRANCH, No. 61, meets in the Oddfellows' Hall, 2nd Tuesday in each month. Any information regarding the Society will be furnished by the following:—

J. BAIRD, J. ALLEN,
M. LONG. H. HARPER.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS.

COURT CREDIT, Georgetown, meets in the I.O.O.F. Hall, on the 4th Tuesday of every month. Particulars regarding rates of insurance, &c., may be had from any of the members, or from John Mason C. R., A. Watson R. S., J. W. Kennedy F. S.

BARBERS

O. K. BARBER SHOP.

DAVID GANN, Clark's Block, Georgetown. Children's hair-cutting, 15c. A call solicited.

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BARBER AND HAIR-DRESSER. Shop Main st., Herald Block. Satisfaction guaranteed. Agency Guelph Steam Laundry. Your patronage solicited.

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ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES, Georgetown, Ont.

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

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Best Workmanship. Prices Reasonable

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Bread, Cakes —AND— CONFECTIONERY

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

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Are prepared to do all kinds of planing, including Sash, Doors, Mouldings, &c., on short notice. A complete stock of

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Always on hand.

Bill Stuff a Specialty

LAWSON BROS.

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Cream Separators

the best on the market.

Pianos, Organs, Singer Sewing Machines

Repairs, Needles, etc. for all makes of Machines.

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Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of Monumental Work.

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Mains., (Next McKinley's Block).

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A nice stock, plain or printed, for ladies or gentlemen, best quality at the HERALD office.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Losing your hair? Coming out by the combful? And doing nothing? No sense in that. Why don't you use Ayer's Hair Vigor and promptly stop the falling? Your hair will begin to grow, too, and all dandruff will disappear. Could you reasonably expect anything better?

"Ayer's Hair Vigor is a great success with me. My hair was falling out very badly, but the Hair Vigor stopped it and has made my hair all right."—W. G. LOCKWOOD, Lindsay, Cal.

50c a bottle. All druggists.

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for **Thin Hair**

Is Your Watch Keeping Good Time?

If not, take it to T. J. Wheeler and have it properly and promptly repaired.

A nice stock of Watches, Clocks, Chains, Rings, Silverware, always on hand.

T. J. Wheeler

Jeweler,

GEORGETOWN, - ONTARIO

Photographs...

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

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

A full line of the newest in Picture Framing.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

Have Restored Thousands of Canadian Women to Health and Strength.

There is no need for so many women to suffer pain and weakness, nervousness, sleeplessness, anæmia, faint and dizzy spells and the numerous troubles which render the life of woman a round of sickness and suffering.

Young girls budding into womanhood, who suffer with pains and headaches, and whose face is pale and the blood watery, will find Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills help them greatly during this period.

Women at the change of life, who are nervous, subject to hot flushes, feeling of pins and needles, palpitation of the heart, etc., are tided over the trying time of their life by the use of this wonderful remedy.

It has a wonderful effect on a woman's system, makes pains and aches vanish, brings color to the pale cheek and sparkle to the eye.

They build up the system, renew lost vitality, improve the appetite, make rich, red blood and dispel that weak, tired, listless, no-ambition feeling.

50c. PER BOX, OR 3 FOR $1.25 ALL DEALERS.

The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

HEADACHE

Neuralgia and Nervousness cured quickly by

AJAX HARMLESS HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA CURE

No heart depression. Greatest cure ever discovered. Take another, no end to it. All dealers or direct from Ajax & Co., Simcoe, Ont. Money back if not satisfied.

POETRY.

IMAHMUCHI

I asked for alms
He filling a cup, as me
Continuously
Not without many of shame
I stooped and picked it up
Do this in full
The Master's will
To give a cup
Of water in His name?
I asked for bread
He handed out to me
Indifferently
A ticket for some food
It answered to my need
Was this the way
On that great day
Christ stopped to feed
The hungry multitude?
When we shall wait,
After this mortal strife,
Eternal life,
And to His presence go
As supplicants indeed,
Will it be thus
He will on us
In our great need
His priceless gift bestow?

TO-DAY'S STORY.

HOW SENATOR SPARKS TOOK TEA WITH THE DUNNS

BY SUSIE BOUCHELLE WRIGHT.

WHEN a girl is sixteen, and her mother just seventeen years older, they may be delightful chums; but when the rift comes within the lute, the president of comradeship makes it difficult for the mother to insist upon being treated with the deference that belongs by right to mothers. It is especially difficult if both parents have united all the sixteen years in spoiling the girl, so that, sweet as she may be, she does not understand anything about discipline.

After her first year at boarding-school, Rosaleen had come home very full of the notion that her people in the far-back country village in the piny woods of Georgia were far behind the times. Her mother immediately resented this, perhaps the more bitterly because her tender heart missed the former close relationship that had been so sweet.

Rosaleen had always had her way about things, and she resented her mother's refusal to accept new standards, so matters had gone on, until now the two were united in one thing, and that was to keep the true state of their feeling from Doctor Dunn, the indulgent, doting head of the family.

Affairs had come to a crisis, however, with the receipt of a letter from the doctor's best boyhood friend, a newly elected Senator, who wrote to say that in passing through Georgia he was going to give himself the pleasure of stopping with his old chum from six o'clock one evening until twelve that night. Mrs. Dunn and Rosaleen began planning to have the house and supper worthy of the occasion, and were both talking at once, when Doctor Dunn broke in with his big, hearty voice:

"You may call him Senator Sparks if you want to, and you may put on the big pot and the little if you so desire, but as for me, he is just plain Tony, the same as when we were barefooted shapes together, and I don't see the necessity for going to so much extra trouble."

"I should like to make a good impression on your friend, who has never seen your wife," said Mrs. Dunn, primly.

"And I have a little pride of my own," remarked Rosaleen, and she and her mother exchanged cool, determined glances. Their gray eyes were very much alike and their square chins were cut by the same pattern.

"Oh, well, well," the easy-going doctor tossed the disturbing letter on the table and took up his hat, "feed the lion on anything you two can agree upon, but don't you make such good impressions that he will have no eyes or ears for me. The general run of company I am glad to have monopolized by my pretty young wife and daughter, but with Tony it is a different matter. I haven't seen the boy for more than twenty years, and to tell you the truth, I have a good mind to bundle both of you over to Grandmother Smith's, so that I can have him all to myself. Supper, mother? Ha! ha! I wonder if you have already forgotten the tales I have told you of how Tony and I used to have possum roasts and oyster stews all to ourselves, and those times when we hooked chickens and rice from our unsuspecting mothers, and went down into the swamp and made pilau in our own fireplace boilers? Just fix to your hearts' content, but don't worry yourselves."

The doctor stopped long enough to kiss them good-by, and then set off upon an all-day trip.

"Fried chicken, boiled ham, hot rolls, boiled hominy, potato custards, salmon salad, potato salad, milk-yeast bread, pickles, chow-chow, watermelon preserves—"

"Mother!" Rosaleen's shrewd protest terminated Mrs. Dunn's hospitable information, and recalled to her mind the fact that there were differences between herself and the young lady of the house.

"You will ruin the Senator if you cater to him and all those things," Rosaleen protested, consciously. "People don't have groaning tables any more, like those Grandma Smith fixes—they call it 'vulgar.'"

Mrs. Dunn's small figure grew alarmingly straight and her eyes were perilously bright, but she listened in silence, not trusting herself to speak.

"I will just finish making the house bright and pretty," went on Rosaleen, "and then, if you will let me, I will take entire charge of the tea-table, if only you will make the pound-cake and the rolls for me."

"Yes'm!" returned Mrs. Dunn, simply, but there was enough sarcasm in the one word to reveal all that was in her heart. She went directly to the kitchen, and a few moments later, when Rosaleen leaned out of the parlor window to brush the dust off an ornament, she saw a cloud of smoke boiling out of the chimney.

"The big pot and the little one are evidently being put on," she said to herself. "But never mind. I don't just know how, but I will manage." She nodded her head until her brown curls shook and trembled, and then, a few moments later, began a serial course of turning up her small nose at various sounds and scents that reached her from the kitchen.

"That is the wooden spoon hitting the cake-bowl, and that is all right; but I smell sweet potatoes steaming for those custards, and I know that milk-yeast is already in process of being raised."

She dusted and tidied away, and filled the bowls and vases full of sweet autumn roses. "Gracious!" she ejaculated, after a while. "That makes four chickens that I have heard sing their swan song. I wonder if mother is going to kill all we have. I know there are six dressed young partridges in the dairy, besides. Phew! I smell the ham boiling."

In spite of strong temptation to go at once into the kitchen and remonstrate again with her refractory mother, Rosaleen refrained. She felt that after their midday dinner her mother would be tired, and she knew that then she would have plenty of time to do her own cooking for the supper as she had planned it.

It turned out as she had anticipated. They ate their dinner and maintained a conversation upon strictly neutral lines, although both of them were secretly longing for the jolly old times when they were wont to make frolics of these meals when they were alone together, and each felt secretly resentful of the other's unreasonable tenacity of purpose.

When Mrs. Dunn had put on a wrapper and darkened her room for her nap, Rosaleen's opportunity had come. She went quietly to the kitchen, rekindled the fire, and set about the preparation of sundry modern delicacies.

She made a mayonnaise dressing; she gathered late tomatoes, hollowed them out, and chopping up the breast meat of the chickens, which were already fried and ready just to be heated over for tea, she made a salad that satisfied her soul, filled it into the tomatoes, and set them in the ice-box. The milk-yeast bread was not yet baked, so she poured it into the pig-pan, and going to the bread-box, took out some of the last baking, cut the slices into slender bread sticks, and piled them away for future reference. She prepared several other dainty dishes, and after an approving look at the uncooked chickens, evidently laid away for the morrow's use, she said to herself:

"I shall broil those chickens, and I can serve the partridges broiled, on toast. Mother won't stand out. If it wasn't for father I'd never do it, for I hate to act this way; but it is for the credit of the family." She went to the pantry shelves and looked them over thoughtfully.

The Smith potato custards were famous, and there were six of the golden-yellow circles cooling within their frills of pastry. Rosaleen had used all the choicest parts of the fried chickens, and it was a bony array of pieces that lay on the old blue platter. She was wondering what she should do if her mother held out for her own way. Is assured to her that if she had a little help she could eat up the offending pies and most of the chicken, and she made a brave beginning as she sat on the high stool, pondering.

The custards, plebeian as they were, were perfectly delicious, and she came very near destroying a whole one. She picked the wings of the fried chicken and the titbits from the back; but she felt replete all too soon, and then sat looking out of the window, wondering how she could dispose of the rest of the pies and fried chicken. Her early training would not allow her to give them to the pig.

"Ah!" Rosaleen hopped down from the stool, ran round to the side gate, and very quickly stopped a queer old figure that was hobbling down the street.

"Come in, Miss Mary Jane," said she. "I have something good for you."

Miss Mary Jane Holland, the village beggar, came willingly. She carried two capacious baskets, and set them down at the kitchen door with a groan.

"My rheumatism!" she grumbled. "I've took teas and doctor's medicine, and it keeps getting worse. It only I'd was would send my measure to see, instead of making my trudge down with them baskets."

"Tea tea!" mocked Rosaleen. "But you must talk easy. Mother is pieced up again, and I don't want her gastrated. She has had a busy morning. I will get you the things."

With that she took one of the baskets, carried it within, and then, with careful hands arranged all the pies, the remains of the fried chicken, and the two salads, which her mother had decorated in various designs with the grated whites and yellows of eggs.

"It is a sin!" the young woman admitted to herself, with some compunction. "If I didn't feel that it was my duty for father's sake, I could not go through with it, for it is the meanest thing I ever did, and my mother's the sweetest mother—when she isn't in one of her contrary ways! There'll be a great to-do over this, but when we make up we will make up everything else, and we can have our good old times again."

She was rather silent when she carried the basket back to its grumbling owner.

"It's heavy, Rosaleen!" fretted Miss Mary Jane. "Couldn't you walk a piece and help me carry it?"

"Not to-day," replied the girl, with another laugh. "I am tired, and I want to rest a bit, for we are having company to tea."

Before she went up-stairs she set the table, and arranged her own concoctions neatly in the ice-box, since everything she had chosen was to be cold, except the chickens and birds, which she was going to broil. There would be no need for a fire in the stove until her father had started to drive to the railway-station.

She fell asleep directly when she lay down, and her nap lasted a little longer than she had intended, so that she had to hurry in dressing. When she ran down-stairs she heard her mother and father chatting at the front door.

"I shall drive slowly from the station, dear," he was saying. "I feel about Tony as Rosaleen acts when she gets with some of her cronies—but you are her best crony, aren't you? Pleased with the arrangements for supper? Of course I shall be! When was I ever not pleased with your arrangements? You're here, Rosaleen, just in time to kiss me good-by. Well, won't old Tony open his eyes when he sees my daughter, that is as large and almost as pretty as her mother! Good-by! Don't hurry. I tell you I shall drive slowly.

"We might sit down here for a little while," said Mrs. Dunn, after a glance at Rosaleen, whose eyes did not look very bright and whose face lacked its usual animation. "There isn't a thing to do, except put the rolls into the oven. The hominy is already on to boil."

Rosaleen could not speak. Somehow the heinousness of what she had done had all dawned upon her, and she felt frightened at herself, and afraid of what her mother would say when she missed the pies and other things.

"Dear me!" ejaculated her mother. "There is old Mary Jane Holland coming. Tell her I'll be back in a moment. I must take a peep at those rolls."

A sudden impulse to rescue her donations from the dirty old basket was immediately abandoned by Rosaleen. Mary Jane kept on past the front gate. She had seen the mistress of the house going toward the kitchen, and as her business was with her, she followed to the side entrance, Rosaleen, troubled in her thought, sat quiet a few moments, and then went to the kitchen, too.

When she entered it she noticed a heightened color in her mother's face. Mary Jane had just gone fussing on her way.

"Come, Rosaleen, we must get tea on the table, so we shall not be flustered when the Senator comes." Mrs. Dunn threw wide the pantry door as she spoke, and then stopped in sudden dismay.

"For gracious sake!" she exclaimed, and Rosaleen knew that the time had come for her to assert herself.

"Mother," she said, "I couldn't bear for you to put all those old-fashioned things on the tea-table, and so I have simply given them to Miss Mary Jane, and the milk-yeast, that I heard you tell father had mysteriously disappeared, I have thrown to the pig."

They stood and looked at each other for a time, and Rosaleen's lips began to tremble. She was very sorry, but she was determined not to say so.

"What are we to set before the Senator?" asked Mrs. Dunn, and Rosaleen brightened a little.

"O mother, I have made several lovely dishes, and I have some right now to broil the chicken and the birds. We shall have a splendid supper."

She studied her mother's face for some sign of approval, but it was sadly lacking. "You will find my dishes in the ice-box, mother," she concluded.

"No, I shan't," said Mrs. Dunn, "for I have just given Mary Jane every single bit of your fixings!"

At that they looked at each other again, and before they had time to think they had broken into a great laugh, and in a moment were fairly shouting with mirth that held a suspicious quaver in it.

"O mother, the hominy is burnt up!" cried Rosaleen, rushing to the stove and spattering off the bright blue boiler from which came the potato odor.

"Oh, dear me!" Mrs. Dunn evidently grew sober. "Rosaleen, it serves us right, but what in the seasons to have for supper?" He will be here in ten minutes."

"If we pry to cook things he'll have broiled hosteel for sure," replied the girl, who had come close to her mother, with the spattering boiler in one hand, but the other one stole up about Mrs. Dunn's neck.

"I'll tell you," said Mrs. Dunn, after a moment, wherein her own hand had sought her daughter's. "Your father said he would like to have him to himself and cook as they used to, let's go to Grandma Smith's until train-time."

"Good!" Rosaleen hastily scoured the boiler beneath the sink. They worked in a hurry. They sliced bread and put it on the table along with cake, preserves and pickles. They brought out the dressed chicken and patridges, and washed some rice, and set it suggestively near, with some cheese, some cream, some crackers and the teapot. Mrs. Dunn hurriedly wrote a little note:

We have taken you at your word, father, and left you and your friend to enjoy yourselves alone. You may come for us as you return from the depot. We hope there will be some of the pilau left for us.

By this time Rosaleen was at the door with the pony and car, and as Doctor Dunn and his guest swept up the drive behind the Morgan colts, the mother and daughter drove out of sight down the cedar avenue that led backward to Grandma Smith's.

Grandma Smith could not see the humor of the situation, and was openly scandalized. "Rosaleen ought to have been sent to bed and kept in her room for a week for such behavior," the old lady said, severely. "And instead of that, here you are, Kate, giggling with her and hugging her as if she had done something smart. Whatever Senator Sparks will think, I don't know, and if Billy Dunn has never before been sorry that he married you, I guess he will be when he finds he has to fix his own supper."

After a while she went to bed. Rosaleen and her mother sat on the door-steps, arms around each other, talking as they had not talked before since the disastrous home-coming from school, and waiting for the sounds of buggy-wheels.

The midnight train passed, and presently the doctor's team appeared in sight. They went down the old box-boarded walk to meet him at the gate, but the moonlight showed that he had a companion.

"It was a delightful thought," the Senator was saying, cordially, a moment later, "and Billy and I have had the time of our lives—yes, we saved you some pilau; but I couldn't go away without seeing the wife and daughter that he is so puffed up over, so I have begged him to let me stay till to-morrow after-noon."

"And to-morrow morning you and Rosaleen shall prepare breakfast for us, and put on all the frills you want to," said the doctor looking smilingly down at his wife.

"Yes, Rosaleen and I will fix your breakfast—or I'll fix the breakfast and Rosaleen will fix the frills," she replied.

A Shade too Much.

"Whatever in the world is this, Maria?" asked Mr. Tompkins, stumbling over a great parcel in the hallway when he came in to supper after the day's work. "Awnings?" he echoed. "Awnings for what?"

"Why, for the windows, of course!" returned Mrs. Tompkins, impatiently. "What did you suppose they were there for? The tool-chest or the coal-bin? All the big houses in the village have got 'em. The agent who came here to-day told me so himself, and everything about our house here is so old and commonplace—"

"But, Maria," began Mr. Tompkins, mildly, "if all the big houses have got 'em it's only because they're so new that their shade-trees haven't had a chance to cut any figure yet. It's just because this house is old that the trees father planted—and now come to think of it, Maria, it was only the other day that you were complaining of the up-stair rooms being musty for want of more sun."

"And so I did!" replied Mrs. Tompkins, with asperity. "I can't see that that's got anything to do with awnings."

"Why, awnings keep out the sun, don't they?"

"Umph!" returned Mrs. Tompkins. "If that isn't just like a man—taking everything for granted and never investigating anything on his own account! Awnings keep out the sun if you want 'em to, but they don't if you don't! The agent himself told me they roll up, flat as the wall, and he fixed one on the guest-room window to show just how it's done. And so it does, just as he said."

"Well, then—"

"Now it's just like you, Hezekiah, to go on finding fault, but I'm just that tired of being behind the times in everything! You might about as well not have had a progressive wife, for all the good it does you!"

Use They Could Not Use.

"These spectacles will give you great satisfaction," is the announcement which one of the proprietors of an optical instrument exhibit at the St. Louis world's fair made to a visitor who had been attracted to have his eyes tested. The visitor had been unable to resist the eloquence of the exhibitor, and had purchased a pair of "lifeseals."

"Now please give me your name and address," said the man, "so that if these glasses don't give you entire satisfaction we can make them good."

The visitor did so and went away.

A few weeks later he was surprised to receive at his home a letter from the optical instrument firm, asking for a testimonial to the merits of the spectacles, as they "would like to use it in a pamphlet" they were "getting out."

He paid no attention to it. A second letter came, and then a third.

On receiving the last one he sat down and wrote as follows:

"Gentlemen: It affords me pleasure to say that your spectacles do indeed 'save the eyes.' The other morning, while I was dressing, one of my suspenders slipped out of my fingers, and the buckle flew up and hit me in the face. Had it not been for the spectacles you sold me I might have lost my left eye. The glass broke into three or four pieces, but it saved the eye. Yours gratefully."

On The Road to Wealth.

Peter Gibbs had never known wealth, but on the other hand, he had never felt the prick of poverty. This, some people said, was because he was constitutionally impervious to pricks of any sort.

"Having a hard time to get along this winter?" asked an interested neighbor, who came upon Mr. Gibbs sunning himself on the post-office steps one cold day.

"Why, no," said Peter, cheerfully. "I've got the promise of some wood-sawing down to Mis' Rand's when I get round to it, and my wife she's got the promise of some washing when her rheumatisms are better, and my boy's most fifteen and we expect he'll be teaching district school in two, three years, and Aunt Mary has just written t' learn wait another year before paying for that sixfifty I've been under obligations for since she was here a few years back. Take it by and large, I'm feeling pretty forehanded."

BABY'S OWN TABLETS.

Cure Hot Weather Ailments and Summer Complaints.

In the hot weather the little ones suffer from stomach and bowel troubles, are nervous, weak, sleepless and irritable. Their vitality is lower now than at any other season. Prompt action at this time saves a precious little life. Baby's Own Tablets is the best medicine in the world for little ones. They speedily relieve, promptly cure and give sound refreshing sleep. And they are guaranteed free from opiates and harmful drugs. They always do good—they cannot possibly do harm, and no home should be without the Tablets, especially during the hot weather months, when dangerous troubles come suddenly and almost unperceived. Mrs. Adam Martisotte, Chlorydormes, Que., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for diarrhoea and stomach troubles and always with the most perfect success. They are better than any other medicine I know of." Sold by all druggists or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co. Brockville, Ont. See that every box bears the name "Baby's Own Tablets" and the picture of a four-leaf clover on the wrapper. Anything else is an imitation.

Statistics of a Love Episode.

I.—He wrote her a note. Thirty words.

II.—She wrote him one. Thirty-six words.

III.—He wrote a two-page, chatty letter.

IV.—She replied with three pages of the same.

V.—He wrote four pages of tender sentiments.

VI.—She wrote six of the same stuff.

VII.—He wrote eight pages of love and passion.

VIII.—She countered with 10 of the same sort.

IX.—He wrote 20 pages of passionate endearment.

X.—She penned 26 pages of soft yearning.

(Then he paid her a visit.)

XI.—He wrote a note.

XII.—Her lawyer wrote a short letter.

XIII.—He paid up and the case was dismissed.

Reduced a hard Swelling.

Mr. Gus E. Geroux, writing from Pembroke, tells how he was injured in a lumber camp. "A heavy log rolled against my leg and I was laid up with stiffness and a hard swelling. When I applied Polson's Nerviline I got relief. A few rubbings with this good liniment cured me." In the bush, Nerviline is indispensable; it cures neuralgia, colds, rheumatism and internal disorders too. No person can afford to be without Nerviline. Useful for all internal and external pain. Large bottles 25c. at all dealers.