Harry Lawson Jan 11

The Georgetown Herald.

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HOME CIRCLE
GEORGETOWN BRANCH, No. 81, meets in the Oddfellows' Hall, 2nd Tuesday in each month. Any information regarding the Society will be furnished by the following:—
J. Hains, J. Allen,
M. Lobb. E. Mawhirter

BARBERS

MARVEY ADAMS
TONSORIAL Artist. Most up-to-date shaving Parlor in town. For an easy shave or a stylish hair-cut we stand. Next door to Herald Office. Agent for The Pearl Laundry, Berlin.

O. K. HAMMER SHOP.
DAVID GILES, Clarke's Block, Georgetown. Children's hair-cutting, 15c. A call solicited.

A. NEVINS.
GEORGETOWN'S Leading Barber. The best workmen and best materials used. Main Street, Georgetown.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WM. HAMMER & SONS.,
PIANO MANUFACTURERS, Georgetown, Ont. Printing and Wrapping Paper constantly on hand and made to order.

J. A. TRACY
Clerk Township of Esquesing,
Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Insurance-Money to Loan. Office: Council Chamber, STEWARTTOWN.

Insurance!
Fire, Life and Accident.
DISTRICT AGENT
FOR
CANADA LIFE
G.G.ROE, Georgetown

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

THE NEW
CATALOGUE!
of the Central Business College of Toronto contain some special guarantees of very great interest to students who desire to attend a first class reliable school. You are invited to write for it.
Address to
W. H. SHAW, - President
393 Yonge St., Toronto.

Arthur B. Castell,
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London, England.
Choirmaster Presbyterian Church.
Teacher of Piano, Organ, Cornet, Violin and Singing.
GEORGETOWN - ONT.
Tuition Fee (in any branch) $5.00 per term of 20 lessons, at my residence or at pupil's home. Pianos tuned.

Get Well First

Don't risk upon a young—until health first returns.

[illegible] you [illegible] Then [illegible] Pay [illegible] For [illegible]

Which Book Should I Send You?
No. 1 On Dyspepsia — No. 4 For Women
No. 2 On the Heart — No. 5 For Men
No. 3 On the Kidneys — No. 6 On Rheumatism
Dr. Shoop's Restorative
Wind Tablets Relieve Instantly. Dr. Shoop, Inc. Racine, Wis.

NO SHOVELING REQUIRED!

Standard Anthracite
Scranton Coal in all sizes.
Automatically Screened
and Loaded.

COAL
—AND—
WOOD

Select Lump for Domestic and Threshing purposes. Smithing and Cannel Coal. In fact I carry everything to be found in an up-to-date Coal and Wood Yard.

John McDonald,
GEORGETOWN ONTARIO
TELEPHONE NO. 12

High-Class
Shoe Repairing

Old Shoes made as good as new. Work done neatly, strong and promptly. Special attention paid to Farmer's rush jobs. Repairing done while you wait. Cash System.

J. A. Ballantine
Main St., Next Bowling Alley.
HOURS—8 a.m. to 7 p.m. Open Wed and Sat. evenings.

Lee Sing
LAUNDRY!
ROE BLOCK, NO. 1.
First Class Work Guaranteed.

SCRANTON
COAL
In all sizes.

We have in stock a large amount of Slabs in four-foot lengths suitable for summer fuel.

Portland Cement
Flour, Feed and Provisions.

John Ballantine
GEORGETOWN, - - ONT.
Phone 30.

Tickling, tight Coughs, can be surely and quickly loosened with a prescription Druggists are dispensing everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. And it is so very, very different than common cough medicines. No Opium, no Chloroform, absolutely nothing harsh or unsafe. The tender leaves a harmless, lung healing mountainous shrub, gives the curative properties to Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. Those leaves have the power to calm the most distressing Cough and to soothe and heal the most sensitive bronchial membrane. Mothers should, for safety's sake alone, always demand Dr. Shoop's. It can with perfect freedom be given to even the youngest babes. Test it yourself and see! Sold by E. J. Scott.

PAY BY CHEQUE!

IF You have a bank account with us and owe money to any one any place, you simply write a cheque for the amount and mail it, we do the rest—we pay it, keep an account of it, and see that the proper person receives the money.

This is but one of the many conveniences of a bank account with us. We will be pleased to serve you in this way.

The Merchants Bank
OF CANADA
F. M. SCARFF Manager - Georgetown.

Head Office, Toronto. W. R. TRAVERS, Gen. Mgr.

THE FARMERS BANK
OF CANADA
Paid Up Capital $567,357

A Strong progressive institution, capable of extending every accomodation to its customers. Transacts a general Banking Business. Exchanges bought and sold. Letters of credit issued on Foreign Countries. Interest allowed on deposits of $1.00 and upwards, compounded twice a year. It should be the aim of every person to have a Savings Account. Joint accounts opened and no trouble in withdrawing. Your Savings account solicited.

Special attention given to Farmer's Accounts.

R. M. DENNIS, Manager.
Norval Branch.

Sovereign Shoes

for Men are in a class by themselves; equal to any American Shoe imported into Canada, our fall stock just in.

Price $3.75, $4.00, $5.00.

Relindo Shoes for Women

Considered to be the most graceful, most durable and the best fitting Women's Shoes made in Canada.

Price $4.00 and $5.00.

John McDermid
Georgetown. Phone 26.

INVESTORS!

A 7 per cent. cumulative preferred stock, listed on the Toronto Stock Exchange, can be bought to yield 7 per cent. Our letter, giving full particulars, may be had on application.

F. H. DEACON & CO.
97 BAY STREET. Members Toronto Stock Exchange. TORONTO.

Scott's Meat Market

Choice New Cabbage Free!
With every 5 lbs. of our plate, rump or brisket Corn Beef we will give a nice new Cabbage FREE

Fresh Vegetables of every description.
Watermelons and Cantelopes on Ice.
Choice Meats our Specialty.

Wm. Scott - Butcher
Phone 1. GEORGETOWN.

NURSING MOTHERS
know the beneficial effects of
Scott's Emulsion
in a very short time. It not only builds her up, but enriches the mother's milk and properly nourishes the child.

Nearly all mothers who nurse their children should take this splendid food-tonic, not only to keep up their own strength but to properly nourish their children.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

Send 10c. name of paper and this ad. for our Beautiful Postage Stamp and Child's Sketch Book, and a Coupon entitling to a Good Luck Penny.
SCOTT & BOWNE
132 Wellington Street, West Toronto, Ont.

R. C. NIXON
MAIN ST. - GEORGETOWN

Substantial made
HARNESS!
A good stock of
Trunks & Valises
If you are going on a trip call and examine them.

Horse Collars
A SPECIALTY.
Repairing promptly done
Agent for the Page wire fence

LUMBER, LATH AND SHINGLES.

Hemlock 1 and 2 in. Joisting Studing, etc.
Red Pine 2 in. Joisting Studing, etc.
White Pine 1, 1½, 1¾, 3 and 5 inch.
Oak 1, 1 3 inch.
Ash 1 inch. Butternut 1 inch.
British Columbia Shingles.
Spruce Flooring and Siding.
Sash, Doors and all kinds interior work.

S. YOUNG, Foreman Mill Dept.
H. WADDIE, Foreman Contracting Dept.

J. B. MACKENZIE
NOTARY PUBLIC AND CONVEYANCER
GEORGETOWN

C. G. MURRAY
CONVEYANCER
Office: Council Chamber, Stewarttown.
Life and Fire Insurance and Real Estate Agent. Loans negotiated on Real Estate.

WARNING.

Since its introduction into Canada the sales of Parisian Sage have been phenomenal. This success has led to many imitations similar in name. Look out for them; they are not the genuine. See that the girl with the Auburn hair is on every package. You can always get the genuine at R. H. Nixon's.

Parisian Sage is the quickest acting and most efficient hair tonic in the world.

It is made to conform to Dr. Sanperbond's (of Paris) proven theory that dandruff, falling hair, baldness and scalp itch are caused by germs.

Parisian Sage kills these dandruff germs and removes all trace of dandruff in two weeks or money back; it stops falling hair, the itching scalp and prevents baldness.

And remember that baldness is caused by dandruff germs, those little hard working, persistent germs that day and night do nothing but dig into the roots of the hair and destroy its vitality.

Parisian Sage is a daintily perfumed hair dressing, not sticky or greasy, and any woman who desires luxuriant and bewitching hair can get it in two weeks by using it. 50 cents a large bottle.

Lumber
for sale.

In the rough or dressed, Pine, Hemlock, Basswood and Spruce.
Shingles and Lath at right prices.
Bills cut to order.
Dry hemlock slabs, any length, now on hand, and will be delivered promptly.
XXX B. C. Shingles on hand.
Second Class Cedar Shingles.

W. D. Johnston
ESQUESING P. O.
Telephone Connection.

Rheumatism promptly driven from the blood with Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy. Don't waste time with common remedies. A test will surely tell. In tablet or liquid form. Sold by E. J. Scott.

POETRY.

BY A. BOOSTER.

Do you know there's lots o' people,
Settin' 'round in every town,
Growlin' like a broody chick,
Knockin' every good thing down?
Don't you be that kind o' cattle,
Quine they ain't no use on earth,
You just be a booster rooter,
Crow and boost for all you're worth.
If your town needs boostin', boost 'er,
Don't hold back an' wait to see
If some other feller's willin'—
Self right in, this country's free!
No one's got a mortgage on it,
It's just yours as much as his,
If you're town is shy on boosters,
You get in the boostin' biz.
If things don't just seem to suit you,
An' the world seems kinder wrong,
What's the matter with a boostin',
Just to help the thing along;
Cause if things should stop agoin'
We'd be in a sorrow plight.
You just keep the horn a blowin',
Boost 'er up with all your might.
If you know some feller's fallin'
Just forget 'em, 'cause you know
That same feller's got some good points,
Them's the ones you want to show;
"Cast your loaves out on the waters,
They'll come back," 'tis sayin' true,
Mebbe they will come back "buttered,"
When some feller boosts for you.

TO-DAY'S STORY.

Two Mistakes

One Corrected the Other After a Long Interval.

By SHEELAH ESTHER DUNN

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Returning from shopping, I opened my reticule to take out some samples when, to my surprise, I found entirely different contents from what I had expected. In short, I had laid my own reticule down on a counter and picked up one belonging to some one else.

Among the articles I found inside was a slip of paper, on which was written:

Dearest Little Mary—Meet me at the Sextette tomorrow at 5 o'clock. I have made all arrangements. We will be married at the rectory and take the evening train for N. Don't have a dress made. I will be there half an hour earlier. You think you had better come veiled carry violets. Your loving J. Tuesday.

Fifteen years before I had received just such a note. Indeed, there was something similar in the handwriting of the two missives. Then I had married a man whom I had been obliged to leave before the honeymoon was over.

A sudden thought struck me. How appointment a trifle older or time, impersonate her, veiled and with violets? I could find out whether she was about to wreck her future or marry a true man. If the former, I might save her.

At half past 4 I sallied forth, bought the violets of a street flower vender on the way and at a quarter to 5 entered the square. I knew well how to assume a hesitating step, for I had "been there" before. On nearing the fountain, looking out for J., I saw a man looking eagerly at the violets in my hand, but of an age more suitable to an elopement with me than a young girl. As I drew nearer something in his face and figure appeared familiar to me. Then I stopped, overpowered with astonishment.

No, I was not mistaken. He was the man who had been my husband. Fifteen years make a marked difference in one's appearance, and they had changed him more than they usually change men.

I was now more than ever bent on playing the part. He joined me, and in a whisper, as though I had lost my voice through excitement, I said: "Take me where we can talk. I have something to say to you." He replied that his auto was waiting on the street and led the way there. I got in the auto, and he ran it out of the town.

"I am not satisfied about this previous marriage of yours," I said.

"Great heavens! Haven't we gone over that sufficiently? You have heard my explanation, and the last time we met you expressed yourself entirely satisfied."

"I don't like your laying the blame on your wife. If we were to have trouble and separate I suppose you would lay all the blame on me."

He turned to look at me as though taken aback at my words. He could not see my face for my veil, but his eyes were fixed on that as if they would pierce it.

"You women are all alike," he said presently. "We men no sooner stand on our feet than you fall down again. Here at the last minute you are bringing up what I have been at such infinite pains to settle."

"But, tell me, don't you blame her?"

"No, I don't. I blame myself rather than her. A newly wedded pair are like two persons floating down a tortuous channel full of rocks and snags. It is the man's part to keep his head and steer the boat. I supposed that honeymoons were always what the name implies. I found my wife a prey to all sorts of temporary emotions—one moment loving, the next irritable, the next hesitating, the next despondent. I should have known that this, at least to some temperaments, is a condition to be expected—a reaction upon realizing that one's fate is irrevocably linked with another personality. Besides, she was very young. You are ten years older than she was at that time, and I confess I have looked to you for more steadiness. I am much disappointed."

"A woman of my age should have more sense than to elope."

"You know the reason for that. If your father and mother had not an abiding prejudice against your marrying a divorced man we might be married possibly, as becomes our age."

"Your first marriage having been a case of elopement, I should suppose, considering that it resulted disastrously, you would not care to try it again."

"The elopement has nothing to do with either case. Two people elope to unite. The method of their doing so is a mere matter of sentiment."

There was a silence for a time—at least nothing but the chugging of the auto. We were both thinking, he probably of the fickleness of woman, I of how a trifle may turn the whole current of two lives. For years I had considered that I had married a brute. Then I had mourned that he had treated me so much, but I had not doubted that my interpretation of him was correct. And now I found him pressing himself of a want of love in his former treatment of me, his bride, and laying no blame on me whatever.

I believe that feelings may be concealed without outward signs. I felt that his heart was not in this second marriage. Possibly I may have judged by something in his tone, possibly by an absence of desire in his words. He was too rational for a lover. I wondered if he were not bent on marriage to escape loneliness or to help him to bury a melancholy memory. I determined to apply a test.

"You have been considering me vacillating," I said. "Now you seem to be undecided yourself. And I am not quite sure but you are right. Suppose after we are married you should meet your former bride. Suppose she should admit that in a condition new to her, a very young girl, she had tried your patience severely; that she had mistaken you; that she deplored the break between you and her and would give years of her life to undo what she had done. You would then look upon your marriage with me as a chain of slavery."

He said nothing for some time. When he did his words thrilled me:

"Candor compels me to admit that I would."

I leaned back on the cushion as though much disappointed. I am not sure, but I practiced the deception of a sigh. His mood was indicated by the speed he was driving the machine. I was tempted to tear off my veil and throw my arms about his neck. But I dared not. As his bride I had been a girl. Now I was approaching middle age. Another denouement to this singular freak of fate occurred to me. I would go with him to the church, then reveal myself.

"Well," I said, "it is time that we stop this backing and filling. I shall show you that I have more steadiness than you suppose. Come; turn about. Let us go to the rectory."

Without a word he turned his machine, and we were soon speeding in the opposite direction. Neither spoke for some time. I wondered of what he was thinking. Perhaps that loneliness which comes over a single man [illegible] The [illegible] or youth would now be ended. Or was he thinking of his bride of fifteen years before? When we drew up at the rectory, before alighting he said:

"There is yet time to reconsider this most important step in your life. If you have not perfect confidence in me I beg of you to withdraw before it is too late."

"If there is vacillation now it is in you, not in me."

We were received by the rector, who He placed us before a [illegible], took up his prayer book and waited for me to take off my veil. Slowly I unwound it and when removing the last fold turned and looked at the groom.

He had not seen me since I was eighteen. Now I was thirty-three, but he knew me at once—that is, he knew me as soon as he could recover from his astonishment. And the fact that his bride was the same as he had stood by years before rendered that astonishment rather a confusion of ideas than a natural impression. He stood looking at me, dazed.

"Gwen!" he exclaimed at last.

With the two men looking at me, the one waiting to know what the scene meant, the other how I came to be there in place of the woman he expected, it was incumbent on me to make an explanation. I did so to the rector, telling him briefly the circumstances. When I had finished I turned to my groom, wondering what expression I would find there. I saw at once that he was eager to know what would be the outcome of this contretemps. Did it mean punishment, revenge, or would it lead to a reconciliation? I replied to the question asked by his eyes with my lips. I gave him a smile. With a profound sigh of relief he turned to the clergyman and said:

"Proceed!"

The rector seemed puzzled. Evidently the situation flustered him; but, being in holy orders, with a churchman's antagonism toward marrying divorced people and a churchman's pleasure in reuniting those who have been separated, he was not long in recovering his equanimity. He looked at me for my assent. But he looked in vain. I gave no assent. Neither did I express dissent. He looked to the groom for instructions and doubtless received them, for without further delay he began the ceremony.

Neither man was quite sure what would be the outcome until the question was asked me, "Will you take this man to be your wedded husband?" I hesitated for a moment, then said firmly, "I will."

Both men gave a sigh of relief.

And so it was that, while I was separated for fifteen years from the man I loved and who loved me, by a senseless tiff, I was reunited to him by a marvelous coincidence. Had not the woman he was to have made his second wife put his note in her reticule and left it on a counter, had I not taken it up by mistake, I would not have been in the nick of time to a position to take what belonged to me and appropriate it to myself. The reticule was hers; the man was mine.

I never asked my husband how he explained matters to the woman with whom he had intended to elope. I considered it none of my business. Moreover, I was not interested to it. But I did ask him if he did not suspect that the woman beside him in the auto was not the one he expected to meet. He told me that, while he did not suspect me, he felt that there was something in the situation foreign to what was intended. My valet, he said, was the only real difficulty in the way of a perfect deception.

THE CAMERA OBSCURA.

From Is Way Evolved Our Modern Photographic Apparatus.

The camera was invented by an Italian named Baptista Porta, though it was not at first used for photographing. It was in reality merely a dark room, into which the light was admitted through a little round hole in one side. The rays of light coming from objects outside of the room entered it through this aperture and made a picture on the other side of the room glowing in all the beauty and color of nature itself, but rather indistinct and upside down.

This dark room was rectified by Porta about the middle of the sixteenth century. He improved it later by placing a glass lens in the aperture and outside a mirror which received the rays of light and reflected them through the lens so that the image upon the opposite wall within was made much brighter, more distinct and in a natural or erect position. This was really the first camera obscura, an invention which is enjoyed to the present day.

Now our modern photographic camera is merely a small camera obscura in its simplest form, carrying a lens at one end and a ground glass screen at the other. It is, however, often much more complicated in its construction.

ROMANCE OF ARCHITECTURE.

Origin of the Graceful Corinthian Style of Capital.

In the winter a young girl had died in Corinth. Some time afterward her maid gathered together various trinkets and playthings which the girl had loved and brought them to the girl's grave. There she placed them in a basket near the monument and put a large square tile upon the basket to prevent the wind from overturning it. It happened that under the basket was a root of an acanthus plant. When spring came the acanthus sprouted, but its shoots were not able to pierce the basket, and accordingly they grew around it, having the basket in their midst. Such of the long leaves as grew up against the four protruding corners of the tile on the top of the basket curled round under those corners and formed pretty volutes.

Kallimachos, the sculptor, walking that way one day, saw this and immediately conceived the notion that the form of the basket with the plaque on top of it and surrounded by the leaves and stalks of acanthus would be a comely heading for columns in architecture. He from this idea formed the beautiful Corinthian style of capital. Such, at least, is the story as the architect Vitruvius told it 1,000 years ago.

Stringent French Customs.

Tourists must not fail to note the stringency of the French customs as to the smoking materials they may innocently bring with them. A correspondent is reminded of a significant little scene on the Dieppe landing stage. An English holiday maker who had come down to meet a friend arriving by the boat found himself without a light for his pipe and sang out to a friend on board, "Got a match?" The latter was just about to throw his matchbox across the intervening yard or two of water when the man on the stage suddenly remembered and added with hasty explanations, "Mar wait till newcomer that if the box had been thrown under the eyes of the customs officers every match in it might have had to pay a franc.—London Chronicle.

The Polka.

The polka is the natural dance for the feet of the people. Take in evidence its origin. A Bohemian peasant girl was seen dancing "out of her own head," extemporizing from the sheer joy of her heart song, tune and steps. This she did on a Sunday afternoon in Elbeleinitz, and an artist, one Josef Neruda, who spied her, made a note of all he saw. The people of the town adopted the dance and called it the polka, half step. In 1835 it reached Prague and Vienna in 1840; thence it spread rapidly through Europe. When M. Cellarius introduced it to the Parisians we hear that all else gave way before "the all absorbing" pursuit, the polka, which embraces in its qualities the intimacy of the waltz with the vivacity of the Irish jig."—Cassell's Magazine.

It Wouldn't Sound Well.

An English north country paper frowns upon the known ambition of the mayor of its town to be made a knight for his distinguished services in receiving royalty and narrates for the benefit of the aspirant this anecdote: When Adam Black, the Edinburgh publisher, was sounded on the subject of receiving knighthood, he said: "Nae, nae; it wadna dee. You see," he added, "if a boy cam into me' shop and said, 'A ha'path o' slate pencil, Sir Adam,' it wadna sound weel."

A Mask Worn.

"You miserable worm!" cried an infuriated wife. "If you was half a man you'd help me to turn the mangle!"

"I may be a worm," replied the spouse meekly, "but I ain't the sort that turns."—London Mail.

The Sweet Girl.

Belle—Nellie, dear, may I introduce you to my fiance? Nellie—Delighted to meet you, sir! All of your predecessors have been such bully fellows.

An Oversight.

To impress on young children just what should and should not be done and why is among the most trying problems of parents, as evidenced by the recent experience of a West Philadelphia mother. Last Sunday she asked her small son, aged eight, to carry a chair for her from the dining room to the parlor. He started off willingly, but in the hall he tripped and fell. Amid the crash could be heard the boy giving vent to utterances that would have done credit to a pirate of ancient days. The mother was taken by surprise and was greatly shocked. She gave the boy a long and serious talk on the subject of profanity. This apparently did not make the right impression, for when she concluded the boy added to her discomfiture by exclaiming, "I am sorry I swore, mummie, but I forgot it was Sunday."