The Georgetown Herald.

GEORGETOWN, WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 10, 1916. ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM

FIFTIETH YEAR.

THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

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Advertisements will be changed once each month without extra charge.
Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by Monday evening.
J. M. MOORE, Publisher.

G.T.R. Time Table.

GOING EAST.

Passenger	7.26 a.m
Passenger	9.15 a.m
Passenger	10.10 a.m
Passenger	11.30 a.m
Mail	3.45 p.m
Passenger	7.12 p.m

GOING WEST.

	8.01 a.m
	10.18 a.m

GOING SOUTH.

Passenger	10.10 a.m.
Mail	3.10 p.m.

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S. YOUNG, President. WM. ARNOLD, Secretary

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Physician, etc. Office Hours 8 to 9 a.m. to 4 and 7 to 8 p.m.

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Office next to Dr. Heath
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V. L. HEATH L.D.S., D.D.S.
DENTIST
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(Successor to H. G. Read, V.S.)
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DR. J. BOVARD, V.S., B.V.Sc.
NORVAL
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Select Lump for Domestic and Threshing Purposes. Smithing and Cannel Coal. In fact carry everything to be found in an up-to-date Coal and Wood Yard.

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A good Assortment of TRUNKS and VALISES
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REPAIRING Promptly done
NIXON'S HARNESS and REPAIR SHOP

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TORONTO, ONT.
Yonge and Charles Sts., Toronto is fully five times our supply. Business Men know our graduates are better trained. Enter now. Open all year. Write for catalogue.

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Agent for Federal Life Insurance Co., Canada National Fire Insurance Co., Travellers' Accident Insurance Co., Great West Permanent Loan Co. Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
Office: Council Chamber Stewarttown.

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and District for the
Old Reliable Fonthill Nurseries
Farmer! Why remain idle all Winter when you can take up a paying agency? Choice list of varieties for Spring Planting. Liberal Terms. Handsome free outfit. Exclusive Territory. Write now for particulars.
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Our Stock is Complete, and to reduce the high cost of living we are selling them for
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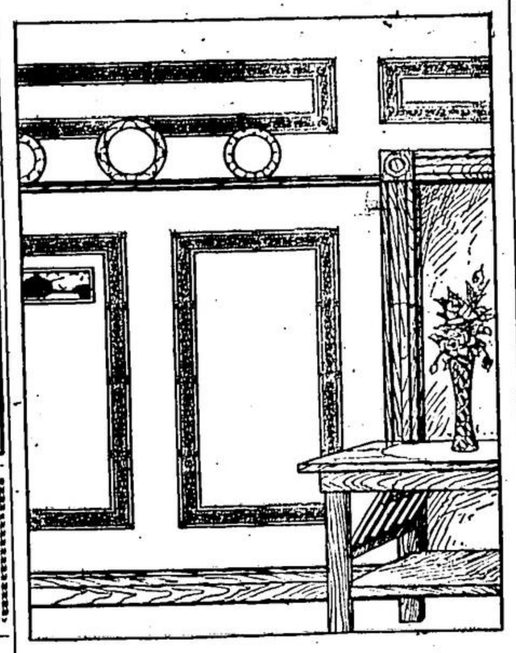

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Meat Market
Fresh Fish Every Thursday Morning
Red Salmon per lb - - 17c

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Pure Lard in bulk, per lb	10c
" in 3-lb pails, per pail	55c
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Extra Choice Smoked Rolls 21c lb.

LETTUCE & CELERY
fresh every week
Watch our Window
for extra good values on Fridays and Saturdays
Choice Beef sold by Quarter also Hogs whole or half at Market Prices
W. J. PATTERSON
PHONE 1 GEORGETOWN

GROWING OLD

A little more grey in the lessening hair
Each day as the years go by;
A little more stooping of the form,
A little more dim the eye.
A little more faltering of the step
As we tread life's pathway
But a little nearer every day
To the ones who have gone before.
A little more halting of the gait,
And a dullness of the ear;
A growing weariness of the frame
With each swift-passing year.
A fading of hopes, and ambitions, too,
A faltering in life's quest;
But a little nearer every day
To a sweet and peaceful rest.
A little more loneliness in life
As the dear ones pass away;
A bigger claim on the Heavenly land
With every passing day;
A little farther from toil and care,
A little less way to roam;
A drawing near to a peaceful voyage
And a happy welcome home.
We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures,
But we cannot
Buy with gold the old associations!
—THE GOLDEN MILESTONE.

To Day's Story

Miss Potifer's Pomeranian

It Converted a Dog Hater

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Dr. Thornby was thirty years old and a bachelor. His practice took up all his time during the day, and when he reached his rooms in the evening, sometimes late, he was too tired to go out to seek amusement. Perhaps his case was no different from other men who are regularly occupied with making a living, perhaps he had reached an age when a home with no one in it to cherish first begins to seem lonely, perhaps nature, having been cheated out of her rights, had begun to rebel. Be this as it may, when Dr. Thornby went into his rooms one evening after an anxious day over a very sick patient he longed for some one to comfort him.

The next day after the doctor had finished with his morning office consultation, exerting himself to put the best face on conditions that looked dark indeed and having swallowed a hasty lunch, he went to where his car was standing and, tossing in his bag of medicines and medical implements, got into the car himself. A little dog bounded in behind him and sought a warm place in his lap.

The doctor's mind was upon a very sick patient, and the little stranger was by no means welcome.

"Where did it come from?" asked Dr. Thornby as he pointed to the fluffy bundle of animation.

James, the chauffeur, turned a casual eye on the black Pomeranian who was licking the doctor's glove with a tiny red velvet tongue.

"I couldn't say, sir. I never noticed it until you spoke."

The doctor looked up and down the street in search of some foolish woman who might be the owner of the lapdog, but the street was deserted.

"I'll take him to the pound," said the doctor absently and immediately forgot all about the Pomeranian, which nestled down in the bearskin robe until all one could distinguish was a pair of sparkling eyes.

Dr. Thornby detested small dogs, especially when they were carried by women, and he was supposed to be a woman hater, which in a way was not at all detrimental to his practice, for the fair sex rather liked his brusque manner, even when he told them that they must battle with their disordered nerves all alone with the weapons of plenty of fresh air and exercise and exertion of undiscovered forces of will power.

In spite of this very excellent advice they flocked to Dr. Thornby, and some of them professed to enjoy his look of disapproval when they brought their toy dogs along.

Two days later Dr. Thornby was still in possession of the little Pomeranian of which he had grown very fond. "I shall keep him, James, unless I find the owner," explained the doctor, and he hesitated to add that he had not yet advertised that he had found the [illegible] What very little sense there was in [illegible] sulted his tablets, and that an urgent call had come from 83 Cinnamon terrace. He had several patients in aristocratic Cinnamon terrace, but he did not recall the name of Potifer.

No. 83 was a long, low, homelike residence, and when he rang the bell it was immediately answered by a smart Japanese butler.

"I am Dr. Thornby," said the physician.

"Ah, excuse, sir; come this way, please. It is Miss Potifer who is so ill."

The man led the way to an upper sitting room, where the doctor was greeted by Mrs. Potifer, a very stout, amiable looking woman, who confessed to being much worried over her daughter's condition.

"Florence has never had a day's illness in her life," said Mrs. Potifer, "and it doesn't seem possible that her nerves should give way all at once."

"Nerves!" groaned the doctor. "More nerves!"

Mrs. Potifer opened a white door and introduced Dr. Thornby to a lovely young woman, who was reclining on a couch in a charming pink and white boudoir.

There was a strong odor of cologne water in the room, and Miss Potifer's beautiful brown eyes gave evidence of recent tears.

"I never felt better in my life, doctor," wailed Florence Potifer, as the handsome young physician sat down beside her. "I never felt better in my life at the moment when he disappeared."

"My daughter has suffered a great sorrow," put in Mrs. Potifer feelingly.

"I am very sorry indeed," said the doctor, experiencing a vague jealousy of the man whose disappearance had caused such utter and lonely.

Florence Potifer sobbed softly into a lace trimmed handkerchief and permitted the doctor to feel her pulse.

"He was worth five hundred dollars," remarked Mrs. Potifer.

"He couldn't have been much of a catch," thought Thornby as he pursed his brows over Miss Potifer's lack of symptoms. "I've got a pretty fat bank account myself."

"It wasn't the money," murmured Florence, "but he was so dear, so sweet."

Dr. Thornby sighed.

"How did he disappear?" he asked gently.

"I am afraid somebody has stolen him. I took him for a walk day before yesterday, and all at once he left me. I've never seen him since."

Dr. Thornby left a soothing draft, recommended that the patient sleep with plenty of fresh air in her room and to endeavor to forget her grief for the night. He said that by morning she would feel much better and would be able to pursue the search for her missing friend.

"A friend indeed!" gushed Mrs. Potifer. "Florence loved People Winks almost to death."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated the doctor as he drove away. "Imagine a lovely girl like that falling in love with a man named People Winks!"

During the remainder of the day Dr. Thornby, the woman hater, could not forget the lovely, grief stricken countenance of Florence Potifer.

In the evening while he snatched a few hours of leisure in his study he was still thinking of her. The little [illegible] curled in his right into the doctor's heart. And the doctor was shamelessly planning not to advertise the dog at all.

The little dog was licking the [illegible] master's hand, and the doctor was thinking of Miss Potifer and the mysterious disappearance of her friend.

Suddenly he laughed aloud as he remembered the ridiculous name.

"People Winks!" he cried soothingly.

To his amazement, the little dog jumped up and barked frantically. He ran to the door and whined and scratched.

"By jove, I believe he recognized that name," thought the physician. "I'll try him again."

"People Winks!" he called sharply and the dog came bounding back again, exhibiting every evidence of delight at the sound of the name.

"I'll be hanged if I don't believe this dog belongs to that Winks chap," muttered the doctor. "No harm in taking him around to the Potifers in the morning. Miss Potifer might tell me where to find his owner—but of course she couldn't do that—the fellow's lost himself. Imagine losing oneself from a perfect creature like Miss Potifer!"

All of which goes to show that all the doctor's pet aversions were tottering.

The next morning he drove up to Cinnamon terrace with a queer fluttering in the region of his heart.

Under his arm was tucked the silky form of the Pomeranian doggie. As he passed up the walk the dog wriggled to get free, but the doctor had grown too fond of the little fellow to part with him so easily, and so when he was finally shown into Miss Potifer's presence the dog was clutched to his bosom.

Miss Potifer was looking brighter, and she smiled charmingly to the physician, but when she heard a short, joyous bark from the little black dog, she arose from her sofa and flew with outstretched arms to meet him.

"Oh, my darling, darling People Winks!" she cried as she took the dog in her arms. "Did oo run away from oo missy? And did de beastest doctor find ums little People Winks for he missy?"

Dr. Thornby felt no disgust when he heard these words of endearment fall from the red lips of Florence Potifer. Indeed, he looked very much as if he envied that fortunate canine.

"Now, tell me where you found my darling," cried Miss Potifer, who had recovered with astonishing speed. Her cheeks were pink and her eyes were shining like twin stars.

In a few words Dr. Thornby related how he had discovered People Winks nestled among the bearskins in his limousine and how he had fallen in love with the silky mite.

"And when you heard us tell about losing People Winks I suppose you thought of my darling at once," said Florence.

The doctor blushed.

"To tell the truth, Miss Potifer, when your mother spoke about losing some friend called 'People Winks' I really believed it to be the name of a man."

[illegible] the doctor discovered [illegible] most joyous laugh he had ever listened to. Presently he joined her, and then Mrs. Potifer came in to hear the wonderful story of how People Winks had been recovered by the doctor.

"I shall miss the little rascal," said the doctor as he took leave of his fully recovered patient.

"You must come and see him once in awhile," said Mrs. Potifer cordially.

A few days afterward Dr. Thornby confessed to himself with some confusion that he sorely missed the pleasant companionship of little People Winks.

"I believe I'll go and see the little beggar," he said after he had completed his calls.

So once again he called at No. 83 Cinnamon terrace, and this time he was shown into the drawing room, where Miss Potifer was making tea for herself and feeding little cakes to greedy People Winks.

That was only the beginning of many calls at Cinnamon terrace, for the acquaintance brought about by the disappearance of People Winks ripened into a friendship, and the friendship warmed into love.

"I hear you are a woman hater and that you detest toy dogs," protested Florence demurely when the doctor confessed his love. "I am afraid to marry you. You might be unkind to my darling People Winks—unless you've changed your mind."

Dr. Thornby took her hands in his and looked into her glad eyes.

"Perhaps I haven't changed my mind, dear, but, you see, there's only one girl in the whole world just like you, and that's you, and there's only only one dog in the world like People Winks. So I'll keep to my opinions—and keep you both in the bargain."

ROMANCE OF THE BAHAMAS.

Life in Nassau Was Once a "Purple Princely Thing."

During the American war between the states Nassau of the Bahamas was very much on the frontier of maps, as the devil-may-care emporium of contraband cotton, whereby hangs many a dashing sea story, some of which you can still hear from the lips of the men who took part in them.

The whole history of the Bahamas since Columbus made his first landfall in the western seas on Watling's island has been a fantastic record of desperate opportunism. The prize of "legitimate" business has seldom dulled the edge of precarious prosperity on these derelict islands, whose very existence still seems a bit grudging mercy of the sea.

Buccaneering, wrecking and blockade running—no mark of odious employ these masculine professions occupied the Bahamians for generations, and so long as there were merchantmen to be boarded or scuttled, rich cargoes to be harvested from the white fanged reefs or cotton to be run to Wilmington at a profit of $100,000 the trip life in Nassau was a purple princely thing, and even the shoeblacks in Bay street played pitch and toss with gold.—Richard Le Gallienne

Burial Customs of the Hittites.

Although the tombs of the necropolis had been rifled at an early date, a great deal that is new was learned about the burial customs of the Hittites. Graceful vases, simple in design and undecorated, held the ashes of the cremated body, together with any trinkets the person was wearing at the time of death. A small vase about a foot high was inclosed in a [illegible] and of cylindrical shape, which was beautifully decorated in patterns like those of Crete and Cyprus. Around the outside vessel were grouped various [illegible] containing burial gifts or oil, [illegible] of them plain, but some of beautiful shape and as thin as modern china, though unglazed. It can well be seen that these two vessels would protect the ashes from dampness from below, but as both were open at the top there was a large cover, like an enormous bowl, inverted over the other two vessels.—Christian Herald.

A Strange Situation.

"Humor is a very funny thing," said Binks.

"I ought to be," said the philosopher.

"Oh, I don't mean that way," said Binks. "I mean that it is a strange thing. Now, I can't speak French, but I can always understand a French joke, and I can speak English, but I'm blessed if I can see an English joke."

"Most people are," said the philosopher.

"Are what?" said Binks.

"Blessed if they can see an English joke," said the philosopher. "It is a sign of an unusually keen vision."

The Youngest Juliet.

Phyllis Neilson-Terry was eighteen when she first played Juliet at the New theater, in London, in September, 1911. Adelaide Neilson was under twenty-one year at least when she first played Juliet in April, 1865, at Mrs. Thorne's theater, Margate. But the record for "the youngest Juliet" must be [illegible] by both of them in favor of [illegible] derson, whose first appearance [illegible] stage was made as Juliet when she was sixteen. That was Nov. 1, 1[illegible] at Barney Macauley's theater, Louisville.

The Justinian Code.

The Justinian code was, as the name implies, a compilation and rearrangement of existing laws rather than a body of new laws. Justinian's commission authorizing the work was given A. D. 528. To the code the emperor added the [illegible] and the novels. These compilations were known as the Corpus Juris Civilis, or body of civil law. The Justinian code is still the basis of all French law, and many of its principles are even to this day operative in the state of Louisiana.

Ring Weighed a Pound

One of the largest rings is the one which was presented to President Franklin Pierce in 1852 by some citizens of San Francisco. It weighed one pound. The hoop of the ring is cut into squares, on each of which was shown some scene in the history of California. The bezel, bearing the seal, has engraved upon it the arms of the state of California, surmounted by the stars and stripes of the United States and the name of Franklin Pierce. This ring was valued at $2,000.

[illegible] A Tur[illegible]

On New Bond street, in London, some years ago a Turner worth $60,000 was destroyed by a charwoman. The Turner was a water color drawing, and a painting in oils hung beside it. The owner pointed to the painting and said:

"That picture is dusty. Rub a damp cloth over it."

But the charwoman by mistake rubbed her damp cloth over the water color, or, turning it into a blot, a smudge, and thus one of the finest Turners disappeared from the world.

A Polished Diplomat.

"Did you see anything that particularly struck your fancy when you were looking around the furniture shops today?" asked a young husband of his lately made wife on her return from a tour of furniture inspection.

"Yes," she replied; "I saw something that was exceedingly pretty in looking glasses."

"I have no doubt you did," he observed, "if you looked into them."

The bills of it calm, sweet peace rests upon that home.

FLATTERY.

Beware of him who flatters you to your face or to one he thinks will tell you of it. Most probably he has either deceived you or means to do so. Remember the fable of the fox commending the singing of the crow, who had something in her mouth which the fox wanted.—Sir Matthew Hale.