[illegible] FUNERAL OF [illegible]

[illegible] Co. Rosin, Mercy, &c.

It was in the early part of [illegible] that the Mr Allan [illegible] had to Farmer Owen over the hills and mountains, across the swift run of the Otter to the second, and at a bend of the Otter they passed the [illegible] mill. At a later time he would have stopped to admire its gentle [illegible] its green [illegible] trees, rich in every [illegible] hue, its [illegible] threads winding way to the waters of lake Champlain, the glorious autumn light which lay like a golden mantle over them all. But afternoon he seemed oppressed by a duty which surrounded him. He looked it with eyes misty from tears. There was a dull, heavy weight upon his heart—such which even the long, fervent prayer he had uttered so unceasingly as soon had failed to move. Between him and that landscape, we might almost say, rose him and his merry son, there was a tall, tall boy, with laughing blue eyes, clustering brown hair, and lips always ready with a merry, pleasant word. There was Benny, [illegible] under the brawny arms of the cottonwood tree; there his line into the little brooks that babbling down from the steep mountains; driving his cows along the narrow path; standing with Blossom under the tall maple, and shouting with pride and joy as she wreathed her pretty face in the leaves.

"Oh, Bennie! Bennie!" Mr Allan hardly knew he was repeating the name, until it came back to him with such an empty, mocking sound, in the heartless echo; "almost"—it was a thought, startling himself by the [illegible] emptiness of the words—"almost I wish there were no great, kind Father over all."

As he came in sight of Mr Owen's house, he saw by the land been ploughed. He [illegible] came. Mr Owen had [illegible] the tools, gone to the house and forgotten them, and no one had dared to put them up. Mr Owen was a man fully capable of taking care of his own affairs under any circumstances, never having been known before to forget.

Mr Allan beckoned to an Irishman who was passing, and asked him to take care of them. The man came with an awed look upon his face, as if even there he stood in the presence of a great sorrow, and without the least noise obeyed.

Mr. Allan walked on slowly towards the house. He had known Mr. Owen for many years, and he knew him well. Indeed, there was a particular bond of sympathy between the two men. In all his large parish, there was not one upon whom the minister relied as he did upon the strong, sturdy farmer. Many and many an hour he had walked by his side, when he was uprooting the brown earth, and had discoursed with him on topics which would have sounded harsh and repulsive to common ears, but which were fraught with deep and vital interest to them. Mr. Owen was a direct descendant of the Puritans, and every drop of blood in his veins was tinged with as strong and true a "blue" as if he himself had landed in the Mayflower. He took naturally to the sternest doctrines of religion, while Mr. Allan, versed in all the modern lore, questioned and doubted. The key-stone of Mr. Owen's theology was the sovereignty of God—"Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" This was the man upon whom God had now laid his hand so heavily; and Mr. Allan felt that if the trial brought no murmur, no rebellion against that might Sovereign, the stern old faith were indeed a rich one in which to live and die. He knew that one element in this was was Puritan. Sons of the Roundheads filled up the Banks of the Northern army. They marched to battle to strains of the old tunes that had lingered in the nursery and the sanctuary from the day that Cromwell and his soldiers chanted them on Marston Moor. All down the aisles of Time came tramping to the music mailed men, bearing on their shields the two words, Liberty and Equality. They trembled on Mr. Owen's lips with his parting blessing to his boy. Would he remember them, and would they comfort and give him strength *now*?

Where there is affliction in a house, the minister is at home. Mr. Allan entered without knocking, and made his way to the large, old-fashioned kitchen, in which he was sure of finding the family.

There, by a table, with his arms folded and laid heavily upon it, sat Mr. Owen. His wife was in a small rocking-chair by the fire, and Blossom, a young girl, sat between them.

Mr. Owen rose to welcome him: so did Blossom; but the wife did not notice him—she sat still, rocking herself to and fro, looking at the blazing wood.

Mr Allan put a hand in the brawny one that was held out toward him, and laid the other on Mr Owen's great heaving breast. "My friend," he said, "how is it with the decrees of God?"

"Just and true are all thy ways, thou King of Saints," faltered out the man.

There was something strange in his voice—a thin, womanly sound, so unlike the deep, stentorian tones in which he had always spoken before. Mr. Allan, when he heard it, almost felt as if he had dealt him a blow.

"Thank God! He has not, then, forsaken you, and from the depths of this deep trouble you can still say, 'The Master of all doeth well.'"

"Yes, yes"—and for an instant there glimmered from his dull eye a spark of the old controversial fire—"you don't suppose I have held on to that anchor when the skies were cloudless and the little waves just rocked my bark, to let alone of it now—now, when the great waves and billows are going over me, do you? I've planted it firm, but it don't yield; no, *it doesn't yield*, but the strain is terrible. God send it may carry me into port; O, Mr Allan, say it will! It has seemed to me to-day so dark, so wonderful, so inscrutable, that he—my Bennie! Mr Allan, there is a good, wise purpose behind it all. Can you see it?"

"To bring you nearer the kingdom," said the minister.

"O, don't tell me that; I can't bear it.—God is too wise; He knows a hundred such souls as mine are not worth one of my Bennie's. I can suffer, if I am too great a sinner for God's grace to save—but Bennie! Bennie!! I have sat here all day, since the news came, wondering, wondering, he was so good a son"—and Mr Owen's voice grew almost inarticulate in its emotion—"such a dear, precious, noble boy! I thought, when I gave him to his country, that not a father in all this broad land made so precious a gift—no, not one.—God forgive me if my grief is a sin. Mr. Allen, the dear boy only slept a minute, just one little minute, at his post; I know that was all, for Bennie never dozed over a duty. How prompt and reliable he was!" and Mr. Owen's eye wandered out over the brown fields, with such a perplexed, wondering look. "I know he only fell off one little moment; he was so young, and not strong, that boy of mine! Why, he was as tall as I, and only eighteen! and now they shot him because he was found asleep when doing sentinel duty," Mr. Owen repeated these words very slowly, as if endeavoring to find out their true meaning. "Twenty-four hours, the telegraph said—only twenty-four hours! Now he is Bennie no—"

"We will have with his heavenly Father," said Mr. Allan, soothingly.

"Yes, yes, yet let us hope; God is very [illegible], and Bennie was so good—I do [illegible] correcting him—[illegible] holy—no, not [illegible] sinners. Mr. [illegible] Oh, Bennie, Bennie!" [illegible] herself as she heard [illegible] burning, said, with a [illegible] father. Ben[illegible] will come soon."

[illegible] them both, you [illegible] pointing to her, [illegible] direct reply. "She has sat [illegible] since. It is a merciful thing she is out of silence, it seems to relieve her. No, no, mother! if my heart was broken, it would almost kill me to see her so. Bennie was her idol. I told her often God has said, 'Thou shalt have no other God before me.'"

Mr. Allan looked in astonishment at the broad man as he came into and stood before him. Those few hours had done the work of years. The strong frame was tottering, the eyes were dimmed, and the sudden sorrow had written itself in deep wrinkles all over his manly face. He recognized the power of the great, kind heart, so simple and almost childlike in its innocent, clinging affection; how could this be reconciled with the stern, strong head—the head that to common observers outlined the character of the man? "God have mercy on you; He is trying you in a furnace seven times heated," he exclaimed, almost involuntarily.

"'I should be ashamed, father!' he said, 'when I am a man, to think I never used this great right arm—and he held it out proudly before me—for my country, when it needed it. Play it, rather, than keep it at the plough.

"'Go, Bennie, then go, my boy,' I said, 'and God keep you.' God has kept him, I think, Mr. Allen!" and the farmer repeated these last words slowly, as if, in spite of his head, his heart doubted them.

"Like the apple of his eye, Mr. Owen, doubt it not!"

Blossom had sat near them listening, with blanched cheek. She had not shed a tear to-day, and the terror in her face had been so very still, no one had noticed it. She had occupied herself mechanically in the household cares, which her mother's condition devolved entirely upon her. Now she answered a gentle tap at the kitchen door, opening it to receive from a neighbor's hand a letter. "It is from *him*," was all she said.

"Twas like a message from the dead. Mr. Owen could not break the seal for his trembling fingers, and held it towards Mr. Allan, with the helplessness of a child.

The minister opened it, and obedient to Owen from the father, read as follows; shall be [illegible]: When this reaches you, I awful to mortality. At first it seemed so much now, and I have thought about it say they will not [illegible] has no terror. They but that I may meet [illegible] nor blind me. I thought, father, it would be like a man, the battle field, for my comrades been on when I fell, it would be fighting and that but to be shot down like a dog for [illegible] betraying it, to die for neglect of duty. Oh father, I wonder the very thought did not kill me. But I shall not disgrace you. I am going to write you all about it, and when I am gone, you may tell my comrades I can't now.

"You know I promised Jenny Carr's mother I would look after her boy, and when he fell sick I did all I could for him. He was not strong when he was ordered back into the ranks, and the day before that night I carried all his luggage, besides my own, on our march. Toward night we went in double quick, and though the luggage began to feel very heavy, every [illegible] else was tired too, and as for Jenny, if I had not lent him an arm now and then, he would have dropped by the way. I was all tired out when we came into camp, and then it was Jenny's turn to be sentry, and I would take his place, but I was too tired, father. I could not have kept awake if I had had a gun at my head, but I did not know it until—well, until it was too late."

"God be thanked," interrupted Mr. Owen, reverently. "I knew Bennie was not the boy to sleep carelessly at his post."

"They tell me to-day there have a short reprieve, given to me by circumstances, 'time to write to you,' our good colonel says. Forgive him father he only does his duty; he would gladly save me if he could, and don't lay my death up against Jenny. The poor boy is broken-hearted, and does nothing but beg and entreat them to let him die in my stead.

"I can't bear to think of mother and Blossom. Comfort them father! Tell them I die as a brave boy should, and that when the war is over, they will not be ashamed of me, as they must be now. God help me, it is very hard to bear. Good-bye, father, God seems near and dear to me, not at all as if he wished me to perish forever, but as if he felt sorry for his poor, sinful-broken-hearted child, and would take him to be with him and my Saviour in a better—better life."

A great sob burst from Mr Owen's heart, "Amen," he said solemnly. "Amen."

"To-night in the early twilight I shall see the cows all coming home from pasture, Daisy, Brindle and Bet; old Billy, too, will neigh to me from his stall, and precious little Blossom stand on the back stoop, waiting for me—but I shall never, never come. God bless you all; forgive your poor Bennie."

Late that night, the door of the back stoop opened softly, and a little figure glided out and down the footpath that led to the road by the mill. She seemed rather flying than walking, turning her head neither to the right nor to the left; starting not, as the full moon stretched queer, fantastic shapes all around her, looking only now and then to heaven, and folding her hands as if in prayer.

Two hours later, the same young girl stood at the Mill Depot, watching the coming of the night train, and the conductor, as he reached down to lift her in, wondered at the sweet tear-stained face that was upturned toward the dim lantern he held in his hand.

A few questions and ready answers told him all, and no father could have cared more tenderly for his only child, than he for our little Blossom.

She was on her way to Washington, to ask President Lincoln for her brother's life. She had stolen away, leaving only a note to tell her father where and why she had gone. She had brought Bennie's letter with her; no good kind heart, like the President's, could refuse to be melted by it.

The next morning they reached New York, and the conductor found suitable company for Blossom, and hurried her on to Washington. Every minute, now, might be a year in her brother's life.

And so, in an incredibly short time, Blossom reached the Capital and was hurried at once to the White House.

The President had but just seated himself to his morning's task, of overlooking and signing important papers, when without one word of announcement, the door softly opened, and Blossom with eyes downcast and folded hands stood before him.

"Well, my child," he said in his pleasant, cheery tones, "what do you want so bright and early in the morning?"

"Bennie's life, please, sir," faltered out Blossom.

"Bennie! Who is Bennie?"

"My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post."

"Oh, yes," and Mr Lincoln ran his eye over the papers before him. "I remember. It was a fatal sleep. You see, child, it was at a time of special danger. Thousands of lives might have been sacrificed for his culpable negligence."

"So my father said," said Blossom gravely, "but poor Bennie was so tired, sir, and Jenny so weak. He did the work of two, sir, and it was Jenny's night, not his, but Jenny was too tired, and Benny never thought about himself, that he was too tired."

"What is this you say, child? come here, I don't understand," and the man caught early, as ever, at what seemed to be a justification of an offence.

Blossom went to him; he put his hand tenderly on her shoulder, and turned up the pale, anxious face towards his. How tall he seemed, and he was President of the United States, too! A dim thought of this kind passed for a moment through Blossom's mind, but she told the story now simply and straightforwardly, and gave Mr. Lincoln Bennie's letter.

He read it carefully, then taking up his pen, wrote a few hurried lines, and rang his bell.

Blossom heard this order given: "SEND THIS DESPATCH AT ONCE."

The President then turned to the girl and said: "Go home my child, and tell your father if yours, who could appreciate such a sentence, even when it took the form of a child-like trust, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life for you precious to be lost. Go home, or—wait until to-morrow; Bennie will need a change after he has so bravely faced death; he shall go with you."

"God bless you, sir," said Blossom; and who shall doubt that God heard and registered the request.

Two days after this interview the young soldier came to the White House with his little sister. He was called into the President's private room, and a strap fastened "upon the shoulder" Mr. Lincoln said, "that could carry a sick comrade's baggage, and die for the good act so uncomplainingly." Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to their Green Mountain home, and a crowd gathered at the Mill Depot to welcome them back, and farmer Owen's tall head towered above them all, and as his hand grasped that of his boy, Mr. Allan heard him say fervently, as the holiest blessing he could pronounce upon his child: "Just and true are all thy ways, thou King of Saints."

That night, Daisy and Brindle and Bet came lowing home from pasture, for they heard a well-known voice calling them at the gate; and Bennie as he pats his old pets and looks lovingly in their great brown eyes, catches through the still evening air his Puritan father's voice, as he repeats to his happy mother these jubilant words: "Fear not, for I am with thee: I will bring thy seed from the East, and gather thee from the west; I will say to the North give, and to the South, keep not back: bring my sons from afar, and my daughters from the ends of the earth, every one that is called by my name, for I have created him for my glory; I have formed him, yea, I have made him."—*New-York Observer.*

Journalistic Joking

The N. Y. *World* gets off the following quiz at the expense of its contemporary the *Herald*:

"We are quite shocked to find so grave and scholastic a journal as the *Herald* assuring us that it was "the famous Bishop Berkeley who said that the battle of Waterloo put back the clock of progress half a century." It was not half a century, which is only fifty years, but sixty two years that this "clock was put back," since Bishop Berkeley died in 1753 and Waterloo was fought in 1815. Bishop Berkeley has commonly thought to have survived long enough notwithstanding the immaterialism of his philosophy. The person who happily cited the admirable remark so loud who let it [illegible] the *Herald* was Bishop William the Conqueror. A conversation with Napoleon Bonaparte to marry the daughter of Pope Pius VII., in the hope, as it proved, of reconciling the Emperor Nicholas of Russia with the Emperor Dutch Church of Houston in Texas. Berkeley Castle, we may add, shortly afterwards passed by the female line into the possession of Cardinal Wolsey, who established there a famous school for educating neglected grandmothers to suck eggs. General Grant was for some time a tutor in this academy."

"I Want My Mother."

I heard these words on the street from a little sobbing child. How many mothers, thought I, with children of their own, have uttered this agonised heart-cry, when to none else, save God, could they go with those unspoken words of sorrows, whose unshared burden was greater than they knew how to bear and live!

She always knew what to say to us. If we sinned, it was she when heart and flesh failed, that she was the unexorable in denunciation by our side; but unexorable in a healing hand, and caressing words, she soothing our griefs out of us; and when tears had cleared our vision, she pointed out the better way. Or if our path was hedged about that we could only fold our hands and wait, still it was she who made our waiting easy and hopeful.

"I want my mother!" Yes—over the little coffin, with hands outstretched to heaven—and she not there to give the new baby her kiss and blessing! In the home where solemn vows "to cherish" are forgotten, and indifference is where love should be; where rough words cut the tender heart, and smite, each like cruel blows, leaving bruises that no human eye sees! Ah! where shall we turn then when even God himself seems so far away? Does there ever come a time, to many loving women, when they cease to "want my mother?" I think not. Not even is their lot is happy. Then it seems cruel that she should not have the reward of all the years of patient toil and waiting, and see the result.

And so she does, though not with mortal eyes. Else were life and human love the most stupendous of all mockeries. And so—seeing also our pain and grief, and counting our tears, yet shedding none—she waits for us till, like ripened sheaves, we are gathered to the final harvest.

But, alas! if faith come not to our help here—that faith which can help us to understand how heaven can be heaven to her, while we suffer and grieve and stumble amid the dark mountains of doubt and despair!

There is no word, save God, which is so all-embracing, so round, so full, so heart-satisfying, as "mother." Better too have known and felt its perfect meaning for a few short years even though it be followed by this desolate yearning, though which we learn to spell slowly, but surely, the word Immortality. FANNY FERN.

The Coming Man.

While our fine girls are bemoaning the lack of young men, and the scarcity of beaux who are marriageable and who mean marriage, there is a class of young men who are not to be overlooked, and whom they do not recognize at all, yet who will furnish to the next generation its men of enterprise, of power, of position, and of wealth. It is not the sons of the rich who will, as a rule, remain rich. The sons of the poor will get rich, and there are to-day drudging in offices, counting-rooms, and manufacturing establishments of all kinds, the men who, in twenty five years, will control the nation, socially, politically, and financially. Every man of them means to be married; they will, as a rule, make excellent husbands; they are all at work trying to win success. They are men who would be easily improved by recognition, and by bringing them into good, intelligent society; yet they are as little noticed as if they were so many dogs.

Excellent young men from the country go into the city and live for years without any society, and are regarded by the fashionable young women with indifference or contempt, but these young men have a good hold upon the future; and when their success is known, in whatever field of enterprise it may be, the fashionable world will be glad to receive them as belonging to their own number.

We regret to say, that as a rule, the young men for whom a position has been won by virtuous and enterprising fathers amount to but little in the world; and reluctant to say that companions, chosen from those who have their fortunes to make and their positions to win, are those to whom a well-bred woman can, generally, with safety, intrust her happiness and her life.

A disgusted critic, writing upon the names and subjects chosen for some of the world's popular sentimental songs, suggests that "Make over my trousers for Little Boy," as a good name for songs and poems.

The Jury Law—Curious Anomaly.

A case has occurred in Pittsburg, Penn., during the past week which has an important bearing on the question, and may be briefly stated thus:—On Monday, one "Cockey" Ward was put upon trial in the Criminal Court, in that city, on a charge of having received stolen goods from one Kate Raney. He was found guilty, and sentenced to three years' imprisonment in the Penitentiary. The next day Kate was called to answer the charge of stealing the goods, and being tried by a different jury, was found *not guilty!* As to the merits of either one or the other verdicts it is neither our province or inclination to decide. We merely cite the case as showing what a curious anomaly is possible under the present system, viz., that of a man being sent three years to the Penitentiary for receiving stolen goods, which a jury of twelve enlightened citizens of the commonwealth declared not to have been stolen! It is true this occurred in the United States, but the law of Canada regulating juries is essentially the same as that of our neighbors, and the absurd phase of the law is quite as possible here as elsewhere. Omitting the argument that juries are amenable to undue influence—admittedly the fact—case sufficiently proved that the present system requires but slight transformation to become a huge farce.

A man fell from the top of an unfinished building in Chicago, on Monday morning, to the pavement, a distance of sixty feet, and struck upon his head. He lived an hour in terrible agony.

A piece of cast iron worth $5, is worth, when converted into machinery, $20, ornamented works, $225; buttons and Berlin wool work, $3,000; neck chains, $6,930; shirt buttons, $29,030.

Somebody has started a discussion in the country Press whether ducks eat brook trout, and if so, how much damage a dozen ducks will do to a trout pond in a given time.

A mulatto woman called Madam Angelo has just walked 1,000 miles in England, in as many consecutive hours, being the third person known who has achieved this feat.

The London *Globe* says that if the population continues to increase at its present rate London will, in the year 1900, possess something like 5,000,000 inhabitants.

It is said that a greater variety of masterpieces can be heard at the Operahaus, Berlin, in one month, than in ten years at both the Italian opera houses in London.

A Wyoming women-woman complains that hundreds of the sex refuse to vote in the territory unless coaxed to do so by good-looking men.

For a man to go into a stranger's house and demand a clean shirt has been decided to be conclusive evidence of insanity in Worcester, Mass.

Mr. Dorion has been defeated. He ran for the Quebec Legislature.

The Battle of 22nd June, 1871.

AIR,—*Waterloo.*

(Composed by Josephus McWilliams, on the ground, and respectfully inscribed to Major Coleman, Seaforth, of the 33rd, Huron Battalion.)

I.

On the 22nd June, brave boys,
On Maitland heights we lay
The bugles shrill the air did fill,
On that auspicious day,
When formed in line, the troops look'd fine,
The bands did sweetly play.
The Wellingtons, like Britain's sons,
Stood forth in bright array.

II.

The Londons too and Waterloo
In martial line did spread.
Twere hard to say, which were that day
Most gallant-like or dread.
The Perths and Bruce (who, flag of truce,
No, never shall display,)
Stood ready then, as loyal men,
Whose hearts knew no dismay.

III.

The Thirty-third, we have detern'd,
For reason that's well known.
In years now past, none them surpassed,
And still they stand, A-one.
When gallant Ross, on foot or horse,
Gives out the watched-for word,
His daring men stand ready then,
To grasp each gun or sword.

IV.

The London Field Artillery,
Brave Shanly did command,
Their roaring guns made Britain's sons
To join in hand to hand.
For weal or woe they'll meet the foe,
Wherever duty calls,
And stand or fall, where'er they go,
Like the men of Derry's Walls.

V.

The battle raged, the men engaged,
All ardent, brave and true;
Each man full bent, to represent
The scarlet and the blue.
They fired away, that glorious day,
And their hearts more dauntless grew,
As they fought once more, like sires of yore.
On far-famed Waterloo.

VI.

Now, lest we might your patience tire,
We'll hasten to a close.
May volunteers aye stand fire,
And vanquish all their foes!
Should Fenians desecrate our shore,
We'll give them British steel,
And teach them that we can once more
Protect our country's weal.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

WOOL! WOOL! WOOL

FARMERS IF YOU WANT YOUR WOOL CARDED AND CLOTH FULLED and Dressed, go to the Colborne Woolen Mills better known as Benmiller's Mills.

CLEDHILL AND BROTHERS

are prepared to fill all orders in the way of Roll Carding, Cloth Fullingand Dressing. They will also manufacture for Farmers and others when furnished with clean picked wool,

FULL CLOTH SATINETT, FLANNELS AND BROAD BED BLANKETS,

as cheap as can be done elsewhere. Parties coming from a distance will seldom fail getting their Rolls home with the same day as they have put all their Machinery in first class working order, the subscribers can guarantee all work done at their Carding Mill will give the best satisfaction.

JESSE GLEDHILL,
EDWIN GLEDHILL,
JAMES GLEDHILL.

May 20th, 1871. Benmiller P. O. Co. Huron.

TAKE NOTICE,

As the Goderich Steam Woolen Mill is not going to run this year the owners take this opportunity of notifying their customers of the same and would recommend all parties that have work to do in the above line to take it to.

GLEDHILL & BROTHERS,
Colborne Woolen Mill.

Goderich May 20th, 1871.

PAINTING

HENRY CLUCAS
House, Sign & Ornamental Painter,
PAPER Hangers and Imitators of Woods and Marble
KINGSTON Street.
GODERICH.
Opposite Saunders Hardwarde Store.
Goderich, Aug 17th, 1870. 1yw31

CHEESE, CHEESE

Shepharo Strachan,
GROCERS, GODERICH
Have been appointed sole agents at Exeter Factory for the sale of the celebrated Local dealers supplied at the Factory Prices.
SHEPHARD & STRACHAN
Goderich, Aug15 1871 w30

SOMETHING NEW!

BOYS' AND YOUTH'S CLOTHING!

Children's Knicker-Bocker Suits,
neatly and tastefully braided and finished.
BOYS' COATS, All SIZES,
—ALSO—
A full assortment of Men's Clothing.
A NEW STOCK OF CHILDREN'S STRAW AND FELT HATS.
LADIES' HATS TRIMMED and UNTRIMMED
Men's Straw and Felt hats
R. B. SMITH.
Goderich, April 25th, 1871.

HURON FOUNDRY!

East Street — Goderich.

R. RUNCIMAN,
MANUFACTURER OF,
GRIST & FLOURING MILLS,
Muley and Sash Saw-Mills, Steam Engines and Boilers,
Thrashing Machines, Seperators,
Horse Powers, Drag Saws,
IRON AND WOODEN PLOUGHS!
With Cast or Steel Boards, Drill Ploughs, Gang Ploughs,
Cultivators, Land Rollers, Straw Cutters,
Agricultural Furnaces, Potash Kettles, Sugar Kettles, Salt Kettles, Wagon and Pipe Boxes,
COOKING, PARLOUR AND BOX STOVES,
of the most improved kinds. Brass Castings made, and Blacksmiths' Work and Repairing done short notice. Call and see the STEEL MOULD-BOARD PLOUGHS, as you can get one very cheap for Cash.
Goderich, Aug. 16th, 1870 w30

TAILORING

D. ADAMS

RETURNS HIS MOST SINCERE THANKS for the very flattering encouragement he has received since he commenced business in Goderich, not being able to execute over one-half the orders brought to him last season having now secured assistance

Carrying on Business Extensively

and employing none but first-class tradesmen and his D. A. being quite experienced as Cutter in one of the best establishments in the Province, having carried on business extensively and successfully in Hamilton, principally first-class customers, and having been Cutter in one of the Principal Establishments in Edinburgh, Scotland, he confidently invites a trial, and guarantees satisfaction.

CLOTHING CAN BE MADE at his establishment equal to the best Establishment in Toronto or Montreal.

Goderich, Aug 15, 1870. w3

LANDS FOR SALE AT BAYFIELD.

LOTS NOS. 71 & 72 BAYFIELD CONCESSION Township of Goderich, comprising 146 acres of the best quality of land, within about 2 miles of the Market place of the Town of Bayfield. There is a clearance of 20 acres which could readily be prepared for crop. The remainder of the land is closely covered with the best of beech and maple timber of splendid growth, an excellent road passes on two sides of the property, which is situated in an old and well settled neighbourhood.

ALSO—Lot 14, Range A Township Stanley, containing 50 acres of well reserved timber land, which would produce a large quantity of firewood to the acre. The lot runs to the River Bayfield with a considerable water fall which could be made available for milling or manufacturing purposes.

For terms apply to, JAMES D. ALLEN, Guelph.,
or W. W. CONNOR, Esq. Bayfield.
Guelph, Aug 15, 1870 w30

FARM FOR SALE.

LOT 10, CON. 10, W. D. COLBORNE, 100 ACRES, 50 cleared, good dwelling house, frame 24x40, with a commodious kitchen attached, also good barn and shed accommodation, good bearing orchard, well watered by two creeks running through the farm, and good well. One mile from gravel road, 3½ miles from Goderich. For particulars apply on the premises to undersigned, or to Mr. D Ferguson, grocer, Goderich.
C. STEWART.
August 15, 1870 w30

A BARGAIN.

50 ACRES, East ½ of Lot 29, 10th con. Culross, Co. Bruce. 7 acres cleared and good log house. Clear title for $500 cash or for $600 one third down and the remainder 4 annual instalments with interest at 6 per cent per annum.
Apply to
ABRAHAM SMITH
Lucknow Sept 1870 w33-10t Merchant Tailor

Farm for Sale..

LOTS 53 and 54, Bayfield Concession, in the Township of Goderich Containing 68 acres, of these over 30 acres cleared with good Frame Barn, and Log House, about 2½ miles from Clinton. For Terms of sale apply at the Division Court office at Goderich, or to Mr. WIGGINTON on the premises.
Goderich, Aug 15, 1870 w30

FOR SALE.

126 ACRES OF BUSH LAND IN THE TOWNSHIP OF COLBORNE 7 MILES FROM Goderich. For particulars, Apply to
W. D. ALLEN, Huron Hotel.
Goderich 12 Nov., 1870. s

REMOVAL.

ALEX. WALLACE,
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,
WEST STREET,
GODERICH

THE subscriber having removed to the Store lately occupied by A. Newsmith, West Street, opposite the Post Office, wishes to inform his friends and the public, of the liberal patronage which heretofore they have favored him for the last 12 years, and begs to assure them that no effort will be spared to merit a continuance of their patronage his assiduous study will be to supply

Watches Clocks and Jewelery

which will give satisfaction to the purchaser, and as all work has been done by myself, customers may depend on having it well executed.

A good assortment of Gold and Plated Jewelry Watches, Clocks &c., always on hand

ALEX WALLACE.
Goderich Aug. 15th 1870. w30

THE NEW GROCERY STORE.

WHITELY & ELLIOTT
DEALERS IN
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
WINES & LIQUORS,
Corner Kingston Street & Market Square
GODERICH.
Goderich June 20th 1870. sw27-tf

NEW BOOKS,

WALL PAPER
&c., &c.
WHOLESALE & RETAIL
AT BUTLER'S.

A Beautiful Assortment
OF
JEWELLERY OF ALL KINDS
JUST RECEIVED,
and to be sold
CHEAP AT BUTLER'S.

Fishing Tackles,

OF ALL KINDS, CONSISTING OF REELS, BASKETS, BAITS, HOOKS and LINES of a superior kind
AND
SELLING AT COST
AT BUTLER'S.
Goderich 19th Aug., 1870.

FREDERICK ARMSTRONG,
LAND AGENT, VALUER, &c
WEST ST., GODERICH.
MONEY TO LEND,
Agent for the Canada Landed Credit Co., and the Imperial Building, Savings and Investment Co.
Farms for Sale
Crown Land Patents taken out. Debts Collected
Goderich Aug 15, 1870 w1y

BLACKSMITH WANTED

IMMEDIATELY, A STEADY MAN ACCUSTOMED to Horse-shoeing and general country work. Constant employment.
WILLIAM ROBERTSON
Benmiller P. O. 14 June, 1871. w26tf

Tavern to Rent.

THE KINGSBRIDGE HOUSE IN THE VILLAGE OF Kingsbridge, on the gravel between Goderich and Kincardine when a large business has been done and could be increased. The building is a large substantial frame, with excellent Stable and Shed accommodation, and a blacksmith shop on the premises, presently occupied, and doing a large business. The village store is immediately opposite. Apply on the premises to
R. MILROY
Also 6 acres of land attached.
Kingsbridge 12 May 1871. w17-1m

FOR SALE.

A FRAME HOUSE CONTAINING 7 rooms and in a good State of repair. The site is about the best in the Town, being situated on the Bank overlooking Harbor and River with South and North view of the Lake. For particulars Apply to
M. NICHOLSON.
Goderich 15th June, 1871. sw24-tf

Land for Sale.

A VALUABLE FARM,

BEING N ½ LOT 27, 2d CON. W. W. WAWANOSH, 100 acres, 65 cleared and the balance well-timbered. Frame house 32 x 30, and large barn, 2½ acres of Orchard well stocked with superior varieties of trees in good bearing. The Farm is well-watered with a never-failing spring and is situate 1½ miles from the Village of Manchester and 12 miles from Goderich or Clinton. To be sold at a bargain. TERMS, half cash down. Apply to
S. YATES,
Excelsior Grocery, or
G. M. TRUEMAN.
Goderich 29th May, 1871. w19-tf

TWO FARMS for SALE

FOR sale two very valuable FARMS in the Township of Goderich. For particulars apply to JOSEPH SHAW, Huron Road.
Goderich Township
August 15, 1870 w30

VALUABLE TOWN & PARK LOTS FOR SALE.

LOTS 290, 289 and 287 on Brittania road, and about thirteen acres on lot No. five on Maitland Concession in Township of Goderich, within one mile of the Town. For particulars apply to A. M. ROSS, Goderich.
Goderich, Feb. 6th. 1871. sw12-tf

FARM FOR SALE.

A RARE CHANCE.

THE PROPERTY OF THE LATE ANDREW Garvey, being the South Half of Lot, No. 23 South of Lower Town, Ashfield, Co. Huron, 100 acres 1st class land. 70 acres cleared; with buildings and orchard.

Terms Very Reasonable. Full particulars as to price &c., &c. to be had at the Office of
DOYLE & SQUIER,
Barristers Goderich.
Goderich December 23rd. 1870

FOR SALE

That Valuable Tavern Stand

IN the village of Purgannon, known as the Prince of Wales' Hotel, where a good and increasing business has been done for the past 10 years.

ALSO EIGHT ½ ACRE VILLAGE LOTS

all situate on the Main street of the Village, adjoining the Tavern, and very suitable for stores or other business purposes.

Also 50 Acres of Land

About ½ mile South of the Village, on the gravel road, the best clay, 35 acres cleared and the balance in fine sugar bush. Excellent new house and barn and good water.

To be sold together or separate. Apply on the premises or by letter prepaid to
D. SWIFT.
Purgannon, March 24th 1871. w11-3m

FARM FOR SALE ON THE BAYFIELD GRAVEL ROAD

BEING lot 22, first concession Goderich Township 116 acres, 50 of which are cleared. A never failing creek runs through the land. The lot is situated on the Gravel road about 5 miles from the town of Goderich. The land is a rich clay loam being very suitable for wheat or fruit growing. The lot will be sold cheap and on easy terms. Possession can be given 1st October, for particulars and terms, apply to G. H. PARSONS or to J. DAVISON, Esq. Goderich.
Goderich, Aug 15, 1870 w30

For Sale.

PINE Sawed SHINGLES. Apply to
G. M. TRUEMAN.
Goderich, 19th June, 1871. 21tf

For Sale.

A FIRST-CLASS new open Buggy with child seat in front, well finished. For sale cheap. Apply to
G. M. TRUEMAN.
Goderich, 19th June, 1871. 21tf

For Sale.

THE HOUSE NO. 21 WELLINGTON St. ADJOINING the property of Chas. Calder Esq. on which there is a cottage containing 9 rooms, Kitchen Pantry and wash-room—there is also a driving house 24 x 32 good well, rain-water tank holding 60 bbl and Brick ash house &c. at present occupied by the Subscriber.
Apply to D. GORDON on the premises.
Goderich 9th June, 1871. sw22-tf

TOWN LOTS

TO BE SOLD IN GODERICH. APPLY TO
W. D. ALLEN,
Huron Hotel.
Goderich 1st February, 1871.

EXCELLENT LAND.

COVERED with Maple and Beech. 10 miles from Goderich. For sale cheap, being entire lot 25, con 1, Sanborn Division, Ashfield. Apply to THOS. WEATHERALD, Civil Engineer & Surveyor, Goderich.
Feb. 16th, 1870. 51-tf

FOR SALE

A SINGLE MACHINE with all the latest improvements, can be worked with horse or steam power. To be seen at the storehouse in the rear of the Signal office. Apply to
G. M. TRUEMAN.
Goderich, 30th June, 1871.

THE RIDGE.

THIS RIDGE HOUSE IS NOW BEING REMODELLED and the front part of it will be rented for business purposes. Apply to
D. S. GODDING,
Barrister &c.
Goderich

For Sale.

A HOUSE AND ACRE of good bearing orchard.
Apply to
S. BIRD.
Goderich 22nd May, 1871.

And Lot for Sale.

A BRICK HOUSE OF 4 ROOMS, by E. D. A. [illegible] 1871. A cellar with half an acre of garden, excellent well, choice variety of fruit trees, frame stable close to Standly & Co's Sawmill. Will be sold cheap for cash or part cash and part on time. Apply to
JOHN HYNES.

For Sale.

A LARGE FRAME BUILDING IN A CENTRAL position, suitable for any kind of manufacturing. Apply to
F. ARMSTRONG
Land Agent West St.
Goderich 22nd May, 1871. sw16-tf

CEDAR POSTS AND RAILS FOR SALE

BY
STEPHEN YATES,
EXCELSIOR GROCERY.
Goderich 26th May, 1871.

Dissolution of Partnership.

THE PARTNERSHIP HERETOFORE EXISTING between the undersigned trading under the name, style or firm of Yates and Green, at the Town of Goderich, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. The business will be carried on by the undersigned Stephen Yates, who alone is authorized to receive all debts owing to the firm, and who will pay all debts due to the firm, and who alone is authorized to settle the same.
Goderich, 20th May, 1871.
STEPHEN YATES.
A. H. GREEN.
Witness, JAMES T. GARDINER.

COW STRAYED.

Came to the premises of the subscriber, lot 3, Con 4 W. Wawanosh, on Wednesday 17th inst. a RED COW. The owner is requested to prove property, pay expenses and take her away.
JOSEPH MALOUGH.
Dungannon, 19th July, 1871.

New Butcher Shop

OPPOSITE HENRY MARTIN'S HOTEL, HAMILTON ST.

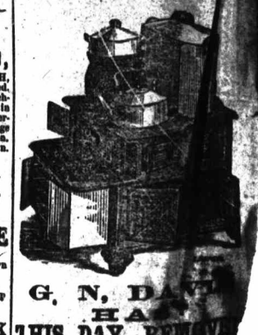
THE Subscriber has pleasure in intimating that he has opened a Butcher Shop at the above place. And he will be prepared to supply the demand of meats at a large price than elsewhere.

Give him an early call.

Orders delivered in all parts of the town at all hours of the day.

ROBERT McLEAN.
Goderich March 7th, 1871. w—

EXTENSIVE NEW PREMISES



G. N. DAVIS HAS THIS DAY REMOVED TO HIS COMMODIOUS NEW BRICK BUILDING (NEARLY OPPOSITE F. JORDAN'S) DRUGSTORE Convenient to the Market.

His stock of stoves &c. IS LARGE AND COMPLETE.

PARTIES INTENDING TO PURCHASE in his line will save money by examining his stock before purchasing elsewhere.

ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK DONE THE SAME AS USUAL.

Goderich, 1st July, 1870

Wanted to Purchase.

A GOOD SALT WELL. If with buildings [illegible] with full particulars and price [illegible] Office.
Dec. 7th, 1870. w52

NOW IS YOUR CHANCE