Fun and Fancy.

Josh Billings has found one thing that money cannot buy, and that is a wag of a dog's tail. It is an honest expression of opinion on the part of the dog.

Dougald—"Did ye hear that Barney Macnab was ta'en up for stealin' a cow?" Donald—"Hoot, toot, the stipit bedie! Could he no hacht it, an' no paid for it?"

A man out West was offered a plate of macaroni, but declined it, declaring that they couldn't play off any biled pipe-stems on him."

An old Highland clergyman, who had received several calls to parishes, asked his servant where he should go; the servant said: "Go where there is most sin, sir." The proposal concluded that was good advice, and went where there was most money.

School teacher to little boy whose father is a liquor seller: "Now, Johnny, if your father has a barrel of whiskey containing forty gallons, and one-fourth of it leaks out, how many gallons does he lose?" Johnny: "He don't lose none. He fills it up again with water right off."

Old lady to taxidermist: "You can see for yourself, man. You only stuffed my poor parrot in the summer, and here's his feathers tumbling out before your eyes." Taxidermist: "Lor' bless ye, 'm, that's the triumph of the art. We stuff 'em that natural that they moults in their proper season."

The man who has been boarding at some farmhouse during the summer, is coming home about this time, and when he tells of the delights of a home in the country, he neglects to say a word about his experience in trying to milk the brindled cow, and the sudden contraction of the muscles of her leg which she was troubled with at that time.

"I think I'll cut across the fields," said a city belle, who was waiting her country cousin—"the wether permitting," she added, as she observed a demonstrative sheep of the masculine persuasion.

A young lady who is studying French lately wrote to her parents that she was invited to a dejeuner the day before, and was going to take champetre the next day. The professor of the college was surprised to receive a despatch from the "old man:" a day or two after, saying, "If you don't keep my daughter away from these darned menageries and side shows, I will come down and see what ails her."

Heard in mid-channel: Robinson—"You've seen more of the world than most people, Mrs. Smart. Now, where have you met the handsomest, pleasantest and best bred people?" Fair American—"Well, among your British aristocracy." Robinson—"Indeed! That is most gratifying to my pride as an Englishman. And where have you encountered—a—the ugliest, vulgarest and most offensive specimens of humanity?" Fair American—"Well among your British aristocracy.

"Sir," roared a bully to his neighbor, as he strode up to him ready for a fight, "sir, you're a liar." "I am," exclaimed the astonished neighbor. "How do you know I am?" "Because I know it; because I have found it out." "How long have you been living here?" "Six weeks." Neighbor tranquilly puts his head and remarks, "Oh, well, probably you do know it, then; I didn't think you had been in town so long." There was no fight.

Visiting the Rinktum.—He opened the door cautiously, and poking his head in in a suggestive sort of a way, as if there was more to follow, inquired: "Is this the rinktum?" "The what, my friend?" "Is this the rinktum—sinktum sanctum, or some other place, where the editors live?" "This is the editorial room, yes, sir. Come in." "No; I guess I won't come in. I wanted to see what a rinktum was like, that's all. Looks like our garret, only wuss. Good-day."—[New Haven Register.

About Lying.—"Where were you when the first shot was fired?" asked the lawyer.

"I was lying down on the sofa.

"Where was your husband?"

"He was lying down on a back gallery."

And your children, where were they?"

"They were lying down on the sofa, fast asleep?"

"Any other member of your family lying down?"

"Well, if my brother-in-law was here I expected he would be lying in the court house. He is a lawyer.

Sho Heard the Roman Empire Fall.—The Demophis Ala. News tells the following story: "Our census enumerator reports a colored woman on Martin Rice's place 114 years old. Seeing that the old woman was proud of her age and recollections of antiquity, he asked her some questions touching General Washington's form, and the Revolutionary war, and which being satisfactorily answered, he said: "Old lady, you must have heard the Roman Empire thing, huh?" "I don't zackly remember de young man, I spoke of now, but I heard a mighty rumblin noise de year de stars fell, and I spec it must a been dat. Things were constant fallin dat year, and if it fell in Old North Carolina you bet your bottom rag, honey, I was dat."

Words of Wisdom.

Don't despise the small talents; they are needed as well as the great ones. A candle is sometimes as useful as the sun.

Few persons have sufficient wisdom to prefer censure which is needful to them, to praise which deceives them.

A Christian must be a man of faith every step of the way. One whom the world knows not though he so well knows the world.

Strong in the goodness of his cause, with his back to the throne of God and his foot on the rock of truth, a man can stand against the world.

To be happy, the passions must be cheerful and gay, not gloomy and melancholy. Hope and joy are real riches, Fear and sorrow real poverty.

We should act with as much energy as those who expect everything from themselves, and we should pray with as much earnestness as those who expect everything from God.

Life's evening will take its character from the day which preceded it; and if we would close our career in religious hope, we must prepare for it by continuous religious habit.

You will not be sorry for hearing before judging; for thinking before speaking; for holding an angry tongue; for stopping the ear to a tale-bearer; for disbelieving most of the ill-reports; for being kind to the distressed; for being patient towards everybody; for doing good to all men; for asking pardon for all wrongs; for speaking evil of no one; for being courteous to all.

When doves fly in the heavens, and go swinging round in their flight, we know what they see—the grassy field, the luxuriant grain, and the inviting perch where they may rest; but when buzzards fly through the air they see no green fields, no pleasant gardens, but carrion, if there be any in sight; and if there is none to be seen, there is a discontent in the buzzard heart. Be a dove, and not a buzzard; and seek not the things that are painful and disagreeable, but, contrariwise, the things that are wholesome and sweet.

A Cemetery Without a Monument.—The sea is the largest of cemeteries, and all its slumberer sleep without monument. All other graveyards, in all lands, show some symbols of distinction between the great and small, the rich and poor; but in that ocean cemetery the King and clown, the Prince and the peasant are alike undistinguished. The same wave rolls over all; the requiem by the minstrels of the ocean is sunk in their honor. Over their remains the storms beat and the same sun shines; and there, unmarked, the weak and powerful, the plumed and the unhonored will sleep on until, awakened by the trump, the sea will give up its dead. No marble rises to point out where their ashes are gathered. Yet the cemetery hath ornaments of which no other can boast. On no other are the heavenly orbs reflected in such splendor. Over no other is heard such noble melody.

THE EVILS OF PROFANITY.

It is heart-rending at times to witness the growing tendency among the youth of our land who indulge in that sin of sad profanity. Stop young man in the name of high heaven and Him who gave that solemn command, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." Profanity debases the man, demoralizes associates, is despised by all and destroyes the soul.

My friend, if you will allow me to call you friend, for I would fain snatch you as a brand from the burning. Do you consider, that every oath you utter is a direct prayer to God that he will damn your soul, are you aware that you are profaning the name of Him who gave you life, who gives you the very air you breath, to whom you are indebted for life with its attendant blessings, and before whom you and I must sooner or later appear to render a strict and impartial account for all the deeds done herein the body, before that awise and supreme being who said, I will in no wise hold him guiltless who taketh my name in vain. Beware my friend lest some of your prayers be answered and you be called upon to pay the penalty for a violated law. God hears and answers prayer either for weal and for woe, profanity breaks the Christian mother's heart and blights parental hope; it defames benevolence, makes home happy and many miserable, and will eventually lead those who indulge therein step by step down to an eternal oblivion. He who steals, may plead poverty and hunger. He who cheats, may plead ignorance or mistake, one who murders, may plead self defence. The midnight assassin will frame his excuse, but the profane man is left without even the shadow of an excuse. Did profanity ever cloth the naked back; did it ever satisfy the fangs of hunger, does it elevate the man even in the estimation of the most depraved? We answer no, a thousane times no. Young man be warned in time, and as you value the happiness of your friends and those who are near and dear to you, and your eternal well being, cease the habit which is so destructive to human happiness and so offensive in the sight of a just God.

A CAPITAL STORY.

The Button that Fell from General Hancock's Coat at Gettysburg.

Yesterday a well dressed man entered a store, and taking a brass button from his pocket he handed it to a bystander, and remarked:

"Rather a valuable relic. This button was shot from General Hancock's coat at the battle of Gettysburg. My father was on Hancock's staff, and picked up the button when it fell from the General's coat."

"I should think that it was valuable," said the man examining it. "From Hancock's coat? Well, I declare. What'll you take for it? Excuse me, sir. I should not have asked such a silly question."

"No offence, sir. I wouldn't sell the relic, of course, as it is bound to me by more than one tie. My father is dead," and the man looked away while the other party turned and made a foreign remark to a boy that stood by the counter lazily turning the leaves of a lot of sheet music. "No, I wouldn't sell it," continued the man, "but as I am in straitened circumstances, I am going to the pawn shop to pawn it."

"Don't do that. Let me take it."

"Well, loan me $5.'

The money was handed over, and after the relic man had carefully taken down the address of the capitalist, he walked out. About five minutes afterward the clerk in the neighboring store entered and exclaimed: "See here, fellers; I reckon I've got the boss relic—a button shot from General Hancock's coat at the battle of Gettysburg." He then unwrapped a lot of oil paper from around a brass button.

"Where did you get it?" asked the man who had a singular curiosity.

"I got it from the man whose father had picked it up just after a bullet had clipped it from Hancock's coat. The poor fellow had started to the pawn shop. I let him have $10 on it."

"What, hol boss," exclaimed another man entering the store, and holding up a brass button. "Here's a relic for you. Shot from General Hancock's coat during the——"

"I've got one that will beat it, said a man, stopping and fumbling in his vest pocket.

"Hole on dar," cried a colored man, "Lem me show yer de boss curiosity. Hit's a button got offen"——

"Oh! let up," exclaimed several voices, while the noise of buttons rolling on the floor was heard.

"Let's look for that fellow," said the first victim.

"Why, bust my buttons, somebody must have drawn on Hancock with a double-barrel shot-gun.

The party went out, and the only information learned of him was that he had just cut the buttons from an old army coat, and started for the next town. —[Little Rock Gazette.

A GLIMPSE OF THE QUEEN.

From the Bradford Observer.

On our arrival in town, a drive through the park about 6 o'clock was the easiest and pleasantest way from the station homewards, and we were repaid for our little detour by a glimpse of Royalty in its highest form. We were innocently driving through the gate which enters at Piccadilly, past the Row, where the horses were drawn up, as if the riders were on the look-out for something, when an excited policeman rushed at the carriage, calling out with frantic gesticulations, "Not there! not there!" Half frightened, and not knowing what had happened, I exclaimed, "What is the matter?" "The Queen! the Queen!" shouted the loyal functionary; "don't you see her?" There! there, coming along the Row!" he almost screamed.

Collecting my senses, I looked where he wildly pointed, and soon saw advancing along the soft roadway always appropriated to riders only, an open carriage, with outriders in plain clothes; in the rumble behind was a Scotsman in a Glengarry cap, whom I knew to be John Brown, and inside, muffled up very much, was an elderly lady leaning back. With her was the Princess Beatrice and another lady and gentleman. This, then, was surely the Queen, so seldom seen in public that scarcely any one recognized her, as she availed herself of her special privilege and drove among the riders, and not as does the sweet Princess her daughter-in-law with the carriages. She was on her way to Paddington Station, from visiting the Duchess of Cambridge, and to all appearance she might have been any other rather perturbed old lady driving home. She did not raise herself at all, and only acknowledged the salutes of those recognizing by a slight bow or nod. I felt disappointed, and wished she who so seldom is seen, had looked more queenly even though not in state attire.

The Anchor Line steamship Angia was sunk by a collision with the bark Trougate on the 6th inst. The crew are all safe. The cargo consisted of 338 cattle, grain, provisions, &c.

Death is not the cruel monster that we deem him. He is one of God's brightest angels, sent from heaven to bring home some loved one of earth. So bright are his robes that their glare would blind us were they not covered with a sable mantle.

Stoves! Stoves!

EAVE TROUGHS and CONDUCTING PIPES, CISTERN PUMPS, LEAD PIPES, &.

PLAIN AND FANCY

TINWARE.

COAL OIL,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Coal Oil Lamps, etc., Old Iron, Copper, Brass, Wool Pickings and Sheep Skins, taken in exchange.

J. STORY.

Sign of the Coal Oil Barrel.

1751

Huron School Book Depot!

A large stock of TEXT BOOKS and SCHOOL SUPPLIES of every description, for Huron, Bruce and Perth Schools, constantly on hand. Miscellaneous Books, Bibles, Prayer Books, &c., in great variety.

Fancy Goods. Berlin Wools of every shade

Newspapers and Magazines supplied at very lowest rates.

Remember—I will not be undersold.

GEO. SHEPPARD.

If you are a man of business, weakened by the strain of your duties, use Hop Bitters.

If you are young and indiscretion or sickness has produced poor health or debility, rely on Hop Bitters.

Whoever you are, whenever you feel that your system needs cleansing or stimulating without intoxicating, take Hop Bitters.

Have you dyspepsia, biliousness, or nervous complaint, disease of the stomach, bowels, blood, liver or nerves? You will be cured if you take Hop Bitters.

If you are simply weak and low spirited, try a bottle of it. It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.

If you are a mother of infirm or sickly children, use Hop Bitters.

If you are a man of letters toiling over midnight work, or you have brain-exhausting cares, use Hop Bitters.

If you are suffering from any malady, suffering from long sickness, rely on Hop Bitters.

Thousands die annually from some form of Kidney disease that might have been prevented by a timely use of Hop Bitters.

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco, or narcotics.

HOP BITTERS NEVER FAIL

Sold by druggists. Send for Circular.

HOP BITTERS MFG. CO., Rochester, N. Y. & Toronto, Ont.

The "ONLY" LUNG PAD.

Manufactured by the "Only" Lung Pad Co., Detroit, Mich.

Absolutely cures Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Hay Fever, all Throat and Lung diseases, relieves and cures Consumption.

A trial of this excellent remedy costs you no more than one visit from your Physician, to say nothing of Prescriptions. The fact that disease can be cured by Absorption is well established. The "Only" Lung Pad contains the embodiment of the research of some of the best medical students and writers in the world, and some cures. Sold by all druggists throughout the Dominion.

SMOKE GOLD FLAKE CUT PLUG.

GOLD FLAKE

Cut Plug is the best pipe smoking tobacco ever introduced into Canada. It is made from the best selected fine old Bright Virginia Leaf. *(The raw leaf from which this tobacco is made costs more than any other tobacco manufactured in Canada after it is ready for the pipe.)*

It is made absolutely pure and neatly packed in handy tin-foil packages.

It is sold by all respectable dealers in all parts of the Dominion.

Manufactured by THE GLOBE TOBACCO CO., Windsor, Ont.

I HAVE BOUGHT THE

HARDWARE STOCK

—OF—

MR. D. FERGUSON

—AT A—

VERY GREAT DISCOUNT!

Nearly all of said Stock, as well as my own original Stock, was bought before the Advance of Hardware. I am therefore in a position to sell Cheaper than any other House in the County.

MY STOCK OF

Farmers', Builders' & General Hardware is Complete,

which I want to run off quickly.

COME AND BUY AT SUCH PRICES AS WILL PLEASE YOU.

Fresh Ground Water Lime in Stock.

AGENT FOR BEST STEEL BARB FENCE WIRE.

R. W. McKENZIE

1751-4m.

1880. Fall Goods! 1880.

Colborne Brothers

Have opened out for the Fall Trade a Complete Stock of

GENERAL DRY GOODS.

Special Value in 10c. COTTONS, PRINTS, and WINCIES. A Job Line of DRESS GOODS extra value.

A FULL STOCK OF

GROCERIES

ALWAYS ON HAND.

Highrst Price Paid for Butter and Eggs.

COLBORNE BROTHERS.

September 3rd, 1880. 1751

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NEW FURNITURE

And Repairing Shop.

A. B. CORNELL

"The Cheapest House in Town"

FOR ALL KINDS OF

Good Furniture, Ladies' Needle Work, Chairs and Stools, and all kinds of Fancy Work made to order; Chairs and Sofas re-covered equal to new.

PICTURE FRAMING CHEAPER THAN ANY HOUSE IN TOWN.

CARPETS TAKEN UP AND RE-LAID.

GIVE ME A CALL AND GET GOOD WORK DONE

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REASONABLE TERMS!

HAMILTON Street, Next Colborne Hotel, - GODERICH.

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CARRIAGES.

DOMINION CARRIAGE WORKS,

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A LARGE STOCK OF

Open Top Buggies, Carriages, &c., on hand.

We will sell cheap for the balance of the season, to make room for winter work. A few A few second hand Rigs for sale Cheap.

☞ A few GOOD HORSES will be taken in exchange for Rigs.

MORTON & CRESSMAN, Proprietors,

OPPOSITE COLBORNE HOTEL.

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