

The Poet's Corner.

Can't Do Without a Paper. What do you do without a paper no. I've tried it to my sorrow. So, to subscribe for one I'll go. Nor wait until to-morrow. Should lovers hang or drown themselves. Or other foolish caper. I never get to hear of it— I do not take the paper.

CHILDLIKE AND BLAND.

The Fun the City Belle had with the Green Rustle.

His name was Moses Sparrow. He was very green. That was the idea that always came into Miss Page's mind when she looked at her country landlady's son. Such a rustic youth, with such fair hair, worn long, such big blue eyes, such alop shoulders, such a lamblike expression.

"I'm going home next week. I shall send you wedding cards when I am married. I am to be married to a rich old gentleman next winter." Then she waited to see him drop at her feet, but he did not drop. He only said:

"MAUD S."

She holds a Fever at Her Winter Residence.

"Maud S." had a number of distinguished callers yesterday, at her quarters in Chester Park. Among them was Miss Maggie Mitchell, an old admirer of the famous mare, and Maud seemed quite proud of the call; seeming to say: "Saw you last year; always glad to see you, Fancheon." Really "Maud S." seems human in her intelligence and gentleness, and especially fond of ladies.

"Who was she?" asked the ladies who could not make room for her, as they passed the sexton at the door. "The preacher's mother," answered that functionary, in an injured tone. "Why didn't she look like a Christian, if she expected to sit in the front pews? I hate to be imposed on."

style was unrivaled in her prime. Near to the quarters of Maud S. is now standing a colt, who recalls the Lady as a picture, and seems unchallengeable as to "points." He is a son of Solistoso, and was "picked up" by Mr. A. D. Bullock, at a sale the other day; for \$300. If Mr. B. repents his bargain, he can have \$500 or more for him, just in his looks. He has not yet been broken. Cincinnati Commercial.

"There'll be Room in Heaven."

She was a little old woman, very plainly dressed in black bombazine that had seen much careful wear, and her bonnet was very old-fashioned, and people started to see her tottering up the aisle of the grand church, evidently bent on securing one of the best seats, for a great man preached on that day, and the house was full of splendidly dressed people who had heard of the fame of the preacher, of his learning, his intellect and goodness, and they wondered at the presumption of the poor old woman.

"Oh, I'm quite comfortable here—quite comfortable." "But you are not wanted here," said the sexton, pompously; "there is no room. Come with me, my good woman; I will see that you have a seat."

"Not room," said the old woman, looking at her old sunken proportions, and then at the fine ladies. "Why, I'm not crowded a bit. I rode ten miles to hear the sermon to-day, because—"

But here the sexton took her by the arm and shook her roughly, in a polite, underhand way, and then she took the hint. Her faded old eyes filled with tears, her chin quivered; but she arose meekly and left the pew. Turning quietly to the ladies, who were spreading their rich dresses over the space, she had left vacant, she said, gently: "I hope, my dears, there'll be room in heaven for us all."

Then she followed the pompous sexton to the rear of the church, where in the last pew she was seated between a thread bare girl and a shabby old man.

"She must be crazy," said one of the ladies in the pew which she had first occupied. "What can an ignorant old woman like her want to hear Dr. — preach for? She would not be able to understand a word he said."

"Those people are so persistent! The idea of her forcing herself into our pew. Isn't that voluntary? There's Dr. — coming out of the vestry. Isn't he grand?" "Splendid, what a stately man. You know he has promised to dine with us while he is here."

The Health of Farmers.

The following true words from the Science of Health should be inscribed in letters of gold over every farmer's fire-side: "Farmers have unequalled natural advantages for health, strength and longevity. The statistics of diseases and the tables of mortality, however, are against them. This is due not to their vocation, but to their misuses of it. No class, as a whole, is probably so utterly reckless of health conditions. So far as our acquaintance with the habits of farmers is concerned—and it has been extensive—it compels the conclusion, as a rule, that the dietetic habits of farmers are worse than those of any other class who have the means of choosing for themselves. Fried dishes several times a day, with several fried articles at each of the three meals, is one of their common abominations; dried beef, old cheese and pickles are among the common relishes; while lard and salaratus make their richer dainties infectious and caustic. We have seen on a farmer's table, fried pork, fried eggs, fried potatoes, and fried griddle cakes for breakfast; fried ham, fried herring, and fried parsnips for dinner; and fried sausages, and fried doughnuts for supper—all the frying done in lard. No class is so troubled with cancer, erysipelas, tumors, cancers, and humors, as farmers; and the excessive use of pork, lard, fine flour, rich cakes, and greasy pastry, are enough to account for it. In dietetic habits, our farmers are sadly misled by the agricultural journals, nearly all of which pandering to their prejudices, and flatter their morbid appetites, by recommending and commending swine-breeders and pork-eating, while they fill their kitchen columns with receipts for making rich and palatable puddings, pies, cakes and other complicated dishes, which no stomach ever carried inside a human body could long tolerate without death or dyspepsia. The essential need of our farmers is plain, wholesome food, properly cooked. This would give them much more available strength for work, relieve them of many of the distresses and expenses of sickness, add many years to their lives, and render old age 'green' and normal, instead of dry and decrepit, as it is in most cases under existing habits."

Mr. Blake and the Tory Press.

Speaking at the dinner given him at Chatham, N. B., Mr. Blake said: While referring to the reception he had met with during his present tour, he would take occasion to say he had been very kindly treated by his political opponents—and it was very right that we should differ in regard to public questions without disagreeing in personal matters—but though he had not mentioned the matter before, he must except the Tory press. It had made very little effort to tell the truth concerning the facts and incidents of his trip. It had indulged in belittling the meetings he had held to a most unusual degree, and in misrepresentations of almost everything that had been said and done, to an extent unequalled within his knowledge during a political experience of fourteen years. Some of the accounts given reminded him of the unjust steward, who was such an adept at making up false statements. Great laughter and cries of *Son!* In his business the master, too, seemed to be a party—not, however, the master—public. The person who chiefly did this questionable work for the Tory press was like the old New York Quaker's servant, Joshua, who was much addicted to prevarication. One day when his servant had indulged in his usual sin, the good Quaker said to him: "I will not say that you lie, but if the governor were to ask me to send to him the greatest liar in the state, I would at once see thee and say to thee, Joshua the governor desires to see thee particularly." (Laughter and cheers.) He really hoped the gentleman to whom this story applied so well would hear it.

Blyth public school trustees consider themselves wise and economical in cutting down the salary of their head master.

Symptoms of Dyspepsia or Indigestion, a dull heavy feeling in the Stomach with a frequent disposition to vomit, Heartburn, Loss of Mental and Physical Force, Dr. Carson's Stomach and Constipation Bitters is the certain Remedy for this distressing complaint. In large bottles, at 50 cents. Geo. Rhyms, agent for Goderich.

Free of Charge. All persons suffering from Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Loss of Voice, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs, are requested to call at your drug store and get a Trial Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, free of charge, which will convince them of its wonderful merits and show what a regular dollar-size bottle will do. Call early. —[Adv.]

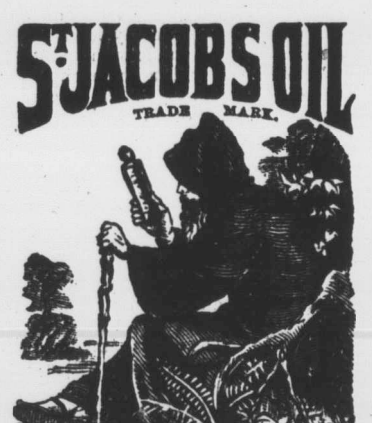
Woman's True Friend. A friend in need is a friend indeed. This none can deny, especially when assistance is rendered when one is sorely afflicted with disease, more particularly those complaints and weaknesses so common to our female population. Every woman should know that Electric Bitters are woman's true friend, and will positively restore her to health, even when all other remedies fail. A single trial always proves our assertion. They are pleasant to the taste and only cost fifty cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists.

A Former Ashfield Farmer's Dakota Farm.

FARGO, D. T., Oct. 1st, 1881. To the Editor of the Huron Signal. DEAR SIR, If you will allow me space, I would like to make a few remarks on some of our Canadian brethren who now reside in the North-west. One whom I might mention is Mr. Denis Ford, who left the 11 con. of Ashfield, eastern division lot one, in the spring of 1879. He for one, amongst a great many others, has made it a success. I was over his place, and was surprised to see the horses and machinery, owned by one man, all of which is first class. He now owns fifteen hundred acres of land seven hundred broken up and in good state of cultivation; but it was all in crop this year. He raised this year 3,107 bush of oat, and 7,007 bush of wheat—that is, weighed bushels. He has twenty fine horses, seven sulky plows, five seeders, eight harrows, six self binders, nine wagons and all other implements necessary to run a farm. He tells me now that he is going to buy a steam thrasher and whole outfit, which will cost him upwards of two thousand dollars. Mr. Ford contemplates a much larger crop next year. He is a man of sound judgment, and a jolly good fellow.

In the month of October, Typhoid, Bilious, and Malaria Fevers are very prevalent. For a sure preventative take, according to directions, Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. They purify the System and cool the Blood. They are used to great advantage in Fever and Ague districts. In large 8 oz. bottles, at 50 cents. Geo. Rhyms, special agent for Goderich.

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FOR RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches. No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial excites but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims. Directions in Eleven Languages. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE. A. VOEGELER & CO., Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.



Ayer's Hair Vigor.

FOR RESTORING GRAY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL VITALITY AND COLOR.

It is a most agreeable dressing, which is at once harmless and effectual, for preserving the hair. It restores, with the gloss and freshness of youth, faded or gray, light, and red hair, to a rich brown, or deep black, as may be desired. By its use thin hair is thickened, and baldness often though not always cured. It checks falling of the hair immediately, and causes a new growth in all cases where the glands are not decayed; while to brassy, weak, or otherwise diseased hair, it imparts vitality and strength, and renders it pliable.

THE VIGOR cleanses the scalp, cures and prevents the formation of dandruff; and, by its cooling, stimulating, and soothing properties, it heals most if not all of the humors and diseases peculiar to the scalp, keeping it cool, clean, and soft, under which conditions diseases of the scalp and hair are impossible.

As a Dressing for Ladies' Hair THE VIGOR is incomparable. It is colorless, contains neither oil nor dye, and will not soil white cambric. It imparts an agreeable and lasting perfume, and as an article for the toilet it is economical and unsurpassed in its excellence. PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Practical and Analytical Chemists, Lowell, Mass. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

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Use Barbed Wire for Fences.

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SHEPPARD'S.

Of all the none, perhaps more comfort alongside of one, than Beauty in faces in a times, even its attractive we discover lovely traits faculty are if not combined domesticating possessor a and a desirable ney of life. mire; and content to meet cheerful and the world at for frowns, a and bitter or and forgets i full meed, p I have in a little woman an eminent nature that i too sluggish; any other fas that is ma disposition, c enlarged and in the school has learned t perience how lightly over t even the w dwell upon, c them. Such a per is she one of selves, feel throught other comings in th unassuming a not but to be example is so celled fruit, a natural and People go away saying: "What sweet has!"—though so hard to g praise, even i it is easy em pleasant surr good temper husband!" Yes, the ch mannered an mamma in t from upon coo or qua what wonder- perfection its steps and t prctly, gentl a different g and see how whether or r ordinary good sition! Her husba knows that h wife; yet he ion, after al masculine, w pepais, or bus he is a little or if plain wo and sometimes "In the fir said Mrs. M. ed to be muc onable than I sensitive and cry my eyes he said to me matters; an to come, I sa able household fitted I shall i into the happy men I desire like this!" that I would in a cheerful that, let Hen I would not i would take e word as if i it off as a j lightly as not I have held t My husband to make of it not to be fret and as there his irritablem burned out t grew ashamed ableness, for any but an myself we are py a family, t found." How much of ever over and dow comes a mou Try my lit wife and mot uphill work, love or gratit of not mindr and cheerful on the trout sometimes r of domestic i and comfort