A Night Mistake.

(From Dan Maud's Comic Annual.)

My brother and I were twins. There can be doubt about the fact, even little—were to each other to great that it is positively vexatious to our friends and ourselves. The celebrated Corsican Brothers were not more alike than we are; that is, so far as external appearances goes, beyond that Jim and I are utterly dissimilar. For instance; I am fond of trade; Jim hates it; I have a great dislike to home-life, Jim dotes upon what he pleases to call "the turf." I avoid danger to such an extent that I have heard some uncharitable people call my caution cowardice; now, nothing pleases my brother better than running risks; then quiet and peaceable to a fault, while Jim is always up to mischief and constantly in hot water; in a word, two creatures more alike in features and unlike in character never existed.

How I did it I cannot tell, but by some means I managed to offend a big, balking fellow, whom I recognized as the owner of a butcher's shop exactly facing my establishment. I tried all I could to soothe the monster, but he glared at me like an ogre, and made such very strong remarks that I thought it better to keep silent, hoping thereby to let the storm blow over. Vain hope! the butcher being unable to speak to me in consequence of my silence, vented his malice by speaking at me. He complained about tradesmen opening new shops in opposition to the old ones; declared that he had been made quite sick by some bad butter he had seen that day, and hoped, when the inspectors of weights and measures visited the neighborhood, that he would look after some shopkeepers in particular, for he (Mr. Grote) had watched one fellow tampering with his weights and scales all day.

I knew he meant me, for I certainly had amused myself in the intervals of serving my customers by polishing up my beales and weights, and as I saw by their flocks that the company knew that the wretch intended me, I had no help for it but to reply.

"Sir," said I, in the most conciliatory manner possible, "I am exceedingly sorry that I should have unwittingly offended you, as it appears I have done, but I cannot fail to see that your observations are evidently intended for me."

"If the cap fits you may wear it," grinned the brute. "I chaw's mention names, to give any one the opportunity of getting the law of me; I ain't so green."

"The cap does not fit," I replied, "for I beg to say that my butter is excellent, my scales just, and that all your accusations are entirely false."

With a howl of rage the brute sprang from his seat and dashed his pipe in my face. Luckily, two of his companions seized him, so that I was able to make my escape from the room; but as I fled I could hear him vociferating, "Come on, you coward—let me go—yah! you cur!" and so on until I had left the house.

From that moment my life was full of misery. That horrid wretch Grote would not let me alone; he teased me morning, noon and night, until I became the laughing-stock of the neighborhood, and consequently my trade fell off, until ruin seemed to stare me in the face. My neighbors avoided me as if I had the plague, and some even went so far as to join the butcher in annoying me, so that at last I became frightened to go out, and passed my evenings in the little parlour behind my shop, making up my books.

One night, whilst I was so engaged a ring came at the bell. I opened the door, and a man clad in a long cloak, the collar of which was turned up so as to conceal his face, rushed into the passage, a proceeding that I no sooner remarked than I immediately prepared to rush out into the street, for I cannot bear burglars; but before I could execute my purpose the fellow had caught me by the shoulder, and, in tones that froze my very blood, whispered in my ear:—

"Don't be a fool, Dick; come in and shut the door, or I shall be seized."

"Jim!" I stammered. "Why, what is the matter?"

"Shut the door and come into the parlor—then I will tell you."

I did as he commanded, and then waited patiently for the explanation of this sudden and mysterious visit.

"Phew!" said Jim, as he threw off his cloak, "I've had a narrow escape."

"But how have you had an escape? and from what have you escaped?"

"Dick, I am ruined!" cried my brother, throwing himself into a chair. "I backed the wrong horse for the St. Leger, and have lost all my money."

"I knew you would, Jim," I said: "I knew you would. But it's no use crying over spilt milk, as the proverb says; you must come and share with me, though heaven knows that I have not much to offer you, for that horrid butcher has nearly ruined me."

"You're a good fellow, Dick, but I have worse news still. You must know that I had £1,000 placed in my hands to buy horses for a gentleman. So, convinced was I that Vanderdeckin would win this race that I not only put my money on him, but also that which I had in trust. I have lost all, and have had to fly to avoid the police."

The frightful news so overcame me that I could only wring my hands and groan. "Oh, what is to be done? what is to be done?"

"This is what is to be done," said Jim, in a hurried whisper, "you must take my clothes and my name, and I will take yours in exchange; you must go down to Acton to my rooms, and I will carry on your business here. Do you see?"

"Yes, I see; but the police may arrest me by mistake."

"Of course they will; that's the beauty of the thing. I expect to make a hatful of money over the next race, and when I have done that I will show up, declare that the whole affair has been a mistake, either pay the £1,000 or buy the horses; you will be released and can bring an action for damages for false imprisonment."

"Yes, that's all very well, Jim; but suppose you should not win this money?"

"Nonsense, my dear fellow; I must win it. It's as safe as the bank."

"Yes, but no was Vanderdecken."

"Oh, bother Vanderdecken! I tell you I must win; besides, should I fail, I bolt over to France, then you prove your identity, they must release you, and there you are."

"Yes, but in the mean time I shall be in prison."

"Not necessarily; you must keep close and then perhaps they may not find you. I will give you a letter to my friend, Bob Kirby—you are sure to find him at the 'Bit and Bridle'—and he will tell you what to do. You must not write to me here, Bob will do all the writing, and let me know how things are going. Now come and let us change clothes; there is not a moment to lose, or you will be too late for the train."

"But my business?" I gasped, for I did not like the job at all.

"Oh! I can take care of that; you know I understand the trade."

"But the butcher?"

"I must put up with him, I suppose," said Jim, looking rather blue. "Of course it is not pleasant, but nothing is in this world, and as you have stood its insults for so long a time, I suppose I shall be able to bear it for a little while. There is the letter; now off with your clothes and put on mine."

How Jim did I can't say, but in less than a quarter of an hour I was dressed in his clothes and turned out of my own house.

I crept along the road, trembling at the sight of a policeman, and wondering at the little notice they took of me. I reached the train in safety, and arrived in Acton without being arrested.

I found the "Bit and Bridle," and Bob Kirby, to whom I delivered the letter. He read it and at once took me to Jim's rooms, advising me not to move therefrom if I valued my liberty. Need I say that I felt rather uncomfortable, and obeyed his orders to the letter?

On the second night after my arrival in Acton Mr. Kirby came to my rooms and told me I must prepare to start for London at once.

"You must take care you are not seen," he continued. "For if you are caught now things would be very awkward. Tell Jim to meet you down here at once; he had better walk down, for the trains may be watched. If he can get down without being seen all will be well; but if not, I fear they will try to make it a case of conspiracy."

Oh, how bitterly I repented having consented to leave my butter-shop, for all things considered, the police were to me worse than the butcher. By keeping myself a strict prisoner in my own house, I could avoid the butcher; but there was no safety from the police.

With a beating heart I [illegible] up to my own shop, and knocked gently at the door, which was opened directly by him, to whom I delivered my dreadful message.

"I must be off at once, Dick," he said; "we must change clothes directly. You will be all right, for I made every one believe I was you. I make a capital tradesman, after all. I've sent your business up wonderfully."

"I'm very glad to hear it, Jim; I'm sure it needed it. But how about the butcher?"

"Oh, he's been a great nuisance, certainly; but look here, Dick, don't you be half so easy with him. I don't believe he has half the pluck he pretends to have."

"I do—I know it!" was my rueful answer; "but if the business is improving I shall try to put up with the annoyance."

"That's right, Dick. And now, good-bye, I'm much obliged to you for what you have done. If any of the girls say you made love to them, you will know that I am the culprit—only don't you say so, but keep the fun up. It's not disagreeable work, I can assure you. Ha! ha! ha! nobody would believe you if you were to swear it was me. So good-bye and take care of yourself."

With a hearty laugh Jim went on his road; and I with a sad heart, sought my bed.

I arose very early the next morning and took down the shutters, so as to avoid that horrid butcher. A few minutes afterward a very pretty girl came fluttering into the shop, and, with many a pretty smile and simper, purchased half a pound of my best fresh butter.

"Why, how dull you are this morning, Mr. Perkins!" she exclaimed, with a pretty sly glance.

"Dull?" I replied, in a dreamy manner.

"Oh, nonsense!" she cried; "it is no good putting on that modest air, after the way you behaved yesterday. Do you know, when you first came here we all thought you such a sneak—at least, most of us did; but I always said you were not so demure as you wished to make out—and the way you snatched that kiss from me yesterday proves it."

"So," though I, "this is the way matter-of-fact Jim has been improving my business, is it?"

I looked at the little rosy mouth and could not blame him—nay, I ventured to follow his example, and did so with the greatest success.

"Do you know," said the young lady, putting her arms on the counter—"do you know I have liked you ever since you thrashed that big bully, Grote, the butcher?"

"What!" I exclaimed in amazement, "thrashed Grote?"

"Of course you did, when he came over here swearing he would pull your nose. Oh! I did like the cool way in which you went to meet him, and knocked him down. It was splendid!"

Could it be possible? Had my twin brother thrashed the butcher, and left me to reap the glory! As if to confirm my suspicions, at that very instant Grote appeared in his shop—and oh, his face! It was one mass of bruises! I stepped out on the pavement to have at him closer. On seeing me he bowed politely, but I merely shook my fist at him, and he retreated rapidly.

I cannot describe how my business increased from that day, and all through. During the week I received a letter from my dear Jim's boldness and light-heartedness brother, in which he informed me that he had not lost his money; but, having heard of my misery, he invented this little plot to save me.

I have now several large shops. Jim has never joined me, he having retired from the turf and become a gentleman farmer. I am married, and have a large family. My eldest boy is about to marry Miss Grote, Grote having become very good friends with me, and, what is better, very rich. But, good friends as we are, I have never thought it worth my while to inform him of his slight mistake.

A Romance of the Czar's Sister

On a little unfrequented street of St. Petersburg, there stands a gloomy-looking building, large, but of a severe style of architecture and painted in sombre colors. This is the Leuchtenberg palace, a name suggestive of a dark page in the history of the imperial family of Russia. Many readers will yet remember the somewhat romantic story of the marriage of the Czar Nicholas' favorite daughter to a dashing young German officer. The Duke of Leuchtenburg was handsome but comparatively poor and obscure, and it is said that the wayward Princess made the first advance, and even that the stern Emperor consented to the marriage only to avoid scandal. At any rate romance and royalty do not seem to agree well, and the union turned out badly. The Duchess tired of her former idol, a gay and dashing but at the same time scholarly and thoroughly honorable German, and began to form liasons, the most notorious of which was with a Count Strogonoff. After a life of mortified seclusion and constant study, the Duke died, refusing to recognize on his death-bed the last two children borne by the Princess. Immediately after his demise the latter was forced to marry Strogonoff, and was banished from Russia. She took up her abode in Paris, where she died a few years ago. The children of the union have been somewhat under a cloud, and matches proposed for the very accomplished daughter, were broken off for some unexplained reason. The oldest son—the young Duke of Leuchtenberg—has now joined the army of the Danube, and may accomplish something in the field that will place a renewed lustre around his father's name, and bridge the that and separates him and his sister from the remainder of the family.

How He Married the Banker's Daughter.

Adolph is young, not unpreposessing, and a clerk in a wealthy banker's office in Paris, on a salary of $600 a year. The banker has a pretty daughter of eighteen. Adolph has not a cent, but that did not deter him from waiting upon his employer one morning and saying:—

"Sir, I have the honor of asking your daughter's hand in marriage."

The banker, astonished, rang the bell and told the waiter to throw Adolphe out of the window.

"As you please," calmly answered the clerk, "but before it is done learn that I am about to become a partner in the London house of Bathurst & Co."

At this the banker softens.

"The proof, sir—the proof of what you say."

"Give me forty-eight hours in which to go to England, and I will bring you the proof."

Adolphe hurries to London, presents himself at the office of Bathurst & Co., and says:—

"I have come to propose that you take me as a partner," and, as Mr. Bathurst looks as though he thought Adolphe demented, he adds, "I am about to marry the daughter of M. P., of Paris."

Adolphe is thereupon asked to be seated, they converse, and come to terms. The bright young man turns to Paris carrying to his future father-in-law the proof-of his statement, and the young people are wedded.

A delicate young lady, who was fond of lamb, took occasion often to reprove the butcher for killing such an innocent creature. She was surprised one morning, after ordering a hind quarter, to have a live lamb sent to her, with orders to cut off what she wanted, and send the animal home.

Odds and Ends.

Getting fat—Buying lard.

Party ties—White cravats.

"I'm all ears," said the sea.

A feathered fraud—The gull.

A quiet spirit—A whiskey still.

Foot rule—Avoid tight shoes.

A favorite exclamation—A ham!

Best table butter—Billy the goat.

Every honeymoon has a man in it.

Chilblains wear! Who'd think it?

Flytime — when you've plenty of stamps.

What makes a pair of boots? Two boots.

There is no law against opening a postal card.

The money and hair of a fool are soon parted in the middle.

Books most influenced by hard times are pocket books.

The article chiefly sold at most fancy fairs—The visitor.

The best binding for a borrowed book is homeward bound.

A standing engagement—Popping the question over the front gate

Young folks grow most when in love. It increases their sighs wonderfully.

It makes a great difference whether glasses are used over or under the nose.

The man who does not set himself up too high will not get hurt when he falls.

Truth, though it always lies between two extremes, does not always lie in the middle.

Pat says: "And sure, nearly iviry frind I hev lift in the worruld hev bin did long since."

To train up a boy in the way he should go, it is necessary to switch him off occasionally.

A Yankee editor, in his financial article says, "Money is close, but not close enough to reach."

First Irate Female "I'd hate to be in your shoes!" Second ditto: "You couldn't get in them!"

In New York, if a young man cheats at croquet, the young ladies caress the flange of his ear with a mallet.

The easiest and best way to expand the chest is to have a good large heart in it. It saves the cost of gymnastics.

Did you ever notice a man's face under the influence of a first bite of rhubarb pie, which the cook had forgot to sweeten?

An old subscriber writes to us that since his daughters have discarded the old style bustle, his paper is no longer in arrears.

A Methodist minister being recently asked if he had moved to his new appointment, said, "Yes, but it is a disappointment.

When proposing to a widow, the question whether her first husband is dead or divorced should be put as delicately as possible.

The editor of the Panama *Star* apologises for the non-appearance of his paper saying he had to leave off to dig shot out of his leg.

A young man who was recently married to a girl, after promising to her eighteen times, now wishes that he hadn't asked her but seventeen times.

An old Indian who had witnessed the effect of whiskey for many years, said a barrell labelled "whiskey" contained a thousand songs and fifty fights.

The Oil City Derrick says: We don't care a bent what becomes of the last man, or the first one either. It is what is to become of the intermediate fellows that interest us.

God bless dear papa and mamma, and oh, dear Lord, please make us very stylish!" *was* the prayer of a little New York girl whose parents were "fashionable."

Mrs. Spilkins, reading that Gen. Crook had just captured a hundred lodges, devoutly expressed the wish that her husband's lodges might be among the number.

Little Wheat is the name of Sitting Bull's lieutenant. It is not a bad name for an Indian sheaf.—*Ex.* It is a good name to thrash. But Sitting Bull must be tanned.

The London Rothschild is dead, and every poor devil of an editor remarks, with satisfied complacency, that "money could not save him." Poverty don't save a man either.

"You ain't afraid to die?" said the clergyman, tenderly. "No," replied the sufferer; "I'm only afraid if I do that the old woman will go snooting among my private papers the first thing."

A Buffalo man dreamed that he was going over the Falls, and he had his wife by the throat when he woke up. Next night she had a dream, and broke his nose as she struck at an Indian.

The time when a man fully realizes that woman's sphere should be enlarged, is when he finds that his washerwoman has mistaken his stockings for his shirt bosom and starched them accordingly.

That Timid Dog.

Cooley's boy has a liver-colored dog, which he has upon several occasions made the subject of very interesting and instructive experiments. Originally the dog's tail curled up over his back; but Cooley's boy was prejudiced in favor of tails that hung down behind; so after amputating the dog's tail with a hatchet he spent a whole morning trying to graft a skate strap on the stump. It was not a courageous dog.

It would bark all night when nobody was about, but if a tramp came near the house in the daytime the dog would put the skate strap between his legs and go and lie down behind the stove. Accordingly he put about quarter of a pound of pepper and a little powder in some meat, rolled it up in a kind of ball, and tossed it to the dog. The dog swallowed it as quick as a flash.

For a few moments the animal seemed contented. But presently he gave a little start, and then paused and looked around to observe if anything had happened. Then he gave another jump and began to assume a very solemn appearance. All of a sudden he uttered a sharp howl and began to circulate around the garden. He went faster and faster and Cooley is willing to swear to at least four hundred revolutions every minute. Over the gooseberry bushes, through the asparagus bed, across the fences, among the bean poles, he flew with fury, snapping at Cooley as he passed him, scaring the chickens and setting them to cackling, and smashing the vegetation into ruin. The louder Cooley called for him to stop the faster he went, and at last Cooley got the gun and tried to shoot him. He shot fifteen times, and blew holes into the smoke-house-door, killed four chickens, and put half a pound of quail shot in his Durham cow; but the dog still revolved, and went so fast that he looked like a single streak of dog reaching all the way around the garden.

At last the animal ran against the pump, and, being switched of his course, he dashed through the kitchen, knocked down the stove-pipe, whirled into the dining-room, across the table, smashing two dollar's worth of crockery, burst through the open door to the parlor, and brought up against the mirror, which he shivered to atoms. Then he fell on the Brussels carpet, had spasms around the floor for an hour or two and finally expired with his hind legs in the grate and his head on a forty-dollar rug, which was covered with beef and red pepper. They buried him at the roots of the Isabella grapevine, and Cooley's boy, after recovering from the thrashing that his father gave him with a fence paling, finally came to the conclusion that as a matter of practical fact red pepper will not make a dog anxious for war.

NOTHING tends to affect one's personal appearance more than a few struggling gray hairs. Now, Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer, employed but a few times as an ordinary hair dressing, will restore them to their natural color, and is a most delightful article for the toilet table. It can be had at all druggists, in large-sized bottles, only 50 cents each.

Special Notices.

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills." Sold by the following [illegible]

[illegible] gradually built up until strong enough to withstand every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame.—Civil Service Gazette. Sold only in packets labelled—"James Epps & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, 48 Threadneedle St., and 170 Piccadilly, London." 1597.

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Second hand 10 Horse Engines, Balance Wheel and Saw Mandrel ..... $[illegible]
do 10 do Balance Wheel and Pulleys Complete ..... [illegible]
do 15 do Balance Wheel, Pulleys and Governors ..... [illegible]
do 15 do do do ..... [illegible]
A Blacking or Boot Engine with Reducing Gear ..... [illegible]

Second hand 10 Horse Portable Boiler with Smoke Stack ..... [illegible]
do 8 do do ..... [illegible]
do 10 do do Tubular Boiler with Smoke Stack, Furnace, Front, Gauge, Brass, Steam Gauge, Gauge and Safety Valves, all in Good Order ..... [illegible]

Second hand Shingle and Heading Machine $60, Heading Jointer $40, Heading Finisher $30, Heading Turner $70, Stave Machine with Knife $60.

NEW ENGINES AND BOILERS ON HAND, ALSO MADE TO ORDER VERY CHEAP. MILL MACHINERY FOR FLOURING, GRIST AND SAW MILLS.

Middlings Purifiers of Improved Kinds.

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Stoves of various Kinds, School Seats, &c.

REPAIRS on Mills, Boilers, &c.

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Goderich Foundry and Manufacturing Co.,

Goderich, Jan. 20th, 1877.

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JEWELRY

Made a speciality at

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AND

Marine Insurance Company,

And know that your property is safe.

Capital One Million

All policies for the County of Huron are written at the Goderich office where all losses within the County are also settled.

Rates Low and Security Ample.

ALEX. McD. ALLAN,
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LARGEST STOCK,

Best Quality

LATEST STYLES,

LOWEST PRICES.

At E. & J. DOWNINGS.

Market Square, Goderich.

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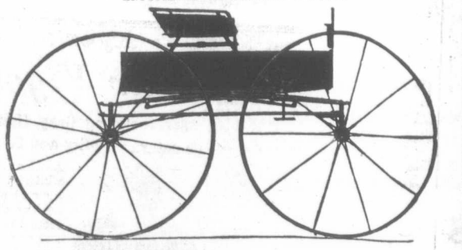
Manufacturer of Buggies, Sleighs &c. &c

ANY STYLE OF VEHICLE BUILT TO ORDER.



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done with neatness and despatch, and at reasonable rates. Call and examine before purchasing,

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ALES,

WINES and LIQUORS

of the

BEST BRANDS,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

FERGUS Ale in wood and bottles at $1.00 per dozen or 10 cents per bottle, when sold in quantities less than half dozen.

GROCERY REMOVED

from North side, to next the Liquor Store, Crabb's Block, East side Market Square.

H. COOKE.

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THE PUBLIC are hereby cautioned that S. L. Nicholson and R. W. Halpenny late of the village of Kempttville, are not authorized to act as my agents in any capacity.—F. H. ATTWOOD General Insurance Agent. 1544-1

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and other papers

At Regular Prices.

Call and see our rates,

SIGNAL PRINTING CO.

Economical ENGINES

TO DRIVE

GRIST MILLS, FACTORIES, ETC.,

ADDRESS THE

WATEROUS ENGINE WORKS CO

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Mention this paper you saw this advertisement.

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H. DUNLOP,

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Has received a large and full assortment of

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Sole agent for

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BASE BURNER,

The best in the market every stove guaranteed.

Lamp Goods a speciality.

Crabb's Block, Market Square.

Stoves, Stoves!

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COAL OIL

Wholesale and Retail.

☞ Coal Oil Lamps, etc., 20cts. Iron, Copper, Brass, Wool Pickings and cheap Skins taken in exchange.

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HAS BEEN HONOURED BY THE SPECIAL recommendation of the medical faculty. It is scientifically prepared with Hovsse's Sulphate of Quinine and a pure Wine of every superior quality, possessing the medicinal properties of this famous tonic in a simple, pleasant and suitable form.

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FARM FOR SALE.

FOR SALE.

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