

The Poet's Corner.

To Correspondents.

The following is "passing the rounds" just now. We wonder the "hills" to which special attention is hereby invited:

Whatever you have to say, my friend,
Whether witty, or grave or gay,
Condense it as much as ever you can,
And say it the readiest way.
And whether you write of household affairs,
Or particular things about town,
Just take a word of friendly advice—
Brevity is the soul of wit.

For if you go on puffing over a page,
When a couple of lines would do,
Your butter is spread so much, you see,
That the bread looks plain through;
So when you have a story to tell,
And would like a little renown,
To make quite sure of your wish, my friend,
Brevity is the soul of wit.

When writing an article for the press,
Whether prose or verse, just try
To utter your thoughts in the fewest words,
And let them be crisp and dry;
And when it is finished, and you suppose
It is done exactly down,
Just look it over again, and then—
Brevity is the soul of wit.

For editors do not like to print
An article really long,
And the busy reader does not care
For a couple of yards of song;
So gather your wits in the smallest space,
If you wish to be read,
And every time you write my friend,
Brevity is the soul of wit.

AN EASTERN JUGGLER.

BY A TRAVELLER.

While travelling through India, between Surat and Nagpore, my body servant one day informed me that a great juggler and snake charmer wished to have the honor of showing of his wonderful skill.

"What can he do?" I asked.

"Almost everything that is marvelous," I've been told, was the answer I received.

"Admit him."

My servant withdrew, and returned with a small, withered old man, about whom I saw nothing very remarkable except his eyes, which were small, black and piercing, and seemed to have lightning imprisoned in them. I do not know that the man could see in the dark like a cat, but there was at times that peculiar appearance of the balls which is so often observed in night prowling animals.

He wore a white vest, Turkish trousers, a sort of crimson petticoat worked with strange devices, a turban of many colors and red morocco shoes, pointed and turned up at the toes. His arms and neck were bare, and with the exception of a couple of heavy gold rings in his ears, he displayed no extraneous ornaments. His age I judged to be rising of sixty, and his short black hair was almost white. He made it "how salaam," and then appeared to wait to be addressed.

"Your name?" said I, in Hindoostanee.

"Fahjur, your Excellency."

"I am told you wish to show me some wonders."

"If your Excellency wills."

"What can you do?"

He suddenly produced—from where I did not see and cannot tell—a large ball of twine, which he appeared to toss into my lap, keeping hold of one end, so that it unrolled the whole distance between him and me, at least ten feet, saying, as he did so:

"Will your Excellency please examine what you see?"

"Now, I honestly aver that I saw that ball of twine when he threw it plainly as I ever saw anything in my life—saw it come toward me, saw it unroll and apparently drop into my lap, so that I brought my knees quickly together to catch it—and yet, when I put my hand down to take it, and looked down for it, it was not there—nothing was there—and the same time I perceived the juggler balancing it on the end of his finger."

"Pshaw!" said I; "you deceived me by making me believe you threw it toward me."

"Does your Excellency think I have it?" he asked; and before I could answer, I saw, in the place of the ball, a large, beautiful rose, which he was balancing by the stem, and yet he had not altered his position and scarcely stirred a finger. I began to be astonished.

While yet I looked, I saw in his right hand a large cup, and in his left the rose. He stepped forward a few feet, laid the rose down on the ground, and placed the cup over it.

Here, it will be observed, there was no machinery to assist him—no table, with its false top, concealed apartments, and confederate perhaps to effect the change, as we see similar tricks performed in a place fitted up by the magician for the purpose—but only in my own quarters, in the full light of day, with myself sharply watching him within five feet, and my attendants grouped around almost as near.

Having covered the rose with the cup, as I would be willing to make oath—for I saw the rose distinctly, as the hollow vessel, held by the top, went slowly down over it—the conjurer resumed his former place, and said:

"Will your Excellency be kind enough to lift the cup and see what is under it?"

Of course I would have raised the cup, but I was so much interested in the trick, that I kept my eyes fixed on the juggler, and was not aware of its being moved, or the hand had let go of the cup at the top.

I complied with his request, stepped forward, and raised the cup, but instantly it dropped it and bounded back with a cry of terror, for there, instead of the red rose, was one of the little, green, deadly serpents of India, coiled up and ready for a spring, with its small, glittering eyes fixed intently on mine. Snakes of any kind are my horror, and this one not only horrified me, but all of my attendants, who, with cries of alarm, enlarged the circles very rapidly, for they knew its bite to be fatal.

"No more such tricks as this, conjurer!" said I, sternly.

"It is perfectly harmless, your Excellency," grinned the old man, walking up to it, lifting it by the neck, putting its head into his mouth, and allowing it to run down his throat.

I shuddered, and half believed the juggler possessed of the devil, if not a devil himself.

He next produced a tube that looked like brass, about two feet long and half an inch in diameter, and next the ball of twine again.

Where these things came from, or what I could not tell. They seemed to be in his hands when he wanted them; but I never observed his hands passing near his dress, nor when they appeared or disappeared. When I looked for the cup that I had lifted from the snake it was gone, and yet neither myself nor any of my attendants had seen this wonderful man pick it up! It was indeed jugglery, if not magic, of the most unquestionable kind!

Through the brass tube the conjurer now passed one end of the twine, which he put between his teeth. He then placed the tube between his lips, threw back his head, and held it perpendicularly with the ball of twine on the upper end. Then suddenly this ball began to turn, and turn rapidly, and gradually grow smaller till it entirely disappeared, as if the twine had been run off on a reel. What turned it or where it went to no one could see.

The juggler then set the tube the other end up, and a new ball began to form on the top, but apparently of ribbon half an inch in width and of different colors. These rolled up as if on a bobbin till they formed a wheel two or three inches in diameter, when the performer seemed to lose ribbon and tube over his shoulder, and that was the last I saw of either.

He next reproduced what appeared to be the same cup that I had lifted from the snake, showed something that looked like an egg, advanced the same as before, and placed the latter on the ground and the former over it, and again requested me to raise it, which I declined to do, fearing I should see another serpent, or something equally horrifying.

"Will anyone lift the cup?" he said, turning to the others.

No one volunteered to do so, but all rather drew back.

At this he took up the cup himself, and appeared to throw it into the air, and there sat, in its place a beautiful dove, which flew up and alighted on his shoulder. He took it in his hand, muttered over it some unintelligible words seemed to crawl it into his mouth, and that was the last I ever saw of that also.

He performed some other tricks similar to those, and concluded with the mysterious bag.

This bag—which somehow came into his hands, as did all the other things he used, in a manner unknown to myself—was from two to three feet long and about a foot wide. It looked as if it had been used to hold some kind of flour, and I certainly saw something like the dust of flour fly from it when he turned it inside out and beat it across his hands. He turned it back again and tied up the mouth of it with a string, muttering a low incantation all the time. This done, he threw it on the ground and stamped on it, treading it all out flat with his feet. He then stepped back a few paces, and requested us all to fix our eyes on it. We did so; and after a lapse of perhaps thirty seconds we saw it begin to swell up like a bladder when being expanded with wind. It continued to swell till every part became distended, and it appeared as sound and solid as if filled with sand.

Its solidity, however, was only apparent, for when the juggler went up and placed his foot on it it yielded to the pressure, but immediately sprang back, or rounded out, as soon as that was removed. He then jumped on it with both feet, and flattened it all out as at first. He then went away again, and the bag, being left to itself as before, again began to rise or inflate, but this time as if some animal like a cat were inside of it. In fact I could see where there appeared to be legs; and then to my utter amazement—I may almost say horror—it began to move toward me, as if impelled by the unknown something in it.

I do not think I am a coward—my worst enemy has never accused me of being one, at least—but I confess that

on this occasion my nerves would not remain passive, and I retreated from the advancing mystery, and informed the magician that I had seen enough to satisfy me of his wonderful occult powers.

At this he smiled grimly, and walked up to the bag and trod it down again, picked it up and held it with his right arm across his face, caused it to unaccountably disappear from my sight, and then made his concluding salutation.

How these wonders were performed—by what art, power or magic—I do not and never expect to know. I have conversed with many persons who have seen quite as strange and unusual things, but never heard of any explanation that I considered at all satisfactory. I simply repeat what I saw, but scarcely expect any one to credit my statements, well knowing that I myself would not have received such marvels as facts on the testimony of the most reliable friend in the world.

"If your Excellency wills, I shall now have the honor of showing you how I charm wild serpents," said the conjurer.

I had heard something of this singular power and was desirous of seeing it displayed. Accordingly myself and attendants repaired to an open field at no great distance, where, after some search, Faahjur discovered a hole in which he said he doubted not there was a snake.

"But before I call him forth," he proceeded, "I must be assured that someone of sufficient courage will stand ready to catch him when I give the signal. Otherwise, should he prove to be a cobra de capello, my life would be sacrificed."

"I will myself undertake the business," said I, drawing my sword.

The man hesitated, evidently fearing to insult me by a rebuff, and yet not eager to risk his life on the strength of my nerves, after the display of timidity I had already made. I thought I read all this in the man's face, and said, very positively:

"Never fear, good sir! I will cut down whatever you bring up this time, be it snake or devil!"

"My life is at your Excellency's mercy," he said, with a show of humility. "Remember the signal! When I raise my hand above my head, may the blow be swift, sure and deadly!"

He then gave his whole attention to the business before him. Putting an instrument, not unlike a small dagger, to his lips, he began to play a shrill, monotonous, disagreeable sort of tune, keeping his eyes riveted upon the hole in the ground; and soon after, to my astonishment, though I should have been prepared for anything, I saw the ugly head of the hooded snake, the dread cobra de capello, the most poisonous of all deadly reptiles, come slowly forth, with its spectacle eyes fixed steadily upon the strange musician, who began to retreat backward slowly, a step at a time, the snake following him.

When at length in this manner he had drawn the hideous creature some ten or fifteen feet from its hole, he suddenly squatted down and began to play more loudly and shrilly. At this the serpent raised itself on its tail, as when about to make its deadly spring, and actually commenced a dancing motion, in time with the music, which was continued for about a minute, when the charmer gave the signal to strike. Guardedly and stealthily I advanced near enough for the blow, and then struck, cutting the reptile in two, and sending its head flying to some distance. I never took life with better satisfaction.

Whatever deception there might have been about the juggler's tricks, there was certainly none about the snake, for I still have its skin in my possession.

I gave the man a couple of gold mohurs, and he went away perfectly satisfied, wishing my Excellency any quantity of good luck. I was perfectly satisfied, too, and would not have missed seeing what I did that day for ten times the amount I paid.

A Pointer for Bro. Mayer.

It does seem a little strange to hear a minister who cannot keep two or three dozen people together denouncing Talmage for his methods. But then it pleases him and doesn't hurt Talmage. (Berlin News.)

That's all right, Mr. Mayer, but see where that argument will lead you. For instance: It does seem a little strange to hear Talmage, who cannot keep two or three thousand people together, denouncing the circus, that draws its twenty thousands, and makes more money in a day than Talmage does in a year. Popularity, Mr. Mayer, is not a good criterion whereby to judge of religious things. (Hamilton Spectator.)

Seeing is believing. Read the testimonials in the pamphlet on Dr. Van Buren's Kidney Cure, then buy a bottle and relieve yourself of all those distressing pains. Your Druggist can tell you all about it. Sold by J. Wilson Goderich.

Salt Rheum Cured.

Are you troubled with Salt Rheum, Rough Skin, Pimples or Chanker Sores? If so, go at once to Geo. Ryman's Drug Store, and get a package of McGregor's Park's Carbolic Ointment. Price 25 cents. It was never known to fail.

Fever colic, unnatural appetite, fretfulness, weakness, and convulsions, are some of the effects of Worms in Children; destroy the worms with Dr. Low's Worm Syrup.

Fashion's Fancies.

Blouses serve to redeem many a plain toilette.

Blouses of gauze, tulle, or lace are worn over low-necked dresses.

A pretty fashion for plain colored woolen dresses, is to have the jacket facing, plastron, and each of bright color.

While goods promise to be very fashionable, no matter what the material.

Bouquets should always form the great part of the toilette of all bridesmaids.

Many of the cutaway jacket blouses have the center of the back laid in plaits from the neck down.

Lately Persian embroidery are imported for sale, and very fine woolen dresses.

Black tulle is covered with a showy jet embroidery, for decorated and plastron, with many pendants from the center of the bosom.

Tinsel threads give effect to many of the wicker dresses.

Songs of the new shapes of straw bonnets look like a husar's helmet.

Long hair pins, with the Rhine stone heads, are showy and fashionable.

It is not fashionable now to have one's gowns made uncomfortably tight about the arms and bust.

Many of the newest dresses are made in a good style that was popular fifteen years ago.

Oxidized jewelry is to be again worn. The new design in belt buckles, chains of which are very handsome.

Turbans are to be much worn, both down on the forehead, and back on the head like a bonnet. They are made of straw, cloth to match the dress, and finished with ribbons.

Capelet neckties should be of the most quiet style. No display is permitted, as any attempt at ostentatious affectation of grief.

Sandwich makes a very useful everyday washing dress, and may be utilized for travelling in warm weather, as it is cool and stands rough usage.

Princess dresses are coming in again. They are made very much like those fashionable several years ago, with the exception of a lower sort of jacket that is arranged in front.

It is now fashionable for little girls, those ranging in age from four to eight, to wear their dresses down to their ankles. When their gowns are made simply, the effect is both modest and charming. (Godey's Lady Book.)

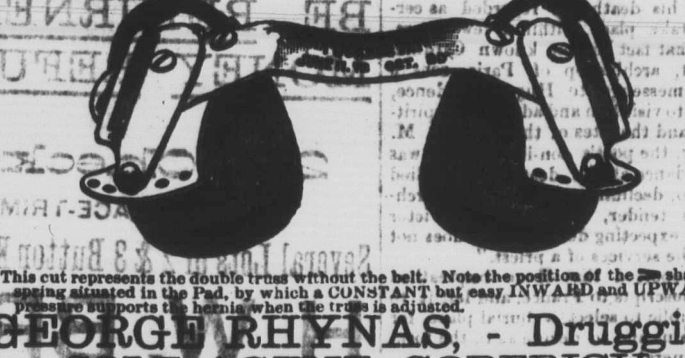
How to Lift the Burden.

"My son, put that log on the wagon."

"I cannot father. It weighs many tons and exceeds the strength of a hundred men."

"You can put it on the wagon, and I will teach you how. Shop and split it into logs suitable to your strength. Now let this be a lesson to you. All through life you will find heavy burdens to carry, heavy tasks to perform. Do not impatiently turn back and become discouraged, neither grumble nor attempt to master them with one effort. Perform what you strength will permit—a little each hour—each day. You will gradually become strong, and meet with success in the end. By attempting to lift a heavy log at one effort you might injure yourself beyond recovery. But by lifting a little at a time you would, in a lifetime, move more logs than could be stored in a township. Great success in life is secured by keeping your strength and lifting accordingly by continuous and persistent effort rather than a momentary struggle. There is another way in which you can move heavy logs. There are many inventions designed for the purpose, the existence of which you do not suspect. In some instances you are only required to attach the grappling hooks and the burden is borne wherever you desire. Remember that in all undertakings in life there is one way to proceed—much better than all others. Investigate closely, assure yourself that you are working by the best methods. Otherwise you will be lifting the log without appliance. Only the best methods lead to success in this progressive and competitive age. If you cannot discover these methods you will find your rivals pushing ahead. You will be out-run in the race."

EASE AND SECURITY



GEORGE RHYNAS - Druggist
SOLE AGENT, GODERICH
February 5th, 1895.

CHICAGO HOUSE.

MISS WILKINSON
Begs to announce that she has in stock in large and varied profusion,
The Very Latest Winter and Spring Fashions
and she would respectfully invite the ladies to call and see the display at
WEST STREET, GODERICH
God rich, Oct 2nd, 1894.



H. JORDAN,
SOLE AGENT,
GODERICH

Merchants; Get your Printing at this Office. Quality of Work and reasonable Prices Guaranteed to please all who may give us a trial.

DANIEL GORDON,
CABINETMAKER
Leading Undertaker,
Has on hand now the LARGEST STOCK of First-Class Furniture in the County, and as I now purchase for cash, will not be underbought by any one.
I offer Tapestry Carpet Lounges, from \$5.50 upwards; Walnut, rose, from \$2.50 up.
Bow Back Chairs, from \$1.00 up, and everything else in the same proportion.
AT THE OLD STAND
Between the Post Office & Bank of Montreal
GODERICH
Oct. 18th, 1893. 1913

GODERICH BOILER WORKS
Have just received a large stock of BRASS & IRON STEAM FITTINGS
FOR
BOILERS & ENGINES
New Salt Pans and Boilers
Built on Shortest Notice.
Mail orders for new work and repairs will receive prompt attention.
CHRISTAL & BLACK,
Works near O. T. E. Station,
Goderich, Feb. 23, 1894. 1757

BRUCE'S SEEDS
For the Farm, Vegetable and Flower Garden.
Have been used by the Canadian Public for many years, and we claim that they are unrivalled for purity, vitality & general excellence. Our Descriptive Price Catalogue, beautifully illustrated, containing much useful information, is now published and will be mailed free to all intending purchasers.
J. M. A. BRUCE & CO., Hamilton, Ont.

In the history of medicines no preparation has received such universal commendation for the alleviation it affords, and the permanent cure it effects in kidney diseases, as Dr. Van Buren's Kidney Cure. Its action in these distressing complaints is simply wonderful. Sold by J. Wilson.

Burdock Blood Bitters
WILL CURE OR RELIEVE
BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, AND every species of disorder arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS or BLOOD.
T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

The People's Livery
LIVERY STABLE
JOHN KNOX, Proprietor.
The subscriber is prepared to furnish the public with THE FINEST RIGS AT REASONABLE PRICES. CALL AND SEE US—Opposite the Colburn Hotel, Goderich, Feb. 11th, 1894. 1890-6m

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BECK'S TANNERY, Saltford.
The highest cash price paid for hides, calf and sheep skins at the SALT FORD TANNERY, A. & J. BECK, Saltford, Dec. 4, 1891, 1972

Brief sermons:
heaven.
Extremes must
grees shake hands.
"Worth her
most compliments
said about a horse
to weigh 300 pounds
up to \$100,000.
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