

## The Poet's Corner.

Don't forget to say "Good-Morning."  
Husband, when you leave your door  
For the duties of the office,  
Or the labors of the store;  
Press a kiss upon the fond lips  
Of the wife you leave behind,  
Lighter far will seem your day's work,  
As you call that kiss to mind.

Don't forget to say "good-morning."  
To the children, parents all,  
When you meet their loving glances.  
At the early morning call;  
Say it tenderly and fondly,  
Say it ever with a smile,  
It will please them as they scatter,  
And may keep their hearts from wandering.

Don't forget to say "good-morning"  
To your teacher, little lad,  
She has left her home to meet you,  
And to-day she may feel sad;  
Greet her coming with these kind words,  
And her smile will soon return,  
Cheerfulness will make your lessons  
All the easier to learn.

There's a charm that seems to follow  
Every greeting word we say,  
Our "good nights," and our "good mornings,"  
Chase unkindly thoughts away.  
To the weak impart new power,  
While the good within the greeting  
Seems to fall on every hour.

## A SEWING GIRL.

"Now, girls, this won't do," said Madame Molini, pouncing upon the six pale sewing girls, like a wolf into a flock of lambs. "No, it will never do in the world! I don't pay you all exorbitant wages to sit around and fold your hands, like fine ladies. Miss Sedgewick, we are waiting for that lavender silk polonaise. Lucy Lisle, why do you not go on with those buttonholes? Miss Fox, you will be so good as to change your seat from the window to the middle of the room at once!"

"Brt, madame, I can't see to lay on these fine lines," pleaded Miss Fox.

"You mean you can't see the carts and carriages in the street, and the type-setters in the window opposite?" retorted Madame Molini, whose true nomenclature was "Mullens," and who had been a milliner's apprentice in the goodly city of York, before she set up on sixth avenue as a French modiste.

"Lucy Lisle caught up her work."

"I stopped just a minute, madame, with that bad pain in my side," she said, beginning to stich away with eager haste.

"If you're sick," said Madame severely, "you had better go home and send for the doctor. While you are here your time is mine, bought and paid for."

While Miss Sedgewick, in self defence, urged that she had not enough of silk gimp to trim the polonaise, and was waiting for more.

"Not enough," shrilly repeated Madame, "not enough! I measured that trimming myself, and I know that there is enough. You may just rip it off again, and sew it on higher up, and more economically; and I shall deduct this morning's lost time from your wages! What's that? Flora Fay—the mode-colored side dress? Finished? And where are the two and a half yards which were left?"

"I folded them up with the dress, madame," said Flora Fay, an innocent, blue-eyed young girl, recently from the country, who stood in an unconsciously graceful attitude before the fat and florid dressmaker.

"Then you were a goose for your pains," shortly retorted Madame Molini, as she unfurled the parcel, abstracted the piece of glistening, uncut silk, and whisked it away upon a shelf. "Two yards and a half isn't much, but it is better than nothing."

Flora opened the innocent blue eyes wide.

"What is she going to do with it?" she asked Miss Fox, in a whisper, as Madame rustled off to scold the errand boy for putting too much coal on the grate.

"Don't you know, little silly?" whispered Miss Fox, laughing. "It's what she calls 'cabbages'!"

"Cabbages?" repeated Flora, in amazement. "Don't understand you."

"You will, when you see the mode silk made up into a sleeveless blouse for Madame," said the other, "trimmed with gimp that was left from Mrs. Aubrey's dinner dress, and the pearl fringe from Mrs. Ossett's white damask ball costume."

"But you don't mean," said breathless Flora, "that Madame takes the silk that is left from the customer's dresses?"

"Goose!" cried Miss Fox, "don't talk nonsense any longer. It's what every fashionable dressmaker does, and—"

"There's the reception room bell," shrilly called Madame. "Miss Fay, answer it at once!"

Harry Drake was standing in the pretty room, all glistening with satin drapery, gilded moulding and huge mirrors, when Flora came in—Harry Drake, the young sea captain, was boarding at the same quiet and inexpensive house where Flora was allowed a hall bedroom at a reasonable rate, on account of Mrs. Dodds having once boarded a summer at the old Fay farm house up among the Berkshire hills, and still retaining a kind recollection of Mrs. Fay's kindness

during an illness which overtook her there.

"Oh, Miss Fay, is it you?" said Harry. "Do you work here? Upon my word, you seem to be in very comfortable quarters."

"But I don't stay here all the while," said Flora, noting how his glance wandered from gilding to fresco, Axminster carpet to bronzed chandelier. "I sew in a little dark room, where there is a stifling smell of coal gas, and no carpet on the floor."

"I've come for a dress, said Captain Drake, plunging headlong into his subject, after the fashion of men in general—"my sister's dress. She is to be married next week, and some of her friends coaxed her to have her dress made here. Miss Fortescue—she's only my half sister, you know," in answer to Flora's look of questioning surprise; "but she's very nice, and is going to marry well, I hope."

"It's the mode colored dress," said Flora, with brightening eyes. "I helped to trim it myself. Yes, it's all ready."

And presently Madame came smiling in, with the bill, and the dress folded neatly in a white pasteboard box, and Captain Drake departed with a dim idea that Madame Molini perfectly comprehended the art of high charges.

Miss Fortescue herself came the next day. She was a young lady not lacking in quiet resolution. She knew her right and was prepared to defend them.

"Where is the material I sent?" said she to Miss Fox, who was in attendance in the reception room. "It is not all made up into the dress. I had purchased enough for a new waist and sleeves, and it is not here."

"You must be mistaken," said Miss Fox, with an aspect of quiet impossibility. "The bias puffs and fold cut up the material shockingly, and—"

But at this moment, little Flora Fay, who was packing some tulle capes and fuschias into a handbox at the back of the room, rose and came forward, with deepening color.

"There are two yards and a half of the mode-colored silk, Miss Fox," she interrupted—"don't you remember?—On the shelf in the back room."

Miss Fox colored and bit her lip.

Madame Molini, with ominously-darkened face, twitched the two yards and a half of silk off the shelf, folded it into a paper, and handed it to Miss Fortescue, muttering something about "a mistake made by one of her young women;" and the young lady departed a little dubious as to whether or not the fashionable dressmaker had intended to cheat her.

She had hardly closed the door behind her, however, when Madame Molini turned upon poor Flora Fay with a scarlet spot growing in each cheek and lips closely compressed.

"Young woman," said she, "you are discharged."

"Discharged!" echoed Flora. "For what?"

"I want no one in my service," said Madame, "who is too conscientious to fulfill my wishes. You have intermeddled unwarrantably in the matter of that silk, and I repeat that you are no longer in my employment!"

So poor little Flora went crying home, with a vague comprehension that she had been discharged because she had spoken out the truth.

It was nearly a fortnight afterward that Captain Drake noticed the absence of Miss Fay from the table at the boarding-house.

"Is your little blue-eyed lodger ill, Mrs. Dodds?" he asked. "I don't think I have seen her of late."

"No, she is not ill, said the landlady. "That is to say, not exactly sick. But she will be if she doesn't look out. She's boarding herself, Captain Drake, on bread and crackers, and such like, poor dear! and wasting away like a shadow, because she's lost her situation at that dressmaking place, and don't see her way clear to another. And she won't run in debt, she said, not even for a meal of victuals. Ah! the good woman!"

"I can remember when she was the pet and darling of the old folks at home, before they lost their all, running about among the daisies and buttercups like a sunbeam."

"But how did she come to lose her place?" asked Capt. Drake.

And Mrs. Dodds, who liked to hear the sound of her own voice, told the whole story.

"It's a shame!" cried the captain.

"Just what I say myself," nodded the landlady.

And the next day, Miss Fortescue (who was Mrs. Arkwright now) came to see Flora Fay.

"It is all my fault," said she, with affectionate vehemence, "that you lost your situation—and oh, if you would only come and stay with me, and help me with the sewing for my new house, I should esteem it such a favor! Would you, please?"

"Are you quite sure that I can make myself useful?" said Flora, a little hesitatingly.

"Yes, quite," said Mrs. Arkwright.

And, in the sunny atmosphere of the bride's pretty home, the young country girl seemed to expand into a different creature. Capt. Drake, the most devoted

brother in the world, came there nearly every day; and little Flora, all unconscious of her own feelings, began to watch for his daily visit as a heliotrope blossom watches the sun.

Until, at last, there was talk of another long voyage to Japan, and then Flora grew pale and nervous again.

"I—I have been here long enough," she said. "If I go to the Exchange Bureau, they will perhaps tell me of a new situation. And I need a change."

But Captain Drake went straight to the root of the matter.

"Flora," said he, "are you unwilling I should sail to Jeddah?"

"I always had a horror of the sea," whispered Flora, hanging down her pretty head. "But of course, Captain Drake, do as you please."

"Yes, of course," he answered, absently, and when he was gone, Flora, shed a few tears over the table linen she was hemming for Mrs. Arkwright.

"How bold and unmanly it is of me," she thought, "to let myself care for a man who does not think twice of me! If he had cared one iota for me, would he not have said so then?"

But the next evening at dusk, Captain Drake sauntered in with that swaying gait of his, as if he was still treading the deck of an outward-bound vessel.

"Don't run away, Flora," said he as the girl caught up her work and prepared for a precipitate retreat.

"Did you want to speak to me?" she faltered with downcast eyes.

"No! I don't always want to speak to you. Sit down, Flora," said he, "and hear what I've been planning."

"Now it is coming," thought Flora, with a sick feeling at her heart; "he is going to be married, and he is going to tell me so."

"I have decided to give up the sea-faring business," said Captain Drake.

"Have you?" fluttered Flora faintly.

"I am so glad!"

"And I've bought a farm in Connecticut," he went on—"the old Berkshire farm; Flora, where you were born and brought up; I'm going to be a farmer!"

She looked at him, the rose and lily following each other across her cheeks.

"Oh!" she cried, involuntarily, "if I could only see the dear old place once more!"

"But I won't go there to live," said the Captain, determinedly, "unless you'll go with me, Flora, as the farmer's wife! What do you think of it little girl? Shall it be a partnership?"

And when Mrs. Arkwright came in, the papers were all sealed, and delivered the "partnership" was a foregone conclusion.

"I don't know how I shall succeed as a farmer," said Captain Drake to his sister; "but if little Flora here is only with me, there's nothing in the world I haven't courage to undertake."

And when Mrs. Arkwright took Flora's hand in her's the girl whispered: "I think I am the happiest creature in all the wide world to-night. Because, dear Mrs. Arkwright, he loves me!"

**A Neighbor**

Gave me a dose of Dr. Smith's German Worm Remedy and it removed a large number of worms from my children, after all so-called worm medicines failed.—Thos. McElligott, 51 Anderson street, Montreal. 25 cents. Sold by Jas. Wilson, Goderich, Ont. 2

**Tories and the Sheriff.**

One of the greatest outrages against the Mowat Government is that it took from the Sheriff the power of appointing jailors throughout the Province. During the last session, the government of Sir John took from the Sheriff his position as returning officers, the excuse being that they were not trustworthy men. If they are not sufficiently reliable to make an election return, will our esteemed Tory friends say that they should be entrusted with the appointment of men to responsible offices?—London Advertiser.

The indications of the approaching season seem to threaten an unusual amount of the various forms of bowel complaints. Our readers would do well to supply themselves with some reliable remedy like Doctor Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, as a safeguard against sudden attacks of Cholera, Morbus, Colic, Dysentery, &c., that unless promptly treated are often suddenly fatal. 2

The Tecumseh (Ala.) iron furnace lately blew out, after continuing in blast over seven years. This is said to be the longest continuous blast ever made by any furnace in the United States.

**Scrofula is a depraved condition of the system often hereditary, and characterized by indolent tumors, glandular affections, bad blood and a low condition of vitality that tends towards consumption, which is really Scrofula of the Lungs. Burdock Blood Bitters cure Scrofulous diseases from a pimple to an Abscess, by purifying the blood, correcting the secretions and giving a healthy tone to each organ. 2**

**snatched From the Grave.**

Mrs. Helen Pharris, No. 331 Dayton at Chicago, Ill., is now in her sixty-eighth year, and states that she has suffered with Consumption for about ten years, was treated by nine physicians, all of whom pronounced her case hopeless. She had given up all hopes of ever recovering. Seven bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption completely cured her. Doubting ones, please drop her a postal and satisfy yourselves. Trial bottles free at Rhynas's Drug Store. Large size \$1.00.

**NOVEL COMPARISON.**—With one of Beck's fine London Microscopes, which magnifies several thousand diameters, H. D. Thatcher, a chemist of 24 years experience, has subjected June and white winter butter to a careful comparison. The substances wanting in the white butter have thus been traced out and supplied to perfection with his Orange Butter Color. The microscope is truly an instrument of worth and wonder.

Mr. Wm. Ranson, of South Norwick, says: For sixteen years I suffered from Biliousness, never had any medicine done me any permanent good until recommended by our druggists. (J. Weslow Fish & Co., Otterville.) to try Dr. Carson's Stomach and Constipation Bitters, which have done me more good than any medicine I have ever taken. I would, with the utmost confidence, recommend them to all suffering from Biliousness, etc. Sold by all Druggists at 50 cts. a bottle.

There will be a bicycle race at St. Thomas, on the 22nd, between Percy Dolittle, of Aylmer, and Fred Westbrook, of Brantford, for the championship of Ontario. A silver cup, which will be given to the winner, is on exhibition in Hepin stall's window, St. Thomas. The match is to be one of the attractions of the Southern Counties' Fair.

As a remedy for Sea Sickness, for any irritation of the stomach and bowels, for canker of the stomach and mouth, for piles and hemorrhage, and for all varieties of bowel complaints, Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry is nature's true specific. 2

The scarcity of fish at Halifax, if it continues, will sadly interfere with the business of merchants in the West Indies trade.

**W. H. Crooker, Druggist, of Waterdown, under date of June 1st—writes that "Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry cannot be surpassed, when all other remedies fail then it comes to the rescue, and I find the sales large and increasing." Wild Strawberry positively cures all Bowel complaints. 2**

**Phosphatine**

Is a wonderful thing, yet so natural, so reasonable. Why? If you have feelings of goneness; too weak and dragging to rally; too nervous to sleep; an appetite hardly sufficient to keep body and soul together; headache, with pains across the back; the whole system relaxed; perhaps coughs and sore lungs; and will use one to six bottles of Dr. G. L. Austin's Phosphatine as the case may demand; it will not fail to make you an enthusiastic friend. Why do we say thus? Because Phosphatine supplies a want, the very properties the system is lacking and yearning for. It is not a medicine, but nutriment instantly converted into blood, bone and tissue. It is also delicious to the taste. Try it. The result is as certain as that cause and effect go hand in hand. All druggists. Lowden & Co., Sole agents for the Dominion, 55 Front St. East, Toronto.

**Never Give Up**

If you are suffering with low and depressed spirits, loss of appetite, general debility, disordered blood, weak constitution, headache, or any disease of a bilious nature, by all means procure a bottle of Electric Bitters. You will be surprised to see the rapid improvement that will follow; you will be inspired with new life; strength activity will return; pain and misery will cease, and henceforth you will rejoice in the praise of Electric Bitters. Sold at fifty cents a bottle, by Geo. Rhynas. [1]

he most wonderful curative remedies of the present day, are those that come from Germany, or at least originate there. The GREAT CURATIVE REMEDY, which has never been known to fail in curing a single case of impotency, spermatorrhea, weakness and all diseases resulting from self-abuse, as nervous debility, inability, mental anxiety, languor, lassitude, depression of spirits and functional derangements of the nervous system. For sale by druggists, or sent free by mail on receipt of the price, \$1.00 per box, or six boxes for \$5.00. Address F. J. CHENEY, Toledo, O., Geo. Rhynas, Sole Agent, Goderich. 1843-3m

**\$100 Reward**

Is offered for any case of Catarrh that can't be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally. Price 75 cents. For sale by George Rhynas, sole agent for Goderich. 1843-3m

If Catarrh has destroyed your sense of smell and hearing, Hall's Catarrh Cure will cure you. 75 cents per bottle. All druggists sell it. For sale by George Rhynas, sole agent, Goderich. 1843-3m

**Twenty-four years' Experience.**

Says an eminent physician, convinces me that the only way to cure nervous exhaustion, and weakness of the sexual organs, is to repair the waste by giving brain and nerve foods, and of all the remedies compounded, Magnetic Medicine is the best. See advertisement in another column. Sold in Goderich by Jas. Wilson, druggist.—1m

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For 1882 is an Elegant Book of 130 Pages, in colored plates. It contains more than 1000 Illustrations of the choicest Flowers, Plants and Vegetables, and 100 Directions for growing them. It is handsome enough to be a Table or a Holiday Present. Send on your name and Post Office address, with 10 cents, and I will send you a copy, postage paid. This is not a quarter of its cost. It is printed in both English and German. If you afterwards order seeds deduct the 10 cts.

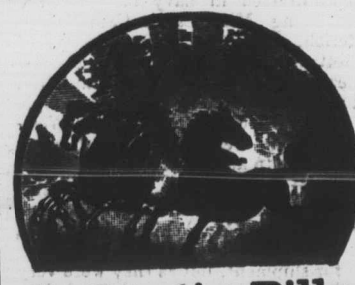
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Combine the choicest cathartic principles in medicine, in proportions accurately adjusted to secure activity, certainty, and uniformity of effect. They are the result of years of careful study and practical experiment, and are the most effective remedy yet discovered for diseases caused by derangement of the stomach, liver, and bowels, which require prompt and effectual treatment. AYER'S PILLS are especially applicable to this class of diseases. They act directly on the digestive and assimilative processes, and restore regular healthy action. Their extensive use by physicians in their practice, and by all civilized nations, is one of the many proofs of their value as a safe, sure, and perfectly reliable purgative medicine. Being compounded of the concentrated virtues of purely vegetable substances, they are positively free from calomel or any injurious properties, and can be administered to children with perfect safety.

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As a Dinn—Pill they have no equal. While gentle in their action, these PILLS are the most thorough and searching cathartic that can be employed, and never give pain unless the bowels are inflamed, and then their influence is healing. They stimulate the appetite and digestive organs; they operate to purify and enrich the blood, and impart renewed health and vigor to the whole system.

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