

ACCIDENTALLY INNOCENT.

No lawyer likes to go into court with a thoroughly bad case, yet how can he help it sometimes?

I should have more patience with the question, "Do you ever think it right to defend a man whom you believe to be guilty?" were it less frequently put by people who spend six days in the week seeking to get the upper hand of their neighbors, and the seventh trying to circumvent their Maker.

The honest inquirer I commend the answer Dr. Johnson once gave to Boswell: "Sir, the lawyer is not the judge."

Was it my place when George Gilbert's little care-worn wife came, with tears glistening in her eyes, to beseech me to do what I could for her imprisoned husband, virtually to turn my back and leave her tired troubled heart to break or not as it might?

Yet what could I do? George Gilbert had been sent on a collecting tour and had gambled away money received for his employers. It was a plain case of embezzlement, and the penalty was a term of years in the State prison.

"I am sure he never meant to be dishonest," pleaded the loyal little woman; "he was tempted by a crafty and designing man, but instead of running away, he came back and confessed his fault, offering to let his whole salary go toward making up the lost money till every cent was paid."

Mr. Meek, the junior partner was willing to be merciful, but Mr. Mangle, the head of the house, who had just returned then after a year's absence, insisted that the law should take its course.

I gave her what consolation I could, for lawyers like doctors must keep their patients' courage up at times.

"In the first place I'll see Messrs. Mangle & Meek," I said. "Mr. Mangle may be brought to hear reason after all—if he can only be made to see his interest in it."

The pale despondent face cheered up a little. My words seemed to have inspired a sort of undefined hope that I was far from feeling myself.

Mr. Mangle received me with stony politeness. "Young man," his manner said, "don't waste time in appeals to sentiment; you won't if you'll only look at me."

I took the hint and came at once to business, repeated Gilbert's offer and put it as strongly as possible that more was to be gained by leniency than harshness—all of which Mr. Mangle listened to with a conscientious scowl.

"I cannot be a party to compounding a felony," he answered, with a solemn intonation. "Nor have I asked you to," I replied not a little nettled.

"I have merely mentioned a plan of paying back your own, leaving it to your generosity to press or not to press this prosecution."

"Oh, it is all the same," was the contemptuous rejoinder—"anybody but a lawyer with his head full of quibs and quiblets could see that. Besides there is something rather cool in the proposal to retain your friend in our employ under pretense of working out the money he has stolen, with the opportunity of fleeing twice as much in the meantime."

I felt my temper rising, and not caring to imperil my client's interest by an open quarrel, I took a hasty leave.

Had I been in the prisoner's place on the morning fixed for the trial I could hardly have ascended the Court House steps with more reluctance than I did. And when I entered the court room I found Gilbert and his wife already there, and noted the hopeful look with which the latter greeted my coming. I sickened at the thought of the bitter disappointment before her.

"The People vs. Gilbert," called out the judge, after disposing of some formal matters. A jury was immediately impanelled and the case opened by the district attorney.

Mr. Meek was the first witness. The nervous, hesitating manner in which he gave his evidence, would have greatly damaged the effect if it had not evidently arisen from a disposition to do the prisoner as little hurt as possible. But no softening could break the terrible force of facts he was compelled to relate.

In the partner's absence he had employed George Gilbert as a clerk; had found him competent and trustworthy; had sent him on a trip to make collections; after receiving a considerable sum, he was induced by a respectable looking gentleman with whom he had casually fallen in to join a social game of cards; at first they played for amusement then for money, and after losing all his own, in the hope of retrieving his loss, with the fatal infatuation of that dreadful vice whose end is swift destruction, he had hazarded and lost the last dollar he had in trust for his employers.

Mr. Meek's voice faltered as he closed his narrative. He was about to volunteer something as to the prisoner's good character when disapproving glances from Mr. Mangle brought him to a halt. Just then the prisoner chanced to turn his head, and catching a glimpse of the senior partner who had just entered and

was standing among the crowd, he started quickly, then whispered hurriedly in my ear. "Turn aside your face," I whispered back. And the case for the prosecution being closed the justice inquired: "Have you any witness for the defense?"

"I will call Hezekiah Mangle," I replied. "I will call Hezekiah Mangle," I replied. A buzz of surprise greeted the announcement, in the midst of which Mr. Mangle stepped forward and was sworn.

"You have been absent for the past year, Mr. Mangle?" I began. "I have."

"Travelling in foreign parts?" "Yes, sir."

"The prisoner was employed by your partner in your absence, and was arrested about the time of your return?" "Such was the case."

"Have you ever seen him?" "Not to my knowledge."

"Or met him in your travels?" "If he will turn his head this way I can tell better."

At my bidding, Gilbert turned and faced the witness. The effect was electric; Mr. Mangle turned red and pale by turns.

"One other question, Mr. Mangle," I resumed. "Do you recognize in this prisoner a young man from whom you won a thousand dollars at 'poker' while on your travels?" and I named the time and place at which the young man had met with the misfortune.

The man of iron nerve hesitated worse than his more amiable partner had done. He was hesitating between a point blank lie, which might entail the penalties of perjury, and the truth, which would cost him money.

Cowardice performed the office of conscience, and the truth came out. The firm's money, which George Gilbert had lost, had been won by the senior partner, and the Court instructed the jury that as the sum in question had been actually delivered to one of the joint owners who was bound to account to his associate, the prisoner could not be convicted.

"God bless you Mr. Parker!" faltered the happy little wife. "I knew you would bring us out all right."

It was evident the truthful woman's nature gave me all the credit of a result in whose achievement my share had been next to nothing.

The lesson was not lost on George Gilbert. His first false step was the last, and the richest fee I ever received was the heartfelt gratitude of his noble, faithful wife.

HIS SECOND CHOICE.

"Hester!" exclaimed Aunt Susan, ceasing her rocking and knitting, and sitting upright. "Do you know what your husband will do when you are dead?"

"What do you mean?" was the startled reply. "He will go and marry the sweetest-tempered girl he can find."

"Oh, auntie!" Hester began. "Don't interrupt me till I have finished," said Aunt Susan, leaning back and taking up her knitting. "She may not be as pretty as you are, but she will be good natured. She may not be as bright as you are, but will be good natured. She may not be as good a housekeeper as you are, but she will be good natured. She may not even love him as well as you do, but she will be more good natured."

"Why auntie?" "That isn't all," continued Aunt Susan. "Every day you live you are making your husband more and more in love with that good-natured woman who may take your place some day. After Mr. and Mrs. Harrison left you the other evening the only remark made about them was, 'She is a sweet woman.'"

"Ah, auntie!" "That isn't all," composedly resumed Aunt Susan. "To-day your husband was half across the kitchen floor bringing you the first ripe peaches, and all you did was to look up and say, 'There, will you see your nuddy tracks on my clean floor. I won't have my clean floor all tracked up.' Some men would have thrown the peaches out of the window. When he empties anything you tell him not to spill it, when he lifts anything you tell him not to break it. From morning till night your sharp voice is heard complaining and fault-finding. And last winter when you were so sick, you sold-ed him for allowing the pump to freeze, and took no notice when he said, 'I was so anxious about you that I could not think of the pump.'"

"But, auntie!" "Harkn, child. The strongest, most intellectual man of them all cares more for a woman's tenderness than for anything else in this world, and without this the clearest woman and most perfect housekeeper, is sure to lose her husband's affection in time. There may be a few more men like your Will, as gentle, and loving, and chivalrous, as forgetful of self, and so satisfied with loving that their affection will die a long, struggling death; but, in most cases it takes but a few years of fretfulness and fault-finding to turn a husband's love into irritated indifference."

"Well, auntie!" "Yes, you are not dead yet, and that sweet-tempered woman has not yet been found; so you have time to become so serene and sweet that your husband can never imagine that there is a better tempered woman in existence."—[Advocate and Guardian.

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HOME EVIDENCE IN FAVOR OF PAIN-KILLER.

Hint No. 1. If you wish to save yourself, your family, and your friends a world of suffering and pain, which at present they endure needlessly, and also save many dollars in Doctor's bills, go at once to the nearest store, and buy a few bottles of PAIN-KILLER.

Hint No. 2. Ask your Druggist, Grocer or Shepheard, for a bottle of PAIN-KILLER. If he passes it down without ceremony, ask him while extracting the quarter dollar from your wallet, if this is the genuine made by PERRY DAVIS & SON, at same time watch the expression on his face. You can easily tell of his conscience is all right; also examine the bottle closely yourself.

Hint No. 3. When you ask for a bottle of PAIN-KILLER, and the gentlemanly store-keeper, without scarcely looking, remarks, "see 'ere 'ere just out, but have another article as good or better, which sells for the same price 'ere, 25 cents." Turn on your heel and say, "Good Bye, Sir! That more care note for the two or three cents extra profit which he gets than he does for your health or happiness."

Hint No. 4. Beware of all the worthless mixtures, and dirty, gross combinations which are offered you in almost every store you enter, and which some unprincipled shop-keepers try to palm off as a substitute for the PAIN-KILLER. These mixtures are gotten up expressly to sell on the reputation of the PAIN-KILLER, but have nothing in common with it.

Hint No. 5. If you cannot obtain the genuine PAIN-KILLER in your locality, (a fact not very likely), you should address the Proprietors, and by sending them the sum of \$3.00, one dozen regular sized bottles, or a half dozen large bottles will be sent, charges prepaid, to the nearest address by railway to any part of the Dominion.

OTTAWA, ONT., March 2, 1880. The writer has been selling Perry Davis' Pain-Killer now for the last six years, and can confidently recommend it to the public as a sure remedy for Cholera, Diarrhoea, Sore Throat, Chronic Coughs, Bronchitis, Burns, Scalds, &c. Have known it to cure a case of Syphilis, have known it to cure a case of Rheumatism, when all the usual remedies failed. The patient took half a teaspoonful in water three times a day, and gargled the throat three times a day as follows: one teaspoonful in a wine glass of water, and used as a gargle.

MATLAND, ONT., February 26, 1880. I have much pleasure in adding to the number of the numerous testimonials you have already received, as to the value of your renowned Pain-Killer. I have used it and used it in my family for twenty years or more, and have no hesitation in saying that it is the best patent medicine I have ever used for the purposes for which it is recommended; and, moreover, every person to whom I have ever sold it, has been perfectly satisfied with it, and I know many persons who will not go to bed at night unless they are sure there is a bottle of "Perry Davis" in the house. All who have used it once, will use it again; it makes friends and retains them.

STOCK, ONT., February 17, 1880. We have great pleasure in stating that the Pain-Killer holds its position in this place as the old, reliable family medicine. Although there are a great many other remedies in the market—some bearing nearly the same name—as Pain Relief, Pain Remover, Pain Destroyer, and such like names, we find the people know the difference, and are sure to ask for Perry Davis' Pain-Killer. We have been selling Pain-Killer for the last fourteen years.

PORTLAND, ONT., March 9, 1880. I have been using the Pain-Killer for many years with results that justify me in recommending it. As a family medicine, it is almost indispensable; being good not only as a pain-killer, but for colds and sore throats, and many other ailments which it appears specially adapted. I have used it myself, and as a household remedy, and find it valuable for rheumatism and neuralgia, and all other ailments, and worthy of all acceptance. I highly recommend it to you as you may assure the public that I have used it.

PORTLAND, ONT., February 26, 1880. I have sold the Perry Davis' Pain-Killer for over thirty years, and the same has always given my customers entire satisfaction, and I have much pleasure in recommending it as a good and reliable family medicine.

PRESCOTT, ONT., February 27, 1880. I have sold your Pain-Killer for the last sixteen years in this place, and feel safe in recommending it to the public for the diseases given in your circular. I can assure you my customers speak well of it as a general family medicine. It takes the place of all other similar preparations.

COBOURG, ONT., March 1, 1880. I have been selling Perry Davis' Pain-Killer for the past six years, and have much pleasure in stating that its sale in this time has been larger than any other patent medicine that I have on my shelves, and in those years I have never heard a customer say "it is not worth the highest price in its favor." It is an article that seems to have combined in it all that goes to make a first class family medicine, and as long as I have a house and store, Perry Davis' Pain-Killer will be found in both.

MADOC, ONT., February 16, 1880. Your Pain-Killer as a family remedy has been in constant use in my household for a long time of years, and I would never desire a better one. It never fails me. I call it the "Old Reliable."

TANWORTH, ONT., March 4, 1880. For twenty-three years last past I have sold Perry Davis' Pain-Killer, and have always found it to give good satisfaction. I have frequently used it in my family, and received great benefit from the use of it in that way. Although many imitations of it have been put on the market, and are pushed hard, yet the old, reliable Perry Davis' Pain-Killer holds its own, and is a very popular domestic medicine.

The PAIN-KILLER

Is recommended by Physicians, Ministers, Missionaries, Managers of Factories, Work-shops, Plantations, Nurses in Hospitals, in short, everybody everywhere who has ever given it a trial.