Ayer's Sarsaparilla has an equal as a remedy see Serofulous Hu-

inuary I was attacked with a ld, which, by neglect and freposures, became worse, finally a my lungs. A terrible cough wed, accompanied by pains in from which I suffered intensely, ing various remedies, without relief, I commenced taking terry Pectoral, and was

peedily Cured. sfied that this remedy saved my p. Webster, Pawtucket, R. I. acted a severe cold, which sud-eloped into Pneumonia, present-erous and obstinute symptoms. cian at once ordered the use of herry Pectoral. His instructions herry Pectoral. His instructions owed, and the result was a rapid nanent cure.—H. E. Simpson, rairie, Texas.

rairie, Texas.

ars ago I suffered from a severe
ch settled on my Lungs. I conrious physicians, and took the
s they prescribed, but received
porary relief. A friend induced
f Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After
ro bottles of this medicine I was
Since then I have given the Pecny children, and consider it he Best Remedy

s, Coughs, and all Threat and eases, ever used in my family.— anderpool, Meadville, Pa. randerpool, Meadville, Pa.

time ago I took a slight Cold, seing neglected, grew worse, and on my lungs. I had a hacking and was very weak. Those who e best considered my life to be danger. I continued to suffer commenced using Ayer's Cherry.

Less than one bottle of this valedieine cured me, and I feel that he preservation of my life to its powers.—Mrs. Ann Lockwood, New York.

Cherry Pectoral is considered, sone great remedy for all diseases throat and lungs, and is more and than any other medicine of its J. F. Roberts, Magnolia, Ark.

r's Cherry Pectoral, by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

STRATFORD, Aug: 8th, 1885. About three yesrsage I was laid up with bronchitis, and for six months was unable to do anything. Four bottles of Dr Jug's Medicine completely cured me, and my health has been first-rate yer since, in fact I never felt beter in my life.

W. H. Mager,
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our auction sale bills printed a INAL office. They are always done ly and at low rates. Notice is to sales through THE SIGNAL free

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as there are many inferior As there are many inferior goods, corded with jute, hemp, etc., offered and sold as Coralline by some unprincipled merchants trading on the reputation of our gesselse. Eveniline, we warn the ladies against such imposition by drawing their attention to the necessity of seeing that the

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USNESS. DIZZINESS. DROPSY, FLUTTERING RESTION. OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRI NESS IPELAS, RHEUM, OF THE SKIN. very species of disease arising from ared LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD,

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will be found to compare favora-h as regards quality and wrice, with any other stock in this vicinity.

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eturning thenks to my cus omers for patronage, I would also invite any othmough to will, to a 'a and a spect my stock.

C. L. McIN-TOSH.

South-West side of the Square. cb. Feb. 18th, 1886.

THE DEACON'S SHOPPING.

GOODS BY MRS, MARY A. DENISON.

"When are you going to Philadelphy, Mart?" seked Mrs Sauths Ann Greenway, as she rinsed the coffee cups and placed them on the waiter. "Tomorrer I'm so glad! My chicken a' butter money is come to consid'able this quarter, an' I want lots o' new things. Think you could get 'em ? Seems a pity for me to lose a whole day, and spend more'n two dollars on them peaky kears, when you've got to go on business. I guess you could suit me; you use' ter do a'll yer mother's shopping."

Well, I could try, Santhy Ann; but I don' know, Women's fixin's is so cur'us? What you got to git?"

"I've got to have some caliker gownds. fust an' foremest, I s'pose, and Achsy wants a few fixin's, However, it won't trouble you much, for I'll have 'em all writ out. Au' father, you must get some homespun for yourself. You reely hain't got nothin' much 'sides your weddin' suit, and mussy knows that ought to be wore out, though it don't look disrespectable yet; only I never did like them awallow's tails '

"Pa going to the city?" asked Achsa Jane, a girl of sixteen, coming in with a big loaf of rye bread hot from the kitchen stove. "Oh, pa, please do take

"He can't, Achsy; not just yit," said her mother. You wouldn't want to go with your last year's bonnet on, that you ain't willin' to wear to picnics even. You'd better set down what things you can't do without very well, but you must make the list short, Achsy, 'nless your father should git more than he expectsmore money, I mean." "I'll make two lists," said Achsa,

laughing-"cne for short fodder, and the other for long. Well, I forgot," he added, as her mother looked her disapprobation ; "I meant money." "She's a reg'lar boy, mother," said

the farmer, with a chuckle, "an' she always will be." You'll take the big apring wagon, l a'pose," said his wife. "I wish you'd git

that five gallon can fall of oil." "I do hate pestily to take that can, said the farmer; "it's a-running over with the least jolting; but I s'pose I'll hey to. Fix it as tight as you can, and hev everything in readiners by seven. Mind, I don't wait for no one, you know,

Santhy Ann." "Oh, don't you worry," said the farmer's wife, absently, solving the problem in her mind of how far to make twentyfive dollars go, and how to suit prices to the exigencies of her many needs. "There's table-linen an' towels!" she ejaculated, mentally, "an' a piece or two of cotton cloth, an' things for Acheytwon't do not to git her a gown or two. a ribbon, an' a new hat. Oh, dear, I wish I could go! Ef 'was'n't for my back, of only I could stan' that wagon ; but I can't think o' layin' out two er three dollars on them kears. I'd ruther spend it in groceries. I wish I dare to trust Achsy, but she's young an' flighty, an' ud be taken with every new thing she saw. No. Mart's got extraordinary judgment-at least he used ter hev-an' I kin trust him, 'specially as there's law

against liquor. Poor Santha Ann. She had been imposed upon by some good neighbor of limited knowledge, and thought that a'l the barrooms in all the principal cities had been closed. Mart had never in his life been, so to say, drunk; but once or twice he had been overcome to the extent of taking a broomstick for Santha Ann, and sour milk for molasses; still, that was in the dusk of long years ago. As a general thing, he never touched the

"critter," as his wife called it. "Now don't let anyone impose on Mart." she said, chucking him under the chin with wifely jollity, as she tied his madder red "handkercher" round his big brown neck. "You've got a good deal of your own money 'long with ye, as well as mine; spend as little money as you

can, but git things that's needed." "And don't forgit to buy me a book, pa," added Achsa, "and something sweet and nice. I wish ice-cream could be froze into a solid chunk. I'd like some o' that, now."

"'Member the homespun, an' don't bring me home no present on no account," said his wife, smilingly.

As they stood there side by side. mother and daughter, Mart, looking back, thought to himself:

"Seems's if I could go to fallin' in love over agen with Santhy Ana. She don't that's a fact-an' I will bring her home | yus nowadays." a present."

Off rattled the big wagon behind the two powerful gray horses, and the moth er and daughter went to their daily tasks full of pleasureable anticipations.

Mart sat jauntily behind his grays, speculating on the probability of coming hands of a business friend, quite preparnews. Oh no! She was no slanderer of at all filial ran up to her own room. ed to lose it, but still hopeful. Scarcely

same old acquaintance. "Good news for you!" cried the latter.

"I made a little cool hundred for you on that venture. Do you want the money now, or shall I invest again?"
Well, I rayther guess I'll take

now," said Mart, with bounding pulses, "an' try agen some other time. I'm in for business, and there's lots to be done for the folks to home. They don't know nothing about this, you see, an I kinder want to surprise 'em.

"Very good; you shall have it. Come right in here to this restaurant, and I'll tions; I'll stay till he comes." settle with you." The two men entered. Lunch was

ordered, and with the lunch wine. "I told Santhy Ann I wouldn't drink no liquor," said Mart. "You see, it goes to my head before I know it, an' I've good

considerable business to do."
"Liquor! You wouldn't call this mild You might drink sixty glasses, and then think and walk straight. I've drank it all my life."

"Well, seein's you say," said the easy farmer, "I s'pose I may just drink a little. Only one glass will do."

influence that he hardly knew where he kept her own counsel. was after he had found his way to the directed him.

polite clerk.

him. "I feel a little top-heavy."

A chair was brought. Mart took off long. Ann's rell of bills.

'Santha Ann's wrote what she wants."

means calico," he said, after spelling it (hic) anyhow."

more of a scholard than I be," said the farmer. "Let me see. I guess I can git cotton, I cal'late; ball baby stockings; I Ann." expedition."

"She probably means seersucker--an pride took fire. article for ladies' dresses-Balbriggan stockings, and cashmere," said the clerk, politely, behind a smothered smile.

was Mart's answer; and together they sand dollars." made out the list.

"You had better take your cotton and our ability, and have them ready for you kitchen.

in an hour." out o' them twenty-five dollars, and gi' I didn't tech no liquor ; I only took some me the change if there is any; if not, beverage once or twice." I've got plenty of cash :" and he swaggered out of the store

wagon so loaded up that there was but I don't know what they be," scarcely room to stow away the numer- he sat back and sang. ous bundles brought out of the dry-goods speech almost unintelligible by this time, for a year. See, there's a c-carpet-sfor he had imbibed several times since sweep-er, an' a cradle, an' an ice screamlunch, and even bought some of the artier, an' lots more things." cle to take home with him.

little work to do, and no dinner to get | carpet in the house !' Santha Ann got out her sewing mechine ed the sensation she should make in her ed, with a maudlin grin. new hat with a bunch of blood-red pop-

pies perched athop. "It would be nice to set in the con-

have new things or not."

can and brought news that he had met grave !" 'the deacon," and that he was stumbling her neighbors, but she sat so stiff and "But what do you mean by an ice-Achsa the benefit of her silent sympathy, that thing with the churn-handle ?'

presence, and could not tell why.

But the widow had come to stay. Santha Ann put the cover on her sew ng machine, got tea, and sat down to wait. The widow waited also. "I never knew Mart to be gone so long

pefore," said Santha, visibly anxious, "P'r'aps he had a big load," said the widow, in sepulchral tones. "But you mustn't indulge in vague specula-

This little speech the widow delivered ply that she would stand between them at bargains, horseshoes an' all.' and harm, whatever happened. "I guess we'll have tea, Achsy," said

her mother. "I'm kinder goose-fleshy; cup o' hot tea 'll do us good all round." The meal over, Santha Ann wrshed and harmless beverage liquor, I hope ? It the dishes in silence. Seven, eight, has positively no intoxicating effects. nine o'clock struck, and still no sign of family," muttered the farmer, now half the deacon.

At ten Santha Ann went out, for the twentieth time, and peered down the on, picking up a hideous steeple crowned had a good deal of business to attend to. hat !" But mechanically Mart drank as often and Achsa suggested that he had on one as his friend filled up the glass, and or two occasions before staid over night, though he was conscious of no loss of she gave him up at eleven, and they all steadiness, still he was so far under its went to bed, the widow included, who

Could they have seen, not more than first-class store to which Santha Ann had two miles from home, in a secluded hollow, the object of their solicitude fast "What will you have?" asked the asleep, the jaded horses asleep as well, the moonlight falling upon the portly "I'll hev a cheer, providing you can figure of the deacon, they would hardly commodate me," said Mart, looking im- have dreamed of midnight assassins, passively at the clean-shaved face before boarding house expenses, and cattle feed his right hand. "I got fifty yards. as did Santha Ann the whole night

his hat, placed it on the floor, and sat All would have been well, for the deadown. Then he began to fumble in his can at least, if, as the sun rose and he pockets, first his coat, then his trousers, rose too, he had not applied to the botthen his vest, and finally, to the amuse. tle for comfort. Some way he dreaded spair. ment of two or three at the clerks ranged to meet Santha Ann, when he realized round, who were watching the proceed- that he had been all night coming home. ings, he turned the list out of the inside and his befogged brain craved more of pocket of his vest, together with Santha the stimulant which had so basely betraved him.

"Blerge me by reading them 'ere, if At early suurise the three women sat indignantly, and the widow meckly subyou please," he sa'd, with a solemn roll down to breakfast, and that meal over, sided. of his eye, giving the list to the clerk, came the thud of horses' feet and a Santha Ann looked at Achsa with the

heart-break in her face. sucker-I den't know what that is; cot- dozen of 'em-come along, Santhy- that thing from 'sploding. I put my which ran thus:

wonder whose baby she means; we 'an't Well, the disgraceful truth was out. cork popped out, an' I stuffed it up best Aain't you ashamed? an' you a deacon of got none. Catch a mare-well, that is Santha, seeing the horror-struck face of I could. Don't you never send me after the church !!! Now I hev got to got in cur'us. I don't catch no mare on this the widow, as well as the pity in her no kerosene no more."

"Achsy," she said, with flashing "your father's been mighty lucky, or he "Well, I'm glad you know-I don't," I shouldn't wonder ef he'd made a thou- into a smaller flask, "what's this !"

Then they both went out. The farmer widow. was literally singing happy. He sang as needles by the box; we always sell that he shook hands, sang as he unloaded, troubles end?" sobbed Santha Ann. did he ask for the change of his hundred way to parties out of town," said the roared when he saw the widow, and "Five gallons of good sweetening utterly dollars, but he always looked meditativeclark. "Here is something I think wanted to dance with her; and finally, spoiled? I do think that's the straw too ly at the bright-figured carpet which means satteen," he added, as he pointed after drinking a strong cup of tea, he sat much, an' I won't bear it-I won't. I'll adorns the parlor to this day, and which out a word underlined-it was satinet. down somewhat subdued; while the send Mart about his business. To think! he unwittingly conjured out of the car-

"Well, Santhy," laughed her husband, "Very well," said Mart, thickly. "Ill as the hired man took the horses away, be here by that time. Help yourself ''see if I haven't remembered ye! An'

Santha Ann gave him a look. "Well, I didn't, Santhy Ann, you can At a late hour he came back, his look for yerself. Them's the articles,

"Come, ye disconlate house. His gait was unsteady and his "Seem's if I 'ain't felt so musical inclined

"Man alive !" exclaimed Santha Ann,

Meantime his women folks passed a in dismay;"what on earth do we want of happy and comfortable day. There was a carpet sweeper? We haven't got a

"Git some, then, Santhy Ann, git lots and gave a thorough overhauling prepa- of 'em; they're jest laying round loose at piece of calico, a shawl that would have ratory to the werk she was expecting to that store. Git plenty, or the carpetbegin on the morrow. Achsa anticipat- sweeper 'll be kinder lonesone," he add-

"And what do we want of a cradle?" was the next question.

"Well, it sort o' reminded me, Santhy gregation, so folks could see," she said, Ann, locking far back'ard into futer half regretfully, to her mother. "Up in years, that we was all babies once -all the choir nobody known whether you babies once! Santhy Ann, the recollection was kind o' subduin', an' I sort o "They'll know it, Achsy," said her wanted that cradle to meditate over, you look much older than Achay-she don't, mother, reflectively. "Hats is conspik- know it's from the cradle to the grave. The good Book tells us, Santhy Ann, Just then one of the neighbors came Beloved brethren, we're all pilgrims an' in. It was Widow Norris, with her travellers'; an' even Bunyan's Pilgrin's everlasting tatting — and tattling, as Progress laid its infant head in a cradle. he gits over this spree, I'll low the feel that we are doing you a great kind Achsa said to herself. One of the So I jest got it for a remembrance, reason why. widow's friends had just come in by the Santhy Ann-from the cradle to the

He took out his handkerchief and back full-handed. He had secretly put tipsy—as tipsy as ever was. The curious held it to his eyes. Achsa flounced out a little money for speculation in the widow did not come to retail this bit of of the room, and with an expletive not

had he reached the city when he met this solemn, giving now Santha Ann and now creamer?" tearfully urged his wife; any hat," said the girl, tearfully. in the shape of long pitiful glances, that | "That is it, Achay Ann-I mean Sap- but he-

mother and daughter were uneasy in her thy Jane ; you kin make gallons of ice cream for Achay an' me."

"But we never see ice here," cried his wife, at her wife, at her wits' end. "Hire Spot Pond next winter, Santhy Ann; jest hire Spot Pond, the hull of it, an we'll have a corner in ice ourselves, an' make 'nough ice-cream to last all winter."

"And what is this ?" asked his wife, picking up a large roll. "Lot's o' sheet music for Ashay; nough to last her long as she lives. Got with pitying accents. It seemed to im- it at a bargain, Santhy Ann-got 'em all

Santha Ann groaned. "But Achay hain't got no pianner," she said, despairingly. "Nor no organ, nor any "We can buy 'em. Santhy-lots of

'em; they'll be handy to hev in the "And this awful thing !" Santha wen

moon-lighted road. She was very un- hat-"the awfulest thing I ever saw, easy; but when she reflected that Mart and the coarsest. It's a man's straw

"'Tain't. I got it for Achsy, 'n I got it cheap, too.'

This was too much. threw the hat across the floor, stumbled over bundles and boxes and farming implements and made for the door. turned round for a final question,

"Did you git something for a suit of clothes?" she asked, her falcial muscles contorted. "I did, Santhy Ann-I did," he an

swered, solemnly, with a side wave of

Make 'em loose; there's plenty o' material." Between crying and laughing the woman went out of the room, and sat

down in the kitchen, almost ready to de-"Well," said the widow, who was now wiping up the last of the dishes, "no one can't say but he's a good prowider." "I'd just like to hear any one say anything about it !" muttered Santha Ann,

Well, I s'pose I must fill the lamps. shrill voice beating about the bush to the Thank Heaven he did git the ile !" said | we don't drink no beverages either. But "Indeed, my friend, I can't make it time of "We w-won't" (very loud) "go Santha. "It's a blessed mercy it didn't Aschy, I s'pect if we weren't the victims, out," said the clerk, after looking it home till morning; we w-won't" (still roll out o' the wagon." And she went we'd split our sides laughing over the over. "K-a-l-i-k-e-r.' I suppose that louder) "go home till Sunday morning slowly out in the hall, where the big five- deacon's purchases."

gallon can atoud. Through the open door she could see o'clock, he found his dinner ready and that Mart had arisen and was staggering his wife and daughter missing. He had "Santha (hic), ole girl, come out here round. He saw her lift the can and a contused idea that he had driven them gee up, Dob !- come out here! I've spoke: "You bet your life, Santhy both from home, and was inconsolable till through it. Yes, I see, kaliker, seed- brung ye home a (hic) present-half a Ann, I had mis'able work keepin' that the widow handed a note from his wife,

ton, a hundred yards, that means spool long a long-upsy dempsey, Manthy foot on it an' held my umbreller over it "Mant Indram,-You com hoam

took up the can. wouldn't 'a took a single glass o' beer. as she tried to decant some of the fluid bolled for it perhaps, Bye the time I

"Kinder looks like m'lasses," said the "Oh, heavens! it is! When will my in repentance for a year. Never once

'Well, we'll put these up to the best of widow discreetly left and went into the he must 'a been drugged by some wick- pet-sweeper. ed, designin' villen !"

"Oh, well, men 'ill do them things," said the widow. "S'pose he went on tea and coffee, he always afterward dethat way right along ?"

"I'd kill him, I bleeve," muttered Santha, fiercely ; then her eye fell on the roll that had done duty as a cork. She looked at it through tear dimmed eyes as she picked it up. It was creased and tumbled and smeared with molares, but nevertheless she smiled a sickly smile

and thrust it into her pocket. Then she went back into the livingroom, and found that Wart had fallen fast asleep on the lounge. She began to investigate again, opening bandle after bundle, some to her satisfaction, others bundle, some to her satisfaction, others of the sales are by one recommending it to another. For sale at 50c. and \$1 per terward intimated to Achsa. There bottle by G. Rhynas, druggist. (3) were over forty yards of satteen, a whole matched Joseph's coat, which her affectionate spouse had doubtless intended for a present, a pack of cards, a knittingmachine, a child's rocking-chair, and a these there were packages of candy, crockery, crackers, cakes, and a dozen or

two of canned vegetables. "What ever will I do?" sighed Santha

Ann ; "what shall I do ?" Well, you can sell some of 'em." Santha Ann lookek un-there stood the ubiquitous widow, a broad smile on her face, as she took in the situation. "No, I won't, I'll keep the hull of

Then she went upstairs.

Achsa stood by the widow wiping he eyes; she had been crying. "Never you mind, dear," said her mother, her kind maternal heart stirred;

"don't go to feel bad." "I don't suppose he even thought "No, dear; not the right kind of one, "I knew he wouldn't, I'll never trust him again." But he did git lots of useful things,

Yes; the carpet-sweeper and cradle, and the ice-cream churn and the

"Well, well, let's make the best of Achsy.' "It'll be all over town," sobbed the

Yes, but "And I can't go to church next Sun day, and all the girls with their new hats! I won't wear the old one-I, yow I won't."

the city ourselves by the train, you and "That's likely, when father's spent al his money and yours too.'

"You sha'n't, my dear. We'll go into

"Look here, Achsa !" Achsa looked. What did she see? A big roll of bank-bills which her mother flourishing in the air over her head.

"Oh. Achsa ! there's a hundred dollare! How he come by 'em I den't know, an' how he kept 'em I can't say; but they are, an' it always takes my breath away to think where I found 'em. He had rolled 'em up and put 'em for s cork in the nose of the kerosine can, an' the can was full of molasses." stopped now to laugh. "Ef he hasn't been on a canter, then my name ain't Santha Ann. Won't he be ashamed deacon of the church and all! Oh we've got him well under! He won't dare to say 'city' to me for a year to come ; no, not till the day of his death. I'm going to put the cradle in my bed room right afor his eyes; an' the cream freezer, an' lots o' things, an' I'm going to 'propriate that hundred dollars, too. I won't spend it all, though; only make up for the things he didn't git; an' I'll buy a carpet, too, Achsa, so't he didn't

git that sweeper in vain." "Oh, mother !" cried Aches, drying her tears. "How soon can we go ?"

"Well. I cal'late we can go today, if we can git ready in an hour. The widow says she'll stay here till we come back, so's to get the dinner, We'll see how our shopping compares with his, an'

When Mart woke up, about one

to keep it out o' the moonshine, an' the beestly drunk this morning at sun-up, town things reely needed, an' I've took eyes, straightened herself at once. Her "I won't send you after anything, if I that hundred dollars you stopped up the know myself," snapped his wife, and kerosine can with. It won't be mie fault if I doant spend every cent of it, "My gracious to goodness !" she cried | thou I doant know how you got it-gam-

come home I hope you will be sober !" He was. He lived on humble pie for a month, and wore sackcloth and ashes

But he never touched wine again, and "beverages" of every decription, except

clined. - Harper's Bazaar. 'What is McGregor's Speedy Cure It is for Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Indigestion, Biliousness, and it is the finest blood purifier in the known world

today. 'Does it give satisfaction?' We cannot point to one instance where

"Where does it have the largest Right in the city of Hamilton, where it is manufactured, there has been over ne thousand dollars' worth sold in the last year retail, and the great majority

A lady had in her employ an excellent girl who had one fault-her face was always grimy. Mrs X, wishing to tell her to wash her face without offerding her, at last resorted to strategy. "Do you know, Bridget," she remarked in a consmall patent iron bedstead. Besides fidential manner, "that if you wash your these there were packages of candy, face every day in hot soap and water it will make you beautiful." "Will it?' answered the wily Bridget. "Sure, it's a wonder ye never tried it, ma'am !

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"Reader," in informing you of this wonderful remedy for Coughs, Colds, "No, I won't, I'll keep the hull of Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption, and 'em, an' if Mart ain't a wiser man after all affections of the throat and lungs, we ness, as if you have any of the above complaints, if you will only try it we will guarantee satisfaction in every case or money refunded. Ask for McGregor's Lung Compound. Price 50c. and \$1 per bottle at Rhynas' Drug Store.

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