

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

Notes of a Run to the Pacific Slope.

Graphic Sketch of the Overland Journey - A Wide Awake Correspondent Gives us His Impressions.

The following interesting letter is from the pen of D. E. McConnell, who at one time taught Sheppardton school, and who is now in Australia in the interest of the World Publishing Co., of Guelph, Mr. McConnell's many friends in this section will be glad to hear of his travels. His letters are well worthy of the perusal of all. We this week give the first of the series -

I will endeavor to give your readers a few interesting extracts from my notes on a trip to Australia. I have no particular faculty for local details, nor any particular interest in them, but I should like to recall a few impressions which linger in my mind, associated with the scenery and observations made on my trip to the southern hemisphere. In travelling across the continent the tourist cannot be drawn to this town by the glory of its past history, nor to that by the beautiful and noble lives that have lived in it, nor to another by the good and holy deeds that have been wrought in it. We leave all these for our sister continent to boast of. But the fine healthy mountain climate of the far west with its enchanting scene.

THE GOLDEN LAND of California with its blue skies, fertile fields, fruit and flower garden, have given irresistible charms to visitors, opening to the tourist a succession of scenes worthy the efforts of a lifetime to behold. Leaving our peaceful and prosperous Ontario, we rapidly pass through the States of Michigan, Illinois and Iowa, stopping a few hours at Chicago. Council Bluffs, the eastern part of Nebraska is much like Iowa - fertile and flourishing - but the west is very poor soil, little under cultivation, and principally taken up for

STOCK RANGES, the most noteworthy of which is Mr. Hill's, where over 40,000 head are grazed. Entering and crossing a part of Colorado, we now for the first time catch a glimpse of the enormous rolling uplands heralding the approach to the great "Rockies." Hitherto we had been gradually ascending from the prairies of the Missouri bottom, but now we are at an altitude of about 5,000 feet above sea level. In this State the principal places visited are Omaha and Sidney; the former is the most extensive manufacturing town on the Missouri; the latter is the nearest railroad point to the Black Hills, and is characterized as

A FRONTIER TOWN where a great many died "with their boots on" in western language. From Nebraska we next strike Wyoming Territory, a barren, rugged country. Cheyenne (Shian), the principal town, with a population of about 4,000 is the most important stopping place for some hundreds of miles. We have left all trace of agriculture far in the rear, and what the people of this and other small towns along the live by is a question for John Stuart Mills, Henry George or any other economist to wrestle with.

Sherman is worthy of note, being the highest point on the Central Pacific road; its altitude is eight thousand feet, and the town comprises the customary coaling and watering station, an eating house, an hotel, and a few rough, board houses, one revealing in the distinctive title of

"THE COWBOYS' HOME." The situation of the town is such that the ridge-board of a horse decides whether the "little drops of water" will find a resting place in the gulf of Mexico or through canon, gorges, rivers and rills finally be rolled into the Pacific ocean.

Leaving Sherman we are soon among the mountains, and to a person unaccustomed to the sight of these monuments of magnificence and grandeur, they impart a feeling of awe and admiration not awakened by the gentle undulating fields of an Ontario, or table-like prairies of an Illinois or Iowa.

THE MOUNTAIN SCENERY here presents a grand appearance. Here and there a white cloud would hang over or rest on the peak, or drag over the slope of the mountain, apparently cutting it in two and giving the lower part an irregular saw-tooth appearance, while the upper part looked like a great cone resting on a vast snow-drift, or hanging in mid-air like a mammoth balloon. With a muffled descent, we enter Echo and Helter canons, and are surrounded by rocks and boulders beside which all eastern sights are pitiful. They are principally of red sandstone formation, and by the action of the weather and the process of erosion, are wrought into very conceivable shapes.

"FLIP-ROCK." From which, it is said, Brigham Young preached his sermons in early Mormon days; "The Witches," apparently having a chat together, and, as some have already commented, "gloriously afflicted with a Grecian bend" - in a very good keeping with the dignity of wilderness "Battlement Rocks," and many other freaks of nature, pass in rapid succession and we come to

"THE DEVIL'S SLIDE." Why it should be called "The Devil's Slide" we know not, but we laugh at the ludicrous picture his Satanism would present "placed on such a pedestal of the storm's career," regardless of the many evil consequences attending such an act, and in the regular small-boy style sliding from top to bottom of the steep, rocky declivity. The slide is two upright ledges of granite, projecting fifty or sixty feet from the slope of the mountain, resting in shadow, and lying parallel to each other from the base to the top, and being very much like two great saws sticking out of the mountain. After a day spent in the midst of this wild scenery, we enter the Great Salt Lake valley, and after leaving Ogden City, we get a view of the beautiful blue

"LAKE OF THE MORMONS." It is nearly surrounded by mountains, receives a number of medium sized rivers, among them the Jordan and Weber,

but has no visible outlet. Our attention was particularly drawn to the neat Mormon dwellings, with their trim gardens and well kept orchards. All English fruits thrive well here, grains are a own extensively, but to secure successful returns the soil has to be regularly irrigated, which does not cost any more than draining in the east. Passing from "Mormon Land," we are in Nevada, one of the chief mining centres of the United States, but void of all vegetation except here and there tracts of stunted sage bush and coarse grass. For miles, as far as the eye can reach we are relieved from the sage bush monotony by white alkali deposits. We were great amused by the

EUPHONIOUS NAMES given to some of the mining districts in this state, and concluded that Webster's vocabulary of geographical names is completely discarded by the original mind-diggers. The following are among the oddities, Shinbone Peak, Groundhog's Glory, Gospel Swamp, Git-up-and-Git, Hell's Delight, Pancake Ravine, Hangtown, Jackass Gulch and Seven up, all from some peculiarity of the district they represent. From Nevada we pass into California, and are once more among the mountains. After rounding a great many cliffs, shooting through innumerable passes cuts and snow sheds, we come to "Cape Horn." This is a high mountain in the Sierra Nevada, close to the American river, and distant from San Francisco, one hundred and fifty miles. The railway clings to this great cliff about 3,000 feet from the river and far below the summit, and as

THE TRAIN CREEPS SLOWLY around we shudder as we think of a dislodged boiler, a rail displaced or even a misstep from the car platform, but soon we are out of danger and making a rapid descent into "Dutch Flat." The upturned face of the country indicates that mining operations were here carried on to a great extent at one time. On both sides of the track the earth appears to have undergone a great disturbance, the vegetation is none, fitting were mountains are partly pulled down or rent asunder by some powerful force; deep gulches are washed in every direction, while, to give the whole scene a more strange and forsaken appearance, dotted over the wide tract of desolation are numbers of old board shanties in various stages of disorder and ruin. Remnants of the lives and fortunes of many carried away by

THE GOLD FEVER OF '49. From the rough mining scenery we gain the Sacramento valley, the garden of California. Stopping at Sacramento, we visited the principal public buildings, the most attractive of which is the Capitol. The design of this is much after the fashion of the Capitol at Washington; the total cost is laid down at three millions of dollars, and the rich furnishings of the galleries and chambers are quite in keeping with this enormous sum. The city suburbs are flat and appear to be unhealthy, and they suffer from periodical overflows of the Sacramento river. From the capital to

SAN FRANCISCO, a distance of about ninety miles, we pass through a rich agricultural and fruit growing country. At Oakland, a suburban city of about 50,000 population, we take a ferry boat and cross the bay a distance of nearly five miles and find ourselves at the foot of Market-st. in Frisco, where we will stop a week or two, look about us, and give our readers a sketch of the city and what we saw.

D. E. MCC.

Amberly.

There is a law on the statute book forbidding the sale of liquor from 7 o'clock Saturday night till 6 on Monday morning, but we are informed that this law is absolutely and defiantly disregarded in this village. It is high time that the matter was investigated by the authorities in order that the Sabbath may be, at least, formally observed in our midst.

The Ashfield Presbyterian congregation, of which there are many adherents in this vicinity, are about to present a call to Mr. Ross, of - to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Rev. A. Grant. We cannot but speak in eulogistic terms of the above congregation for the manner in which they extricated themselves from their financial entanglements. The debt amounted to over \$1,000 some thousands of which was presented to their pastor as a retiring portion. They did not indulge in vulgar festivities or "tuppety" denominational socials, which are associated with much turmoil and inordinance; no, they resorted to no such despicable means, but each man according to his ability contributed until the necessary amount was collected.

In the summer and the Fall, the urban climber of the garden wall, He will cut his bill till very ill. He is contented with Col. The bird is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry - an unfailing remedy for Colds, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum and all Summer Com complaints.

It is a Pa.

The editor of the Beaut Review has become a parent, and is just proud enough to want all his readers to know it. Already he begins to feel the drain upon his pocket, and admits his readers as follows: "Owing to the recent addition to the family of the proprietor of this paper an eight pound daughter we feel obliged to request those in arrears for the Review or owing for job work to call in and settle at once. Most of our friends know that an increase in a family of a daughter means a great additional expense, and as we have already torn the lining out of our wallet in search of the needed, we urgently request that all our subscribers call in and settle." The most heartless could not resist such an appeal.

The W. C. T. U. of Chatham was addressed last Sunday week by the Rev. Mr. Pomeroy, of that place, who said that when a man dies from drunkenness "the verdict of the jury should be - 'Died from the effects of poison administered by the drunkard with malicious forethought - premeditated murder - in violation of the law.'" The whole address was a most impressive one.

Female College Girl Escaped.

Two citizens, not very old, were sitting in a railroad office a few weeks ago, talking about coming entertainments, when one said, "Let's go up to the Female College to-night, and witness the commencement exercises. There is nothing I like better than to see girls who are just budding into womanhood, and to listen to the ideas they advance in their addresses, which are far beyond their years."

The other man pulled at his cigar a few times, while there was a far-away look in his eyes, and he finally said, "Not any Female College for George Augustus. Not none! I guess never told you my experience at a Female College. Several years ago I lived in Chicago, and I had a cousin who was attending a Female College, a short distance from the City, and on Saturday went up to the College to see her, and put in the day. You wouldn't think it, to see me now, but in those days I was a regular masher. I was not exactly a dude, but I was got up regal-like, with white linen pants, white flannel coat and vest, a Panama hat, linen over-gaiters, a high standing collar, and cuffs that came clear down to the ends of my fingers. My cousin was glad to see me, and she was a daisy, and it would be well for you not to forget it. The other girls were all glad to see me, for it was not often that a live male man was allowed to visit them. It seems that the teachers had all gone to Chicago, on a shopping expedition, and the girls were on a tear. That is they were in for fun and I was a Godsend to them. I met my cousin in the reception room, and the girls came in, two or three at a time, to be introduced, and before I knew it, there were fifty of them around me, and I never felt so good in all my life. I felt a real deal like the dude in the opera of 'Patience,' where all the girls yearn for him, and I wouldn't have sold out my chance, that beautiful Saturday, for the wealth of Vanderbilt. Before night I would have sold out for fifty cents, or would have even given myself away."

"First, a beautiful blonde girl wanted me to allow her to draw a picture of herself on one of my cuffs, and I thought it would be all right to have her picture there, where I could see it constantly, and I gave her a commission to paint it, and then another suggested that they blindfold me and fix me up for company. I thought it would be all right, and so they tied a handkerchief around my eyes and made me promise not to take it off until they gave me pe. usion. Well, for an hour I sat there and allowed them to do what they pleased with me, until I got so nervous I could hardly sit still. I could feel the touch of a gentle hand on my neck, while there was an occasional whisper among the girls, and after a while they took the bandage off my eyes and I looked at myself in the mirror. Well, I was mad enough to bite every girl in the room. About a dozen girls stood around with paint brushes and these boards that painters run their thumbs through, and mix paints on, and they had painted designs all over me. First, one of them had painted a black moustache on my lip, with terra cotta ends, and a sky-blue imperial on my chin, painted with yellow. They had painted a picture of a golden-haired girl on my white shirt bosom, my high standing collar had a nude drawing of a dog-car, my cuffs were ornamented with two fighting roosters, and my white pants looked like a circus bill representing Daniel in the lion's den. But my white coat was the worst. You have seen the door of a county paint shop, where they try all the colours of paint. Well, the back of my coat looked like the door of a paint shop, only the artist had got the colours on in the shape of a plaque, in the centre of which seemed to be a lost dude, looking around for a wagon track to follow. Oh, if I could have got out of there in all the purity with which I entered, I would have been glad. They wanted to take me out on the grass and play with me, and swing me in a hammock, but I wouldn't do, and just then one of the girls looked out of the window gave the grand halting sign of distress and they all rushed out of the room, leaving me alone, and before I could look at myself twice, four of the female teachers came into the room.

They had returned from Chicago before they had been expected. Did they look at me? Well, I should remark I tried to explain, but they would not hear of any explanation, and I had to go away. The cousin I spoke of was only a cousin in my mind, and she had made other arrangements about relatives and didn't want me no more, and I went out into the wide world a piece of decorated china, such as was never seen before. At a store I bought a linen sister, went to the lake and washed part of the paint off my face, turned up my coat collar and after dark rode into Chicago on a lumber car, and got to my boarding place, where there was a party, and I had to show myself and explain it all. I tell you, pard, I could not go to a Female College unprotected, and face a crowd of male girls, for a female. They are awful when they get on a spree, and no man's life is safe. I never saw a school girl now but I think of that afternoon at the Female

Male College, and what a fool I was that I did not have gall enough to hit every one of them."

The Strawberry Dude.

The Philadelphia Record men eats of the modern strawberry, and sighs for the rich red berry of his boyhood, found in green meadows. Hear him: "There is one strawberry, which grows in the country meadows, sweet, wholesome, juicy, delicate in its flavor and wholly delightful. This strawberry plants itself and propagates itself, and continues from generation to generation, a good thing, asking no odds of any body. It was of this strawberry that old Isaac Walton declares: 'Doubtless God could make a better berry; but he never did.'"

There is one strawberry, the hucksters delight; oversized so that a basket will not hold many; of forced growth, so that its juices are immature and tasteless; soft, juicy, sandy and mishapen. This monster has monopolized our markets. This strawberry is a fraud. It is a strawberry dude. It is a proof that over-cultivation is a disastrous as under-cultivation.

For years past the strawberry has been growing in size, price and worthlessness. It is impossible to retrace our steps and go back again to the little, sharp-pointed, deep-red berries that looked when picked as if the tips of a fairy's fingers had been served up for the breakfast of a mortal man!

The fruit merchant's strawberries may not fill the measure; but Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry fills the measure every time in the people's requirements for an unfailing remedy for all forms of Summer Complaints.

Ah! you have a headache! Why don't you try Ayer's Pills? They will relieve the stomach, restore the digestive organs to healthy action, remove the obstructions that depress nerves and brain, and thus cure your headache permanently.

Polson's Nervine Cures flatulence, chills and spasms. Nervine cures vomiting, diarrhoea, cholera, and dysentery. Nervine cures headache, sea sickness, and neuralgia. Nervine cures sprains, bruises, cuts, &c. Polson's Nervine is the best remedy in the world, and only costs 10 cents to try it. Sample and large bottles at Wilson's drug store. Try Polson's Nervine.

A Valuable Horse Lamed. Mr. A. C. Eakins, Campbellton, N.B., had a valuable horse lamed whilst driving on bad road in the dark, and at first thought his leg was broken, and got him home with great difficulty. Knowing its benefit, having used it before, he immediately applied Dr. Dow's Sturgeon Oil Liniment, and in three days his horse was well again. Mr. Eakins always keeps a bottle handy in the stable and records its praises as the only horse liniment in the world.

A Reward - Of one dozen "TEABERRY" to any one sending the best four line rhyme on "TEABERRY," the remarkable little gem for the Teeth and Bath. Ask your druggist or address.

Thousands are being cured of Catarrh every year with Hall's Catarrh Cure, that he doctors had given up and said could not be cured. 75 cents a bottle. Sold by George Rhynas, sole agent for Gode- rick.

Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters are not any other. Stomach Bitters is a purely Vegetable Tonic. It is a Tonic in its action and invaluable in all affections of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Pimples and Blotches. Call at C. O. Rhynas' drug store and get a package of McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cream. It is composed of Vaseline, Carbolic Acid and Glycerate, and has never failed to remove Pimples, Blotches, Cleared Skin, Rough Skin. It cures when all others fail. Try it.

A Cure For Cuts, Sores, Etc. The first of the kind composed under the name of "Cuts, Sores, Etc." is Carbolic Carbolic. It is a purely vegetable Tonic, and will cure all cuts, sores, etc. It is an invaluable dressing for scalds, festering cuts, etc. Price 25 cents at G. Rhynas' drug store.

SOPHO, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1882. I am the Pastor of the Baptist church here, and an educated physician. I am now in practice, but my son's family physician, and advise in many chronic cases. Over a year ago I recommended your Hop Bitters to my invalid wife, who has been under medical treatment of Albany's best physicians several years. She has become thoroughly cured of her various ailments, and is now as well as me. We both recommend them to our friends, many of whom have also been cured of their various ailments by them.

REV. E. R. WARREN.

[Continued.]

CHAPTER II. wonderful and mysterious curative power undevolved which is so varied in its operations that no diseases or ill-health can possibly exist or resist its power, and set it free.

Hundred for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use.

"Almost dead or nearly dying." For years, and given up by physicians of Bright's and other kidney diseases, various complicated diseases by their use. We both recommend them to our friends, many of whom have also been cured of their various ailments by them.

Nature is heir to. People drawn out of shape from exerting pangs of Rheumatism. Inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from scurvy. Eye-splashes. Salt rheum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, and in fact almost all diseases fail.

Nature is heir to. Have been cured by Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the known world. In

All the sweets of which we're made can stand there is naught to excite it without an cream.

Neither is there any remedy known to mortals than can excel Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, as a cure for Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum and all Bowel Complaints.

A World of Good. One of the most popular medicines now before the American public, is Hop Bitters. You see it everywhere. People use it with good effect. It builds them up. It is not as pleasant to the taste as some other Bitters, as it is not a whiskey drink. It is more like the old-fashioned bone-set tea, that has done a world of good. If you don't feel just right, try Hop Bitters - [Nunda News.]

A Run on a Drug Store. Never was such a rush made for any Drug Store as is now at J. Wilson's for a Trial Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. All persons afflicted with Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Severe Coughs, or any affection of the Throat or Lungs, can get a Trial Bottle of this great remedy free, by calling at above Drug Store. Regular size 50 cents and one dollar.

Summer Boarding. MR. RICHARD HAWLEY'S Elegant Residence is now OPEN for the reception of a few guests. The rooms are very large and NICELY FURNISHED. Bath Room with hot and cold water, Bowling Alley, Croquet and Ornamental Grounds, plenty of choice fruit, a good table, and every comfort will be found at Wilson's.

MATTLAND PLACE!

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TERMS: - Seven to Ten Dollars per Week. Address: MATTLAND PLACE, Gode-rich June 11, 1883.

Eye, Ear and Throat.

DR. RYERSON, 317, Church Street, Toronto, Ont. L. R. C. P. E., R. C. S. E., Lecturer on the Eye, Ear and Throat, Trinity Medical College, Toronto, and Surgeon to the Mercer Eye and Ear Infirmary, late Clinical Assistant, Royal Ophthalmic Hospital, Moorfields, and Central London Throat and Ear Hospital, may be consulted at

THE WINDSOR HOTEL, STAFFORD, On Last Saturday of Every Month. June 6th, 1883.

McCull Bros. & Co., Toronto. Manufactures and Wholesale Dealers in LARDINE, CYLINDER, BOLT CUTTING, WOOL OILS.

"OUR CELEBRATED" "LARDINE." brand is unequalled by any other oil on the market. In recognition of its superior merit, wherever we exhibited it since 1878, among other awards a large number of Gold, Silver and Bronze Medals.

All the Highest Prizes! wherever we exhibited it since 1878, among other awards a large number of Gold, Silver and Bronze Medals.

R. W. McKenzie, Gode-rich.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.

No other complaints are so insidious in their attacks as those affecting the throat and lungs; none so trifling with by the majority of sufferers. The ordinary cough or cold, resulting perhaps from a trifling or unseasonable exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal sickness. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has well proven its efficacy in a forty years' fight with throat and lung diseases, and should be taken in all cases without delay.

A Terrible Cough Cured. "In 1857 I took a severe cold, which affected my lungs, and I had a terrible cough, and passed nights after night without sleep. The doctor gave me up. I tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded me the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the PECTORAL a permanent cure was effected. I am now 42 years old, hale and hearty, and am satisfied your CHERRY PECTORAL saved my life. Can you wonder at our gratitude?" Mrs. EMMA GEDNEY, Rookingham, Va., July 15, 1882.

Croup - A Mother's Tribute. "While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. One of the family suggested the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. A bottle of which was at hand, and he was cured. This was tried in small and frequent doses, and to our delight in less than an hour the little patient was breathing freely. The doctor said that the CHERRY PECTORAL had saved my darling's life. Can you wonder at our gratitude?" Mrs. EMMA GEDNEY, Rookingham, Va., July 15, 1882.

"I cannot say enough in praise of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, having as I do that but for its use I should long since have died from lung troubles." Dr. BRADGON. Elective, Terms, April 22, 1882.

No case of an affection of the throat or lungs exists which cannot be greatly relieved by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and it will always cure when the disease is not already beyond the control of medicine.

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Gode-rich, May 17th, 1883.

Mr. W. J. Guppy, of Newbury, informs us that he has used Burdock Blood Bitters in his family with good effect, and adds that the Rev. J. R. Smith has used it and speaks of it in high praise.

It is the great system renovating tonic that cures all diseases of the Blood, Liver and Kidneys acting harmoniously with Nature's laws. 25 C. bottles sold during the last three months.

Cured Free. Any reader troubled with Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Headache, Liver Complaint etc., should call at Geo. Rhynas' drug store and secure a free trial bottle of McGregor's Speedy Cure at once which will convince you of the merits of the medicine. It cures permanently where all other medicines have failed. As a blood purifier it has no equal. Remember, it costs nothing to try it. Regular size, fifty cents and one dollar.

GODERICH PLANING MILL ESTABLISHED 1854. Buchanan, Lawson & Robinson MANUFACTURERS OF Sash, Doors & Blinds DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF Lumber, Lath, Shingles and builder's material of every description.

SCHOOL FURNITURE A SPECIALTY. All Orders promptly attended to. Goderich, Aug. 2, 1883. 1902 1/2

ALLAN LINE OF ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS LIVERPOOL-LONDON-DERRY-GLASGOW

Every Saturday From Quebec. SHORTEST SEA PASSAGE. SPEED, COMFORT AND SAFETY. Summer Arrangement. 3 E A O N 13.

Crossian May 19
Polynesian June 26
Sardinian June 9
Parisian June 23
Crossian July 6
Polynesian July 23
Sardinian July 21
Parisian Aug. 4
Crossian Aug. 18
Polynesian Aug. 25
Sardinian Sept. 8
Parisian Sept. 15
Crossian Sept. 29
Polynesian Oct. 6
Sardinian Oct. 27
Parisian Nov. 3
Crossian Nov. 17
Polynesian Nov. 24
Sardinian Dec. 7

Passengers require to leave Goderich at noon on Thursdays, to connect with steamer at Quebec. Precise certificate issued at greatly reduced rates to persons wishing to bring their friends out from the Old Country. For Tickets and all information, apply to H. ARMSTRONG, Ticket Agent, Goderich, May 17th, 1883.

TESTIMONIALS. Collingwood, Ont. - The Crowfoot Bitters I took cured me of Sick Headache, after twenty years of suffering without being able to find relief. Mrs. J. HOLLINGSHEAD.

Chatham, Ont. - The Crowfoot Bitters perfectly cured me of Salt Rheum, without using any other medicine. Mrs. JOSEPH LOGGHEAD.

If you wish to get the worth of your money ask your druggist for HOP BITTERS. THEY ALL KEEP IT! May 17th, 1883 1891 1/2

320 ACRES FREE! - IN THE - Devil's Lake, Turtle Mountain and Mouse River Country, NORTH DAKOTA.

Tributary to the United States Land Office GRAND FORKS, DAKOTA. SECTIONAL MAP and FULL particular mailed FREE to any address by H. F. McNALLY, General Travelling Agent. ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS & MONTICELA R R 21 E. Front St. Toronto, Ont.

S. SLOANE, Has on hand a large quantity of WESTERN CORN For sowing broadcast, also a lot of Canadian Corn. GIVE HIM A CALL Goderich, May 17th, 1883.

I saw my wife drawer of the evening; and we had a little talk about it. I was so some drawer which I buy, and yet it had not lasted but I remember There are two that, with part stockings, part spools, bits of l toys. Well that drawer ev prays over it, upon the precipice. Sometimes w not often. I somehow w c lives that his g covering our ey pall. Sometim an evening, I v child on the st boy used to do up with beating only to find the dew than ever. It is so still; the window wh sparkle at my thers. I lister his mery; s hou climb over my own pockets an traces and the broom down, c knobs. I want some knife, to ride my ax, to follow go, and be the come to all the bed, now t h's still more; wash; no pray for lumps of a pain of a hu. her own life and lock across boy as he used to. So, we press we dead, v dle them tend tears over the

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