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Fannie's Summer Boarders.

Fannie French looked through the window with a highly injured and altogether cross expression on her pretty, fair face. The rain drops beat a tattoo on the pane in a way that was really tantalizing, and the wind shrieked triumphantly as it hurried past.

It was really too bad! She had planned a delightful drive that afternoon with Jasper, and now the rain had to spoil it all.

Jasper, however, seemed to bear the disappointment—if disappointment it was—with angelic patience and fortitude; for he devoted himself all the afternoon to "The Woman in White," much to the annoyance of Fannie, who was of a lively disposition, and preferred chatter and gossip to all the novels that were ever written.

But even "The Woman in White" became rather tedious at last, and Jasper stretched his handsome, graceful limbs, and yawned as he said,—

"Why that blue look on your face my dear?"

"Because I feel blue," snapped Fannie. "This house is just like a tomb, and I sometimes feel creepy all over. I don't see any use in our being rich, when we can't enjoy our wealth. Now you can go to the mountains and enjoy yourself whenever you like, but I must stay cooped up in this rambling, ghostly old place all summer. Mamma's nerves will be the death of me, I'm afraid! If there was any society around here I could stand it, but I'm getting to be such a nun that if I see a man soon I shan't dare to look at him."

That last was too much, and Jasper threw back his head, and laughed. The idea of sharp tongued, petite Fannie being afraid of any man was too amusing for she was the most provoking, charming flirt alive.

"Oh, you needn't laugh," retorted Fannie, with an injured air, "for it's the solemn truth. Why, last week at Mrs. McDonald's reception I actually felt ashamed of myself carrying on a handkerchief flirtation with that bewitching Colonel Rivers."

"That's because I was looking at you," said the astute Jasper, "you know, sister mine, that I detect nothing more than flirting—especially with such men as Rivers."

Fannie flared up at once. "Now you needn't begin to abuse everybody behind their backs. Jasper, I don't admire Col. Rivers any more than you do; but there is no little society in this sleepy village, and I must flirt! If I can't find desirable men, why, then, I must take undesirable ones that's all."

"But, Fannie—"

"Now, old mentor, don't begin to lecture and scold again, that's a dear," and Fannie playfully put her hand over his mouth.

Of course Jasper did not lecture or scold then, for when the lovely Fannie assumed that penitent look, and spoke in such a wholesome manner, no one could ever resist her.

Jasper laughed good naturedly, and playfully pinched the dimpled, rosy cheek as he said—

"You are an awfully shy chicken, Fannie. Silence resigned for several minutes after that. Jasper sprawled gracefully on the sofa, and had fallen into a day dream, to judge from the rapt expression on his features, and Fannie was watching a pair of very wet and bedraggled sparrows, as they perched in a forlorn manner on the fence.

keeps them all I can't imagine. But they'll come quite handy when my boarders arrive. Now, Jasper, be a good boy and confess that my idea is a good one.

Jasper looked thoughtful for a few moments, and then said: "It isn't half a bad plan, sister mine, if—"

"If what?"

"If you can find any boarders." Fannie clasped her hands with a tragic gesture.

"Just hear that absurd boy! Why Jasper, boarders are to be had hundreds!"

"But will mother approve?" asked Jasper rather doubtfully.

"Of course she will!" said his sister with the air of a person who had confidence in her power, and meant to use it.

"I suppose you'll threaten to elope with Professor Wilde if she won't approve," Jasper said wickedly.

But Fannie designed him no reply, and he returned to "The Woman in White."

A few days later on, a very modest little advertisement appeared in one of the daily papers: One or two lady boarders wanted for the summer; locality pleasant and healthy; terms moderate; address Miss F. F., et cetera.

Fannie firmly expected at least fifty answers to this advertisement, and was wofully disappointed when Jasper came in one day with one solitary letter in his hand.

She eagerly scanned its contents. Elaine Hetherton wished to obtain board for the summer; she had a brother of twelve, the letter said, who was a cripple her physician had told her that she must take him into the country for the summer.

Miss Hetherton herself wrote regularly for the press, and would be busy with her writing part of the time, and would make as little trouble for Miss F. F. as possible.

"I'm going to tell her to come," said Fannie decidedly, for she had fallen in love with Miss Hetherton, after a fashion, through her letter.

"When?" whistled Jasper. "A *has-been*, is she? No doubt she's superannuated and crochety, affects cork screw curls and green glasses, dresses like a girl in her teens, and draws to perfection."

"Her style, I suppose, is sentimental and heart-rendering poetry, or worse yet, tragical and altogether impossible love stories, whose characters are either blood-dyed villains or sad faced saints. Or perhaps she writes against the wrongs of her sex. If there's anything I hate, it's a strong-minded old maid!"

"Allow me to help you both into the carriage." That two miles' ride was altogether enjoyable. Cynical Jasper was charmed and mentally kicked himself for ever having thought her a strong-minded old maid.

And simplehearted little Elaine thought he was the handsomest, noblest man she had ever seen.

Fannie of course was delighted with her boarders; and that summer the Hall was gay as it had been for many, many years. Even Mrs. French forgot her nerves sometimes, and smiled to herself when she heard Elaine and Jasper singing duets together.

About a month after the arrival of Elaine and Rob Hetherton, Fannie said one day to Jasper—

"Aren't you going to the mountains soon, Jasper? You threatened to go when a certain supernumerated *bus* came, you know."

"Hang the mountains!" said Jasper, irreverently.

"I'm sure you ought to go," said the artful Fannie persuasively. "The Lesters and the Taylors are gone, and it's getting duller than ever; and the dear little innkeeper came from the room and executed a delightful prouette in the hall."

Elaine was not idle by any means, for three hours each day were devoted to literary labors. Her "study" was generally out under the spreading evergreens, and Jasper and Fannie were always on hand to help—or hinder. Elaine had a tender, poetic fancy, which sometimes found expression in sweet and beautiful verses.

Jasper read well, and Tennyson and Owen Meredith were often pleasant companions when Elaine's "study hours" were over. And Fannie watched with happy eyes the play from real life which was being enacted. This French family was far above mercenary ideas that so many rich people entertain; Fannie already loved Elaine as her sister, and knew that she would make Jasper a true and sweet wife.

Such a delightful manner as it was! Robson seemed so easy and healthy, and looked quite another boy. Innumerable were the drives and picnics proposed. It was really a wonder that Elaine had any time for writing at all.

They—meaning Elaine and Jasper—were out in the garden one beautiful twilight. Jasper, became tender all of a sudden, and said abruptly—

"Elaine!"

Elaine was just picking a rose; she started suddenly, and a great thorn scratched her finger cruelly; the blood began to ooze out, and she tried to hide her hand from Jasper. But he saw the blood drops, firmly took the reluctant hand, and kissed the wound.

Elaine blushed and blushed, and tried to snatch her hand away. But Jasper's masterful black eyes were looking into the deep blue ones, and then—but of course you know what happened, so I won't try your patience with unnecessary details.

Suffice it is to say that Jasper married one of Fannie's boarders three months later, and as it couldn't have been Rob, why then it must have been—the other one! So Fannie's summer boarders became winter boarders also, much to the satisfaction of everyone concerned.

Rough Handling of Children. The causes of joint diseases in childhood are frequently obscure, but this much is certain, that the rough handling which children receive at the hands of ignorant parents or careless nurses has much to do with the matter. Stand on any street corner and notice how children are handled. Here comes a lady with a three-year old girl; she is walking twice as fast as she should, and the child is over-exerting itself to keep pace; every time the child falls the mother gives it a sudden and unexpected lurch which is enough to throw its shoulder out, to say nothing of bruising the delicate structures of the joints; a gutter is reached; instead of giving the little toddler time to get over in its own way, or properly lifting it, the mother raises it from the ground by one hand, its entire weight depending from an upper extremity, and with a swing which twists the child's body as is landed, after a course of five or six feet around as the joints will permit, it feet through the air, on the other side.

HER FIRST RIDE.

How a Girl Acts in Learning to Mount and Ride on a Horse.

The beautiful summer weather is here. The country lanes, bright with the young green of trees and bushes, and fragrant with wild flowers, are perhaps at their loveliest. The young lady who means to learn to ride on horseback naturally thinks that now her opportunity has come.

Her riding habit is ready for her. It has been made a good, and already she has tried it on five times. She has admired its snugly fitting basque before the glass; she has practiced gathering the flowing folds of the skirt gracefully over her arm; she has adjusted and readjusted the dainty little cap, and has even been guilty of sitting side-saddle on a chair and snapping her whip, just to see how it will feel.

When, therefore, it is announced that the horse is at the door, and the hour has arrived for her first lesson, she is able to descend the front steps triumphantly, with her skirt held in the proper manner, her costume complete, even to the yellow ribbon by which her whip is slung from her wrist, and a gay smile upon her face.

It is true that she experiences a certain sensation of inward sinking, and that the horse, as she looks at him, seems a taller animal than she had believed a horse could be; but she does not mention these drawbacks to the family.

Nor, when her escort assists her to mount, does she give expression to the awful certainty she feels that, instead of landing in the saddle, she is going to fall off on the other side. A little gasp, which she turns into a laugh, is the only indication of her terror.

They are off! Her mother calls after her to be very careful; her little brother sits on the hitching post and cheers; her younger sisters stand in a row on the curbstone, and shout a shrill chorus of good-byes. Her horse is only walking, but as she feels his great body heave beneath her, and realizes her lofty position and helplessly cramped attitude, it seems as if she could not bear it; she must get off.

"Whoa!" and she jerks the reins. The horse stops.

"What's the matter?" asks her escort. Can she confess that she is too frightened to go on? Impossible! How she would be laughed at!

"Oh, nothing," she says, tremulously, resigning herself to her fate, "I thought there was something wrong with the harness, but I guess there isn't. Get up!"

The horse obeys. He trots. She holds her breath and clings to the pommel of the saddle for a moment of anguish and then his pace subsides again to a walk. The next time it is increased to a canter, and this she finds more endurable. Gradually, indeed, as they get out into the country, her fear abates so far that she is able to give coherent answers to her companion's remarks upon the scenery, and when, an hour later, they reach home again, the relief of getting down is so great that she is even prompted to thank him effusively for the pleasure she has enjoyed.

To the family, when they ask her how she likes riding, she says it is perfectly lovely—that is, it will be as soon as she gets a little used to it.

The Cholera. Possibly the Cholera may not reach our locality this season. Nevertheless, we should take every precaution against it. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a sure cure for Cholera Morbus, Colic, Cramp, Diarrhoea and Dysentery.

The Gardener's Monthly says: "In transplanting evergreens of all kinds from the woods, the best way to save their leaves is to cut them half back with the hedge shears, and when any come from the nurseries with bad roots which have accidentally become dry, a severe cutting back will often save them. The leading shoot must be cut away or the side branches will not come out well. Evergreen hedges require attention as they grow. Where the height desired has been attained, the top and strong growths should be cut back while they are still water. The side shoots need not be touched till midsummer. All wise people now employ the conical shape for hedges. In cutting back the top growth at this season, the conical form can still be preserved."

By the use of Hanington's Quinine Wine and Iron, and Tonic Dinner Pills, the blood is purified, and a healthy skin is the result. Beware of imitations. See that you get "Hanington's," the original and genuine. For sale by all druggists and general dealers in Canada.

For rough conditions of the skin, Shampooing the head, Pimples, Eruption and Skin Diseases, use Prof. Low's Sulphur Soap.

Trousseau of a Princess.

Have you any curiosity about the sort of trousseau a Princess has? I have seen the sketches and material of some of Princess Beatrice's trousseau frocks, which are being made by Redfern. One is a very pretty brown and blue shot tweed, with silk to match. The skirt is of the latter, and is arranged in wide perpendicular pleats. The bodice and tunic are of the tweed, the front of the bodice being trimmed with folds of the silk, arranged fish-fashion. A pretty little jacket to go with this gown is made of the tweed, lined with peacock colored satin, and trimmed with the shot-silk down the fronts, which are straight, though the back fits tightly to the figure.

Another nice frock is of great blanket cloth, the long wide pleats on the skirt being separated by folds of ottoman silk in the same color. There is also a vest of the ottoman, the bodice and scarf drapery being of the cloth. A jacket is made to accompany this frock, the material being the blanket cloth. It fastens from the left shoulder, and is trimmed round all the outlines with fine sable.

A gown of navy blue cloth is cut out in scallops, which fell over a trimming of interlaced cardinal red braid. A similar, but narrower trimming, edges the tunic, which is quite short. The fronts of the bodice are scalloped over a vest of interlaced red braid, and the sleeves are finished at the cuffs to match.

The jacket corresponding with this is of navy cloth, edged with one row of cardinal braid. A revers, turned back at the left side of the chest, is lined with silk; and a similar revers, turned back at the right side of the bodice, shows a similar lining. This is a very effective little arrangement, and one quite new to my experience.

A cream colored cloth is made over a skirt of pale blue veiling, being quite plain except for a narrow pleating round the edge. The bodice of this fastens diagonally from the left shoulder, by means of carved mother-of-pearl buttons. The vest and cuffs are pale blue.

Another cream colored dress of Cairo cloth, with pleated skirt and scarf like tunic of cream colored satin. The bodice of this gown is pleated and worn with a belt.

I wonder if it is intended for her going away dress.—"Girl's Gossip" in Truth.

Almost every person has some form of scrofulous poison latent in his veins. When this develops in scrofulous sores, ulcers, or eruptions, or takes the form of rheumatism, or organic diseases, the suffering that ensues is terrible beyond description. Hence the gratitude of those who discover, as thousands yearly do, that Ayer's Sarsaparilla will thoroughly eradicate this evil from the system.

A Fact Worth Knowing. We learn from a western paper that at the recent session of the London Convention, Messrs. Geo. M. Smith and Macfie appealed against the assessment of the Carling Brewing Co., which was fixed at \$125,000 for real estate, and \$40,000, personal. It was stated that the value of the Company's property had been so depreciated by the passing of the Scott Act, that the real estate was not worth more than 25 per cent. on the dollar of its original value, and that the personal property was worthless.

With the electors, the liquor men argue that under the Scott Act there is more liquor drunk than under license; in the courts, they plead that the liquor manufacturing business is ruined.—(Canada Citizen).

Keep Your House Guarded. Keep your house guarded against sudden attacks of Colic, Cramps, Diarrhoea, Dysentery and Cholera Infantum. They are liable to come when least expected. The safest, best and most reliable remedy is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

A Woman's Suicide. GANANOUQUE, Ont., June 28.—The village was startled this morning by an alarm on the fire bell, and it was soon made known that Mrs. Dr. Farleigh and her baby were missing from the house. Yesterday the doctor was away at Napawan, and arrived home about daylight this morning. On entering the house he could not find his wife nor child. Becoming alarmed, he roused the neighbors, and a general search was made. About 6 o'clock Mrs. Farleigh's body was found in a stooping position partly lying in the water at Saunaw point. She was quite dead, and had evidently walked from the house to where she was found. The baby has not yet been found, but search is still being made, and it is certain that the body is somewhere in the water. The doctor's grief is heartrending. The child has been sick ever since it was born last October, and needing anxious care. The long and anxious watching seems to have affected Mrs. Farleigh's mind.

When Report Moves incessantly the most buoyant today may be loaded down by adversity tomorrow. One peculiarity of that famous alleviator of human suffering—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, is the fact that in spite of hundreds of imitations and substitutes it has retained its place in the very front rank as a remedy form. This must ever be the case as every person who has used it testifies that it is prompt, painless and certain—three grand essentials which, when combined, as is the case with Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, insure a sure pop corn cure. Sold everywhere.

The discovery of the instantaneous process of taking photographs has been quickly followed in the medical world by a perfect and instantaneous remedy for all acute and chronic pains, as Neuralgia, Toothache, Rheumatism, etc. This valuable remedy is called Fluid Lightning, and is sold at 25 cents a bottle by Geo. Rhyas, Druggist.

Salt Rheum Cured. Are you troubled with Salt Rheum, Rough Skin, Pimples or Canker Sores; if so, go at once to Geo. Rhyas' Drug Store and get a package of McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Ointment. Price 25 cents. It was never known to fail.

A Want of Activity.

Much of the ill condition of chronic invalids is due to want of activity in a sluggish liver. Burdock Blood Bitters arouses a healthy action of the liver to secrete pure bile, and thus make pure blood which gives perfect health.

Hard boiled egg yolk food at any time, but never so well as when, five or four and twenty blackbirds, they are in a pie. Boil 3 dozen eggs hard, and, when cold, shell and slice them and put them in layers in a buttered pie dish, alternating with butter, bread-crumbs, pepper and salt, and covering them with this mixture. Add a cupful of cream and bake to a brown.

A Human Barometer. The man with rheumatism can feel the approach of bad weather in his aching joints. Hazard's Yellow Oil cures rheumatism, aches, pains and injuries. 2 Rev. J. G. Falls, Dutton certifies: "For some years my wife has been troubled with Dyspepsia, and has tried one thing after another recommended with but little or no effect till advised to give McGregor's Spiced Cure a trial. Since taking the first bottle I have noticed an improvement, and can with confidence recommend it to be one of, if not the best medicine extant for Dyspepsia. This invaluable medicine for Liver Complaint, Indigestion, Kidney Complaint, is purely vegetable. Sold at Geo. Rhyas' Drug Store. Trial bottles given free. Im."

A crotchety old doctor in New York has won the hatred of every fashionable belle in the country. He says that the use of those costly graceful sandalizing bottles, which enables a lady to exhibit a plump arm and tapering fingers to perfection, is hurtful. The strong salt, cause headaches, sore throats, and worse of all, red noses.—(N. B. Mail.

Barn's Fluid Lightning. Is the only instantaneous relief for Nouralgia, Headache, Toothache, etc. Rubbing a few drops briskly is all that is needed. No taking nauseous medicines for weeks, but one minute's application removes all pain and will prove the great value of Krain's Fluid Lightning. 25 cents per bottle at George Rhyas' drug store.

The Hectic Flush, a pale hollow cheek and a procrustean appetite, indicate worms. Freeman's Worm Powder will quickly and effectually remove them. Im

WARREN LELAND,

whom everybody knows as the successful manager of the Largest Hotel Enterprises of America, says that while a passenger from New York on board a ship going around Cape Horn, in the early days of emigration to California, he learned that one of the officers of the vessel had cured himself, during the voyage, of an obstinate disease by the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Since then Mr. LELAND has recommended AYER'S SARSAPARILLA in many similar cases, and he has never yet heard of its failure to effect a radical cure.

Some years ago one of Mr. LELAND'S farm laborers bruised his leg. Owing to the bad state of his blood, an ugly scrofulous swelling or lump appeared on the injured limb. Horrible itching of the skin, with burning and darting pains through the lump, made life almost intolerable. The leg became enormously enlarged, and running ulcers formed, discharging great quantities of extremely offensive matter. No treatment was of any avail until the man, by Mr. LELAND'S direction, was supplied with AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, which allayed the pain and irritation, healed the sores, removed the swelling, and completely restored the limb to use.

Mr. LELAND has personally used Ayer's Sarsaparilla for Rheumatism, with entire success; and, after careful observation, declares that, in his belief, there is no medicine in the world equal to it for the cure of Liver Disorders, Gout, the effects of high living, Salt Rheum, Sores, Eruptions, and all the various forms of blood diseases.

We have Mr. LELAND'S permission to invite all who may desire further evidence in regard to the extraordinary curative powers of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to see him personally either at his mammoth Ocean Hotel, Long Branch, or at the popular Leland Hotel, Broadway, 27th and 28th Streets, New York.

Mr. LELAND'S extensive knowledge of the globe, and his unequalled eradicator of blood poisons enables him to give inquiries much valuable information.

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists, \$1, six bottles for \$5.

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GODERICH BOILER WORKS Have just received a large stock of BRASS & IRON STEAM FITTINGS FOR BOILERS & ENGINES New Salt Pans and Boilers Built on Shortest Notice. Mail orders for new work and repairs will receive prompt attention. CHRYSTAL & BLACK Works near G. T. L. Station. Goderich, Feb. 9, 1884. 1762-4