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WILL BE OUR MOTTO.
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 le, and Surgeon to the Mercer Eye
 infirmary, late Clinical Assistant
 in the Marine Hospital, Montreal,
 and Throat and Ear Hospital, Mont-
 real.
WINDSOR HOTEL
TRATFORD,
Saturday of Every Month.
 1883. 1883.

The Cook's Corner.
The Lesson of the Water Mill.
 Listen to the water mill!
 Through the livelong day
 How the clucking of its wheel
 Wears the hours away!
 Languidly the autumn wind
 Stirs the greenwood leaves;
 From the fields the reapers sing
 Binding up the sheaves.
 And a proverb haunts my mind
 As a spell is cast—
 'The mill cannot grind
 With the water that is past.'
 Autumn leaves revive no more
 Leaves that once are shed,
 And the sickle cannot reap
 Corn once gathered.
 And the ruffled stream flows on,
 'Tranquil, deep, and still,
 Never gliding back again
 To the water mill.
 Truly speaks the proverb old,
 With a meaning vast:
 'The mill cannot grind
 With the water that is past.'
 'Tis the lesson to thyself,
 Loving heart and true;
 Golden years are fleeting by
 Youth is passing too,
 Learn to make the most of life;
 Lose no happy day,
 Time will never bring thee back
 Chances swept away.
 Leave no tender word unsaid,
 Love while life shall last;
 'The mill cannot grind
 With the water that is past.'
 Work while yet the daylight shines,
 Man of strength and will;
 Never does the stream glide
 Useless by the mill.
 Wait not till the morrow's sun
 Beams upon thy way;
 All that thou canst call thine own
 Lies in thy 'to-day'.
 Power and intellect and health
 May not always last;
 'The mill cannot grind
 With the water that is past.'
 Oh, the wasted hours of life
 That have drifted by!
 Oh, the good that might have been!
 Lost without a sigh.
 Love that we might once have saved
 By a single word,
 Thoughts conceived, but never penned,
 Perishing unheard.
 Take the proverb to thine heart,
 'Take, and hold it fast!
 'The mill cannot grind
 With the water that is past.'

Was He a Burglar?

When the housemaid at Colonel Rosier's locked up the house for the night she saw a man wearing a cap, who seemed to be reconnoitering. She said nothing about it because she believed the house to be invisible to burglars, and she was sleepy and did not want to go the rounds again. So she left the hall light burning, as was the custom, and went off to bed in the part of the house where the circumstance from her mind as of no importance.

A few hours later a window rattled in a lower casement. Mrs. Rosier heard it and called her husband's attention to it. He yawned sleepily and said as he turned over:

'The wind is raising; it will be a rough night on the lake.'

This reassured Mrs. Rosier fell asleep again.

The window went on creaking, a little at a time, then a long rest, then it was softly shoved up and a head was thrust in, and a pair of keen eyes took a searching look at the rooms which the hall light made plainly discernible.

There was nothing frightful about the head. It was rather a good-looking boyish head, with close-cropped, nut-brown hair, covered by an old cloth cap. The face had fine features, white and distorted; it is true; the thin lips were compressed into a fierce decision, a handsome throat, and following these a lithe, sinewy body, that sprung, cat-like and vigilant, into the room, and stood there erect and alert.

Then the midnight intruder did a strange thing. He went straight into the hall, as if he belonged there, and turned on the gas. After that he walked to the parlor mantel and looked at a portrait that hung above it, one of Col. Rosier in full regimentals. As he looked a smile, or a sneer, distorted the burglar's face—if he were a burglar—and he muttered a curse and turned from that picture to others—a handsome woman, worldly-looking and fashionable; two lovely children; then a blank space on the wall, as if a picture had been taken down. At this the burglar dug his finger-nails into the palm of his hands and gritted his teeth. Then he turned softly away and went up-stairs.

Up, up each stair protested loud against the unhalloved intrusion, he laid his hand on the banister—it groaned at his touch. At the top he hesitated a moment, and then turned to the left. It was plain that he knew the way. Either he had been there before, or conspirators had given him a plan of the house. A light burned low in the room he entered, going softly like a cat or panther, or some other dangerous animal of prey!

Two children lay sleeping on the lace pillows of a white bed—two fair, happy, healthy children in pretty ruffled night-gowns open at the throat. They lay in the sweet confusion of childish slumbers, tumbled and tossed their pink skins moist with the health of refreshing sleep; their rosy lips half inclosed like dewy rosebuds; little puffs of fragrant breath disturbing the dimples in regular

rhythm. What had this bad man to do with these children that he leaped over them and wrung his hands, and frowned and dashed tears from his hardened eyes?

Oh! surely, he cannot mean—but no—as noisily as he enters, he departs, but as he goes he stumbles over the shoes placed side by side at the door. "Mamma," and with a cry of satisfaction drops away again into a Heaven of Dreamland.

The man goes into another room, a large, stately apartment, luxurious in its appointments. The door is closed, but this man knows how to open it softly, remorselessly, and he steals in, and there too, burns a soft, chamber light. But he does not linger here. He gives one glance at the grey head lying on the pillow. He looks away from the other pillow, steps softly across the room, tumbles a little, and comes out swiftly with some dark object clasped in either hand. He breathes hard; his nostrils are distended; drops of water stand on his face. His right hand clutches something with a vise-like grasp. The left hand is clenched over a small object that is clasped convulsively; one holds a loaded cocked revolver, the other a pocket-book full of money.

Then he is a burglar!

Just as he reaches the door the man who is asleep stirs; he has an ugly dream about a wayward son whom he has disowned and disinherited—as if a father dare ever disown his own flesh and blood. He dreamed that his boy was with him holding him by the hand and calling him "Papa," telling him of school pranks and mistakes over which they both laughed, asking for advice and help which he gave willingly. From this dream he passed into another. His boy was in a convict's cell, and as the father stood before him broken hearted he was taunted with having placed him there. The boy had turned accuser and said vehemently:—

'You never loved me. You were always to busy making money to hear my wants. You and my mother owed a duty to society. I left to a servant. This is the fruit of your own negligence. I am not to blame. My father sent me here.'

Heaven! was this his son? He gasped for breath, and awakened with a groan from the terrible nightmare.

The man going out of the door pressed the trigger of his revolver and went softly down the stairs. His heart was beating so it almost smothered him. He entered the long parlors and was about to go as he came in, by the window, when, in the dim obscurity of the other end of the room, he saw a man standing—a man with a face as white and desperate as his own. Caught was he? Not yet? He took a step forward. So did the man, whose eyes were fastened upon his. Another step. They were face to face. He raised his right hand. So did the other. The burglar fired. Crash! The stillness of the night was rent apart by the horrid report! A rush of many feet—screams—and the awakened household hastened to the spot. But all they found was an open window and the great mirror at the end of the parlor shivered into a thousand fragments.

Yes, they found one thing more. Kitty the housemaid, picked up an old cap—it had been worn a long time and looked almost like a boy's cap.

'I seen a man wearing that there cap this evening loafing on the corner opposite,' she ended in a scream.

This will be a clue for the police," said Colonel Rosier, looking into the cap to see if there was any name.

What he saw there no one knows, but he was taken with a fit of shivering, just as Mrs. Rosier who had been looking about, screamed to him that his pocket book was gone with all his money in it. They got him to bed, and sent for the doctor, who said it was a congestive chill owing to the excitement. But it has been a great mystery to the servants why they were not allowed to ever mention the affair again, and that no steps were taken to recover the money. At the same time some efforts were made, as the following obscurely worded "Personal" in a prominent paper a tested.

'If the party who entered a private dwelling house in this city, and took a pocket-book containing one thousand dollars in two five hundred dollar bills, will communicate with owner of said money, will be forgotten and forgiven. Address in confidence, X.Y.Z. at this office.—Mrs. M. L. Rayne, in Detroit Free Press.

Katie Wells' Dinner Party.

Mrs. Wells was in New York—if she had not been, this dinner party would never have come off. If Mr. Wells had brought three gentlemen to dine, without notice, she would have kept them waiting till they were ready to faint with hunger, till a handsome dinner had been prepared. But this day Mr. Wells had met three old college friends, and, without thinking, he had asked them home to take "pot luck" and have a quiet afternoon, and a long talk.

Katie was painting very busily on a pretty set of dining-cards, when her father came to her door and explained, in rather an apologetic manner, about his friends who were at the moment taking off their coats in the hall. Kate rose to the occasion.

'Oh, papa, dear, I'm glad you brought them. I can't get up an elegant dinner on this short notice, but I'll do my best, and if things go wrong—which they won't—I'll imitate the lady who conversed so calmly on foreign flavors and acquired tastes; that her guests thought the burned soup was a special dainty.'

Mr. Wells was cheered by Katie's manner; more than he would have had he known there was only salt boiled codfish and potatoes for dinner!

Katie put on a big apron and went to the kitchen—it was no strange place to her—to confer with the new Margaret. She soon inspired her.

'Come, Margaret, let us see how good a dinner we can make out of nothing. Have we milk in the house?' she said.

'We've a quart and a pint and a sup over, miss.'

'Then we'll put dinner off a little, and have potato soup. Mash about eight of these boiled potatoes, Margaret, and mix in enough milk to make it like soup, nearly a quart, I think. Beat a little butter in well, and salt and pepper it. I've broken two eggs into the tureen. Just before we sit down to the table, heat the soup and pour it on to the raw eggs, and stir thoroughly.'

'Now give me a platter and the boiled fish.' Katie built a wall of washed potato, a finger high, round the platter, leaving the margin clear. The bones had all been picked from the fish. She now filled the space inside the potato wall with it. After placing a thick layer of potato over the top, she smoothed the walls, and wet the whole lightly with milk.

'It will take that twenty minutes to brown,' said Katie. 'Now make a nice drawn-butter sauce, with plenty of nut-tartarum seeds, they are nicer than capers. Then dish the tomatoes and beets, and our dinner is ready.'

Katie cut an egg which she had boiled when she first came down into smooth slices, and left them for Margaret to lay around the edge of the platter, with alternate slices of lemon, and sprigs of parsley.

It only took a moment to lay nice little little squares of bread in each napkin. A few geranium leaves and a bit of scarlet blossom in a glass vase gave 'an air' to everything.

Then, of a sudden, Katie had a thought. How it would please her father if she should give her guests dinner-cards painted by her own hand! She chose four and called her father from the parlor to ask the names of his friends.

She flew up stairs, hurried on a pretty dress, and went, as composed and smiling, to be introduced to her guests, as if she had never seen the inside of a kitchen.

In a few moments Margaret announced that dinner was on the table.

The soup was a success—Katie knew it would be.

Then Margaret, in a large white apron, brought in the new dish. Mr. Wells looked sharply at it. If it tasted as it looked, it would taste very good, indeed, he thought. Margaret passed the drawn butter and currant jelly, and every one ate heartily for the very good reason that the dinner was delicious.

Little goblets of lemonade were placed by each plate—rather sour lemonade—which is very acceptable with salt codfish.

The guests were charmed with the cards. They said they didn't need souvenirs of this pleasant dinner; but they should cherish the pretty tokens.

Margaret had lighted the wood fire in the library; and after dessert—which was only a dish of nicely cut and sugared oranges—the gentlemen settled themselves there for another chat, and sipped the coffee and ate the cake which Katie sent in to them.

After they had gone, and Katie had seated herself by her father, with her work, Mr. Wells thanked her for the pleasure she had given him.

'What was that nice brown dish, my dear?' he asked.

'Why, father, it was codfish; didn't you taste it?'

'Indeed I did, and I ate a hearty dinner, but I couldn't believe it was codfish. I never saw a codfish dinner before that didn't look doleful.'

'It was invention that did that, father,' said Katie laughing. 'It has been left for me to develop codfish into a dish that experts praise.'

'It has been left for you to develop what might have been a discomfort and

Stories of the South and Bar.

Ministers-enjoy telling anecdotes about the cloth; doctors—and Oliver Wendell Holmes is a conspicuous example—overflowing with stories at the expense of their brethren; and lawyers and judges, when they get together, make the rafters ring with inextinguishable laughter.

Orlando James, whose name is a singular illustration of the old proverb that names go by contraries, when he retired from the law after a half century's practice, dedicated to his companions a number of stories which he had been long preparing, selections from which he had often read to them in grand divan assembled.

Mr. James first gives Lord Brougham's definition of a lawyer as 'a learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies and keeps it himself,' and then goes on to recall an old story of Lord Avonmore, who had fallen into the bad habit of interrupting the counsel. Thus Curran was often stopped short in argument by His Lordship, who would say: 'Mr. Curran, I know your cleverness, but it's quite in vain for you to go on; I see the drift of it all, and you are only giving yourself and me unnecessary trouble.' One day, Curran being too often stopped in this way, thus addressed the Judge: 'Perhaps My Lord, I am straying, but you must impute it to the extreme agitation of my mind. I have just witnessed so dreadful a circumstance that my imagination has not yet recovered from the shock.' The Judge was all attention. 'Go on, Mr. Curran.' 'On my way to court, my Lord, as I passed by one of the markets, I observed a butcher proceeding to slaughter a calf. Just as his hand was raised a lovely little child approached him unperceived, and, terrified to relate—I see the life blood gushing out still—the poor child's bosom was under the butcher's hand, when he plunged the knife into—into—' Into the bosom of the child!' cried out the Judge with great emotion. Your Lordship sometimes anticipates—it was right into the neck of the calf.'

Justice Wiles once sentenced a boy at Lancaster to be hanged, with the hope of reforming him by frightening him, and he ordered him for execution next morning. The Judge awoke in the middle of the night, and was so affected by the notion that he might himself die in the course of the night and the boy might be hanged, though he did not mean that he should suffer, that he got out of his bed and went to the lodgings of the High Sheriff and left a remonstrance for the boy, or what was to be considered equivalent to it, and then, returning to bed, spent the rest of the night very comfortably.

When Lord Mansfield once exclaimed to Mr. Dunning, as he was laying down a legal point: 'Oh, if that be law, Mr. Dunning, I may burn my law books!' 'Better read them, my Lord,' was the ready retort.

In a similar manner an Irish Judge shook his head as Sir Curran was elaborating one of his points to a jury. 'I see,' said Mr. Curran, 'I see, gentlemen, the motion of His Lordship's head, common observers might imagine that it implied a difference of opinion, but they would be mistaken. It is merely accidental. Believe me gentlemen, if you remain here many days, you will yourself perceive that, when His Lordship shakes his head, there's nothing in it.'

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
 May 15th, 1880.
 GENTLEMEN—Having been a sufferer for a long time from nervous prostration and general debility, I was advised to try Hop Bitters. I have taken one bottle, and I have been rapidly getting better ever since, and I think it the best medicine I ever used. I am now gaining strength and appetite, which was all gone, and I was in despair until I tried your Bitters. I am now well, able to go about and do my own work. Before taking it I was completely prostrated.

MRS. MARY STUART.

Taken at the Night Stand.
 P. A. McArthur, of Alton, Ont., had a cold which he didn't like. It wasn't so very bad, but it hung on him a long time and was getting seated. The usual medical remedies did no good. He tried Dr. Wilson's Pulmonary Cherry Balsam. The first dose benefited him, and in a short time was perfectly well. It is not necessary for any cold to a foothold in any constitution as long as Dr. Wilson's Pulmonary Cherry Balsam is at hand. What Quinine is to fever, Dr. Wilson's Pulmonary Cherry Balsam is to throat and lung diseases.

A Cure For Cuts, Sores, Etc.
 The finest healing compound under the sun is McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. There is no sore but will succumb to its wonderful healing properties. It is an invaluable dressing for scalds, festering, etc. Price 25 cents at G. Rhyms' drug store.

A BANKER'S TESTIMONY.—For a Cough, Cold or any Bronchial Affection. 'Pectorina,' in my opinion, is just the thing. I have used it in my family for Coughs and Colds for the past four years with the most unvaried success, and I give my opinion of it is that I continue to think still more of that which I believe, a thinking well of.

Geo. Kerr, Manager Ontario Bank, Pickering.

Price 25 cents at all druggists.

No household should be considered complete without a bottle of Dr. Van Buren's Kidney Cure in the closet. It is the only remedy that will positively, permanently and promptly cure all forms of kidney disease. Sold by J. Wilson.

The Greatest Healing Compound

is a preparation of carbolic acid, vasoline and cerate called McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. It will cure any sore cut, burn or bruise when all other preparations fail. Call at G. Rhyms' drug store, and get a package. 25 cents is all it costs.

Well Rewarded.
 A liberal reward will be paid to any party who will produce a case of Liver, Kidney or Stomach complaint that Electric Bitters will not speedily cure. Bring them along, it will cost you nothing for the medicine if it fails to cure, and you will be well rewarded for your trouble besides. All Blood diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, and general debility are quickly cured. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price only fifty cents per bottle. For sale by J. Wilson.

It should be investigated.

If any of our readers are suffering from chronic diseases of the stomach, liver, kidneys, or blood, they should investigate the merits of Burdock Blood Bitters. It is making some of the most remarkable cures on record.

Dr. Low's Pleasant Work Stew.—An agreeable, safe and reliable remedy to remove all kinds of humors.

Kram's Field Lightning.
 Is the only instantaneous relief for Neuralgia, 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 Kram's Field Lightning. 95 cents per bottle at George Rhyms' drug store.

Danger Traps.
 Neglected colds are the fatal traps that ensnare many a victim beyond possibility of rescue. Take a cold or cough in time and it is easily conquered by that safe and pleasant vegetable remedy, Haggard's Pectoral Balsam. Asthma, bronchitis and pulmonary complaints generally soon yield to its healing influence.

Freeman's Worm Powders destroy and remove worms without injury to adult or infant.

If we fasten our attention on what we have, rather than on what we lack, a very little wealth is sufficient.

Thousands bear witness to the positive curative power of the Great Graymax Iron-tonic, the only remedy that has proved itself a specific for general debility, seminal weakness, impotency, etc., and all diseases that arise from self-abuse or overtaxed brain, finally ending in consumption, insanity and a premature grave. Sold by all druggists, or will be sent free on receipt of \$1.00 per box, or six boxes for \$5. Address F. J. CHESEBURY, Toledo, Ohio, sole agent for the United States. Send for circular and testimonials of genuine cures. Geo. Rhyms, Goderich.

A Remarkable Escape.
 Mrs. Mary A. Dalley of Tunkhannock, Pa., was afflicted for six years with Asthma and Bronchitis, during which time the best physicians could give no relief. Her life was despaired of, until in last October she procured a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, when immediate relief was felt, and by continuing its use for a short time she was completely cured, gaining in flesh 50 lbs. in a few months.

Free Trial Bottles of this certain cure of all Throat and Lung Diseases at Jaa. Wilson's Drug Store, Large Bottles \$1.00.

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The CHICAGO & NORTH WESTERN LAND CO. has for sale the following tracts of land in the States of MINNESOTA, IOWA, NEBRASKA, KANSAS, MISSOURI, ARIZONA, and CALIFORNIA. The lands are all well adapted for farming, stock raising, or other purposes. For particulars, apply to the Chicago & North Western Land Co., Chicago, Ill.

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 Office, Crabb's Block, Kingston St., Goderich.
 Plans and specifications drawn correct by Carpenter's plan and mason's work measured and estimated.

Rev. Father Wilds' EXPERIENCE.

The Rev. F. J. Wilds, well-known city missionary in New York, and brother of the late eminent Judge Wilds, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, writes as follows: 'On the 24th St. New York, May 16, 1882.'

Messrs. J. C. Ayer & Co., Gentlemen:
 Last winter I was troubled with a most uncomfortable itching humor affecting most especially my limbs, which itched so intolerably at night, and burned so intensely, that I could scarcely bear any clothing over them. I was also afflicted with a severe catarrh and catarrhal cough; my appetite was poor, and my system a good deal run down. I had used AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by observation of many other cases, and from personal use in former years, I began taking it for the above-named disorder. My appetite improved almost from the first dose. After a short time the fever and itching were allayed, and all signs of irritation of the skin disappeared. My catarrh and cough were also cured by the same means, and my general health greatly improved, until it is now excellent. I feel a hundred per cent stronger, and I attribute these results to the use of the SARSAPARILLA, which I recommenced with all confidence as the best blood medicine ever devised. I took it in small doses, three times a day, and used in all, less than two bottles. I place these facts at your service, hoping their publication may do good.

Yours respectfully, F. J. WILDS.

The above instance is but one of the many constantly coming to our notice, which prove the perfect adaptability of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to the cure of all diseases arising from impure or impoverished blood, and a weakened vitality.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

cleanses, enriches, and strengthens the blood, stimulates the action of the stomach and bowels, and thereby enables the system to resist and overcome the attacks of all Scrophulous Diseases, Eruptions of the Skin, Rheumatism, Catarrh, General Debility, and all disorders resulting from poor or corrupted blood and a low state of the system.

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

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS

Best Purgative Medicine—
 cure Constipation, Indigestion, Headache, and all the ailments of the Bowels.

Sold everywhere. Always reliable.