

THE HURON SIGNAL

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Cards.

DR. P. A. McDOUGALL. CAN be consulted at all hours, at Mr. LeTrece's Boarding House.

IRA LEWIS. BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, &c. West street, Goderich, June 18th.

DANIEL HOME LIZARS. ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Conveyancer, Solicitor in Chancery, &c.

DANIEL GORDON. CABINET MAKER, Three doors East of the Canada Company's office.

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WHERE she intends to carry on the above business. Dresses made in the very latest fashions.

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WANTED. TWO good BOOT and SHOE Makers, who will find constant employment.

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BY MESSRS. JOHN & ROBT. DONOGH. GOOD Accommodations for Travellers, and an attentive Hostler at all times.

WASHINGTON Farmers' Mutual Insurance Co. CAPITAL \$1,000,000.

EZRA HOPKINS, Hamilton, Agent for the Counties of Waterloo and Huron.

Huron Signal.

TEN SHILLINGS IN ADVANCE. "THE GREATEST POSSIBLE GOOD TO THE GREATEST POSSIBLE NUMBER." TWELVE AND SIX PENCE AT THE END OF THE YEAR.

VOLUME V. GODERICH, COUNTY OF HURON, (C. W.) THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1852. NUMBER XXX.

Poetry.

"TEACH ME THY WAY." O thou unseen, eternal one, Whom myriad worlds obey—

At morn, when first thy golden beams Thy glorious works display,

At evening, when thy shadows fall Around departing day,

Nor less, when in life's solemn hour, Are sleeping silently,

When by thy smile of summer blast, Thy fields and woods are gay,

Or when thou stretchest forth thine arm, In awful majesty,

Maker of all—Earth, Sea and Air, Ruler of night and day:

And when life's fleeting hours are past: When in Eternity,

Thy undying soul on this is cast, O take me to thyself!

AGRICULTURE. BEST ROOT A SUBSTITUTE FOR POTATOES.

Best root cannot be too much recommended to the notice of mankind,

Some hours afterwards Mr. Jones came in and among the first things that attracted his attention was the strange demijon.

What is this? was his natural inquiry. Something that Mr. Smith left.

Mr. Smith from Q—? Yes! I wonder what he has there! said Mr. Jones, taking hold of the demijon.

The cork was unobtrusively removed, and the mouth of the vessel brought in close contact with the snuffing organ of Mr. Jones.

Wine, as I live! fell from his lips—Bring me a glass.

Oh no, Mr. Jones—I wouldn't touch his wine, Mr. Jones.

Bring me a glass. Do you think I am going to let a gallon of wine pass my way without expecting toll? No—no.

The glass, a half pint tumbler, was produced, and nearly filled with the execrable stuff—as guileless of the grape vine as the dya's rat—which was poured down the throat of Mr. Jones.

Pretty fair wine that—only a little rough," said Mr. Jones, smacking his lips.

"It's a shame," remarked Mrs. Jones warmly, "for you to."

"I only took toll," said the husband laughing. "My harm is that, I'm sure."

"Rather heavy toll it strikes me," replied Mrs. Jones.

Meantime, Mr. Smith, having completed most of his business for that day, stopped at a store where he wished two or three articles put up.

"I wish you would let your lad Tom step over for me to Mr. Jones. I left a demijon of common wine there, which I bought for the purpose of making into antimonial wine."

"O certainly," replied the store-keeper. "Here Tom!" and he called for his boy.

"Run over to Mr. Jones' and get a jug of antimonial wine which Mr. Smith left there. Go quickly, for Mr. Smith is in a hurry."

"Yes, sir," responded the boy, and away he ran.

After Mr. Jones had disposed of his half pint of wine, he thought his stomach had rather a curious sensation, which is not much to be wondered at, considering the stuff which he had burndred it.

"I wonder if that truly is wine!" said he, turning from the window at which he had seated himself, and taking up the demijon again.

The cork was removed, and his nose applied to the mouth of the huge bottle.

"Yes it's wine; but I'll vow it's not much to brag of! And the cork was once more replaced.

Literature.

TAKING TOLL. BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Mr. Smith kept a drug shop in a little village of Q—, which was situated a mile from Lancaster.

One day he drove off towards Lancaster in his wagon, in which among other things was a gallon demijon.

"Have you any common wine?" "How common?" asked the grocer.

"About a dollar a gallon. I want it for antimonial wine."

"Yes—I have some just fit for that, and not much else, which I will sell at a dollar."

"Very well. Give me a gallon," said Mr. Smith. The demijon was brought in from the wagon and filled.

Among the things to be done that day, was to see a man who lived a half a mile from Lancaster. Before going out on this errand, Mr. Smith stopped at the house of his particular friend, Mr. Jones.

Mr. Jones happened not to be in, but Mrs. Jones was a pleasant woman, and he chatted with her for ten minutes or so.

"How did it happen?" what have you taken?" inquired the Doctor.

"I took, by mistake, nearly half a pint of antimonial wine."

"Then it must be removed instantly," said the Doctor, and down the sick man's throat went a full flexible India rubber tube, and pump pump! pump!

"There," said the Doctor, "I guess that will do. Now let me give you an antidote."

"Do you feel better now?" inquired the Doctor, as he sat holding the pulse of the sick man, and scanning with a professional eye, his pale face, that was covered with a clammy perspiration.

"A little was the faint reply. 'Do you think all danger is passed?'"

"Yes I think so. The antidote I have given you will neutralize the effect of the drug, so far as it is passed into the system."

"I feel as weak as a rag," said the patient. "I am sure I could not bear my own weight. What a powerful effect it had!"

"Don't think of it," returned the Doctor, "Compose yourself. There is now no danger to be apprehended whatever."

The wild flight of Jane through the street, and the hurried movements of the Doctor, did not fail to attract attention.

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The cork was removed, and his nose applied to the mouth of the huge bottle.

"Yes it's wine; but I'll vow it's not much to brag of! And the cork was once more replaced.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones. "Why, no! It was only wine that I had bought for the purpose of making antimonial wine!"

"Not antimonial wine?" "No."

"Why the boy said it was!" "Then he didn't know anything about it. It was nothing but some common wine which I had bought."

"Mr. Jones took a long breath. The Doctor arose from his bedside, and Mrs. Jones exclaimed, "Well, I never!"

"Then came a long silence, in which one looked at the other doubtfully."

"Good day," said the Doctor, and went down stairs.

"So you have been drinking my wine, it seems," laughed Mr. Smith, as soon as the man with the stomach pump had retired.

"I only took a little toll," said Mr. Jones; back into whose pale face the color was beginning to come, and through whose almost paralyzed nerves was again flowing from the brain a healthy influence.

"I won't on one condition, said Mr. Smith, whose words were scarcely coherent, so strongly was he convulsed with laughter."

"What is that?" "You must become a teetotaler."

"Can't do that," replied Mr. Jones. "Then I can't promise."

"Give me a day or two to make up my mind."

"Very well. And now good bye—the sun is nearly down, and it will be night before I get home."

Mr. and Mrs. Jones, and hurriedly retired, trying, but in vain, to leave the house in a grave and dignified manner.

TOO MUCH BLUE. Early on a fine summer morning, an old man was walking on the road between Brussels and Namur.

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