

BOXING EXTRAORDINARY.

Bill Nye's Personal Experience in the Manly Art.

The boxing glove is a large fat mitten, with an abnormal thumb and a string at the wrist with which you tie it on, so that when you feed it to your adversary he cannot swallow it and choke himself. I had never seen any boxing gloves before, but my brother said they were soft and would not hurt anybody. So we took off some of our mittens and put them on. Then we shook hands. That was to show that we were friendly, and would not play each other. My brother is younger than I am, and so I warned him not to get excited and come for me with anything that looked like wild and ungovernable fury, because I might, in the heat of debate, put his jaw up on his forehead, and fill his ear full of some thumb. He said that was all right, and he would try to be cool and collected. Then we put our right toes close together, and I told him to be on his guard. At that moment I dealt him a terrific blow, aimed at his nose, but through some clerical error of mine it went over his shoulder and spent itself in the wall of his room, shattering a small holly-wood bracket, for which I paid him \$3.75 afterwards. I did not wish to buy the bracket, because I had two at home, but he was arbitrary about it, and I bought it. We then took another athletic posture, and in two minutes the air was full of puffed thumb and buckskin mitten. I soon detected a chance to put one in where my brother could smell it, but I never knew just where it stuck, for at that moment I ran against something with the put of my stomach that made me throw up the sponge along with some other things.

My brother then proposed that we take off the gloves, but I thought I had not sufficiently punished him, and that another round would complete the contest, which was then about a thin my grasp. I took a brush powder and squared myself; but I was off a left hander I forgot all about my adversary's right, and in my nose into the middle of his boxing glove. Fearing that I had injured him, I retreated rapidly on my elbows and shoulder blades to the corner of the room, thus giving him ample time to recover. By this means my younger brother's features were saved and are to-day as symmetrical as my own. I can still cough up pieces of box-gloves, and when I close my eyes I can see them in lights and blue phosphorescent across the horizon; but I am thoroughly convinced that there is no physical exercise which yields the same amount of health and elastic vigor to the puncher than the manly art does. To the puncher, also, it affords a large wad of glad rags, and those who look for the pleasing nervous shock, the spinal jar and the pyrotechnic concussion. This is why I shall continue to practice it, and I have practiced it a number of times in the two or three weeks, and feel a little more confidence in myself.

The Ontario Boundary.

The most persistently advanced contention of our respective papers is the boundary question has been that the arbitrators intended the line chosen to be merely "conventional," and not to finally and definitely fix the boundary. A denial of this which should be authoritative enough to satisfy anyone has just been made. Sir Francis Hincks said the other day to a representative of the Montreal Herald: "The newspapers are constantly saying that I have admitted that the boundary line of Ontario fixed by the arbitrators in 1878, was merely a conventional line, and not based on legal evidence. This is, however, an error; anything that has been said in that sense had reference solely to the northern boundary of Ontario, and not to the western boundary, which is the one over which the present disputes have arisen. The two boundaries, as fixed by the arbitrators, are based on entirely different grounds. No tribunal could find a legal boundary on the north for Ontario, because that boundary, as defined by the Imperial Act of 1774, is declared to be the southern boundary of the territory granted to the merchant adventurers trading to Hudson's Bay. The Hudson's Bay Company received their charter from Charles II in 1670 and they were granted all the territories in that part of North America not in the possession of any other Christian prince. It comes then to a question as to what were the boundaries of the old French Province of Quebec. Two treaties, those of Ryewick and Utrecht, were subsequently made between the French and English crowns, which were believed to have effected the boundaries between the possessions of France and England, but there is no evidence of any new grant having been made to the Hudson's Bay Company. By the treaty of Utrecht it was proved that the boundaries should never be settled, and in 1763 Great Britain acquired the French title. On being asked if the award was unanimous, Sir Francis replied: "Yes, the three arbitrators, Chief Justice Harrison, Sir Edward Thornton and myself, all came to the same conclusion without any previous consultation with each other. There never was a doubt in our minds as to the true western boundary of Ontario."

There is no preparation before the people to-day that commands their confidence more, or meets with a better sale than does Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry—the infallible remedy for all forms of Summer Complaint.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

When Nobles Lived Like Dogs and Fed Like Men.

The more you find out about the much vaunted "good old times" the better pleased you are not to have lived in them. The people did not only live like dogs but they fed like hogs. A pauper in a workhouse would kick now at the man which a noble used to devour then. The roast beef of old England was unheard of; beef was only eaten salted and boiled, and bread was a great luxury, not in common use even by the nobles. The records of the Percy family, in the time of Henry VIII., show the extreme coarseness of the mode of living, and an extract from the household book of that famous family will give a good idea of the manner in which the most famous household numbered 166 persons, and the average of guests was 50, and the whole of the washing for these 216 persons was for one year 40s., a sum probably equal to \$200 in the present day, most of which was for the chapel linen.

From midsummer to Michaelmas was the only time they indulged in fresh meat, and the instructions say, "My lord has on his table, for breakfast, at seven in the morning, a quart of beer and wine, two pieces of salt fish, six red herrings, four white ones, and on fresh days, half a chine of beef or mutton boiled." At dinner, men ranking as knights had a table-cloth, which was washed once a month; and as they had no napkins, and the fingers were extensively used in feeding, this position at least of their linen must have been in a sad condition. Until the 13th century straw was the bed of kings; and before that date the king and his family slept in the same chamber. The first change was to throw a coverlet over the sleeper; then another was used, and the persons undressed, their linen being substituted for blankets. Brantice says she would "as lief sleep in a woolen," which shows that such a thing was done even in Shakespeare's time. The use of nothing but coarse dirty woolen next the skin, seldom changed, and the heavy, exciting nature of food, of course tended to produce those diseases for which hospitals were founded all over England; hospitals for leprosy, in particular abundant.

Never Looked at it in That Light.

There are some people who have great sympathy for hotel keepers when a tourist goes no-license and the bars are closed. We met a man a few days ago who said "You see, people are depreciating the value of property; our hotel keeper will lose \$2,000 on his property if the town remains no-license. You will admit this, won't you?"

"Yes, of course we will admit this, but my dear sir, let us see if this hotel has not been a means of depreciating the value of real estate."

"Do you know how much I paid for this house a year ago?"

"Yes, he paid \$10,000 for it, and at that time it was a bargain."

"I was here today and I saw the house and saw the fences; the fence down, the house wrecked; and I don't know how much it is worth now. How much would you give for it now, you are a good judge of property?"

"I would not give over \$200 for it; in fact I would not want it at all."

"How did it come to be sold down as that? Why, you know, I spent all his time at the hotel in the village, and he had a fine message on it; and he was a good judge of property."

"No, he was a good judge of the way you would sell it."

"I was with John McLaney, Bill Allen, McGeehan, and others; I might mention that Has not the hotel helped to keep running, been the means of depreciating the real estate of this town? Look at the farms neglected because the owners spent the time and money at the bar."

"I guess you are right. I had never looked at it in this light before."

We then commenced to figure, and the figures this man set himself, we found on seventeen farms a loss of \$27,000 coming direct from the hotel he had desired to keep open. He came to the conclusion it was better for the hotel to lose in value \$2,000, than taxable property to the amount of \$27,000.

How much longer will it be before the people will see the wholesale ruin coming from the bar rooms?—Reckabite.

If you are broken down in constitution and wasting away by sickness, or suffering from any chronic disease, do not abandon hope until you have tried Burdock's Blood Bitters. What it is doing daily towards restoring others, it might do for you.

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.

Lacer's Letters.

Some amusing instances of "laconic letters" are given by Mr. Seton in his "Gossip about Letters and Letter-Writees." Says Lord Berkeley to the Duke of Dorset: "My dear Dorset, I have just been married, and am the happiest dog alive.—Berkeley." And gets for answer: "My dear Berkeley,—My dog has his day.—Dorset." A young fellow at college to his uncle, on whom he is entirely dependent: "My dear Uncle—Ready for the needful.—Your affectionate Nephew." The uncle replied: "My dear Nephew,—Be needful is not pleasant.—Your affectionate Uncle." It is clear that affection should survive pecuniary embarrassments, as it did in the case of Samuel Foote's mother and himself: "My dear Sam,—I am in prison for debt; come and assist your loving mother.—E. Foote." "Dear Mother, So am I; which prevents my duty being paid to his loving mother by her affectionate son, Sam Foote." An English nobleman was deeply in love with a "lady fair." He met her one evening at a crowded ball, and as he could not get an opportunity of talking to her, he contrived to slip into her hand a piece of paper with the two words, "Will you?" written upon it.—The reply was equally as brief—"Won't I!" One would think that correspondence could scarcely be made more laconic than this; but the "possibility has been achieved. Brother Smith, of Leeds, anxious to see any news his friend and fellow-Quaker, Brother Brown, of Sheffield, might have to condescend, sent him a quarter sheet with a point of interrogation in the middle. Brother Brown replied by sending a similar sheet on which nothing whatever appeared.

Ford Fathers.
A Fond du Lac father always has his boy over a barrel when he talks him with a dog.

A Hackensack, N. J., father has his fifteen-year-old son pocket money with the understanding that he must not buy cigarettes or toy-pistols.

A Hamilton father gives his boy a dollar every time the youth turns a wheel on a water wheel.

A Washburn, Cal., father punishes his son by compelling him to eat a whole watermelon at one time.

A Muskogee father punishes his son by compelling him to eat a whole watermelon at one time.

A Yonkers father tells his son a rule that won't kick.

A Manhattan father has a fox which can play a Jew's harp.

A Binghamton bachelor uses a pet kangaroo as a paper weight.

A Vermont father has a rooster to sing "Yankee Doodle."

A Fishersville young lady has a time duode. She feeds her young and glucose.

A New Orleans father has a tame crocodile.

A Wisconsin woman keeps a tame white bear in a cage in the summer.

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Clinton.

BROTHER RIES.—One day last week Miss Wilson, who resides on the street, was engaged in putting up window blinds, and to reach the top had placed a box on a chair and was standing thereon, when she fell, breaking two of her ribs.

PAINFUL ACCIDENT.—On Friday evening last, John M. Stone, reeve of Hullet, drove into one end of the excavation for the culvert across the road in front of Fair's mill, and seriously hurt himself, fracturing a rib or two and otherwise bruising him, and breaking the shafts and one wheel of the bug.

W. J. Guppy, druggist, of Newbury, is just the thing for Summer Sickness. I sold out my stock there last summer. There was a good demand for it. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is infallible for Dysentery, Colic, Sick Stomach and Bowel Complaint.

It seems impossible that a remedy, so simple as the one I have mentioned, should make so many and such great cures as Dr. Fowler's do; but when old and young rich and poor, pastor and doctor, lawyer and editor, all testify to having been cured by them, you must believe and try them yourself, and not do no longer.

Why should a man whose blood is warm within Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster? Or let his hair grow rusty, scant and thin. When "CRUCIFER" will make it grow the faster. For sale by J. Wilson.

GENUINE.—Your Hop Bitters have been of great value to me. I was laid up with typhoid fever for over two months and could get no relief until I tried your Hop Bitters. To those suffering with debility or any one in feeble health, I cordially recommend them. J. C. Strickland, 683 Federal St., Chicago, Ill.

Dr. Croson's Stomach Bitters free the system of the poisonous humours that develop into Kidney and Urinary diseases, give tone and vigor to the stomach and purify the blood.

Hayesville, Ohio, Feb. 11, 1880. I am very glad to say I have tried Hop Bitters, and never took anything that did me so much good. I only took two bottles and I would not take \$100 for the good they did me. I recommend them to my patients, and get the best results from their use. C. B. Mercer, M.D.

Thousands are being cured of Catarrh every year with Hall's Catarrh Cure, but no doctor has given up and said could not be cured. 75 cents a bottle. Sold by George R. Thomas, sole agent for Goderich.

FOUNTAIN OF HEALTH.—It removes the secretions, soothes the mucous surfaces of the head, throat, stomach, bowels and bladder, expelling Catarrh in all its forms. Price \$1.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO PURCHASE FROM YOUR DOMESTIC HAIR RESTORER.

W. J. C. Naftel, Druggist, etc., Agent for Goderich, Ont. 1901 3/4th.

The Cheap Tea Store.

JUST RECEIVED,

CANNED FRUITS

CANNED MEATS

Fresh Groceries

Crockery & Glassware

Teas a Specialty

SEALERS

Teas a Specialty.

GOOD HARVEST MITTS

G. H. OLD,

THE GROCER.

GODERICH,

July 23, 1883.

The political contest being over, the popular vote of the people is now cast in favor of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.—A tireless remedy for Cholera, Diarrhoea and all Summer complaints.

Many bodily ills result from habitual indigestion, and a "ne" constitution may be broken and ruined by simple neglect. There is no medicine equal to Ayer's Purgative to correct the evil, and restore the organs to their healthy and regular condition.

Crippled Cured.
A household remedy that will cure Rheumatism and like ailments, such as Sciatica, Sprains, Lame Back, &c., has long been needed, and an oil has been found in Dr. Dow's Sturgeon Oil.

Summer Boarding.
M. RICHARD HAWLEY'S Elegant Residence is now

MAITLAND PLACE!

OPEN FOR THE SUMMER

NICELY FURNISHED

TERMS:—Seven to Ten Dollars per Week.

DR. RYERSON,

THE WINDSOR HOTEL,

On Last Saturday of Every Month.

McCull Bros. & Co., Toronto.

LARDINE,

CYLINDER,

BOLT CUTTING,

WOOL OILS.

"LARDINE"

All the Highest Prizes!

R. W. McKenzie,

The Cheap Tea Store.

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The most miserable mortal in existence is probably the confirmed dyspeptic. Burdock's Blood Bitters cure 11 species and all diseases of the Stomach, Blood, Liver and Kidneys. Do not trust our word's apply but address the proprietors for proof.

THE UNIVERSAL RETALIATION of the Weymouth and Calli... is a restorative... it is a violation of nature's law... it is a violation of nature's law... it is a violation of nature's law...

GODERICH

PLANNING MILL

Buchanan, Lawson & Robinson

Sash, Doors & Blinds

Lumber, Lath, Shingles

ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS

LIVERPOOL-LONDON-DERRY-GLASGOW

Every Saturday From Quebec.

Summer Arrangement.

SEASON 13.

Passengers require to leave Goderich on Monday, Thursday, or Saturday.

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