

Out of the Garden.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

It was early in the morning, before the Exhibition opened, and the janitor had just dusted the picture frames, straightened the settees and ottomans, and adjusted the skylight shades satisfactorily, when he became conscious of the presence of a slight figure in black (in very shabby black, to say truth), hovering timidly beside his desk.

"Eh?" said Mr McAdam. "How ever did you get in?" The doors are now open yet."

"Oh, I am not one of the visitors," said Ellen Howard, with a faint smile. "I have a picture here—Ruth in the Harvest Field."

The old janitor rubbed his spectacle glasses.

"Ou, ay," said he; "I mind it. Hung away up above the light line, in the dark gallery, isn't it?"

"Has—has it been sold?" faltered Miss Howard, wincing a little at his words.

"No, it hasn't been sold," said McAdam, looking rather compassionately at the slim figure in its rusty crape garments.

"Has any one asked the price?"

"No; to my knowledge they haven't. But its dull this season," added McAdam, as Helen turned sadly away.

"If they should ask it's price," said she, "I would take ten dollars less than catalogue terms. You'll remember—No. 63301."

"Ou, ay, I'll nae forget, Miss," said the janitor. "But," he added to himself, as she glided away down the palm decorated staircase, "I'll hae nae occasion for remembering. That isna a picture likely to sell. Poor lassie! I might asnae feel sorry for her, if I didna see as much of this sort of thing."

Helen Howard fitted away down the street. At a little bookstore, where the sign, "Circulating Library" was prominently displayed, she stopped a second time, and peered wistfully in.

"My paper roses and lilies are in the window still," she said to herself. "I don't suppose any one has asked their price yet, either."

She went into the aesthetic doors of an "Art Bazaar" a few blocks further down, where she had two satin screens and a decorated wood-basket on sale. The fine lady behind the desk answered her timid enquiries rather tartly.

"No," said she, "they are not sold. And I think you may as well take them away, Miss Howard. We are cramped for room, and I do not think there is any more demand for that style of article."

Helen Howard went home sorrowful enough. Not that it was the first rebuff she had had. On the contrary, she was well used to this manner of reception. But she was beginning to comprehend the hopelessness of the thing.

"I don't understand it," she said to herself. "There ought to be some market for skilled labor in this great city. I am not strong enough to go out to domestic service, and I should not like associations of a factory. But what other way of earning a living is left to me?"

As she was carried swiftly around the wonderful curves of the Elevated Road, she looked down at the market gardens, whose varied shades of green lay like living mosaics in the sunshine. Women were working there—some pulling weeds, some gathering heads of lettuce into huge baskets.

"They are earning a living," she said, to herself. "They were not so unlucky as to be born ladies!"

Her mother sat on the veranda of the old stucco-fronted house, as she opened the gate and passed in. Of the great Howard estate, this house was all that remained. If they sold it, they would be none the richer, for it was mortgaged up to the very cap stones of the chimneys, but it was a shelter for Helen and her mother. The snow-bell trees were tremulous masses of whiteness, the roses hung on the standards, clusters of sweet, white and crimson plinks nodded along the paths. A robin whistled in the boughs of horse-chestnut trees, whose spikes of pearly flowers were just bursting into bloom—a pair of swallows chased each other around the tortuous roots of an ancient wistaria vine.

"Well dear, what luck?" said Mrs Howard, a fragile, transparent-looking little woman who wore her dyed silk gown as royally as if it had been a queen's robe.

"None at all!" sighed Helen.

"What are we to do?" said Mrs Howard.

Helen did not answer; she stood looking vaguely out at the roses swaying in the sunshine.

"Mother," she said, suddenly, "who is that down there calling the lilacs?"

"It is Mrs Sandifer's girl," said Mrs Howard. "They are to have a church entertainment tonight, and asked me for some flowers. And Miss Houghton has begged me for all the roses we can spare for her croquet breakfast tomorrow."

Did she invite us?

"No, of course not. She knows we have no gowns to wear on such an occasion as that, even if we had the disposition to come."

"Then she can't have the flowers," said Helen. "Mother, I have an inspiration. This old place has helped to impoverish us, with its taxes and interest assessments. Now it shall make us rich again. Every one of these flowers has a market value, and when our neighbors and acquaintances—I won't say friends, for we have no friends left—come here with their cool request for flowers, they might as well be picking our pockets."

"My dear child, are you crazy?" said Mrs Howard, opening her gentle eyes.

"No mother, only just coming into my heritage of common sense. You should see the crowds of people in the florists' shops. Roses represent so much money—every chime of lilies of the valley is conged with gold. No one can carry away so much as a sprig of white lilacs without leaving a silver pledge behind. And here is our garden at the mercy of a lot of female sharks, who scarcely even thank us for what we give them."

"But Helen, you can't go out into the streets as a flower girl."

"No," said Helen; "but I can sell flowers in another way. And I am, Mother, how much money have we left in the family purse?"

"Ninety cents," said Mrs Howard, with a pained look. "But I am expecting to hear from your Uncle Usamali every day and—"

"Never mind Uncle Gamaliel," said Helen. "Ninety cents is all the capital I need. It will enable me to buy a basket, and hire the services of Nora Reiridon for one day at least."

"A basket! Nora Reiridon!" ejaculated Mrs Howard, in hopeless bewilderment.

"Dear mother," coaxed Helen. "I know you think I have taken leave of my senses. But let me have my own way for once—only for once! Let me earn my living out of the garden, mother dear."

Mrs Howard said no more. She did not utter a remonstrance, neither did she ask a question, when she saw Helen out in the walks, cutting great perfumed masses of white lilacs, clusters of silvery "La France" roses, and velvet-red "Jacqueminots," piles of scented honey-suckle and branches of sweet lemon-verbena nor when she watched little Nora Reiridon, the washerwoman's daughter, set forth in a stiffly starched sun-bonnet, with a clean gingham frock, and a big basket of flowers on either arm.

"She is going to sit in the door of the little book-store," explained Helen. "The same book-store where those paper monstrosities of mine did not sell, and try her luck with the genuine, sweet-scented articles. Mrs Kydd will allow her there, and if it is to be a success, I can offer to pay her a trifling commission. Oh, mother, I do begin to feel a little hopeful at last. Just see how full the garden is! It is like a mine of gold—if only the gold can be transformed into a marketable article. No more giving away of our treasures to croquet breakfasts and church entertainments."

All the afternoon she watched the gate, and when at last she saw Nora Reiridon dancing along with an empty basket, her heart gave a great leap of joy.

"I've sold 'em all, Miss Helen!" cried the child. "Every bunch! And I've got my pocket full of money. And I'm to come tomorrow again. And please would you give me some sweet volaites extra for Mrs Kydd, for she gave me a sugar cake and a glass of water."

This was the beginning of Helen Howard's good fortune. If you care to know the end of it, it is chronicled substantially in a neat little florist's shop on upper Broadway, where the windows are full of smilax trained on strings, and rose-buds and lilies bedded on soft green moss, and which bears the sign, "Howard & Reiridon," for Nora has grown into a most hopeful young partner, and superintends the store, while Helen oversees two or three stout gardeners in the old home, where long ranges of hot-houses flash back the sunshine, and every inch of space is economized by flowering bushes and rows of bluebells, sweet-williams and snapdragons. Now Mrs Howard wears an undyed black silk every day, and talks of "my daughter's business enterprise" with pardonable pride.

"It is better than painting pictures or embroidering screens," says she. "And Helen is out in the open air so much that her cheeks are as red as roses. But I should never have ventured on such an experiment myself. It was Helen that thought of it. Helen always had a deal of originality in her nature."

A Sad Contemplation.

It is sad to contemplate the amount of physical suffering in the world. How many weary, broken down invalids there are to whom life is burdensome! The nervous debility and general weakness of those afflicted with lingering disease is best remedied by the invigorating powers of B. B. B.

An Awkward Age.

A girl of fourteen years asks for sympathy in the columns of the Louisville Courier-Journal, to which she writes the following: Thank goodness, I am nearly fifteen, I believe if I were to be fourteen any longer it would run me crazy. I'm very healthy, like fun and boys, and I am called "Tomboy" at home, and think the name suits me. One of my great trials is this: If I go to climbing on the chicken coop mamma says: "you ought to be ashamed; a great big fifteen-year-old-girl, thinking about beaux, to be climbing about like a boy!" Then, again, if I walk home from town with a boy, mamma says: "You little thirteen-year-old child, not quit playing with dolls, to go flying around with a boy!" I hate fourteen, because it is about this age a girl begins to squeeze her feet into shoes two sizes to small, and wear her gloves and bonnet in doors and out, and if a freckle gets on her face she wonders how in the world it did get there. Another trial is this: If you are in company and anything funny happens, your mother pinches you and says: "Don't open your mouth so wide when you laugh," instead of enjoying a good hearty one. If there is anything I hate it is tight shoes, bonnets and gloves, and squeezing your mouth up to laugh.

Cured by B. B. B. When all Else Failed.

Mr Samuel Allan, of Lisle, Ont., states that he tried all the doctors in his locality while suffering for years with Liver and Kidney trouble; nothing benefited him until he took Burdock Blood Bitters, four bottles of which cured him. 2

The Lie Confessed.

I heard a story the other day, writes a friend and correspondent, which amused me. An old lady said:—

When my father moved into the new country, one of us told a lie. My mother could not ascertain the culprit, but a lie lay between us.

"Well," said she, "you will escape now, but you may be sure I will know at some day which of you has told the lie."

Weeks passed on and nothing more was said on the subject. My father lived in a log house, which contained one room below and one above. The children slept in the chamber. One night a tremendous wind arose and at midnight blew off the entire roof of the house. My mother, alarmed at the crash, ran up the ladder, and putting her head into the roofless chamber, cried:

"Children, are you all there?"

"Yes, mother!" piped a small, terrified voice; "yes mother, we are all here, and if the day of judgment has come, it was me who told the lie!"

To "how many" children of larger growth does a similar repentance come and from a similar cause—the still small voice and the storm?

The Modus Operandi.

The operating of Burdock Blood Bitters is that it acts at once and the same time upon the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys and the Blood, to cleanse, regulate and strengthen. Hence its almost universal value in Chronic Complaints.

Araid the Queen Would Feet Hurt.

A friend of mine told me of a pathetic incident that took place the other evening when the Britishers were being naturalized. One old fellow could see the print on the naturalization paper, so he got a friend to read it. When the word renounce forever all allegiance and fidelity to every foreign prince, state, potentate and sovereignty whatsoever—more especially to Victoria, Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland," were reached—the old man's eyes grew moist, and he said with a tone of sadness in his voice: "I've been a faithful subject of her for more than thirty five years, and I don't know how she'll feel about it."

But then the thought of the Republic where he had made his home for years came to him and, rubbing his big hand across his eyes, he signed the paper that made him a citizen. I repeat the story because it seems to me to illustrate so well the peculiar feeling of loyalty which animates an Englishman, not only toward his "tight little Isle," but toward the sovereign who represents its Government.

Reliable Remedy for Rheumatism.

Procure a bottle of Hagar's Yellow Oil from your medicine dealer, and use according to directions. It cured Ida Johnson, of Cornell, Ont., of that complaint, and she recommends it as a sure cure. For 25 years it has never failed to give satisfaction. 2

An Excellent Reason.

Minister (dining with the family)—You never go fishing on Sundays, do you, Bobby?

Bobby—Oh no, sir.

Minister—That's right, Bobby. Now, can you tell me why you don't go fishing on Sunday?

Bobby—Yes, sir. Pa says he doesn't want to be bothered with me.

Prof Low's Magic Sulphur Soap.

Healing, soothing and cleansing for all curative diseases of the skin. Delightful for toilet use. 1m

The Minister's Reason for Borrowing.

Peter Brooks' maxim was that the whole value of wealth consists in the personal independence it secures. A New York merchant named Porter had a clerical friend between whom and himself existed great intimacy. Every Saturday night a note would come to Porter from the preacher, requesting the loan of a five dollar bill. The money was always restored punctually at 8 o'clock on the ensuing Monday morning. But what puzzled Porter was the fact that the money returned was always the identical money that was borrowed.

One Saturday evening Porter sent a \$5 gold piece instead of a note and marked it. Still the very same coin was returned on Monday. Porter became nervous and bilious over it; he could hardly sleep at night for thinking about it. He would wake his wife in the middle of the night and ask her what she thought about the strange thing. He was fast boiling over with curiosity, when a note came from the reverend borrower one Christmas eve, asking for ten dollars.

A brilliant thought now struck him. He put on his overcoat, resolved to call and demand an explanation of the mystery. When shown into his friend's study he found him plunged into the profoundest melancholy.

"Mr. B.," said he, "if you will answer me one question, I will let you have that money. How does it happen that you borrow on Saturday night in the very same coin or note on Monday?"

The preacher raised his head, and after a violent internal struggle, as though he were about to unveil his soul's most hoarded mystery, said in a faltering tone:

"Porter, you are a gentleman, a Christian and a New Yorker. I know I can rely on your inviolable secrecy. Listen to the secret of my eloquence. You know I am poor, and when, on Saturday, I have bought my Sunday dinner I have seldom a cent left in my pocket. Now, I maintain that no man can preach the Gospel and blow up his congregation properly without he has something in his pocket to inspire confidence. I have, therefore, borrowed \$5 of you every Saturday, that I might feel it occasionally as I preached, on Sunday. You know how independently I do preach—how I make the rich fellows shake in their shoes. Well, it is all owing to my knowing that I have a five dollar bill in my pocket. Of course, never having to use it for any other purpose, it is not changed, but invariably returned to you. But tomorrow George Lay is coming to hear me preach, and I thought I would try the effect of a ten dollar sermon on him."

Diphtheria.

"Last January," says J N Teeple, of Orwell, Ont., "there appeared diphtheria in our neighborhood. Doctors ran night and day, but I kept right to Hagar's Yellow Oil and brought my children through all right." Yellow Oil cures all painful complaints and injuries. 2

Stick to the Wood.

A man has just been poisoned by eating a nutmeg. If people will only confine themselves to the fresh ones of modern make, made of basswood, there is no danger, but so long as they will monkey with the old fashioned, stale varieties made by nature, they must expect to suffer the consequence. — Danville Breeze.

BLEEDING NOSTRILS.—It has done me so much good, I want you to send me two more bottles immediately. I have been afflicted with Catarrh for over ten years—frequently my nose would bleed and leave the nostrils in a dry, inflamed condition, with constant soreness. I experienced relief after the first trial of Ely's Cream Balm. It is the best of a great many remedies I have tried, and I can fully recommend it.—E. Gill, Madison, O., Editor of the Index.

not as Bad as Reported.

Little girl—I hear that your pa boxed both of your ears on the street yesterday. Little boy—Boxed my ears! Now that goes to show now you can only believe one-half you hear. He only boxed one of my ears. I dodged the second tick. It wasn't on the street; it was on our stoop.

A Narrow Escape.

People who are exposed to the sudden changes of our northern climate have little chance of escaping colds, coughs, sore throat and lung troubles. The best safe-guard is to keep Hagar's Pectoral Balm at hand. It is a quick relief and reliable cure for such complaints. 2

On the Train.

Old lady—Conductor, I hope there ain't going to be a collision.

Conductor—I guess not.

Old Lady—I want you to be very careful. I've got two dozen eggs in this basket.

The distressing paleness so often observed in young girls and women, is due in a great measure to a lack of the red corpuscles in the blood. To remedy this requires a medicine which produces these necessary little blood constituents, and the best yet discovered is Johnson's Tonic Bitters. Price 50 cents, and \$1 per bottle at Good's drug store, Albion block, Goderich. Sole agent. [b]

Knew What Was What.

Omaha customer—I want a box of her-ring.

Honest Grocer—Yes sir, dried?

"No, packed in cotton seed oil."

"Yes, sir. John, bring me a can of those imported sardines."

Freeman's Worm Powders are safe in all cases. They destroy and remove Worms in children or adults. 1m

A Well-Trained Man.

Peddler—I'd like to see the master of the house.

Mr Poodle—Er—come in and take a seat and I'll call my wife.

Dr Low's Worm Syrup will remove all kinds of Worms from children or adults. 1m

In Brief, and to the Point.

Dyspepsia is dreadful. Disordered liver is misery. Indigestion is a foe to good nature.

The human digestive apparatus is one of the most complicated and wonderful things in existence. It is easily put out of order.

Greasy food, tough food, sloppy food, bad cookery, mental worry, late hours, irregular habits, and many other things which ought not to be, have made the American people a nation of dyspeptics. But Green's August Flower has done a wonderful work in reforming this sad business and making the American people so healthy that they can enjoy their meals and be happy.

Remember—No happiness without health. But Green's August Flower brings health and happiness to the dyspeptic. Ask your druggist for a bottle. Seventy-five cents. Cowly Even So.

The man who blows into the muzzle of a gun to see whether it's loaded or not, generally finds out, but he doesn't seem to remember it long.

National Pills are unsurpassed as a safe, mild, yet thorough, purgative, acting upon the biliary organs promptly and effectually. 1m

Consult is remembered by his hat, and Garibaldi for his red flannel shirt, and yet it is said clothes do not make the man.

Hay fever is a type of catarrh having peculiar symptoms. It is attended by an inflamed condition of the lining membranes of the nostrils, tear-ducts and throat, affecting the lungs. An acrid mucous is secreted, the discharge is accompanied by a burning sensation. There are severe spasms of sneezing, frequent attacks of headache, watery and inflamed eyes. Ely's Cream Balm is a remedy that can be depended upon. 50cts. at druggists; by mail, registered, 60cts. Ely Brothers, Druggists, Oswego, New York.

The Canadian Pacific Railway

The People's Favorite Route between MONTREAL, TORONTO, QUEBEC, KINGSTON, OTTAWA, BOSTON, DETROIT, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, KANSAS CITY.

AND ALL POINTS EAST AND WEST.

For Maps, Time Tables, Fares, Tickets, &c. apply to

R. RADCLIFFE, Agent.

OFFICE:—West Street, Opposite Telegraph Office. Don't Forget the Place. Goderich, Jan. 11th, 1887. 2038

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE BILIOUSNESS, DIZZINESS, DYSPEPSIA, DROPSY, INDIGESTION, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, JAUNDICE, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, DRI NESS OF THE SKIN, HEADACHE, AND every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

C. L. McINTOSH

Next door to Rhymer's Drug Store, keeps constantly adding to his well-selected stock, choice

Fresh Groceries,

which will be found to compare favorably with any other stock in this vicinity.

TEAS AND SUGARS

A SPECIALTY.

In returning thanks to my customers for their patronage, I would also invite any others who will, to call and inspect my stock.

C. L. McINTOSH

South-West side of the Square, Goderich, Feb. 18th, 1888.

Every Man in Business should get his Office Stationery Printed.

DO NOT TEAR SHEETS OUT OF YOUR ACCOUNT BOOKS TO WRITE ON. BUT GET YOUR

Bill Heads, Statements, Note Heads, Letter Heads, Memo. Heads, Counter Pads, Shipping Tags, Business Cards, Circulars, Envelopes, etc

PROPERLY PRINTED ON GOOD PAPER,

and then it will be a pleasure for you to hear your corresponding well as helping to advertise your business.

READ THIS.

Our Stock of Printing Stationery, consisting of all the leading grades of Plain and Linen, ruled and un-

ruled papers, Cards, Envelopes, &c., is the most complete we have handled, and we guarantee the quality

and price to suit all who will favor us with their orders. Call and see our samples and get our prices

"THE SIGNAL"

NORTH-ST., GODERICH.