

IVALS. BROWN. LOBSFER. n & Co's. SUGARS. EM. Hainn. RILLA. ON. CITY. DENVER. CALIFORNIA. HEAT. Pacific R.R. COTA. 1881. ST. PAUL MINN.

Fun and Fancy.

"If it were customary in this country to confer titles upon individuals of rank in literature," asked a shallow but contented journalist of an old one, "what would I be?" "Baron of ideas," was the response. Brother Gardner, of the Detroit Linnikin Club, is a philosopher who keeps his eyes open. According to the Press Free, he closed the last meeting of the club with this check of common wisdom: "Remember, as we percolate homeward, that while a pussan may have a voice like a tordayn and a mouth like a woodshed, de m n who winks with the left eye allus gets the best glass of sudy water." A letter addressed to "Mr. Obedient Servant, Custom House, New Bedford," recently found its way to the proper office. It was a reply to one sent from the custom house, and the writer evidently that Obedient Servant was the person who had written to him, while the scrawl under these words was interpreted by him as a flourish which so many people make under their names. While Judge Joseph F. Barard was presiding in the Supreme Court recently a lawyer, not over stocked in the upper story, and noted for verbosity and shallowness, was trying a case before him. The case was plain, so there was little use for argument, and Master Shallow had the strong side, but he was determined to "improve the occasion." The Judge leaned over and said: "Mr. — the Court is still with you, notwithstanding your argument." A lady had in her employ an excellent girl who had one fault. Her face was always in a smudge. Mrs. ——— tried to tell her to wash her face without offending her, and at last she resorted to strategy. "Do you know, Bridget," she remarked in a confidential manner, "it is said if you wash the face every day in hot soapy water it will make you beautiful?" "Will it?" answered the wily Bridget. "Sure it's a wonder you never tried it ma'am." Another mistress who had just hired a new cook, made a tour of inspection after she had kept her a week, and found a policeman locked up in the pantry. "How did this man get here?" asked the lady, severely. "I'm sure I don't know," answered the girl; "he must have been left over by the old cook!"

Farm and Garden.

When sows eat their young it denotes that the wants of the system have not previously been supplied. It is often owing to the failure to give them a liberal supply of salt before farrowing. Stuff the skin of a cat until it looks like life, then set it on the limb of a tree, or in some natural position on a strawberry bed; if the position is changed every day it will effectually frighten away birds. At three feet apart each way there are 4,800 hills on an acre. Potatoes yielding only one bushel to every 30 hills would give upward of 100 bushels per acre. That is much above the average crop, even good years, shows how great are the possibilities for improvement in potato growing. A preparation made with one pound of soap (soft or hard) with an ounce of carbolic acid crystals dissolved in water, will destroy vermin, itch, scurf and m. use. The preparation as given above should be diluted in warm water before being applied to the animal, and it will not injure the hair. A piece of rye near a poultry house is very useful during the fall and spring, and sometimes in the winter, as a hen pasture. The sowing of grain in their yards is also an excellent plan. What is scratched out will be eaten up clean, and plenty of scratching and green food are what they need. Gooseberries delight in a heavy soil, rich and well drained. When grown in the single bush form the berries become yearly fewer and smaller, and soon cease to be profitable. Encourage the growth of shoots from the root by removing the old wood as often as necessary, and far from crops and much time fruit will invariably be the result, whether in garden or in field culture. Experiments have established the fact that there are no bad results from breeding large sized stallions to small mares; but, on the contrary, the offspring make most desirable roadsters and coach horses. One Western farmer bred a Percheron stallion, weighing 2,300 pounds, to an Indian mare, weighing only 400 pounds, producing in the cross an animal 16 hands high, of fine music and action. It is a mistake to suppose that a tile drain two and a half or three feet deep will drain a hollow ten to twenty feet distant. Perhaps it may slowly, but in a very wet season, wheat and clover will kill out at such a distance from a drain. If the ditch is made four feet deep it will drain a wider surface; but a better way is to make a side drain to the places where water is known to stand in a wet time. Leached ashes are good for almost any crop, but should be applied with other fertilizers that contain vegetable substances, like barn manure; thus applied on most of soils, and for nearly all crops, 25 cents a bushel would be cheaper than commercial fertilizers. Fifty bushels of ashes applied to an acre of land in connection with two cords of good stable manure would produce better results for most crops than 150 bushels applied without other fertilizers, or five cords of stable manure applied with no other fertilizer with it. There are many ways of preparing soft food for poultry that we could not recommend, though practiced to a great extent by experienced poultryers. By far the greater number of beginners mix it too wet and sloppy, and give it as a thick, porridgey mass, which clings to the beaks of the fowls. Such feeding often causes diarrhoea, and in any case will rarely produce a proper egg return. All meals, whether intended for young or old fowls, should be mixed firm and short, so that the whole mass will crumble by handling. Food so mixed does make good, for the reason that it is more wholesome in itself and more enjoyed. Meal combined with potatoes need not be mixed quite so dry, but all soft food, rightly prepared, will be hard enough to break and crumble if thrown upon the ground. Force of Imagination. During a recent lecture, Dr. Noble vouched for the truth of the following anecdote of M. Boutibouze, a French savant, in illustration of the power of imagination;—M. Boutibouze served in Napoleon's army, and was present at many engagements during the early part of the present century. At the battle of Wagram, in 1809, he was engaged in the fray; the ranks around him had been terribly thinned by shot, and at sunset he was nearly isolated. While reloading his musket he was shot down by a cannon ball. His impression was that the ball had passed through his legs below the knees, separating them from the thighs, for he suddenly sank down shortened, as he believed to the extent of a foot in measurement. The trunk of the body fell backward on the ground, and the senses were completely paralysed by the shock. Thus he lay motionless amid the wounded and dead during the rest of the night, not daring to move a muscle lest the loss of blood should be fatally increased. He felt no pain, but this he attributed to the stunning effect of the shock to the brain and nervous system. At early dawn he was aroused by one of the medical staff, who came along to help the wounded. "What is the matter with you my good fellow?" asked the surgeon. "Ah! touch me tenderly," replied M. Boutibouze. "I beseech you; a cannon ball has carried off my legs." The surgeon examined the limbs referred to, and then, giving him a good shake, said with a joyous laugh: "Get up with you; you have nothing the matter with you!" M. Boutibouze immediately sprang up in utter astonishment, and stood firmly on the legs which he thought he had lost forever. "I felt more thankful," said M. Boutibouze, "than I had ever done in the

whole course of my life before. I had not a wound about me. I had, indeed, been shot down by an immense cannon-ball; but instead of passing through my legs, as I firmly believed it had, the ball had passed under my feet and had plowed a hole in the earth beneath, at least a foot in depth, into which my feet suddenly sank, giving me the idea that I had been thus shortened by the loss of my legs."

Grace in Little Things.

There is an old story of a certain minister, who, in arranging his toilet for his parochial calls, found a button gone from his shirt collar, and all at once the good man's patience left him. He fretted and scolded and said undignified and unkind things, until the tired wife burst into tears and escaped to her room. The hours of the afternoon wore away, and it was when the parson called on brother Jones, who was all bowed down with rheumatism, and found patient and even cheerful; upon young brother Hall waiting away with consumption, and found him anxious to go and be with Christ; upon good old grandmother Smith, in her poor, miserable hovel of a home, and found her singing one of the good old hymns, as happy as a bird; upon young Mrs. Brown, who had a few weeks before buried her only child, and found her trustful and serene in the view of God's love which had come to her through her affliction. The minister went home filled with what he had seen; and when evening came, and he was seated in his easy chair, his good wife near him, busy with her needle, he could not help saying: "What a wonderful thing grace is! How much it will do! There is nothing beyond its power! Wonderful! It can do all things!" Then the little wife said: "Yes, it is wonderful, indeed; but there is one thing that the grace of God does not seem to have power to do." "Ah, what can that be?" asked the husband. "Why, it does not seem to have power to control a minister's temper when his shirt-button is gone."

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MRS. S. WARNOCK. Mrs. Warnock, a French savant, in illustration of the power of imagination;—M. Boutibouze served in Napoleon's army, and was present at many engagements during the early part of the present century.

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