

The Poet's Corner.

The Poet's Corner.

O Mary, go and call the cattle home.
And call the cattle home.
Across the meads of dew.
The western wind was wild and dank with foam.
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand.
And o'er and o'er the sand.
And round and round the sand.
As far as eye could see.
The blinding mist came down and hid the land.
And never home came she.

O it is wood, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress of golden hair.
Of drowned maiden's hair—
Above the nest at sea.
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair.
Among the stakes on Dee.

They rowed her across the rolling foam—
The cruel crawling foam.
The cruel, hungry foam.
To her grave beside the sea.
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home.
Across the baysides of Dee.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Don't Stop My Paper.

Don't stop my paper, printer.
Don't strike my name off yet;
You know the times are stringent,
And dollar's hard to get;
But tag a little longer,
Is what I mean to do.
And scrape the dimes together,
Enough for me and you.

I can't afford to drop it;
I find it doesn't pay
To do without a paper.
However others may;
I hate to ask my neighbors
To give me theirs on loan;
They don't just say, but mean it,
Why don't you have your own?

You can't tell how we miss it,
If it, by any fate,
Should happen not to reach us.
Or come a little late;
Then all is in a hubbub,
And things go all awry.
And printer, if you're married,
You know the reason why.

The children want their stories,
And wife is anxious, too.
At first to glance it over,
And then to read it through.
And I to read the leaders,
And scan the correspondence.
And every scrap of news.

I cannot do without it.
It is no use to try.
For other people take it,
And printer, so must I.
I, too, must keep the posted,
And know what's going on.
Or feel and be accounted,
A forlorn specimen.

Then take it kindly, printer.
If pay be somewhat slow,
For cash is not so plenty,
And wants not few, you now.
But I must have my paper.
Cost what it may to me.
I'd rather dock my sugar,
And do without my tea.

So, printer, don't you stop it,
Unless you want my frown.
For here's the year's subscription,
And credit it right down.
And send the paper promptly,
And regularly on.
And let it bring us weekly
Its welcomed benison.

Words of Wisdom.

Sin has a great many tools; but a lie
is the handle which fits them all.

Ceremonies differ in every country;
but true politeness is ever the same.

The firefly only shines when on the
wing. So it is with the mind; when
once we rest we darken.

God is better served in resisting a
temptation to evil than in many formal
prayers.

You may shrink from the far-reaching
solitudes of your heart, but no other
foot than yours can tread them.

Poverty often deprives a man of all
spirit and virtue. It is hard for an empty
bag to stand upright.

It is with youth as with plants; from
the first fruits they bear we learn what
may be expected in future.

The time for reasoning is before we
have approached near enough to the for-
bidden fruit to look at it and admire.

Nature makes us poor when we want
necessaries, but custom gives the name of
poverty to the want of superfluities.

He who is false to the present duty
breaks a thread in the loom, and will see
the effect when the weaving of lifetime
is unravelled.

Those who, without knowing us, think
or speak evil of us; do us no harm; it is
not us they attack, but the phantom of
their own imagination.

There is a joy in good fortune. There
is a far higher in the mind's gain of
knowledge or truth. But there is no joy
like the joy of resolved virtue.

Praise, like gold and diamonds, owes
its value only to its scarcity. It becomes
cheap as it becomes vulgar, and will no
longer raise expectation or animate en-
terprise.

Words of praise, indeed, are almost as
necessary to warm a child into a genial
life as acts of kindness or affection.
Judicious praise is to child what the
sun is to flowers.

There is nothing keeps longer than a
minding fortune, and nothing melts
away sooner than a great one. Poverty
treads upon the heels of great and unex-
pected riches.

The fairest flower in the garden of
creation is a young mind offering and un-
folding itself to the influence of divine
wisdom, as the heliotrope turns its sweet
blossoms to the sun.

Faith evermore overlooks the difficul-
ties of the way, and bends her eyes only
to the end. She looks back to the Cross
and is at peace; and forward to the
crown, and pants for its possession.

God is not like a proud benefactor,
who is content with doing that which
will satisfy his sense of his own glory,
but like a mother who puts her arm
around her child, and whose heart is
sore till she can make her child see the
love which is her glory.—George Mac-
donald.

Fun and Fancy.

Never bother a tailor long at any time.
He may have pressing business to attend to.

An Ithaca little girl, attempting to
describe an elephant, spoke of it as "that
thing-that picks up with its nose."

Did you ever know a man who talked
much of himself who did not have a poor
subject for conversation.

"How far is it to Clinton, if I keep
straight on?" "Well, about 25,000
miles, but if you turn the other way it's
about half a mile!"

"There," says a charming lady, with
a naive expression that made her face
radiant, pointing to an ebony case of
china-ware; "that is my brick-bat cabi-
net."

PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.—A very rich
man said, "I worked like a slave till I
was forty to make my fortune, and I've
been watching it like a detective ever
since for my lodging, food and clothes."

Whenever you find a house with a
motto: "Welcome" hung so that it
catches every eye, you needn't be sur-
prised at a cold dinner and a hint that
keeping boarding-house doesn't pay in
these times.—(Detroit Free Press.)

Fashionable young lady at a social ga-
thering remarks, jestingly: "I wonder
how much I would bring if I was put up
at auction and sold to the highest bid-
der?" "Just about \$3,000." "Why,
my jewelry alone is worth that." "Yes;
that's what I put it down in my estimate."

An Englishman says that no other peo-
ple in the world, so far as he knows, can
equal the Arkansans off-hand exagg-
erations. "Do you see that spring over
there, stranger?" said one of them to
him. He said he did, whereupon the
settler added: "Well, that's an iron
spring, that is, and it's a mighty power-
ful that the farmers' horses about here
that drink the water of it never have to
be shod." The shoes just grow on their
feet naturally."

Somebody asked Baron Rothschild to
take venison. "No," replied the Baron;
"I never eat venison. I don't think it
is as good as mutton." "Oh," said the
Baron's friend, "I wonder at you saying
so. If venison is not better than mutton,
why does venison cost so much more?"
"Vy," replied the Baron, "I will tell
you vy. In diash world the people always
prefer wat ish deer to wat ish sheep."

Pretty Prattler (after the wedding
breakfast departure of the happy pair).
Child—"Why do they throw things at
the pretty lady in the carriage?" Young
Lady—"For luck, dear." Child—"And
why doesn't she throw them back?"
Young Lady—"No that would be rude."
Child (promptly)—"No, it wouldn't.
Ma does!" Pleasant for ma—and pa—
who overhear, and know that others
overhear also.

"Oh, pahaw!" petulantly exclaimed
Miss Lydia Languish, looking up from
the last new novel in response to a re-
quest from her mother to come and
assist in preparing dinner. "Oh, pahaw!
I am just where Edward de Courcy
Montalbert is about to propose to the
Lady Ethelinda Adele St. Clair, and I
wish dinner had never been invented!"
And the look of supreme disgust that
dashed from her eyes showed that she
meant it.

Very ready to relinquish his loot when
there was no help for it was a Chicago
negro, caught by a poultry fancier in the
act of carrying off some of his live stock,
challenged "What are you doing with
my chickens?" "I was gwine ter fetch
'em back, boss," explained he. "Dere's
a nigger run' here what's been disputin'
along er me 'bout dem chickens. I said
dey was Coachin' Chyniz, an' I was jest
takin' 'em run' fer ter 'stablish my nollid-
ge. Dey don't lay no aigs, does dey,
boss? Ef dey does, I'm mighty shamed
of hustlin' 'em run' aigs is case."

Some forty years since a shoemaker
resided in Brechin, Forfarshire, who,
like many other followers of the craft,
must have been something of an humour-
ist, for he fixed a signboard over the door
of his shop, on which was painted a
pair of torn and a pair of mended shoes.
With the following inscription beneath:
—When boots and shoes are nearly ended,
Here they can be neatly mended.
—By George Tytler.

But gentle folks, what do you think?
I must have the ready chick.

Mr. Samuel Poole, owner of a saw mill
at Lake Opinicon, is missing. He was
last seen at Kingston, where he purchased
some provisions.

PRaise and APPRECIATION.—There are
persons in this world—and the pity is
that there are not more of them—who
care less for praise than for appreciation.
They have an ideal after which they are
striving, but of which they consciously
fall short, as every one who has a lofty
ideal is sure to do. When that ideal is
recognized by another, and they are
praised or commended for something—
let that something be important or not—
in its direction, they are grateful, not
for the praise, but for appreciation. An
element of sympathy enters into that
recognition, and they feel that they have
something in common with the observer
who admires what they admire, and
praises what they think is most worthy
of praise.

FAST TROTTING.

An Interview with Mr. Bonner—He Pre-
dicts That All Fast Records will be Broken.

N. Y. Herald.—Although the remark-
able performance of St. Julien in trotting
a mile in 2:11½ has excited admiring
comment in sporting circles, Mr. Robert
Bonner is confident that one or two of
his famous horses can lower the time still
further. Mr. Bonner is of the opinion
that the fastest possible time has by no
means been made by trotting horses, and
that a mile in 2:06 may some time be
reached. He expects soon to afford the
public the opportunity of witnessing the
attempt of Rarus to trot a mile in quick-
er time, or he may put Edwin Forest on
his mettle to beat any time yet made.

A Herald reporter asked Mr. Bonner
yesterday whether he thought the record
contained the fastest time that could be
made in a mile trot.

"I do not think so," replied Mr. Bon-
ner emphatically, "for the reason that I
have timed Rarus myself in 2:11½ on a
three-quarter track. I consider Rarus a
faster horse than St. Julien, and I think
nearly all experienced horsemen will tell
you the same thing, although I think
very highly of St. Julien. The trotting
record will possibly yet be lowered to
2:06, 2:07, or 2:08. Some horsemen
think that two minutes will be reached,
but I hardly expect that. Rarus, I am
confident, can trot a mile on a mile track
in 2:10 or better. You see I am limited
on my farm to a three-quarter track, as
it is difficult among the hills of Westches-
ter county to get a mile track and have
it level. When Lady Suffolk trotted in
2:26½, or Flora Temple in 2:19½, it was
thought that the record could not be
beaten. There was a same opinion about
Dexter's trotting in 2:17½, and I may
say here that there are horsemen who
think his equal has never been foal-
ed. Eight or ten years ago, however,
tracks were not planned as level as billiard
tables, toe-weights were unknown, and
instead of forty-eight and fifty pound
sulkies they had sulkies weighing seventy-
five or eighty pounds. Now, the fastest
mile to wagon was that made by Edwin
Forest in 2:15½, and although I paid
\$16,000 for him he wouldn't have been
worth \$500 without toe-weights. To-
day I wouldn't take \$500,000 for him, as
I consider him the greatest wagon-horse
in the world. Maud S. wouldn't prob-
ably have been worth \$500 without 'toe-
weights' either. When Mr. Vanderbilt
bought her he wouldn't use them, but
Maud S. couldn't go faster than an ordi-
nary road horse without them, and now
she trots with toe-weights. As to the
lighter sulkies we have to-day, we are
getting the trotting record so near to the
running horse time that every pound
tells. Take two thoroughbred horses in
England worth, for speed, 10,000 and
2,000 respectively, put 20 pounds more
weight on the former than on the latter,
and the 12,000-guinea horse will beat his
higher priced rival. As we have 10
horses to-day that can beat 2:00 for one
horse that could beat it before the intro-
duction of toe-weights, I believe we shall
have still greater improvements that will
materially reduce the record.

"From what stock is the finest trot-
ting performance likely to be obtained?"
"We want a greater infusion of thor-
oughbred blood in our trotting horses.
That will give them more speed and en-
durance. Fifteen or twenty years ago we
looked to Maine and Vermont for trot-
ting horses. During the last ten years
or so Orange county has been drawn upon,
where there is more thoroughbred blood,
and now we are getting horses from Ken-
tucky who are still more thoroughbred.
Although there is a difference of opinion
among horsemen as to the breeding, it is
conceded that if you want to breed a 2:30
you can do so with more certainty
by confining yourself to our trotting
horses; but if you want a good one in the
future, you must have an infusion of
thoroughbred blood."

In view of St. Julien's recent record
the reporter recalled to Mr. Bonner his
offer of \$100,000 some years ago for a
horse that could beat a certain performance
of Dexter.

"I made such an offer," replied Mr.
Bonner, "when I drove Dexter to road
wagon on Prospect park in 2:21½. He
carried 319 pounds on that occasion, be-
ing timed by Messrs. William M. Parks,
James Bache, George C. Hall and several
other gentlemen. I offered \$100,000 for
any horse that could equal that perform-
ance with such a weight."

The reporter suggested that if Rarus
could bring St. Julien's record down to
2:09 a public trial of speed would be
keenly appreciated. Mr. Bonner then
made the following announcement:

"I intend shortly to let Rarus or
Edwin Forest trot a mile on a mile track,
although I cannot to-day give the particu-
lars. I am satisfied that Rarus can
beat any horse in the world. I will not
let my horses trot in public for money,
and unless you go for money the horse
receives no record for his performance.
As I never trot my horses for money, if
Rarus should make 2:10 at the public
performance I have spoken off he would
not get this technical record no matter
how many thousand spectators witnessed
the feat."

A 300-pound bear was shot at Bear-
brook on Wednesday night. It had
killed several calves during the week.

E. L. JOHNSON.

Photographer.

Corner Hamilton Street and Square.

LARGE PICTURES A SPECIALTY.

1751

HOP BITTERS.

(A Medicine, not a Drink.)

CONTAINS

HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION.

AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALI-
TIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.

THEY CURE

All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood,
Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Her-
vices, Sleeplessness and especially
Female Complaints.

\$1000 IN GOLD.

Will be paid for a case they will not cure or
help, or for anything impure or injurious
found in them.

Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try
them before you sleep. Take no other.

D. J. C. is an absolute and irrefragable cure for
Drunkennes, use of opium, tobacco and
narcotics.

SEEN BY DR. CHASE.

All show sold by druggists.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

Prepared by E. L. Johnson, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

JOHN ACHESON

has opened out during the past few weeks, nearly

\$6,000 worth of New Goods

HE WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD.

Inspection of my Mammoth Stock is respectfully invited. Every line complete.

1752 JOHN ACHESON, Square, Goderich.