The Poet's Corner.

When to be Born.

Born on a Monday,
Fair of face;
Born on a Tuesday,
Full of God's grace;
Born on a Wednesday,
Merry and glad;
Born on a Thursday,
Sour and sad;
Born on a Friday,
Godly given;
Born on a Saturday,
Work for a living;
Born on a Sunday,
Never shall want;
So there's the week,
And the end on't.

The Pastor.

They carried pie to the pastor's house,
And they scattered the floor with crumbs,
And marked the leaves of his choicest books
With the prints of their greasy thumbs.

They piled his dishes high and thick
With a lot of unhealthy cake.
While they gobbled the buttered toast and rolls
Which the pastor's wife did make.

They hung round Clytie's classic neck
Their apple-parings in sport,
And even laughed when a clumsy lout
Spilt his tea on the pianoforte.

Next day the parson went down on his knees
With his wife, but not to pray:
Oh no; 'twas to scrape the grease and dirt
From the carpet and stairs away.

Our Forests.

Report on the necessity of preserving and replanting forest. Compiled at the instance of the government of Ontario. By R. W. Phipps, Toronto. Printed by C. Blackett Robinson, 1883.

Official reports are generally to be classed among what Charles Lamb calls *biblia a biblia*—"books that are not books," books that have no interest for the general reader, but are merely used for a special purpose; such as dictionaries, guide books, maps. But this has no application to such a report as that which the Ontario Government have just issued on the important subject of forestry—important because where Homer of old wrote the line, "*As is the life of trees, such is the life of man*," he expressed unconsciously a deep scientific truth which it is the interest of all classes in our province to ponder—a truth which Mr. Mowat, who appears to have selected the right man for the work he wishes to be done, has commissioned Mr. Phipps to elucidate for the public benefit. This has been done, we may say exhaustively, in the admirable report now supplied free of expense to the province.

Specialist scientific works are not for the general reader, with the exception of those by a few brilliant writers, who know the secret of combining the charm of popular style with the profundity of science, such as Tyndal, Huxley, and in the last century the pious and gifted Priestly. To this class of scientists the present report makes it evident that R. W. Phipps belongs. No farmer, no lady, no literary man who once begins it can fail to be charmed into reading to the end. As a confirmation of what has been said as to felicity of style, we extract the following most picturesque description of the original forests of this part of Ontario—it forms the opening passage of the report:—

"When the paddles of the Frenchmen first broke the clear waters of Toronto bay, and their canoes grated on the bright beach of sand that then surrounded that harbor, Ontario, from the Detroit to the Ottawa, was roofed with a roof of the forest. It contained at that time, as has been well remarked by one of the best qualified judges in the United States, perhaps the most valuable masses of timber which ever existed in a region of its size. There were hundreds of thousands—nay, there were millions of acres of magnificent maples, two feet—three—four feet through, their rugged trunks rising clear, separate, distinct to the lofty arches of the forest, like the pillars of some great cathedral, overshadowing and crushing out their ponderous vitality all inferior growths, so that below a carriage might have been driven for many miles in any direction, unimpeded through the park-like woodland. There were vast sections of beech timber, their clear blue-grey stems standing far away in the indefinite perspective of the forest, and here and there reflecting from their shining surfaces the occasional rays by which the sun was able to penetrate the mass of foilage overhead—great trees—three, or even four fourteen feet logs to the trunk, a reservoir of pine-wood which would have lasted all the carpenters of the world for a century. There was white-oak, would have ribbed the navies of Europe, and ash sufficient to plank them all to the water-line. There are many perfect works in forest, there is none more perfect than the white ash. Its shaft, round and perpendicular, sheathed in serrated bark of clear cut channels, unique in their beauty, forms a picture the very axe might be loth to destroy. There were hickory trees by millions, the shaggy outer-covering hanging in strips from the huge red-brown trunks, had kept the world in axe handles till doomsday. There were miles upon miles—there were hundreds of miles upon miles of wide-spreading cedar flats, where the traveller's foot might all day long press the mossy covering of their procumbent and gigantic roots, while around him still arose on all sides the upright shafts, the curious leaning branches of that most picturesque of trees. There were dark and apparently illimitable forests of hemlock, of which we and our fathers have barely found the limits, as the timbers are fleeting to their core. There were millions of silver-skinned beeches, and hardwoods in countless multitudes. And above all others in use above all others in money value, everywhere upon the hard-wood foliage roof, rising to double its height above it, lifting its head proudly exposed to, but above, the storm, the tempest, stood in majesty, but not as does the giant of the forest, the Canadian pine."

In contrast with the above this vivid picture of pine:—

"If the lord of the forest could at any time return from a long absence and depend to know the use the Canadians had made of its talent, we should be puzzled to extinguish in the napkin of fire in which we had wrapped it. For the advance of the Anglo-Saxon across the North American region has been, so far as the trees are concerned, like that of Attila, who boasted that no grass ever grew where his charger's feet had trodden. No destruction was ever more ruthless, more injurious, more lasting in its effects, or more difficult of repair, than that to which Canadians, for the past hundred years, have cheered one another on. Among all the politicians who have in turn saved our country, few of them have thought it worth while to attempt to save the timber. And yet much might very easy, very valuably, have been done towards that end. But the genius of preservation was absent, while that of destruction filled the land with his voice. Here might have been seen a rustic, placidly destroying a grove of white pine, worth a million of dollars, in order to uncover a barren waste of sandy land, which at first gave but little wheat, and has since pastured but a few cows; there another, devoting to the flames a district of red oak, which would have kept Malaga five years in wine puncheons, that he may have a piece of hard red clay on a mountain slope, which he shall try to cultivate for a few years, and shall abandon when the winter torrents have washed the scanty humus away from the hard pan which all impenetrable lies below. Here is yet another who, to advance himself a little by burning in June a fallow which should have lain till fall, and thereby save a matter of ten or twenty dollars, has let fire run through five hundred acres of good hemlock bush, killing the young trees, girdling the old and, and half ruining the soil for future agricultural purposes. Here you might have seen one rolling together great logs of black walnut (a wood invaluable for furniture, of which the Canadian supply is long since exhausted, and the United States supply almost so), in order to make a fence, all the profit of which for forty years would not reach one-tenth of the sum the walnut, if left standing till now, would easily have drawn. Nay, an item which will be more comprehensible by every one, I have myself seen, on the sandy lands near Toronto, great heaps of almost clear pine, worth to-day forty dollars a thousand, given over to the flames."—[Toronto World.

THE MAN WHO INTERRUPTS

The Awful Curse of Bill Nye Hurled at Him.

I do not, as a rule, says Bill Nye, thirst for the blood of my fellow man. I am willing that the law should in all ordinary cases take its course, but when we begin to discuss the man who breaks into a conversation, and runs it with his own irrelevant ideas, regardless of the feelings of humanity, I am not a law and order man. The spirit of the "Red Vigilanter" is roused in my breast, and I hunger for the blood of that man.

Interrupters are of two classes: First, the common plug, who thinks aloud, and whose conversation wanders with his so-called mind. He breaks into the saddest and sweetest of sentiments, and the choicest and the most tearful of pathos, with the remorseless ignorance that marks a stumptail cow in a dahlia bed. He is the bull in my china shop, the worm in my wine, and the kerosene in my maple syrup. I am shy in conversation, and my unfettered flights of poesy and romance are rare, but this man is always near to mar it all with a remark, or a marginal note, or a story, or a bit of politics, ready to burst my beautiful dream, and make me wish that his name might be carved on a marble slab in some quiet cemetery far away.

Dear reader, did you ever meet this man or his wife? Did you ever strike some beautiful thought and begin to reel it off to your friends only to be shut off in the middle of a sentence by this choice and banner idiot of conversation? If so, come and sit by me, and you may pour your woes into my ear, and I in turn will pour a few gallons into your listening ear.

I do not care to talk more than my share of the time, but I would be glad to arrive at a conclusion just to see how it would seem. I would be so pleased and so joyous to follow up an anecdote until I had reached the "numb," as it were, to chase an argument home to conviction, and to clench assertion with authority and evidence.

The second class of interrupters is even worse. It consists of a man—and I am pained to state, his wife also—who see the general drift of your remarks, and finish out your story, your gem of thought or your argument. It is very seldom that they do this as you would do it yourself, but they are kind and thoughtful, and their services are always at hand. No matter how busy they may be, they will leave their own work and fly to your aid. With the light of sympathy in their eyes, they rush into the conversation, and, pilfering of your own zeal, they take the words from your mouth and cheerfully finish the race out of your joke, handing back the rind and hoping for reward. That is where they get left, so far as I am concerned. I am always ready to repay rudeness with rudeness at cold, precise cold gall with such an acid process as I may be able to secure at the moment. Nobody will ever know how I do it, or the blood of the interrupter. At night I camp on his trail, and all the day I thirst for his warm life's blood.

I do not interrupt a man no more than I should fill him full of lead. I give him a chance to wind up or decompose from the anticlimax in addition to what he has to say, and according to the promptitude of his infund. All I want is a shorter chance and room according to my strength. Conversation ought to govern conversation without its being necessary to hire an umpire, armed with a four foot club, to announce what is at the bat and who is on deck.

It is only once in a week or two that the angel troubles the waters and stirs up the depths of my conversational powers, and then the chances are that some old nasty toad, who has been on the brink of decent society for two weeks, slides in with a low kerplunk, and my fair blossom of thought that has been trying for weeks to bloom, withers and goes to seed, while the man with the chilled steel and copper riveted brow and a wad of self-esteem on his intellectual balcony as big as an inkstand, walks slowly away to think of some other dazling gem, and thus be ready to bust my beautiful phantom and tear out my high priced bulbs of fancy the next time I open my mouth.

Be Independent.

There is nothing in the wide world that ensures success so completely as does perfect independence. People who are always waiting for help may wait a long time, as a general thing. A little assistance, a little influence is not to be had for asking; but there is something one can do for himself. Do it, whatever it is, with a will. One thing leads to another. If a young lady, don't sit still, and hope a rich man will marry you, while your aged father toils for your daily bread. Learn how to hold yourself, and take care of yourself as much as possible. Rather be one who does things for others than one who must have things done for you. Two hands, two feet, sight, and strength—these ought to enable you to dispense with help while you are young and vigorous. Men who can defy adverse circumstances, and can earn a living in any quarter of the world in which they are dropped down; who can roll up their sleeves, and set to work at almost anything that offers; and who can even sew on their own buttons, and make themselves a cup of tea when deprived of the help of womankind, are the one who are really independent. The most helpful women are kindest and truest; and as for a man, never trust him in any capacity if he has not within him the true spirit of independence, without which neither strength nor sweetness may be hoped for. In the battle of life there is but one way to succeed—fight it out yourself. Give the helping hand when you may. Take it if, in some sore strait, it is offered freely; but never ask for it. Be independent as far as man may be you would honor yourself, or be honored by others, or be happy.

For Young Men to Remember.

That the girl who decks herself in the latest things out, and parades in the street while her mother does the family washing, isn't worth wasting much love on.

That a fellow who deliberately proposes matrimony to a girl when he can't support himself is either a first class fool or fool—unless he marries for money, and becomes her "hired man."

That if they wish to fall stark mad in love with a girl because she is pretty, they ought to be sure how much powder and paint there may be in the question, and figure upon it accordingly.

That to deal honorably with all men, they must begin with their washer-woman.

That they will need something more substantial than cigars, light kids and a cane to start housekeeping with.

The Nails.

The growth of the nails is more rapid in children than in adults and slowest in the aged; goes on faster in the summer than in the winter, so that the same nail which is renewed in one hundred and twenty-two days in winter, requires only one hundred and sixty in summer. The increase of the nails of the right hand is more rapid than those of the left; moreover, it differs for the different fingers, and in order corresponds with the length of the finger, consequently it is fastest on the middle finger, nearly equal in the two on either side of this, slower in the little finger and slowest in the thumb. The growth of all the nails on the left hand requires eighty-two days longer than those of the right.

Glad Tidings.

To the victim of pains and aches no tidings can give greater pleasure than the means of relief. Polson's Nerviline exactly fills the bill. Nerviline cures rheumatism. Nerviline cures cramps. Nerviline cures lumbago. Nerviline, the great cure for man and external pains. Trial bottles costing only 10 cents may be had at J. Wilson's drug store. Buy one and test it. Large bottles of Nerviline only 25 cents. Nerviline, nerve and pain cure.

For Pain in Side

Wm. Polson's Nerviline is the most powerful pain subduing remedy known. Nerviline cannot be surpassed for relief in rheumatism, lumbago, pain in the back and side, sprains, bruises, etc. Nerviline is the best family medicine in the world. Nerviline is the most concentrated, penetrating, and powerful pain killer in the world. Nerviline is the most wonderful medicine in the world. Nerviline is the most extensively used medicine in the world. Nerviline is the most universally esteemed medicine in the world. Try Nerviline. Large bottles 25 cents; trial bottles only 10 cents, at J. Wilson's.

Scarcity of Lake Fish.

Fish are decreasing. The lakes and rivers have been over-fished. Fifteen years ago I could catch more dollars worth of fish with four little nets, close on shore, with prices at two and a-half and three cents per pound for white and herring, than I can to-day with fifty nets, and make the price four and a-half to five cents per pound. Fifteen years ago the fisherman would ask the dealer, "How many fish can you use?" To-day it is the reverse. It is: "Send me all the fish you can get." Fishermen had in those days to keep their fish in their nets until a demand came. Now, under a diminished supply, and which is constantly growing less, it is a serious question as to where the future needs of the people are to come from. The only way now to increase the supply is by restriction by law and through the hatcheries, and unless we can pass laws and enforce them to guard and protect the spawning beds of Lake Erie and the rivers entering therein, it will be only a question of time and a long one at that—when the supply of fish will be exhausted, and this excellent food disappear from the tables of our people.—[D. Y. Howell, in Toledo Blade.

Lord Wolseley on Irishmen.

Speaking in Dublin a few days ago Lord Wolseley said, in reply to the toast of his "health," that Irishmen required greater scope for their talents than was afforded by their own small island. He would not only say "Ireland for the Irish, but the whole empire for the Irish." The man who restricted Ireland to this country was not a friend of the country. He warmly repudiated the statement of enemies that he was in any way anti-Irish in feeling. He declined most emphatically and positively to be dissociated from the land of his birth, or with the gallant Irish soldiers with whom he had been for so many years of his life.

Caledonia Society.

The members of the Lucknow Caledonia Society are already making preparations for their games in September. The list of attractions this year will embrace the best pipers and dancers, the best runners and the best athletic weight athletes of the world; prominent among whom will be Donald Dinnie, the great Scottish athelete, A. McLean the greatest piper and dancer in the world, and Cummings the noted runner. The prize list this year will be greatly increased, so their presence is guaranteed. Two beautiful flags have been procured at considerable expense, the one a Dominion Ensign nearly 40 feet long, the other a Scotch Standard, bearing thereon the Rampant Lion of Scotland, to be bore at the head of the procession.

Laugh, Mother, Laugh.

Mothers do not laugh enough. The house-keeping is so onereus, the children so often try nerves and temper, the care and most exasperating, and even John kind, good husband that he is, cannot understand all our vexations and discouragements, and so wearied do we often feel that it is too much for the household to depend on us, in addition to all our cares, for social sunshine as well. Yet the household does, and it must. Father may be bright and cheery, his laugh ring out, but if the mother's laugh fails even the father's cheerfulness seems to lose some of its infection. In the sad but forcible lines of Joanna Baillie's drama:

Her little child had caught the trick of grief
And sighed among its playthings.

we may catch a glimpse of the stern repressed life at Bothwell manse, where the repression of all emotions, even to the gentlest, seem to have been a lesson. I remember well hearing a lady say, "When I was a little child, I used to wish so often that my mother would look cheerful."

Then laugh, mother, even if you do feel almost too weary to exercise the facial muscles, and you have to make a painful effort which comes nigh bringing tears instead of a laugh. You will feel better for the effort and so will the children. The little ones, unconsciously to you and themselves, are copying the expression of countenance which will go far to brighten or cloud some future home.

Then laugh, mother—parlor, nursery and kitchen all feel the effect of your smile or frown. And when the mother's eyes are closed, the lips and hands forever still, there is no sweeter epitaph which children and friends can give them—"She was always bright and cheerful."

Hon. J. H. Pope has promoted Miss Lister to the position of chief clerk in the many statistics. This is the first lady who has been promoted to a ring and a place in the Civil Service.

Don't attempt to remain over night without a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry near at hand. It is a sure cure for Bowel Complaints, Colic, Cholera Morbus, etc., and the remedy above named is the unfailing specific. 2

"When all other remedies fail for Bowel Complaints, Colic, Cramps, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, etc., use Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which comes to the rescue. Thus writes W. H. Cooper, druggist, Waterdown, and adds that this sale has increased immensely. 2

A Great Discovery

That is daily bringing joy to the homes of thousands by saving many of their dear ones from an early grave. The discovery of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. Pain in Side and Chest, or any disease of the Throat and Lungs, a positive cure. Guaranteed. Trial Bottles free at J. Wilson's Drug Store. Large size $1.00. (6)

It is now in season to warn our readers against the sudden attacks of Cholera, Cramp Colic, and the various Bowel Complaints incident to the season of ripe fruit, vegetables, etc. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the grand specific for those troubles. 2

Two Arms Restored.

Mrs. Syvret, of Mal Baie, Gaspe, P. Q., is the author of a very interesting letter in which she recounts the restoration of both her arms whose use she had lost completely. Her sole remedy was Dr. Dow's Sturgeon Oil Liniment. In that district the Liniment is recognized as the most wonderful remedy in existence, which undoubtedly it is.

WHEN DIGESTION OF ALBUMENOIDS or tissue food is defective the blood fails to supply the proper nutriment for the muscles, functional activity is impaired and muscular debility or a sense of weakness constantly felt. This is soon apparent in the heart, the most active and untiring working muscle in the body, and we have heart stagnation or a weak heart which are often mistaken for indigestion, or other organic disease. The feeble pulse, tendency to fainting, impaired brain power, want of circulation, and despondency are purely functional disturbances from insufficient blood supply, and radically curable by the use of Wakefield's Phosphates and Calisaya, to restore nerve power and nutrition.

Summer Boarding.

MAITLAND PLACE!

MR. RICHARD HAWLEY'S Elegant Residence is now

OPEN for the SUMMER

For the reception of a few guests. The rooms are very large and

NICELY FURNISHED

Bath Room with hot and cold water, Bowling Alley, Croquet and Ornamental Grounds, plenty of choice fruit, a good table, and every comfort will be found.

Guests will be met at the station.

TERMS:—Seven to Ten Dollars per Week.

Address:

MAITLAND PLACE,
Goderich, Ontario.

Goderich, June 14, 1883. 1895-

Eye, Ear and Throat.

DR. RYERSON,

317, Church Street, Toronto, Ont.,

L. R. C. P., L. R. C. S. E., Lecturer on the Eye, Ear and Throat, Trinity Medical College, Toronto, and Surgeon to the Mercer Eye and Ear Infirmary, late Clinical Assistant Royal Ophthalmic Hospital, Moorfields, and Central London Throat and Ear Hospital, may be consulted at

THE WINDSOR HOTEL,
STRATFORD,
On Last Saturday of Every Month.

June 5th, 1883. 1898-

McColl Bros. & Co., Toronto.

Manufactures and Wholesale Dealers in

LARDINE,
CYLINDER,
BOLT CUTTING,
WOOL OILS.

—OUR CELEBRATED—

"LARDINE."

brand is unexcelled by any other oil on the market. In recognition of its superior merits we have received

All the Highest Prizes!

wherever we exhibited it since 1878, among other awards a large number of

Gold, Silver & Bronze Medals.

Testimonials numerous. Prices low. Lardine not to gum or clog, wears equal to Castor Oil and being less than one-half the price is the cheapest oil on the market. TRY IT.

For sale by

R. W. McKenzie,
Goderich.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.

No other complaints are so insidious in their attack as those affecting the throat and lungs: none so trifled with by the majority of sufferers. The ordinary cough or cold, resulting perhaps from a chilling or unconscious exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal sickness. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has well proven its efficacy in a forty years' fight with throat and lung diseases, and should be taken in all cases without delay.

A Terrible Cough Cured.

"In 1857 I took a severe cold, which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded me the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the PECTORAL a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, hale and hearty, and am satisfied your CHERRY PECTORAL saved me. HORACE FAIRBROTHER."
Rockingham, Vt., July 15, 1882.

Croup.—A Mother's Tribute.

"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. One of the family suggested the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, a bottle of which was always kept in the house. This was tried in small and frequent doses, and to our delight in less than half an hour the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the CHERRY PECTORAL had saved my darling's life. Can you wonder at our gratitude? Sincerely yours,
MRS. EMMA GEDNEY."
153 West 125th St., New York, May 16, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL in my family for several years, and do not hesitate to pronounce it the most effectual remedy for coughs and colds we have ever tried. A. J. CRANE."
Lake Crystal, Minn., March 13, 1882.

"I suffered for eight years from Bronchitis, and after trying many remedies with no success, I was cured by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. JOSEPH WALDEN."
Sylvatus, Miss., April 5, 1882.

"I cannot say enough in praise of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, believing as I do that but for its use I should long since have died from lung troubles. E. BRAGDON."
Palestine, Texas, April 22, 1882.

In case of an affection of the throat or lungs concerning which you cannot be greatly relieved by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and it will *always* convince you the disease is not already beyond the control of medicine.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

Palpitation of the heart, nervousness, tremblings, nervous headache, cold hands and feet, pain in the back, and other forms of weakness are relieved by Carter's Iron Pills, made specially for the blood, nerves and complexion.

There is no excuse for suffering from Headache, Constipation, and all the train of symptoms of a disordered liver when Burdock Blood Bitters is an unfailing remedy, and only costs One Dollar a bottle. Why suffer on without a trial? 25,000 bottles sold during the last three months, with almost universal satisfaction. 2

ALLAN LINE

OF

ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS

LIVERPOOL-LONDONDERRY-GLASGOW

Every Saturday From Quebec,
SHORTEST SEA PASSAGE.
SPEED, COMFORT AND SAFETY.

Summer Arrangement.

SEASON 1883.

Circassian	May	19
Polynesian	"	26
Peruvian	June	2
Sarmatian	"	9
Parisian	"	16
Sardinian	"	23
Circassian	"	30
Polynesian	July	7
Peruvian	"	14
Sarmatian	"	21
Parisian	"	28
Sardinian	Aug.	4
Circassian	"	11
Polynesian	"	18
Peruvian	"	25
Sarmatian	Sept.	1
Parisian	"	8
Sardinian	"	15
Circassian	"	22
Polynesian	"	29
Peruvian	Octr.	6
Sarmatian	"	13
Parisian	"	20
Sardinian	"	27
Circassian	Nov.	3
Polynesian	"	10
Peruvian	"	17
Sarmatian	"	24

Passengers require to leave Goderich at noon on Thursdays, to connect with steamer at Quebec.

Prepaid certificate issued at greatly reduced rates to persons wishing to bring their friends out from the Old Country.

For Tickets and all information, apply to

H. ARMSTRONG,
Ticket Agent
Goderich.

Goderich, May 17th, 1883.

BITTERS.

A Sure Cure for all affections of the Liver, Stomach & Blood, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Pimpled Skin, Scrofula, &c. A single Package will convince the most skeptical.

TESTIMONIALS.

Collingwood, Ont.—The Crowfoot Bitters I took cured me of Sick Headache, after twenty years of suffering without being able to find relief. MRS. J. HOLLINGSHEAD.

Clarksburg, Ont.—The Crowfoot Bitters perfectly cured me of Salt Rheum, without any other medicine. MRS. JOSEPH LOUGHEED.

"You wish to get the worth of your money ask your druggist for it.

THEY ALL KEEP IT!

May 17th, 188 1891-6m

EGYPTIAN OIL.

The Great Pain Conqueror

rapidly dispels pain. A teaspoonful in water will cure a distracting head ache in five minutes. If applied to any affected surface of the body, as tooth ache, neuralgia, rheumatism &c., it gives the sufferer comfort and instant relief. It is a charming remedy. Only 25c., and money refunded if not as represented.

S. TAPSCOTT & Co., Sole Proprietors,
Port Hope, Ontario.

W. J. C. Naftel,
Druggist, etc., Agent for Goderich.

320 ACRES FREE!

—IN THE—

Devil's Lake, Turtle Mountain and Mouse River Country,

NORTH DAKOTA,

Tributary to the United States Land Office

GRAND FRKS, DAKOTA.

SECTIONAL MAP and **FULL** particular mailed **FREE** to any address by

H. F. McNALLY,
General Travelling Agent.
ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS & MANITOBA R. R.
28 E. Front St. Toronto, On.

S. SLOANE

Has on hand a large quantity of

WESTERN CORN

For sowing broadcast, also a lot of

Canadian Corn.

GIVE HIM A CALL.

Goderich, May 17th, 1883.