

IMMER

arriving dur-
il and Style.

NLOP,
AILOR.

Bank of Montreal, 78

H.

chine Works,
oprietors.

NO OTHER MACHINERY WANTED.

Reduction System.

Agricultural Furnaces,
ces.

de to Order.

R. W. RUNCIMAN

STORE.

NS!

GAINS!

ASH

KED DOWN.

LEY.

The People's Store, Goderich

ICES.

BARGAINS

RE,
NE WARE,
&C., &C., &C.

Mugs, Majolica Ware,
old at COST.

HELL.

Hamilton street, Goderich.

R CASH

OCK OF

ING

INGS

Price for Cash.

INCREMENT.

M SMITH.

1850.

ndid New Stock.

RRY,

UNDERTAKER,

oderich

mand Parlor Furniture, with a
Bed-steads, Mattresses, Wash-stair

ways on hand also Horses for hire

1851

SHOES

Weddup

ned business in the above Stor-

Having purchased a large and

at close figures, we are determine

benefit.

Will be our motto

urchasing elsewhere.

in a Drug Store,

tion.

ce-class workmen employed.

G & WEDDUF

VALL PAPER

it come, to see Butler's room paper.

Latest Designs

prior goods. Call and see them. The

most besold

Patterns & Fashions,

UTLER'S

What Killed the Rev. Mr. Lamb.

BY HIS COURT OF SESSION.

The Reverend Mr. Lamb died of "nagging." He was a gentle man. One of the kind that is called lovable—the children loved him, and were glad when they saw him. He was generally esteemed a Christian. He became a minister because, as he said, "I love my Saviour, and believed that I could glorify his name by preaching his gospel." He seemed deeply impressed with the sacredness of his office, and many of those who loved and admired him, thought that he was over-sensitive about it. He was a reading man, and thoughtful, and had it not been for this over-sensitiveness he might have become a popular preacher. He was popular in one sense, everybody loved him, and had confidence in his piety; he nearly always had good congregations, but the crowds didn't come. He had only one big revival in the church during the whole of his pastorate of twelve years. Yet, come to think of it now, the church had a great number of deaths and removals, and ours is not a very growing town. But some of us were very zealous for the Lord; our hearts were burdened with a sense of our responsibility and we thought we ought to get up a revival once a year, or once in two years at any rate. A number of us went to Mr. Lamb and proposed to send for Mr. Thomas, who the year before had got up a revival in the next town, and had saved many precious souls. We could see that our pastor did not relish the plan. He tried to smile, but his lip quivered. He said something about "questionable methods"; then, with a pained look on his face, answered that he would not oppose the session, but that he believed the time of "nagging" was not yet—that he had long been thinking and praying over the matter—and he had intended, with the session's approval, to send for Dr. Robinson, ere long. But we told him that Dr. Robinson was not the kind of man for the times, and that we thought that "now was the accepted time" (we had the Bible on our side); and so Mr. Thomas came and the house packed night after night. Many who read this will remember that meeting—was in '78. Mr. Lamb led in prayer, gave out a few hymns and read announcements—in most other regards he was almost ignored. We had twenty accessions to our church, the Methodists got more than we did, and the Baptists about half as many. A few Episcopals became candidates for confirmation. Most of those who joined our church were the children who had been taught the Catechism, and learn talked with and preached to by Mr. Lamb; three of the young ladies were Mrs. Lamb's Bible class. One old drunk man went copiously, while several who had never previously shown any interest in religion were hopefully converted; we got none of these. Our people have ceased to talk of that meeting. It's a great spot in the history of the church. After this Mr. Lamb's preaching seemed to lack effectiveness; he confined himself to too narrow limits. One of the sisters denominated had got a new preacher—an eloquent man, with broad views, nothing heretical about him, and nothing particularly orthodox, but he had the power which Mr. Lamb lacked, of preaching on current topics. For example, in the great railroad disaster which occurred about that time one of the citizens of our town had been killed, and Mr. Short seized the opportunity and preached on "The Railroad, the Deathrow." Mr. Lamb was asked to announce this, and he did it, as did both the weekly papers; our congregation was very small that night. Mr. Short's church was "packed." We had an older come in shortly before this, who had been the ruling spirit in Bank's Chapel a country church near our town. He was an earnest man of large means, and immediately became a power in the church. His name was Davidson. He went to hear Mr. Short that night. He came to my office the next morning, and spoke in the highest terms of Mr. Short's discourse; gave me a rambling "analysis," as he called it, of the sermon and said, "That's the kind of preaching we ought to have." Tuesday morning another elder came to me, and proposed at the suggestion of Bro. Davidson, that we have an informal meeting of the elders, without inviting Mr. Lamb, "to talk over matters." I agreed to it, and accordingly, that night, we resolved to have a plain talk with our pastor. Mr. Davidson volunteered to the talking I had my doubts about the propriety of the thing, but didn't think much about it. Mr. Davidson went—I gave it as I got it from him—he told Mr. Lamb that the church was in a deplorable condition spiritually—that something had to be done—that we must have larger congregations—that last Sunday night was evidence of our want of fervor—that Mr. Short was a man of only average ability, yet that his preaching was with power—times were not as they once were—the world was moving on—in the glare of the nineteenth century, the church must be abreast of the times—people want, as Scripture says, preaching sharper than a

double-edged sword—you take too gloomy a view of things—you talk too much about the lost state of man—your sermon on hell may have been scriptural, but it wasn't calculated to draw—tho' young men must be entertained as well as instructed—something must be done, and the time has come to do it. "But what did Mr. Lamb say?" "Why, sir, he got up and walked up and down the floor, and he grew pale, and his hands trembled, and his lips seemed as though they had grown together; then he sat down, and buried his face in his hands, and sobbing convulsively, cried, 'Oh! Christ deliver me from this temptation.' I hadn't tempted him. I had come with the love of God and of the church, and of these dear, precious young people's souls on my heart." That conversation seemed to have no effect on Mr. Lamb's preaching; the very next Sabbath he preached on the Palm in Gilead, and in the evening on Glorifying in the Cross of Christ. If ever he did row eloquent 'twas in that evening sermon. He just threw his arms about the cross. "If I ever loved my Saviour 'twas that night. But they were only forty of us out. Mr. Short preached on 'Shamgar's ox-goad.' His house was packed. Two of our ruling elders went to hear Mr. Short. The next issue of the Weekly Index contained a florid account of the sermon, and in alluding to Mr. S. it said: "The great need of the pulpit of today is the power to adapt itself to the intellectual and aesthetic, as well as the moral and spiritual demand of the times. The pulpit must make its power felt in the great issues before the people. Men are not what they were a century ago; men read and think; preachers must read and think. A platitudinarian is out of place in the pulpit." In Mr. Short we have a Christian, a reader, a thinker, an orator, a friend of God and man." Mr. Davidson wrote the piece.

One day a young man, the son of one of our dead members, told me he was going to leave the church. "What for?" "Well, I cannot stand Mr. Lamb's preaching. He is too prosy. I don't get fed under his preaching; and besides, Presbyterianism is out of date. Nobody preaches like Mr. Lamb now. He is a lovely man, and all that, but I prefer Mr. Short. Please ask for my letter. Five others followed him.

One day in session, meeting Mr. Davidson moved to introduce a modified liturgy. "I do this," said he, "to relieve the monotony of our services." Mr. Lamb uttered his protest, "not because I oppose liturgical worship in the abstract, but because I believe history, and experience will bear me out in the opinion that liturgies tend to ritualism, and ritualism is will worship, and will worship tends to idolatry." But we didn't want to hurt Mr. Davidson's feelings, so we voted for it and it was carried. A number of the older members were indignant, but the session would not stultify itself, and so we had a liturgy.

The pastor called the session one day and said that there was being introduced into the library of the Sabbath school a certain class of books that, may be, were not objectionable in themselves, but since these libraries were intended, and did serve, to furnish Sunday reading, these books were not fit for such purpose. Elder Brooks, who furnished the books, he being in the book business, looked ashamed, stammered, and then said that all the libraries were buying these books, and that they certainly did cultivate a literary taste among the young people; he knew that parents as well as children read the books, good books—Walter Scott, Dickens, Charlotte Bronte, Geo. MacDonald, Miss Mulock—and that children had better read these than to be "romped round the street on Sunday." Mr. Davidson remarked that our children must be abreast of the literature of the times, that certain old ideas had faded out in the glorious light of the nineteenth century, and as for him, he must, reluctantly to be sure, oppose the views of the pastor. I voted with Mr. Lamb—the other four against him.

Mr. Lamb one day—'twas in June—asked the session to grant him a few weeks vacation—said he was afraid he wasn't quite well—that he didn't sleep so well as he used to, that he didn't feel strong—but that was owing to the fact that he had had the weight of a long pastorate on him. We told him to go and stay a long time, till he felt well and strong again. That day my heart went out towards the man. I wanted to go and tell him how I loved, and trusted, and honored him (he was still young, not yet forty), but I didn't. He did look pale, and thin, and worn, and weary, and as he went out my prayers went with him. When he was well out of hearing, Mr. Davidson said that his late pastor at the chapel had never asked for a vacation, and said he, "We can't afford to pay him a full salary while he is gone." I was mad. I said, "We can afford it, if we can't, I can, and he shall have it, every cent, and more besides. I went out among the people and raised him a hundred dollars as a present. I wrote him a note with a check, saying, 'Take the children, too, if that's not enough, ask for more.' I got an answer of thanks, and I thought I saw a place where a drop of water had fallen and been wiped off

of his forehead, but he was still pale." His wife told me confidentially that his nervous system was all broken up, that he suffered from sleeplessness, that he was not like his old self, that he talked to himself a great deal, that he had "more than one occasion found him in tears." He sometimes spoke spontaneously of his life-work—maybe it was a mistake. It was very evident to us that he was failing. One Sabbath morning—the congregation was a large one—he tendered his resignation. The physician had said he must stop all work for a long time. He told us of his love for us all, how he had tried to preach a pure gospel, how he remembered every token of love and appreciation. "It was a terrible blow to us all. When the benediction was pronounced, Mr. Davidson arose and said that he hoped the congregation would remain a few minutes. The pastor and his family went out. Then Mr. D., after a short speech, full of melting words, offering a preamble and resolutions, setting forth "our confidence in and love for our dear pastor, who," etc. "and how his resignation he accepted. All the women and children and some of the men wept. I was mad again, I got up and said: Bro. Davidson, you are not the man to offer these resolutions. This session has begged our pastor to his death, and you have led the van. He is not able to work; he has made himself poor for our sakes; he has offered himself a sacrifice for us; this church must support him till he lives or dies. You are rich; brethren, shall we not sustain him till he dies, or till he is able to come back to us, to preach as he has always done, that gospel that has sustained us amid our trials, him amid the fire fires of persecution, that in this iniquitous jail, this star chamber, this place of torment called a church, have raged against him during the past three years? I must have been eloquent; my auditors cried out with one voice, 'Yes, yes, and solve we heard on all sides. That marble shaft, that glitters in the sunshine in the graveyard on the hill is a testimony to his people's love for their pastor who dared do his duty." Mr. Davidson gave more towards it than any body else—maybe on his memory as on mine is written in burning letters this epiphany: "A dead pastor—assigned to death for Christ's sake."

childless great He.

Robert Stephenson left no family behind. His wife died many years ago, and he remained a widower, so that the direct line from George Stephenson, the eminent engineer, has died out. James Watt, the noted inventor, left no descendants. It appears that the descendants of those famous in literature, science, and government, leave no children to perpetuate their names. Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, Newton, Harvey, Paine, Mansfield, Pitt, Fox, Gray, Cooper, Collins, Goldsmith, Thompson, Colver, Burns, Babbalanja, Blake, Hubbs, Adam Smith, Bonham, Davy, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Byron, Lord Clyde, and others well known to fame have no representatives now living.—The Argonaut.

THE RECKONING.

"When this cruel war is over" between the Dominion and the rebellious half-breeds there will be pretty serious reckoning between the Dominion Government and the people who pay the piper. For the rebellion is the natural result of the most shameless mismanagement and neglect on the part of the Government. The dissatisfaction of the half-breeds has been known for years; their complaints of ill-treatment; their assertions of bad faith on the part of the Government; their threats of revolution, have been ringing in the public ear for months. But complaints and threats were alike unheeded. The whole difficulty might have been settled six months ago for a tithe of what it will cost to get the Canadian troops to the seat of the dissatisfaction; and when the people come to pay the cost they are likely to ask the Government some very troublesome questions. In fact they are asking them now.—Detroit Free Press.

Easy Caught.

It is very easy to catch cold, but not so easy to cure it unless you use Hagar's Pectoral Balm, the best remedy for all throat, bronchial and lung troubles, coughs, colds and consumptive tendencies.

A Texas Valdeletory.

"Having made arrangements with Mr. K. Bradley to fulfil all my paid-up contracts, I am now myself down and out as a great journalist. I have saved the country—hence an happy—Bradley will continue to keep it saved. I have filled the long-felt want, and Bradley will throw his weight on the stopper and endeavor to keep it filled. I haven't made any money to brag of, but I have had a large assortment of fun. I know that my friends will weep over my retirement, but when I tackle them with a basket of bananas or string of garlic they will still have an opportunity to recognize my fine Italian hand. I cannot afford to be idle, and must keep busy until our Uncle Grover throws a post-office or a mission over my mainly firm and says: 'Thomas, your country needs your services, old boy, take this, there are better things yet in store for thee.' Then I will announce that I am in the hands of my friends. Grover Cleveland is those friends."—Texas Black Wax.

The "constantly tired-out" feeling so often experienced is the result of impoverished blood, and consequent enfeebled vitality. Ayer's Sarsaparilla feeds and enriches the blood, increases the appetite, and promotes digestion of the food, and the assimilation of its strengthening qualities. The system being thus invigorated, the feeling rapidly changes to a grateful sense of strength and energy.

Shakespeare and Sir Walter Scott.

It is often admitted that a great poet is the outgrowth and flower of a great age, and this is true of a certain class of great poets. They live in the midst of great men, and within the rumor of great deeds; they use a language which has been gradually moulded to poetic purposes by poets who have been their predecessors, and who have been their contemporaries. At the right moment, they reap the harvest which has been sown by others. Subjects are waiting for them, style and manner have been prepared, and a public full of sympathy and congeniality well come them. Shakespeare and Scott may be said to belong to this class. The first is the normal product of the Elizabethan age, which has filled his imagination with its great deeds and the great changes it has wrought. Scott, too, had, in the first place, the advantage of models in whose steps it was safe to follow, since Shakespeare himself and the great novelist had created the style and smoothed the path for him, and since in two centuries of flourishing English literature there had grown up a common understanding of the views of the authors and the public. But, moreover, the seeming imagination which furnishes out Scott's poems and romances was also in a certain sense the result of fortunate circumstances. It was not the mere accident of a gifted nature, but the result of local and family association. In the brain of the Borderer, the wild life of his ancestors arrived as a perennial spring of ballad poetry and romance. That brain was like a haunted house upon which the strange deeds of a past generation had left their mark. He said himself that he had "a head through which a regiment of horse had been exercising ever since he was five years old." All the turmoil of the blood which is put to rest by the security of a settled civilization, and which had lingered longer on the Border, than in any other region, so near the capital seats of civilization—all the intense passions, prejudices, and superstitions which make the stock of the romancer and ballad writer—belonged to Scott, not simply because he was a genius, but mainly because he was a Borderer, because he was a Scott.—Contemporary Review.

Zadkiel's Prophecies.

Among Zadkiel's prophecies and admonitions on the annual eclipse of the sun on the 16th of March, we find the following reference to the beginning of trouble in the Northwest: "At Ottawa, on this eclipse will be visible; the R. A. of the M. C. will be 2° 58' 42". Aris 3° 13' 13' culminating, and Cancer 24° 21'. Popular excitement, sedition and Fenian outrages will quickly follow. It will behoove the Government to take the most prompt measures on their guard against Fenian machinations, for there is danger of a raid on the frontier and of an insurrectionary attempt. Storms will do great damage. Fortunately, Jupiter is in the second house, and will do his utmost to counteract a good revenue and public prosperity in the end. The worst effect of this eclipse will be felt in Canada on the 25th of March and the 7th of September." The warnings to individuals on this occasion are as follows: "To persons residing in Canada and North America born when either the sun or moon held the 20th or 27th degree of the sign Pisces, this eclipse speaks unmistakably of danger, and they are warned to avoid as far as possible all risks and to live quietly throughout their ensuing year of life, more especially should they avoid danger by fire and water." On the conjunction of Mars and Saturn on the 6th of August, Zadkiel says: "At Ottawa the conjunction takes place at 4 1/2 p.m. The conjuncted planets are just setting; this presages sedition, bitter disputes, troubles both for the government and people of Canada, a reign of violence; corruption of trait, overthrow of the sun, epidemic sickness and a high rate of mortality."

Talmage on Roller Skating.

The Rev. Dr. Talmage said in the Brooklyn Tabernacle yesterday that roller skating eclipsed coasting, croquet, football, lawn tennis, and sliding by moonlight on a pond. It had an advantage over the gymnasium in that it was more exhilarating. It was good for all men to take one hour a day for roller skating. It was good for the women of America to take a vacation from mending and darning and go roller skating. It would bring back light to the eyes and strength to the body. It drove away neuritis and nervousness.

"But let us have," he continued, "no more of the vulgarity and immaturity of young girls going along the streets. They should be chaperoned by mother, father, brother, or one who has a right to do it. If a young man tips his hat to a young lady in a rink and is not acquainted with her, the proprietor must lead him to the front door. If those well-dressed devils we see on the streets and sometimes at church doors should get justice done there would be more honest amusement and purer recreation. Let not brilliant lights and exciting music tempt to prolonged exercise. At the door of every place of amusement stands a group of pneumatics, waiting to escort you to the suppurating flirtation in demotion. When in Broadway, New York, or in Fulton street, Brooklyn, I see at the evening hour daughters of respectable families, whose conspicuous behavior is intended to attract masculine observation, a horse goes through my soul. If I had a voice loud enough to reach from the Penobscot to the Rio Grande I would say flirtation is demotion.

"Meanwhile, let the old people remember that they were once young. Rheumatism is important to give life to solid ankles. People who have the taste of the old before they reach thirty years bore the life out of prayer meet, and disgust the world with the cant of religion. God made boys and girls, and gave them tastes to be gratified. Their bodies need strengthening."

A Through Cure.

A cure for Croup. There is no better remedy for Croup than Hagar's Yellow Oil taken internally and applied according to special directions. This is the great household panacea for rheumatism, stiff joints, pain, inflammation, &c.

Be Cheerful.

There are people who are always complaining of their treatment by the world. They complain of its injustice, of the neglect of friends, the ingratitude of those on whom they have conferred benefits, the selfishness of society. Yet there is nothing truer than that man asserts in the world, himself. The spirit he takes into the world is the spirit with which it receives him. If we propose to walk through life with our elbows out, we will get many a sharp knock and sturdy blow in the ribs; whereas if we meet our associates with friendliness and good will, with regard for their rights and privileges, not forgetting their sensitiveness, the sharp corners will be softly cushioned. Courtesy disarms resentment. Suspicion and fault-finding and jealousy forget their kind. There is no noble life which is not lived above the level of the discontent and uncharitableness which fills our intercourse with each other. Society will not seek us unless we possess a certain amount of sympathy, to which it gives some notice, and seek out the dull, the melancholy, the friendless; it has no kinship with such. If we would be social favorites we must cultivate social qualities, friendliness, responsiveness, gentleness; we must be bright and quick, with a ready tongue and rapid thought. In short, we must not expect to receive, but to give. And those who look for appreciation of favors bestowed, are reminded that gratitude on an Alpine flower, which blossoms only in the loftiest altitudes.

The Pain Endurance of Men and Women.

Women bear pain more bravely than men, when their keenly set nerves make suffering much worse in a ratio than the pain which men feel; and it is a known fact, that while a woman will hold one hand to a jaw containing a raging tooth and with the other rock a baby to sleep in its cradle, humming a lullaby between 'Ohs' and 'euchs,' a man will prance around the house like a Comanche Indian, overturning water jars, breaking dishes and the Sabbath with Olympian oaths, sweating like an Ethiopian at an election, denouncing all sects, religions, friends, relatives, and the world at large, demanding that trains stop, church bells cease ringing and the corn exchange suspend operation. A man with a simple nerve system will appreciate more than a woman who has to have a leg amputated, and yet man is the whiffle-tree of the universe.—Chicago Tribune.

An Unusual Combination.

In several articles of food cows receive sufficient water to satisfy for weeks all the demands of the system for renewing the blood, for milk and all the fluids of the body, and the water so received is in its most healthful. Some of the articles are potatoes, turnips, cabbage, pumpkins, apples and green fodder corn, all in their natural condition. Emulsion can be added to the list with the exception that it contains the water of vegetation changed by more or less fermentation as cider or apple pomace may change. But, on the contrary, the waste of water derived from manure, and from water or steam added to dry grain, and its processes are designed to permeate, destroy and break down all natural tissue and character of the grain. Both the water and the grain are far removed from the natural condition of the food and drink for cows. Unhealthfulness can be judged by the condition of the cows and by the milk as it is used for human food.—Z. E. Jameson.

Kindness.

This, from the Golden Rule, is as true as it is beautiful: "Who ever did a real kindness for another without feeling a warm glow of satisfaction creep into some shady corner of the heart, and fill it with sweetness and peace? It is like the tying of a knot of violets and mignonette into the button hole, just where their perfume may rise deliciously to our sense of smell. And what a pleasure it will be, when the present trouble is over, to remember that, even in the darkest days, we found time and inclination to give to other persons some portion of that tenderness, or practical helpfulness, which was the overflow of that generous spirit, which finally bore us on through it all to a happy and peaceful ending.—Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep."

Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the best medicine that can be employed to correct irregularities of the action, they cure constipation, stimulate the digestive organs and the appetite, and cleanse, build up, and strengthen the system.

Using a Fish as a Candle.

"Turn out the gas," said a naturalist, "and I will show the latest thing in light; what is it?" he asked, "the latest thing in that line is British Columbia."

As the gas went out, the speaker unrolled several objects that had an ancient and fish like smell, and striking a match, touched one. A moment later a jar, yellow light appeared issuing from what looked like the mouth of a fish, the candle end of which was thrust into a large bronze candlestick.

"Yes," said the naturalist, "it is a fish, and nothing else, no tube nor oil within, only the fish just as it comes from the water. Take this paper and read a line, and become one of the very few who can boast that they have read by the light of a dead herring."

The light was found equal to that of a candle, and reading by fish light was an easy matter.

A Had Neglect.

Neglecting a constipated condition of the bowels is sure to bring ill health and great suffering. Burdock Blood Bitters regulate the bowels in a natural manner, purifying the blood and promote a healthy action of the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels.

"I can always tell the nationality of an engineer by the complaint he makes," said an old engine builder. The Scotchman is always worried about the 'boch' (Englishmen and Irishmen are always fighting 'the thump,' which they firmly believe was left for them to resolve; the German is very much concerned about 'dem valves'; while the Yankee has a hard time to 'keep her fro' a hawin' too much steam."

Golden Opinion.

Mrs. Wm. Allan, of Acton, declares that Hagar's Yellow Oil is the best household remedy in the world for colds, croup, sore throat, burns, scalds and other painful complaints. Her opinion is well founded.

Editor's Top.

The American sailor is to be so radically altered in appearance, so far as his service in the United States navy is concerned, that he will hardly be recognizable. All of the pictures of him now extant will suddenly become obsolete. The navy clothing board has been for a month in daily session in New York for the purpose of refashioning the naval uniforms, which have for a long time been considered ridiculously antique. A great number of exhibit suits have been made, and a decision has been practically reached. The blue will remain as a dominant color, but the shapes are to be thoroughly reformed. The familiar expansion of the trousers from a tight knee to a pottosiah bottom will give place to a cut of legs more nearly in conformity to civilian fashion. The other sweeping innovation decided on is that, in place of the traditional, snug banded, visorless, overhanging topped cap, which has a wonderful capacity for catching the wind and none at all for shading the eyes from sunlight. The hat which the board has adopted is exactly like one worn generally about ten years ago. It is made of cloth, not pressed flat, and has a rather low, round top, with a moderately wide brim, which at usual times turns up evenly all round, but can be turned down when protection of the face is desired. The new hats and trousers will take from the sailors about all the distinctiveness which their dress has heretofore given to them, but it is calculated that there will be a gain in utility.

A Wide-spread Evil.

The great source of consumption and of ugly sores is scrofula in the blood. Burdock Blood Bitters purify the entire system and cure scrofula, as well as the more common blood humors.

Wheeler's Tissue Phosphates.

INVALIDS WHO TAKE WITH disappointment so many of the new remedies advertised, and lose faith in medicine should reflect that most of the preparations advertised are products of mere ordinary standard preparations and impose on the credulity and receptivity of the weak-minded. A theoretical agent to stand the test of universal experience and secure the confidence of the people, must first of all imitate the crystallized experience of many years medical practice, as in Wheeler's Phosphates and Cellulose—a tonic, restorative, now everywhere prescribed in all forms of debility.

A BANKER'S TESTIMONY.

For a Cough, Cold or any Bronchial Affection. "Pectoral" in my opinion, is just the thing. I have used it in my family for Coughs and Colds for the past four years with the most unqualified success; and to day my opinion of it is that I continue to think still more of it than I ever did, and think well of it.

Geo. Kepp, Manager Ontario Bank, Pickering.

Price 25 cents at all druggists.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER

was the first preparation perfectly adapted to cure diseases of the scalp, and the first successful restorer of faded gray hair to its natural color, growth, and youthful beauty. It has had many imitations, but none so fully meet all the requirements needed for the proper treatment of the hair and scalp. HALL'S HAIR RENEWER has specially gone in favor and spread its fame and usefulness to every corner of the globe. Its unparalleled success can be attributed to but one cause: the entire fulfillment of its promises.

The proprietors have often been surprised at the receipt of orders from remote countries, where they had never made an effort for its introduction.

The use for a short time of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER wonderfully improves the personal appearance, it cleanses the scalp from all impurities, cures all humors, fever, and dizziness, and thus prevents baldness. It stimulates the weakened glands, and enables them to push forward a new and vigorous growth. The effects of this article are not transient, like those of alcoholic preparations, but remain a long time, which makes it a user of a economy.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE FOR THE WHISKERS

Will change the beard to a natural brown, or black, as desired. It produces a permanent color that will not wash away. Consisting of a special preparation, it is applied without pain.

PREPARED BY R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H. Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

FOR ALL THE FORMS OF Scrofulous, Mercurial, and Blood Disorders, the best remedy, because the most searching and thorough blood-purifier, is Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Sold by all Druggists; 25¢ a bottle, \$1.

GODERICH BOILER WORKS

Have just received a large stock of BRASS & IRON STEAM FITTINGS

BOILERS & ENGINES

New Salt Pans and Boilers Built on Shortest Notice. Mail orders for new work and repairs will receive prompt attention.

CHRYSAL & BLACK. Works near G. T. R. Station. Goderich Feb. 28, 1884.