

EMMA'S HAPPY THOUGHT.

"If there were any way in which I could earn some money!" said Emma, looking very wistfully at her cousin Kate, who was giving the last touches to a beautiful plaque.

Ten dollars in shining gold—such rustling notes! If it came from Mrs Emory it would be fresh, clean money, fit for a lady's purse.

Emma wanted to help that woman. One of her little girls—a blue-eyed, sweet-faced, wee thing—was in the infant class, where Emma saw her every Sunday.

"I am sure, Emma," said Mrs Maclean, who had been sitting silent during the progress of her daughter's remarks, "I am sure you have one of the best accomplishments in the world; you know how to make home happy; and you are so useful in catching up all the dropped stitches and loose threads that we could not do without you."

Emma was much interested in home missions, and she had been among her friends soliciting books and papers to send to a little school in Dakota—a school in great need of a library.

She was going to call on one or two ladies who had promised to give her books, when it occurred to her to make her morning round wider and visit Mrs Bowers, whose little Susy was so sweet.

Just as she left her chambers her eye fell on a little magazine for children, bright with pictures, stories and verses.

"I'll take that with me for Susy," she resolved. "It will amuse her, and her brother may read the stories aloud and thus be kept out of the street."

Monday I went about my business feeling sure the limp looking and white faced boys wouldn't get far from home that day, and was somewhat surprised to hear my wife's distracted call, "Is it you, John?"

"I think it can be mended, dear Mrs Archer," said Emma, scanning it critically. "Yes, I see that I can; but it will require an expert to do it."

"Where can I find any one to whom I shall dare trust lace like this?" sighed Mrs Archer. "If I do not want to send it out of the house, I would willingly pay to have it put in order again, for you know I am not skillful with the needle myself."

A struggle went on in Emma's mind. Should she offer—should she not? She thought of the Chinese mending woman,

and of the money she longed for that she might aid the Lord's work with something of her very own. She threw her false pride to the winds, and spoke bravely: "Mrs Archer, I want to earn some money, and if you will allow me, I will restore your flounces to its first state. I will mend it so perfectly that nobody shall ever discover that it has been torn."

"You precious child!" said Mrs Archer. "I'll be only too glad to engage you. I wish I dared ask you to do all my fine mending. It would be such a relief!"

Emma's happy thought proved a good beginning. Her father, struggling to support a growing family and educate his boys and girls well, was obliged to practice the strictest economy. It proved a real assistance to him, when the eldest daughter found that she could exercise her womanly art of mending, one of the most delicate and lady-like arts in the world, to such good purposes that she was able to buy her own clothing, as well as to give liberally to the causes she loved.

Where there is a will there is also a way. Where there is a strong desire, and real fitness, defeat seldom comes. The talent which makes no special show, but which keeps the home wheels moving, is the most valuable.

Alphonse is 5 years old and Delmont 3, and the other day my wife said it was quite time they were in Sunday school. It was almost too much to risk them in a class with other children, so she decided to experiment by taking them to church herself.

I suggested "headache," but when she looked at me so reproachfully and remarked, "As the twig is bent," etc., and I knew what she thought of my disposition, I concluded to do my duty by my family, let mortification and every thing else stand in the way.

Dr. B.—was trying to elucidate a scientific problem, and I was wondering how many of the congregation were asleep, when a familiar odor reached my nostrils. I glanced at my wife, and I saw that my sense of smell had not deceived me, and with a mother's intuition she had discovered the culprits.

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An hour later there was another call, and somebody said, "Smith, the baby is lost, and your wife is nearly frantic." Those boys of mine had completely demolished my "wheel" some weeks before, and I had not replaced it; but Jameson, a clerk, kindly lent me his, and I rolled away like a boy on a race course.

Doors were open; not a person about the premises; even the dog missing. A ringing of the telephone bell was a momentary relief, but when I listened to the voice of the city marshal, and learned that several of the police force were scouring the city for my children, and my wife was in convulsions at the "station," where she went thinking that some one must have found and reported her babies, I tore my hair—or rather I tore through the street at a John Gilpin gait.

"What I!" I exclaimed, remembering that I gave my wife five twenty dollar gold pieces that morning. We didn't eat no red candy nor no finny old drink of water, 'cause we were frisky, and course we paid the big boy," said one.

"We just gave him the old yellow cents, and kept our nice new nickles," said the other.

my wife was quite so; she had just missed the boys and telephoned to me, "to get my cruel answer." The whole neighborhood was aroused in vain, and then my wife herself went to the police station, Mary accompanying her and assuring her that "every day the place was full of children who got themselves lost."

There, there and everywhere where there was the least possible chance of hearing from them. Some one said there was a gypsy camp just outside the city, and nothing would pacify my wife save to send a posse of policemen there to find her "little Kathie, whom they had stolen." Suddenly it thundered and lightened, rain fell in torrents and the little children were—where? oh, where?

It would be impossible for one who has not had the experience to conceive of the misery caused by those little scamps. Drenched to the skin as I was, my wife, who had recovered consciousness, threw herself into my arms and cried, "John! oh, John! our babies are dead!"

I'll not attempt to tell how we survived the horrors of the next few hours. The afternoon did pass, but I looked in the glass next morning, surprised to see my hair as black as a crow's wing, and gazed upon my family, and wondered if it were a hideous nightmare.

At about eight o'clock in the evening I returned to the house, as I had at intervals, just as a team dashed to the door, and cries of "Papa!" "Papa!" reached my ears. I clasped the two boys to my heart, and for a moment forgot all else. The familiar cry had reached my wife, and all four of us were in a seemingly inextricable heap. Suddenly she cried: "My Kathie! my baby! Where's my baby?"

"You haven't lost a baby too!" exclaimed the gentleman who had returned the boys. "Oh, we gave her away, but 'p'raps you can buy her back," said Alphonse. By the time we comprehended the whole story, I'm afraid I felt a little like the Irish woman whose story when a school boy, I told many times—"ready to break every bone in his body."

It seems that after climbing over the pickets, which had been strictly forbidden, they went through the back street for quite a distance, coming out just in time to see Mary leave Kathie, and, catching up the carriage pole, ran away as fast as they could. "We were going for candy," they said, "but could not find the place." After they went "miles," Alph told us, they got on "where the trucks go, when the man didn't see, and had a great long ride."

As near as we could ascertain, they pushed the baby carriage about for some time, and then stole a six mile ride on the back of a hack. It commenced to rain just as the driver drew up at the residence of the gentleman who returned them. As he assisted a lady to alight, they got down unnoticed, but were soon discovered by the lady of the house, and cared for till her husband arrived and immediately took the culprits home.

Question after question in regard to baby elicited only one answer: "We gave her too big girl." Suddenly there was a peal of the door bell, and Mary, choking and sobbing, seized Kathie from the arms of a kind-hearted motherly woman, who, on her return from a hard day's work, found the child with her 12-year-old girl, who said she was at the door, when 'two little boys appeared, saying, "We'll give you the baby." They "left her and ran away," so she "just took care of her till mother came."

"Poor little dear!" the woman said; "I knew somebody was getting broken hearted, and I hurried out for an evening paper, and found out where she belonged, and brought her home, ma'am immediately."

In the midst of tears and embraces, Alph said, "Here's your 'handkerchief,' mamma," taking a handkerchief from a bag he had on his arm. "Where did you get that?" asked some one. "We took it to put our pennies in; but, papa, I 'cloded not to spend mine, only some old yellow ones we found in mamma's bag," was the answer. "What!" I exclaimed, remembering that I gave my wife five twenty dollar gold pieces that morning. We didn't eat no red candy nor no finny old drink of water, 'cause we were frisky, and course we paid the big boy," said one.

"We just gave him the old yellow cents, and kept our nice new nickles," said the other.

Thank Heaven! we are all alive, though the "congestive chill" that seized my wife, after the excitement was partially over, was almost more than she could survive, and for a time we feared she was crossing the "river of death;" but now she is once more managing her household, or at least her husband, and I hear her dear voice calling, "John! John! where are you? it is 2 o'clock."

I have used Dr Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for summer complaints, and have given it to my friends. It gives instant relief when all other remedies fail. I would not be without it in my house. Mrs T Boil, Weidman, Ont.

A Scotch tradesman who had amassed, as he believed, £4,000, was surprised by his old clerk with a balance sheet showing his fortune to be £6,000. "It canna be," said the principal; "count azen." The clerk did count again, and again declared the balance to be £6,000. Time after time he counted up the columns—it was still at £6 and not a 4 that rewarded his labors. So the old merchant, on the strength of his god fortune, modernized his house and "put money in the purse" of the carpenter, the painter and the upholsterer. Still, however, he had a lurking doubt of the existence of the extra £2,000; so, one winter night, he sat down to give the columns "one count more."

A pretty fringe for a lambrequin, or even for a crumpled westered shawl or tidy, can be made by cutting strips of paper, not too stiff, as it would be harder to pull out; make them half an inch wide unless you want the cord very large. Wind the strips with zephyr wool, once for medium thickness, twice for heavier cord. After the strips are wound stitch them through the centre on the sewing machine and cut the wool on each edge, then pull out the paper, give a little twist to the cord and the chenille is made. This chenille also makes a pretty mat, if sewed to a circle of pasteboard covered with silk or cashmere of the same color.

Don't allow a cold in the head to slowly and surely run into Catarrh, when you can be cured for 25c. by using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. A few applications cure incipient catarrh; 1 to 2 boxes cures ordinary catarrh; 2 to 5 boxes is guaranteed to cure chronic catarrh. Try it. Only 25c and sure cure. Sold by all druggists.

Cattle chew bones because the system needs lime. Good care is the farmer's best horse and cow doctor. Keroseene excels for softening and cleaning out the gummed and hardened oil in the boxes of mowers, reapers and other farm machinery.

Sheep will eat more, be more contented and thrive better or a new than on an old range. Frequent change of range for them is important at this season of the year. In England the horns have been bred off of several breeds of sheep by crossing with Southdowns, and the grades are more satisfactory in every way than the original stock.

Don't keep a calf tied or shut up in some damp, dark corner, with hardly room enough to lie down. He needs the sunshine as much as hea or the plants in the garden. A good, strong, reliable pair of horses on a farm are worth a dozen broken down or crippled plags. It does not pay to keep a horse that is not able to do a full day's work every day of the week.

It is within the reach of every farmer to breed good horses. In fact not many can afford to breed poor ones. The more poor horses a man raises the worse off he is, and there are few who have the capital to run them any length of time. To give a horse medicine take a long-necked bottle, raise the horse's head, thrust the bottle into his mouth, and while the liquid is running into the throat rub the nose of the bottle vigorously against the roof of the mouth, pretty well back. This done most horses will swallow nicely.

Feed moderately in the morning or before work. Parthians and Arabs prepare their horses for hard driving by fasting rather than feeding. More horses are injured by hard driving on a full stomach than by any other process. Never let a horse eat or drink much when he is hot from work. Study your horse, treat him according to his nature, make him your friend, and he will do better and safer work.

That is to say, your lungs. Also all your breathing machinery. Very wonderful machinery it is. Not only the larger air passages, but the thousands of little tubes and cavities leading from them. When these are clogged and choked with matter which ought not to be there, your lungs cannot half do their work. And what they do, they cannot do well.

Call it cold, cough, croup, pneumonia, catarrh, consumption or any of the family of throat and nose and head and lung obstructions, all are bad. All ought to be got rid of. There is just one sure way to get rid of them, that is take Roscoe's German Syrup, which any druggist will sell you at 75 cents a bottle. Even if everything else has failed you, you may depend upon this for certain.

"I was nearly dead with cholera morbus, one bottle of Extract of Wild Strawberry cured me, and at another time I was so bad with summer complaint that I thought I would not get over it, when two bottles cured me." Mrs E Askot, Peel, Ont.

Nine indictments were returned by the grand jury at Chicago Friday against four persons alleged to have been abettors in the McGarigle escape, namely, Dr Leonard St. John, of the college of physicians and surgeons; Levi Dell, janitor of the same college; Capt. John Irwin, commander of the schooner Edward Blake, and Capt. John Freer, commander of the George A. Marsh. St. John and Dell were arrested Friday night and spent an hour in jail before securing bondsmen. Security to the amount of \$10,000 was exacted from the doctor and \$5,000 from the janitor.

Never Tried It! What! Never tried Johnston's Tonic Bitters! Then do so at once, it's positively the best general tonic on the market. I've often heard of it but thought that it was to be placed on the list of the many trashy preparations that flood our market, but since you recommend it so highly I'll give it a trial. Do so; if you have any complaint in which a tonic is of benefit, and can be taken by man, woman, or child. 50c. and \$1 per bottle, at Goode's Drug Store, Alton, block, Goderich, sole agent.

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A Severe Trial. Frances S Smith, of Ensdale, Muskoka, writes: "I was troubled with vomiting for two years, and I have vomited an often a five times a day. One bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters cured me." 2

The Canadian climate is particularly productive of Cold in the Head and Catarrh. In fact Catarrh today is more prevalent than any other disease. The discovery of Nasal Balm places within the reach of all a certain means of cure.

The complexion is only rendered unhealthily by Pimples, Liver Spots and Yellowness. These it is well known are caused from an inactive Liver and bad blood. Dr Chase's Liver Cure purifies the blood and whole system. See Recipe Book for toilet recipes, hints and suggestions on how to preserve the complexion. Sold by all druggists.

C. L. MCINTOSH, Next door to Ryans' Drug Store, keeps constantly adding to his well-selected stock, choice Fresh Groceries, which will be found to compare favorably, both as regards quality and price, with any other stock in this vicinity.

TEAS AND SUGARS A SPECIALTY. In returning thanks to my customers for their patronage, I would also invite any others who will, to call and inspect my stock. C. L. MCINTOSH, South-West side of the Square, Goderich, Feb. 18th, 1888.

The Canadian Pacific Railway The People's Favorite Route between MONTREAL, - TORONTO, QUEBEC, OTTAWA, - KINGSTON, BOSTON, DETROIT, - CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, KANSAS CITY, AND ALL POINTS EAST AND WEST. For Maps, Time Tables, Fares, Tickets, &c. apply to R. RADCLIFFE, Agent, OFFICE: West Street, Opposite Telegraph Office. Don't Forget the Place. Goderich, Jan. 11th, 1887. 2038.

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"THE SIGNAL" NORTH-ST., GODERICH.

BALM... DICKSON'S... for five years with severe, catarrh. Her worst known in these parts of the catarrh removed, but they were procured a bottle of as used only one half like a new person. I say that Nasal Balm is highly recommended, and am pleased to say that many persons know through its use instant relief and cure. HAP. MCILLI. PARSONS.