

The Fifty-Dollar Bill.

Mrs. Dean sat alone in her little kitchen. She never used her parlor. There was the extravagance of an extra fire to be considered—the fact that the best rag carpet, woven by her own skillful hands, must not be worn out too recklessly, the dread possibility of sunshine fading out those chair covers. Mrs. Dean was an economist. She believed in making everything last as long as it possibly could. And so she made the kitchen her headquarters, and sat there knitting, with her feet comfortably balanced on the stone hearth, the sauceman of apples bubbling softly away at the back, and the sound of her husband's axe ringing from the back shed as he cut and split the kindling wood, piled up there in well-seasoned logs.

She was a little, wrinkled-faced woman of fifty, with stiff ribbon bows to her cap, hair that seemed dried up instead of silvered, and keen blue eyes that twinkled as if they had discovered the secret of perpetual motion. To save money was her chief end and aim in life. The very mittens she was knitting were to be sold at the village store in exchange for tea, sugar, spices, and all such necessary groceries. "A penny saved is as good as a penny earned," was the golden rule by which she shaped her life.

"I'm glad I took that money out of the savings bank yesterday," said Mrs. Dean to herself, as the bright needles clicked merrily away. "People say it isn't quite safe. And one can't be too careful. But then, again, there's the danger of burglars—though, to be sure, no burglar," she added with a complacent, inward chuckle, "would ever think of looking in the folds of the old Tinker's coat." She looked at the wall pocket on the wall. It was the bureau drawers, and the trunks, and the locked-up chests that they aim for. A fifty-dollar bill! A clean, crisp, new fifty-dollar bill! And all savings, too, out of the house money.

Just then there sounded a knock at the door, and in came old Dr. Bridgman, rubicund with the touch of the March wind, and muffled up in the furs of the wild animals which, from time to time he himself had shot.

"Good day, Mrs. Dean, good day!" said he. "No, thank you; I can't sit down. I'm a deal too busy for that. But I heard yesterday that you took fifty dollars out of the savings bank."

"Yes," said Mrs. Dean, her face involuntarily hardening. "I did."

"We are taking up a subscription to get little lame Dick Bodley a cart and donkey, so that he can go around peddling tinware," said the doctor. "It's pretty hard for any one afflicted as he is to get along, and if you can help us a little—"

"But I can't," interposed Mrs. Dean, breathlessly. "The money was an investment. I don't propose to cut it up into little bits."

"It's a deed of charity, Mrs. Dean," said the good old man, "to help lame Dick Bodley."

"I dare say," said Mrs. Dean, a little irritably. "But I never pretended to be a charitable character."

wife and eight children, totally destitute."

"And whose fault is that?" said Mrs. Dean. "Will you not contribute something toward relieving their destitute condition?" urged Mrs. Graham, opening the book and holding the pencil ready for use.

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Dean. "I've no money to spare."

"But I was told—"

"O yes—about the money that was drawn out of the savings-bank!" said Mrs. Dean. "But I intend to keep that money for myself, Mrs. Graham."

"He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," softly spoke Mrs. Graham.

"Yes, yes—I know!" said Mrs. Dean. "But nobody interprets the Bible literally, nowadays."

Mrs. Graham took her departure, acknowledging within herself that her errand was a failure, and Mrs. Dean, left to herself at last, indulged in a nap, with the knitting-work in her lap—a nap wherein she dreamed that the fifty-dollar bill had taken to itself legs and was running away from a crowd of pursuers, herself among the number.

When she waked up, roused by the noise of coal being poured upon the stove, a candle was burning and Mr. Dean was laughing at her.

"Why, Betsy," said he, "I thought you never were going to wake again! Here you sat, with the fire dead out, and I've had to kindle it up again."

"Bless me!" said Mrs. Dean. "I must have been asleep quite a while. But—"

as she started up she saw that the old wall-pocket opposite was empty— "where is that old number of the *Clarion*?"

"It was last week's paper," said Mr. Dean, calmly. "We had both of us read it, so I just took it to kindle the fire."

"You burned it up?"

"Yes," said Mr. Dean; "I burned it up. Why shouldn't I?"

For half an hour Mrs. Dean sat silent and never spoke a word. And her first utterance was:

"It's the Lord's judgment upon me!"

Mrs. Dean was a resolute woman, full of character. She went to her table-drawer, took out a sheet of paper and wrote to Dr. Bridgman, inclosing a dollar toward lame Dick Bodley's cart and donkey. She sent another dollar to Mrs. G. Graham for the poor little O'Haras, and promised to donate a barrel of russets, a bushel of potatoes and some of her husband's cast-off clothes to cut over for the children. And she sent for Helen Hurst to come and see her.

ment or two of silence, "there's a lesson in almost everything He does, if we did but know it."

And all the theologians in the world could not have improved upon the faith of this simple, unlettered old farmer.—(Saturday night.)

Far West Notes.

Thomas Fiddler, of Pilot Mound, who is a native of Manitoba, says that in forty years he never remembers seeing the snow so deep as it was during the past winter.

There is three feet of water in some of the stores at Grand Valley. It is reported that a large amount of goods has been destroyed. One merchant has had 3,000 bushels of wheat damaged.

One consoling feature in connection with the flood on Red River is that while it affects those along its banks it does not hinder farmers in their seeding operations throughout the Province.

Twenty Mounted Police recruits are encamped near Fort Osborne, just outside the city limits, and are waiting for the Ontario detachment. When they arrive the party will start for Fort Ellice and Qu'Appelle.

Lieutenant-Governor Cauchon's block at the foot of Broadway is completely surrounded by water. The Icelandic habitations are all swamped, and what few articles of furniture they possess are piled out upon the roof.

The Pilot Mound Signal says that for the past few nights the prairie has been brilliantly illuminated with prairie fires and burning straw stacks. The farmers burn their straw to get rid of it, and the prairie is fired to burn old grass and wolf willow and make easier work breaking.

Goderich Townshap.

One of those unaccountable incidents which sometimes occur and which to an unlooker afterwards seems like the baseless fabric of a vision or a mythical Ghost apparition, happened on the farm of Mr. Charles Naftel, Lake Shore Road. Mr. Naftel was in the house when he heard a sound as of the rushing of mighty waters, or the fierce swooping of birds, declaring she was so frightened that she was going to run to the house, but they disappeared so quickly her alarm existed only for a moment.—(Ex.)

Meteorological Report.

State of the weather for the week ending May 9th, 1882.

May 3rd—Wind at 10 p. m. S. S. fresh, cloudy. No. of miles wind travelled in 24 hours 660.

4th—Wind at 10 p. m. N. E. light, frost, clear. No. of miles wind travelled in 24 hours 240. Foggy all the forenoon.

5th—Wind at 10 p. m. N. E. light, cloudy, frost. No. of miles wind travelled in 24 hours 482.

6th—Wind at 10 p. m. E. light, cloudy, frost. No. of miles wind travelled in 24 hours 256.

7th—Wind at 10 p. m. E. fresh, partly clear. No. of miles wind travelled in 24 hours 296.

A STRONG PROTEST.

Sir Richard Cartwright in the *Gerrymandering*.

Sir Richard Cartwright said, with reference to the Bill under the consideration, which violated every principle of the introduction (Sir John Macdonald, he did not say held), but the every principle that the hon. gentleman proposed in that House. It was a cowardly, treacherous measure; one regarding which it was not possible to conceive that any man of honor could introduce (hear, hear.) He was not surprised however, that the hon. gentleman should bring down such a measure. It was quite consistent with his long career of dishonest and dishonorable acts.

Mr. Bowell—You supported him in everything he did.

Sir Richard Cartwright—No, sir; I did not. I did not support the hero of the double shuffle. I did not support the man who took office from Sir Francis Hincks. (Cheers.) The object of the measure, he continued, is as clear as noon-day. It was a measure to enable one-third of the population of Ontario to control two-thirds of the seats. A Bill which strengthened Conservatives and weakened Reformers; that was what the hon. gentleman called equality of representation. Yet he shuts his eyes to the fact that there are thirty constituencies in Ontario with an average population of 18,000 as against 60 constituencies in the west with an average population of 22,000 or 23,000. North Leeds and Greenville had a population of 12,000, nearly 10,000 too small, according to the principle applied to the Ontario; yet the Bill made North Leeds and Greenville 500 smaller than it was before. (Hear, hear.) The hon. gentleman said the growing population should be respected—Now, Addington was a county largely in excess of Frontenac, and although a country increasing in growth, while Frontenac was decreasing. Addington was left untouched. The hon. gentleman (Mr. Bowell) saw great necessity for disturbing some monstrous inequality existing in North Wentworth. Yet North Wentworth had a unit the same population as Frontenac, a county he never dreamed, for obvious reasons, of disturbing. On the same principle four members should be given in Huron, instead of to Middlesex, as the former had increased much more rapidly than the latter. (Hear, hear.) Yet the Hon. Minister talked of respecting the growth of counties.

An hon. member—There is no Minister here.

Sir Richard Cartwright—I don't want the Ministers here, though I am glad to see they are ashamed of the measure. (Cheers.) The people of Ontario, even with an overwhelming Reform majority in the Local Legislature, were patient and long-suffering, yet they might be driven too far. The hon. gentleman depended a good deal upon the returns of 1878, but there had been since then local changes and a large reserve vote which went unopposed, and as once before when the friends of the hon. gentleman forsook them, they might find that confidence without an object. If the men of Ontario did not resist, they were not the men their fathers were. (Cheers.) The hon. member for West Durham had shown clearly how it was perfectly possible to equalize representation and yet keep intact the municipal boundaries. That statement of facts had not been met. Ontario, it was once said, would one day be made a milk cow, and the prophecy was in danger of fulfillment. He could only say again that if his fraud and trickery was not checkmated by the voters of a large and great Province, then they deserved to see their rights disregarded, and to see hon. gentlemen make a football of their liberties. (Cheers.)

Thousands suffer untold miseries from Nervous Weakness, Pain in the back, and other distressing symptoms arising from disordered Kidneys. Burdock Blood Bitters is the Sovereign remedy. Trial bottles 10 cents.

On Friday night after the House rose, the Liberal members of the press gallery presented Mr. Blake with a beautiful bouquet of flowers, at the same time expressing their admiration of his great abilities and the manner in which he had under adverse circumstances upheld the principal of freedom and constitutional Government. Mr. Blake made a short but eloquent speech, thanking his friends in the gallery for their kindness and sympathy. The affair was about the happiest impromptu event of the season. Mr. Blake felt greatly pleased, and the Liberal members present enjoyed the occasion highly.

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Goderich, Feb. 10th, 1882.

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Fun and J

An Austin young man hurriedly out of a which he had entered I ment as salesman. I gage you as a salesman ed me to travel, was reply.

A blind man was sitting and a gentleman passing shilling, which he in up. The gentleman I "I thought you were I looked at the board t neck, and said—"Wel they haven't put the w this morning, I'm deaf

The addition of "ah" exhortation is considered aid, but sometimes ludicrous effect, as in who said, though in life he had been oppo twenty years he had b Lord's side-ah!

A gentleman, lately neatness and regularity "If I get up in the nig can find my clothes, gloves, in all their pro up this morning bef continued (putting I pocket for his handk here he pulled out, chief, but his wife's ni

Fanny Fern (Mrs. P of the troubles of a n was endeavoring to b me see—where did I setting sun, with ray gliding—[Mamma! s some bread and mol the Inverness church (Where's my Sunday know?)—when was a horseman—(Mistress t tively. The potatoes s ner a one for dinn "Liberty or Death!" m-aim and I want you're for sausages. At which crisis the ha down her pen, exclaim vain for a married w tivate her intellect!"

CHARLES I

It is with languan when you only know are apt to mistake t Luggage.

When you meet w native, too, encourag say.—Scenes.

It is enough for a his own business, and with other people's—

No man of sense v ally improved, and h can be called quite u thing.—[Little Dorri

Gratitude and dev qualities.—[Pictures

Inculcate habits of treatment, and teach larging benevolence.

Reflect upon your which every man has just misfortunes, of some.—[Sketches by

When you don't k an expression, why d formation.—[Dombey

There is one qual have in common wit portunities of exerci nery.—[Nicholas

Self-preservation nature.—[Oliver Tw

Detestation of the tary homage of lo Cities

A man in any ear and doing it can sta The Seven Poor Tr Cultivate habits method.—[Our mut

The men who k they whom the stor Barnaby Rudge.