

ONE JULY AFTERNOON.

A STORY FOR FARMERS.

"I'm going to town, Mary," said Mr. Harris, as he arose from the dinner table and shored his chair noisily across the room.

"There's butter and eggs," answered his wife. "But I was thinking—"

"Well, get it ready then, I wouldn't go, but Bob's broke the rake, and it's got to be fixed; and we have the rest of that hay to put in before night; and it looks like rain, too. I'd be around in five minutes and I don't want to have to wait. Put the eggs in bran, as I am going fast, and fix the butter up right away."

"I wish I could have gone!" sighed Mrs. Harris, loud enough for her husband to hear. He frowned dismally.

"Oh, yes that's the way! What on earth do you want to go to town for! I'll take you till sundown to get ready, and the baby'd squall all the time. Can't I get anything?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose so. I know I can't go; I've enough to do here, but I thought perhaps—"

She paused, and her husband, as if waiting for the pause, turned and walked quickly away. Mrs. Harris' thoughts were busy enough as she hastened to the cellar.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed, "I do want a calico dress out of this butter money, and it won't be 20c. a pound much longer. I'm afraid Will won't get it if I ask him, but it seems as if I could wear this no longer; it's so warm."

And she looked down at the faded brown worsted that had been worn all winter and until now—July—nearly all the time. It was a very warm-looking dress, and on this afternoon her flaming cheeks and moist features did not need much to assert how uncomfortable she was, for the day was very warm.

She was interrupted by an emphatic, "When now," from without before the butter was quite ready. The baby above awakened by his father's loud voice, set up a loud scream, and the same voice came down to the nervous woman in impatient accents.

"Mary Jane! It doesn't seem as if women are getting awful slow. I could have done three times what you have in the same time," he added, as she came up from the cellar with a heavy three-gallon jar in her arms. He sat in the spring wagon composedly as she placed the butter in, and watched her go back and fetch the large basket of eggs.

"Now what do you need?" he asked, gathering up the lines.

She told him quietly, and then nervously glancing into his face, she added:

"I guess there'll be enough left for some calico."

He looked amazed.

"Calico! Did I ever! What's that for?"

"Me! a dress."

Did her face look fearful? It was unaltered.

"A dress! Why, I don't need a dress; you've got a dozen. What all's that one? That'll last a year yet."

"It is so warm, Will, it nearly makes me sick to wear it. If I had a calico—just a cheap one; ten yards will do—I could put this away for winter again."

"O nonsense! Where's all that ging-ham you got?"

She glanced at his own garments.

"Part of it is on your own shoulders, and the rest was used the same way for you and the children."

He made no reply except to chirrup to the horses and begin to turn the wagon round. Then, catching a glimpse of her face, something of his better nature (for he was not a bad man at heart) stirred within him and he said:

"Well, I'll see; may be I can get it; and if I'd known I'd be this late starting you might have gone, though I don't see why you wanted to go, for 'taint been three months since you went to town and staid half the afternoon. Get up, Charlie!" And he was soon out of sight in a cloud of dust.

Mrs. Harris felt like sitting down on the shaky door-step as she turned to go in, but she knew she could not. The baby had tired itself out crying, and was lying sobbing in the cradle. The dinner table was just as they left it, and that must be done before supper. She gave a glance toward the green trees and white tombstones of the graveyard close by, and suppressed quickly the bitter sigh that arose at the thoughts of the three little graves over there which held her sacred dust. She had long ago seen it was better thus. She sat down to soothe the sobbing baby, and under his mother's gentle touch he soon gave signs of a more comfortably state. She was very tired; she had done a hard day's work already, and was not half done.

Mr. Harris had a quantity of hay down, and kept himself and the boy and two hired men busy. Of themselves, there was only the father, mother and

two children, the oldest and the youngest of the five. Twelve years it was since she had married good-natured, hard-working, ambitious Will Harris, whom every one said would "make money;" and they said, also, that he had done unusually well in securing Mollie Sanders for his wife. How golden the coming years looked to them! Mollie was graceful, lively and the prettiest girl in the country, and everybody knew she had taken the premium for her butter, and was far-famed for her bread-making. But it was "Mollie," then, never "Mary," and very few ever knew her name was Mary Jane.

It was only in the last few years, since she had been less sprightly and quick of foot, that he had called her Mary Jane. She did not mean to worry him, but she could not get around as she had used to, while he improved in appearance and capability every year. She did not reason why it was, but she felt the cause. "A continual dropping will wear a stone."

She was aroused from her reverie by the striking of the clock. She laid the baby in a fitful, feverish slumber, in his cradle, and hastened to the work. When she had the dishes washed and her hair combed, how much better she should feel, she thought; but she must feed the two hundred young chickens, ducks and turkeys before then, so that it was after three when at last the dishes were washed and in their places. Rob had come up for a jug of water for the men. He was only eleven, but he could work; his father had seen to that. The sun was so hot she wondered how the men could stand beneath the scorching heat, and the familiar sound of horses' hoofs warned her her husband had returned. She stood still by the door until she heard his voice speaking to the horses, and then in a louder tone:

"Come out and get these things."

She went out with her finger on her lips, trembling lest his voice had awakened the baby.

"Sun's awful hot," was his comment, as he piled her arms full of packages.

"Wish you'd bring the will pail as you come back. These hogs haven't had a blessed mouthful to drink, I'll be bound since morning."

She could have said that she had watered them a time or two herself, but she said nothing. The large tobacco pail was nearly full of will, but she carried it out, and used all her strength to lift it to his reach as he started off. He turned to speak as she started off.

"I saw Johnson, and he wanted Luther, so I let him have it on the account there. There wasn't any left to get that calico, but I got it myself, so try and not get anything more till you have got marketing-enough to get it, for I can't buy so much out of hand."

She watched him drive away, holding the pail carefully poised over the wagon bed; but the next instant she was in the house. There was cooking to do for supper, and berries to pick, and if the baby would only sleep! She unrolled the calico. It needed only a glance to tell her that was not enough, and she soon saw the amount was seven yards. She couldn't have her dress after all, and her butter must go on a bill for black-smithing, and she must take a slur from the one who should have given her better, because it had gone so deep in pocket, that forty-two cents which "he had paid himself" for the calico. There had been over three dollars' worth of butter!

She sighed and took up her burden again. The baking was done when the baby waked, and she thought he seemed better. She sat him up in his high chair by the window. The sky was cloudy now; the men were hurrying back and forth in the hay field, and Rob was riding the raka. She picked her berries and had supper on the table as the men came in at six o'clock and the first big drops of rain descended.

"How did your calico suit?" asked Mr. Harris, as he handed him his coffee.

She looked him in the face.

"There is only seven yards," she said.

"Well!"

"Well, did you think seven yards would make a dress for as big a woman as I am, Will?"

The hired men laughed.

"I could most put mother in my pocket," said Rob.

Mr. Harris looked at his wife. She was very poor and slender, weighing perhaps a hundred pounds. Her fingers were scarcely larger than baby's now, and he saw they were not as large as Rob's. Yes, she had taken his lot to herself. She had red cheeks and bright blue eyes then. Her cheeks were scarlet with fatigue and heat now, but not round and soft as they were then, and her eyes had a weary look in them.

"Can't be my fault!" ran through her husband's mind.

She certainly looked badly, but it did not seem to him that she could mind so much as that the hurry, quick words and impatience that were his habits. He took the milk pail and went to the cow barn, as usual, after supper. He was destined to have his ears opened. The men had preceded him to the barn to care for their teams. The rain had nearly ceased, and he was finishing the milk when he caught the sound of his own name.

"I tell you, I pity her," Joe Ames was saying. "What with her being everlasting on her feet, her sick baby, and Will's own fault finding, it's a wonder she's alive."

"Pshaw!" answered coarse John Mills. "That's the way o' women; give 'em an inch and they'll take miles. The only way they're any good is to give 'em lots to do and keep them at it. And as for that young'un, if she warn't allers partial to it, it wouldn't be so tarnal cross."

"I know better," was the retort, then, never "Mary," and very few ever knew her name was Mary Jane.

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Great Damage of Damp Lines.

Damp lines is sufficient to account for frequent colds, consumption, and premature death of a whole family; and where the mischief having not taken that direction, it is developed in the form of a rheumatism, which when once it sets in from that cause, is generally incurable. All body linen, shortly before putting on, should be made dry by a good fire. Whenever that is impossible, it is a good plan to put the linen between the blankets of your bed at night, in a position to get plenty of heat. Those who have experienced no signal evidence of the mischief of damp linen are apt to be careless on the subject; but the carelessness will inevitably entail its punishment, which is likely to accumulate insidiously until it is too late.

On the Verge of Starvation.

"For three months I could not eat a full meal or do a day's work. I bought a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, began using it and in three days my appetite returned, in a week I felt like a new man. It was wonderful what that one bottle did for me," writes Arthur Alchin, of Huntsville, Muskoka, who suffered from Dyspepsia.

The Force of Habit.

MacAnderson, of San Antonio, is a lawyer who has a good deal of criminal practice. He is employed by all kinds of rascals, being always engaged by the defence. Not long since MacAnderson was called upon to make a speech at the grave of a brother lawyer. He delivered an eulogy on the deceased that brought tears to the eyes of even the undertaker and his assistants. Finally, with a great flourish, addressing himself to the pall-bearers, he said: "And now, gentlemen, you have heard the evidence, and all that I ask of you is that you will render a verdict of acquittal in favor of this innocent man. I leave him in your hands, knowing that you will at least give him the benefit of that reasonable doubt to which he is so justly entitled."

Ladies Out.

The complexion is only rendered unattractively 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.

Why Hannah Left the Church.

A lady was relating to me the other day her trials and tribulations in the matter of arranging the household machinery so that the inevitable hitches and jars of the inner workings should not be apparent to the outside world. In describing the various idiosyncrasies of servants which had come under her notice she said: "Some years ago I had a good settled white woman as house servant, who, though of most exemplary deportment in every other respect, seemed to consider Sunday as in no wise different from the other days of the week. Finally I said to her: 'Hannah, why don't you take your Sundays off? You should take some advantage of the opportunity to go to church.' You can appreciate my feelings when she replied: 'Well, Mrs., I used to go regular to church, but I never jined. My next door neighbor was a shoutin' member, and I tell you what she done—she scalded my dog. That's ben twenty years ago and I ain't never went to church since.'—Washington Capital.

More Trouble May be Expected.

If you do not heed the warnings of nature and at once pay attention to the maintenance of your health. How often we see a person put off from day to day the purchase of a medicine which if procured at the outset of a disease would have remedied it almost immediately. Now if Johnston's Tonic Liver Pills had been taken when the first uneasiness made its appearance the illness would have been "bumped in the bud." Johnston's Tonic Bitters and Liver Pills are decidedly the best medicine on the market for general tonic and invigorating properties. Pills 25c. per bottle. Bitters 50c. and \$1 per bottle, sold by Goode the druggist, Albion block, sole agent.

Rules by Which a Poet Works.

Bear in mind some of the technical rules by which Browning works. He uses the smallest number of words which his meaning allows, is sparing of adjectives, uses the largest relative number of Saxon words, uses monosyllables wherever possible, treats consonants as the backbone of the language, and hence as the essential feature of a rhyme; uses the measure most appropriate to his subject, taking no liberties with unusual measure, and eschews all vulgarisms or inaccuracies which custom has sanctioned, both in prose and verse, such as "I had better," or "had rader."

A Wonderful Organ.

The largest organ, and one that plays a controlling part on the health of the body is the liver. If torpid or inactive the whole system becomes diseased. Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is made specially for Liver and Kidney diseases, and is guaranteed to cure. Recipe book and medicine \$1. Sold by all druggists.

Home Rule.

In Great Britain the question of Home Rule is commanding attention. To the man with a cold in the head or chest the safest way to ensure Home Rule's over a cold is to have on hand a bottle of Dr. Harris's Red Pine Gum. For sale at J. Wilson's Prescription drug store.

Mayor Howland, of Toronto, Wednesday afternoon received a dispatch from Port Credit stating that two ladies had drifted into the lake in an open skiff from Lorne park. Nothing could be done to rescue them, and assistance was asked. The tug Jackman was sent from Toronto to look for them, but had to return owing to the heavy sea. The Chicora came over tonight, but reports not having seen any signs of the boat. The names of the ladies have not been ascertained. It is feared they have perished.

In the history of medicines no preparation has received such universal commendation for the alleviation afforded and the permanent cure it effects in kidney diseases as Dr. Van Buren's Kidney Cure. Its action in these distressing complaints is simply wonderful. Sold by J. Wilcox. 2m

Unknown.

There is no remedy known to medical science that can excel Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as a cure for cholera morbus, diarrhoea, dysentery, or any form of summer complaint afflicting children or adults.

Two Scotch fishwives in London were talking about the Jubilee the other day. "Eh, wumman, said one to the other, 'can ye tell me what a jubilee is, for I hear a' the folk speakin' about it?'" "O, ay," replied the other, "I can tell ye that; ye see, when a man and a wumman has been marrit for five-and-twenty year, that's a siller waddin' and when they've been marrit for fifty year, that's a golden waddin', but when the man's dead, that's a jubilee."

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 you know of 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, Albion block, Goderich, sole agent.

They have a larger sale in my district," says a well known druggist, "than any other pill on the market, and give the best satisfaction for sick headache, biliousness, indigestion, etc. and when combined with Johnston's Tonic Bitters, Johnston's Tonic Liver Pills will perform what no other medicine has done before for suffering humanity." Pills 25 cents per bottle. Bitters 50 cents and \$1 per bottle. Sold by Goode, Druggist, Albion block, Goderich, sole agent.

Mothers! If your daughters are in ill health, or troubled with a paleness that seems incurable, or if they suffer general debility, nervousness, languor, weakness, or loss of appetite, procure at once a bottle of Johnston's Tonic Bitters and you will not regret regret the outlay. The Tonic and generally strengthening effect of this medicine is truly marvellous. 50 cts. and \$1 per bottle, at Goode's drug store, Albion block, Goderich, sole agent.

Reliable Testimony.

Mr. J. R. Wright, representing Messrs Evans, Sons & Mason, wholesale druggists, Montreal, says—Nasal Balm cured me of a long standing case of Catarrh after many other remedies failing.

A REWARD—Of one dozen "TRABER" to any one sending the best four lyrics on "TRABER," the remarkable little gem for the Teeth and Gums. Ask your druggist or address:

Hay fever is a type of catarrh having peculiar symptoms. It is attended by an inflamed condition of the lining membranes of the nostrils, tear ducts and throat, affecting the lungs. An acrid mucous secretion, the discharge is accompanied with a burning sensation. There are severe spasms of sneezing, frequent attacks of headache, watery and inflamed eyes. Ely's Cream Balm is a remedy that can be depended upon. 50cts. at druggists; by mail, registered, 00cts. Ely Brothers, Druggists, Oregon, New York.

C. L. McINTOSH, Next door to Rhyms' 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, 8 1/2 West side of the Square, Goderich, Feb. 18th, 1886.

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For Maps, Time Tables, Fares, Tickets, &c. apply to R. RADCLIFFE, Agent, Office, Don't Forget the Place, Goderich, Jan. 11th, 1887.

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More Economical satisfactory if you how to do it.

women who cannot, washing, become content and make their children's house and that the saving thus small families, is consoling tell you who in large families is limited, as are those and many professional portants that some one dresses. I say able if more or less material necessary, if accessible in appearance or a quite forgotten and going for them involve

TIME AND TEMPER, in cutting, carelessness in fitting, untidiness in of taste in all, there in home dressmaking.

celess. Given a woman of medium taste and fact, her time at her command, h, and, with the aid of ut-paper patterns furnished by McCall, Butterick there is no reason why make her own dresses (hers of the family) better out whose time in money ct have to wear out the make them for her. This hurried, worried hostess-well as to the gown-uy tchen helps are less ex- amstress, and will pro- y medium taste and well; if oth so much the better, she should know better hat she wants, how she best way and the mini-

ing, a very little observa- her just the amount of d draperies first; if facings have to be pieced the join- cy that a waist when finish- ively as when only basted, an have a sleeve fitted to ing limp and nerveless. The leaves, bones and buttons both in the first, as to the have muscle, though per- ayd must have some- it. Your new dress will the pleasure if it pinches cords your arms until the r break.

EWAY SEE INTENDS, and making, first, second careful. Know your pat- that it is neither narrow- ng waisted, and that the he right length. Get out d draperies first; if facings have to be pieced the join-

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ING A PATTERN SUIT, you cut your embroidery it will go.

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Remarkable Still, est, what the true public king for these many years a medicine which although introduced, has made for station second to none, the Johnston's Tonic Bitters junction with Johnson's Pills has performed some ful cures impure or im- dood soon becomes purified. Billiousness, indigestion, liver complaint, languor, soon disappear when these excellent tonic medi- cals by Good, druggist, Al- bion block, Goderich, sole agent. [d]

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CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM FOR THE HEAD AND THROAT. SOOTHES AND CURES BRUISES, SCALDS, BURNS, AND ALL THE AFFECTIONS OF THE SKIN. PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOX.

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