Never Done.

"Men work from morn till set of sun." They do.
"But women's work is never done." Quite true.
For when one task she's finished, something's found
Awaiting a beginning, all year round.

Whether it be
To draw the tea
Or bake the bread,
Or make the bed,
Or ply the broom,
Or dust the room,
Or floor to scrub,
Or knives to rub,
Or table to set,
Or meals to get,
Or shelves to scan,
Or fruit to can,
Or seeds to sow,
Or plants to grow,
Or linens to bleach,
Or lessons to teach,
Or butter to churn,
Or jackets to turn,
Or polish glass,
Or plate of brass,
Or clothes to mend,
Or children to tend,
Or notes indite,
Or stories write—

These ears propel your barks o'er household seas
In sunny havens where you rest at ease,
And, one word more, don't you forget it, please. —Western Plowman

Buffalo Bill's Big Hand.

From The Boston Record.

The day before Jubilee day, Monday, at 11 o'clock in the morning, almost the entire royal party arrived at the "Wild West" and asked for a special performance. The party consisted of the Prince of Wales, Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor of Wales, Prince George of Wales, Princesses Victoria, Louise and Maud of Wales, King of Saxony, King of Denmark, the King of Greece, the King of the Belgians, the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, Prince George of Greece, Duke of Sparta of Greece, Hereditary Prince and Princess Saxe Meiningen, Princess Victoria of Prussia, Prince Louis of Baden, Princesses Sophy and Margaret of Prussia, and a large party of ladies and gentlemen in attendance belonging to the different suites of royalty. They were all highly delighted with the performance, asked any number of questions, and at the conclusion the Prince of Wales entered the arena, and walking up to Col. Cody, who was on horseback, shook hands with him and remarked:

"I think you are the first man who ever played to four kings."

To which Buffalo Bill, with a twinkle in his eye, responded quickly:

"Sir, I have frequently played to four kings, but I never held a hand of four kings and the Prince of Wales; that's the 'boss hand'—a royal flush."

A Relic of 1813.

From The Hamilton Times, July 21.

Rev. George A. Bull, formerly of Barton and now of Niagara Falls South, was in the city yesterday. He showed a Times reporter a relic of old days which he picked up in an old house which belonged to the late Mr. Samuel P. Street, located in the International Park. It is a piece of note paper, 3x4 inches, on which is written in a nice hand:

28TH AUGUST, 1813.

DEAR SIR: I am sorry to be under the necessity of applying to you again for sugar, but this is in behalf of a sick person who is below at St. David's, and cannot procure any. The least quantity in the world (say, half a pound or one pound) would do, and if you could dispose of one full of this canteen of shrub I would be much obliged to you.—Your obedient servant,
G. C. JOHNSTON, Fort Royal.

Sugar was sugar in those days. Flour was $100 a barrel, and it frequently cost the American Government $1000 to transport a cannon from one point to the other. Everything was away up in G, but the sick man at St. David's couldn't take his tea without sweetening all the same.

The Queen as a Presbyterian.

"Lobby" in London Truth.

The Scottish Episcopalians are very angry because the new private chapel at Balmoral is to be used only for the Presbyterian service. The Queen is as stout a Presbyterian as was John Knox when she is in Scotland, and it is difficult for reasonable people to understand why the Episcopalians in the North should feel aggrieved that the "worship" in the Balmoral Chapel is to be precisely the same in all essential respects as that which is held in Crathie Kirk. The Scottish Episcopalians seem entirely to forget that they are dissenters in Scotland; they are often far more truculent, troublesome, and obtrusive than even the most active dissenting sects in England. I hear that the chapel at Balmoral has led to trouble in another way. The Queen desired to "hansel" the sacred building by having private dispensation of the sacrament therein, but it appears that such a service would be illegal in the opinion of austere Presbyterians, as the sacrament can only be administered in the parish kirk after the usual forms and ceremonies.

No Excuse Necessary.

Young wife—"Oh, Mr. Jones, I'm so sorry Tom brought you home to dinner to-day. If he had told me you were coming I'd have had something nice, and I haven't a thing in the house fit to eat."

Mr. Jones—"Now please don't say a word about it, my dear madam. You needn't worry yourself a particle. I take most of my meals at home myself."

Got Taken In.

First Farmer—"Ever been up ter the city?"
Second Farmer—"Once."
"Only once, eh? Got took in, did ye?"
"Yes, but I'm getting even on them city folks now."
"Ye air? How?"
"I'm takin' in city boarders."

She Meant to be Sympathetic.

From Drake's Magazine.

Kind Old Lady: And so you are blind, my poor man?

Poor Man: Yessum; I was born blind.

Kind Old Lady (shocked): Born blind! Is it possible? How you must feel the loss of your eyesight.

It Reminded Him of Home.

From The Boston Transcript.

At the circus—Wife: What is the next thing on the program?

Husband (reading bill): Mme. Molar, the woman with the iron jaw.

Wife: Oh, that must be nice.

Husband: Reminds me

Take Care of Your Character.

Take care of your character. Do not be too much concerned for your reputation. Keep your character right and the reputation will give you no trouble. Character is everything—something that cannot be hid from God or man, that cannot be changed as we change a garment; but we carry it with us wherever we go, and by it we are known every day of our life. A pure, earnest, broad, consistent, symmetrical character—what divine glory it reflects, what blessings it confers on the world.

Knowledge is the only fountain both of the love and the principles of human liberty.

A MELON STORY.

How a Successful Ruse was Succeeded by Condign Punishment.

My father was the finest water-melon grower in the country. Melon culture was his delight. I particularly remember one crop. Just before the melons began to get ripe my father called Black Bill and me and said: "I want you boys to understand one thing. If one of my melons is stolen I am going to measure the tracks that I find in the patch and then measure feet, and the owner of the feet that correspond with the tracks shall get a whipping that he can never forget. See this hickory?" pointing to a long and cruel looking switch which he had placed above the dining-room door. "Well, if either of you want to catch this switch, pitch in." Bill shook his head and muttered that he didn't want it; that he would rather be killed by a steer (old Buck a few weeks before had thrown Bill against a tree and knocked off the bark) than to be cut to pieces with a switch; and I assured my stern parent that in so far as I was concerned he might rest in peace. Bill was the only negro we had, and although he was compelled to go to church every Sunday, riding on the seat behind the buggy, and although he sat in the buggy during services, and without effort could hear every word of the sermon, yet that boy with careful training was

INCLINED TO BE A THIEF.

The next day after the proclamation was issued I went out and locked at the melon patch. There, lying in the sun, striped and tempting, lay a beautiful melon. Ah, if there were anything that could make a southern boy forget honor it was watermelon, I trembled, for I knew I could not prevent myself from stealing it; and then that awful switch came up before. An idea struck me. I went to the house, stole into the cabin and got Bill's shoes. What an enormous foot the rascal had? The shoes were so large that they would not stay on my feet, but I overcame this great drawback by stuffing them with grass. I slipped around and entered the patch from the locust thicket. A rain had fallen the day before and I made decided tracks in the level ground. I got the melon, and stole back to the thicket, and although it was not ripe, I ate more than half of it. Then I returned Bill's shoes. That afternoon while Bill and I were in the yard I saw my father, carefully carrying a small stick, enter the gate. His face wore an unusually stern expression, and I saw that there was something wrong.

"I don't think that much measuring is needed on this occasion," said he, glancing at the stick. "Bill, where are your shoes?"

"In de cabin, sah."

"Bring them here."

He brought the shoes. The old gentleman applied the measure and said: "Fresh dirt on them, I see."

Bill's face became a study. "Doan know how it came on dar, marster. Ain't wore 'em since last Sunday."

"Yes, that's all right, John," turning to me, "fetch me that switch." My heart smote me, but I brought the switch.

THEN BILL BEGAN TO DANCE.

I never did see a fellow get himself into so many different shapes, and it seemed that every shape was better suited to the switch. I had to snort. I couldn't help it. I kept out of Bill's way as much as possible, for he seemed to look reproachfully at me, but he did not accuse me of delivering him up to the enemy, and I had begun to persuade myself that Bill had stolen the melon, when two days later I came to grief. Bill and I were again in the yard when my father entered the gate, carrying a small stick. "John," said he, as he approached, "where are your shoes?"

"In the house, sir."

"Bring them here."

I got my shoes. Great Caesar! there was fresh soil on them. "Come on, come on," said the old gentleman. I handed him one shoe and dropped the other one. "Bill," said he after measuring the shoe "bring me that switch." Bill bounded with delight and brought the switch."

"Pap," I cried, "please don't whip me; I ain't done nuthin'—Oh!—"

I danced, I capered and I met the switch at every turn. In my agony I caught sight of Bill standing at the corner of the house and snorting like a glandered horse. Bill kept out of my way, but that evening I met him and asked:

"Bill, how did you wear my shoes?"

"How did yer w'ar mine?"

"Put grass in 'em."

"Wall," I took er p'ar er short stilts and put yer shoes on do de ends o' 'em. Recken we'se erbout even now. Oh, I tell yer what's er fack, John, it won't do ter fool wid me."—Arkansaw Traveller.

The distressing paleness so often observed in young girls and women, is due in a great measure to a lack of the red corpuscles in the blood. To remedy this requires a medicine which produces these necessary little blood constituents, and the best yet discovered is Johnson's Tonic Bitters. Price 50 cents, and $1 per bottle at Goode's drug store, Albion block, Goderich. Sole agent. [b]

Health Notes.

Baby's Salt Water Bath.

A baby that is each morning quickly sponged with cold water and then rubbed dry with a Turkish towel may be exposed a dozen times and not take cold, where a child, accustomed to the usual daily warm bath, will continually suffer from an aggravating cold in the head, colic, etc.

If the children have already taken cold—and cough—complaining of a tightness in the chest, try this: Into a half pint of icy cold water dissolve two tablespoonfuls of salt; bathe the chest with this, applying with cloth, sponge or hand, completing by slapping vigorously and rubbing with a rough towel. The glow that will appear will not be merely external, but will extend throughout the body, giving a feeling of buoyancy and great ease in breathing.

Every mother knows how cough remedies almost invariably "upset" the baby's stomach. Then the wise parent will try everything else before she uses nauseous medicines to ease her child's cough and breathing.

In how many families there is a child more delicate than the rest—one that does not develop as well as he should, is nearly always sick, and is altogether the cause of more care and anxiety than all the others combined! Cold, salt water baths is what the child should have. If he can be taken to the ocean, so much the better.

A mother of six children said to me last autumn:

"I cannot imagine what makes the children dwindle and weaken so immediately when I return from the ocean. There, at the seaside, I never have a thought of them, and they are perfectly well; but, as soon as I return home again, I have to send for the doctor, and all winter it is a remarkable week, indeed, when he isn't called to see one of them. Pneumonia, bronchitis, croup, the sniffles—everything! Oh, dear! I do get so worn out!"

I sympathetically asked her why she didn't continue the ocean bath at home. —Frances W. Johnson in Good Housekeeping.

Asthma cured by the double treatment of Southern Asthma Cure, is a common remark.

Purity and Modesty.

There is nothing, my young friend, that you should guard so scrupulously as your own womanly delicacy. Brush the bloom off from a peach, rudely touch the waxen petals of a lily and half their beauty is gone. It is impossible for you or any other woman to allow yourself to be caressed by your young men acquaintances without losing somewhat of that purity and modesty that you should wear always as a queen the robes of royalty. You will be sure then to preserve not only their respect, but what is of far more importance, that of self.

Nor need this preservation of personal dignity savor one whit of prudery. You can be just as bright, as merry and friendly while saying by your manner should it be necessary, "hands off," as you can possibly be by permitting these sentimental demonstrations. They are not necessary to the good comradeship, which is all that should exist or appear to exist between you and any masculine friend until you are sure that you possess the true and tender love of the one man who has made himself your heart's king, a love which holds you sacred, as every true man holds the woman he would make his wife and the mother of his children. And believe me, even if you are not yet certain that this prince loves you as you desire to be loved by him, he will not be any easier won should you yield to caresses prompted by a passing mood, but rather repelled from you, for it is human nature not to value what is easily or cheaply obtained. — Emily Bouton in Toledo Blade.

Description.

Pleasing, soothing, healing, relieving, curing, is the description of Nasal Balm, which is receiving a national reputation as a cure for Catarrh, Cold in the Head, Hay Fever, etc.

Home Made Furniture.

Barrels can be made into ottomans with very good result. A large barrel should first be sawed in half, then each end covered with heavy sacking, nailed securely across in strips to make the top as firm as possible. Over the sacking put a great deal of excelsior or hair, making a soft seat; sew this firmly to the sacking, and then cover the top with cretonne or whatever material you wish to use. When the top is covered tack a deep flounce round the sides, covering the edges of the top piece and making a full effect on the sides, which is needful to take away the rounding in appearance of the barrel. Two ottomans can be made from one barrel, with very little trouble or expense, in a short time, and, when finished, make ornamental pieces of furniture.

Pretty, simple corner brackets can be made very easily by any one, of Japanese trays. Buy three trays (those of triangular shape), each one just a little smaller than the other, and of course of the same tone of color. Then get three bamboo canes, selecting the thinnest and straightest that can be purchased. Bore a hole in the small end of each tray just large enough for the bamboo to fit into tightly, as otherwise you will have to fasten it at the top with wire or glue. One cane run through these holes and sawed off at each end even with the shelf makes the back piece of the bracket. Next bore two more holes in each tray on either side of the wide edge of the shelf. The holes in the top tray will of course come just at the edge, those in the next one a little further in, so as to be just underneath the others, and the bottom shelf still farther in, which will give you a bracket of three shelves, diminishing in size at the top. Run the bamboo poles through these holes in the same way, and your shelves are compete. Fill with pretty Janese ware and curios, etc., put a little India silk drapery along the edge and it will add very much to the furnishing of a room. If you prefer a bracket with the shelves all the same size, nothing is easier than to make in the same way as the above, and little tables can also be made of the round trays on the same principle.—Home Decoration.

The Earl of Aberdeen Delighted.

From The New York Sun, July 15.

Notwithstanding the long journey around the world, which terminated last evening, the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen arose this morning entirely recovered from their fatigue.

A reporter was shown to the Earl's private parlor this morning, and found the Earl taking it easy in a great big Turkish chair.

"I like America," said His Lordship, "and don't wonder at the desire people have to become residents of it. I have taken considerable interest in the railroads you have here and think they are as near complete as any I've seen during my travels, especially the New York Central, over which I came from Niagara Falls. The four tracks are an advantage away above anything I've seen. It saves time, avoids accidents and helps to make the passengers think they are of more consequence than common freight.

"I am considerably interested in railroad matters on the other side of the Atlantic, and like to travel on a well equipped road; but I have never enjoyed a trip as I did the one from the Falls. To sit in one of your Wagner cars, thundering along at the rate of fifty miles an hour through fertile valleys, and at frequent intervals passing long freight trains running in the same direction, proves an enjoyable novelty not to be found in any other quarter of the globe. Taking it altogether, the most enjoyable railroad trips I've experienced have been from San Francisco to New York by the New York Central and its connections.

"I sail for home to-morrow on the Servia, but will return at my first opportunity and make a more thorough tour of the country."

Bucket-shop and Board Gambling.

From The New York World.

Information comes that the Chicago Board of Trade has "started in on a crusade against the bucket-shops." It has started in on a great many crusades of this kind without producing any permanent effect. Laws have been enacted to suppress the shops, but in vain, probably for the reason that the public fails to see any marked difference between the character of much of the board's business and that of the bucket-shops.

Bucket-shop gambling is bad enough, but it is less detrimental to the community than Board of Trade gambling. It does not interfere with the natural course of trade and place artificial prices on the necessaries of life. It does not do just enough real business to invite people who care for their reputations to gamble under cover. It does not lure bank officers into losing millions of other people's money, however it may tempt the smaller fry. Bucket-shop gambling is but a reflex of the semi-masked evil of the Boards of Trade upon which, in fact, it bases its existence.

Reports of prices bet upon in the boards become public property when they leave the board room, and the effort to keep telegraph companies from sending them to bucket-shops that will pay for the service will doubtless fail. This is what the Chicago board is trying to do.

Detrimental Young Men.

From The San Francisco Post.

At Santa Cruz the other day a mother who aims to be so English, you know, was heard warning her gay daughter against a "detrimental." This is one of the most largely adopted words of our Anglomaniacs. Unfortunately it expresses the character of too many of our Santa-Cruz-seeking youths, though the English and American meanings of the word are quite opposed. In Albion it is slang for a good-looking young man with no money, but of fine family, who is so fascinating or so dashing that he sadly interferes with the male catch of the season. He is quite likely to make lots of trouble for the match-making mammas who are offering their daughters to the highest bidders. He has been known to actually marry the belle of the year right from under the titled Cresus's nose, and then there is a gigantic row. Our American detrimental is also good-looking, and also has no money, but is of no family, and though ready and willing to flirt, is not connubially inclined. American girls had better confine themselves to their own detrimental countrymen. In the long run these show up the best, for cases are on record where they have married poor girls. Your English detrimental has no such crime against his name.

Turtles in Connecticut are Smart.

From The Danbury News.

Turtles can be tamed and taught tricks. A boy in Brookfield had six of them in a tub filled from a well. He fed them daily, and they soon became used to the little fellow's call. He kept a float on the surface of the water, upon which he placed food. At his call they would in turn crawl upon the float and eat a morsel of food, and oftentimes take it from his hand. He taught them to march around the outside of the tub, and each one took the same place every time. They would also go around the tub and carry a match in their mouths. Unfortunately a mink visited the tub and killed the turtles.

A Sussex Belief.

A few days ago I was speaking to a man here about his boy, who looked pale and delicate. He said: "Ah, you'll see a difference in him in a few weeks' time, when the warm weather comes and brings the Danish blood out of him. When he puts on his Dane's skin he'll look very different. You'll always notice these Danes look rather peekish in winter time." On inquiry, I found that by "Dane's skin" he meant freckled skin. His grandmother had told him that freckles were a sign of Danish blood. A woman informed me that she always understood that red haired people were Danes. Our Sussex ancestors disliked the Danes, and considered a Dane's skin an appropriate ornament for a church door; and I was interested to find that Danish blood and Danish skins still haunt the Sussex dialect. I shall be glad to hear if the expression is known elsewhere.—Notes and Queries.

NASAL BALM
CURES
HAY FEVER, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS, ROSE COLD, HEADACHE
COLD IN THE HEAD
TRADE MARK
CATARRH

SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING.

It Cures CATARRH, Cold in Head, HAY FEVER.

STOPS Droppings from Nasal passages into the throat and excessive expectoration caused by Catarrh. Sold by Druggists, or sent pre-paid on receipt of price, 50c. and $1. Address

FULFORD & Co., Brockville, Ont.

EASY TO USE.

Quite Correct.

"I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Strawberry, and found it the best remedy I ever used for dysentery and all summer complaints among children, and I think no household should be without it." Mrs. A. Baker, Ingoldsby, Ont. 2

Enthusiasm is an impulse capable of raising men to a higher level of thought, feeling and action than they could possibly reach without it.

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 Johnson'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 Good's drug store, Albion block, Goderich, sole agent. [d]

Idle men do not think; they only dream.

C. L. McINTOSH,

Next door to Rhynas' 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, 1886.

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Goderich, Jan. 11th, 1887. 2058-

A Common Cold

Is often the beginning of serious affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes, and Lungs. Therefore, the importance of early and effective treatment cannot be overestimated. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral may always be relied upon for the speedy cure of a Cold or Cough.

Last January I was attacked with a severe Cold, which, by neglect and frequent exposures, became worse, finally settling on my lungs. A terrible cough soon followed, accompanied by pains in the chest, from which I suffered intensely. After trying various remedies, without obtaining relief, I commenced taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was

Speedily Cured.

I am satisfied that this remedy saved my life.—Jno. Webster, Pawtucket, R. I.

I contracted a severe cold, which suddenly developed into Pneumonia, presenting dangerous and obstinate symptoms. My physician at once ordered the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. His instructions were followed, and the result was a rapid and permanent cure.—H. E. Simpson, Rogers Prairie, Texas.

Two years ago I suffered from a severe Cold which settled on my Lungs. I consulted various physicians, and took the medicines they prescribed, but received only temporary relief. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking two bottles of this medicine I was cured. Since then I have given the Pectoral to my children, and consider it

The Best Remedy

for Colds, Coughs, and all Throat and Lung diseases, ever used in my family.—Robert Vanderpool, Meadville, Pa.

Some time ago I took a slight Cold, which, being neglected, grew worse, and settled on my lungs. I had a hacking cough, and was very weak. Those who knew me best considered my life to be in great danger. I continued to suffer until I commenced using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Less than one bottle of this valuable medicine cured me, and I feel that I owe the preservation of my life to its curative powers.—Mrs. Ann Lockwood, Akron, New York.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is considered, here, the one great remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs, and is more in demand than any other medicine of its class.—J. F. Roberts, Magnolia, Ark.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Don't Speculate.

Run no risk in buying medicine, but try the great Kidney and Liver regulator, made by Dr. Chase, author of Chase's receipes. Try Chase's Liver Cure for all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels. Sold by all druggists.

Merchants can get their Bill Heads, Letter Heads, &c., &c. printed at this office for very little more than they generally pay for the paper, and it helps to advertise their business. Call and see samples and get prices.

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Every Man in Business should get his Office Stationery Printed.

DO NOT TEAR SHEETS OUT OF YOUR ACCOUNT BOOKS TO WRITE ON, BUT GET YOUR

Bill Heads
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PROPERLY PRINTED ON GOOD PAPER,

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