THE POET'S CORNER.

Nothing And Something.

"It's nothing to me," the beauty said
With a careless toss of her pretty head;
"The man is weak if he can't resist
From the cup you say is fraught with pain.'

It was something to her in after years,
When her eyes were drenched with burning tears,
And she watched in lonely grief and dread
And started to hear a staggering tread.

'It's nothing to me," the mother said,
I have no fear that my boy will tread
The downward path of sin and shame,
And crush my heart and darken his name."

It was something to her when her only son,
From the path of right was early won
And madly cast in the flowing bowl
A ruined body and a shipwrecked soul

"It's nothing to me,"the merchant said,
As over the ledger he bent his head:
"I'm busy to day with the tare and tret,
And have no time to fume and fret.

It was something to him when over the wire
A message came from a funeral pyre—
A drunken conductor had wrecked a train,
And his wife and child were among the slain

"It's nothing to me," the young man cried;
In his eye was a flash of scorn and pride—
"I heed not the dreadful things you tell;
I can rule myself, I know full well."

'Twas something to him when in the prison he lay
The victim of drink—life ebbing away;
As he thought of his wretched child and wife
And the mournful wreck of his wasted life.

"It's nothing to me," the voter said,
"The party's loss is my greatest dread,"
Then he gave his vote for the liquor trade,
Though hearts were crushed and drunkards made.

It was something to him in after life,
When his daughter became a drunkard's wife.
And her hungry children cried for bread,
And trembled to hear their father's tread.

It is nothing to us who idly sleep
While the cohorts of death their vigil's keep
Alluring the young and thoughtless in—
And grind in our midst a grist of sin?

It is something—yes, all, for us to stand,
And clasp by faith our Saviour's hand—
To learn to labor, live, and fight
On the side of God and changeless right.

The experience of years furnishes the most convincing evidence that thousands of lives are annually saved by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It speedily cures all affections of the throat, bronchial tubes and lungs.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

Mrs Doxtater was returning, weak and ill, from Boston to her home in Cleveland. After being helped to her berth in the sleeping-car, she was glad to lie still, and was very grateful to the elderly young man who had changed his lower berth for the upper one Jack; her stepson, had been compelled to take for her, and which was in the section across the aisle. Jack would be in the next section, and her maid would be in the berth above her. Mrs Doxtater was easy in her mind, She hoped to fall asleep as soon as twilight set in. In the meantime her curtains were drawn back for the air, and she scanned the elderly young man opposite. His eyes were a limpid blue. There was a bare-looking spot on the top of his head, he wore a twinking scarf-pin, and on one of his fingers was a conspicuous ring. His lips were red, and his whiskers weedy.

His clothes were blue flannel. He was evidently a quiet and kind-hearted little man but not what Mrs Doxtater called a gentleman.

At Springfield a tall and very beautiful young lady entered the car, and was given a seat with the elderly young man. She told the porter several times in a high-keyed but pleasant voice that she was booked for No 7. The invalid looked at the new comer with unusual interest, for she was quite sure she had seen that face somewhere. In a moment the young lady observed graciously to her vis-a-vis that it was a cool evening, and displayed a dazzling set of teeth. Doubt gave way to certainty. It was Edith Warren, one of Mrs Doxtater's daughter's school friends. So "generous, and so merry, mamma," Clara had said. "And her father is rich enough to give her anything she wants. She's just a little loud, but it don't mean anything. She has four brothers who dote on her, and so she thinks the men must be all of them gentleman." Jack had met this fascinating Edith when he went to Janus for his sister the last commencement, and he had warmly seconded the plea made by Clara, that she should be invited to spend part of the coming vacation at Cleveland.

Such a lovely face would win attention from a mummy, The luxuriant brown hair swept away from the delicate cheeks in such heavy waves, the bluish-grey eyes were shaded by such long lashes, no one could blame the elderly young man for looking at her over the pages of the *Advertiser*. It was, too, difficult to read in such a poor light as that given by the ill-smelling lamps. Moreover, the young lady was was disposed to talk, and announced her dislike of a long journey.

"Do you go far?" said the elderly young man, with unfeigned interest.

"I should think so," replied the young lady, in that clear voice which could be heard so far that people at the remote parts of the car turned about to look at her. "I go to St Louis. But I am used to travelling."

Just then a luncheon was brought in to the elderly young man. The obsequious waiter set up the little table, spread upon it a dingy towel, and set out cold meats, bread, pickles, and a bottle of beer. What could the elderly young man do but ask his fair neighbor to share his meal!

"No, thanks," she said. "Uncle John used to be a sea captain, and he made me take a square meal at the station. He said it is a poor plan to leave port without provisions."

Of course the elderly young man giggled at the wisdom of Uncle John, and inquired about him.

"He lives in Boston, and goes every summer to Nantucket, where he was born. Papa was born there, too, but I was born and raised in St Louis, I went East for my health. I gained sixteen pounds. Mamma's friends are all in the East, and so are most of papa's. Mamma died last spring. It was a dreadful blow," and, drawing out a very black-edged hankerchief, Miss Edith wiped some genuine tears from her bright eyes.

"Yes, to be sure," said her neighbor, trying to look sympathetic. "I have no doubt. But we each one must come to it, you know. Ah, now I wish you would have something. It's very unsocial, you know. Let me give you some of this ale," and he shook the squat stone bottle, and then poured out a foaming glass.

"I don't care if I do have some of your ale," said the beauty, and, drawing a silver cup from her travelling-bag, allowed it to be filled. Conversation became animated after this refreshment, and Jack Doxtater, who had returned from the smoking-car, drew his hat low over his brow, fearing that his big beard and the bronze hue he had acquired in his trip from Paris were not sufficient disguise.

"I think the East is perfectly splendid," went on Miss Edith. "But I wouldn't like to live there. It is so poky? I mean, the folks are poky and slow."

"Now, you are hurting my feelings. I live in Boston," and the elderly young man twirled his mountaches. "I like the West for business and that sort of thing. But Boston is the place to live. In your place a man gets so dirty. Can't touch anything without getting grimy."

"Well, that's so. I reckon clothes last longer where it's clean. Seems like nothing wore out at Nantucket. But I get tired of my things, and like to have 'em gone so I can buy new. Papa gives me a good allowance."

"Did you have a pleasant summer at Nantucket?"

"I like the bathing, but I don't like my Aunt Jane—she's Uncle John's wife. She cares so much for her family. Dear me you'd think the Queen of England would feel proud to be related to her!"

"Have you ever been told that you resemble Mrs Blank (Mrs Blank was just then very much before the public)? I have never seen her, only her photographs, but you look like them remarkably.

"Why, yes, people have said so, but I dont approve of her exactly."

"She is mighty popular though."

"Yes, to be sure, My brothers travel for a firm in Chicago, and we never know when they are to be home. My! I wouldn't marry a travelling man for anything."

"It's not so bad, not travelling isn't," said the elderly young man, nursing his leg and looking the young lady over coolly. "But probably so handsome a young person as you can choose what she wants."

Miss Edith blushed and bridled, and her neighbor continued:—"I have no doubt you left some young men mumping back there at Nantucket."

"Yes—I left half a dozen."

And the elderly young man laughed.

Deadly chills ran down Jack Doxtater's back. He had paid Miss Edith particular attention the brief time he was with her. Could this be the girl he had compared to a goddess, and whom he had hoped to win for a wife? His lips grew cold. His fingers shook. He longed to fall upon that elderly young man and pitch him out of the window, though reason told him he was not to blame.

"I could live in any city of any consequence in the United States if I had been a mind to," said the girl, regardless of clearness of expression. "I always have lots of attention."

The elderly young man stretched out his legs and yawned. He was tired. "I wish you'd come to Boston and live," he said. "I'd like to show you round the Hub. And ah, so would Mrs Jackson—My wife. I'm proud of my wife. Yes, I wire her every evening, so she knows just where I am, and that I'm all safe. This is my card"—he bent forward offering the pastecard—Sam'l H Jackson agent for Fuller & Fuller, wholesale tobacco. "It's a good business. Everybody smokes, no matter what the times are, and I only meet gents. That's what I like about the business. I couldn't endure a business in which I couldn't deal with gents."

Miss Edith received the card somewhat coldly, but Mr Jackson did not seem to observe that, and continued:—It was a lucky accident that give me such a pleasant evening. A sick lady had the upper of this section, and, as she couldn't get up the steps, I took this and let her have my berth."

"I call it cheeky to ask any one to give up a lower berth," said Miss Edith, forgetting to be cold in the pleasure of giving her opinion, and quite regardless of the fact that the invalid was within hearing. "I wouldn't do such a thing."

Jack Doxtater's face crimsoned under its heavy thatch.

"Perhaps you have never had the misfortune to be obliged to travel when you were ill," suggested Mr Jackson, languidly. "Of course, for a well man to ask another to give up the place he has telegraphed for would be cheeky, but for a sick lady it is quite different. Then I like an upper," and, rising, he went to the porter and ordered him "to put up No 7, lively."

Movement of some sort was necessary to Jack Doxtater, and he went to the water-cooler.

"You missed a good deal, you know," said Mr Jackson, who was lounging near. "Regular rattler, that young lady. Handsome as a picture, but I like the shy ones best myself."

Jack knew that Mr Jackson had no disrespectful thoughts of Miss Edith, and that she had invited and encouraged the conversation, but he could not restrain a growl. "She is not accustomed to the ways of the world."

"My, no," said Mr Jackson, blithely, and thinking this stranger very surly. "She's as fresh as a cabbage. A little too free, though, for my style."

A week later Clara Doxtater received a letter from her old friend.

"When I was returning home from the East I saw two people on the cars who looked so much like your mother and step brother I thought I must speak to them. I have never seen your mother, only her picture, but the sick lady was like the photo that used to hang in your room, only older and sallow. I never saw such haughty folks as they were, though. I should as soon expect a bow from Bunker Hill monument as from them. I will surely come to see you this summer when you set the time."

Judge Doxtater and family went to California that summer and, somewhow, Miss Warren never quite understood how, her acquaintance ceased with her old friend. Clara shed a good many tears over it, and Mrs Doxtater made many excuses for the girl to Jack, but he always shook his head. "No," he would say, "I will not have my sister know a young girl too free in manner for a tobacco drummer," and this settled the matter.—Christian Union.

On the Platform.

Public speakers and singers are often troubled with sore throat and hoarseness and are liable to severe bronchial attacks which might be prevented and cured by the of Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam—the best throat and lung remedy in use. 2

Advertising Runaway Wives in China.

This amusing advertisement from the *North China Herald* is a specimen of a class of advertisements quite common in Chinese newspapers. Advertising must be cheap there, judging from their length:—

"I married my wife in 1878, with much feasting, and respectful obedience to parents. She is twenty-seven years old this year. I followed in July, 1883, the Koching (courteous and tranquil) Battalion, under the ever-valorous Viceroy, Tso-tsung-tsang. As my son was also on his duty, my wife and I removed our residence to Shanghai. In the fifth moon of this present year we removed to the Hui-fang-Lou, where my wife, Ku ai-ching, (the affectionate cabbage), went frequently to drink tea at Ti i-Lou, of which I know not. Later on, on the fifteenth day of the eighth moon, a Hu-chow man, whose name and surname, and whose grandfather's name and surname I know not, went with my wife to burn prayers and incense to the temple. He had the sacriligious effrontery to wear the little blue button and the medallion and beads of a great official. This went on until of the ninth moon, when my wife indiscreetly and secretly vanished from my house, carrying a bundle, but leaving a one-year-old little daughter, who, without ceasing weeps and wails from sunrise to sunset and from sunset to sunrise. I cannot, therefore, control my wrath and bitterness. How, I wonder, could this ever-to-be-execrated tailor's block without a name beguile Ku-ai-ch'ing from her husband, who mixed this ink with salt tears? Surely he has no law or justice before his eyes or on his forehead. Should any kind hearted one give me information by letter, I will reward him with twenty dollars; should he bring her back, I will gratefully give him forty dollars, and for a myriad of generations, to all eternity, the oldest son of my successors shall burn incence for him. Should this rascal without a name obstinately retain my wife, not only to all eternity shall he be infamous, not only shall he be cut off the line of his ancestors, and be discarded by his grandparents, but we three, father, son and little daughter, will at all times risk our lives to punish him. I hope he will think three times, and so avoid an after repentance. Letters shall be recived for me at No. 4, Hui-fang-Lou, or at the house of my wife's husband, Hsia-lao-san, at the Yung Lou."

As the exhausted reporter sometimes put it, "Comment is needless."

It is useless to attempt the cure of any disorder, if the blood is allowed to remain impure. Neuralgia and rheumatism are traceable to a disordered condition of the blood, and in numberless cases have been cured by taking a few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Taste in the Household.

Taste is one thing. Display is another. It is not pleasant to right thinking people to have a man continually telling his neighbors how rich and lucky he is, either by his way of dressing his house, or himself, or his family. The need of greater simplicity is apparent in many of the belongings of the *nouveau riche*, not, of necessity, in the way of smaller expenditure, but through harmonizing the unrelated and discordant elements of his decorations. Those people who put everything that they possess on show in their parlors succeed in making those apartments look like shops, and the eye tires with the jumble of objects and confusion of tints. There should be restful spaces of comparative bareness or of subduing shadow in every room that is much occupied, for it is better that there should be too little decoration than too much. One would not wish to see his wife always attired in her most expensive and uncomfortable costume, and wearing all her jewels at once, yet there is a similar impression of unrelieved display in not a few domestic interiors. It is wiser for the householder to entrust a professional decorator with the task of beautifying his house than for him to undertake that work himself when he has not the aptitude or training for it. Speaking to this point, Edmund Russel, the artist and lecturer says:

"Don't emblazon your front door with armored knights and rampant lions, because they don't belong or grow here. Don't put your initials or your name over everything you possess, so that people who pick up a fork or look at a pillow sham will read "John Smith, my property. It's all right to make things of use in some such a way, but not things of beauty, and if you must so mark them make the letters small and put them on the back of the object, not the front. The lady who wears her initials in diamonds on a brooch is vulgar. The man who prints his monogram on his china does a useless thing, for nobody is going to run away with his dishes. Don't assert too much at the table. Don't be too showy and complex. Don't make your napkin rings too emphatic and obtrusive. Put flowers on the table, but place them loosely or in glass, for if you put them in china or any other opaque substance you conceal half their beauty—namely their stems. Don't entirely cover your wall with pictures, and when you have a picture don't let the shopkeeper kill with a big gold frame. Try bronze or something that will relate to the picture on the wall and not make it stand out like a big shiny spot of color and gilt gingerbread."

Grandmother's Chicken Pot-pie.

Since boyhood the writer has never come across anyone who could make chicken pot-pie that was not a disappointment. Even his mother had not learned the art; his wife was a dismal failure, and nearly every female acquaintance who has entered the lists fails when the crucial test is applied. Of course I praise the pie—it needs it—but one plateful always answers. I need not to be advised when to quit, as my dear old grandmother used to do. It was her pot pies that were so juicy and deliciously flavoured that she must needs stand by to save me. It is all nonsense that "I have lost my zest for food." I know better. I have tried pot pies made by my mother's sisters. I have even gone to the Catskill Mountains in the State of New York in search of the lost secret—for there in Duchess County was my darling grandmother born. Now I know it was neither prejudice nor my boyish appetite; for I could not endure her baked pork and beans. No the art is lost, unless I can conjure it from memory as I was too heedless and shiftless to set it down in a book. But the lesson has made me more careful since that day. But let me go back in memory and describe her method. It was my part to catch the chicken, and I became expert in my part as time went on. I selected one or two young male fowls, according to the number who were to share the treat. After scalding, plucking and dressing the fowls she washed them several times, after cutting them up she left them in salt and water, allowing them to remain in it a half hour or so; about one hour before the meal was to be served she put them over the fire in a deep kettle covering, with sufficient cold water to allow for evaporating during the hour. This was allowed to come slowly to a boil and not hurried. Meantime a rich pastry or crust was made with sour cream, and a little soda, rolled out into thin sheets and cut into squares—not perfectly square, you know, but square enough. When ready, and about fifteen or twenty minutes before dinner was to be served, she removed the chicken from the broth or liquor, then thickened this liquor with flour and plenty of melted butter seasoned with salt and pepper reduced to a thin batter by stirring in to the broth, of which there was plenty to cover the whole, as she returned the chicken and squares of crust in alternate layers, topping off as she began with a layer of crust, for I always hung around and conjured her to put in "lots of crust." That was a long quarter of an hour, always, from the time she covered it with a tin until served in a large platter, baptized in the delicious gravy. Perhaps this is not a sufficient guide to produce as good a pot pie as she made—and she never failed—but try it, and see. He success was equalled when she tried lamb, veal or pigeons. The secret is in the crust and the juiciness and plentifulness of the gravy.

For Frost Bites.

There is no better remedy for frost bites, chilblains and similar troubles, than, than Hagyard's Yellow Oil. It also cures rheumatism, lumbago, sore throat, deafness, and lameness and pain generally. Yellow Oil is used internally and externally. 2

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Doughnuts—One quart of flour, one cup of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, one egg, a pinch of salt, one teaspoon of saleratus and two of cream tartar. Fry in lard.

Raisin Cake—One half cup of butter one cup of sugar, one cup of sour milk, two eggs, one cup of raisins, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoon each of cloves, cinamon and nutmeg.

Doughnuts—Four eggs, one cup each of sour milk and buttermilk, two cups of brown sugar, one teaspoon of soda, one-half teaspoonful of salt, flour enough to roll. Cut in shape and fry in hot lard.

Lemon Sauce—One teacup full of sugar, one-half teacup butter, one tablespoonful flour, all well mixed together. Add also grated rind of lemon and pint boiling water. Boil five minutes; when ready to serve squeeze into sauce just of one lemon.

Jumbles—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, two eggs, one cup of sour milk, one half-teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoon of caraway seeds, flour enough to roll; form into small round cakes and bake a light brown.

Crullers—One and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of sour cream, one-half cup of buttermilk, two eggs, one and one-half teaspoons of baking powder, flour to make a stiff dough; roll out; cut in shape and fry in hot lard; drain and sprinkle with sugar.

Oyster Plant Fritters—Make a batter of two eggs, a half cup of milk and a little salt, pepper and flour enough for a thin batter; scrape the roots and throw at once into cold water. When all are scraped, grate with a coarse grater; droped the grated root at once into the batter. Dry by the spoonful into hot fat; fry brown and drain in a collander.

Good feeling helps society to make liars of most of us—not absolute liars; but such careless handlers of the truth that its sharp corners get terribly rounded.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Never allow the bowels to remain constipated lest serious evil ensue. National Pills are unsurpassed as a remedy for constipation. 1m

Nothing is more dangerous than a friend without discretion.—La Fontaine.

To the Medical Profession, and all whom it may concern.

Phosphatine, or Nerve Food, a Phosphate Element based upon Scientific Facts, Formulated by Professor Austin, M. D. of Boston, Mass., cures Pulmonary Consumption, Sick Headache, Nervous Attacks, Vertigo and Neuralgia and all wasting diseases of the human system. Phosphatine is not a Medecine, but a Nutriment, because it contains no Vegetable or Mineral Poisons, Opiates Narcotics, and no Stimulants, but simply the Phosphatic and Gartric Elements found in our daily food. A single bottle is sufficiont to convince. All Druggists sell it. $1.00 per bottle. LOWEN & Co., sole agents for the Dominion, 55 Front Street East Toronto.

BOOTS & SHOES
—AT—
E. DOWNING'S:

We have made extraordinary preparations for a a rousing fall and winter trade. We have all

THE LATEST STYLES

in low-priced goods, as well as in

THE FINEST GOODS MANUFACTURED!

We are justly called the leaders in

LOW PRICES

style, and variety of goods. Give me a call and I will show you

The Largest Stock of Boots and Shoes of every Description, Rubbers, Overshoes, Felt Boots, Lumbermens' Stockings, etc., to be found in Western Ontario.

They are all bought at close prices for cash, and will be sold at a small advance on cost.

E. DOWNING,

Crabb's Block, Cor. East 3th and Square.

THE CITY LAUNDRY

I beg to inform the public that the City Laundry business which has been carried on in Goderich, since last February, has been leased to a new management, the former Proprietor, although doing a good business having been forced to relinquish the work, owing to ill health.

Two first-class Laundry hands have been secured, and satisfactory in every respect will be Guaranteed.

For rates and quality of work apply to.

J. S. VIDEAN,
Manager.

City Laundry, Goderich, Sept. 25th, 1888. 2171-3t.

MISS GRAHAM

HAS OPENED OUT HER.

NEW FALL SHOW
—OF—
MILLINERY,

and has the latest styles in SHAPES AND TRIMMINGS.

As usual her rates are most reasonable, and she invites the Ladies of Goderich and vicinity to call and examine the styles and prices.

Remember the Millinery rooms on the Square, next to Acheson & Cox's. 1171

There is no Mistake About it

The public verdict is that ALEX. MUNRO has the right Goods, right prices and in the right time.

I want to emphasize the fact that I study the requirements of my customers, and have made a special effort this season to procure everything New, Useful and Fashionable that is worth having.

I make no specialty of low lines of Goods, I aim at keeping good articles, and at prices commensurate with quality.

If brevity is the soul of wit, I will not exhaust patience by particularizing particulars, but will merely say that in all departments there will be found a choice assortment.

ALL GOODS MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES, AND STRICTLY ONE PRICE.

ALEX. MUNRO,

2064- Draper and Haberdasher.

THE LATEST NEWS OF WAR
—AT—
A. B. CORNELL'S,

Where you can get all your old Sewing Machines repaired and Made as good as new, having obtained a first-class machanist.

Charges Moderate. All work warranted. Bring along your old Sewing Machines. Give me a call.

A. B. CORNELL.

APPLES!

MESSRS. PITT BROTHERS & CO.,
GROCERS, HALL COURT,
LONDON, ENG.,

will receive consignments of sound winter apples and make liberal advances against shipping documents.

Correspondence and offers of large quantities solicited. Cable Address, Telegram code for apples sent on application. 65-3m. PITTBROS, LONDON.

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