Poets of the Press.

"How many songs that their singers to remember!"—Dr. Holmes.

This is rather a satire than a serious recipe for securing fame. It is more easy to remember a single master-piece than a multitude of splendid things, and great authors' names generally go, in public mention, with the name of some single great work of theirs. It is surprising to find how many people of real merit have "sung one song and died." They saved themselves a world of useless labor for fame by striking twelve the first time. Somewhat like the following, the author and his best production have found a lodgement in our minds:

Henry Carey—God Save the King.
Hopkins—Hail Columbia.
Key—Star Spangled Banner.
John Howard Payne—Home, Sweet Home.
Charles Wolfe—Burial of Sir John Moore.
Charles Kingsley—The Three Fishers.
Edgar A. Poe—The Raven.
Tom Hood—The Song of the Shirt.
Julia Ward Howe—Battle Hymn of the Republic.
Bret Hart—The Heathen Chinee.

The history of some of the poems which have immortalized their authors will be found entertaining.

Hood's touching lyric, "The Song of the Shirt," was the work of an evening. Its author was prompted to write it by the condition of thousands of women in the City of London. The effect of its production was felt even by two persons, the poet's wife and Mark Lemon, the editor of *Punch*.

"Now mind, Tom; mind my words," said his devoted wife, "this will tell wonderfully. It is one of the best things you ever did."

Mr. Lemon, looking over his letters one morning, opened an envelope enclosing a poem which the writer said had been rejected by three London journals. He begged the editor to consign it to the waste-paper basket if it was not thought suitable for *Punch*, as the author was "sick of the sight of it." The poem was signed Tom Hood, and was entitled the "Song of the Shirt."

It was submitted to the weekly meeting of the editors and principal contributors, several of whom opposed its publication as unsuitable to the pages of a comic journal. Mr. Lemon, however, was so firmly impressed with its beauty that he published it on December 16, 1843.

"The Song of the Shirt" trebled the sale of the paper and created a profound sensation throughout Great Britain. People of every class were moved by it. It was chanted by ballad singers in the streets of London and drew tears after the author's death; the English people erected a monument over his grave. The rich gave guineas, the laborers and sewing women gave shillings and pence. Sculptured on it is the inscription devised by himself: "He sang the Song of the Shirt."

"The Old Oaken Bucket" was written fifty or more years ago by a printer named Samuel Woodworth. He was in the habit of dropping into a noted drinking saloon, kept by one Mallory. One day, after drinking a glass of brandy and water, he smacked his lips and declared that Mallory's brandy was superior to anything he had ever tasted.

"No," said Mallory, "you are mistaken. There was a drink which in both our estimations far surpassed this."

"What was that?" incredulously asked Woodworth.

"The fresh water we used to drink from the old oaken bucket that hung in the well, after returning from the fields on a sultry day."

"Very true," replied Woodworth, tear drops glistening in his eyes.

Returning to his printing office, he seated himself at his desk and began to write. In half an hour.

"The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well,"

was embalmed in an inspiring song that has become as familiar as a household word.

Mr. Kingsley's song of "The Three Fishers," was not the mere creation of his imagination, but the literal transcript of what he had seen of "men who worked and women who wept," while he was a boy in the fishing village of Clovelly. His father was the clergyman of the parish, and such was his sympathy with the fishermen that when the herring fleet put to sea, he would hold a short religious service on the wharf.

The hardy men and boys, and their anxious mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts would join in singing the prayer book version of the 121st Psalm:

"Shelter'd beneath the Almighty's wings
Then shall security rest."

It was sung as only those can sing who with stout hearts go out, because it is their duty, to danger and to death.

It was one evening after being wearied and worn out by the work and trials of the day, that Kingsley wrote the song which reproduced the scenes of his youthful days.

"Three fishers went sailing out into the west,
Out into the west as the sun went down;"

Authors do not always appreciate their good work. We have all enjoyed Campbell's "Hohenlinden," and every school-boy has shouted:

"The combat deepens, on ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!"

Yet Campbell did not know whether this fine ballad was worthy of publication. He and Sir Walter Scott were once travelling in a stage coach, and, as they were alone, they repeated poetry, in order to beguile the time. At last Scott asked Campbell to repeat some of his own poetry. Campbell said there was one thing he had written but never printed. It was full of "drums and trumpets and thunderbusses and thunders," but he didn't know if there was anything good in it. Then he repeated "Hohenlinden."

Scott listened with the greatest interest, and when he had finished, broke out with—"But do you know that's very fine? Why, it is the finest thing you ever wrote, and it must be printed."

Mrs. Hemans' "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck" is familiar to every school boy; but the history of the little hero thus immortalized is not generally known. Owen Cassabianca, a native of Corsica, was born in 1788. His father was a distinguished French politician and naval commander, and his mother a beautiful Corsican lady. But she died young, and little Owen went with his father in a war vessel, and at the early age of ten he participated with his father in the battle of the Nile.

The ship caught fire during the action and Captain Cassabianca fell wounded and insensible upon the deck, while the brave boy, unconscious of his father's fate, held his post at the battery. The flames raged around him; the crew fled one by one, and urged the lad to do the same, but he refused and fought on until the whole vessel was in flames, losing his life in the tremendous explosion which followed.

All of us are familiar with the pretty little Scottish ballad, "Comin' thro' the Rye." The common idea of this song is that a rye field is meant, but who ever saw a Scottish lassie walking through a field of rye or any other grain? The river Rye, at Daily, in Ayrshire, is meant. Before the days of bridges it was no easy matter to cross rivers without paying such a penalty as has immortalized Jennie in the old ballad. Burns wrote the ballad and Brown modernized it. As Burns wrote it, it includes the river plainly enough:

"Jenny's a' wet, poor body,
Jenny's seldom dry;
She twistit her petticoatie
Comin' thro' the Rye."

Rye is spelled with a capital R. The air is nearly pentatonic — the only F which occurs in the melody being very characteristic and effective.

The following is the origin of Longfellow's "Hanging the Crane:"

"As the family increases," said he to Aldrich, "the size of the table must be increased. When, after long years the children have grown up to manhood and womanhood and have left the fold, the large table will again be replaced by the small one for the two old folks who linger at home. Here you have a picture of life, of the growth of the family; and as you are now entering upon a literary career, and have already written some good essays, why not write an essay on the subject in hand?"

Mr. Aldrich promised to think about it. The years flew by, but no essay had appeared. Three years ago the elder and the younger poet met again. "Have you thought of that theme," asked Longfellow, "which I proposed to you a long time ago?" "I have thought of it a hundred times," replied Mr. Aldrich, "but I cannot make anything of it." "The subject reverts to me then," said the venerable poet, and he at once began to write:

"The lights are out and gone are all the guests."

He completed the poem and sent it to Mr. Bonner receiving in return the princely compensation of a thousand dollars. In the ensuing winter, after its publication in the Ledger, the poem was put into the elegant holiday volume in which it may be said it then become widely known.

It would be appropriate, in this connection, to refer to Bishop Heber, whose other poems, whose learned Bampton lectures and able articles in the *Quarterly Review*, are weighed down by a single matchless missionary hymn. It came about in this way:

While he was rector of the Episcopal Church at Hodnet, in Shropshire, he paid a visit to his father-in-law, Dr. Shipley, the vicar of Wrexham, on the border of Wales. On the next day, which was Sabbath, Dr. Shipley was to deliver a discourse in behalf of the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Lands." Knowing his son-in-law's happy gift in rapid composition, he said to him, "Write something for us to sing at the missionary services to-morrow morning."

Short notice that for a man to achieve his immortality. Heber retired to another part of the room and in a little time prepared three verses of the popular hymn commencing:

"From Greenland's icy mountains."

Dr. Shipley was delighted with the production, but Heber was not satisfied. "The sense is not complete," he said. In spite of Dr. Shipley's earnest protest, Heber retired for a few moments longer, and then, coming back, read the following glorious bugal blast which rings like the reveille of the millenial morning:

"Waft, waft, ye winds, the story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole,
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for ever slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign."

The next morning the people of Wrexham church listened to the first rehearsal of a lyric which has since been echoed by millions of voices around the globe.

No profane hymn tinker has ever dared to lay his bungling finger on a single syllable of those four stanzas which the Holy spirit moved Heber to write.

On that Sabbath morning he caught the first strains of his own immortality. He "builded better than he knew." He did more to waft the story of Calvary around the earth than if he had preached like Appolos, or had founded a board of missions. "In the monthly concerts held in the school houses of New England, in frontier cabins, on the decks of missionary ships bound to Ceylon's isle, and in the vast assemblies of the American boards, Heber's trumpet hymn has been sung with swelling voices and gushing tears."

Cowper's great Hymn of Providence, too, had a history. He wrote it after these two sweet devotional gems, "Oh for a Closer Walk with God," and "There's a Fountain Filled with Blood." A foreboding impression of another attack of insanity began to creep over him. The presentiment grew deeper, the clouds gathered fast.

He even meditated self destruction, and left his quiet cottage to drown himself in the neighboring river. He was under a pall of overwhelming gloom. Just while those black clouds of despair were darting their vivid lightnings into his suffering soul, the grandest inspiration of his life broke upon him, and he began to sing out these wonderful words:—

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform,
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

For several years Cowper's splendid intellect was to be under a total eclipse. The penumbra was already darkening its disc. But in full view of the impending calamity, the inspired son of song chanted forth those strains of holy cheer:

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face."

Cowper never could have sung that sublime anthem of victory except under the immediate inspiration of "power from on high." The storm was coming, but Cowper's eye of faith saw "Jehovah riding above the storm." This matchless hymn of providence which God put into the soul of His afflicted servant has been a "song in the night" to millions of people under the discouraging clouds of adversity.

"Let the Mud Day Finish."—Here is a capital lesson that may well be impressed upon the memory of both young and old: Mr. Spurgeon, in walking a little way out of London to preach, chanced to get his pantaloons quite muddy. A good deacon met him at the door and desired to get a brush and take off some of the mud. "Oh, no," said Mr. S., "don't you see it is wet, and if you try to brush it now, you will rub the stain into the cloth! Let it dry, when it will come off easy enough and leave no mark." So, when men speak evil of us falsely—throw mud at us—don't be in a hurry about brushing it off. Too great eagerness to rub it off, is apt to rub it in. Let it dry; by and by, if need be, a little effort will remove it. Don't foster scandal about yourself or others, or trouble in a society, or in a church, by haste to do something. Let it alone; let it dry; it will be more easily eradicated than you think in the first heat of excitement. Time has a wonderful power in such matters. Very many things in this world will be easily got over by judiciously "letting them dry."—*From American Agriculturist for April.*

The Price of Corn.—The following from the *Burlington Hawkeye* conveys a sound moral in a merry way, and after being laughed at may well be soberly pondered by farmers and others who are slow to see that the laws of trade "work both ways." "No," the honest farmer remarked, in tones of the deepest dejection, "the big crops don't do us a bit of good. What's the use? Corn only 30 cents. Everybody and everything's dead set agin the farmer. Only 30 cents for corn. Why it won't pay our taxes, let alone buy our clothes. It won't buy us enough salt to put up a barrel of pork. Corn only 30 cents! it's a swindle on the farmer, that's what it is. It ain't worth raisin' corn for such a price as that. It's a mean, low robbery." Within the next ten days that man had sold so much more of his corn than he had intended that he found he had to buy corn to feed through the winter with. The price nearly knocked him down. "What are you giving us! Why, I don't want to buy your farm, I only want some corn! Thirty cents for corn! Why, I believe ther's nobody left in this world but a set of grasshoppers, blood-suckin' old misers. Why, good land, you don't want to be able to buy a national bank with one corn crop! Thirty cents for corn! Well, I'll let my carriage horses run on corn stocks all winter before I'll pay such an unheard of outrageous price for corn as that! Why, the country's flooded with corn, and thirty cents a bushel is a blamed robbery; and I don't see how any man, looking at the crop we've had, can have the face to ask such a price."

The Farm.

Butter Making.

Mr. Meyer, of Breslau, a gentleman of considerable experience in the creamery business, writes a sensible paper on the question of "butter making," to the Berlin Telegraph, from which we extract the following:—The question you put to me, "How much would a farmer make on an average through the season by selling his milk," scarcely admits of a definite answer. The price of milk is, or ought to be, governed by the price of butter, the same as the price of wheat is governed by the price of flour. Supposing that the cost of manufacturing the butter in factories is the same as when made by farmers, the offal for feeding purposes the same, and the butter made in factories worth fully twice as much as ordinary make, it requires very little mathematical ingenuity to arrive at the conclusion that it pays 100 per cent. better to sell the milk than to make butter themselves. Calculating as some farmers do, that the sour milk pays them for their labor in making the butter, then by selling the milk they have no claim on the sour milk, only the butter, and whatever the factory better fetches more than the farmer's make is clear gain. Taking the generality of butter makers through the country, they will take on an average thirty pounds of milk to make one pound of butter: at twelve cents per pound, they will make exactly four cents per gallon for their milk, and that part of it which the unfortunate storekeeper has to sell at from five to ten cents per pound brought in reality to the country from two to three cents per gallon. Can we, as Canadian people, who love the prosperity of our country so dearly, allow it to suffer such an enormous loss without making an effort to bring about a change for the better? The country produces the milk; and it is for us as a people to say whether it is to be a satisfactory and paying business or the very reverse. I repeat what I said in a previous letter, that the makers of butter are not more to blame in having lost the butter trade than the buyers and shippers; but I believe that the whole system is wrong, and the only right one is the creamery system. I believe the day is not far distant when the churn will be found in our farm houses to occupy a place alongside the spinning wheel in some quiet corner in the garret. Only a few years ago, the spinning wheel was as common in a farm house as the churn; but the factories have proved to be able to do the work cheaper and to better advantage than they could, and consequently the spinning wheel stopped. And why should not the butter factories displace the churns when it can be shown that by doing so the gain would be enormous,

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For "Custard Fish," boil the soaked fish in water until tender; then pour off the water and pick it very fine; have ready a quart of hot milk for three-quarters of a pound of fish, and put into it the fish, and a tablespoonful of butter; stir until it boils; then stir in well a heaping tablespoonful of flour, and cook it five minutes. Let it cool a little, and then stir into it two well beaten eggs without further cooking.

For nice Fish Balls, soak the fish in warm but not boiling water for an hour, and repeat this twice; boiling water toughens it. Pour off the last water so as to leave it nearly dry, and chop it fine in a chopping bowl. Mash the boiled potatoes separately, and mix about one part of fish with two parts of potato, putting in about a tablespoonful of butter to a quart of the mixture, and salt if needed. Make into balls or cakes. This can be done the night before. Fry in lard or drippings, using only enough to keep them from sticking to the pan. Some prefer them fried swimming in lard, but they are less digestible. If the balls are first dipped in beaten egg, they will take up little of the cooking fat, and are very good. When well made thus, they are palatable, easily digested, and nutritious as well as economical.—*From American Agriculturist for April.*

Lord Dufferin.

A good story is told in Berlin of the visit paid by Bismarck to Lord and Lady Dufferin, at the Kaiserhoff, when the newly appointed Ambassador and his wife were passing through the Kaiserstadt. The footman to whom Bismarck gave his card returned, after keeping the Prince waiting several minutes, and, in reply to the Prince's demand whether he had announced him, said, rather impertinently, "No." Now Bismarck, as all the world knows, is irritated in a moment, and the flunkey's imperturbability simply threw him into a white heat. In a great rage he burst out, "You old fool! Why not!" and was going away, when Lord Dufferin looked out of his room and proceeded to explain. It seems that Lady Dufferin was dressing and that "Chawles," who thought the Prince wished to see the Countess, had been told by the lady's maid that her mistress was not at home. By the time that Lord Dufferin had explained the mistake to Bismarck her Ladyship had finished dressing and was able to receive the Prince. Now just imagine what tremendous consequences might have ensued from Chawles' (the flukey) absurd mistake.

The great ice-bridge at Niagara has disappeared. A correspondent of the Buffalo *Courier* says:—"It is strange, but a fact, that most of the bridge was snow, and nothing but the severe cold weather that we have had kept it together so long. It is estimated that about eighteen thousand people have crossed this bridge. Mr. Conroy, the well-known guide was the first to cross the ice-bridge on Dec. 30. The last to cross was a boy, accompanied by a dog, Wednesday afternoon, the 12th ult. Although there have been a great many dangerous places about the falls during the winter, and so many thousands of people have gazed upon the grand sights and superb scenery, it is pleasant to know that not a single accident has occurred. It will not be surprising if we have another ice-bridge this spring, when the ice comes down from the lakes. May 4, 1877, an ice bridge formed just below the American fall, while grass was being cut in Prospect Park. People crossed the bridge at that time for two or three days. It broke and went down the river on the 14th."

Even the strongly protectionist Montreal *Star* is not satisfied. Hear it:—As a result of the tariff coal has been raised fifty cents per ton. Why this should have been rendered necessary by the imposition of the duty upon anthracite it is difficult to see. So far as bituminous was concerned, the duty was all very well, only to be protective it should have been larger.

Boschee's German Syrup can now be purchased right at home, it is the most successful preparation ever introduced to our people. It works like a charm in all cases of Consumption, Pneumonia, Hemorrhages, Asthma, severe Coughs, Croup and all other Throat and Lung Diseases. No person has ever used this medicine without getting immediate relief, yet there are a great many poor, suffering, skeptical persons going about our streets with a suspicious cough, and the voice of consumption coming from their lungs, that will not try it. If you die, it is your own fault, as you can go to your Druggist and get a Sample bottle for 10 cents and try it; three doses will relieve any case. Regular size only 75 cts. 1669

Gray's Syrup cures the worst forms of Coughs and Colds,
Gray's Syrup cures Sore Throat and Hoarseness,
Gray's Syrup gives immediate relief in Bronchitis,
Gray's Syrup is the medicine for Asthma,
Gray's Syrup relieves Croup & Whooping-Cough,
Gray's Syrup is invaluable in last stages of Consumption,
Sold everywhere. Price 25 cents. 1676

A Gentle Hint.

In our style of climate, with its sudden changes of temperature—rain, wind and sunshine often intermingled in a single day,—it is no wonder that our children, friends and relatives are so frequently taken from us by neglected colds, half the deaths resulting directly from this cause. A bottle of Boschee's German Syrup kept about your house for immediate use will prevent serious sickness, a large doctor's bill, and perhaps death, by the use of three or four doses. For curing Consumption, Hemorrhages, Pneumonia, Severe Coughs, Croup, or any disease of the Throat or Lungs, its success is simply wonderful, as your druggist will tell you. German Syrup is now sold in every town and village on this continent. Sample bottles for trial 10c. regular size 75c. 1668

A Really Good Article.

We would call the attention of an interested to an article of undoubted merit, and which we would advise all in want of to give a trial. We refer to "Darley's Condition Powders and Arabian Heave Remedy" now being extensively used by many of the largest horse dealers in the country; these men have discovered that it improves the condition of the horse by purifying the blood, and removes from the lungs and liver all that prevents their healthy action; its effect is soon apparent in the improved appearance of the animal, which is one great reason why horse-dealers use it, as they are thus enabled to get better prices and at the same time give their customers sound and healthy horses. Remember the name and see that the signature of Hurd & Co. is on each package. Northop & Lyman, Toronto, Ont., proprietors for Canada. Sold by all medicine dealers.

A Curious Fact.

That in severe chronic cases which have proved the most obstinate to other medicines, Wilsons Compound Syrup Wild Cherry gives immediate relief and effects a speedy cure. It has no equal for Coughs, Colds, Coryza, Bronchitis, Loss of Voice, Catarrh, Whooping Cough or Croup.

Mr. B. A. Webber, of the firm of Winslow and Webber, Hamilton, gives us particulars of the following remarkable case: His wife, having caught a very severe cold, lost her voice so completely that the family could not understand a word she said. In this distressing emergency he was advised to try Wilson's Wild Cherry and was astonished to find it effect a cure in four days. Try it Sold by all Druggists. 1676

☞ Is your throat sore, or are you annoyed by a constant cough? If so, use promptly "Bryan's Pulmonic Wafers." They will give you instant relief. They relieve the air passages of phlegm or mucous, and allay inflammation, and no safer remedy can be had for coughs, colds, or any complaint of the throat or lungs, and if taken in time their efficacy will soon be proved. Sold by all druggists and country dealers at 25 cents a box.

Dr. Deal, who is a Veterinary Surgeon of great skill, writes from Bowersville, Harrison Co., O.: I have given Perry Davis' Pain Killer in many cases of Colic, Cramp and Dysentery in Horses, and never knew it to fail to cure in a single instance. I look upon it as a certain remedy.

FELLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPO-PHOS-PHITES

Is composed of Ingredients identical with those which constitute Health, Blood, Muscle and Nerve and Brain Substance, whilst Life itself is directly dependent upon some of them.

By its union with the blood and its effect upon the muscles, re-establishing the one and toning the other, it is capable of effecting the following results:

It will displace or wash out tuberculous matter and thus cure Consumption.

By increasing Nervous and Muscular Vigor, it will cure Dyspepsia, feeble or interrupted action of the Heart and Palpitation, Weakness of Intellect caused by grief, worry, overtax or irregular habits, Bronchitis, Acute or Chronic Congestion of the Lungs, even in the most alarming stages.

It cures Asthma, Loss of Voice, Neuralgia, St. Vitus Dance, Epileptic Fits, Whooping cough, Nervousness, and is a most wonderful adjunct to other remedies in sustaining life during the process of Diphtheria.

An endless chain of good effects is formed by

Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites.

and we are safe in saying, from a long experience in medicine, its virtues are not possessed by any other combination, as the following will demonstrate.

IT IS ACCEPTABLE to palate and stomach.

SUFFICIENTLY POTENT to insure decided benefit, yet harmless, however long its use may be continued. This characteristic is possessed by no other remedy.

IT ASSISTS DIGESTION and assimilation.

IT VITALIZES THE BLOOD, supplying such elements as may be required.

IT RESTORES TONE to the nerves.

IT GIVES POWER of endurance and of concentration to the mind.

IT PROMOTES VIGOR in the organs which depend for health on the involuntary muscular action, viz., the Liver, Lungs, Heart, Stomach and Genitals.

And unless afflicted with some disease involving absolute organic loss, it will sustain the system until it reaches the age allotted to man by a beneficent Creator.

No PERSON will be disappointed in the effect of FELLOWS' HYPOPHOSPHITES, who rigidly follows the directions.

FELLOWS' HYPOPHOSPHITES

INCEPTION.

The experiments which perfected this preparation occupied many months, and were instituted with a view to curing that insidious disease,

TUBERCULAR CONSUMPTION,

and in order to supply the deficiencies in Hypophosphites already in use; for, although their nature was correct as to theory, their preparations were, owing to their imperfect organization, found wanting in practice.

While they caused the formation of fat and generated heat, they did not improve the blood. The tonic effect upon the nerves and muscles was circumscribed, and, owing to their diluted state, in order to give large doses they were also too expensive.

The desiderata sought by Mr Fellows were:

A convenient, palatable remedy;
Unalterable by time;
Harmless, though used continually yet might be discontinued at any time without any ill effect;
Which would create an appetite;
Strengthen digestion;
Promote assimilation;
Create healthy blood;
Strengthen the nerves and muscles;
Enable the subject to successfully combat disease

And sufficiently economical for all.

All this has been indisputably attained. The success of the work is complete; and Fellows' Hypophosphites stand foremost amongst the remedies for chronic or old diseases, possessing properties to which no other medicine has ever answered.

ABSTRACT EFFECTS.

Fellows' Hypophosphites, on being introduced into the stomach, unites with the food, and immediately enters the circulation; and, being perfectly in unison with the blood, speedily pervades every part of the system. Its effects are first declared by a pulse slightly increased in fullness and strength, a general exhilaration of the organic functions, and exhilaration of the intellectual powers. Its specific influence is on the brain and nervous substance, increasing the activity of the absorbent and renewing the blood, thus causing the healthy vascular formation so necessary in restoring the functions of the previously weakened organs.

Being, then, a tonic of the nervous and circulatory system, it follows that, when there is a demand for extraordinary exertion, its use is invaluable, since it supplies the waste through the circulation, and sustains the general system.

At a period of life is watchful care over the functions of the brain more requisite than during the acquisition of knowledge by the youth; pleading, perverting study requires a store of vigorous, nervous force, or the child may sink under the mental toil.

Stern necessity may compel the student to strain his powers beyond the dictates of prudence, and the early promise of excellence may be blighted thereby.

To such we recommend Fellows' Hypophosphites it will not only restore the sinking patient, but it will enable the toiling student to preserve his mental and nervous standard without detriment.

Note—Be suspicious of per one who recommend any other article as "just as good" though bearing a similar name, and of those who offer the cheaper priced article.

Note—It is only the independent, well-posted and watchful physician who can attend to prescribing the remedy. Experience has proved this. The highest class medical men in every large city, where it is known, recommend it.

Price $1 50 per Bottle,
$7 50 for six bottles

Orders addressed to,

Perry Davis & Son & Lawrence,
377 St. Paul Street, Montreal, P.Q.
Will have immediate attention. 1671 1yr.

Special Notices.

Brown's Cocoa.—Grateful and Comforting.—By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack whenever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame.—*Civil Service Gazette.* Sold only in packets labelled—James Epps & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London, Eng."

A Card.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Joseph T. Inman, Station D, Bible House, New York City.

For Sale.

FOR SALE.

FOUR lots in the town of Goderich, being McDougall survey, front on the Huron Road apply to MRS. H. HINCHS, Goderich. 1656 tf.

50 ACRES OF LAND

50 ACRES OF LAND FOR SALE, being W ½ of lot 4, Con. 5, B. D. Ashfield, nearly cleared, good house, small frame house &c., on the Lot. Cash down, balance on time to suit. A quantity of cedar posts for sale. App'y to R. T. HAYNES, 1647 tf Shiloh P.O.

FOR SALE.

WEST half of Thomas Weatherald, P. M., Surveyor's garden (one acre more or less to suit purchaser), well stocked with choice grape vines and fruit trees in full bearing.

Also a seven acre Park Lot and thirty 1 acre Lots in different parts of the Town of Goderich. Terms 10 per cent down at time of sale and balance to extend over ten years (if required) with interest at seven per cent per annum. Apply to

THOMAS WEATHERALD,
Engineer and Surveyor, Goderich.

Harness.

NEW Harness Shop!

THE subscriber having opened out in the above line, next door to R. Smith's Warehouse, and directly opposite Dalgety's Hotel, Hamilton St., Goderich, is now prepared to furnish Town and County with all kinds of work in his line as such.

Heavy Team Harness

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And everything that is to be found in a first class shop. The best of material is used, and the best of workmen employed, and let it be distinctly understood that he can not and will not be undersold.

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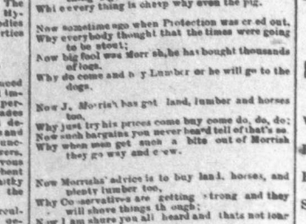

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Now is the time your money to spend,
While the times are so hard you can get cheap men;
Now is the time when little money will do something big,
Whi every thing is cheap why even the pig.

Now sometime ago when Protection was cried out,
Why everybody thought that the times were going to be stout;
Now big fool was Morrish, he has bought thousands of logs,
Why do come and buy Lumber or he will go to the dogs.

Now J. Morrish has got land, lumber and horses too,
Why just try his prices come buy come do, do, do;
Now such bargains you never heard tell of that's no lie,
Why when men get such a bite out of Morrish they go way and cry.

Now Morrisha' advice is to buy land, horses, and plenty lumber too,
Why Conservatives are getting strong and they will above things th ough;
Now I am shure you all heard and thats not long ago
When Conservatives go in power that they would have things just so.

Now when Diamonds get in Reeve Conservatives in power,
Why Protection must be put out and that will make you sour
Now when that is put on and then you will want Lumber for Barn,
Why then you will come with your low prices we will say go and be darn.

Now if you want Lumber and come right away,
Why John Morrish will give it you and without delay,
How of course roads are bad and holes not a few,
Why not better come while its cheap and that will true.

Now I think thats enough to convince any man,
Why come get your Lumber cheap while you can;
Now this I enough of this long dis course,
Why its utter to stop or when reading you will go to sleep.

So good bye you one and all
Do not buy Pork long time again to call,
Hoeing times will get gone for a end all,
And then make us all stop our bawl

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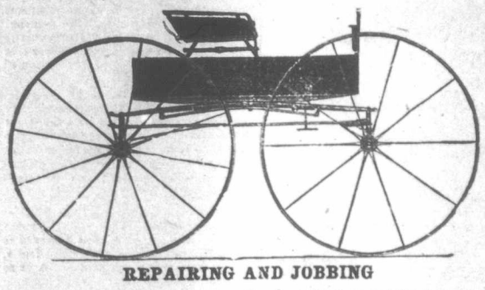

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GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	No. 3 Express. P. M.	No. 1 Mail. A. M.
Dep. ..Listowel	1 10	6 00
" ..Milverton	2 02	6 28
" ..G. T. Junction	2 45	7 20
Arr. Stratford	2 50	7 25
Dep.	3 20	7 35
" ..G. T. Junction	3 40	
Arr.	4 40	8 25
Dep. Woodstock	5 05	8 20
" Norwich	5 56	9 06
" B. N. & Pt. H. Junction	6 10	9 09
Arr.	6 20	
Dep. C. S. Junction	6 39	9 22
Arr.		10 05
Arr. Simcoe	7 05	10 15
" Port Dover	7 40	10 45

GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.	No. 2 Express. A. M.	No. 4 Mail. P. M.
..Listowel..Arr.	11 10	8 50
" ..Milverton "	10 31	8 14
" ..G. T. Junction		7 40
Stratford { Dep.	9 50	7 30
Stratford { Arr.	9 40	6 48
" ..G. T. Junction	9 30	6 43
" ..Woodstock { Dep.	8 35	5 40
" ..Woodstock { Arr.	8 30	5 08
" ..Norwich	7 54	4 25
" ..B., N. & Pt. H. Junction	7 51	4 09
" C. S. Junction { Dep.	7 29	3 40
" C. S. Junction { Arr.		3 30
Simcoe..... Dep.	7 00	2 00
Simcoe..... Arr.		2 45
Port Dover. Dep.	6 30	2 15

Trains Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4 run by Hamilton time daily. (Sundays excepted.)

No. 3 runs only on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

No. 4 runs only on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

*Trains do not stop.

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