

THE HURON SIGNAL

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BY GEO. & JOHN COX.

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accuracy and dispatch.

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the expiration of the year.

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advantage to do so.

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A liberal discount made to those who

advertise by the year.

Curds.

DR. P. A. McDOUGALL, CAN be consulted at all hours, at

Mr. LeTendre's Boarding House,

(formerly the British Hotel),

Goderich, April 29th, 1852.

IRA LEWIS, BARRISTER SOLICITOR, &c. West-

street, Goderich. 2nd 25

DANIEL HOME LIZARS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Convey-

ancer, formerly in Stratford, and

Stratford, Jan. 1850. 2nd 49

DANIEL GORDON, CABINET MAKER, Three doors East of

the Canada Company's office, West-

street, Goderich. August 27th, 1849. 2nd 50

JOHN J. E. LINTON, NOTARY PUBLIC, Commissioner Q.B.,

and Conveyancer, Stratford.

WILLIAM REED, HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER, &c.

Lighthouse-street, Goderich, October 25, 1849. 2nd 53

STOKES, CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST, West-

street, Goderich. 20-3 July 1850.

HURON HOTEL, BY JAMES GENTLES, Goderich.—

Attentive Hostlers always on hand.

Goderich, Sept. 13, 1850. 2nd 52

STRACHAN AND BROTHER, Barrister and Attorneys at Law, &c.

Goderich C. W. JOHN STRACHAN Barrister and Attor-

ney at Law, Notary Public and Convey-

ancer. ALEXANDER WOOD STRACHAN, Attorney at Law, Solicitor in Chan-

cery, Conveyancer, and Notary Public, Goderich, 17th November, 1851.

THOMAS NICHOLLS, BROKER, House, Land Insurance, Ship

ping and General AGENT. Produce and Commission Merchant, Ac-

countant, &c. Produce bought and sold on Commission

good carefully attended, and forwarded. Books

bound, Partnership settlements adjusted. Goderich Feb. 25, 1852. 2nd 55

A. NASMYTH, FASHIONABLE TAILOR, one door

West of W. E. Grace's store, West

Street Goderich. Feb. 19, 1852. 2nd 54

WANTED, TWO good BOOT and SHOE makers,

who will find constant employment

and good wages, by applying at the Shop

TEN SHILLINGS IN ADVANCE.

"THE GREATEST POSSIBLE GOOD TO THE GREATEST POSSIBLE NUMBER."

TWELVE AND SIX 1/2 CENTS AT THE END OF THE YEAR.

VOLUME V. GODERICH, COUNTY OF HURON, (C. W.) THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1852.

NUMBER XXIII.

Poetry.

"NOTE THE BRIGHT HOURS ONLY."

BY MRS. SARAH T. BOLTON.

A lesson in itself sublime,

A lesson worth enshrining.

In this—'I take no heed of time

Save when the sun is shining."

These motto words a dial hour,

And wisdom never teaches

To human hearts a better lore

Than this short sentence teaches,

As life is sometimes bright and fair,

And sometimes dark and lonely,

Let us forget its pain and care,

And note its bright hours only.

There is no grove on earth's broad earth,

But has some bird to cheer it;

So hope sings on in every heart,

Although we may not hear it.

And if to day the heavy wing

Of sorrow is oppress'd,

Perchance to-morrow's sun will bring

The heavy heart a blessing;

For life is sometimes bright and fair

And sometimes dark and lonely;

Then let's forget its toil and care,

And note its bright hours only.

We bid the joyous moments haste,

And then forget their glitter;

We take the cup of life, and taste

No portion but the bitter.

But we should treat our hours as deemed

Its sweetest drops the strongest,

And pleasant hours should ever seem

To linger round us longest.

A life is sometimes bright and fair,

And sometimes dark and lonely,

Let us forget its toil and care,

And note its bright hours only.

Though darkest shadows of the night,

Thou art before the morning;

Thou art the dawn of the coming light,

All boiling passions searing;

And while we're passing on the time

Of time's fast ebbing river,

Let's pluck the blossoms by its side,

And bless the gracious Giver,

As life is sometimes bright and fair,

And sometimes dark and lonely,

Let us forget its toil and care,

And note its bright hours only.

Literature.

"I WISH I WAS RICH."

So said Tom Tobey, in our hearing,

Literature.

"I WISH I WAS RICH."

So said Tom Tobey, in our hearing,

a short time since. The remark was made

in a grocery store, where Tom spends nearly

all his time, with his leg on a level with

his nose, cap pitched defiantly over his left

eye, a cigar between his teeth, and his hands

in his pockets. This is the way Tom lives,

and the only way in which he earns his

living. Laziness is a permanent feature

of his physical fabric, except at fires, when

he is wide awake—never impatient, however,

the lunch that comes afterwards.

'Well, Tom, if you were rich, what

would you do?

'Do I'd do everything. I'd own a

machine myself, and hire the boys to run

it. I'd keep the fastest cars that

ever crawled to the cottage. I'd go it

you'd better believe me.

'I can put you on the road to wealth, if

you'll follow my directions.'

'As how?'

'Take your legs down, pull your hands

out of your pockets, throw that cigar away,

put your cap on your head in fashion, roll

up your shirt-sleeves, and go to work!

That's the way men get rich in this country.

Leaving away your best days in idleness,

and wasting for wealth, will finally land

you, not in the palace, but in the almshouse.

You are 'going it,' Tom, full blast now,

but in the wrong direction. You ought to

be thoroughly ashamed. Who supports

you? Don't look savage. I know all about

it. Your widowed mother, by her hard

daily labour.

'Tom looked amazed, he had many good

qualities, and good nature was one of them.

He reflected a moment. His eyes fell

on the cigar held in his hand. His legs

fell, and the cigar fell with it. His legs

found their legitimate position slowly on the

floor. His hands crawled out of his pockets.

'I'll do it. You have told me the truth

in old-fashioned English, just as I like it—

and I'll do it.

At that moment the cry of 'Fire' was

raised. Tom was on his taps, but paused.

'No, yer don't,' said he. 'I've run an

hour of my own. I'll be an honorary

member hereafter. I'm on another haul

now. Nobody shall say again that my old

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