

The HURON SIGNAL

DEVOTED TO COUNTY NEWS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

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THE HURON SIGNAL

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FRIDAY, JUNE 3rd, 1887.

ABOUT TORY "LOYALTY"

Now that the Fenian Editor of *United Ireland* has finished his tour, how would it do for Mr. Daniel O'Brien McGillicuddy, of the Goderich (Ont.) Signal, to start out with a lecture on "The shortcomings of the Queen, the Governor-General and the Tory party in Canada?" Anything to catch the vote?

The above, from the *London Free Press*, is a specimen of the twaddle to which even alleged leading Tory papers are forced to resort for lack of argument on the O'Brien-Lansdowne controversy. So far as the editor of the *Signal* is concerned, the personal scum from the subsidized Tory organ is of no value where he is known, and of less value where the *Free Press* and its editor are known. It is quite true the *Signal* and its editor favor British fair play and freedom of speech in all cases and under all circumstances, whether it be to a righthanded fratricide like Rev. Dr. Kane (Cain) or a rack-renting landlord hunter like Editor O'Brien, of *United Ireland*; and it is quite true that the editor of the *Signal* is quite willing on any platform, and before any audience, to meet any opponent of the principle of freedom of speech, and discuss the question at issue; but when Josiah Blackburn of the *London Free Press* states that Editor O'Brien is a Fenian, and when he insinuates that Daniel McGillicuddy is an upholder of disloyalty, then he has foully and deliberately lied, and the truth is not in him. When the Fenians invaded Canada in 1866, and when Josiah Blackburn hid in an office recess of the *Free Press*, (then published on a backstreet in London), Daniel McGillicuddy was one of the first to be enrolled for active service in the 14th Batt. at Kingston, in defence of his adopted country against the invaders. The *Free Press* is only the mouthpiece of that gang of loyalists which is composed of men like Jim. L. Hughes, Josiah Blackburn and that nondescript, Dr. Wild, who shout loyalty "for revenue purposes only," and who would cease to be loyalists and would cry out against the Governor-General or the Queen, or anyone else "Crucify them!" if the pap were held back. For the benefit of Mr. Josiah Loyalist Blackburn of the *Free Press* (Tory for revenue purposes only), we will give an extract from Canadian history, out of many at hand, wherein the "loyalists" of the "Gentleman's Party" stand out as champions of the Queen's representative in Canada. The incident is taken, not from a Reform source, but from a staunch Tory authority as the "Life and Times of Sir John A. Macdonald," written, with the approval of the hero of the work, by J. E. Collins, as staunch a Tory as Josiah Blackburn, or any other Tory who ever lied for his party, and accepted pap for his lying. The following, which will be found on pages 127, 128 and 129, is the extract.

"On the afternoon of April 25th, he (Lord Elgin) drove into town at the call of the ministry, to assent to a customs bill, which in consequence of the opening of navigation, it was imperative should go into instant effect. The rumor having gone abroad that assent was to be given to the obnoxious 'rebel bill' as it was called, a number of persons opposed to the government, and all of them 'gentlemen,' packed the galleries of the assembly. They made no stir beyond taking snuff or shaking their canes, but before serious injury was done to anybody. But this was only a small outburst of Tory loyalty. Upon the Champ de Mars that evening gathered a large and turbulent crowd. The meeting had been called by placard and Mr. Augustus Howard, nephew of the chief justice of Upper Canada, and a society man, was in the chair. This gentleman made an inflammatory speech, and was followed by Mr. Erskine; Mr. Ferres, a newspaper editor; Mr. Mack and Mr. Montgomerie, another journalist, all 'gentlemen.' The chief subject of the harangue was, 'Now is the time for action,' while frequently above the din could be heard the cry, 'To the parliament buildings.' After the chairman had made the closing remarks he shouted out, 'Now boys, three cheers for the Queen; then let us take a walk.' The

cheers were given and the walk was taken. Up to the parliament buildings surged the crowd of gentlemen loading the names of Lord Elgin and the ministry with blasphemous and obscene epithets. The windows were attacked with stones, after which some hundreds of the mob rushed into the building. The assembly was sitting in committee when the visitors burst through the doors. The members fled in dismay, some taking refuge in the lobbies, and others behind the speaker's chair. Then the rioters passed on to their work. Some wrecked furniture, others wrenched the legs off chairs, tables and desks, while some demolished the chandeliers, lamps and globes. One of the party, in the midst of the melee seated himself in the speaker's chair and cried out, 'The French parliament is dissolved.' He was hurled from his place and the chair thrown over and wrecked. The man was torn out of the hands of Mr. Chisholm, the sergeant-at-arms, and subsequently left as a trophy of victory in the room of Sir Allan McNab, at the Donegal hotel. In the midst of the riot and destruction there was a cry of 'fire.' Flames were then found in the balcony and almost simultaneously the legislative council chamber was ablaze. The party left the building, which in a few minutes was doomed. There was little time to save any of the contents, and out of 20,000 volumes not more than 200 were saved. A full length portrait of Her Majesty, which cost £2,000, was rescued, but on being brought out of the building one of the loyalists punched his stick through the canvas. The fire companies promptly turned out on the first alarm, but on their way to the building fell into the hands of the gentlemen engaged in the incendiarism, who detained them till everything had been destroyed by the flames.

Through some misunderstanding the military were not on hand, and the mob only left after the most brilliant part of the conflagration was over, down with victory, and at last for new conquest. It was a direful night in Montreal. Many a blanched face was seen in the gleam of the conflagration, and a deep shudder ran through the community at the simultaneous clanging of the bells. While the fires of the burning building shone in their windows the ministry held a cabinet and decided to meet the following morning in the Bonsecours Market. There are occasions when feelings lie too deep for words, and the opening of the next day's session seemed one of these. Mr. Baldwin, who made a motion, spoke in a low voice, as if under the influence of some painful spell; but the worthy Hamilton knight to whom the mob had brought their choicest spoils was in his prime at talking condition. It is not worth while to record here what he said, but it is worth stating one last comment upon the quality of the loyalty with which the ears of the House had been so long assailed—"a loyalty," he said, "which one day incited a mob to pelt the governor-general, and to destroy the halls of parliament and the public records, and on the next day sought to find excuses for anarchy."

The men who mobbed William O'Brien are the political spawn of those who stoned the Governor General, burned the Parliament buildings at Montreal, and who destroyed the portrait of the Queen. The "loyalists" of today are no better or no worse than the "loyalists" of fifty years ago—like the Bourbons, the Tory Party never forgets anything that is bad or learns any thing that is good.

SIR ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, assumed office as Lieut.-Governor of Ontario Wednesday last.

The foolish action of the Tory mob in Toronto has earned a barrel of money for the O'Brien mission. At the Boston meeting \$20,000 was raised for the League funds.

IT ALMOST looks as if Chapleau will step down and out from the Cabinet and accept the position of Lieut.-Governor of Quebec. In such an event it will be amusing to watch the harmonious relations between His Honor, and Hon. Premier Mercier.

OUTSIDERS estimate the spring suit of the editors of THE SIGNAL at about \$10,000, without trimmings. It is ornate but not pawdy, and there is no attempt at display on our part. There is but one drawback: It is of light brown fabric, and those who know most about it say "it won't wash." We don't feel a bit proud, however, and still talk to the neighbors in a friendly way, as of yore.

If Hon. Mr. Chapleau retires from the position of Secretary of State, we would suggest that John R. Dunn be appointed to the office. Dunn and Pope would then be in the same department of public service, and they could easily manipulate things so that the electors of the Dominion would be of little importance as factors in the formation of the Federal Government. Let's have the Hon. John R. Dunn, by all means.

TORONTO LETTER

Miscellaneous Matters From Our Queen City Correspondent

Shade Trees—Street Improvement—The 11 Base Hall Excitement—The Gambling Spirit Engendered.

TORONTO, May 31, 1887.

The city just now is looking very attractive. The corporation in the past was not sparing in the planting of shade trees, and the consequence is that many of the streets well deserve the name "avenue." The foliage is very far advanced at time of writing; Bryant's "Leafy June" is here almost before the calendar would show it. A drive along some of the most shady streets at this time of year is a treat. Keep hammering away at the council and population generally at Goderich to plant more shade trees—set them out systematically, and above all, to see that the town council is not permitted to turn the public streets into a pasture or a barnyard, as you like it.

Church street, one of the most popular in the city, is now being "block paved" up to Bloor, and the street cars are not running on it. Between the tracks a roadway of rock is being laid, and when the work is completed there will not be its equal in the city so far as street pavement is concerned. Property on Church street, and indeed on all the respectable streets of the city, has reached a tremendously high figure. A desirable frontage on Jarvis street now costs as much as the stylish mansions erected upon them. Land on Jarvis street a mile from, say the corner of Queen and Yonge street, is readily bought up at \$100 to \$120 a foot. Dirt is not cheap in Toronto, even if the city only celebrated her 50th anniversary two or three years ago.

The base ball fever is raging here just now. The city has a professional club, one of the International League teams, and the results of the games played are daily bulletined by the newspapers. Hamilton has also a professional nine, and the cities are very jealous on the matter of the merits of the rival teams. The game on Saturday between these clubs was played in this city, and attracted a crowd of 6,400. The home club pounded the "Hams," as they are called, all over the field, and the heart of the sporting Torontonians were joyous and their pockets heavy over the result. The next match between the rival Canadian professional clubs will be played in Hamilton on Saturday, and the betting fraternity of the Ambitious city expect to have their revenge. And here is the great evil of these professional matches. Betting is very general, and sometimes heavy at that. Apprentices bet, employers bet, merchants bet, clerks bet. Sometimes a hat only may be the wager, but often sums are staked on the result that the loser can ill afford to lose. I do not say that civilization has generated betting, because the savages of many lands have indulged in the vice of gambling in some form or other; but our civilization has nourished the gambling and betting spirit, and it is proving a curse to our athletic games and sports. We see what it has done to our oarsmen and our runners. We live in the day of the hippodrome—but unlike the ancient hippodromes the asses are outside the "ring."

THE Hamilton Spectator claims that Goldwin Smith is not a Tory. Will the Spectator be good enough to explain what Goldwin is. One thing we know is, that during the elections of 1878 Goldwin Smith stumped the country in the interest of the Tory party, and he has never since recanted the heresy.

FROM present appearances it looks as if the Board of Trade agitation has received a set-back in Goderich. One more such screaming farce as that of Wednesday evening, and the last nail will be driven in its coffin. What is wanted is to let the moribund Board stay dead, and if a Board of Trade is necessary for Goderich let a brand new institution be organized.

In the vote on Wednesday, on the Queen's County Election case, the Government were sustained by a majority of 19. Amongst the independent Conservatives who voted with the Opposition were, Messrs. Patterson, of Essex, and Boyle, of Monk; on Ontario; and Gigault, Dupont, Ounture and Doyon, of Quebec. Robert Porter voted in favor of the constituency-thief, as we expected.

WHAT'S UP?

Things That Are Happening Around Us

Some Information about Dock Laborers—How Frank Lawrence ran the Justice Shop for the "Trimmer."

I saw by the last SIGNAL that there was a strike by the "trimmers" down at the dock, and that trouble resulted from it all along the line. In the SIGNALS statement, however, there was a discrepancy, so far as the remuneration is concerned, which I will proceed to rectify. You said that the rate per day in Sarnia was \$1.50, and that here the rate was \$2.25, and the men struck for \$3 a day. That is not just how the thing stood. In Sarnia and other ports the "trimmers" charge \$1.50 per 1,000 bushels, and a year or two ago the Goderich "trimmers" raised their tariff to \$2.25 per 1,000 bushels. Well, according to the latter figures the United Empire last week would have to pay \$45 to the "trimmers" for unloading the 20,000 bushels of grain which she brought down for the Big Mill, and as eight men could easily handle that amount of grain inside of ten hours the wage per man would amount to over \$5.50, instead of \$2.25 per day. If \$3 per 1,000 bushels had been given \$80 would have been paid to the staff of "trimmers." I don't wonder the captain of the Empire kicked against the imposition—he'd have been more patient and long-suffering than Job if he hadn't. If our laborers charge in proportion for the work necessary in connection with the laying of the mains for the waterworks we'll have to put another cypher to the business end of the sun set down in the bylaw. Why, I remember when I had to do with a dockwolloping gang down east, the boys were willing to pile Rideau canal cordwore at a York shilling an hour for day work, and 20 cents an hour for overtime, and we didn't have any squealing, and every man put in his besticks. And after the labor session was over, and the boys were paid off they usually went home with their stipend, and didn't chafe around with a medical certificate and the boodle in one hand and a black bottle in the other, in the endeavor to irritate the inside of their necks with distilled damnation.

—And this reminds me that quite a little circus occurred over at the police court Thursday last. Some of the dockhands got at loggerheads with their chums on the question of "trimming," and the parties of the first part undertook to "trim" the parties of the second part, and being in the majority, succeeded in their efforts. On the afternoon in question a police court case was the result, and there was a goodly attendance. At the hour appointed his worship was somewhat dilatory in making his appearance, and as some of the interested and disinterested persons were showing unmistakable signs of weariness, Frank Lawrence, the express agent, undertook to run the justice shop in the absence of the mayor. The plaintiff was first cited before the justice pro tem and asked what he had to say why the sentence of the court should not be passed upon him. The reply evidently was not deemed satisfactory, for in measured tones the justice said, "You are no good, anyhow, and I sentence you to six months in the central prison." The sharpness and swiftness of the sentence seemed to drive terror into all concerned, and when one of the defendants stood up before the stern arbiter of the law, pro tem, it was little wonder that his knees smote and his cheeks blanched. "Who did you vote for last election?" was the first question put by Justice Lawrence pro tem. "For Mr. Cameron," was the faltering reply. "You did, did you? Then I'll sentence you to twelve months in the central prison for so doing, and I'll increase it to five years if you repeat the offence." The new justice, it could easily be seen, was warming up to his work, and it was quite possible that the death sentence would have been passed upon one or more of the remaining prisoners, had his worship the mayor not opportunely arrived upon the scene and dispensed with the justice pro tem. Frank contends that he was guided by equity, if not by law, in his decisions, and feels a little nonplussed that they could not be carried out.

—AJAX.

Hon. Mr. Lacoste is mentioned as the successor of Mr. Chapleau as Secretary of State.

BOARD OF TRADE

Wednesday night Meeting ends in a Fizzle

An Old Board Dating Years Back Claims the Honors—A general Stampedede follows the Vote.

Wednesday evening last there was a large attendance of the business men of the town to take into consideration the forming of a Board of Trade in Goderich. The meeting had been called pursuant to adjournment from previous meeting, and appeared ripe for business. Before the gathering convened it was discovered that back in 1875 a Board of Trade had existed in Goderich with a regular staff of officers and executive council. The officers were M. Hutchinson, president, C. Crabb, vice-president, W. M. Savage, secretary, and F. Jordan, treasurer. This organization, it was contended by some, still existed, and on motion Mr. Crabb, vice-president of the old Board was called to the chair. After some remarks from the chair man assent the old board, and crises that led to its subsidence, a desultory discussion took place as to the best manner of forming the proposed Board of Trade—whether to amalgamate with the stagnated Board or to begin anew under the general statute.

Nothing of importance was done, however, until a motion was made to form a brand new board.

This brought out a hot argument, and immediately an amendment was moved that the new Board be formed through the medium of the old Board.

Some of the members contended there was no old Board—that it had died a natural death, &c., and others held that it was still in existence.

When the vote was taken about twice as many hands went up for the amendment. Nevertheless the chairman decided that the amendment had the majority.

This action disgusted a large number of those present, and the chairman left the chair.

This was the third unsuccessful attempt that was made to establish a Board of Trade in Goderich during the past two weeks.

Colborne.

The Court of Revision for the township of Colborne met in the township hall Friday, May 27th. The members having signed the oath required, the following appeals against the assessment were laid before the court, viz.:—John G. Clutton, P. McCann, T. Stuthers and J. Chisholm, all on the grounds of over assessment; but the assessor was sustained in each case, except the latter, which was not taken up, not being a proper appeal. The court then adjourned for dinner, to sit again at 2 o'clock. The court then sat again, pursuant to adjournment. Chas. McPhee applied to have his dog struck off the assessment roll, having killed it, but it was not granted. After a few changes were made, the roll was accepted as correct.

The court then rose and formed a council for the dispatch of general business, the reveries in the chair, members all present. The minutes of last meeting read and approved. A motion moved by A. Young, and seconded by N. Johns that the following accounts be paid, was carried, viz.: D. Stirling, wood for Mrs. Brindley, charity, purposes, \$2.50; J. Kirkpatrick, repairing culvert opposite Bogie's, \$1.50; R. Fairford, repairing culvert, 75c.; J. Horton, repairing culvert, \$1; T. Morris, repairing culvert on division line, \$4; W. Robertson, repairing culvert opposite his place, \$1; W. McPhee, repairing culvert on McPhee's crossing, \$12; W. Blake, repairing culvert, \$5; J. Levy, repairing culvert, \$2; W. Young, repairing road on division line, \$1; W. Young, repairing road on Barker's beat, 75c.; J. Kennedy, bonus on wire fence, \$20; E. R. Watson, painting 2 signs, \$1.50; J. Barker, repairing culvert at Joseph Morris', \$7; J. Barker, breaking road, \$5; Star printing, \$0.45; SIGNAL, \$21.90; A. Sprout coffin and shroud for W. Pean in 1886, \$14; J. Morris, bonus on wire fence, \$14.50; J. E. Toms, P. S. I. attendance and mileage to council meeting on school business, \$5.20; assessor, as part of salary, \$40. James Gledhill moved, and James Taylor seconded that the reveries be empowered the deed for Samuel Vanstone—carried. The statute labor lists were then examined, and a new beat made numbering 63, to commence at boundary line along the 13th con. to lake road. The clerk was instructed to notify James Campbell to remove his fence off the road, as agreed to.

The council, after agreeing to meet at Dunlop, on Friday, 3rd of June, at 8 o'clock, for the purpose of going around and examining the jobs that would be let the following week, adjourned.

J. H. RICHARDS,
Clerk.
Carlow, May 31st.

FROM WASHINGTON

What Has Transpired at the United States Capital

The Big Drill—The Troops Mar over a Grand Competition—"Dark Horse" Looming up from Away Back.

Washington, May 30th, 1887.

The great National Drill which has absorbed all Washington and its many visitors for the past week, draws to a close today. In fact the Drill preparatory work will not be made formally, and until their formal presentation it cannot be accurately known in each instance who the winners really are. The verdict from the grand stand was promptly rendered after every contest, of course, during the progress of the Drill, but the verdict from the judges stand, composed of experienced army officers, whose practiced and critical eyes are supposed to lose sight of nothing that is in the slightest defective either in the manual of arms or in the evolutions of the soldiers, cannot be expected to correspond always with that of the people. Some surprises are in store.

The Drill has been a splendid spectacle notwithstanding the disadvantages it has encountered from rain and cyclones. The greater portion of each day has been beautiful, the soldiers have marched well, and drilled well, and paraded well, and looked well in their variously designed, and in many instances gorgeous uniforms. There has been a grand gathering of them from thirty-one different States, and they represent the flower of the country's militia. They have had a good time together, and the Drill will prove of great advantage to the citizen soldiery in many respects.

The camp has been quite a magnet to the people of Washington and to the strangers here. It has been visited daily by people of both sexes and all ages and sizes, and colors and conditions, who were curious to see how time was passed in this city of tents. The camp was astir at an early hour every morning, and the companies who were to participate in the competitive drills each day always retired early, to a man, on the evening previous, and the guards were kept on duty all night with strict orders to arrest any comrade who should attempt to leave quarters. Such strict discipline was unnecessary however, as every man felt anxious to be in good condition and took special pride in the approaching contests.

But all night long many of the soldier boys were prowling around playing all sorts of pranks on their comrades, utterly ignoring all military rules, and defying the guards. College songs and popular airs formed a portion of their pastime, and merry shouts of laughter disturbed the otherwise peaceful slumbers of the silent soldiers, and rang out clear on the evening air a long distance from the camp ground.

The liveliest interest has centered in the contest of the infantry companies which were drilling for the \$5,000 prize. On Wednesday, one of the field days of the drill, the drill of the celebrated Lomax Rifles of Mobile, was expected to be the event of the day. This is called the crack organization of the South, and it was thought it would take the shine off of everything as it had done in the past.

It was a very hard-ame company of men in snow white duck pants, dark blue coats, light blue helmets with white plumes waving and white gloves. Their drilling began and a rare exhibition it was. They first stacked arms and then went through a number of evolutions with wonderful accuracy and precision. In the manual they were as good as any who had drilled up to that time, and in fixing bayonets, they were almost perfect. In lying down and firing—which they did excellently—two of their number met with the unfortunate accident of losing their helmets, which their captain, of course, replaced on their heads. The captain, too, failed to lie down with his company, and stood immediately in front of it while the firing was going on, both of which were considered gross errors by military critics, and will be scored against them. In all of the double quick movements the Alabama boys were finely drilled, and their firing was like one shot, except in one instance, when the explosions were not simultaneous.

But an unexpected treat was in store for the audience in the drilling of two companies from Texas, the Belknap Rifles and the San Antonio Rifles, who have talked modestly of themselves since they have been here. They had not been on the ground five minutes until it was seen that they were "dark horses" for first place. Before they had half finished the program handed their captain by the judges they had made many partisans, and like the Toledo Cadets who drilled on the day before, they were applauded to the echo.

A new gold field is reported on Vancouver Island.

A heavy strike of mackerel is reported from Shelburne, N.S.

The next annual meeting of the Montreal Conference of the Methodist Church will be held in Montreal.

Dr. Montgomery, assistant physician at the Hamilton Insane Asylum, died yesterday.

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AT SIGNAL

CAWNPORE.

Another Interesting Letter From India.

A Contrast of Today With Thirty Years Ago—The Story of the Terrible Massacre by Nana Sahib.

Yes, we have reached Cawnpore, that city ever memorable in British annals on account of the doings of that foul miscreant Nana Sahib; that city in which began a siege, the miseries of which to the few hundred besieged have never been exceeded in the darkest pages of medical history. It is distant from Allahabad 140 miles, and from Lucknow to the north, where we next proceed, 50 miles. The train is drawn into a fine, large depot equal in every respect to the Union depot in Toronto, built of well dressed grey stone, and we are again besieged by importuning beggars, would-be porters and hotel runners, but a dexterous flourish of a walking stick that would do credit to Jim Flaherty at Donnybrook Fair, clears the road, and we soon find ourselves at the Railway Hotel. This is a low, rambling, cottage-shaped bungalow kept by an old soldier named Joe Lee, who was present at Cawnpore and Lucknow under Gen. Havelock in the early-memorable '57. It is wonderful the retentiveness of memory old soldiers are blessed with. The ordinary old man who is not a soldier generally forgets many of the stirring little episodes of his younger days, but not so the old soldier. Joe, this particular specimen of the genus old soldier under consideration, can sit and relate blood curdling stories of the wanted terrors of a multitudinous enemy with it of a feeble garrison and scant shelter within, of the heart-rending burthen of women, sick children dying with little or nothing to satisfy their hunger or allay their thirst, of the blazing sun over them like a canopy of fire, and the summer breeze like a furnace blast, and of all the other super added miseries peculiar to this horrible association, we drive to the memorial well situated now in the midst of a beautiful garden. The Government of India has spent a large sum in laying out, planting and beautifying the grounds surrounding this sacred spot, and a number of soldiers are told off, whose duty it is to keep the law and order in perfect order. A magnificent statue in white marble, erected in 1863 by the Government, marks the place where the well was. The statue is surrounded by a large octagonal enclosure, built of white marble in beautiful and appropriate design of Gothic architecture. The statue itself, some ten feet in height, on an octagonal pedestal, represents an Angel of Mercy with arms crossed standing against a Cross, looking down sorrowfully on the sacred surroundings. The inscription on the pedestal is nearly as follows: "Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great body of Christian people who near this spot were cruelly massacred on July 15th, 1857, A. D. by the followers of the rebel known by the name of Nana Sahib, who cast the dying with the dead into the well below." A few rods from his spot is a small enclosure containing 72 mounds where the unknown dead were buried by Havelock's men the following day. We have seen all that remains to tell the sad story of those troubled times, and with a feeling of thankfulness that we can say with one of old, "our lines are cast in pleasant places," direct our way back to the hotel, with the talkative old soldier, who had not for an instant ceased chattering since we started out. With a mingled pleasure and self-satisfaction and a degree of disappointment withal, he over and over again impressed upon us the fact that he, with the rest of his regiment, arrived from Lucknow just 2 hours and 10 minutes too late to prevent the massacre. Just 2 hours and 10 minutes, what a world of difference that short space of time can make in a nation's history! But again we are at the Railway Hotel, and after amusing ourselves looking through the autograph album of all kinds of silly suggestions and remarks. Some had even gone so far as to inscribe within his own book, the opinion as strongly expressed by Conrade of old Dogberry, "they had writ him down an ass." One half the visitors complained that the old landlubber talked too much, some freely opined that the food was badly cooked and the accommodation very inferior, others that the charges were excessive, the wine bad and the attendance poor, all of which we could more or less endorse, while some launched out into anathematizing poetry the alternative lines rhyming with such words as "lamb" and "well" &c. Toward the end of the evening we visited a manufactory where two or three hundred Indian boys and girls were engaged in weaving carpets, bag-stuff, and other coarse material from putri, a preparation much resembling hemp made from the fibres of certain species of Cerechus found in India. Many of these mumble-fingered smart, watchful black-eyed children were working ten hours a day for a sum which would bring them about 40c a month. They are quick and intelligent and very readily take to any work requiring patience and close attention.

D. E. M.

through the Christian blood they had spilled and were then blown from the muzzles of cannon. The forces under Havelock speedily routed the murderous rabble from Cawnpore, and their surprise must have been equalled only by the feelings of horror when they found that upwards of 200 Christian women and children had been hacked to death within a few hours of their arrival. Many of the dead and dying bodies were thrown into the well near by the rebels, and the British soldiers were ordered to fill it with many of those yet unburied, and part of the next two days was spent in gathering all the bodies to be found, and burying near the well. Such is the terrible story of the massacre of Cawnpore, and as we proceed through the outlying part of the city we are shown at every step some reminiscences of this dark page of history. The line is pointed out marking the entrenchment near one corner of the entrenchment is a beautiful English church called "All Souls," erected as a memorial church within which are marble tablets covering all the walls, to the memory of one thousand people who met their death in the terrible carnage. From here we drive down the ravine to the Suttee Ghant. The broad stone steps, down which the unfortunate people were hustled into the boats are here yet. The old Hindoo temple which was used as a signal staff for a flag, the sign to begin firing, is still standing. A hundred years ago, doubtless it was the shrine of a deity, which the trembling Indian widows were compelled to give their life on the funeral pyres with the dead bodies of their husbands. And the black picture loomed up before us of the wide, muddy river spotted over with boats full of helplessness, which to the swarms of rebellious along the banks, aided by a battery of four guns, only offered so many targets for rifle practice. What unutterable feelings of anguish this peculiarly doomed spot must have witnessed; what agony of soul; what cowardly exultations on the part of that fiend incarnate and his followers who devised and carried out such a devilish action. From the river side, with its horrible associations, we drive to the memorial well situated now in the midst of a beautiful garden. The Government of India has spent a large sum in laying out, planting and beautifying the grounds surrounding this sacred spot, and a number of soldiers are told off, whose duty it is to keep the law and order in perfect order. A magnificent statue in white marble, erected in 1863 by the Government, marks the place where the well was. The statue is surrounded by a large octagonal enclosure, built of white marble in beautiful and appropriate design of Gothic architecture. The statue itself, some ten feet in height, on an octagonal pedestal, represents an Angel of Mercy with arms crossed standing against a Cross, looking down sorrowfully on the sacred surroundings. The inscription on the pedestal is nearly as follows: "Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great body of Christian people who near this spot were cruelly massacred on July 15th, 1857, A. D. by the followers of the rebel known by the name of Nana Sahib, who cast the dying with the dead into the well below." A few rods from his spot is a small enclosure containing 72 mounds where the unknown dead were buried by Havelock's men the following day. We have seen all that remains to tell the sad story of those troubled times, and with a feeling of thankfulness that we can say with one of old, "our lines are cast in pleasant places," direct our way back to the hotel, with the talkative old soldier, who had not for an instant ceased chattering since we started out. With a mingled pleasure and self-satisfaction and a degree of disappointment withal, he over and over again impressed upon us the fact that he, with the rest of his regiment, arrived from Lucknow just 2 hours and 10 minutes too late to prevent the massacre. Just 2 hours and 10 minutes, what a world of difference that short space of time can make in a nation's history! But again we are at the Railway Hotel, and after amusing ourselves looking through the autograph album of all kinds of silly suggestions and remarks. Some had even gone so far as to inscribe within his own book, the opinion as strongly expressed by Conrade of old Dogberry, "they had writ him down an ass." One half the visitors complained that the old landlubber talked too much, some freely opined that the food was badly cooked and the accommodation very inferior, others that the charges were excessive, the wine bad and the attendance poor, all of which we could more or less endorse, while some launched out into anathematizing poetry the alternative lines rhyming with such words as "lamb" and "well" &c. Toward the end of the evening we visited a manufactory where two or three hundred Indian boys and girls were engaged in weaving carpets, bag-stuff, and other coarse material from putri, a preparation much resembling hemp made from the fibres of certain species of Cerechus found in India. Many of these mumble-fingered smart, watchful black-eyed children were working ten hours a day for a sum which would bring them about 40c a month. They are quick and intelligent and very readily take to any work requiring patience and close attention.

PECULIAR HABITS.

Biting the Nails, Biting the Lips, Sticking Out the Tongue, Beating a Fist, and Other Freaky and Idiosyncratic Ways.

"Just look at that girl!"
Yes; it is Miss Blank. What about her?"
"Don't you see her tongue?"
"Oh, yes. Isn't it perfectly dreadful? They say she always sticks it out like that when she's thinking about anything."
The young woman in question was promenading the east side of State street early yesterday morning, attired in a bewitching costume and a pensive expression, while the tip of her little tongue protruded in a manner anything but fascinating between two lips of the description known to novelists as coral. "Yes," said one of her feminine acquaintances, "she always does that when thoughtful or worried. It's one of those terrible habits which, when once contracted, stick closer than a million brothers. Miss Blank began it when a child, and no one ever took the trouble to break her of it. Now, poor girl, it mortifies her terribly to be told about it, though, of course, she is anxious to cure herself. But, then, nearly every one has some curious little habit which he would be very glad to break if he could; some trick more or less unpleasant, caused in the first place probably by nervousness. We all know the man who tugs at his moustache and the one who perpetually pulling up his collar. Then there is the girl who is always rubbing one eye, as if in search of a stray eyelash, and the man who can't be quite happy without some more or less fragile article to twist and bend and turn about in his fingers. Anything and everything, from your finest lace handkerchief to your new and extremely delicate paper cutter, is sacrificed to the demon of nervousness which possesses him, heart and yet you can't find it in your robin of his plaything. He is quite happy and at his ease so long as he is allowed to twirl and twist as much as he wants to, but bereft of the temporary object of his affection he would be abjectly miserable, and you know it. Many a man can talk fluently and well while winding something—anything—about his finger, who without it, would be constrained, awkward, silent. One of the most annoying forms of this disease in the incessant tattoo which some people keep on their knees, or on the table or whatever happens to be the most convenient as a keyboard. I have noticed that musicians usually indulge in this habit, and it is a very trying one, though I don't know that it is worse than 'twiddling your thumb.' You don't know what that is? Why, clasping your hands with the fingers interlaced, and then moving the thumbs slowly, very slowly, round each other. Nearly all old English people are addicted to this habit, and look upon it as a refuge from ennui during times of enforced idleness, such as that "blind man's holiday," when it is too dark to work or read, and yet not dark enough, according to English notions, to light the gas. At this time of day an old Englishwoman will sit and 'twiddle her thumbs' so many times from right to left and then so many times from left to right, until one begins to think she has discovered the secret of perpetual motion. The habit gains such a hold upon the men that they are unable to sit unoccupied for a moment without immediately beginning to 'twiddle.'"
"Of course, every one knows people who bite their nails, and nearly all of us can remember some girl who has destroyed what was intended for a pretty mouth by a senseless fashion of biting or rather gnawing at her lip. This is one of the most difficult habits to break, and at the same time one of the commonest. If you want to see how widespread it is, just go over to one of the State street drygoods establishments about 10 o'clock on any fine morning. Monday morning is the best, because Monday is the favorite shopping day. Didn't you know that? Oh, yes, it's a fact. Any floor walker will tell you that more business is done Monday morning than any other time during the week that is, in the big shops. Of course in the cheap ones Saturday is the great day. Why should Monday be popular? Oh, I suppose it is the reaction after Sunday's enforced idleness. On Sunday one can't shop, and when one wakes on Monday morning it is so delightful to feel that all restrictions are removed, and that there is nothing to prevent one from shopping all day, it inclined to."
"I always get myself on Monday, and as a rule meet nearly all my friends, and half of them, I notice, invariably bite their lips when considering anything seriously. When a woman asks, 'Do you think this will wash?' or 'Do you really believe this silk will not counter?' or confidentially informs the counter that she is afraid sixteen yards won't be enough, she nearly always bites her lip, and a very ugly and injurious fashion it is. If the lower lip is in time attacked, the pretty curve is in time destroyed and the fulness flattened out, while if the upper lip is ill-treated the

WOMEN IN JOURNALISM.

Some of the Brightest Who Live by the Pen.

It was more than a century ago that one of the finest minds in all England left a little country house and journeyed to London to become the editor of one of the largest and most influential papers of the day. Her work was exhaustive, Mary Wolstonecraft rose to become one of the bright and shining lights of the Fourth Estate. Her powerful reply to Burier's pamphlet on the "French Revolution" elicited universal comment from all writers of that age for the original thought set forth in really imaginative the astonishment of those who held the narrow prejudice of that day when it was discovered that the writer was a woman.
From her time we come down to later times, when Margaret Fuller as literary editor of the New York Tribune adorned the columns of that paper by the wit, the analytical taste and brilliant paragraphs from her finely trained and erudite mind. She died during a severe storm off Long Island coast, but she left to the world a shining mark and a brighter glow of sympathy for women in journalism for all times to come.
In 1830 Miss Sarah J. Hale became editor of the Ladies Magazine, of Boston, and not long afterwards of *Good's Ladies Book*, which she continued to edit until a few years ago.
Among the names of women who have gained lasting fame in journalistic work, Miss Mary Louise Booth, whose successful writing for nineteen years has embellished the pages of *Harpers' Bazar*, and Mary Mapes Dodge, who wears the laurels of successful authorship, are examples of what women may do in this line if given a chance. Mrs. Crawley, or Jennie June, as she is best known, wields an editorial pen which is always well furnished with a tempting variety of dishes. Her income may be only half as large as her next-door neighbor's, yet, judging from the appearance of herself and home, a person would easily think it was twice as much. She makes the daintiest dishes out of food that another woman would condemn as useless. She will make over a dress in the latest style, and when done look as well, if not better, than her neighbor, who has just come out in a new suit of rich material and stylish make. "I can't understand," remarks this neighbor, "how Mrs. B. manages to keep herself and home looking so nice; her husband doesn't get but half what mine does, and her family is larger than mine, yet she never seems to have any difficulty about getting along. I do believe that if her income were one-half what it is now, she would still manage as well as I do now, for she is such a planner."
This is all very true, and very likely if the woman were cut down to one-half her usual income she would certainly get along almost as well as her wealthier neighbor. Her one faculty seems to be the managing or planning how to utilize articles and food that most people would throw aside. Such a person, in buying material for clothes, seldom purchases any kind but the most serviceable, both in color and quality. Because a cloth is of the latest fashion is no indication to her, for her clear head reasons that the fashion is so changeable and the dress she is about to purchase must last her for so long, that she cannot afford to follow this lady unless the goods are of a durable kind. They must be those that can be sponged, pressed and made over, to look almost as good as new, after being worn some time, before she will think of purchasing. Then in making the dress she always chooses a pattern that does not cut into the goods to any extent, so that in making over they will have all the goods she may wish without joining, or without having to try to match it in the store, as all know that it is almost impossible to do the latter where the goods have been worn for some time.
A woman of this kind is a treasure to her own family and also to the neighborhood in which she resides. A friend has a garment to make over, it is all ripped apart, sponged and pressed, and just here she becomes helpless. She is sure she cannot go a step farther towards remodeling that dress. She knows there is not cloth enough to make it into the pattern she wished. She is heartily discouraged, when in comes the woman planner. Her clear head understands just what is the matter, and in a little while she explains away the difficulties in her friend's way, and makes everything so plain and simple that the friend is mortified that she didn't think of that same way herself.
Very nearly all neighborhoods have this woman or her prototype, and it would be well for housekeepers to cultivate her acquaintance, as there are many things that can be learned from her, and the more we have of such women the better.
Don't see in buying medicine, but try the great Kidney and Liver regulator, made by Dr. Chase, author of Chase's receipts. Chase's Liver Cure for all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels. Sold by all druggists.

WOMEN IN JOURNALISM.

Some of the Brightest Who Live by the Pen.

Here Mrs. Maloney set up a new cry but found herself after all, more courageous than she had supposed when the forces were applied.
An Irishman's Habit.
We are surrounded by difficulties and dangers, said Pat, from the creation of the world, and the only wonder is that we ever reach the other. The greatest relief in allowing the world to be on our system. If you feel dull and drowsy, have frequent headaches, poor appetite, suffering from a torpid liver, take Dr. Price's Pink Pills for Pale People. They will thoroughly cleanse and invigorate your system, and give you a new lease of life.
I do not believe that Ayer's Sarsaparilla has an equal as a remedy for Scrofulous Humors. It is pleasant to take, and produces a more permanent, lasting result than any medicine I ever used.—E. Haines, No. 12, Lindsley, O.
I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and in a few days, my complexion improved, and I know, if it is taken faithfully, it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease.—W. F. Fowler, M. D., Greenville, Tenn.
For forty years I have suffered with Erysipelas. I have tried all sorts of remedies for my complaint, but found no relief until I used Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After taking two bottles of this medicine I am completely cured.—Mary O. Amesbury, Rockport, Me.
I have suffered, for years, from Catarrh, which was so severe that it destroyed my appetite and weakened my system. After trying other remedies, and getting no relief, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and in a few months, was cured.—Susan L. Cook, 909 Albany st., Boston Highlands, Mass.
Ayer's Sarsaparilla is superior to any blood purifier that I have ever tried. I have taken it for Scrofula, Canker, and Salt Rheum, and received much benefit from it. It is good, also, for a weak stomach.—Millsie Jane Peirce, South Bradford, Mass.
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price 50¢ per bottle, \$5.00.

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Wirt's Fountain Pen.

Wirt's Fountain Pen. CAN USE ANY INK. EVERY PEN GUARANTEED. Price, \$3.00. THOS. MCGILLICUDDY, Agent.

The People's Livery.

JOHN KNOX, Proprietor. The subscriber is prepared to furnish the best of the Finest Rigs AT REASONABLE PRICES. CALL AND SEE US—Opposite the Colburn Hotel, Goderich, F., 11th 1887.

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The "Face-Smile" of a Yacht.

"Well, I am sure I don't exactly see what we have to suit you," said Mr. Noe, meditatively, "unless you might like to try one of our new house-boats."

"One of your what?" exclaimed my wife, in astonishment. "One of our house-boats," returned Mr. Noe, coolly. "Here is a prospectus—rather a thing—which will explain for itself; and handing us the attractive sheet given below, he put his hands in his pockets and listened with pride as follows:

"PATENT" AMERICAN VENICE.

"A chance at last for people with artistic tastes and limited means. We now offer on reasonable terms six new house-boats built after the most approved English models, and decorated in the latest styles of architectural elegance. These desirable residences, combining the benefits of a sea-side resort with the comforts of a city home, contain all the modern improvements, even to a telephone connection, and a co-operative waterman, under the superintendence of the company's agent. Situated as they are on the beautiful Hudson River, remote from the heat and noise of the city, yet within three minutes walk from the elevated railroad, they offer an unprecedented opportunity for business men who are compelled to remain within city limits during the summer, and who do not wish to incur the expense of a suburban home. For details apply to Mr. David Noe, agent of the Houseboat Company (limited)."

"It's new, but quite an old affair in England," went on Mr. Noe, fluently. "We have rented every one but the Utopia, which is smaller than the rest, but large enough for you, since you only used three bedrooms."

"And the rest?" That was my wife, practical as ever. "The rent?" and Mr. Noe screwed up his eyes. "Let me see; as for that, you can have the Utopia for thirty-five dollars a month, if you lease it from May to November. The regular price is forty dollars; but it is nearly June now, and as this is the first season, we want to dispose of them all, you know."

"Well," said I, trying not to seem too outrageously exultant, "that certainly sounds reasonable." Then, to Tottie, "Shall we look at it, my dear?"

Tottie, on her side, trying to do the grand and indifferent. "Perhaps we might as well. Of course, to Mr. Noe, you have a desirable class of tenants?"

"Certainly—way up," he returned, with pride. "There are three editors and two popular novelists; and though literary chaps ain't what you might call the regular *creme de la creme*, they are a very nice set of fellows, for all that, and pay their bills regular—which is more than I can say for a swell of a fellow that took one of the boats, and tried to make a moonlight fittin'—only it didn't work, because they ain't constructed to sail, and the neighbors—caught on and sent for me. Run go!" wasn't it?"

"I should certainly think so," said Tottie, sweetly, while she slyly pinched my arm; for I am an editor, and we found this view of my degraded class very refreshing.

At two hundred-and-eighty-ninth Street we left the cars, and walked rapidly to the dock, which was a handsome iron pier, with a small covered landing sloping gently down to the river. A smart Irishman, introduced as Jim, the co-operative waterman, rowed us across to the Utopia, bristling smiling as Tottie burst into a shriek of "How lovely!" when we stepped on the snow-white deck, and viewed with delightful surprise the charming appearance presented by this little fleet of yachts lying at anchor in the rippling stream.

"Now, said Mr. Noe, "I will proceed to business, as I am a little hurried this morning. The Utopia is a first-class, A No. 1. She has a depth of six feet under water, where the collars and store-rooms are, you know. From the level of the water to the level of the deck is four feet, and from the level of the deck to the top of the cabin roof is eight feet, giving you altogether a height of twelve feet to your rooms, you understand. Without destroying the general effect, as you can see, the Utopia is outwardly the exact face-smile of a yacht."

"The exact—I beg your pardon," said Tottie, innocently; "but what kind of a yacht did you say?"

"I didn't say she was any kind of a yacht," retorted Mr. Noe, testily. "I said she was the face-smile of one outside, and had the comforts of a flat inside."

"Ah! I see," returned that arch hypocrite, blandly, nudging me viciously, and whispering, "Evidently face-smile," while she turned to receive further explanation from Mr. Noe, who had produced a dog's eared note-book, and was intently at lightning speed an overwhelming array of facts, as thus: "The Utopia is eighty feet long, with a breadth of twenty-five feet. Finished in natural wood, has two chimneys, and is lighted by gasoline supplied from a tank." Then dinging open a cabin door, and disclosing brass-bound steps

leading down to the interior: "On the right hand, in the bow, are two large bedrooms, with doors leading into the bathroom. You will notice the beds are built in, and have drawers underneath to save room. On the left is the parlor, 14 by 16, with broad window-seats, ready for cushions. The charming room, with glass doors for all the cupboards, is the dining-room, and then comes the kitchen. Stepping out of that to the deck again, we find ourselves on one side and the store-closet on the other, quite complete. "And now," he said, looking at his watch, "I should like your decision this morning, if possible, as there is another party after the Utopia, whom I am to meet in half an hour. How do you think it would suit you?"

"Suit?" exclaimed Tottie, ecstatically to perfection. Oh, Frank, think how charming that will be! And do, do, do, say yes."

To understand this and our visit must know that Tottie and I are Bohemians by nature. Fate has seen fit to plant us, willy-nilly, in a most frigid and exclusive set of relatives and friends, who, from a certain German spa, done in my usual brilliant style by the help of German newspapers—over the bow, for the kitchen occupied the stern; and there each evening sat that dear Jane, rocking and singing in a minor key: "They stole they stole, they stole my child away."

In a subdued, respectful, nothing-to-complain-of way. It was her one song, and she could no more be persuaded to part with it than could a bobolink. When we timidly remonstrated she gave warning at once, saying that if we were not fond of music it would be better for all parties that she should go, as when she was on the water she could never help singing. In short, she respectfully flattened us out and stamped on us, as she always did. And, after all, why take objections to Jane, who was but one in that mighty chorus of voiceless beings impelled by the diabolical influence lurking in all large bodies of water to burst into song? Everybody sang—everybody in the squadron. Our guests caroled, Jane wailed, babies howled, Tom and Emmie might as well have lived in an opera, and I verily believe that within a radius of a mile Tottie and I were the only human being that simply listened.

As for Tom, he was never silent except when he was asleep, or when it was his turn at the wheel. Then, I grant you, he insisted on breathless silence, though he always persisted in playing the banjo when I was chasing the "evasive idea," so that as I hesitated over a sparkling paragraph, or paused to choose between two fresh lies for my "German Court Gossip," I was sure to be assisted by a hearty baritone voice, only thirty feet away, roaring: "Oh! I am the cook, and the captain, and the mate of the Nancy brig, and the bos'n tight, and the midshipmate, and the crew of the captain's gig," etc., etc., through twenty-nine verses running. Each verse ending with female shrieks of "Oh, Tom! Oh, you funny fellow!"

There you have it. Tom was funny, he told newspaper jokes, he sang, he danced. As Tottie said, it needed a transparency of the Fat Woman and the Living Skeleton to make the Utopia the ideal Dime Museum, so continuous were his performances. Our friends fell away, some of them frankly saying that Mr. Ferguson's humor was too wearing. Tom's friends, on the contrary, rallied around him like the frogs in Egypt; they come in flocks, in shoals, in schools, in swarms. They were always with us—two or three at lunch, three or four at dinner, half a dozen dropping in for the evening, when Tom with frank hospitality would order up an extra supper. Some adventurous spirits even fell into a habit of rowing over for breakfast. We found ourselves running a summer hotel, and decidedly in the background, as unpopular hotel-keepers not in sympathy with that delightful Mr. Ferguson. The foreground was occupied by our bills, which were simply enormous. And when I spoke to Tom on the subject, for once he was anything but funny. "He did not wish," he said, "to hurt my feelings, but the discrepancy between the estimated and the actual expenses was due entirely to Tottie's extravagance. He and his wife had spoken of it with regret, but he could hardly be expected to make the difference out of his own pocket. As for his few friends, it was simply absurd to hold them responsible. Every good house-keeper knew that in making provisions for four, the inevitable waste would supply a meal for six."

Poor Tottie! first she cried, and then she breathed out softly, "Aunt Maria!" And the bare thought of that grim, triumphant phantom closed our mouths, and matters went on as before till it rained, as it sometimes does in August, steadily, heavily, relentlessly, from the first to the seventh.

On the second morning Ferguson and I waited shivering on the dripping deck, half an hour, ringing the bell Jim, the co-operative water man, who was conspicuous by his absence. Through the pelting rain we could see five other unfortunate stamping on their wet decks and ringing their bells also; but still no

We found, besides, much entertainment in our nautical vernacular, compiled from Captains Marryat and Reese, of the Mantepiece; for of course we put the entire household on a sea-going basis, and soon talked knowingly of going fore and aft, turning in, going below, belaying, reefing, clewing, although alas! our two noble, shining mistle could sport no canvas except on Monday, when I grant you, the family wash made a noble show throughout the Patent Venice. For that matter, perhaps a Patent American Venice should be exclusively one's own patent; or there should be restrictive clauses including young women who sing with no voice at all, and babies with voices of immense volume, and the perpetual ringing of bells announcing visitors or summoning the co-operative waterman. On our own boat, over the bow, hung a placard lettered with the notice that "nobody must speak to the man at the wheel, and the man at the wheel must speak to nobody."

Behind which Tom retired to write his political extemporaries, and I my society leaders and these well known letters from a certain German spa, done in my usual brilliant style by the help of German newspapers—over the bow, for the kitchen occupied the stern; and there each evening sat that dear Jane, rocking and singing in a minor key: "They stole they stole, they stole my child away."

In a subdued, respectful, nothing-to-complain-of way. It was her one song, and she could no more be persuaded to part with it than could a bobolink. When we timidly remonstrated she gave warning at once, saying that if we were not fond of music it would be better for all parties that she should go, as when she was on the water she could never help singing. In short, she respectfully flattened us out and stamped on us, as she always did. And, after all, why take objections to Jane, who was but one in that mighty chorus of voiceless beings impelled by the diabolical influence lurking in all large bodies of water to burst into song? Everybody sang—everybody in the squadron. Our guests caroled, Jane wailed, babies howled, Tom and Emmie might as well have lived in an opera, and I verily believe that within a radius of a mile Tottie and I were the only human being that simply listened.

As for Tom, he was never silent except when he was asleep, or when it was his turn at the wheel. Then, I grant you, he insisted on breathless silence, though he always persisted in playing the banjo when I was chasing the "evasive idea," so that as I hesitated over a sparkling paragraph, or paused to choose between two fresh lies for my "German Court Gossip," I was sure to be assisted by a hearty baritone voice, only thirty feet away, roaring: "Oh! I am the cook, and the captain, and the mate of the Nancy brig, and the bos'n tight, and the midshipmate, and the crew of the captain's gig," etc., etc., through twenty-nine verses running. Each verse ending with female shrieks of "Oh, Tom! Oh, you funny fellow!"

There you have it. Tom was funny, he told newspaper jokes, he sang, he danced. As Tottie said, it needed a transparency of the Fat Woman and the Living Skeleton to make the Utopia the ideal Dime Museum, so continuous were his performances. Our friends fell away, some of them frankly saying that Mr. Ferguson's humor was too wearing. Tom's friends, on the contrary, rallied around him like the frogs in Egypt; they come in flocks, in shoals, in schools, in swarms. They were always with us—two or three at lunch, three or four at dinner, half a dozen dropping in for the evening, when Tom with frank hospitality would order up an extra supper. Some adventurous spirits even fell into a habit of rowing over for breakfast. We found ourselves running a summer hotel, and decidedly in the background, as unpopular hotel-keepers not in sympathy with that delightful Mr. Ferguson. The foreground was occupied by our bills, which were simply enormous. And when I spoke to Tom on the subject, for once he was anything but funny. "He did not wish," he said, "to hurt my feelings, but the discrepancy between the estimated and the actual expenses was due entirely to Tottie's extravagance. He and his wife had spoken of it with regret, but he could hardly be expected to make the difference out of his own pocket. As for his few friends, it was simply absurd to hold them responsible. Every good house-keeper knew that in making provisions for four, the inevitable waste would supply a meal for six."

Poor Tottie! first she cried, and then she breathed out softly, "Aunt Maria!" And the bare thought of that grim, triumphant phantom closed our mouths, and matters went on as before till it rained, as it sometimes does in August, steadily, heavily, relentlessly, from the first to the seventh.

On the second morning Ferguson and I waited shivering on the dripping deck, half an hour, ringing the bell Jim, the co-operative water man, who was conspicuous by his absence. Through the pelting rain we could see five other unfortunate stamping on their wet decks and ringing their bells also; but still no

Jim, and no way of reaching the dock except by swimming; then Tom bethought himself of the telephone, and with shouts of "Hello! hello! Central!" made a pleasing refrain to the six exasperated gentlemen of artistic temperaments and limited means who wanted to see their co-operative waterman on pressing business. Another half-hour Tom hoarse from shouting, my arm paralyzed from jerking the bell—when Jim, clad in oil-skins, walked leisurely down the dock, stepped into his boat, and with much deliberation rowed off toward No. 1. I noticed as Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 got into the ferry, they gesticulated violently at Jim, whose back looked nobly impassive. Tom and I took our seats in haughty silence, raised our umbrellas, and stared at the dripping landscape.

"You don't ask me why I wasn't here earlier, Mr. Ferguson, sir," said Jim, with an impudent wink. "No," answered Tom, coldly. "I shall make my complaint to Mr. Noe." "Fata, an' there'll be a procession of yez, thin. Maybe ye'll be after a havin' of me discharged?" inquired Jim. "Maybe I will," replied Tom. "Well, thanks to the powers! I got me yesterday," cried Jim, landing us at the dock; "and it's more than I expected from a lot of fellers as has to camp out in canal-boats."

In majestic silence we seven artistic gentlemen marched up the glistening dock, and made our way to Mr. Noe's office like one man; in silence, however, for a mutual distrust paralyzed the Patent American Venices. Tom and I always classed the other tenants as those common fellows, our respective wives looked cold criticism at each other, and none of us ever dreamed of speaking.

Mr. Noe received us blandly, and prompted everything. The telephone company received us blandly, and promised everything, showing how easily a little energy could oil the wheels of life. The rain continued. In the afternoon when Tom and I met on the dock, everything was afloat except Jim on the substitute. The telephone refused to work, and apparently we had the option of the ferry and padding ourselves across, or of remaining on the dock all night. At this juncture our five fellow-sufferers arrived in a body, filling the air with anathemas of Jim, Mr. Noe, the telephone company, and the weather. And as still no waterman appeared, it was quickly arranged to land No. 1 first, and so on in rotation, the boat on the left at the Utopia. If no relief from shore had arrived, Tom and I were to start at eight o'clock in the morning and convey the captive band ashore. So far so good, and though dripping and oozing from every pore, we arrived at the Utopia in tolerable spirits. Tottie and Emmie met us, done up in gossamers and rubber boots, and conveyed us below with meaning faces.

There we found the furniture upside down, the carpets rolled into corners, the dining table set out under a hastily rigged tent of umbrellas and sheets, and Jane, in the midst of the confusion, wearing India-rubber boots and water-proof, and stalking about among the puddles like the Tragic Muse. One stream of water was pouring into the parlor, and another into the dining-room; it was leaking everywhere except in the bedrooms and kitchen, where probably the deck awnings prevented it, and Tottie informed me in a whisper that Jane was to go as soon as she could be rowed across. The telephone had refused to work; nobody had been able to get ashore; there was no marketing, and dinner consisted of canned soup, hot biscuits, cheese, sardines, frizzled beef, boned eggs, and cullers. Worse than all, thought Tottie, who had improvised the tent, rescued the furniture, and struggled with malicious Jane, showed a bright and sparkling face, determined to make the best of the situation, "convulsing Mr. Ferguson and his wife shivered, soiled, and sulked all the evening, and retired with an air of washing their hands of us and our folly. That added the final touch of discomfort as we huddled together on the sofa, wrapped in a plaid, and sheltered under an umbrella, enjoying "the comforts of a city home with the benefits of a summer resort. As the prospectus had it.

The rest of the week dragged itself along in much the same style; every day it poured; every day we and the five other artistic gentlemen made daily calls on Mr. Noe, the telephone company, the plumber, and the carpenter; every day these dignitaries promised to send a man right up; every day we met on the dock loaded with provisions, and rubber blankets and sheets to lay over the leaking roof, rowed ourselves home in the evening, and back to the dock in the morning. Still, on the Utopia at least, life was not altogether monotonous. On Tuesday our faithful Jane accompanied me to the dock, informing the deeply interested neighbors that it was the first time she ever hired out to live in a canal-boat, and she trusted it would be the last; that it served her right for coming to work for a common man who wrote the newspapers, and was of course mean and poor.

On Friday the Fergusons left us, and as their trunks were deposited in the boat, Tom drew me aside. "The fact is," he said, with an embarrassed stammer, "Emily is cut up by the remarks she hears about this style of living. People think it is so deuced odd, you know. Young people without money or backing must be careful to avoid any thing like Bohemianism, you know. In fact, we only came out of friendship for you, and our friendship cannot blind us to the truth that this is in every way an undesirable, inconvenient, and expensive way of living. Good-by, old man," and he shook my hand violently. "Think over what I have said, and don't be offended by my frankness, and—er—er—I'll send you a—er—check for this last month—er—soon."

Then Tom, Emmie, and their trunks disappeared in the mist and rain like so many reproachful ghosts. The next day it cleared. The telephone was mended, the seams calked up, the new co-operative waterman appeared, and general harmony was restored. We engaged a smart mulatt, ex-steward of a yacht, whose delicate sensibilities were not wounded by living on a house-boat, a first-rate cook and waiter, not musical, and not too proud to hallow the deck. We have not yet seen the Fergusons, nor—er—er—Tom's check.

A Valuable Discovery.

F. P. Tanner, of Neebing, Ont., says he has not only found B. B. B. a sure cure for dyspepsia, but he also found it to be the best medicine for regulating the system that he has ever taken. B. B. B. is the great system regulator.

A Summer Novelty.

Colored silk lace handkerchiefs are a new and dainty addition to the catalogue of novelties for the summer. Aside from the use of which they were originally designed, that of occupying the position of ornamental but not useful kerchiefs, the four cornered articles of lace are seen as sovereigns for hat crowns or knotted up artistically to ornament a bonnet. They are also worn as neckerchiefs, and, coming as they do, in all varieties of colors, are used as trimmings, in dress shape, on the front of dress waists. On an average the new kerchief is no more expensive than the pretty embroidered or lace handkerchief previously worn for show, but they are much more desirable, as they can fill so many different positions. When a person gets tired of wearing one at the belt as a "hor show" handkerchief, there is nothing to prevent her utilizing it afterwards as a trimming for her summer bonnet or making it still further useful as a summer duster for the pet pooch.

Weather Probabilities.

It is probable that in the breaking up of winter we shall have such dainty, sloopy weather, when rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat and other painful complaints will prevail. Haggard's Yellow Oil is the popular household remedy for external and internal use. Its curative power is truly wonderful.

Worth Remembering.

Mrs. T. Doan, of Harrietsville, Ont., was for a long time troubled with neuralgia of the stomach. Failing to find relief from physicians, she tried Buck-Jock Blood Bitters, from which she found speedy relief, to which she testifies, hoping it may prove beneficial to others. Many physicians recommend B. B. B.

More Remarkable Still.

Found at last, what the true public has been looking for these many years and that is a medicine which although but lately introduced, has made for itself a reputation second to none, the medicine is Johnson's Tonic Bitters which in conjunction with Johnson's Tonic Liver Pills has performed some most wonderful cures impure or impoverished blood soon becomes purified and enriched. Biliousness, indigestion, sick headache, liver complaint, languor, weakness, etc., soon disappear when treated by these excellent tonic medicines. For sale by Good, Druggist, Albia block, Goderich, sole agent.

Salt Rheum Cured.

McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate has been tried and found to be the only positive cure for Salt Rheum, Pimples, Blisters on the face or hand, Cuts, Burns, Bruises, or any sore that nothing else will heal. Try McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. 25c per box at Geo. Rhynas' drug store.

ELLY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM

Cleanses the Head. Allays Inflammation. Heals the Sores. Restores the Senses of Taste. Smell Hearing. A quick Relief. A positive Cure.

ELLY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM

Cleanses the Head. Allays Inflammation. Heals the Sores. Restores the Senses of Taste. Smell Hearing. A quick Relief. A positive Cure.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents. Circulars free. 202-17 ELY BROS., Druggists, Oswego, N. Y.

As a matter of economy it will pay every household to keep a bottle of Yellow Oil on hand for accidents and emergencies, in case of pain as a handy relief, and for wounds, burns, bruises and injuries. Rheumatism, neuralgia, quinsy and many painful diseases treated internally and externally by it often save large medical bills.

A French girl, aged 18, was found dead in the woods near Fall River, Mass., on Tuesday. She was gagged, and had evidently been outraged.

"He Never Smiled Again." "Hardly ever" about it. He had an attack of what people call "biliousness," and to smile was impossible. Yet a man may smile and staid, and be a villain still, still he was no villain, but a plain, blunt, honest man, that needed a remedy such as Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which never fail to cure biliousness and diseased or torpid liver, dyspepsia and chronic constipation. Druggists.

Not a Book Agent

Mr. Goode, druggist, is not a book agent, but has the agency in Goderich for Johnston's Tonic Bitters, which he can heartily recommend for any complaint to which a tonic medicine is applicable. This valuable medicine has been with most astonishingly good results in cases of general debility, weakness, irregularities peculiar to females, extreme paleness, impoverishment of the blood, stomach and liver troubles, loss of appetite, and for that general worn out feeling that nearly every one is troubled with at some part of the year. Don't forget the name Johnston's Tonic Bitters, 50c and \$1 per bottle at Goode's drug store, Albia block, Goderich, sole agent.

A Common Cold

It 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 gratified 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 25c; six bottles, \$1.

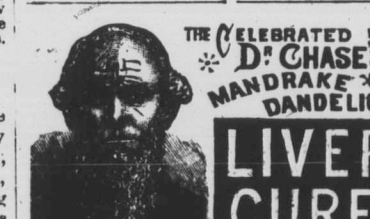
New Arrivals!

The undersigned has just received a large addition to his stock of DRY GOODS

and a good supply of CURED MEATS; also CHOICE FAMILY FLOUR

always in stock. FEED of all kinds. Call and see before buying elsewhere. Goods sold cheap for cash, or farm produce, for which the highest price will be paid.

R. PROUDFOOT, Goderich, April 13th, 1887. 200-41



THE CELEBRATED DR. CHASE'S LIVER CURE

Have you Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, Pain in the Back, Constipation, or any disease arising from a deranged liver, Dr. Chase's Liver Cure will be found a sure and certain remedy. The unqualified success of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is a valuable Household Medical Guide and Recipe Book (24 pages), containing over 200 useful recipes pronounced by medical men and druggists as invaluable, and worth ten times the price of the medicine. Over one-half million of Dr. Chase's Recipe Book were sold in Canada alone. We want every man, woman and child who is troubled with Liver Complaint to try this excellent remedy. SOMETHING NEW. GIVEN AWAY FREE. Wrapped around every bottle of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is a valuable Household Medical Guide and Recipe Book (24 pages), containing over 200 useful recipes pronounced by medical men and druggists as invaluable, and worth ten times the price of the medicine. TRY CHASE'S CATARRH CURE. A safe and positive remedy. Price, 25 cents.

TRY CHASE'S KIDNEY AND LIVER PILLS, 25c per box. SOLD BY ALL DEALERS. T. EDMANSON & CO., Sole Agents, Bradford.

Advertisement for Sarsaparilla, describing its benefits for various ailments like skin diseases, blood purification, and general weakness. Includes the text 'I do not believe that Ayer's Sarsaparilla has an equal as a remedy for Scrofulous Humors...' and 'For forty years I have suffered with Erysipelas...'.

Advertisement for Wirt's Fountain Pen, highlighting its quality and price. Text includes 'Wirt's Fountain Pen. CAN USE ANY INK. EVERY PEN GUARANTEED. Price, \$3.00. THOS. MCGILLICUDDY Agent.' and 'Wirt's Fountain Pen. CAN USE ANY INK. EVERY PEN GUARANTEED. Price, \$3.00. THOS. MCGILLICUDDY Agent.'

SPECIAL BARGAINS
Dry Goods
J.A. REID & BRO
 OFFER SPECIAL VALUE in the following Goods:
 DRESS GOODS
 PRINTS
 GINGHAMS
 MUSLINS
 EMBROIDERIES
 PARASOLS
 HOSIERY
 AND GLOVES
 ALSO BARGAINS IN
 WHITE AND GREY COTTONS
 SHIRTINGS
 COTTONADES
 TABLE LINENS
 TOWELS
 AND TOWELING

Tailoring Department
 TWEDES CUT OUT FREE OF CHARGE

Special Attention given to the
 J.A. REID & BRO.
 26th May, 1887.

New Advertisements—This week
 notices: M. Hatchison
 boots and shoes—E. Downing
 Farm for Sale—Geo. Neibergall
 For Sale or Rent—Robt. Reid
 Clearing Cash Sale—Miss Graham
 Servant Wanted—Mrs. A. McGillivray
 Summer Wood for Sale—Geo. Neibergall.

TOWN TOPICS.

What a mangy ye taken notes.
An' faith he'll print it!

FLAVORED TEAS.—This week I offer
 six value in tea, pure and canned
 goods cheap. M. MCGILLIVRAY.

A BAD MISS.—If you fail to see Mac-
 Coon's spring stock, varied, elegant, durable
 and cheap. Be sure to examine and save
 money.

Perhaps it's not generally known, but it's a
 fact all the same that Geo. Stewart the pho-
 tographer also does a big business in picture
 framing.

There is nothing show to worse advantage
 on a man than a good suit of clothes and a
 poor hat. F. & A. Prichard furnish hats,
 caps and nobby suits at their Emporium.

The farmers have been anxiously looking
 for rain, and now they have got it in plenty.
 But they can never get too many of the ex-
 cellent photographs turned out by H. R. Sal-
 lows from his studio.

One dozen people made happy since my last
 offer in THE SIGNAL of one \$5 WAZNER'S
 LAMP with every cash sale in Organs, Pianos
 and Sewing Machines. More to follow.
 GEO. W. THOMPSON, Agent.

THE WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE
 SOCIETY will meet regularly for the transaction
 of business every Tuesday afternoon at 2:30
 o'clock, in Knox church. Every woman in-
 terested in the work is cordially invited to
 attend.

Goodie's Black Cherry Cough Balm is
 a soothing remedy. Only 25c. per ounce. Con-
 ditioned in glass bottles. Rate of interest paid
 from 4 to 5 per cent, according to amount
 and duration of deposit. Farmers having sur-
 plus means should call and see the manager.
 James Fair has returned from Blind
 River.

Mrs. E. F. W. ... Brussels is visiting
 town.

Mrs. W. ... visiting friends in
 Kincardine.

Thos. McCue, ... is visiting
 parents in town.

Mrs. T. N. Dancy, ... visiting friends
 in Sarnia and Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Matilda Montgomery
 were in town this week.

Miss Radcliffe returned from a
 long visit east last week.

Thos. Jark has been taken in
 health the past few days.

James Graham returned from a
 California Thursday evening last.

Tom Swartz returned from Chicago
 on the J. N. Carter Thursday afternoon.

Regular monthly meeting of the
 common school board next Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. James Robinson visited
 friends at Stratford and Palmerston last
 week.

Richard ... of
 THE SIGNAL ... in
 Kincardine.

A. C. ... of
 the Bank ... in
 the local staff.

Mrs. James ... of
 town visiting her ... Mrs. William
 Smith, East street.

Bert Johnston, ... of
 formerly of THE SIGNAL ... in
 a couple of weeks' holiday.

D. McTavish, of Stratford, was in
 town Tuesday last in the interest of the
 Temperance and General Life Assur-
 ance Co.

KNOX CHURCH PULPIT.—Rev. A.
 Meidrum will occupy the pulpit of Knox
 church Sunday evening next.

G. T. R. DETECTIVE.—The lost goods
 detective of this railroad division was in
 town Saturday last on professional busi-
 ness.

OFF FOR HOLIDAYS.—Mrs. Thos. Mc-
 Gillivray and her three children left
 for Stratford Saturday last to visit her
 parents.

AT THE CITY OF THE STRAITS.—Wm.
 Lee, the local agent of the Beaty line of
 steamers, spent four days in Detroit on a
 business trip.

OCCUPIED THE PULPIT.—Rev. Mr.
 Legear, of Stratford, occupied the
 Victoria St. pulpit very acceptably
 Sunday morning last.

RAINS.—The excellent rains of the
 past week have caused a forward rush in
 vegetation, and have kept down the dust
 in Goderich, to some extent.

CHANGE OF BUSINESS.—The soap works
 on the Huron road, recently carried on
 by J. Brown, have been purchased by
 J. A. Naftel, who will carry on the busi-
 ness.

A NEW POSITION.—Major James
 Thomson, formerly town clerk of Gode-
 rich, is now cashier in a bank in Neche,
 Dakota. His old friends here will be
 pleased to hear of his promotion.

KINTAIL CALEDONIAN GAMES.—In
 some unaccountable manner the prize
 list of the Kintail Caledonian games was
 delayed and did not come to hand until
 late Thursday afternoon, and con-
 sequently too late for publication this
 week.

LEFT FOR CHICAGO.—Thomas Graham,
 who has been for the past year resident
 in Goderich, left for Chicago Wednesday
 last. He will, we understand, take his
 old position in a commercial agency in
 that city.

STAY AND TAKE TEA.—The Martha
 Washington tea party, to be given by
 the ladies of Knox church, will be held
 to the Palace roller rink, West-st., on
 the afternoon and evening of Thursday,
 the 9th inst.

ANOTHER LOCAL AGENT.—E. E. Seager
 has accepted the agency for several
 reliable fire and life companies, and is
 prepared to sell risks at reasonable rates
 at his office, Hamilton street, opposite
 Colborne hotel.

FROM REGINA.—Mrs. Dixie Watson,
 of Regina, is now visiting friends in Huron
 county, she has been in Clinton and
 Wingham, and intends to visit Goderich
 and other points before she leaves for
 her western home.

TAKING HOLIDAYS.—Hilton Holmes,
 of the Bank of Commerce, has gone to
 Toronto to spend his holidays. On
 his return James Strachan, the local
 seller, will leave for a trip east, taking
 in Ottawa and Montreal.

ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.—Mr. and
 Mrs. John Savage, of Lucknow, are visit-
 ing their daughter, Mrs. G. W. Berry,
 Lighthouse street. Mr. Savage is one
 of the "old-timers," his contemporaries
 being sheriff Gibbons and Thos. Kydd.

He has resided in the Huron tract for
 over fifty years.

A GOOD IDEA.—It has been proposed
 that Elgin street should be made an
 avenue by planting chestnut trees down
 its centre from Huron road to the lake.
 If this were done and the trees planted
 on each side of the street where they
 are now missing, we would have one of
 the prettiest drives in the whole Domi-
 nion.

CLERICAL APPOINTMENT.—D. M.
 Buchanan, formerly of Goderich and now
 a student of University College Tor-
 onto, has been appointed by the Home
 Mission committee to occupy for the
 summer vacation, the change recently
 vacated by the resignation of Rev. Mr.
 Nixon at Stratford, Ont. He goes to
 assume his clerical duties this week.

A SPIDER BITE.—There is an old
 country superstition that it is unlucky to
 kill a spider. If some medical lights of
 New York are right, the spider should
 be treated with no such compunction.

The case of a boy who died from the
 bite of one is recorded in that city. The
 bite of a spider is said to be much like
 that of a scorpion, and liable to be fatal.

ON AN INSPECTION TOUR.—C. Dono-
 van, of Hamilton, Provincial Inspector
 of Separate Schools is in town on a pro-
 fessional trip. He visited St. Augustine
 Thursday, and will inspect Goderich
 Separate School today. Mr. Donovan is
 an Irish Home Ruler from the word
 "Go," but his love for the land he left
 only enhances his loyalty to the land he
 now lives in.

THE GENERAL SESSIONS OF THE PEACE.
 The general sessions of the peace will
 meet on Tuesday, June 14th at 12
 o'clock noon. There are a number of
 appeals from justices of the peace de-
 cisions, principally Scott Act cases.
 There are also three or four civil cases.
 A full panel of petit jurors has been
 selected for the occasion, being the first
 time under the new act.

REVISION OF THE ACT.—The
 revision for the town of Goderich met
 on the clerk's office Monday last at 10
 o'clock. There were only four appeals,
 three of which changes were made.
 D. Davis's assessment on income was re-
 duced \$500. Geo. H. Parson's assess-
 ment on lot at harbor was reduced
 \$300 and Mrs. Watson's assessment on
 makers was reduced by \$300.

WORTHY GENTLEMAN.—The
 next week D. will be a book 132
 pages with pictures on nearly every page.
 Every picture is either original
 or being specially produced for this
 use, and there will be a great demand
 for it. It will be for sale at all book
 stores or can be had by sending 10c
 direct to Geo. Oakes, Toronto.

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE
 FOR JUNE, 1887. Price \$2 a year \$1 for
 six months; 20 cents per number. For
 Ontario, Wm. Briggs has twenty seven
 engravings, two fine portraits of the
 Queen, one of Prince Albert, pictures of
 Bahamut Castle, Osborne House, and the
 Queen's private apartments at Osborne
 House, thirteen of Her Majesty's Tower,
 etc. Also, public articles by the Editor
 and Rev. Dr. Carman; the Victorian Era,
 by Rev. W. Harrison; Fifty Years of
 Progress, by Right Hon. W. E. Glad-
 stone; jubilee poems, etc. Every loyal
 Methodist should have a copy. Price 20
 cents. A large edition published. Back
 numbers from January can still be sup-

plied. Price \$1 for the half year. Ad-
 dress: William Briggs, 78 & 80 King
 Street East, Toronto. W. Bates, 2
 Bleury Street, Montreal. W. Huestis,
 Halifax, N. S.

LIBRARY CHANGES.—The following
 books given out from the Mechanics'
 Institute library from Monday, the 6th
 inst., to Saturday, the 18th, and all
 parties having any volumes out will
 please hand them in at once. This is
 in accordance with a resolution passed
 by the new board of directors, to enable
 them to have a thorough stock-taking.
 The reading room will be open as
 usual.

THE JUBILEE "STAR."—The great
 event of the Queen's Jubilee will be the
 Jubilee number of the Montreal Star, a
 superbly illustrated paper of twenty-eight
 pages and two artistic plate supplements.
 Those who have seen the advance copies
 say it is magnificent. Something that
 everybody will want and few can get. It
 is to be sent by mail for 25 cents
 Graham & Co. Montreal, are the pub-
 lishers.

Thomas Robinson, of Kingston, a
 veteran Orangeman, and who figured as
 Grand Marshal in Montreal at Hackett's
 funeral, died suddenly yesterday morn-
 ing of apoplexy. He was a widower, a
 case in court, and while being cross-
 examined he dropped down. The recent
 loss of his wife proved a great strain on
 him, and rendered him unfit to stand
 any excitement. He was a leading
 water in the Customs.

H. S. LITERARY MEETING. At the
 opening meeting of the High School Liter-
 ary Society on Friday evening the fol-
 lowing program was presented:—Duet,
 the Misses Ellard; reading, Miss Shar-
 man; recitation, Miss Struthers; selec-
 tions, the editors; solo, Mr. Halls; re-
 citation, Miss G. Johnston; reading,
 Miss Halse; reading, Mr. Taylor; recit-
 ation, Miss McCullough; duet, Miss
 Struthers and Heddle.

A LITTLE MIXED AS TO SEX.—The
 following item is correct in some of
 the particulars, from the Guelph Mer-
 cury, but is astray in regard to
 sex. The "bouncing girl" is a boy—
 on Sunday last. Dan McGillivray, of
 the Goderich Signal, smiled more than
 an ordinary smile when his wife present-
 ed him with a bouncing baby girl. Her
 good health to the latest arrival. May
 she live long and prosper.

ST. GEORGE'S VESTRY MEETING. At
 the adjourned vestry meeting of St.
 George's, held last Thursday evening, the
 auditors report on the year's income
 and expenditure, as presented by the war-
 dens at a previous meeting was adopted.
 Before separating the rector addressed
 the vestry on a question of importance
 to the church, and on the unanimous
 wish of the vestry promised to bring his
 family to Goderich in a few days.

FAREWELL SERVICE.—Captain Zim-
 merman, of the Salvation Army, con-
 joined with Mrs. Zimmerman, their
 well-to-do at the army barracks Sunday
 evening. The address by the Captain
 was a particularly practical one, and was
 appreciated by his hearers. He has
 been stationed here for the past nine
 months, and leaves Goderich with the
 best wishes of all with whom he came in
 contact.

RETIRED FROM JOURNALISM.—Geo.
 Moir, formerly principal of the St.
 Mary's Public Schools, but for the last
 few years editor and proprietor of the
 Exeter Reflector, returned to St. Mary's
 last week from Exeter, and intends to
 permanently locate in the stone town.
 He will assume the duties of the prin-
 cipal of the St. Mary's school, and will be
 accompanied by Goderich residents, as
 the opponent of Rev. C. E. Morrow in
 the Victoria hall meeting during the Scott
 Act Campaign.

MAYOR'S COURT.—Harry Lippert, Wm.
 McSwain, Robt. Williams and Eph.
 Mountney were cited before his wor-
 ship, Mayor Seager, Thursday of last
 week, charged with using profane and
 insulting language to John and Daniel
 Murray. The plaintiffs and defendants
 were all dockhands, and the trouble re-
 sulted from the "trimmers" strike.
 After hearing evidence his worship fined
 Lippert, McSwain and Williams \$1 and
 costs, each. Mountney was acquitted.

S. S. CONVENTION.—A meeting of
 the Sabbath School workers of the town
 will be held in the lecture room of North
 street Methodist church on the evening
 of Tuesday, the 7th inst., at 8 o'clock,
 to hear reports from the billating com-
 mittee, and to make final arrangements
 for the reception of the delegates to the
 convention to be held on Tuesday and
 Wednesday, the 14th and 15th. Every
 interested party is requested to attend this
 meeting.

may obtain. Ye Mistress Martha and
 other dances of quality will attend ye
 concert in propria persona to greet all
 comers. P.S.—Ye goodie dames of ye
 Knox church are requested to send in ye
 provisions to ye roller rink from 10 ye
 ye clock in ye morning till 3 ye
 ye clock in ye afternoon, on Thursday ye
 9th.

INSPECTOR OF ANATOMY. Mr. J. C.
 Stevenson has been appointed by the
 Ontario Government to the position of
 Inspector of Anatomy for the town of
 Goderich and the townships of Goderich,
 Hullett, Tuckersmith and Stanley. This
 appointment is made under the statute
 entitled "An Act respecting the study of
 anatomy." To this inspector must be re-
 ported the finding of the body of any per-
 son in the territory named who has died
 without relatives or friends, or that re-
 mains unclaimed by any person entitled
 to the same. The inspector takes posses-
 sion of such body, and deals with it as
 directed by the Act.

WEST HURON TEACHERS' SEMI-ANNUAL
INSTITUTE.—The teachers of West
 Huron will hold their semi-annual
 institute meeting at Exeter next week,
 on Thursday and Friday, June 9th and
 10th, beginning at 9 o'clock a. m. Wm.
 Houston, M.A., parliamentary librarian,
 has been appointed by the department
 to act as director, and will deliver a
 lecture on Thursday evening on "Educa-
 tional Maxims," to commence at
 8 o'clock. Choice music may be expect-
 ed. By regulation all the teachers of
 the division are expected to be present.
 Trustees and others interested in educa-
 tion are cordially invited.

ROYAL ARCADEM.—At the regular
 meeting of Goderich Council, 998, held
 on Tuesday evening last at the Oddfel-
 low's hall, two candidates were
 initiated, and a large amount of
 general business done. The receipts by
 the Supreme Council during the months
 of January, February and March of this
 year were \$586,805, and the amount paid
 out during the same time for death
 claims was upwards of \$450,000. There
 are now 1039 councils in the United
 States and Canada, with a membership
 of over 75,000. Persons desirous of
 joining the Arcanum can obtain particu-
 lars from R. Radcliffe or Wm. Camp-
 bell, secretary.

HYMNICAL.—Tuesday last a quiet
 wedding took place at the residence of
 D. Gordon, St. Patrick St., the occasion
 being the marriage of his daughter
 Anne M. and Rev. G. F. Salton, pastor
 of the Victoria St. church. The cere-
 mony was performed by Rev. J. E.
 O'Connell, of Seaford and G. R. Turk,
 of Goderich. After the service the com-
 pany—chiefly close personal friends of
 the bride and bridegroom, sat down to
 a wedding breakfast. The bride was
 the recipient of a large number of costly
 presents. The happy couple left on the
 noon train for the East, whence they
 will take the Dominion line steamer
 Vancouver for Europe. They will be
 absent two months. THE SIGNAL'S
 editorial slipper follows them.

A LEGAL POINT.—At Osgoode hall,
 Toronto, last Friday, an important point
 was raised in regard to the Scott Act.
 On motion for certiorari to bring up a
 conviction under the Act, it was contended
 that the Scott Act is repealed, and is
 not in force in any county in Ontario,
 for the following reason:—The Statute
 which repealed the Scott Act, and which
 statutes have been issued in a new form
 under the name of the Revised Statutes
 of Canada, and by their old statutes
 consolidated therein have been repealed
 and re-enacted in revised form, but it
 is claimed that the Scott Act, once repealed
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 is claimed

g by Miss Weston. The were brought to a close by the Wagon, by a male (bard) and a chorus of fifty. The receipts were about over \$500—cleared.

D TRIBUTE.—The London is:—Some of the fruit shipped States are wide awake and foreign markets for know that some of those largely last year and who at with Mr. A. McD. Allan, re anxious to make an en him to handle their fruits on the Continent, and interest in these countries. However, that Mr. Allan duced to accept such an e his services for this line to Canada to be lost to it (indeed, from his experience year, added to his former the subject and his position ut of the Fruit Growers, is felt that he will see it, to continue to work for the hards cannot afford to lose lone so much to advance of horticulture generally, has justly earned, at the British press, the high title Fruit King.

AKE NOTES.
r Kollage, with a cargo of linwood, Mesford and led northward on Thurs-
r Ariel arrived on Friday of lumber for Williams & a Saturday for the north f sail.
r Carter, with a cargo of ment & Co., arrived in and sailed for the north rday.

Dentistry.
SON, L.D.S.
TAL ROOMS,
ow the Post Office, Westat,
Goderich, 2025-17
DOLVERTON, L. D. S.
dd Fellows Hall, North St.,
ges moderate. All work war-
nticed. Air given in main-
r teeth. 1900.

stics Wanted.
GENERAL SERVANT
ren—liberal wages. Apply
RES. A. MCGILLYCRAI,
Palmerston St.

ople's Column.
OOD FOR SALE.
y of summer fire wood, con-
hemlock slabs and heading
\$2 to \$2.50 a load. Apply to
GEO. NEIBERGALL,
Goderich and Dunlop P.O.

MEETING OF THE
of the Goderich Board of
the Town Hall on
7th June, for the transac-
sness and election of offi-
The wish join will please
M. HITCHCOCK, President.

SALE
warm of first-class hybrid
ided the parties requiring
vibes.
PETER FISHER,
Bennillier P.O.
A PHETON AND A
LE HARNESS in first rate
all the original cash. 2100-4
H. MCKICKING.

HEREBY GIVEN FOR
ny person purchasing the
ENY horse from JAMES
not legally belong to Bailey
paid for. Also any person
at CASH ALLEN's mas-
osta.
Mrs. CASE ALLEN

ATTENTION
want a large quantity of
r which the highest cash
Bring it to the Goderich
our cash.
W. F. & A. SMITH
th. 1887. 2026-4t

OF LAND—STAMP
acres free of claims—6
on Lake Huron. To ex-
farm or saw mill in a
sell on very easy terms
ere. For full particulars
GEO. NEIBERGALL,
Goderich.

LASS FARMS FOR
ie township of Ashfield
and one in East Wawa
acres. For particulars
Holt & Cameron, God-
2072

AND VILLAGE
OR SALE.
Trustees of the Estate
HEHR, offer for sale the
property, namely: 120
bers 420 and 421, in the
of 120 acres each. Fairly
urable for building pur-
ing Mill Road, Township
ut of Lot 3 in the Mat-
said Township. Nice
rains Stable.
h side of Millar street,
a small frame dwelling,
bers 810 and 812, in the
an acre each. Be a 11
h side of Huron street.
2. Con. 14, West Wawa
land, 50 acres clear and
er timbered. About 4
and 6 miles from Wing
lars, apply to
CAMPION,
Barrister, Goderich;
24

Exeter.
Beautiful weather.
Some beautiful showers of rain last week.
Spring crops are looking well in this vicinity.
The farmers are busy cutting Canada thistles.
Mr Passmore has arrived with his plant and will have his Ref. in Journal printed in a few days.
Mr Geo. Morr and family left on Wednesday last for St. Marys. We wish them success.
Mr Christopher Willis, left for Kansas City Monday last. May success attend him during his absence as Chris, was well liked by every one.
The Oddfellows Hall is getting built up very rapidly, under the careful superintendence of Mr Alfred Sheer our popular bricklayer and contractor.

Essex.
The 24th passed off very quietly around here.
Alex. McCabe lost his fine black mare last week. He has since sold her mate for a pound sum.
J. H. Moreland is spending a week visiting friends at Auburn.
Mrs A. Knight, of Auburn, is spending a week at the homestead with her parents.
The entertainment which the Sabbath school intends to have, will be a lawn social. It will be held on Geo. Rutledge's lawn on the evening of June 17th. The young people are sparing no pains to make it a success. What the Ebenezer folk take hold of they generally make go through, and no doubt, this one will be no exception.

Sheppardton.
Arthur Horton is erecting a commodious bank barn on his farm, Commercial Road. John Stuart, stonemason, is building the foundation and John McAuley is doing the framework.

A REAL ESTATE CONVEYANCE.—The Kincardine surveyor was in our midst during the week, locating the line between the farms of Messrs. Foley and Yeollner, according to his survey Mr Foley will lose several acres, and Mr Zeollner will have them added to his portion. Said piece of land has long been disputed territory, and there will probably be an appeal, and redistribution before the matter is built.

JUBILEE FEAST.—The young people of this place recognizing the fact that Tuesday was Her Majesty's Birthday, decided to celebrate it after the manner of small country places, by holding a picnic. Although the weather was somewhat unfavorable, a goodly number of the young people assembled in Robert Sturdy's grove, and spent a most enjoyable afternoon, swinging, quizzing, &c. When tired picnicking, the crowd repaired to the Orange hall, where preparations had been made to hold a jubilee ball, John McAuley, violinist, discoursed the sweetest of music, while the light-footed, merry hearted youth glided through the mazy evolutions of the dance till long past the 'twining hour of night. Although the crowd was large the best of order and good feeling prevailed. All went merry as a marriage bell, and when all was over, everybody present agreed that they had spent a good time, and wished many happy years to the gracious lady, whose birthday they had the honor of celebrating.

Goderich Market.
Reported by Telephone from Messrs. Millar GODERICH, June 2, 1887.
Wheat, (Fall) 9 bush 80 1/2
Wheat, (red winter) 9 bush 80 1/2
Wheat, (Spring) 9 bush 80 1/2
Flour, (all) 9 cwt 10 1/2
Flour, (mixed) 9 cwt 10 1/2
Flour, (patent) 9 cwt 10 1/2
Oats, 9 bush 20
Peas, 9 bush 20
Barley, 9 bush 20
Potatoes, 9 bush 20
Hay, 1 ton 10
Butter, 9 lb 10
Eggs, fresh unpacked 9 doz 10
Cheese, 9 lb 10
Shorts, 1 ton 10
Hran 9 ton 10
Chopped Stuff, 9 cwt 10
Screenings, 9 cwt 10
Wood 10
Hides 10
The above flour prices are for the week ending June 2, 1887.

Wander C & White Machines
Pianos and Organs.
GEO W THOMSON,
residence—F. H. St. George,
Planing Mill.

Physicians
Prescriptions
CAREFULLY PREPARED
Pure and Reliable Drugs
AT
J. WILSON'S
PRESCRIPTION DRUG STORE,
GODERICH.

H. W. BRETHOUR & CO.,
BRANTFORD.
COMMENCE THE SEASON
Tuesday and Wednesday, 6th and 7th April,
WITH A GRAND DISPLAY OF
Pattern Hats, Bonnets & Mantles
IMPORTED DIRECT
FRENCH, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN STYLES
NOBBY SHORT WALKING JACKETS & DOLMANS
OUR
Dress Goods Department
SHOULD BE SEEN.
THE STOCK IS VERY COMPLETE, AND THE PRICES ARE RIGHT.
THE RANGE OF NEW SHADES IS LARGE, THE COMBINATIONS ARE ELEGANT.
FRENCH WOOL DRESS GOODS, WITH HANDSOME COMBINATIONS.
BLACK AND COLORED MERVS IN PLAIN, STRIPE AND BROCHE.
NEW PRINTS AND CHAMBREYS, WITH EMBROIDERIES TO MATCH.
WE SEND SAMPLES AND PAY EXPRESS CHARGES ON ALL PARCELS OF \$5.00.
H. W. BRETHOUR & Co., Brantford.
Brantford, March 31st, 1887. 3022-3m.

A FEW
Pointers
If You Want a DINNER SETT.
Look at NAIRN'S Stock
If You Want a BEDROOM SETT,
NAIRN has them at all prices
If You Want a TEA SETT,
NAIRN has a full assortment
If You Want Anything in CHINA,
NAIRN has the finest display
If You Want Anything in GLASS,
Try NAIRN'S before purchasing elsewhere.
For Pure, Unadulterated
FRESH GROCERIES!
HAS THEM
EVERYTHING WARRANTED.
YOUR TRADE SOLICITED
Goderich, April 28th, 1887.
HURON AND BRUCE
LOAN AND INVESTMENT COMPANY
BANKING AND LOANING MONEY ON FARM
Security of Lowest Rates of Interest.
MORTGAGES PURCHASED
SAVINGS BANK BRANCH
4 and 1/2 per Cent. Interest Allowed on
Deposits, according to amount
and time left.
Market Square and North
Goderich.
HORACE HORTON,
MANAGER.
1885-1894

THE BEST
IS
THE CHEAPEST.
New Fruits,
New Nuts,
New Teas,
NEW GOODS
OF ALL KINDS.
EVERYBODY INVITED
AND SEE THE
Finest Collection
OF
CHINA
Set out in Goderich.
C A NAIRN,
100 Market House Square, Goderich.

Wander C & White Machines
Pianos and Organs.
GEO W THOMSON,
residence—F. H. St. George,
Planing Mill.
Physicians
Prescriptions
CAREFULLY PREPARED
Pure and Reliable Drugs
AT
J. WILSON'S
PRESCRIPTION DRUG STORE,
GODERICH.
TO WEAVERS!
Colored & White Carpet Warp
at Mill Prices.
C. CRABB,
April 7th, 1887. 3003-1m | Goderich.

FARMERS & OTHERS
A FULL LINE OF
PLOWS, REPAIRS & CASTINGS
KEPT ON HAND, AND AT
REASONABLE PRICES
IN
C. A. Humber's New Warehouse,
St. David-st., near Victoria-st. Church.
A CALL SOLICITED.
CAST AND WROUGHT IRON SCIENT
C. A. HUMBER.
Goderich, 25th Mar, 1887. 2100

PURE
PARIS GREEN,
HELLEBORE,
INSECT POWDER
AT
RHYNAS'
THE DRUGGIST.

THE BEST
IS
THE CHEAPEST.
New Fruits,
New Nuts,
New Teas,
NEW GOODS
OF ALL KINDS.
EVERYBODY INVITED
AND SEE THE
Finest Collection
OF
CHINA
Set out in Goderich.
C A NAIRN,
100 Market House Square, Goderich.

WHO GETS THE PRIZE
Parties wishing to purchase Pianos, Organs, etc., will do well to see
PROF. CLARKE
before doing so, as he keeps nothing but the very best makes
MASON & RISCH PIANOS,
BELL ORGANS,
Triumphant Organs!
A present, the value from \$12 to \$50 will be made to those purchasing
either of the above.
Violins and Mouth Organs, Violin Straps, Musical Instruments, and all
Musical Instruments.
The Cheapest Music Store in the Province.
Lessons on Pipe Organ, Cabinet Organ and Piano.
the Music Warehouse, West street, Goderich.

FOR SALE.
GODERICH
PLANING MILL
ESTABLISHED IN
Buchanan, Lawson & Robinson
MANUFACTURERS OF
Sash, Doors & Blinds
DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF
Lumber, Lath, Shingles
and builder's material of every description.
SCHOOL FURNITURE A SPECIALTY.
Goderich Aug. 2, 1883. 2-1y

NEW
SPRING GOODS
LARGE CONSIGNMENTS TO
HAND ALREADY
AND
PRICES
in some things
LOWER THAN
PRINTS &
GINGHAMS
A SPECIALTY.

GOLBORNE BROS.,
GODERICH.
MRS. SALKELD
takes pleasure in announcing that her Annual
SPRING OPENING!
OF NEW AND
Fashionable Spring Millinery,
Will take place on
Saturday, 9th of April.
MISS LUSBY, of Detroit, a Milliner of large experience, has been engaged as an assistant,
and the latest styles in trimming Bonnets & Hats, etc., may be looked for.
THE STOCK IS UNUSUALLY ATTRACTIVE.
Ladies buying their Hats and Trimmings from MRS. SALKELD, will have the hats trimmed
FREE OF CHARGE.
A large assortment of "CRAZY" PATCHES now in stock in pleasing
variety. ALL ARE CORDIALLY INVITED. 2003-1f

-NEW-YORK-
WAUKENPHAST or
COMMON SENSE SHOES.
Our Stock of Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes is complete, and comprises the latest
American and English styles.
WE TAKE NO SECOND PLACE FOR CUSTOM WORK.
J. DOWNING & CO'Y.

1887 NEW SPRING GOODS 1887
I greet the public with the announcement that I have opened an elegant and complete
NEW AND
STYLISH DRESS GOODS
Suitable for SPRING and SUMMER wear.
The range of Textile Fabrics are so varied this season, that it is impossible to describe them.
PLAIN AND BROCADED SATINS,
Black and Colored, Plain and Striped Muslins, etc., etc.
Buttons from a 5c Size up to a Trade Dollar.
Metal, Pearl and Jet Clips for Dressing.

Gloves & Fine Hosiery
Full range and at prices unprecedented in seasons of the kind.
ALL DEPARTMENTS WILL BE FOUND COMPLETELY STOCKED.
A. M. ...
SPRING MILLINERY
LATEST NOVELTIES
A Very Cheap Line
MISS G. F.

Drugs, Perfumery & Fancy Goods
Just Received at the Medical Hall by F. JORDAN, and will be sold at prices to suit the
Hard Times. Call and see them before making your purchases.
F. JORDAN, Medical Hall, Goderich.

HIS USEFULNESS

Edward H. ...

Chas. ...

When the two ...

Inspector Campbell ...

To the Editor ...

Sheep shearing ...

Our Leeburn ...

Mr. W. Stirling ...

PERSONAL ...

NATURE'S INCREASE ...

CONNECTION ...

Ashfield.

We are very sorry ...

The spring crops ...

The appeal ...

The Clinton ...

Misses Lizzie ...

Steel ...

Paranot ...

A S. ...

GENERAL ...

R. RADCLIFFE ...

THE TORONTO ...

Clearing Cash Sale

MILLINERY!

FEATHERS, FLOWERS, RIBBONS, LACES, GAUZES, CONNET SHAPES, HAT SHAPES, &c., &c.

MISS GRAHAM,

The Square, next to Acheson & Co's Dry Goods Store, Goderich, 2101.

June 2nd, 1887.

Zemiller.

The Rev. J. Kestel ...

At a committee ...

Dr. Baehler ...

The picnic ...

During the present ...

It is officially ...

In November ...

At the residence ...

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FINE TAILORING!

Gents' Furnishings.

I am now prepared to show a complete assortment of SPRING GOODS

OVERCOATINGS in all the New Shades and Styles

An endless variety of English, Irish and Scotch Suitings.

CHEAP! CHEAP! CHEAP!!!

Remember, all Goods bought by the yard cut free charge

B. MacCormac.

Goderich, April 7th, 1887.

2101.

Boots & Shoes

The Largest Stock. Greatest Variety. And Best Value

E. DOWNING'S.

Cor. East Street and Square, Goderich.

ALL THE LEADING STYLES IN

LADIES' GENTS' AND CHILDREN'S WEAR

AT VERY CLOSE PRICES. A LINE OF

Ladies' Genuine French Kid Button Boots, at \$2.00

Ladies' and Gents' Tennis Shoes, at \$1.00 and \$1.25

Gentlemen call, and we will show you our stock with pleasure, whether you buy or not.

E. DOWNING,

Crab's Block, Cor. East-st. and Square

N.B.—TO THE TRADE—Leather and Findings in any quantity.

At Lowest Prices.

Goderich, June 2nd, 1887.

2101.

30 DAYS SALE!

A discount of Ten per cent will be allowed on all purchases over one dollar.

J. C. DETLOR & Co.

Goderich, Feb. 17th, 1887.

2101.

Goderich Boiler Works

Chrysal & Black,

Manufacturers of all kinds of STATIONARY, MARINE, UPRIGHT and TUBULAR BOILERS.

On hand, ready for delivery: 1 30 H.P. New Boiler.

A Complete 2nd-hand Threshing Outfit

Mail orders will receive prompt attention.

Works: Opp. G. T. B. Station.

P. O. BOX 361

Goderich, May 26th, 1886.

Starting

FALL

WALL PAPER

SAUNDERS VARIETY STORE.

SEE OUR PRICES: Former Price, 12c to 15c, now 8c.

These are last year's styles, but for Hotelkeepers, Landlords or Tenants

THEY ARE JUST THE THING.

A Fresh Stock of American Papers Now on View.

The Cheapest House UNDER THE SUN.

West-st., next door to the Post Office, Goderich, March 10, 1887.

PRICES REASONABLE AT SIGNAL

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