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THE ORANGE ADDRESSES.

The addresses of the Orange orators delivered at the Lake Park on the 12th inst.—a full report of which appears elsewhere in this issue—were not of a particularly high order of merit, so far as matter was concerned, and, if we except the remarks of Dr Oronhyetehka—the big medicine man—were not delivered in a manner to either make converts or enthrall the brethren. Of course, we must make all due allowance for the absence of Clarke Wallace, M.P., who was to have been the orator-in-chief on the occasion, but even when allowance is made, the bill of fare was meagre, and the platform performance "flat, stale and unprofitable." With the attendance and conduct of the Orangemen present at the great demonstration we have not the slightest word to say other than of praise. The attendance was large; the arrangements for the reception of the visitors perfect; the order throughout, good; and the appearance of the large gathering far ahead of many previous demonstrations which we have witnessed. Under these circumstances we exceedingly regret that better preparation was not made by the committee of arrangements for a higher grade of intellectual treat than that furnished. The short, impromptu address of welcome delivered by Mayor Seager, (which was not on the program) was received with perhaps more appreciation by the gathering than any of the speeches of the "orators," and showed that the large audience was ripe for an enthusiastic reception of words of thought, of admonition, or of wit and humor. Mr Fitzgerald's address contained little or nothing to instruct or amuse, and even the most enthusiastic brother on the ground was gratified when the Grand Master for Ontario West thanked the audience for its patient hearing of him, and took his seat. The speech of Dr Oronhyetehka, was a pleasant, ad captum one, and caught the audience immensely, but to most of us accustomed to the doctor's orations there was a "chessnut" flavor about even the most telling points. He worked the Indian racket for the Orangemen after the same fashion that in years gone by he made it do service for the Oddfellows, Foresters and other sister societies with which the dusky redman has been allied. He conclusively showed that it was a good trade to be a "professional Indian," and went through his recitation cleverly. He gave some solid advice on the temperance question, and to hear him talk one would imagine there had never been sin or sorrow amongst the Indians until the depraved white man set foot upon America's soil. But Dr Oronhyetehka, (whose real name is Martin, and who is of good German extraction on his father's side,) made a "catchy" address to those who were not familiar with the speech, and deservedly carried off the laurels of the day, for eloquence and platform ability. He was succeeded by H. A. L. White, a lawyer of St. Marys, and Past Grand Master. Mr White has a presence and a voice, but outside of a number of time-honored platitudes, and an anxiety to make political capital out of every wind that blows, is lacking in matter to qualify him for a platform. His attempt to discuss the question of commercial union only showed how little thought he had given the subject, and many staunch Conservatives expressed disgust at his effort to foist his ill-digested and crude opinions on this important question upon the meeting. The large and intelligent gathering deserved a better platform exhibition than that to which they were treated, and it is to be hoped that on a future occasion when Goderich is chosen as the place of meeting, as much care will be taken to select orators for the occasion as in making the celebration a success in all other respects.

When Dr Martin, (Oronhyetehka) stated that at Ridgeway and in the recent Northwest rebellion the members of the Orange association on the militia roster roll, who went out in defence of the Dominion, outnumbered all others by 2 to 1, he talked claptrap, and he knew it. The Orangemen are no more loyal than any other class, and if the muster rolls were examined it would be found that if they mustered one out of every twenty volunteers at Ridgeway or in the Northwest, the ratio would be more nearly in accordance with facts. If a man is not loyal naturally, joining an Orange lodge will not make him loyal; and if he has inbred loyalty to the laws of his country, the fact of non-membership in an Orange lodge will not make him disloyal. The 9th Batt. of Quebec, and the 65th of Montreal, were as loyal to Canada during the Northwest rebellion as the 10th Royals, of Toronto, or the 7th Fusiliers, of London, and we doubt if there was an Orangeman in the two first-named battalions.

TORONTO LETTER.

The Heated Terms in the Queen City of Ontario.

The Secret Society Parades—The Case for Cockeyed Hats and Bogus Gold Braid—The Church and the World.

Toronto, July 11, 1887. We have had a fortnight of exceedingly hot weather, and the thermometer has danced around the nineties in a fashion to make one long for a shade in some deep forest, an island in the Muskoka lakes, or a reserved seat in an ice-house. Happily but few accidents in the way of sunstrokes have resulted from this intense heat. Toronto's situation by the lake shore is in her favor, and the ferry boats darting in every direction can quickly bear her over-heated population to cool retreats at a very small expense. In fact many merchants do not now go to the seaside or to distant points in the country or up the lakes for summer vacation; they simply move further out of the city into the country, or build or rent a cottage near the lake shore, within an hour or two's call of business. There is little pleasure for any but beaux and belles at the crowded watering places or fashionable summer resorts.

The Orangemen had a special sermon preached to them yesterday. Mr Joseph Beck, of Salford, was in the city, and I understand he took in the proceedings. The members of the Order attended in regalia, and attracted a good deal of attention. Toronto is running to seed with its garish Sunday displays. The volunteers lose no opportunity of airing their uniforms and many forms on Sundays to the smart music of the military bands. The Knights of This, and the Venerable Orders of That, with cocked hats, bogus gold braid and tinsel trappings, march and countermarch along, the streets on Sundays for "special sermons." The various Orders get big advertisements from this Sunday display, and the church coffers get an extra collection. I wonder, if the "brethren" are so anxious to hear a special sermon, that they do not invite the preacher to their lodge room, and there (after the rules are suspended) have the sermon preached and the prayer uttered. It would be better than turning the church into an advertising stand for a secret society, and we would be spared the exhibition of the men who stand in place of Peter and Paul and Philip and Barnabas using platitudes from the sacred desk in favor of societies that boast that they are doing more good than the church itself. "My house shall be called a house of prayer," said the Saviour, as he drove out the money changers from the temple; "but ye have made it a den of thieves." Had a lodge or secret order of "Knights" of the first century been thus assembled, with cocked hats, and shining belts, and snide decorations and tawdry imitation gold leaf decorations, I wonder if the Master would have let them go without reproof?

A Great Orange Procession. Toronto, July 12, 1887. The Orange parade today was an interesting spectacle. The procession was almost a repetition of that of the 1st, minus the volunteers and firemen, and plus a number of lodges from the rural districts. I must say that the Orangemen turn out with a more military strut than they did ten or fifteen years ago. The old generation is dying off, and a city-bred one has taken the place of old timers in the ranks. The present day Orangemen runs less to scarlet cloaks and white trousers than his father did. He courts the military cut—the sword, the axe, the peaked cap and belt. He delights to perform evolutions in military drill as he marches before the admiring gaze of the city's tens of thousands; in short he is more desirous of showing his fine shape and cutting figures in drill than he is of toiling along with an old fashioned plug hat, and a venerable pair of white trousers, like his predecessors did in the historic past. As a parade, the celebration today was a success. As a means of grace; as a source of fraternal feeling between the members of the church of Rome and those of the Protestant churches; as an exhibition of the gospel of peace on earth and good will to men, I cannot say that it was calculated to be equally successful. I suppose, however, that this opinion will be declared by some to be another attack on Protestantism by THE SIGNAL.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

Hon. A. M. Ross' Address at the Closing Exercises.

The following, from the Guelph Mercury, is a report of the address made by Hon. A. M. Ross, of Goderich, Commissioner of Agriculture for Ontario, at the thirteenth annual closing exercises of the Ontario Agricultural College, recently held:— Hon. A. M. Ross, Commissioner of Agriculture, made the closing speech, and held the close attention of his audience. He has pleasure in welcoming the neighboring farmers with their wives and daughters, and their attendance was an incentive to all engaged in seeking the advancement of the farmers. It was refreshing to him to hear such warm words of approval about the College; he generally heard all the adverse criticisms. The interests of agriculture were today occupying more public attention than for some time past. The Agricultural College, the annual agricultural reports, and the College experiments had had their share in bringing about this increased prominence, but he thought the Farmers' Institute was the main cause. The farmers were finding agriculture not so productive as formerly, they had to put forth every effort to meet competition, and they were seeking how to keep up with their changed requirements. Farmers' Institutes were first established two years ago, and today thirty three county institutes were in existence, organized and subsidized to a small extent by the Ontario Government. Though the most important class in the country, the farmers could never exercise their legitimate influence until they were organized. Manufacturers had their associations, merchants had their Boards of Trade, mechanics had their trades unions, the professions had their societies, and the agriculturists were now opening their eyes to the fact that they too must combine to exert any influence whatever on legislation. Quite recently a Provincial Farmers' Institute had been formed, and the question of Commercial Union or unrestricted reciprocity had been laid before county institutes and the farmers generally. This was a most important question, and they should discuss it from their standpoint, as other bodies in the community viewed it in the light of their several interests. They should not overlook the claims of others but it was theirs to see that any legislative action taken should be for the benefit of the majority. He did not intend to touch on the subject further. He was pleased to see that the Dominion Government had established Experimental Farms and stations. Ontario's progressiveness had thus been demonstrated against her, as she was supporting a College at her own expense, which no other Province was doing, but she could afford to be generous. In looking over Prof. Brown's summary of the experimental work done at the College during the last thirteen years he found that two hundred distinct sets of experiments had been carried out. The difficulty was not to get a new field, but there was gain in repeating an experiment again and again, as this was needed to establish a principle. He wished the Dominion experimental stations every success and complimented the Government on their choice of Prof. Wm. Saunders as head; he was a good man. During the last two years some important changes had been made in the College administration, and they had been very successful. The Advisory Board of practical men had given the agricultural community more confidence in the management. As a result of the adoption of the scheme of county students, 27 farmers' sons, with two years of practical experience, had taken the advantage of this provision the first year out of 47 counties. These students were giving better satisfaction to the faculty than any they had had. They intended to make a third year course for those who wished to perfect themselves in their agricultural studies, and they would grant a degree. They had established a dairy department at the College. The dairy exports of Canada were the most valuable of her agricultural exports. Of these they exported to the value of over eight million of butter nearly one million and a half, and of cattle seven millions. Their main work was to place their butter alongside of their cheese in the first place in the English market. They wished to convince the farmers that this could be done by adopting the cooperative or factory system. Under Prof. Robertson's management the College creamery had been a success. He had been trying to get a competent successor to Mr. Robertson, but so far without success; he did not want a second class man. The new barn buildings were also proving satisfactory. All these advances showed that the department of Agriculture was doing its utmost to further the interests of its special charge. By an act of last session, any farmer desiring to drain his farm could get the necessary money from the Government at four per cent instead of five as heretofore. Mr. Ross closed an excellent address, by expressing his satisfaction with the prospects of the College.

The body of Timothy Sullivan, an Exeter shoemaker who disappeared last fall, has been found in the river at that place. On Saturday sixteen section hands on the Canada Southern Division of the Michigan Central Railroad at Windsor, who have been working for \$1.10 a day, struck for higher pay. There is some fear that the trouble may not end here.

WHAT'S UP?

Things That Are Happening Around Us.

What the Old Man Saw on the Twelfth—The Tunaful File and the Sounding Drum—The Dawn of Peace.

—Well, I've just recovered from the effects of the big drum and file oratorio of the glorious, pious and immortal Twelfth. "It was a great day for Ireland," I heard one of the old heads say, and a lot of Canucks took in the fun. Some of the neighbors from the old concession line came into town bright and early, and routed me out, so that I got a full benefit, and was up street betimes. Early and often must have been the instructions given with regard to dealing with the big drum, for the continuity of the pounding was marvellous. By-the-way, it is wonderful the amount of big drum it takes to hold the shrill notes of a little, shrieking, wizened bit of life in subjection. On no occasion was the life left without the accompaniment of one big drum; sometimes there were two big drums to one file; occasionally there were two big drums and a snare drum for the heavy tragedy business; but when my old and esteemed friend, councillor Jack McClelland, of Goderich township, lifted his tunaful file, and it took three big drums, worked as with trip hammers, by three brawny, double-fisted experts, to hold its tones in subjection, the climax was reached. For bringing Orange melody to the extreme of perfection, councillor McClelland has, I think, the first place in the hearts of his "trooly loil" countrymen. But the town was full of the melody that day, and ever and anon, over the shriek of the historic file, could be heard the blare of the E-flat cornet, accompanied by the diapason of the circular bass, sounding forth the ancient history of the "Boysie Water," "Enniskillen," "The Protestant Boys," and other props and pillars of the glorious British constitution, or words to that effect.

—And the purple and fine linen was on deck, as well as the melody that carried the "b'ys" to victory and Derry a couple of hundred years ago. It was gorgeous in the extreme; it was numerous, if not costly, and the man who didn't sport his riband, or saah, or tassal, or beiled shirt and badge on the occasion, was looked upon by the faithful as a heathen, a publican and a sinner—by a large majority. But there were some who wore their colors that day that bore love to all and malice toward none, for I saw a quick recognition between two men on the Square, and then I saw a man who was walking with a badge conspicuously upon his breast, leave his Orange friends and walk to where a Roman Catholic was standing, and grasping him warmly by the hand, talk of boyhood's days and the happy years gone by; and the Roman Catholic was not outside, but was as warm in his grasp, and as kindly in his manner; and as I looked upon the two grey-haired men, each happy in the recognition of the friend of his youth, the shriek of the file seemed to grow faint, the big drum gave forth softer sounds, and the tune of "Croppie Lie Down," died quietly away. Two women were shaking hands, who, though opposite in their religious beliefs, were experiencing the gospel of peace, and the brotherhood of man despite creeds, and the words of the Saviour seemed to ring in my ears: "Another commandment I give unto you: That ye love one another." And when they separated, and the Orangemen passed on to join his walking friends, I enquired of his friend the Roman Catholic the name and address of this Son of William. The information asked for by me was duly given, accompanied by the further sentence, "John is a decent fellow, and that bit of Orange ribbon on his breast only hides one of the most honest hearts in the country."

—The day was all that could be desired, and those of the brethren who came from outside parts must have envied the people who lived in Goderich. I never saw the old town look better than it does now, and no one visited it on the 12th who wasn't pleased with its appearance. —I was glad that nothing occurred to mar the enjoyment of the day; that no man was wantonly insulted, or had occasion to resent a insult; and that the old acrimonious spirit between men of different creeds was fast dying out. The demonstration assumed the shape of a gigantic pleasure outing, and were it not for the banners and badges, and the files and drums no one would have known that it was intended to celebrate an event which had made a great change in the page of history.

Harry Phillips, 11 years of age, only son of widow Phillips, was drowned in the Maitland River at Wingham on Friday. Neil McPhail, an old settler of Erin township, died of Paris green the other day. It is not known whether it was suicide or accident. The girl Lindenberg, of Inwood, who ran away with and married a colored man and was taken back home by her father Thursday, ran away from home and joined her husband at St. Clair. On Thursday night last the barns, driving and other sheds on the premises of Timothy Kennedy, ex Deputy Reeve of Salford, were destroyed by fire. The damage was heavy and the insurance light. The fire was caused by burning rubbish.

Leoburn

By a fall from a swing, the collarbone of Lizzie Horton, aged six years was badly hurt. Dr J. R. Shannon, of Goderich, set the fracture, and under his care the little sufferer is doing well.

Saturday rain routed the busy hay makers, who by the rays of old Sol were baked brown and drier than the hay they were making last week.

The tall laird has put aside the reaper, and invested in a September binder for the coming harvest.

Miss Jessie Stringer, of Port Austin, Mich. is visiting Mrs A. Horton.

Joe Combs and family, of Grey, rested here last week.

Dunlop.

LEFT US.—Our Indian camp is broken up, and our redmen, with their squaws and papooses, have gone back to their old home at Southampton. During their stay they proved good residents, steady and hardworking, doing quite a trade in baskets and bead work.

Among the young folks resting from the tedious tasks of school and enjoying their vacation here are Garnet Hyndman, of Exeter, Teresa Young and Harry Vidan, of Goderich.

Our jovial engineer, being only used to steam power, was a little bothered fixing up the knife of a mower the other day, when the horseflesh attached to it suddenly started off, and put the mower in gear, the knife cutting a bad gash on the fourth finger of his right hand. With great pluck he stopped the team and mine host dressed his wounded hand with the skill of an army doctor.

Martin Finland attended the church opening at Kingsbridge Sunday last.

Our Irishman with his new driver visited his old neighbor, the Yorkshireman, the other day in Goderich township, and there is a whisper floating that there will be a trotting match soon with some of the local drivers about his friend's home.

Advert.

Alf Askwith has returned from the "Old Country," looking much improved after the trip. The voyage was an unprecedentedly short one, and beat all previous records as to time. Some say he took the overland route, via Morris township.

The members and adherents of the Methodist church here and at Westfield have raised a subscription to put up a dwelling-house for Mrs Turner, the widow of their late highly respected pastor. The building is on Main street and is now in a very fair way of completion. An energetic townsman, J. P. Brown, was the prime mover in the laudable undertaking.

Wm Sturdy, the stalwart young farmer, left for Muskoka Tuesday last. He is a thoroughly reliable young man, a good workman, and will make his presence felt in the land of rocks and birch bark canoes.

Rev Mr Gee, the new pastor of the Methodist church here, has already made his mark, and is going to keep the church well-filled during his parorate. A week ago last Sunday evening he preached his first sermon here, and was heard by a large congregation. Sunday morning last he again occupied the pulpit, and the attendance was in excess of the previous gathering. His discourse was the plain, unvarnished story of Christ, and Him crucified, but was delivered in a realistic, powerful and convincing manner. We are satisfied that in Rev Mr Gee we have a man who will wear well with the Methodists of this section.

The Presbyterian church has been without a regular pastor since Rev J. Pritchard left last fall, and up to the present time no choice has been made although many candidates have filled the pulpit. Whosoever the chosen one will be will have to satisfy the congregations of Auburn and Smith's Hill, as the pastors in a joint one, and thus far no man has received the support of the members of the two churches. Rev Mr Somerville, of Toronto, thus far has the support of Auburn churchmembers, and if the members of the Smith's Hill congregation can join in the call, there is every reason to believe that he will be a satisfactory pastor. He is an exceedingly clever preacher, and it is believed an effort will be made to secure him.

We understand Geo Tindall proposes opening out a bakery, a butcher's shop, and a general store shortly. Our town is booming, and all we want now is a spur of the C. P. R. from Wingham or Goderich.

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FROM WASHINGTON

What Has Transpired at the United States Capital.

How Harvey Beat the Government—Real Estate: Room in Washington—Censuring the Secretary of the Navy.

From our Special Correspondent.

(WASHINGTON D. C., July 11, 1887.)

The latest scandal up to the present writing in Washington, is the forgery of Oscar J. Harvey, late chief of a division in the office of the Third Auditor of the Treasury. Harvey's fraudulent practices have been singularly original inasmuch as they have been conducted without accomplices. While Chief of the Horse Claims Division he discovered in the files of the office certain claims which had been perfected but never finally acted upon. He took these cases under his special protection, and by an official correspondence written by himself under the assumed name of "W. W. Wynn, Att'y." to the Auditor, urging payment of these claims, he succeeded in having paid to himself the nice little sum of \$12,000. As the business of W. W. Wynn before the Auditor, was carried on entirely by correspondence, no personal appearance of the imaginary attorney at the Department was necessary, and by means of such simple tools as an assumed handwriting, and a fraudulent stamp, Harvey easily conducted his dishonest work. If he had not added his own name to that of Wynn on the endorsement of the checks made payable by the Government to Wynn, and readily cashed by Harvey at one of the city banks, it is doubtful whether he would have been detected so soon. He probably was afraid to trust any one as accomplice to cash the Government drafts for him, and did it himself, thus waiving the first thread of the evidence that led to his detection. He now lodges in a dirty cell in district jail surrounded by negro criminals, and other lodgers in the jail, characters not at all resembling Mr Harvey's former associates or his appearance, which is described by one of the Washington journals as "Aesthetic." It is certainly remarkable the wonderful capacity and ingenuity developed by one of the most commonplace ability in ordinary matters, when they form a dishonest purpose. The same skill and patience if used in honest efforts might make them great.

Secretary Fairchild of the treasury has just purchased a very handsome residence in this city. It is situated on New Hampshire avenue near the residence of Jas G. Blain, S. S. Cox, Gardner Hubbard and other prominent men, who have residences in the vicinity of Dupont Circle, the newest and most valuable part of Washington. Secretary Fairchild's purchase differs, however, from the houses in this locality of various and complicated styles of architecture. His house is a solid, square, red brick English looking mansion, exceptionally free from modern ornamentation.

Another real estate transaction of a Cabinet officer is also attracting attention here this week. This time it is Secretary Whitney, who sells his farm of seventy-five acres, called "Grasslands" for \$75,000. A thousand dollars an acre. The original tract of a hundred acres cost Mr Whitney about \$37,000 two years ago. A few months ago, he sold twenty five acres of the original farm for a little more than that sum. By this final sale of the remaining part, the Secretary of the Navy clears \$75,000 in two years. Opinions may differ as to what are the duties and obligations of a Cabinet officer. No one argues that a man, in becoming a member of the Presidential Cabinet, surrenders any of his rights as a private citizen, to invest his money as he pleases, but when a Cabinet officer uses the notoriety and importance of his official position to buy up a tract of land to three times its original value in two years he commits an act that lays him open to public censure, and the Secretary cannot justly complain if he is severely criticised.

It is quite certain that if Mr W. C. Whitney, a lawyer from New York, and not the Secretary of the Navy had bought and sold a farm on the Tenallytown road near Washington, he would not have made 70 per cent by the transaction at the end of two years. A reasonable and gradual increase in value, is the legitimate expectation and result of an all fair investment. Those expectations are naturally greater in growing and improving localities, but such extravagant increases in the prices of real estate in the district, such as have prevailed during the last year, are unnatural, and will result in disaster to somebody. These speculators in real estate and their agents are so greedy they will kill the goose that lays the golden egg. Perhaps not before they have saved their own bacon, and unloaded their surplus land lots on some victim who does not scent the decline as they do.

About six weeks ago, Queen Kapio-lania visited Washington and was received like the Queen of Sheba, though she did not arrive like that great Queen, for her train was meagre. She now resides in our shores, after a short visit to the English Court, but alas! how different. She is now a dethroned monarch. Her husband Kalakula is no longer King of the Sandwich Islands. Let her keep away from Washington this time.

THE TRADIN' BOAT.

An Old Plantation Story.

By M. E. Davis, Author of "In War Times At La Rose Blanche."

Uncle Marcellus Brandon sat in his big arm chair on one side of the lofty doorway that led into the hall from the veranda, and Tante swung herself softly to and fro in her low rocker on the other.

Uncle Marcellus was a Virginia Brandon. In the dashing and gallant days of his early manhood he had adventured—with a gigantic black body-servant at his elbow and the proceeds of an unusually fine tobacco crop in his pocket—down to New Orleans for the avowed purpose of dancing at one of the then famous cordon bleu balls.

Passing down Rue Bourbon on the way to his first revel, however, he encountered the dark and lustrous eyes of Mademoiselle Elise Joubert. Her pretty head was enveloped in fleecy locks, her white gown was garlanded with roses, her softly rounded cheeks had the velvety whiteness of a magnolia leaf.

The cordon bleu with its dream of voluptuous octoroon sirens vanished instantly from his mental vision. He abandoned like one under a spell his mocking companions, and elbowed a passage, with a ferocious quite unnecessary, through the godnaured chattering crowd lounging about the controls.

The curtain was already up when he entered the fine old salle, and a soft hiss pursued him as he marched with an unconsciously eager and determined step along the narrow aisles. But he heeded this no more than he heeded the faint ripple of amusement that stirred across the highbrow assembly when he stood stock still before the loge griller where she sat, and stared at her with all his heart in his eyes.

The wooing was hasty and impetuous though the wooer knew not one word of French, and la belle Louisianaise had at her command but the merest scrap of (convent) English.

When duly informed of his demand for her hand by her mother—to whom, much to his disgust, Marcellus Brandon found himself obliged first to submit it—Mademoiselle Elise consented meekly and with down-dropped eyelids to be transported to Wheatfield, the Brandon estate, Albemarle county, Virginia; and with eyes uprolled vowed sweetly that she would at the instant make herself teach *cette belle langue Anglaise*.

But that was when she was Mademoiselle Joubert. When she became Mrs Marcellus Brandon, she placidly but firmly refused to do either. Uncle Marcellus was fain to transfer himself and his hundred-and-odd "hands" from Wheatfield, Albemarle county, Virginia, to St. Denys, Rapides Parish, Louisiana, which ample plantation was a part of his wife's dot, and to begin life-long struggle with French verbs.

His forehead, knotted by years of this combat, gradually smoothed Marcellus and Joseph-Marie, his twin sons, grew to manhood. French came to them with their mother's milk, as Pere Joubert proudly observed, but by the time they were fairly in trousers they learned to twist their soft tongues to English whenever they addressed their father. In the meantime Uncle Marcellus used often to be seen hanging over the garden gate, his face aglow with pleasure as he listened to the familiar Joema River wren-scarlet of Unk' Billy, an old Brandon retainer. And then there was Bedford, his own solemn old body-servant.

But all that was in the halcyon days "before de wah." Unk' Billy and Bedford had been gathered to the dust these many years; twins twins were long gone out into the world; and Uncle Marcellus, who was growing old, and had been "Uncle" Marcellus to half the parish for two generations at least, had resigned himself to an unbroken *te a te* with Mrs Marcellus, who had become Tante alike to relatives and friends.

Therefore it was worth something to see the smile on his round red face nowadays, when Cecile Joubert, Tante's orphaned niece, who had come to live at St. Denys, entered the breakfast room with a kiss and *bonjour* for Tante, and—oh, the dear old English with the quaint little flavor of accent upon it, *good mornin'*, and a kiss for Uncle Marcellus.

It was Cecile who came along the hall now and stood in the doorway between them. She had, it appeared, brought a shawl for Tante for the evening was drawing on, and she had fetched Uncle Marcellus his pipe. When she had lighted a taper for the one and wrapped the shawl about the other she came down the steps and paced back and forth along the shelled walks of her rose garden, humming a gay little chanconette and glancing now and again toward the gate and up the lane that led to La Ferme

sux Ifs, whose distant chimneys showed slender and dark against the face of a great yellow moon slowly rising into view.

Uncle Marcellus remarked to Tante in his painfully acquired and laborious French that Cecile seemed to grow prettier every day. Tante nodded a pleased assent.

Now, truly, Uncle Marcellus had never in all his life loved any woman but Tante. Her eyes, which remained the same large soft and shining wells of light that had lured him into the Theatre d'Orleans fifty years ago (though her form had broadened to shapelessness and a pronounced moustache shaded her upper lip), had been the only eyes in the whole world for him. Yet somehow, as he stood looking at Cecile, with her tender blue eyes and her rose-tinted cheeks, and her fair wavy hair, his heart stirred strangely within him, and he was minded of the slim little fourth or fifth cousin who came down to the gate to bid him good bye the day he went away on that first *coxtailing* journey to New Orleans, and who, when he looked back, was gazing so wistfully after him. She had the same name, too, though at Wheatfield they called her Cicely and sometimes Cis. And she had been dead these forty years and more, dear, dear!

The old man coughed and Tante got up and went over and stood beside him patting him on the back with affectionate solicitude. Just then the clatter of horses' hoofs sounded in the lane, and presently the gate opened and shut.

"Tis but Octave," said Tante, resenting herself, and she smiled significantly. She spoke as always, in her soft syllabled native tongue. "It is thy wish," she went on after a short pause, "that the children shall settle this marriage for themselves, and it is perhaps best for them. Thou and I were not permitted this curious American custom. But then, we had no need of it, eh Marcellus?" No combination of letters can hope to convey an idea of the music of Tante's rare utterance of her husband's name.

Uncle Marcellus smiled back at her through the gathering dusk. He had already forgotten little cousin Cicely Brandon.

Meantime, Tante's favorite scheme was not prospering out in the rose garden, although aided and whetted by Uncle Marcellus' odd American notions of liberty. The "children had taken a turn or two about the violet-bordered walks, and then Octave had drawn his companion aside to a seat under the old magnolia-tree, whose great white bells were filling all the dewy air with their rich and pungent perfume. "Cecile," he had said, laying his hand upon hers, where it rested upon the back of the rustic bench. "I have come—again—for my answer."

"I am sorry, Octave," Cecile had replied gently, "but it is always the same. And always the same reason?" Octave had demanded in a slightly bantering tone.

"Yes," she was exclaiming with scorn at the very moment when kindly, shrewd old Tante was congratulating herself that La Ferme auxifs (for was not Octave Gaston the sole and only heir of the good bachelor uncle Joseph Marie Gaston?) and Berd du Bois. Cecile's almost princely inheritance were at last about to be reunited. "Yes! always the same reason. I will not marry any man who does nothing with himself all day long and every day but lounge about rose-gardens."

"Garden," corrected Octave, "the St. Denys rose-garden. Be at least just, Cecile."

"And sing, though you sing well, Octave, I admit that."

"I only warble accompaniments to Cecile Joubert's songs," murmured Octave humbly.

"And fish and smoke cigarettes, and ride about the country with a pack of hounds at his horse's heels!" The old times have passed Octave," she went on earnestly and a trifle dramatically, "a man has no right to be idle like that; no right! He should be standing shoulder to shoulder with the world's workers. He should—"

"But Cecile," remonstrated Octave lightly and apparently unimpressed by this very magnificent theory, with which it is true, he was already tolerably familiar, "the good uncle Joseph-Marie—"

"Oh, the good uncle," she interrupted scornfully. "I'd rather be—Michel Bares on the Tradin' Boat if I were a man, than to be dependant on an uncle, or a father—or a wife!"

A flush rose to the young man's dark cheek and he sprang hastily to his feet.

"Oh, Octave," she cried in dismay. She had for a moment forgotten the personal nature of the discussion: as for her own vast fortune, she had a habit of not remembering that at all. "Please forgive me, I did not intend to be so rude. But at the American school where I have been, you know, they have such different ideas from—"

"Oh, yes, I know," he growled with a savage imprecation under his breath addressed to American schools, in general, and this particular pension where

Cecile had imbibed her democratic, not to say, communistic opinions.

"Never mind, Cecile," he added, with a sudden return to his ordinary light and airy tone, "I have my answer, true; but we are still friends?"

"Why, of course," she assented surprised, and it must be admitted, secretly a little wounded by this ready acquiescence in her decision. Hitherto he had pleaded his suit with passionate warmth, and after each final and emphatic no, he had gone off declaring gaily that he would return again—and again—and again, until he should at last have conquered. Ah well, he had come—and had at last learned wisdom, so much the better for him. She thought as she sat on the steps in the moonlight and listened to his light chat, now in one tongue, now in another, with Uncle Marcellus and Tante. Tante rocking softly to and fro in her low chair was happily as yet unaware that Ferme auxifs and Bord du Bois divided more than half a century ago by the perverseness of a foolish young woman, were likely by the perverseness of another to remain asunder.

The next morning M. Paul Joubert's huge old family carriage came lumbering up the lane and stopped with a great flourish at the front steps. Out bounded cousins Loure and Jeanne, bag, gage and bonnet. "For a whole week, Cecile!" they cried in the midst of the joyous clatter that welcomed them. "And oh, do hurry up with the rese- leaves for Tante's spice-jars, and 'get dressed. The Tradin' Boat is at the landing."

An hour or so later the three girls, followed by Valentine, Cecile's high-turbaned, mahogany-colored bonnet, came fluttering into Tante's morning room. Their cool-looking white gowns were belted with dainty ribbons about their slim young waists; wide straw hats shaded their fresh young faces.

What did Tante want from the Tradin' Boat? and what could they bring Uncle Marcellus? they demanded with many airy gestures and bird like caresses.

Uncle Marcellus would like some Perique tobacco. Tante's list was a long one and included spices and pepper and cotton thread, and a paper of tacks; some jeans for Anepique's twin pickaninnies; a garden hoe and a watering pot.

It was a good mile and more down to the river, but a soft breeze came in from the moss-hung swamp at the back of the plantation, and the way lay along the wide pleasant lane that ran between St. Denys and Ferme auxifs. The cherokee rose hedges on either side were all white with long slim buds and big petaloid blossoms, and the dewy grass fringing the road was odoriferous with the tinty purple and yellow balls of the sensitive plant.

"Already!" exclaimed Jeanne, when they came to the first low vine hung cabin of the straggling little village under the high levee. Here they encountered an acquaintance. He took off his slouch hat at sight of them and stopped, grinning foolishly.

"Michel Bares," demanded Cecile, severely, "what are you doing on shore?"

"Michel Bares, a slight, dark and rather good looking young fellow, muttered something in the soft Cajan patois about having had a *fresson*, and his *naman* was going to make him a *liane* of geranium leaves.

"I do not believe a word you say, Michel," interrupted Cecile, "that is what you said the last time you stopped off and got drunk and beat your wife, and Captain Tarver had to come himself he was 'tid h'an wanted to res' a while."

"You are not telling me the truth, Michel," said his mistress inexorably. "and mind, I shall certainly tell Father Kenyon if you behave as you did the last time."

Michel took his scolding in very good part, and looked after them with a cunning smile as they walked on toward the landing.

The river was low and they had to pick their way carefully down the steep side of the levee. A noisy crowd, mostly of negroes, stood aside to let them pass, and returned their greeting with loud but respectful salutations.

A wide gang plank led from the slippery bluff of the Tradin' Boat. The Tradin' Boat with a small side-wheel steamboat with a single deck, at the front end of which was constructed a cabin with a flat roof. This was surmounted by a tiny pilot-house, and served as the floating "store." The snug space behind the cabin was occupied by a rusty engine and a couple of dilapidated pumps. The rear deck contained a smoke-stained tent, behind whose scanty flaps a bed, a cooking stove and a deal table piled with dishes, were more or less visible.

Above the wide doorway which gave entrance into the store, a freshly painted sign bore on its expansive surface in large letters the legend

JACKSON TARVER, DEALER IN DRY GOODS, HARDWARE AND GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

Within, a counter ran along one side; the wall behind it was lined with shelves

containing Captain Tarver's miscellaneous assortment of calicoes, and cheap wooleens, candles, candies, spices, medicines and stationery. On the other side were ranged boxes and barrels, jars, buckets, wash-boards, a plough or two, a second hand hand sewing-machine, and other nondescript articles. Over-head, from the squatty ceiling depended hams, and pieces of bacon, bunches of trace-chains, whips, cow-bells and yokes; and here and there hung a ready-made dress and a ruffled gingham sun-bonnet.

The dingy little place was thronged with buyers, all waiting their time to be served, for Captain Tarver's new clerk was busily engaged attending to the wants of old Betty-Rose, one of the St. Denys negroes.

When Cecile and her cousins entered, he was reaching up to one of the highest shelves for a piece of red calico, and 'hey could not see his face. When he turned, however, a torrent of surprised exclamation burst from Jeanne and Laure. Michel Bares' successor was Octave Gaston. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and his dark curls were tossed in unwonted confusion about his white forehead, but he looked undeniably dignified and handsome in his new role. He shook hands composedly across the counter with them all.

"Yes," he said, with easy grace, in answer to Laure's amazed questioning, "I have taken Michel Bares' place. How many yards did you say, Aunt Betty-Rose?"

"Lowed-a-mussy, neb' min' me, Marse Octave!" said Aunt Betty-Rose, hurriedly, backing away from the counter. "Jes' wait on Miss Cecile. Well, den, if yer don' want nuttin', Miss Cecile honey, do I is 'erful shame ter had Marse Octave waitin' on er ole nigger like ez ef wuz po' white trash—eight yards ez dat to 'ky-red, Marse Octave."

"Michel Bares' place," continued Octave, placidly, measuring of the gaudy stuff with deft and graceful fingers. "true, it is not a very lucrative position—what else, Aunt Betty-Rose? Oh, apples,"—he dived under the counter and re-appeared with a scoop-full of dried apples, which he placed upon the fly-specked scales—"you see, Laura, I have grown tired of being idle. I have made up my mind to stand alone (he glanced furtively at Cecile's compressed lips and angry eyes and stumbled a little in his speech)—I mean I am going to try, and make my own living."

"I took the first thing that offered," he went on gravely, "really a fortunate thing for me—Michel's *fresson*. Bacon, Aunt Betty-Rose!—how much?"

He came around the counter and dexterously unhooked a piece of bacon from the ceiling, "five pounds, eh? That was better than being idle"—he was weighing the greasy stuff now and wrapping it in a piece of brown paper.

Cecile up to this moment had not spoken. She had been standing apart, now pale with scorn, now red with some feeling she could not define, her blazing eyes following Octave's movements. Suddenly her face softened; a half-pleading, half imperious light came into her eyes; she took a step forward, and her lips opened as if to speak. Just then, however, a little door in the rear of the cabin opened and a girl came in. She was about Cecile's own age; she had a pretty round face dusted with brown freckles and lighted by a pair of wide, open grey eyes. A mass of yellow curls nestled against her neck and crowned her forehead, the sleeves of her blue cotton gown were rolled up to the elbow, displaying a pair of white well-rounded arms. She came forward smiling and smoothing her check apron with plump, floury hands.

"Mister Gaston," she said in a soft drawing voice, "Captain Tarver, he says fer yer ter come in ter the tent fer dinner, 'I'll 'ten the sto' tell you're done eatin'."

"Dinner?" said Octave, staring at her a moment in bewilderment, while a vision rose before him of the round table at Ferme auxifs, with its array of crystal and silver; under Joseph-Marie at one end sipping his claret and denouncing the new-fangled boiling-kettles; himself at the other, and the open window, with the sunset streaming in; and away over the tops of the trees the steep roof of St. Denys, where Cecile—

"Dinner? Oh, certainly," he cried, coming suddenly to himself. And he smiled down into the pretty face lifted to his, "as soon as I shall have served these ladies—"

But the ladies were gone. Cecile was flying across the gangway and up the steep levee, with an angry spot on either cheek, and a dangerous fire in her blue eyes.

Michel Bares, who stood in the narrow pathway at the top of the levee, beat a rapid retreat at sight of her, dodging in to his little cabin, where he betook himself to bed and shook with a real *fresson* until she was well along the rose-bordered lane.

But Cecile had not even seen him. She sped on blind and speechless, followed by her protesting, wondering cousins and the grumbling old bonnet.

"What in the world does it mean, Cecile?" cried Laure, at last catching up with her and laying a hand on her arm. "And isn't it too funny!"

"I don't know what it means," replied Cecile hotly, "and I think it is perfectly disgusting."

It was hard enough to bear the persistent questions and the amazed comment of Tante and Uncle Marcellus; and the knowing silence of Laure and Jeanne. But in the evening when Mr Joseph Marie Gaston, the small, dark, shriveled, choleric old Frenchman, and life-long friend and neighbor, came over to scold and gesticulate and groan; and to launch scarcely veiled reproaches at himself, poor Cecile was angry indeed, and very wretched.

"The Tradin'-Boat has gone on to the ext landing, six or seven miles down the river, and Octave has gone with it, Sir! I commanded, I even begged him to come home, but he swore he would not. And who is going to keep my accounts and look after the place," wailed the good uncle. "There never was such a head as Octave's for business. These three years he has managed everything. And now that these new fangled boilers

But nothing of this last complaint reached Cecile's ears. She had stolen silently up to her own room at the mention of the departure of the Tradin' Boat. She did not care—of course she did not care—where he went or what he did: she said to herself fiercely; why, indeed, should she be held responsible for the foolish escapades of Octave Gaston? Perhaps, after all—and here a little chilly sensation crept over her as a vision of a pretty plump girl in a blue calico gown arose unbidden to her mind and she remembered with a start, the smile in Octave's eyes when he looked down on that fair freckled face! At this point, like many another heroine before her, she sat down on the edge of her bed and cried; and then stood up wrathfully brushing the tears from her eyes.

She tossed feverishly from side to side in her white little bed for a long time and thought she would never get to sleep. But sleep is very friendly to all young creatures, and long before midnight the soft fringed lids had closed over the slightly reddened eyes, and she was dreaming that Octave was wrapping a bit of bacon in that long coveted white China-crape shawl in Tante's big arm-chair.

Did anything happen? She found herself standing in the middle of the room shaking from head to foot. The white moonlight, streamed in through the window across her little bare feet and the wind fluttered the folds of her snowy night-dress. What was it? Her heart was beating still and in the honey suckle vines outside the window, a mocking bird was thrilling softly.

After a time she crept back to bed, with her rosary on her wrist, and lay there, still trembling, and counting her beads. A long time after, she could never tell how long—there was a sudden tumult out in the lane, a rush up the avenue, a banging of doors, hurried steps about the halls, voices in excited interrogations and exclamations. She sprang up again, as Laure burst into the room followed by Jeanne, who shrieked, "Cecile, Cecile, the Tradin'-Boat has blown up and Octave is killed!"

"Oh, Jeanne, how thoughtless of you!" cried Laure, reproachfully, as they bent together to lift a little white senseless form from the floor. For Cecile had fainted. But it was only for a moment, and she presently begged them to leave her. She would rather be alone, she said.

She listened quietly when another messenger came in to tell how Octave had been seen perfectly safe, or at all events alive after the explosion, and how he had afterwards lost his life endeavoring to rescue a young woman who was employed on the boat. From her window she saw Uncle Marcellus, in the soft mellow moonlight, swing himself into the saddle, with many puffs and groans—for it had been twenty years since he had mounted a horse—and ride away. A little later she felt, rather than heard, Mr Joseph Marie gallop down the lane from Ferme auxifs. And then the hours were silently away; the yellow moonlight faded; the gray dawn came creeping in. Will she ever forget, I wonder, how she felt as she stood before her mirror in the wan uncertain morning fastening one of Laure's black dresses about her throat, for she hated the sight of black, poor child, and had none in her wardrobe; and smoothing straight the rebellious little curls that wanted to frolic, as usual on her forehead. It was a white drawn face which looked backed at her out of the mirror, a face from which all the beauty and brightness had suddenly fled.

And then she went slowly down the wide stairway, and across the verandah, and down to the rose-garden gate, where all the household were anxiously awaiting Uncle Marcellus return. They took her silently among them as she approached. Even Tante, who yearned so ever her, found in words to offer to her strange dry-eyed sorrows.

All at once there was a noise, and a dust, and a skurry in the lane, and there was Uncle Marcellus dismounting from his horse with wonderful spryness, and turning his cheerful red face towards them and shouting:—

"It's all a lie! He's no more dead than I am! The boat was blown up, my love," he added in French to Tante, who could not help showing, however, that she had perfectly understood his initial remark; "the boat was blown up, but Octave was not hurt by the explosion, or by his dive in the river after the girl."

There was no time for further explanation, for here was Octave himself galloping up to the gate and flinging himself from his horse. "He wore Michel Bares' Sunday suit of blue flannel, and his wide cajan hat, and he looked remarkably bright and handsome as he came smiling toward the excited group. And then—

A limp, black-clad figure lay helpless and sobbing in his arms! Tante's fine tact was proverbial. But on this occasion no tact was needed to sweep all the spectators, black and white, into the house or behind it. Even the wide-eyed, copper colored pickaninny twins, Joseph-Marie and Marcellus, so named in honor of the twin sons of the house, scuttled slyly after their mother and disappeared without even so much as a backward glance. "So that by the time Octave had half-jed, half-carried Cecile to the bench under the magnolia, and thrown himself on his knees before her, holding her hands in his, the rose garden over which the first low level rays of the morning sun were beginning to stretch, was as still and deserted as a lover's tryst.

"For me! This for me! Oh, my dear, my dear!" he cried, with a sob in his voice, lifting a fold of her black dress and kissing it reverently.

"Oh, I thought—" she began and stopped choked with tears.

"But imagine, my love," he said presently, when they had grown calmer and he sat beside her with his arm about her still trembling form, "there was really no danger. I went up in the air a little while it is true, and came down in the water; and then I saw her close by struggling, poor child—"

"She drew away away ever so slightly, but he went on.

"Old Jackson Tarver's young wife, you know, you saw her yesterday on the Tradin' Boat, didn't you? and so I brought her ashore with me, neither of us the worse for a little wetting. How those blundering idiots could have brought up such a piece of news I can't conceive. But then," he added with a smile, "I, at least, ought not to complain."

"Do you know, Cecile," he went on more gravely, "that I am horribly afraid that it is I who am responsible for the explosion! I was very tired after measuring calico and weighing sugar and bacon all day—"

"Poor boy," she murmured sympathetically.

"And when I sat down to smoke and to dream of Somebody's rose-garden and Somebody, perhaps even, then, walking there, I lighted my cigarette and tossed the match over among the kegs and boxes; and the next thing I knew the roof was open and was going skyward."

"Oh, Octave, Octave!" she nestled against him, shivering again at the mere thought of his past danger.

"Uncle Joseph-Marie is down at the landing now setting up with Jackson Tarver, who will no doubt in the end gain by the damage done the Tradin' Boat—and, by Jove, I had quite forgot the thirty dollars I owe Michel Bares for lending me his place for a month! But I am going to be more careful next time, Cecile. I mean to go away and find something to do—now that I know that you love me—something in real earnest."

She clung to him hysterically. "Never," she cried, "you are never to leave me again, Octave. Oh, how can you talk so cruelly? Is not my fortune enough for us. And even if that should fail, is there not always the good uncle, Joseph-Marie?"

Go as You Please.

but if you are contipated, or have sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, rush of blood to the head, bilious complaint, or any similar difficulty, you should go at once to your druggist for Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," the most efficient means for eradicating it, by correcting all disorders of the liver, stomach and bowels. Small, sugar-coated, agreeable to take, and cause no pain or griping. By druggists.

A REWARD—Of one dozen "TEABERRY" to any one sending the best four limerick on "TEABERRY," the remarkable little gem for the Teeth and Eats. Ask your druggist or address

Advertisement for ELY'S CREAM BALM CATARRH. Text includes: 'CLEANS THE HEAD. ALLEYS INFLAMMATION. HEALS THE SORES. RESTORES THE SENSES OF TASTE. SMALL HEARING.' Includes an image of the product box and a testimonial: 'I used a gine for kids years, was got till I tried B. I gained in weight I can highly r Bitters to be testifies John N. B.' and 'Unless the roads rough, a shoes at this a some natural; time and mon farm-team in collars are the divert the lin shoulders; th the neck. To long. In this pads will shor bruising the t the skin and inflammation k more easily p the legs and i horses becom: sine is the bes more becau Crude petrol and healin, ing of the ski heating and i esse when w too common woollen rubb case may be, and fifteen n rubbing dov ploved. Fo the hair, not sponge, mo glyce, ine in bane.' and 'As a cu I highly re tract of Wi used it with often been it.' Willis

Difference in Mrs Blake her little boy puts his foot in his eye. He is taken aw. "Gracious, mine for a few blister him, mother can I. A few days Mrs Blake see who puts his f chairs who giv annoyance. Mrs Blake say "My stars a boy was mine I would bliste do to keep my mystery to me short-sighted, her son, "put throw it aroun something. S speak to you I you have brok this minute. I speak to yo nothing thing, nor Never m bring you a th a blessed thing here this min Stephen! No man comes I away."

Difference as to Whose Boy is a Bad One.

Mrs Blake visits Mrs James, taking her little boy with her. The boy commits all sorts of depredations, and after he is taken away Mrs James says: "Gracious, don't I wish that boy was mine for a few minutes! How I would bluster him. It is strange to me how a mother can be so blind."

A few days later Mrs James calls on Mrs Blake accompanied by her little son who puts his feet on the plush-bottomed chairs who gives his mother a world of annoyance. When Mrs James is gone Mrs Blake says:

"My stars alive, how I do wish that boy was mine for a few minutes! How I would bluster him. It was all I could do to keep my hands off him. It is a mystery to me how a mother can be so short-sighted. Stephen," addressing her son, "put on your shoes and don't throw it around that way, you'll break something. Stephen, Stephen, didn't I speak to you? There you naughty boy, you have broken a vase. Go out of here this minute. Stephen, Stephen, didn't I speak to you? There you good-for-nothing thing, you have cracked the mirror. Never mind, sir, I am not going to bring you a thing from down town, not a blessed thing. If you don't go out of here this minute I'll whip you, Stephen, Stephen! Never mind, when the rag man comes I'll tell him to take you away."

Great Gals.

"I used a great deal of doctor's medicine for kidney complaint during five years, was getting worse all the time until I tried B. B. B. I took three bottles, gained in weight from 130 to 150 lbs. I can highly recommend Burdock Blood Bitters to be a good medicine." Thus testifies John Walton, of Springfield, N. B.

Hints About Horses.

Unless the farm is very stony and the roads rough, steep and hard, take off the shoes at this season and let the hoofs get some natural growth. It is a waste of time and money to shoe a plow-team or farm-team in the summer. Fitting collars are the base of farm teams; they divert the line of draft and bruise the shoulders; they set loose and chafe the neck. Too often the collars are too long. In this case one of the zinc collar pads will shorten the collar and prevent bruising the neck. Muddy legs irritate the skin and produce the pustular inflammation known as grease. This is more easily prevented than cured. Wash the legs and rub them dry whenever the horses become wet and maddy. Glycerine is the best emollient for the skin, but more because it is easily procured. Crude petroleum is antiseptic, emollient and healing, and thus prevents poisoning of the skin, softens it and prevents heating and inflammation and cures disease when want of care produces this too common result. Friction with a woollen rubber, either dry or wet, as the case may be, is excellent for the skin, and fifteen minutes spent every day in rubbing down a horse will be well employed. For all kinds of vermin rub the hair, not the skin, with a brush or sponge, moistened with kerosene and glycerine in equal parts.—N. Y. Tribune.

A Good Act.

"As a cure for all summer complaints I highly recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, having often used it with the best results. I have often been thanked for recommending it." William Haw, Ancaster, Ont. 2

Orderly Boys.

The simple matter of a boy's being trained to be orderly may seem of very slight moment in determining the happiness or unhappiness of his future home, but at least every housewife with a careless husband will appreciate its importance in practical living. A lad accustomed to have his sisters or the servants pick up whatever he chooses to leave about will come some day to be a constant vexation to the tidy soul of his spouse, when he might almost have been taught to sid rather than to destroy the neatness and order of his home. The mother who allows her son always to consider his own interests and never to feel that the comfort and wishes of those about him are his affair is preparing a husband who will some day render miserable through sheer thoughtlessness any sensitive woman who links her destiny with his.

Give Them A Chance.

That is to say, your lungs. Also all your breathing machinery. Very wonderful machinery it is. Not only the larger air-passages, but the thousands of little tubes and cavities leading from them. When these are clogged and choked with matter which ought not to be there, your lungs cannot half do their work. And what they do, they cannot do well.

Call it cold, cough, croup, pneumonia, catarrh, consumption or any of the family of throat and nose and head and lung obstructions, all are bad. All ought to be got rid of. There is just one sure way to get rid of them, that is take Roche's German Syrup, which any druggist will sell you at 75 cents a bottle. Even if everything else has failed you, you may depend upon this for certain.

Fashions in Montana.

The editor of the Montana Screecher attended a May-day ball, and, for the first time in his life, attempted a description of the costumes for the benefit and gratification of his lady readers. We copy several of his gratifying descriptions:

Miss Sally McSiffin was rigged out as prettily as a red and green gingham with two sprig coats, and made more matches than a few. She had on a blue dress with a red flap at the side and a purty something or other on the other side.

Miss Suse Sharp wore an en train rig, and could have knocked Mrs. Langtry silly when it came to good looks. Her hair was on curl and her face in powder. She had sixteen rings on one finger, and bracelets clean to her elbow.

Little Birdie Bloom was "the daintiest darling of all," in white toggery of some sort, looped up in spots. She wore hand-painted gloves and slippers, and passively jewelry; also the curls that have been on exhibition in the window of our fashionable hair dresser for the past week.

Miss Dorothy reminded one of a double rainbow, and was the belle of the occasion. It's a cold day when Lizzy Ann Durry gets left at a ball, and she was her best last night. She is immensely popular at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where she has been head cook for the past year. She was as sweet last night as one of her own apple dumplings.

After Long Years.

"I was troubled with liver complaint for a number of years, finding no cure. I tried B. B. B. I took four bottles, and am perfectly cured, strong and hearty." Mrs. Maria Askett, Almer, Ont. 2

Poultry Notes.

The cause of croup is a sudden cold; in a few hours the fowls appear to be in distress and make a terrible noise in attempting to breathe. In my opinion a great many of the fowls found dead under the roosts in the morning are victims of croup. Fowls should never be exposed to currents of cold air. I have known a whole pen of fowls to be freezing at night from opening a window partly during the daytime, at such times it is well to look out for croup. Remedy, put the fowl in a warm place, and give crackers or bread soaked in hot water or milk with cayenne pepper. The size of a pea sprinkled on the crackers; force it down if the fowl does not eat it. I have seen cases when I considered it membranous croup, in such a case it is best to dress off the fowl if the remedy above does not relieve. Care should be taken that after a fowl has had one attack of croup they do not again take cold, as a relapse is dangerous.

Do not place one roost higher than another. When so arranged the hens will all crowd to the highest, leaving the lower ones unoccupied. The better plan is to place them on a level. There is no necessity for having the roost any higher than simply to allow a space under them for the free circulation of air.

The dust bath to the fowl is what the wash-bowl is to the individual. When a hen is incubating she comes off as regularly to dust herself as she does to feed, instinct prompting her that it is the best method to free herself of lice.

Are You Going To Travel?

Don't forget a supply of that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It is a superior remedy for sea sickness, and a positive cure for all bowel complaints induced by bad water, change of diet, or of climate. Whether at home or abroad, it should be kept at hand in case of emergency.

Plum Grow 12.

A correspondent of the Indian Farmer says that in conversing with fruit men he finds that the best success with plums has been in yards where pigs and poultry are confined, and where the ground is kept hard and bare, and all insects and defective fruit that drops are picked up.

One man said his grove of plums set full every year, but the curculio took all of them. One spring a large number of frozen turnips were scattered in and about the trees, and for a few years no cure was touched his plums. The ground was a strong of turnip for them.

Another man said his plum orchard in Missouri set full each year, but curculio took all. He told his wife he would cut all down and use it for a hog yard; his wife said, "no, fence it in and put in the pigs. He did so and ever after had a good crop of fine plums.

One man in Iowa brought a large lot of fine plum trees called the Spanish King. He set them in his poultry lot, and as time they commenced bearing in every year bore a good crop of large, fine plums. His neighbors thought it all due to the hardy variety, and he sold all the cions every year at a big price.

Equal parts air slaked lime and ashes, with a little soap and sulphur mixed and scattered over the ground, just as the fruit begins to form, is a good preventative as well as a good fertilizer.

Go I Espuse.

James McMurdo, writing from Kinross, says: "B. B. B. is a remedy for diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys, has an excellent reputation in this locality. I have used it, and speak from experience, as well as observation. It is the only medicine I want, and I advise others afflicted to try it."

Eurache—take a bit of cotton batting, put upon it a pinch of black pepper, gather it up and tie it, dip it in sweet oil, and insert it in the ear. Put a flannel bandage over the head to keep it warm. It will give immediate relief.

Teacher—"What do you understand by an unclean spirit?" Juvenile Commentator—"A dirty devil."

THE JUBILEE JOKER.

Four Hundred Silver Cradles not yet Handled over—Indignant Mothers.

The wag of the Jubilee has turned up and all England is laughing over his success. He caused the circulation all thro' the country of the report that every baby born on Jubilee day would receive a present of a silver cradle and six guineas, or about \$31, from the Queen. It caused the greatest excitement among the mothers of the land, and they have been writing and coming to Buckingham Palace until 400 have already responded. What lent it probability is the fact that the Queen, although stingy as a rule, has generally sent \$15 to every mother in England or Scotland who brought triplets into the world. One proud mother who appeared at Buckingham Palace with twins was especially aggrieved, as she considered that, like Mrs. Chick, she had made "an effort" to honor Her Majesty's jubilee and should not be defrauded of the cradles and her cash. She would, she said, change the babies' names, which had been selected for her by a local schoolmaster, the boy being called Jubilo and the girl Jubila Higgins. The officials disclaim all knowledge of the matter and hesitate to tell the Queen about it.

To the most children the bare suggestion of a dose of castor oil is nauseating. Who physic is necessary for the little ones, use Ayer's Cathartic Pills. They combine every essential and valuable principle of a cathartic medicine, and being sugar-coated, are easily taken.

Sarah Was Spoiled.

Up in the mountains about Mariotta, Ga., we came across a tall, barefooted, bare-legged girl apparently about 20 years old, who sat on the ground in front of a log cabin with her feet in a sand pile. She made no move to get up, and the mother, who came to the door as we rode up, noticed her and yelled out: "Sarah! Sarah!"

"What 'yer manners?" "Hain't got none!" "Oh, you hain't!" Gentlemen, excuse me!"

She picked up a limb and started for Sarah. Sarah jumped up, got a whack on the back as she dodged a stump, and as she sailed over the bush fence in front of the house the limb took her a can with all proper energy.

"No, she ain't got no manners, and that's so," said the mother as she flung down the weapon and came back to us. "I want her to chop wood and hoe corn and read Shakespeare, and the old man he wants her to trap and shoot and learn Latin, and betwixt the hauling and pulling we've got her manners all upset."

source of Danger.

The frequent source of danger attending bowel complaints during the summer and fall is the liability to check the diarrhoea too suddenly. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry will not do this. Inflammation of the bowels does not follow its use, as is too often the case with powerful opiates and astringents. It cures promptly and in a natural manner.

A Bishop's Ideal Girl.

A Western Bishop has given to the world his ideal girl. It would not be rash to fancy, says a humorous paragrapher, that the Bishop's wife was flattered by the description. It sounds very like what men say "Mother was when she was a girl."

She was a little girl until she was fifteen years old and she helped her mother in her household duties. She had her hours of play and enjoyed herself to the fullest extent. She never said to her mother, "I can't—I don't want to," for obedience was to her a cherished virtue. She arose in the morning when called, and we do not suppose she had her hair done up in papers and crimping-pins or banged down her forehead. She did not grow into a young lady and talk about her beaux before she was in her teens, and she did not read dime novels, nor was she fancying a hero in every plowboy she met. The old-fashioned girl was modest in her demeanor and she never talked slang nor used by-words. She did not laugh at old people nor make fun of cripples. She had a respect for her elders and was not above listening to words of counsel from those older than herself. She did not know as much as her mother, nor did she think that her judgment was as good as that of her grandmother. She did not go to parties by the time that she was ten years old and stay till after midnight, dancing with any chance young man who happened to be present. She went to bed in season, and doubtless said her prayers and kept the sleep of innocence, rose up in the morning happy and capable of giving happiness. As now, if there be an old-fashioned girl in the world to-day, may Heaven bless and keep her and raise up others like her.

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, Albion block, Goderich, sole agent.

A Wonderful Organ.

The largest organ, and one that plays a controlling part on the health of the body is the liver. If torpid or inactive the whole system becomes diseased. Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is made specially for Liver and Kidney diseases, and is guaranteed to cure. Recipe book and medicine \$1. Sold by all druggists.

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. \$1 per bushel for the highest price will be paid.

R. PROUDFOOT, Goderich, April 13th, 1887.

George Augustus Sala, when in this country, said: "I object to two things in America—the pie and the hotel children. Not until the child is made into the pie will I tolerate either.—[Youth's Companion.

"Have you got a raiser in the house?" asked an Indiana man who registered at Willard's late last night for one night only.

"I don't know of any, sir," replied the clerk, "and the barber shop has been closed for two hours."

"Barber shop, thunder!" exclaimed the impatient guest. "I don't want no barber shop. I'm tired out. I want to go up stairs to bed."

"All right, sir, and I'll send the razor to you in the morning, so you can shave before breakfast."

"Young man," said the Indian, as a light dawned upon him, "you're off your base. I don't want no razor to shave with; I want a raiser that'll git me up stairs without havin' to walk."

Then the clerk tumbled, and the bell boy led the guest over and put him in the elevator.

COOKSTOWN.—Mrs Campbell has been troubled for a number of years with Indigestion and Constipation, and was induced to try McGregor's Speedy Cure and found it all that was needed, and would recommend its use to any person similarly troubled. This invaluable remedy is sold in every part of Canada at 50c. and \$1 per bottle. Sold at George Rhynas' drug store.

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The First Sign

Of falling health, whether in the form of Night Sweats, Nervousness, or in a sense of General Weakness and Loss of Appetite, should suggest the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This preparation is most effective for giving tone and strength to the enfeebled system, promoting the digestion and assimilation of food, restoring the nervous forces to their normal condition, and for purifying, enriching, and vitalizing the blood.

Failing Health. Ten years ago my health began to fail. I was troubled with a distressing Cough, Night Sweats, Weakness, and Nervousness. I tried various remedies prescribed by different physicians, but became so weak that I could not go up stairs without stopping to rest. My friends recommended me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and I am now as healthy and strong as ever.—Mrs. E. L. Williams, Alexandria, Minn.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken regularly, that it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, as well as an alterative, and must say that I honestly believe it to be the best blood medicine ever compounded.—W. F. Fowler, D. D. S., M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

Dyspepsia Cured. It would be impossible for me to describe what I suffered from Indigestion and Headache up to the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was under the care of various physicians and tried a great many kinds of medicines, but never obtained more than temporary relief. After taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for a short time, my headache disappeared, and my stomach performed its duties more perfectly. To-day my health is completely restored.—Mary Harley, Springfield, Mass.

I have been greatly benefited by the prompt use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It tones and invigorates the system, regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, and vitalizes the blood. It is, without doubt, the most reliable blood purifier yet discovered.—H. D. Johnson, 883 Atlantic ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

Have you ever tried McGregor & Park's Carbolic Cerate for sores of any kind? It is beyond doubt the very best preparation in the market for healing and curing Sores, Burns, Burns, Cuts, Pimples, Blisters, and is the only proper method of applying Carbolic Acid. Sold at G. Rhynas' drug store for 25c per box.

Advertisement for 'Wirt' Fountain Pen. Includes image of the pen and text: 'Wirt' Fountain Pen. Price, \$3.00. THOS. McGILLICUDDY Agent.

READ THIS.

Every Man in Business should get his Office Stationery Printed.

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

- Bill Heads, Statements, Note Heads, Letter Heads, Memo. Heads, Counter Pads, Parcel Labels, Shipping Tags, Business Cards, Circulars, Envelopes, etc.

PROPERLY PRINTED ON GOOD PAPER,

and then it will be a pleasure for you to do your corresponding, as well as helping to advertise your business.

READ THIS.

Our Stock of Printing Stationery, consisting of all the leading grades of Plain and Linen, ruled and unruled papers, Cards, Envelopes, &c., is the most complete we have handled, and we guarantee the quality and price to suit all who will favor us with their orders. Call and see our samples, and get our prices.

"THE SIGNAL"

NORTH-ST., GODERICH.

Advertisement for Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Text: DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY CURES CHOLERA, CHOLERA INFANTUM, DIARRHOEA, AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS. SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

Advertisement for The People's Livery. Text: The People's Livery. JOHN KNOX, Proprietor. The subscriber is prepared to furnish the pub. The Finest Rigs AT REASONABLE PRICES. CALL AND SEE US—Oppo the Colbar Hotel Goderich. Goderich, Feb. 24th, 1887.

Advertisement for CATARRH. Text: CATARRH. ELY'S CREAM BALM. Cures Catarrh, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Lacerations, Swellings, Itchings, and all other skin diseases. Price 25c.

Advertisement for HAY-FEVER. Text: HAY-FEVER. Relief. A positive Cure. Applied in each nostril and in Price 25c.

JULY SALE

DRY GOODS, TWEEDS, &c.

Greatly Reduced in Price

BIG SALE FOR ONE MONTH ONLY

J.A. REID & BRO

CALL AND INSPECT

J. A. REID & BRO., 104-110

New Advertisements This Week.

Head! head! Saunders & Son.

Medical card—Dr. W. K. Ross.

Resper for sale—D. K. Strachan.

Tenders wanted—Wm. Campbell.

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Tenders wanted—Wm. Campbell.

Mrs Dr Adams left Thursday last for her home in Ennals, after a visit of some weeks to her relatives in this section.

Miss Evans, of Hamilton, who has been the guest of Miss McLean for the past two weeks, returned home on Monday last.

KNOX CHURCH.—Rev. A. McWilliams, B. A., will preach a special sermon to the children next Sabbath morning, it being Lord Sunday.

Dr McDonagh will be in Goderich for consultation on Saturday, the 6th of August, and afterwards on the first Saturday of every month.

Mrs Hamill, wife of one of the proprietors of the Galt Reporter is in town visiting relatives. Mr Hamill paid a flying visit to the town last week.

EXAMS FOR CERTIFICATES.—The examination for 2nd class certificates closed on Saturday, and that for 3rd commenced Tuesday and will close on Saturday.

CHANGE OF WORK.—D. McGillivray, M. A., has been appointed sub-examiner for teachers' candidates for Ontario. He preaches in Galt Sunday next.

Mrs D. A. Hosker, of Yale, B. C., who has been visiting her parents Mr and Mrs Geo. Evans, will leave to visit friends in Mount Forest Saturday next.

HEAVY PRESSURE.—Owing to the pressure upon our columns this week a quantity of local and other matter has been relegated to the cold shades of oblivion.

Mrs L. T. McDonald of Chesley, left for her home last week after a visit to her mother, Mrs Hylop, Angles St. She was accompanied by her sister, Miss Lizzie Hylop.

CUTTING SPRING GRAIN.—Hugh Montgomery, farm manager for H. Y. Attrill, began barley harvesting Thursday. This is the earliest we have heard of in this section.

THEY DIDN'T COME.—On Wednesday of last week an excursion party was expected from Stratford. As reasonable excursion rates could not be obtained the affair fell through.

Dr. M. Nicholson, the West street dentist, makes the preservation of the natural teeth a specialty. Gas administered from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. for the painless extraction of teeth.

All young people in town are cordially invited to attend the meetings of the Y. P. S. C. E. in the basement of North street Methodist church every Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Come tonight.

If you want anything in the job printing line, call at THE SIGNAL office, and see our samples and get prices. Good work, good stock, and reasonable prices, guaranteed to please all who may favor us with an order.

Mrs J. W. Pearen and her two daughters left on the noon train, Wednesday, to visit relatives in Brampton and other points. Mrs. P. was also accompanied by her brother, who spent a couple of weeks' holidays in Goderich.

J. A. Reid & Bro are selling their entire stock of summer goods at extraordinarily low prices, to make room for fall goods, of which they have an exceedingly large stock bought. Call and secure some of the bargains.

EXCURSIONS.—A number of excursions were given by the steamer Belle Wilson on the 12th of July, and a large number of visitors took advantage of the opportunity afforded to get out upon the bosom of Huron's broad lake.

CAMPING.—Alan Sager, Charles Lee, Harry Parsons, Jack Grant, and Horace Fulford are camping out at the Falls reserve. They came into town Tuesday to see the Twelfth and a large number of quarters at camp again at night.

HE LIKES THE CIRCULAR TOWN.—Mr Clayton Slater, of Brantford, the well-known cottonmill proprietor, is spending holidays in town with his wife and family. He likes Goderich and takes in its fine scenery and glorious drives every year.

GRANTON & BELL have just received a large consignment of granite, and parties wishing anything in that line will find it to their advantage to call and see for themselves at the works, near the gaol, Goderich.

ANOTHER MEDICAL MAN.—Dr W. K. Ross has opened an office on Hamilton street, near H. Spence's store, and intends to practice his profession in town. The doctor is well and favorably known in Goderich, and we welcome him professionally.

Mrs W. Mann, Miss Nellie Mann, and John Mann, arrived in Goderich on Monday night last from St Paul, Minn. Mrs Mann is stopping at the home of her parents. Miss Nellie is the guest of Miss H. Price, and John Mann is the guest of Geo Cox.

SUMMERING IN GODERICH.—Quite a large number of summer visitors are beginning to make their appearance in Goderich, where they can escape the heat and dust of the crowded cities, both in Canada and across the border, and enjoy the cool air of Lake Huron.

MORE AFFLICTIONS.—John Roberts, who some since had his leg broken by being caught in the machinery at the Big Mill, has recently been attacked by erysipelas in the injured limb, and is having a hard time. It is to be hoped that his condition will shortly improve.

SOLD HIS TRICYCLE.—Rev. G. R. Turk has disposed of his tricycle to F. Smith, and the latter can now be seen going the town in good style. The rev. gentleman gives as his only reason for selling that it was a lonesome travelling without Mrs T., and the machine wouldn't accommodate the two.

AN OLD RESIDENT IN TOWN.—William Kerr, at one time a Goderich merchant, but now of Tennessee State, is in town visiting old sights and scenes. He has had a lot of handshaking from old acquaintances. He is a guest of relatives in town, and will remain in our summer resort until the weather moderates.

The town treasurer of Clinton, paid out on behalf of the town, during the past six months, the sum of \$9,902.68. A balance in the treasury of \$77.93 of the amount expended \$412.86 was on streets and sidewalks over \$674 for salaries. Over \$6000 was towards the High and Public Schools and for the purchase of the former's debts.

ADRENDA.—In our report of the Caledonian games last week we omitted to state that one of the most enjoyable features of the day was the Scotch reel that was participated in by Mrs Coutta, an old lady of over 84 years. She tripped along the platform as gracefully as the youngest could have done, and received the hearty plaudits of the spectators.

TEMPERANCE ENTERTAINMENT.—A free temperance entertainment will be given by the children of the Sabbath School in the lecture room of Knox church on Monday evening, July 18th. There will be several short addresses on temperance and band of hope work, which will be interesting to both old and young. Doors open at half past seven, program commence at eight sharp.

SHOT FOR LOCAL.—The 7th shoot of the series for the medal of the Goderich Gun Club took place on Friday with the following result:

Table with 3 columns: DISTANCE, SCORE, and names of participants like R. Wilkinson, J. Nesbit, etc.

ACTON "FREE PRESS".—The Acton Free Press begins a new year by coming out enlarged and improved. We had thought that it was up to, if not ahead of, the requirements of the town, but the improvements show that Brother Moore was satisfied with keeping abreast of the times, but must needs be ahead. We congratulate our cotem. upon its increase in size, its fine appearance and prosperity. Long may she wave!

RECEIVED AN APPOINTMENT.—We are pleased to learn that Dr G. R. McDonagh, well and favorably known to many of our readers, has been appointed Lecturer on Laryngology and Rhinology in the new medical faculty of the University of Toronto. We congratulate the doctor, who is an old Goderich boy, upon having received the appointment after so brief a residence in the Queen City, where the competition must have been exceedingly great.

CHANGES ON LAKE.—Capt A. M. Shephard of the Oscolla, which arrived yesterday, quits here tomorrow, to take command of Thos Wilson's new steamer Missoula, which is coming here with wheat from Duluth. Capt. Jas Lowe leaves the Missoula to look after the Capt. Edward Stevens of the S. F. Hodge takes the Oscolla, and Capt. Wm McLean, who has been mate with Capt. A. M. Shephard for the last seven seasons, takes charge of the S. F. Hodge, of Ward Lake Superior line.

CONCERT ON THE TWELFTH.—The concert given at the Grand Opera House on the evening of July 12th, was attended by a very select audience. The programme was an entertaining one. Mr Hylop, our local basso, sang "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" in fine style, showing marked improvement. Mr Erwin, of Montreal, sang two selections very acceptably. "Dun-Olsen" in his reading and piano playing was well received. His recitation of "The Maniac" was a revelation to the audience.

LACROSSE.—The lacrosse club goes to Seaforth to day, to play the first championship game there, and on the 26th the return match will be played here. The matches promise to be very exciting, as both are good and are anxious to win the trophy. It is to be hoped the boys will be patronized, as they are practising hard and have been to considerable expense individually, the reason being that there was not a match on Dominion day, as formerly, that being considered the higher and financially. Remember the date and give the club a benefit.

THE AGRICULTURAL BUILDINGS.—A special meeting of the town council was held Monday evening to consider the location of the proposed agricultural buildings. It was finally decided that the site should be on the McDonald St. side of the gaol, but that the higher and drier ground. The sheds will also be on the east side, but towards the present lacrosse field. It is expected with this arrangement that a half mile track will be obtained, the southern portion of which will be utilized for a cattle ring on the occasion of the fair and spring show. Tenders for the erection of the buildings are today advertised for, and buildings to be completed not later than the 10th of Sept. The plans and specifications have been prepared by W. A. Rhynas, and can be seen at the clerk's office.

BIO JOBS FOR A WELL-KNOWN OLD TIME HURONIAN.—The Winnipeg Sun of Saturday, June 25th, speaks in a complimentary way of John C. Currie, formerly of Goderich, now a resident of the Province of blizzards and bananas. The following explanatory letter-press accompanies the wood cut in the Sun, and the reference to J. C. Currie, as per Falls and specifications, which can be seen at any time in my office, and will be received by the undersigned up to 4 o'clock in the afternoon of Friday, the 22nd inst.

CONTRACTOR TO FIND ALL MATERIAL and the buildings completed by the 10th of September. WM. CAMPBELL, Goderich, Ont. July 11th, 1887. 107-11

FOR SALE.—I LUMBER WAGON: 3 Ploughs; 1 Set Iron Harrows (D. K. Strachan's make); 1 Set Wooden Harrows; 1 Cedar Hay Rack; 1 Set Trench Harrows; 1 Set Buggy Harness; 1 Hand Cart; 1 Chaff Cutter. Hay or wood taken in exchange for a good cow to come into milking towards the fall. Apply to JOHN A. NAFTEL, Keys Street, near High School, Goderich, June 30, 1887. 105-11

SUMMER WOOD FOR SALE.—A large quantity of summer fire wood, consisting of short hemlock slabs and heading timbers at from \$2.50 a load. Apply to GEO. NEIBERGALL, Goderich and Dunlop P.O. 101-2mo

FOR SALE.—A PHETON AND A SET OF SINGLE HARNESS in first-rate condition, and one in second class. Apply to DR. MCMICKING 2100-11

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN FOR RIDDING ANY PERSON purchasing the late CASE ALLEN'S horse from JAMES BAILEY as it does not legally belong to Bailey, for it has not been paid for. Also any person indebted to the late CASE ALLEN please pay up and save costs. Also any person who has—MRS. CASE ALLEN. 98-11

MUSIC.—MISS COOKE, AFTER 14 years study of music, prepared to receive pupils for the Piano. 24 lessons quarterly. Terms—\$6 per quarter. 302-11

SUMMARY JUSTICE.—Says the Stratford Beacon: Some Stratfordites who were in Goderich yesterday (July 12), were struck with the summary justice meted out to fakirs in that old-fashioned town. An individual, who, posing as what in their own vernacular is known as "roping in suckers" with the nut-shell game. A granger was just going to bite when one of the Stratford excursionsists gave him a pointer on the game. The thimble-rigger objected to the interference and the altercation brought constable Yale to the spot, who, seeing that was going on, grabbed all the movable part of the fakir's paraphernalia and threw it in his face. The cheat objected, and the constable thereupon smashed his whole outfit against the fence. The treatment was evidently just what was needed for the case.

LAKE NOTES.—The steam barge Owen, of Chatham, with a cargo of cedar posts, sought the shelter of our harbor Sunday morning. The United Empire called in on her regular trip Saturday morning, and took on a number of passengers and a large quantity of freight.

The steam barge Belle Wilson, after unloading at Secord's dock, left port on Thursday and returned on Sunday morning with another load of lumber for the same firm.

The schooner Todman, with a cargo of lumber for Diment & Co., and the schooner J. G. Kulfage with a load of lumber for the same firm made the harbor on Sunday morning.

Since our last issue over two hundred car loads of lumber and grain have been delivered at this port by lake vessels.

The schooner Ariel, with a cargo of lumber for Jos. Williams, reached port on Sunday morning.

The schooner M. S. Gordon, after discharging her cargo of bricks, loaded a cargo of salt and sailed northward on Thursday evening.

Stratford vs. Hurons.—The despatch received in Stratford Wednesday afternoon from the telegraph operator at Goderich, that our lacrosse team had been defeated there in three straight, was evidently a little biased. The Hurons won the first game in ten minutes. In the second, McCutcheon, of the Stratford team, was laid out by an unlucky blow, and the game had to go on without him. This game was also won by the Hurons. During the third game, which was won by the Stratford, Gibson was also placed hors de combat, which so crippled the Stratford team that the game had to be called.

The above, from the Stratford Beacon, is incorrect in a number of particulars. The facts are as follows:—The first game was won by the Hurons in 3 minutes, the second in 8 minutes, and the third was in progress but a few minutes, when time was called, as McCutcheon was taken ill (not killed) after a further rest, the Stratford refused to play further, and gave the game to the Hurons, their captain remarking that they "could not get a game in a month, as they were outplayed at every point." But play was resumed as an exhibition game, to entertain the spectators, who were disappointed at witnessing a game.

The match was won by the Hurons in 11 minutes by two straight.

McCutcheon did play a "dandy" game, as stated, but he had another "dandy" checking him, Ellerd.

Hays is a bona fide member of the Hurons, and has been for the past five years.

FOR SALE.—West half of lot 292, Arthur Street, with small brick cottage thereon. Faintly Building Lots—194, 196, 241, 245, Elgin Street, St. Andrew's Ward. 431, corner of Huron and Britannia Road. Frame 1 story house on Keays Street, lot and half land. For particulars apply to 102-11

Several lots in Reid's Survey, opposite new Show Grounds, viz.: Nos. 22, 24, 26, 28, 32, 34, 36, 44, 56. All the above at LOW RATES. Apply to DAVIDSON & JOHNSTON. 102-11

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CARRIAGES ALEX. MORTON, MANUFACTURER OF FIRST-CLASS TOP BUGGIES. FOR SALE CHEAP TO CLEAR OUT STOCK. Wanted in Exchange, Elm, Ash and Beechwood. FACTORY—OPPOSITE COLBORNE HOTEL, GODERICH.

Millwright, Valuator, &c. C. A. HUMBER, MILLWRIGHT, MACHINIST, &c. VALUATOR, AGENT, &c. Estimates Made and Contracts Taken for House Hoisting by the Hot Water System. For Water and Steam Boilers, Lateral Giant and other Water Wheels, Agricultural Implements, Mill Machinery. PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS. EAST VALUATIONS MADE. GODERICH, 205-11

TO RENT—RESIDENCE AND GROUNDS on Lighthouse Street, opposite D. C. Strachan's palatial premises. Apply to E. N. LEWIS. 106-11

HOUSE FOR SALE—THE CONVENIENT and comfortable cottage on East street, immediately opposite Knox church, at present occupied by the subscriber. It contains six rooms, with summer kitchen, wood shed, &c., and has hard and soft water on the premises. Terms cash. For particulars apply to WILSON SALKELD, Foundry, Goderich. 104-11

HOUSE AND TWO LOTS FOR SALE cheap on Palmerston-st. Near frame cottage—7 rooms, good stable. All in good repair; large orchard. For particulars apply to E. R. WATSON, Painter, Goderich. 105-11

FARMS FOR SALE—IN THE TOWNSHIP OF GODERICH, Huron county: Lot 11 in the 3rd and 11th in the 4th con. Two of the best 80 acre farms in the county. A spring creek flows through. Nearly all cleared. Only 3 miles from the Town of Goderich. For further particulars address GEO. NEIBERGALL, Goderich P.O. 101-2mo

247 ACRES OF LAND—CLAY loam—165 acres free of stumps—6 miles from Goderich on Lake Huron. To exchange for a smaller farm or saw mill in a good locality, or will sell on very easy terms for less than \$35 per acre. For particulars apply to GEO. NEIBERGALL, Goderich. 101-2mo

TWO FIRST-CLASS FARMS FOR SALE. One in the township of Ashfield, containing 129 acres, and one in East Wawanosh, containing 100 acres. For particulars apply to Cameron, Holt & Cameron, Goderich. 2072

CHURCH FOR SALE—TENDERS are being asked for the purchase of the Canada Methodist Church at Shepherd street, and which will be received by the undersigned Trustees at the Church on Wednesday, August 10th, at 2 o'clock p.m. The building is to be sold with or without the seats and furnishings. The Trustees do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender unless it is accompanied by a cash deposit of \$1000. For further particulars apply to Wm. PELLLOW, Port Albert, or to Wm. CAMPBELL, Duganannon, Superintendent of the Hurons. By ORDER OF THE TRUSTEES. 105-11

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FIRST-CLASS TOP BUGGIES FOR SALE CHEAP TO CLEAR OUT STOCK. Wanted in Exchange, Elm, Ash and Beechwood. FACTORY OPPOSITE COLBORNE HOTEL, GODERICH.

James Hovey, a convict in St Vincent de Paul Penitentiary, escaped from that institution on Thursday. Yard engine No. 608, while standing on a switch in the Grand Trunk yard, Windsor, on Saturday, was derailed by a passing freight train. Damage nominal.

DEATH. In Goderich, July 3d, the wife of Geo. Morrow, of twins—a boy and a girl.

HEAT HEAT SAUNDERS & SON Are prepared to furnish estimates for heating PRIVATE HOUSES OR PUBLIC BUILDINGS WITH Hot Air or Hot Water SANITARY PLUMBING. Sole Agents for THE K. & C. GURNEY CO'S Stoves, Ranges and Furnaces.

THE CHEAPEST HOUSE UNDER THE SUN. West-st., next door to the Post Office. Goderich, July 15, 1887.

REMOVAL. An Old Face in a New Place.

E. C. BELCHER, THE BAKER, has removed to the handsome new brick building on Hamilton street, recently erected by Mr. Geo. Sutton, and will be pleased to supply old and new customers with the best value in Bread, Cake, Biscuit and Confectionery.

FOUR DIPLOMAS & MEDAL AWARDED. IMPERIAL SODA WATER, GINGER ALE, Etc., Etc.

ANNON & SHANNON, is, Surgeons, Accouchers, &c. Shannon's residence near the G. C. SHANNON, J. R. SHANNON, 1761.

STILL LOANING PRIVATE FUNDS at 5 per cent. Straight & payable yearly. These funds bear rate of interest should call.

TO LOAN. APPLY TO HOLT & CAMERON, Goderich, 1759.

INSURANCE AGENT. L. SHANNON, is, Surgeons, Accouchers, &c. Shannon's residence near the G. C. SHANNON, J. R. SHANNON, 1761.

INSURANCE. ESTATE AND TRUSTS. L. SHANNON, is, Surgeons, Accouchers, &c. Shannon's residence near the G. C. SHANNON, J. R. SHANNON, 1761.

TO LOAN AT 6 PER CENT. GENERAL TRUSTS COY loan money at 6 per cent, pay for, on SUIT BORROWERS, it-class farm security.

ON, HOLT & CAMERON, Barristers, Goderich, e Toronto General Trusts COY, ERON, HOLT & CAMERON have out of private funds to loan rm security. 1911-4f

PRIVATE FUNDS. rm and town property at low (mortgages purchased). No com d agents for the Trust and Loan Canada, the Canada Landed y, the London Loan Company rest, 6 1/2 and 7 per cent. west can obtain money in one factory.

ON & JOHNSTON, Barristers, &c., Goderich. musements. H MECHANICS' INSTI-BRARY AND READING East street and Square up 6 p.m., and from 7 to 10 p.m. 10 VOLS IN LIBRARY ly, Weekly and Illustrated Magazines, &c. on File. HP TICKET ONLY \$1.00, use of Library and Reading for membership received by JN. GEO. STIVENS, ident, Arch 12th, 1885. SONABLE AT SIGNAL

A FEW Pointers

If You Want a DINNER SETT, Look at NAIRN'S Stock

If ou 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 purchas-ing elsewhere.

For Pure, Unadulterated FRESH GROCERIES! CHAS. A. NAIRN HAS THEM EVERYTHING WARRANTED. YOUR TRADE SOLICITED Goderich, April 28th, 1887.

HURON AND BRUCE LOAN AND INVESTMENT COMPANY This Company is Loaning Money on Farm Security at Lowest Rates of Interest.

MORTGAGES PURCHASED. SAVINGS BANK BRANCH. 3, 4 and 5 per Cent. Interest Allowed on Deposits, according to amount and time left.

OFFICE—Cor. of Market Square and North Street, Goderich.



THE BEST THE CHEAPEST.

New Fruits, New Nuts, New Teas,

NEW GOODS OF ALL KINDS.

EVERYBODY INVITED TO COME AND SEE THE

Finest Collection OF CHINA ever opened out in Goderich.

C. A. NAIRN, Court House Square, Goderich Dec. 2th, 1886. TOW EAVERS! Colored & White Carpet Warp at Mill Prices. C. CRABB, April 7th, 1887. 2093-4m Goderich.

Another Change. Look Here!

MESSRS BERRY & SHEPPARD have disposed of the IMRIE STOCK

BOOKS, STATIONERY AND FANCY GOODS

FRASER, PORTER & KAY WHO INTEND TO

SELL OFF

A GREAT PORTION OF THIS Large Stock

TO MAKE ROOM FOR NEW GOODS

WE MUST HAVE MORE ROOM, CONSEQUENTLY WE ARE GOING TO SELL GOODS CHEAP

GIVE THEM AWAY. FRASER, PORTER & KAY.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. All persons indebted to the late firm of BERRY & SHEPARD will call and settle with the new firm of FRASER, PORTER & KAY. Please call and settle. BERRY & SHEPARD.

Clearing Cash Sale

MILLINERY! FEATHERS, FLOWERS, RIBBONS, LACES, GAUZES, BONNET SHAPES, HAT SHAPES, &c., &c.

MISS GRAHAM, The Square, next to Acheson & Cox's Dry Goods Store, Goderich. June 2nd, 1887.

FARMERS & OTHERS



A FULL LINE OF PLOWS, REPAIRS & CASTINGS KEPT ON HAND, AT REASONABLE PRICES, IN C. A. Humber's New Warehouse, St. David-st., near Victoria-st. Church.

I have been appointed Agent for W. T. Dingle's Model Combined Drill and Seeder; also Honey's Improved Fanning Mill, Manufactured at Oshawa, Ont. There are 10,000 of them in use, and it is the most popular machine in the market. A sample Mill can be seen at R. PRICES FRED STORE, and the Drill at my warehouse. A CALL SOLICITED. CAST AND WROUGHT IRON BOUGHT. C. A. HUMBER. Goderich, 25th May, 1887. 2106

LIME GODERICH PLANING MILL ESTABLISHED 18 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. A Order promptly attended to. Goderich Aug. 2, 1883 2-17

Look Here!

We are clearing out a lot of 12 cent Prints at 8 cents, and Dress Goods less than cost.

We are buying WOOL, and paying TORONTO prices in Cash, and 2 cents higher in trade. You will find it to your advantage to deal with us.

A Discount of 5 per cent. allowed on all purchases of Dry Goods of One Dollar and over.

COLBORNE BROS., GODERICH.

WONDERFUL VALUE IN

DRESS MUSLINS!

AT J. C. DETLOR & CO'S

-NEW-YORK- WAUKENPHAST or COMMON SENSE SHOES.

Our Stock of Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes is Complete, and comprise the Latest American and English Styles. WE TAKE NO SECOND PRIZE FOR CUSTOM WORK. J. DOWNING & CO'Y.

1887 NEW SPRING GOODS 1887

I greet the public with the announcement that I have opened out a Choice Assortment of NEW AND STYLISH DRESS GOODS

Suitable for SPRING AND SUMMER WARE. The range of Textile Fabrics are so varied this season that even the most fastidious can be SUICED. PLAIN AND BROCADED SATINS, Black and Colored, Plain and Striped Plushes and Velvets. Buttons from a 5c. Size up to a Trade Dollar. Metal, Pearl and Jet Clasps for Dresses and Mantles.

Gloves & Fine Hosiery Full range, and at prices unprecedented in the annals of the Hosiery and Glove Trade. ALL DEPARTMENTS WILL BE FOUND WELL ASSORTED. An unusually large stock of Canadian and Imported KNITTING YARNS—Best Makes. KEY NOTE—Goods sold on their merits, no misrepresentations made, and strictly one price. A. MUNRO. Goderich, April 7th, 1887. 2064- Draper and Haberdasher.



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.

PURE PARISGREEN, HELLEBORE, INSECT POWDER

AT RHYNAS' THE DRUGGIST.

The Poet's Corner.

A Little Gift from Ireland. Here, cran ma, here's a present...

These blessed little shamrocks! I can't see them, yet I know...

God bless the shamrocks then for calling back the scene...

There was once a perfectly modern girl. With perfectly modern ways...

She went to a perfectly horrid school. In a perfectly horrid town...

The lessons were perfectly fearfully long. But never perfectly said...

BROAD-TOE SHOES

There are periods when common sense becomes fashion, said a shoe dealer on Broadway to a Mail and Express reporter...

Run no risk in buying medicine, but try the great Kidney and Liver regulator, made by Dr. Chase...

Have you Toothache? Use Fluid Lightning. Have you Rheumatism? Use Fluid Lightning...

Have you a Stiff Joint? Use Fluid Lightning. Have you Neuralgia? Use Fluid Lightning...

Have you Lumbago? Use Fluid Lightning. Are you troubled with Headache? Use Fluid Lightning...

Have you any Pain? Use Fluid Lightning. It will cure you the instant it is applied...

Available but instantaneous. All pains or aches will instantly be removed by drops of Fluid Lightning...

A Common Cold

It is often the beginning of serious affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes, and Lungs...

Two years ago I suffered from a severe cold which settled on my lungs. I consulted various physicians...

The Best Remedy for Colds, Coughs, and all Throat and Lung diseases, ever used in my family...

Merchants can get their Bill Heads, Letter Heads, etc., printed at this office for very little more than they generally pay for them...

Phosphatine, or Nerve Food, a Phosphate Element based upon Scientific Facts, Formulated by Professor Austin...

ALX CHRONIC DISEASES A SPECIALTY. Patients treated here or at their homes...

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the result of vast experience. For internal complaint, inflammation and irritation...

Dr. Pierce's Little Pleasant Liver Pills. A Pleasant Purgative. SICK HEADACHE, Bilious Headache, Bizziness, Constipation...

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FAMILY GROCERY!

The undersigned beg most respectfully to inform the inhabitants of Goderich and surrounding country, that having bought CHEAP FOR CASH in the best markets of Canada and the United States, a very superior stock of...

WANT TO BUY A QUANTITY OF BUTTER, EGGS, APPLES & POTATOES. REES PRICE & SON, Store on the Square, Between E. Downing's and C. Crabb's.

SPRING GOODS

Excellent Fits, First-Class Work. Leave orders early, owing to the spring rush of patronage. Satisfaction assured.

WHO GETS THE PRIZE

Parties wishing to purchase Pianos, Organs, or any other Musical Instrument will do well to see PROF. CLARKE before doing so, as he keeps nothing but the very best makes.

Having recently imported a FINEST style, put in Three new mahogany cases, two of them the celebrated Rochester...

BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS

As there are many inferior goods, containing over 300 useful recipes, prepared by medical men and druggists as invaluable...

GROMPTON CORSET CO.

Without which none are genuine. WILL CURE OR RELIEVE DILUOUSNESS, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, JAUNDICE, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, HEARTBURN, DR-NESS OF THE SKIN...

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

Will cure or relieve DILUOUSNESS, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, JAUNDICE, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, HEARTBURN, DR-NESS OF THE SKIN...

To the Citizens of Goderich

Having purchased the good and best, and our well-known townsman, H. GUNSA, we are prepared to sell all kinds of PAINTING & DECORATING...

New York town on Sunday. Angels of looking thing morning.

"Jane, do what are you Pie and Pick Live Agent."

"All things At the same water ocean come quicker. He (anxious) ever put you She (indignant) (tenderly) - M me?"

The rule is of equal talent one who laugh other and see world.

It is a sting true, but they address old man? A lows meet the Young Star play the car when the old with: "Here fish at this ho Wife (four) would be ash on your way went to bed (too. That! When Bar Pope's East l'ed with qu ruby and sev his represent hen at any pi "Madam,"

g. enough she responds to the word, you. The petite with hi At the O success of the I. "She si attr scioucity. son why ever chief at her.

New York bacco smoke (quites! known Ral packages of c on 'em. Ladies tre Roush had description, Farke's Car the skin in i and good o genuine, ms Price 25c. Store.

The mad much of w house was il an incident Bay manic and the doct a broth moved by rried the l invalid abso "Did As Annie being "Yes," w on purpose "Last I insisted qu Maguire pu day since at see how ho And mov succession burst into was a wac house very question th do for the do you tell to serve?"

McGregg has been t positive co Birtche, Br also will be Catholic C Rhynas' d

A vigor buried his the street were of hi the wife, him squar "W o' out o "

"They trict," say any other s bipiousne combined Johnston form what before fo 25 cents and \$1 f Druggist, agent.

A little the street you, dea The boy, he had l put her l a three-p little ma how you eyes will "I lost i tania."

Extensive Premises and Splendid New Stock. GEO. BARRY, CABINET-MAKER AND UNDERTAKER, Hamilton Street, Goderich

A good assortment of Kitchen, Bed-room, Dining Room and Parlor Furniture, such as Tables, Chairs, Sofas, What-Nots, Looking Glasses.

N. B. - A complete assortment of Collins and Shrouds always on hand also Hearse for Hire at reasonable rates. Picture Framing a specialty. - A call solicited

ELLIOTT & PRETTY, N. B. - We make a specialty of Paper-Printing, G. A. K. - Printing, Goderich, Jan. 27, 1887.

Dr. Pierce's Little Pleasant Liver Pills. A Pleasant Purgative. SICK HEADACHE, Bilious Headache, Bizziness, Constipation...

Fun and Fancy.

New Yorkers who wish to paint the town on Sunday must use water-colors. Angels of midnight may be horrible-looking things in curl-papers in the morning.

"Jane, do you like fish?" "No." "What are you going to eat on, then?" "Pie and Pickles."

"Live Agents Wanted," is an advertisement. A man would hardly want dead agents, unless he intended to start a graveyard.

New boarder (to room-mate)—What does that pounding mean down stairs? O'd boarder (hungry)—stuck for breakfast.

Because people usually use the right hand in manipulating a handkerchief the majority of noses are said to turn to the right.

Summer Boarder—I have heard that silk tassels grow on your corn? Farmer—Yes, Miss; a regular grosgrain silk it is, too.

"All things come to him who waits." At the same time it is well to tip the waiter occasionally. The things will come quicker.

He (anxiously)—Miss Jones, do you ever put your hair up in curl-papers? She (indignantly)—No, sir! never. He (tenderly)—Miss Jones, will you marry me?

The rule is unfailing—given two men of equal talent, health and fortune; the one who laughs will live longer than the other and accomplish more work in his world.

It is a singular fact, but nevertheless true, that when two young men meet they address each other, "How are you, old man?" and that when two old fellows meet they say, "My boy."

Young Sampson, who thinks he can play the cornet, is serenading his girl when the old gentleman interrupts him with: "Here you, we don't want any fish at this hour of the night!"

Wife (four a.m.)—I should think you would be ashamed to hear the cocks crow on your way home. Husband—"Fi went 't bed (hic) five 'clock. I'd crow, too. That's kind o' rooster I am."

When Harman heard that among the Pope's Easter gifts was an ivory egg, bed with quilted satin and enclosing a ruby and several diamonds, he cabled to his representative in Rome to buy the hen at any price.

"Madam," said the tramp, "I am hungry enough to eat raw dog." "Well," she responded, kindly suiting the action to the word, "I'll whittle some up for you." The tramp left, taking his appetite with him.

At the Opera—"I can't explain the success of that singer." "Neither can I." "She sings through her nose most attractively." "Perhaps that is the reason why every one is waving a handkerchief at her."

New Yorker (to Jersey man)—Has tobacco smoke any effect upon your local mosquitoes? Jerseyman (with pardonable pride)—No, deleterious effect. I've known Rahway mosquitoes to smoke two packages of cigarettes a day and grow fat on 'em.

Ladies troubled with Pimples, Blotches, Rough Hands or Face, or sores of any description, should use McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. It will leave the skin in perfect health, smooth, clean and good color. Be sure and get the genuine, made by McGregor & Parke. Price 25c. Sold at Geo. Rhyas's Drug Store.

The inadvisability of knowing too much of what goes on in one's own house was illustrated the other day by an incident which happened in a Back Bay mansion. The table girl was sick and the doctor had ordered her to take a broth. A daughter of the house moved by charitable impulse, herself tried the broth to the patient, but the invalid absolutely refused to touch it.

"Did Annie make it?" she asked, Annie being the cook. "Yes," was the answer. She made it on purpose for you."

"Then I won't taste it," the sick girl insisted. "I see Annie Maguire put her finger in the soup every day since she has been in the house, to see how hot it is, and I can't taste it!"

And moved by the memory of a long succession of finger tested soups, she burst into hysterical weeping. There was a vacancy in the kitchen of that house very soon after, and the first question the mistress asks of each candidate for the place of cook now is: "How do you tell when the soup is hot enough to serve?"

Farm and Garden.

An Illinois man says his smooth clover and timothy, equal weight, sown thickly, makes the best hay he knows of. It does well sown with a rather light seedling of oats.

Amber cane for fodder should be cut when the seed is in the hard dough. Stock fed on sorghum fodder needs more water than when fed any other food.

Every rod of fence on a farm, beyond what is required to protect crops, is a serious tax, but full protection does not suggest a need of fences between grain fields, nor that a farm shall be divided into five-acre lots.

If farmers in any agricultural county will set their faces against the numerous neighborhood squabbles that get into the courts, they may lessen taxes materially, besides insuring easy service for judges and juries.

A New York farmer this year tried an experiment in planting his potatoes, retaining the sprouts, and found they came up much quicker; on two rows he carefully placed the seed with the cut side down and took pains not to break a sprout; these were fully ten days ahead of others planted in the usual way.

A neighbor of his got a crate of seed and part of them stood in the hot sun till the sprouts were all withered up; these later were fully two weeks later than those where the sprouts were unimpaired.

P. M. Augur, who knows all about strawberries, says nitrate of soda must be used with extreme caution on that fruit, as its caustic effects are very harmful if used to any excess. Sulphate of ammonia is safer; yard manures previously applied to the soil still better.

It is a well known fact that the horseradish does not produce seed. As far as observations go, it is evident that one reason, at least, why the horseradish does not seed is the almost complete failure of the stamens to produce the fertilizing dust. The plant propagates itself so rapidly under ground that it probably finds little or no need of seeds.

The use of salt on asparagus is confined to the keeping down of weeds during cutting time. Too much of it will injure asparagus but a light application is harmless; as for plant food, salt does not answer, and we must look to good manure and fertilizer for this purpose.

There is indeed no trouble in growing asparagus, at all commensurate with the comfort of having a good supply of it.

We use too much Paris green or London purple with the plaster. The thing is to mix them thoroughly. One pound of pure Paris green will suffice for two barrels of plaster if we only take the time to mix them thoroughly.

In this case the mixture is practically non-poisonous; that is to say, no person or animal, by any accident, is liable to a cat enough of it to harm him. We regard the above as an important suggestion.

The very simple remedy of common salt as cured many cases of fever and ague. A teaspoonful taken in water, and a teaspoonful deposited inside each nostril, next to the foot, as the chill is coming on. This comprises the whole of the treatment.

A NICE WAY TO COOK CHICKEN.—Cut up the chicken, put into a pan, cover with water and let stew as usual. When done make a thickening of cream and flour; add butter, pepper, and salt. Have ready a nice shortcake, baked and cut in squares. Lay the squares on a dish and pour the chicken and gravy over this while hot.

His Wife's Queer Little Laugh. A Montreal business man's wife has been away on a visit to the old home in another city. He has lived during her absence ostensibly at home, but really on porterhouse steaks at the hotel, and had just been elected president of a new whist club in which he had a young cheerless girl for a partner, and while, of course, he deeply regretted the enforced absence of his own dear wife, he was managing to get along without pining away very rapidly. The other night he and his roseate partner had just swept the board. They had had a thirteen-trick hand, and the rest of the table was nowhere.

The Montreal man went home at half-past ten. Things looked just the same. He composed himself to write his customary letter, beginning: "It is now half-past eight o'clock. I have just come in from my work on the books. I am awfully tired, dear, and miss you so much. I don't want to hurry you home, and I want you to stay as long as you feel like it this time, for I shall not want to see you leave me again, etc."

He finished the letter and stamped and directed it, and then took a look at the star lit evening, and thinking he would finish his cigar (he never used to smoke in the house) walked out to the corner. When he got back he heard a rattle in the dining-room and looked in. The light had been moved. There was a head bending over the light. His wife's smiling face looked up out of the radiance beneath the shade and greeted him. She was reading the letter. His heart dropped down his trousers' leg. He felt like death. "I'm reading a charming letter from you," said she. "So kind of you! It sounds like those you used to write before we were married. The lady read it through and then read it aloud."

If she'd only a got mad I'd been all right," said the Montreal man Tuesday, "but she didn't—she laughed every one of my yarns 'till her eyes, and she laughed until it made me sick. I never got such a roast, and the worst of it is I've lost all of my reputation for veracity. If I say I have been making up a trial balance at the office and it keeps me late, she draws that laugh on me and I wilt. It's terrible. I feel meaner every day. If it keeps on I'll have to fix it up with a seal-skin cloak."

The Last Year.—1886 After the above year is ended there need be no person suffering from Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Toothache, Headache, Lumbago, or any acute pain, if they only purchase a bottle of Fluid Lightning, as it cures instantly. Pain cannot stay where it is used. The name is Fluid Lightning. Sold by G. Rhyas's, Druggist.

A Good Suggestion.

At this season of the year the annoyances caused by flies and mosquitoes are often annoying to a positive degree, and at all times, in what is called good or bad weather, it is sufficient to prevent the stock eating enough to put them in good condition. The animals will stand in the water or pass the greater part of the day in the shade rather than expose themselves to the annoyance of going out to eat only when driven by hunger. They quickly lose flesh, the flow of milk shrinks, and a loss is incurred that cannot easily be made good again. At all times a good deal of grain is beneficial to stock, but it is especially so when flies are very annoying, since it will be much to prevent annoyance of flesh and milk. Horses and milk cows may be protected, in a great measure, by wiping them all over with a sponge dipped in soap suds in which a little carbolic acid has been mixed.

We're Wasteful.

Three things of short continuance—a lady's love, a chiro fire and a brook flood. Three miseries of a man's house—a smoky chimney, a dripping roof and a scolding wife. Three things that ought never to be from home—the cat, the chimney and the housewife. Three essentials to a false story teller—a good memory, a bold face and fools for an audience. Three things that are as good as the best—brown bread in famine, well water in thirst and a gray coat in cold. Three things that are seen in a peacock—the carb of an angel, the walk of a thief and the voice of the devil. Three things it is unwise to boast of—the flavor of thy ale, the beauty of thy wife and the contents of thy purse. Three warnings from the grave—"Thou knowest what I was; thou seest what I am; remember what thou art to be."

How to be Happy.

Keep your temper. Practice strict temperance. Never be in an unfeeling hurry. Persevere against discouragement. Rise early and be an economist of time. Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions. Maintain dignity without the appearance of pride. Be guarded in discourse, attentive and slow to speak. Think nothing in conduct unimportant or indifferent. Manner is something with everybody, and everything with some. Preserve self-possession, and do not be talked out of conviction. Be punctual and methodical in business and never procrastinate. Looking up from a desk which had just been given him, the ambitious young reporter, fresh from the educational institution of the State, thus addressed the grim old editor: "What do you find it most difficult for inexperienced men to write?" "Sense," the old fellow replied. There was nothing harsh in his voice, yet the young fellow turned to his desk and didn't speak again during the evening.

Ripe clover makes dusty hay.

It is estimated that three tons of ensilage are equal to one ton of good hay.

McGregor's Lung Compound.

Have you a bad Cough, a Chronic Hoarseness, a feeling of Tightness in the Chest, Weak Lungs, or any similar complaint? If so, buy at once a bottle of McGregor's Lung Compound. "It will cure you." It contains entirely new specifics, of which one dose is more effective than a whole bottle of the old time remedies. It is put up in 50c and \$1 bottles. Sold by G. Rhyas's, Druggist. Try it, and you will never have reason to complain.

A wife of a Scotch Bailie, overtaken by a heavy shower of rain, took refuge in a ragged shop, and proceeded to make a few purchases. "You seem to be very quiet today," she said to the newly engaged shopman. "Gracious, madam," was the reply, "just look at the weather; what respectable body would venture out on a day like this?"

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

Some young fellows of various nationalities had been boasting the particular beauties of their sweethearts, till it came to the turn of a young Scotchman, whose loved one was more distinguished for the absence than the possession of good looks. "Well, lads," he exclaimed, looking round at his smiling companions, "at least you'll allow she's got a bonny dimple in her elbow!"

Ladies Only. The complexion is only rendered unsightly by Pimples, Liver Spots and Yellowness. These it is well known are caused from an inactive Liver and bad blood. Dr. Chase's Liver Care purifies the blood and whole system. See Recipe Book for toilet recipes, hints and suggestions on how to preserve the complexion. Sold by all druggists.

A REMARKABLE PEN.—Fifteen WHIT fountain pens have been in use in Goderich during the last seven months, and all of them have given satisfaction to the owners. In writing shorthand or longhand, in the registry office, in the sheriff's office and in the law office, in the pastor's study, at the book-keeper's desk and at the druggist's prescription counter; in the lady's boudoir, and by the travelling official, the Whit fountain pen has been used in Goderich in all these ways and has been found reliable. All pens guaranteed to do perfect work, and not to go back on the writer. Sole agent THOS. MCGILLICUDDY.

CAMPBELL'S TONIC ELIXIR

This agreeable yet potent preparation is especially adapted for the relief and cure of that class of disorders attendant upon a low or reduced state of the system, and usually accompanied by Pallor, Weakness and Palpitation of the Heart. Prompt results will follow its use in cases of Sudden Exhaustion arising from Loss of Blood, Acute or Chronic Diseases, and in the weakness that invariably accompanies the recovery from Wasting Fevers. No remedy will give more speedy relief in Dyspepsia or Indigestion, or its action on the stomach being that of a gentle and harmless tonic, exciting the organs of digestion to action, and thus affording immediate and permanent relief. The curative properties of the different aromatics which the Elixir contains render it useful in Flatulent Dyspepsia. It is a valuable remedy for Anemic Dyspepsia, which is apt to occur in persons of a gouty character. For Improvised Blood, Loss of Appetite, Despondency, and in all cases where an effective and certain stimulant is required, the Elixir will be found invaluable. In Fevers of a Malarial Type, and the various evils resulting following exposure to the cold or wet weather, it will prove a valuable restorative, as the combination of Cinchona Calisaya and Serpentina are universally recognized as specifics for the above-named disorders. Sold by all Dealers in Family Medicines. Price, \$1 per Bottle, or Six Bottles for \$5. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO. (Limited) SOLE AGENTS, MONTREAL, P.Q.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER

IS RECOMMENDED BY Physicians, Ministers, Missionaries, Managers of Factories, Workshops, Plantations, Nurses in Hospitals, in short, everybody everywhere, who has ever given it a trial. TAKEN INTERNALLY MIXED WITH A WINE GLASS OF HOT MILK AND SUGAR, IT WILL BE FOUND A NEVER FAILING CURE FOR SUDDEN COLDS, CHILLS, CONGESTION OR STOPPAGE OF CIRCULATION, CRAMPS, PAINS IN THE STOMACH, SUMMER AND BOWEL COMPLAINTS, SORE THROAT, &c. APPLIED EXTERNALLY, EXPERIENCE HAS PROVEN IT THE MOST EFFECTIVE AND BEST LINIMENT ON EARTH IN REMOVING THE PAIN ARISING FROM SPRAINS, BRUISES, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SWELLED FACE, TOOTHACHE, BURNS, FROST BITES, &c., &c. Beware of Imitations.

CAMPBELL'S CATHARTIC COMPOUND

Is effective in small doses, acts without griping, does not occasion nausea, and will not create irritation, and is as safe as any of the usual cathartics administered in the form of Pills, &c. Ladies and Children having the most sensitive stomachs take this medicine without trouble or complaint. CAMPBELL'S CATHARTIC COMPOUND is especially adapted for the cure of LIVER COMPLAINTS AND BILIOUS DISORDERS. FOR ACID STOMACH AND LOSS OF APETITE. FOR SICK HEADACHE AND DYSPEPSIA. FOR CONSTIPATION OR COSTIVENESS. FOR ALL COMPLAINTS ARISING FROM A DISORDERED STATE OF THE STOMACH. This medicine being in liquid form, the dose can be easily regulated to meet the requirements of different persons, thus making it equally well adapted to the use of the feeble child as to the adult. Put up in three ounce bottles, and sold by all dealers in family medicines. Price Retail, 25 Cents.

CAMPBELL'S TONIC ELIXIR

This agreeable yet potent preparation is especially adapted for the relief and cure of that class of disorders attendant upon a low or reduced state of the system, and usually accompanied by Pallor, Weakness and Palpitation of the Heart. Prompt results will follow its use in cases of Sudden Exhaustion arising from Loss of Blood, Acute or Chronic Diseases, and in the weakness that invariably accompanies the recovery from Wasting Fevers. No remedy will give more speedy relief in Dyspepsia or Indigestion. For Improvised Blood, Loss of Appetite, Despondency, and in all cases where an effective and certain stimulant is required, the ELIXIR will be found invaluable. Price, \$1 per Bottle, or Six Bottles for \$5.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

DRIVE IN TEAS

Basket Fired Japan—New Teas—Warranted Pure, 5 lbs. for \$1. This Tea is equal to any so at 40c. lb. by pedlars. Extra Good Young Hyson, from 25c. lb. up. Other Japans from 30c. to 50c. per lb. A specialty in Young Hyson Ten in 5 lb. lots only, for \$1.50. Try my 50c. Young Hyson, and find it the Cheapest in the market. Eggs taken in exchange. At G. CRABB'S, Goderich.

SPRING GOODS!

Just opened out a full assortment of my own importations, and selling at wholesale prices. Tweeds and Cottonades at Prices to Astonish. Wool Cashmires, Wool Delaines, Muslins and Prints. Call and see. Always pleased to show stock. Do not forget the old stand on the Square. April 7th, 1887. 2093-11 C. CRABB, Goderich.

NEW SPRING GOODS ABRAHAM SMITH, TAILOR & CLOTHIER,

Has just received, and is now opening a large assortment of READY-MADE MEN'S AND BOYS' SPRING SUITS. Also on hand a large stock of the LATEST PATTERNS OF TWEEDS AND CLOTHS For the make-up of SPRING SUITS. ORDERED WORK A SPECIALTY! ABRAHAM SMITH'S. East Side Square, Goderich, March 24th, 1887.

BARGAINS Toronto Cash Store THE SPRING STOCK IS NOW COMPLETE.

Remember the stand—THE TORONTO CASH STORE. P. O'DEA, Manager. Goderich, April 20th, 1887.

MISS WILKINSON. The Latest French and American Styles! HATS, BONNETS Feathers, Flowers, Fancy Trimmings

The Chicago House. Agent for Domestic Patterns. Goderich April 9th, 1886. WEST STREET, GODERICH

DANIEL GORDON, CABINET MAKER AND LEADING UNDERTAKER.

Anyone can advertise, but I can show the Stock. I have more stock on hand than any other furniture in town to select from. FURNITURE. I have now on hand 10 different styles of Bedroom Suites, 8 different styles of Sideboards, 3 Parlor Suites, and almost anything in the Furniture line, all of which will be sold at THE CHEAPEST, AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT. In the UNDERTAKING I give personal attention, and the benefit now of nearly 40 years experience. I think I have the best Hearse in the County of Huron—I will leave the public to judge. I have everything usually kept in a first-class establishment, such as Caskets, Coffins, Shrouds, Habits, Gloves, Crapes, &c. Embalming done when required. I guarantee to give satisfaction in every case. OLD STAND BETWEEN P. O. AND BANK OF MONTREAL. Goderich, Sept. 9th, 1886.

PATENTS CORD WOOD. GEO. OLD'S STORE.

Persons wishing good cord wood at the lowest rates can have the same promptly supplied by leaving their orders at GEO. OLD'S STORE. Our agent will call at the store daily for orders. Also on hand, a lot of cheap wood such as short shank, cordage, etc. All the wood can be bought at the mill or delivered, as the buyer desires. Promptness guaranteed. XAVIER BAECHLER, Fall Reserve Mills. 2500-17. June 3rd, 1886.

R. W. MCKENZIE IMPORTER, SHELF AND HEAVY HARDWARE,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in PAINTS, OILS AND GLASS, GODERICH.

