

THE GOLDEN SNAKE.

CHAPTER I.
HIS STORY.

There are questions in morals which a convict is not called upon to discuss. There are commandments in the Bible which are sometimes impossible to fulfill. How can a man honor his father and mother when he is abandoned at the very hour of his birth; dropped, as it were, in the cesspools of iniquity? And if he rises no higher than his surroundings, which have no lower depths, is he, or those who abandoned him, responsible for his misdeeds? He goes by the light that lights his way, and knows no other path. Our simian cousins care for their offspring until they can care for themselves; it is only man, with his boasted intellect and affections, who leaves his offspring at the doors of foundling hospitals and in the wards of vice.

The last was my fate. Is it blue or pauper blood in my veins? I only know that my path has been ribbed with sweat and toil and hunger and cold, with no other ending than the prison door. What was my childhood? A waif dropped by an inhuman mother into the very slums of vice; a son of nobody, carried in my infancy in the arms of a beggar woman, pinched back and blue that my wailing might extort undeserved charity; taught, when I was older, the rogue's code, that whatever was desirable belonged to those who desired it, and that the only sin in the world was the sin of being caught in the act. Thus I grew to manhood, living as best I could, and in the end attaining a position of honor among my kind.

I was a born mechanic. From the time I could walk I used to hang around the doors of smitheries. The red cutters, as they darted away from under the blacksmith's hammer, seemed instinct with life, and I used to long to make them fly under my own blows.

I never needed instruction, everything came to me, and my methods were nearly always quicker and less laborious than those of other workmen. I spent my first money in fitting up a forge, and I had plenty of cracksmen for my patrons, men who demanded the best work and cared little what they paid for it. I made the most delicate tools for the engravers and did a few plates myself; the most complicated locks had no windings I could not follow, and once or twice I assisted in relieving bank vaults of their contents before their cashiers or their presidents had matured their plans for the same purpose.

Finally, the police, suspecting that all was not right, began to watch my place of business. Outwardly, I was a manufacturer of tools for the general trade, but I deemed it advisable to move my plant to another city. It made little difference where I was located, my customers were sure to find me.

I had only fairly become settled in my new quarters, when I exemplified Puck's saying regarding the foolishness of mortals. There was not the remotest need to tempt me, I had a superabundance of money and was daily adding to my store, and only indirectly was I a partaker in crime.

There was in the city, of which as yet I was almost an entire stranger, a wealthy family of founders, known as Carmichael, Son & Company, the Company being the daughter of the house, famous for her beautiful creations in bronze.

They lived in an elegant swell front on Beacon street, which had long been regarded by cracksmen as a plum worth picking.

I had scarcely struck the first blow on my new anvil, when Terwilliger, an old chum, came on from New York.

He had been in the city but a short time when he spotted the Carmichael mansion, and urged me to assist him in cracking it.

A fortnight later I was called into the warden's presence, and had placed in my hands the Governor's letter of pardon.

I went out of the prison doors with my resolve for a new and worthy life only the more intensified. My forge still remained as I had left it, for I had paid the rent some months in advance, but I quickly disposed of it, and the next day presented myself at the office of Carmichael, Son & Co., asking to see Miss Carmichael.

After a little I was shown into her studio. She was at work on a large statue of the famous Indian chief King Philip, seated high up on a scaffolding, and very much occupied. When she finally turned toward me she recognized me instantly, and came down the steps, giving me a very gracious reception. She showed me the little golden snake coiled around her wrist, praised its delicate workmanship, and said I owed my release to it as much as to her own intercession.

Then her father came to me, and offered me a position when ultimately I should be called upon to assist in making molds for the casting of the King Philip.

He combatted my demurrers, and when I left the studio I had not only accepted his proposition, but, at his instance, had even changed my name.

For the first few months that followed I rarely saw Miss Carmichael during business hours. The foundry swarmed

and I turned and went out of the window I had entered without touching a single article, carrying with me only the memory of her divine face.

When I reached the bottom of the trellis I found myself between two policemen, and I surrendered without a struggle. A moment after we heard the report of a revolver, and soon Terwilliger came flying out of the back door he had previously opened, and fell dead at our feet.

I was unknown in the Boston hall of justice; I had no friends; and in such cases the law knows no delay. In less than three weeks after my advent in modern Athens I was transferred to the country, with Emerson and Alcott for neighbors.

I did not regret my incarceration. A slight upheaval of the earth will change the course of the mightiest river; and into my life there had come a new light, and I had made up my mind to abandon my past, and to commence creating a new and better one.

There was a face that haunted me ever. I could never be anything to Miss Carmichael—very likely my eyes would never behold her again; but I determined henceforth to live a life without fear and without reproach, and one she could commend.

I had been an inmate of the prison but a few weeks, when one Sunday, as the convicts were filing into the chapel for the purpose of attending divine service, I saw upon the platform which held the clergyman's desk the lovely face which, since the first and only time I had seen it, had haunted my waking and sleeping hours.

I caught her gaze, and knew instantly that she recognized me, and I blushed the deepest crimson to think she did so. She turned to the warden, who was sitting by her side, and at once commenced a conversation of which I was the subject. I have no difficulty in reading words by the mere motion of the lips, as far as my sight can reach, and not a syllable escaped me.

How could I ever give expression to the profound and lasting pleasure that conversation afforded me! I learned then, for the first time, that a human being, and such a being, had faith that I was not wholly bad; that while in the trance-like sleep in which I had first seen her she had unconsciously studied my features for the purpose of her art, and that she found nothing evil in it; that if I was a felon, it was owing to circumstances, and not from innate depravity; and then she appealed to the warden to second her efforts for my release, to which he cordially responded.

When the services were over I went back to my cell in a sort of delirium. At my own request I had been placed in the blacksmith shop.

The prisoners during their leisure hours, were privileged to fashion any article for sale, and I had already a credit on the books of the warden from this source. I asked to be furnished with some gold coin, and out of it commenced to fashion a trinket in every way worthy of her acceptance.

I had on, when arrested, a pair of sleeve-buttons set with a cluster of the purest and most perfect rubies, and it was a happy moment when I asked the warden to convey to Miss Carmichael a little golden snake, whose elastic coils would go twice around her delicate wrist and clasp beneath the jeweled head.

The next day the warden brought me a letter, in which, in her own beautiful chirography, she conveyed to me the expression of her pleasure and admiration for my gift, and an intimation that the house of Carmichael, Son & Co. would be glad to give me a place in their foundry if I should ever care to ask for it. I asked the warden to give me the letter, and, shrouded in a fitting casket, I have since worn it over my heart.

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For the first few months that followed I rarely saw Miss Carmichael during business hours. The foundry swarmed

with workmen, but I chose to have as little as possible to do with them, treating them with due deference, but avoiding any approach toward intimacy. I went directly from my lodging to my work, and returned as I went, fearing to meet some of my old-time associates, and thus run a chance of exposure among my present fellow-laborers.

I commenced an exhaustive study of chemical and kindred technology as bearing upon my new pursuits, and when I was called upon to assist in preparing the molds for the statue of King Philip, I approached the task with a knowledge of the minutest details, and with mechanical details, and with a mechanical skill that was only equalled by my enthusiasm.

I had every incentive to excel. I worked under the personal supervision of one supreme woman, the hem of whose garment I was not worthy to touch, but whom I worshipped with as profound and respectful an homage as was ever rendered by one mortal to another.

My life, however, did not flow in entirely untroubled currents. My reserve among the other workmen, the superior skill which I manifested in whatever work I undertook, and the evident favor with which I was regarded by the firm, created for me many enemies.

There are men who, from their very birth, seem to have been nourished on sour milk alone—every their very souls curdled—and whose life presents nothing sweet nor savory. Such a one singled me out as the particular object of his dislike. I had never injured him in thought or deed; possibly, if I had, he might have thought more kindly of me.

For a long time his spite vented itself in offensive remarks to others, made expressly for me to overhear. Finally, he took to brushing rudely against my person, until one day I told him quietly not to repeat such acts.

He resented by instantly and insolently brushing past me, and I turned and knocked him down twice, when he crawled away out of my reach.

That night he was discharged, but, finally taken back, after the most abject appeals. From that time he has avoided me, but he watches my every movement with a baleful eye.

Such is the idle story of my life; but my days of work in the foundry are drawing to a close. The molds for the statue of King Philip are completed, and when, on the morrow, the bronze is cast, I shall surely throw up my position.

For the last year I have lived alike in heaven and hell. If my fellow-workmen should learn that they had been associating with a "prison-bird," they would strike in a body; but that even I do not fear so much as that Miss Carmichael might discover that I have dared to love her with every fibre of my being. Can I bear to bring the blush of shame to her cheek by such knowledge? Could I only die for her, and thus be wrought into her memory as one not utterly unworthy to have lived, then my life would have its fitting ending, and my soul, purified as in a crucible, might pass into the presence of the Great Unseen.

CHAPTER II.
HER STORY.

Carmichael, Son & Co., that was the name of our firm. It should have been Carmichael, Son & Daughter, but John the son, demurred; not that he objected to the female partner, but he thought such a firm-name would prove too startling an innovation.

We were manufacturers of bronzes, and prepared to execute any orders, from the smallest medallion to Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty.

The beginning of the firm had been small enough. Father commenced life as a modeller, and finally built a small furnace for the casting of his own work, never employing but one or two molders.

His little studio, just outside of the business office, was the enchanted region of my girlhood, while John found his delight in the office itself. His heart was given wholly to business; he played at book-keeping, at buying and selling, at hiring and discharging workmen; while I never tired of watching my father as he molded in clay and wax, from which the plaster casts were taken.

I had a little bench and tools set apart for myself, and, when freed from school or the vexatious duties of the house, which mother conscientiously imposed upon me, I used to spend hours, and hours at this bench, putting my girlish fancies into tangible shape, and, long before I had reached my teens, some of these fancies my father considered sufficiently meritorious to have cast in bronze and put upon the market.

When John was twenty, and I six years younger, he turned his back upon school, and assumed the business control of the house of Carmichael. From that time every thing began to prosper. Orders came with ever-increasing frequency, furnace after furnace was added and the works swarmed with men.

A few years later I persuaded my mother that my education was complete, and, after a run with my father through the most famous foundries and art gal-

leries of Europe, we came back, and, in my new studio, I was inspired to do work that so pleased my father, that I was admitted as a co-partner in the firm.

We lived in a house befitting our income, and my windows opened out on a broad-mouthed river, salt with the taste of the Atlantic. The garden stretched down to the river's edge, and just beneath my window was the roof of a piazza that ran the breadth of the house. An immense grapevine spread itself over this roof, its wealth of leafage and fruit, forming, in summer, a mottled carpet, alike restful and charming to behold.

I had come home to this room one lovely night in June, worn out in vain search for a face to fit into a little group which I was modelling.

It was a group representing the flower prophecy in Goethe's "Faust," where Marquette plucks the star flower, and picks its leaves one by one, repeating, "He loves me, he loves me not."

For hours and hours I had hunted the streets for a face that would fill my ideal of Faust, and which my imagination had failed to supply.

Utterly worn out, I had retired to rest, and must have immediately lapsed into a sort of waking trance, for I seemed once more to be searching for this face, when suddenly it seemed to me that Faust himself was coming to me, clambering up the trellis which supported the grapevine.

As nothing surprises us in our dreams, I turned expectantly towards the window. I heard his steps crushing the soft leaves without, the blind swung slowly back, and he stooped and entered my room through the open window.

He was tall and lithe, with piercing black eyes, clean-shaven but for a heavy mustache, with a countenance alike handsome and manly. He came to my bedside, looked at me a moment, took a leisurely survey of the room, and then turned and passed out by the window he had entered.

It seemed but a moment later when I was startled by the sharp report of a revolver, and heard hurried steps running along the upper hall and down the stairway, and then came the heavy bang of the door leading from the lower hall to the piazza.

I sprang out of bed, threw a dressing-robe about me, and hurried to the window. The roof of the piazza hid all objects from my view, but I heard voices below, though I failed to catch the import of the words that were uttered.

Then I went out into the upper hall and lit the gas, and, as I did so, my brother John came up the stairway, holding a revolver in his hand.

"Is it you, Lucile?" he said, when he saw me. "I thought you would be terribly frightened, and I hurried back to you. Have you heard nothing from father and mother? Ah, here they come neither harmed nor frightened!"

And then, to our hurried questionings, he told us that he was suddenly awakened by some one rummaging through his bureau drawers, that he seized his revolver and fired, and that the thief turned and ran down the hall. He followed him, but when he reached the piazza he found the man lying dead.

There were two policemen in the garden, who had just arrested an accomplice, and who were just putting the steels upon his wrists. They had been along the shore looking for river thieves, and had discovered these two men in a boat, which they followed until it was moored at the foot of our garden.

They saw the men embark, scale the garden fence and effect an entrance to the house, one by the basement window, the other seemingly by clambering on the roof of the piazza, though when the policeman reached the scene he was returning as if unsuccessful.

In compliance with the forms of the law, John was arrested and immediately discharged on his giving bail to appear when wanted.

Two months later I went to a neighboring village for rest, and attendance upon a summer school of philosophy. This school was held in a little wooden building, close to a dwelling supposed to be haunted by the ghosts of Plotinus and Hegel.

On the borders of the village the Commonwealth had erected an imposing residence for its criminals. The warden, whose daughter had been my room mate at Holyoke, invited me to spend the Sunday with them, and in their company I attended the religious services held in the chapel of the prison.

Alice played the organ, which was placed upon the platform from which the clergyman made his address.

As I sat there listlessly watching the prisoners as they filed into their seats, I was suddenly startled by beholding, among the many stolid faces, the handsome one of the Faust who had bent over my bed the night of the robbery.

As if drawn by a magnet, his eyes were suddenly riveted on mine, and then I saw the red blood mount up and suffuse his face with the deepest crimson.

"See," I said, turning to the warden, "that is the man who entered my room the night John shot the burglar. It seemed to me like a dream; he came to my bedside, bent over and looked at me, and then turned and went out of the

window without touching a thing. Do you know, I do not believe he is a bad man."

"He is the best of prisoners, at any rate," returned the warden, "and the most exquisite worker in iron that I have ever seen. He is in the blacksmithshop, and as an artist would do no discredit to your own famous house. The prisoners are all allowed to turn out as much extra work as they will, and when sold the amount it brings is credited to them. There seems to be nothing in his line that Rutherford is incapable of accomplishing, and, since he has been with us, he has been the model of what a man should be."

"I am glad to hear you say so much; and, may I tell you why I am so positive regarding him? I had a little group from Goethe's 'Faust,' which needed but a face to finish it, and which I could not find. I found it one night in my bedroom, belonging to that man. You know how quick we artists grasp the salient features of a countenance, and when you come to my studio, I will show you a likeness that you will not fail to recognize. Do you know anything of his history?"

"Only that he is a *filiius nullius*; thrown from his infancy among vicious people, cared for by no one, and finding it impossible to rise above the level of his surroundings."

"Poor fellow," I said; "he is to be commiserated." Then a new idea recurred to me and I added; "The Governor sometimes honors my studio with his presence; he is watching the growth of my *magnum opus* with great interest, and has promised to recommend its purchase by the Commonwealth. If I should intercede for poor Faust, will you second my efforts?"

"I certainly will say anything I can in his favor, and I wish you the fullest success," the warden answered.

Here Alice commenced a voluntary on the organ, and our conversation for the time came to an end.

After getting well saturated with the philosophy peculiar to this literary Mecca of Yankeeedom, I went back with renewed energy to the completion of my great work. It was a colossal statue of a patriot and king.

It had been the dream of all my maturer years to make some artistic representation of King Philip, and I had selected his hour of agony occasioned by receiving news of the first bloodshed of the whites. Upon this work I had spent the inspired moments of the last three years of my life, and I had strong hopes that the Commonwealth would pay the mere expense of putting my work into bronze; asking nothing for my own labors, and as one her daughters, if any work of mine could contribute to her glory.

I did not forget the original of my Faust, but had to wait before I could call the Governor's attention to the matter, for he had torn himself away from office and office seekers, and was somewhere in his yacht on the broad bosom of the Atlantic.

The days went by so hurriedly that I scarcely counted them, so absorbed and happy was I in work, when, one morning, there came to me a little package, accompanied by a note. On opening the letter I discovered it to be from my friend the warden, who wrote:

"DEAR MISS CARMICHAEL.—I am requested by Rutherford to forward to you a specimen of his workmanship. You will remember him as the original of your Faust. He possesses the unique accomplishment of following conversation by the aid of the eyes alone, and so far as he can discern the movement of the lips not a syllable escapes him. He begs you will pardon him for thus catching the import of our conversation in the chapel, since it contained the first expression of human interest in himself or belief in his manhood. He thanks you, and begs you will accept the accompanying trinket, the forging of which, he says, has given him more happiness than any other work he has ever done."

I opened the box, and there, in a little nest of rose colored cotton lay coiled a small golden snake. It was made from hammered coin, the scales ingeniously fastened into each other, so as to bend freely in any direction, while the eyes were two sparkling rubies, and under the throat was a latchet so that the coils could be wound around the wrist, and fastened as a bracelet.

While I was admiring this exquisite piece of work, the door opened, and my father entered, accompanied by the Governor. His arrival was most opportune, and I gave him the warden's letter, and showed him my beautiful present, and told him all I knew about the maker. I showed him to my little statuette, and showed him the face of the prisoner, and before he went away, he promised to look up the man's record, and if he found him worthy of executive mercy, he would not withhold it.

I wrote to the warden asking him to inform Rutherford that I accepted his artistic creation with sincere pleasure, and that, with the hearty concurrence of my father and brother, the firm of Carmichael, Son & Co. would be glad to give him employment whenever he saw fit to accept it.

Then I dismissed the matter wholly from my mind, for my statue was nearly completed, needing only the final and inspired touches.

One October morning, when I was out the staging, busily at work, John opened my studio door, and told me that a man was waiting for an audience.

I was absorbingly engaged, and begged for the time to be excused, but John thought I had better see the party then, and so I could but assent.

Soon after, I heard a strange and hesitating step approach and pause halfway down the room, and, when I turned to greet my visitor, I found him to be the original of my Faust.

"I have come in compliance with your kind request, and to thank you as well as words will allow for your intercession with the Governor, which, you see, has resulted in my pardon," he said as I came down the staging toward him. "My intercession cost me nothing but a few words, and I was very glad to speak them," I answered. "And, after all, it was the exquisite workmanship of your golden snake that interested the Governor the most in your behalf. He happened to come into the studio at the moment I received your beautiful gift, and, being a skilled virtuoso, his interest was at once awakened. 'See,' I added, holding out my wrist, around which the delicate coils were wound, 'it is such a perfect piece of work that I wear it even here.'"

"Your words fill me with a strange pride," he answered, in a voice husky with emotion. "It is an honor to fashion something worthy your praise."

Then my father approached, and recognized him as the original of my Faust.

"Is it Faust?" he asked, with a smile. "I am glad you responded to Lucile's request to visit us. We have an opening for a skilled artisan, and you must fill it. Lucile's *magnum opus* is quite ready for the molds, and an artist capable of hammering from coin so perfect an ornament as this—touching the coils on my wrist—cannot but be of infinite service to us."

"You forget," I am nothing but a convict, just from the prison door, and unworthy to associate with your workmen," he answered.

"Nonsense," said the dear old father, laying his hand kindly on Faust's shoulder. "Let the dead past bury its dead. We know nothing of convicts or prison doors. You are young, your life is all before you. Lucile is infallible in her judgments; it was at her instance that we invited a conference. She is really the senior partner, and we all obey her."

"But your workmen will not associate with me."

"They are a touchy set, like all workmen," my father answered, "but you are unknown to them. People call you Rutherford, but your past is dead. Let me re-name you; you are Gellini Faust—first, in honor of the old Italian whom you rival; second, in honor of Goethe's hero and Lucile's statuette."

After this conversation, for the next few months, I saw little of Faust, as he was henceforth to be known. He was busy in the foundry, learning its processes, and getting ready to assume the supervision of the casting of my King Philip.

After this I saw him almost daily. He was reserved in his ways, avoiding as much as possible his associates, and, naturally, the object of their dislike.

One of them, a modern Therapist, "loquacious, loud and coarse," began a course of systematic bullying.

Faust bore it all kindly, making no return, until one day the man, reaching for a tool, rudely pushed him from a bench at which he was working. Faust told him in the most quiet manner that he was free to take the tool, but in future he must keep his proper distance.

This aroused the insolence of the aggressor, and in passing he again rudely pushed his antagonist.

In an instant he lay sprawling on the ground, and when he arose, with a wild imprecation on his lips, Faust knocked him down again, and the man was glad to creep out of reach on his hands and knees.

That night John discharged him, but a week later he came back, pleading for his starving family, and begging to be put on the pay-roll once more, and to our lasting and infinite sorrow and detriment John did so.

It took many months to complete the molds, Faust working unceasingly, and displaying wonderful and unwonted resources.

His mechanical dexterity was only equalled by his superior intelligence. He seemed to grasp my ideas before they were fairly shaped into words. It was a delight to have such a workman at my command.

At last the task was complete, and the great cupolas gilded with copper and tin and zinc, and the blast turned on. Heretofore my father had overseen the casting of my work, and when one piece was completed I had immediately turned my attention to another; but now I found it impossible to do any worthy work until my King Philip was finally in bronze.

The day at last came when the casting was to be made. Channels had been

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A chief's among ye, taking notes, An' faith he'll print it.

A BAD MISS--If you fail to see the summer goods at B. MacCormack's, there's money in it if you attend to it in time.

Don't forget that in addition to enlarging photos and supplying crayons, Geo. Stewart can also fill all orders for oil painting.

If you want to cut a dash in Toronto on the civic holiday order a stylish suit right away from the fashionable tailors F. & A. Prichard. Suits made while you wait--if you wait long enough.

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

There has been considerable talk about encouraging home industry, and I want to say right here and now that we must stand by our home institutions. To that end I will not fail to continue to turn out first class photos. H. Sallows.

One of the latest phases of insurance is that in connection with the life-insurance policy, one pound of 50c tea you will get an insurance policy good for \$500 if death from accident should overtake you inside of seven days. GEO. RHYNAS.

For all drugs, dyestuffs, perfumery, patent medicines, chemicals, etc., best quality and lowest rates, call at Goderich drug-store, 15th Block. Special attention paid to compounding of prescriptions and family recipes, W. C. Good, druggist.

THE HURON AND BRUCE LOAN AND INVESTMENT COMPANY--Depositors in this company have the best possible security for their money, all being invested in mortgages on farm property. Depositors have a first lien in all the company's assets. Rate of interest paid from 4 to 6 per cent, according to amount and duration of deposit. Farmers having surplus means should call and see the manager.

Miss Halse, is visiting friends in Exeter.

Miss Etta Barry, is visiting friends in Seaford.

Will Cattle left for Winnipeg on Wednesday.

Dr. McMicking returned to town last Wednesday.

Miss Creighton, of Brussels, is visiting in town.

Fred Bond, of Galt, is spending holidays in town.

Miss Huescher, has charge of the wires of the C. P. R. office.

Fred Jones, of London, spent a few days in town last week.

Miss Minnie Lang, of Kincardine, is visiting friends in town.

Man reaps what he sows, but women often reap what she sows.

Miss Hattie Spence has returned from her visit to the Nile.

Miss Nugent, of Berlin, was the guest of Miss Bonnamy last week.

Miss Jennie Gooding left for her home in Manitoba last Wednesday.

W. M. Sinclair and wife, of Brussels, are spending holidays in town.

Miss S. E. Cummings of Woodstock is the guest of Mrs Geo Stewart.

Miss Currie left town on her return to Manitow on Wednesday of last week.

Miss M. Wilkinson is the guest of Mrs Harry Arnold, Owen Sound.

Troy W. Savage, of Buffalo, spent a couple of days in town last week.

Miss Lou, Trainer, of Chicago, is the guest of Mrs R. G. Reynolds.

Miss Eda Goud, of Clinton, is spending her holidays in Goderich.

Subscribers come and go, but the steady going house-fly sticks to his paper.

Mrs W. L. Pennington is at present visiting her sister, Mrs Major Mallowh.

Mr and Mrs W. B. Dickson, of Brussels, are the guests of Registrar Dickson.

Mr. A. B. Henderson sang in the North street Methodist church last Sunday.

Mr Peter Grant is in town, summoned by the illness to his mother Mrs Grant.

Miss Phoebe Cassaday, of Berlin, is spending her vacation in Goderich and vicinity.

Miss Ella Fisher, has returned home, accompanied by Miss May Fisher, of Kincardine.

Mrs S. Fisher, of Chicago, has left here for Kincardine, to visit friends for a few weeks.

The Rev. Mr Ramsay, of Londonboro, will preach in Knox church Sunday forenoon.

Mr Edward Hart, of Clinton, preached the Gospel on the square last Sunday evening.

Mrs Deadman, of Brussels, and her daughter May, are the guests of Mrs T. McCulloch.

Inspector Paisley has deposited, as fines collected in Scott Act Cases, the sum of \$2,700.

Mr and Mrs Chas. B. McLagan of Stratford, are the guests of Mr Wm. Bisset over last Sunday. Mr McLagan who is in delicate health, purposes to leave for home on this trip.

Speaking about alacrity you should observed a clerk tuck up an early-closing notice on a store door.

The Misses Aggie and Hattie Reid have gone to Clinton on a visit to their friend, Miss Paisley.

Ja. A. McIntosh, merchant, of Fort Arthur is visiting friends and old scenes in town. He looks hearty.

W. C. Stewart has returned to Wingham after spending the past two weeks visiting friends around home.

J. T. Garrow, Q. C., and daughter were passengers on the United Empire on her upward trip on Wednesday.

Rev. E. W. Panton, pastor of St. Andrew's Presbyterian church, Stratford, is spending his vacation in Goderich.

Miss Orr who has been the guest of her sister Mrs Harry Thompson, returned last evening. She looks as hearty as ever.

Miss Laura Pennington, has returned home, after spending some weeks visiting her cousin, Miss Mallowh, at Danganon.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blake have returned from their visit to the mother land. We understand they thoroughly enjoyed the trip.

If wet, don't fret; if dry, don't cry; if cold, don't scold; if warm, don't storm; "but be thankful together, whatever the weather."

Dr McDonagh will be in Goderich for consultation on Saturday, the 3rd of September, and afterwards on the first Saturday of every month.

PASSING STRANGER--It may be all right, but it sounds rather queer to learn that the town is in danger of a milk famine owing to the drought.

W. R. Meredith, leader of the Ontario Oppositon is at the Point Farm. Saturday last a number of the local faithful drove out and paid their respects to him.

LACROSSE--The Fergus club downed the Goderich boys at the national game Tuesday last to the tune of four straight. The procession was too long without a break.

The Kincardine Review says--Capt. Donally's new schooner, the Greyhound, which he built in Goderich this season, made her first appearance in Kincardine harbor on Monday last.

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.

THE MIKADO--The Templeton Opera Company will appear in the Grand Opera House on the evening of Friday, Aug. 25th, in their inimitable rendering of the "Mikado."

BE WARNED IN TIME--The editor of an exchange says he never saw but one ghost, and that was the ghost of a sinner who died without paying for his paper. 'Twas horrible to look upon.

THE SCOTT ACT REPEAL PETITION--The petition for the repeal of the Scott Act in Huron, with some 5,000 signatures attached, will be posted in the clerk's office on Saturday, the 20th inst.

HE'LL FACE THE MUSIC AGAIN--J. D. Stewart, the genial, illuminated the sanctuary of THE SIGNAL Wednesday last with his broad smile. He's to be manager of the Caledonian games at Goderich next year.

NOTICE--The well established boot and shoe business carried on by J. Downing & Co., which has been established in Goderich for the past six years, is offered for sale at a bargain. Good reasons for selling.

STRAYED CATTLE--Advertise your lost cattle in THE SIGNAL. It will cost you far less than to hunt them this busy season. THE SIGNAL circulates among more of the farmers of this section than any other paper.

THIS IS FOR OLD WIDOWERS--Somebody claims to have discovered a substance which is "three hundred times as sweet as sugar." The "substance" is supposed to be about eighteen years old and wears a bustle.

THE LIST CONFIRMED--The list of passed candidates for entrance to the high school, which was published in these columns some weeks ago, has been confirmed by the Department of Education for Ontario.

Y. W. C. T. U. MEETING--A meeting of the Y. W. C. T. U. will be held in the lecture room of Knox church next Thursday Aug. 25th, at eight o'clock in the evening. All the members are requested to be present.

THE MAN WITH THE HAMMER--In our advertising columns this week P. O'Dea gives some further particulars with regard to "the man with the hammer." He claims he has the only right and there is to the controversy.

A LARGE SHIPMENT OF PLUMS--Thursday morning Geo F. Old shipped from Goderich station by express a consignment of plums, consisting of 243 bushels. This is the largest express shipment of plums made from this point this season.

THEY WON'T BELIEVE IT--A female evangelist in Indiana is telling the girls that not five men in a hundred are good enough for them to marry. The girls go right along marrying, however, and every one of 'em thinks she gets one of those five white sheep.

SENT TO THE HOSPITAL--Saturday last old Mrs Rawson, who is suffering from an ulcer in the foot, and who is in indigent circumstances, was sent to Toronto general Hospital by Rev G. R. Turk. The expense in connection should be defrayed by the town council.

"PARLEY-VOO"--Will Robertson, son of W. R. R., secured the prize that is annually given by Mathematical Master Moore, of the High School, for the most proficient pupil in French in the class in De Fiva. The young man obtained 139 marks out of a possible 174.

SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES--The following is the list of successful candidates to the recent third class non-professional examination: E. Andrews, M. Halse, M. Linfield, E. Regan, A. Matheson, J. Noble, A. Styllis, P. Stewart, B. Finlay, C. Johnson, S. Johnston, J. McRae, W. Waters and M. Watson. The first eight on the list are from our High School. The picking has been unusually severe this year, and the list, though short, we believe, up to the average.

A GOOD BUSINESS--A new trade for women in Albany is that of "neighboring darning." The woman who follows it has for her customers a dozen or twenty households, each of which she visits weekly, and spends a few hours in doing up the family darning and mending.

THE LEAGUE--Goderich Prohibition League held an interesting meeting in the lecture room of Knox church on Monday evening last, which was largely attended. Some 35 persons have now signed the constitution. Next meeting will be held at the call of the executive.

TELEPHONE EXTENSIONS--The Bell Telephone Company announces that the following places are now connected with the rest of its system and are open for business over the wires from other points, viz: Carpiell, Greenbank, Nizares-on-the-Lake, Orellia, Paisley, Ninkerton and Saintfield.

STRIKEN BY PARALYSIS--Mrs Grant, mother, of Mrs Henry Spence, has been confined to bed for nearly two weeks by a paralytic stroke, which deprived her of speech and the use of her right arm. Though possessing a fine constitution, her advanced age renders her case rather precarious.

LARGE EXCURSION--The excursion on Tuesday last was the largest of the season. Some 350 excursionists came up from Fergus, Drayton and Palmerston, and from Brussels, Bluevale, Wingham and Blyth fully 1,000 or 1,200 showed up. The day was fine, and the excursionists fully enjoyed themselves.

DERELICT PATHEMASTER--The Canada thistles flourish on many of the high-ways and byways of this fair province, and the weeds, and many other noxious weeds. The law says that pathmasters are required to have such cut down before going to seed. What a pity that our pathmasters don't attend to their duties.

BILLIARDS--The opening of the billiard parlor in Crab's block, Kingston-St., under the proprietorship of Wm. Stubbs, was well attended by the leading sports of the town. The new proprietor is an expert manipulator of the cue and evidently knows how to run a billiard parlor on business principles.

SPECIE WILL PASS AWAY--The hot weather of last week left its impressions on the little boy, who wrote to his mother as follows: "Dear Ma--It's hot as fire here. My ten cent piece melted yesterday. So that's hot, ain't it? Please send me a dollar so it won't melt. Been in the sun for an hour and a half. We get bully ice-cream here for one cent a glass. Don't forget the dollar."

ST STEPHEN'S CHURCH FESTIVAL--A harvest home festival will be held in connection with St. Stephen's church, Goderich township on Wednesday Aug. 31st. Rev. W. A. Young, B. D. of Goderich will conduct special thanksgiving services at 2 p. m., after which a festival will be held on the commodious premises of Mrs Brown. Tea served at 5 p. m. Admission 25c, children 10c.

ALMOST A CENTENARIAN--Old Mrs Winters, who resides with the family of Jos. Morris, Garbruid, is beyond doubt the oldest resident in the town of Goderich and the townships of Colborne, Ashfield and Wawanosh. If the old lady is spared until next March she will have completed her hundredth year, she retains her faculties to an extent fully equal to that of many persons fully thirty years her junior.

SANITARY--During the long continued heated, dry spell it is most necessary to be careful with our back yards, cellars, closets, &c. A shovelful of fresh ashes thrown over any and every stagnant place will neutralize all offensive odors. This should be done every few days while the warm weather lasts. Every person in town should make a specialty of their premises and thus guard their families.

CONSOLING, ANYWAY--A western paper applies thus:--"Tell me, ye angelic hosts, ye messengers of love, shall swindled printers here below have no reward completed? For 'Lunatic' rears, wings and said 'To be a hope is given, delinquents on a printer's book can never enter heaven.' We hope subscribers far and near, will see the point--so plain; pay for their paper--never dear, and future bliss obtain."

PRINTING AND PLOUGHING--A correspondent writes that he would like to become an editor. You would, son? I'm willing, eh? Well, after you've become an editor and writin', "I kissed her under the silent stars," and the compositor sets it up, "I kicked her under the cellar stairs," you will just ache to grow bow-legged following a pair of oxen along a furrow across a forty-acre field.--Western Plowman.

OBIT--Mrs Andrews, relict of the late Geo Andrews, died at the residence of her son John, on the Bayfield road, early on Wednesday morning, aged 84 years. She leaves a family of five children and three sons to mourn her loss, viz: Mrs R. B. Smith, Goderich; Mrs Huston, Manitow, and Mrs Baker, Kingston; and John Andrews, Goderich township, C. A. Andrews, Goderich and Thomas Andrews, Chicago. The funeral took place on Thursday.

DON'T FORGET TO REGISTER--If there is anything people should not be negligent of it is registering the births of their children. But whether it is bashfulness on the part of happy fathers or carelessness, the clerks of the various municipalities nevertheless mourn the fact that people are very slow about making the very important registration.

Those to whom this applies should take warning, as there is a heavy fine for such an offence. Of this fine a large portion goes to the informer and some of those smart fellows will make a little pile out of other people's negligence.

BENEFIT CONCERT--The benefit concert to the leases of the Grand Opera House this evening should be well patronized. During the past season they manifested considerable enterprise catering to the wants of the public in the line of dramatic and musical entertainments, and certainly did their part well. The program is worthy of a large audience, and such singers as Dr Stippi, Mr A. B. Henderson, Mrs Moorehouse and Miss Wynne should draw a large audience. Mr John Stoneman, of Hamilton, who will read on the occasion is one of the very best in Canada. Tickets on sale at Porter, Frazer & Park's every such man.

ZENOBI, OR THE FALL OF PALMYRA--This story, by William Ware, is published without abridgment, in the "Novels," beginning with the weekly issues of July 9th continuing eight weeks or through two monthly issues--the August and September--which are combined and issued as a double number on July 28th. Price of the story, complete 10 cents, post paid; or neatly bound in cloth 25 cents; postage 7 cents. The price in "Seaside Library" paper covers, is 40 cents and published by Knox in cloth binding \$1.50. John B. Alden, 393 Pearl street New York.

J. C. CURRIE AS A MAN TAMER--The Manitoba Free Press of August 10th has the following: Mr J. C. Currie, of the sheriff's office, took the lunatic Bruce, who drove off with one of Benson's rigs the other day after throwing the driver out, down to Selkirk on Thursday. On arriving there he found that institution so crowded that they would not take Bruce, so he had to get a carriage and bring him back to the city. Several times on the road Bruce made an effort to throw him out of the buggy, and he was brought back to the city with great difficulty. He is now quartered at the Provincial jail.

ANOTHER MISFORTUNE--A short time since we chronicled the demise of the well-known grey horse of E. Hopper, the drayman, and last Friday he met with a similar misfortune in the death of the horse that he had purchased to replace the defunct animal. On the day above mentioned the animal was apparently in good health up to 5 p.m., but at that time inflammation set in, and before 6 o'clock the animal expired, despite all efforts that were made to prevent it. The recent loss coming so soon upon the former one, is a heavy blow to Mr Hopper, who has the sympathy of his many friends under the circumstances.

THE GOT THE CERTIFICATE--We are pleased to see by the published list that Miss Alice B. Sherman, daughter of our respected father Mr Edward R. Sherman has been among the successful candidates at the recent examination for the first class C. non-professional certificates. As Miss Sherman is only 17, her success reflects very great credit on her ability and industry as a student, as well as on the teachers of the High School from whom she has been prepared for the successful examinations. Since she first began preparation she has not failed of success at any examination as it came up.

LAWN TENNIS--A lawn tennis match was played on the court at the Light House Point on Tuesday between the Brussels and Goderich clubs, resulting in a score of the home club by 4 sets to 2. Score--Messrs Drummond and Elwood beat Messrs Clark and Sinclair 4, 2, 6, 3, 3. Dr Ross and Mr Strachan beat Messrs. Ross and Waterer, 6-3, 4, 6, and 4-2. At this stage the game was stopped to allow the visitors to catch their train. There was a good turnout of spectators present, and much interest was manifested in the match. During the afternoon refreshments in the shape of ice cream, &c., were served to the players and lady friends.

STILL EARNER IN THE WORK--The Hamilton Spectator referring to an open air gospel meeting recently held in that city, has the following in reference to a Christian gentleman well known in Goderich:--"The speaking was pointed and vigorous, and after two local Christians had spoken, it was noticed that Capt. Zimmerman of the Salvation Army, listening amongst the crowd, and on being invited to the speakers' stand he poured out a straight salvation address, full of fervor and eloquence, holding the people in rapt attention as he said that it would give God as much pleasure to see the worst men and women in the city converted as to see the most respectable and wealthy coming to Him."

SUNDAY SCHOOL EXCURSION--The Mitchell school excursion to Goderich on Wednesday was not well patronized, but an enjoyable time was spent by the young folk in the circular town. One of the excursionists from here, Miss Lillie Babb, met with a misfortune that put an end to her day's pleasure. It appears she stepped on a piece of broken glass, or some other sharp substance, which cut a large hole in her boot and stocking and penetrated her foot, causing a painful wound. Mrs Coppin and other ladies who were present did all they could to alleviate the pain by bandaging the foot, and as the young lady was unable to walk they procured a cab and drove her to the station. The excursionists returned home at a seasonable hour, tired out, but well satisfied with their day's outing.

BICYCLES IN TOWN--A party of bicyclers arrived in town Sunday last, and put up at the British Exchange. It consisted of--A J. Hargreaves, W. S. Chiswick, Walter Simson, W. S. Chiswick, W. Kingsley Evans, Jas Filby, E. A. Fitzgerald, W. Wigners, T. Knowles, of the L. O. C. B. London, and V. Davis, W. W. Martin, of St. Thomas B. club. The party left London Saturday afternoon, made Exeter for the night, and came into Goderich Sunday morning, arriving at 12.30. The party separated here, some returning by road, and others by train on Monday and Tuesday. They were photographed in front of British Exchange by Sallowa on Monday. Two Seaford wheelmen, D. J. Devereux and H. J. Purchard, also rode up, but returned the same afternoon.

STRAIGHT TALK TO READERS--Newspaper publishers lose a great deal every year by people moving. A notice is received from the postoffice to the effect that the paper addressed to so and so has not been taken out of the office because "not called for," "removed," or some equally unsatisfactory reason, and the notice is often not given until the subscriber (who is invariably in arrears--paid up subscribers always notify publishers to change address) has got so that the amount cannot be collected, or is not worth collecting. While it is generally a small sum that is at stake, it is nevertheless a serious thing for the publisher, as these small losses sometimes aggregate a large total in a year--enough in fact to knock the profit off all the papers printed, and the profit at best is very small. Postmasters, therefore, would oblige by giving prompt notice and as full information as possible in every such case.

KILL OUT THE PEST--Professor Harris writes to a number of our exchanges to warn the farmers against allowing the white daisy to grow about the farms. The Professor says it is the worst pest a farmer could have and that he knows of several farms in the eastern section of Ontario, that have become practically untenantable on account of the weed. When once they get a root it is impossible to eradicate them. They will entirely run the pastures as no grass can grow where they are. They will also spoil meadows, and not only smut the grass but ripen and seed the seed all over the farm. He urgently advises every farmer that has this pest to dig them up and either carry them into the road or burn them.

LUCKNOW CALEDONIAN GAMES--The thirteenth annual games of this society will be held on Wednesday September 7th, 1887, and you are hereby tendered on behalf of the society a cordial invitation to be present. A highly interesting programme of athletic sports, piping, dancing, etc., will be presented in which the best artists and athletes in the continent will take part. Sir Alexander Campbell, K. C. M. G., Lieutenant Governor of Ontario, is expected to be present. Among other interesting features may be mentioned, a company of drilled cadets, in Highland costume, will give exhibitions of sword exercises and bayonet drill. Every effort is being made by the executive to maintain the reputation of the society for well managed games.

THEY ARE FRAUDS--It is learned that parties representing themselves to be Ontario Government officials, are travelling through the province victimizing owners of steam thrashing machines, and other machines. They assert that a law was passed last year providing all persons within the province having charge of or operating any steam boiler or other devices under steam pressure, shall be examined and licensed before assuming or attempting to operate a device of any kind under pressure of steam, and they claim to have been appointed examiners with power to license persons whom they deem competent, and from whom they receive the required fee. It may now be stated that such a bill was introduced to the Legislature last session, but it did not pass, therefore all persons claiming to be appointed examiners are mere frauds and should be handed over to the authorities.

MUSICIANS IN COUNCIL--W. F. Foot, organist, St. George's church, went to London on last Monday to be present at a meeting of a convention appointed by the Royal Canadian Society of Musicians for the purpose of preparing the scale of examinations to be passed in future by all members. Much interesting discussion took place, all present being of the opinion that the public should be thoroughly protected from the wiles and bombast of self-styled "professors," and that members of the musical profession need the test examination just as much as doctors and lawyers. It was proposed to establish three grades of musicians to be styled respectively members, associates, and fellows, who will have to pass searching examinations from which musical theory will not be banished, so that in future our teachers will be able to properly explain the how and the why. Dr Sippi, the president of the society, was in the chair, and altogether a most profitable and entertaining day was spent by the committee.

DOMINION AND INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION--The Secretary of the Dominion and Industrial Exhibition Association, informs us that the works for the forthcoming exhibition, which opens at Toronto on the 5th of Sept, are far in excess of those of any previous year. The exhibition takes the additional title of Dominion this year in consequence of having received the Federal grant for 1887, and the managers are endeavouring to make it as much a Dominion gathering as possible. Refunds of freight are given to distant exhibitors, and Manitoba, Algoma and the Maritime Provinces are being induced to contribute collections. Fully \$40,000 have been expended in buildings and improvements this year. In the way of special attractions there will be given at intervals during the Exhibition, equestrienne performances in the horse ring, aeronaut ascensions with double balloons, performing on the trapeze while ascending, and a brilliant pyrotechnic display by Prof. Pain, who superintended the fireworks at Queen's jubilee at London, England. Following the latter performance there will be a scene representing the siege and capture of Pekin, enacted on the grounds with English, Chinese and French soldiers and marines, with scenery and costumes. The Gov. Gen. will open the Exhibition on the 5th and the grounds and buildings will be lighted each evening with 200 electric lights.

Bluevale. Rev. Mr Danby, of Varna, was in town on Monday last.

The Sabbath school had a good time Tuesday, on the excursion to Goderich.

The old Clyde is completely obliterated, and a new fence encloses the place that knew it once, but will know it no more.

A great deal of sickness is noticed round here. Geo. Anderson took sick on Thursday last, and died Monday. W. Diment also lost his little one.

School has re-opened, surely the scholars will learn now. School beautifully inside and out, seats good, floor good, wall good, windows good, teacher good--in fact, all good.

Did you ever get a very sweet scent up Goderich way? That is only the Bluevale pig factory. Do not get alarmed; the board of health made a box to draw it away. They laid it on the road in the spring and it is there yet. They are not in a hurry.

Feston Hartley has returned looking two inches taller. He carries a second. Robt. Stewart also has the same line. Black has succeeded in the same line. Bella Duncan and A. Hartley have pulled through for thirds.

Mr Thompson, our worthy teacher is very proud of his 50%.

Salt sprinkled over anything that is burning on the store will prevent any further fire.

Exeter. We are glad to learn that Jas Weeks, and Charles Sanders, who have been very ill are again convalescent.

E. H. Speckman and H. Lambrook returned from Peterboro on Friday evening, where they were attending Grand Lodge L. O. O. F.

H. K. McIntosh has his celebrated trotting horse "Rarus" under training, likewise N. D. Horton has his "Molly B." We understand that an interesting race will be held between these two fast horses.

We understand upon good authority that the Exeter fire companies will hold a grand re-union picnic at Lake Huron, near Grand Bend. They invite every person to come, and we hope to see a good turnout.

The Salvation Army and our band had a contest on Saturday evening. The army got left badly, as "Looksie" got in the fine work, which drowned them out. The army afterwards stationed themselves further up town.

Tuesday last was observed in this village as a civic holiday, and our citizens availed themselves of the splendid opportunity of visiting Sarnia. The excursion was under the auspices of the Exeter brass band, which discoursed sweet strains for the occasion.

We regret to announce the death of one of our lady residents, Mrs F. D. Sanders. The deceased has for some time been ailing with that dread disease consumption, and finally succumbed to it on Saturday last at 12 o'clock noon. She was aged 63 years and 18 days. She leaves a husband and family of partly grown up children, all of whom have the sympathy of the entire neighborhood.

Lucknow. Mr and Mrs D. Patterson are visiting friends near Tiverton this week.

Mrs J. Greensack returned a few days ago from a visit to Dakota.

Will Murchison, of Toronto, spent a few days this week visiting old acquaintances.

G. W. Berry, of Goderich, visited our village on Monday last, looking hale and hearty, as of yore.

D. E. Cameron returned on Saturday last from a trip to Kansas, and gives a glowing account of that country.

Mr McKinnon, who for some years kept a confectionery shop, sold out his stock last week and retired from business.

James Hunter has erected a handsome concrete dwelling, which he is finishing up in first-class style. It commands a fine view of the village, and will be occupied by E. L. Johnston, formerly of Goderich, when finished.

The Caledonians of this village are putting forth extra exertions in order to make this year's games the most interesting that has been held by the Society. The bills and posters are now out, and many new and interesting features are added.

Leaburn. Miss Clutton is visiting friends in Galt this week.

Mr Alex Osbaldestane, from the sunny village of Holmesville, visited here last week.

Mr Carruthers, who formerly resides here, visited among old friends last week.

Mrs Alex Chisholm, of the 4th con, Goderich township, was the guest of Miss Maggie Carnie this week.

The rite of baptism was administered by Rev. Dr. Ur to four infants in arms last Sabbath. The reverend gentleman gave the parents an impressive address on their duties.

The twine famine for the binders has reached here and some of our farmers had to listen again to the music of the reaper and use the straw ties for the sheaves. Some of them had almost forgotten how to make the tie.

A minister and family from Stratford are camping on the bank of the lake on the farm of Jas MacManus, having a chaise and horse to do their marketing with the various little villages near at hand.

The following are the officers of I. O. G. T., 273, for this quarter: W. T. Bro F. B. Linfield; W. V. T. W. E. Horton; W. F. S. Sinter; M. MacManus; W. A. S. Sinter; Edith Horton; W. S. Bro S. B. Williams; W. T. Bro John Horton; W. M. Bro A. H. Clutton; W. D. M. Sinter; G. Gordon; S. G. Sinter; Martha MacManus; O. G. Bro W. H. Clutton; P. W. C. Bro G. H. Clutton. In absence of the L. D. Bro Williams installed the officers at ensuing term the lodge may give an entertainment with a debate.

Dunlop. One of our farmers last week lost a fine calf by sunstroke.

Miss K. F. Macdonald is enjoying a fortnight's visit with friends in Clinton.

Goderich Township.

HOLMESVILLE, Aug. 8, 1887. Council met today, pursuant to adjournment. The members all present. Minutes of last meeting read and passed. Letter from county clerk stating that \$3,195.80 is required from this township for county purposes. Moved by J. Whitley, seconded by T. Churchill, that 2 1/2 mills on the dollar be levied on all the real, rateable and personal property in the township for county purposes, and that 2 mills on the dollar be levied on same property for township purposes, and that the clerk levy the several sums required by school trustees for school section purposes—Carried. Moved by J. Laithwait, seconded by T. Churchill, that the petition of G. Elliott and others asking for a grant of money to Wm. Herbison, to build a wire fence be not granted—Carried. The following accounts were paid, viz: R. M. Racy, for iron pulleys, snatch block &c., for apple drive with one year's interest, \$42.77; (this account lay over from last year); Herbert Elford, for trees planted in 1884, \$8.50; Wm. Collira, indigent, \$18.75; R. Bray, indigent, \$18.75; tape line for J. Laithwait, 75c.; Mrs. Tromb lay, for talking care of Mr. and Mrs. Bray for four months from 8th April, 1887, \$12; Messrs. Nattel and McHrynan asked personally for this increase, stating the parties were entirely helpless. Council adjourned to meet again on the first day of September next at 1 o'clock p.m. JAS. PATTON, clerk.

Keep all the apparatus for cleaning lamps on an old tray, and never use rags, brushes, scissors or any of the articles for any other purpose than trimming lamps.

Whist John Moore, son of Mr. Isaiah Moore, of Kinloss, was hauling in grain last week he was thrown from a load and falling broke one of the bones of his arm.

Goderich Markets. Commodities list including Wheat, Flour, Potatoes, etc. with prices per bush or cwt.

The Canadian Pacific Railway. The People's Favorite Route between MONTREAL - TORONTO, QUEBEC, OTTAWA - KINGSTON, BOSTON, DETROIT - CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, KANSAS CITY, AND ALL POINTS EAST AND WEST.

R. RADCLIFFE, Agent. OFFICE: West Street, Opposite Telegraph Office. Don't Forget the Place. Goderich, Jan. 11th, 1887. ANCHOR LINE ATLANTIC EXPRESS SERVICE. LIVERPOOL via QUEENSWAY.

Zonweiss! THE NEWEST Tooth Paste. AT J. WILSON'S PRESCRIPTION DRUG STORE GODERICH.

The Wanzor LAMP 25 Candle Power. No Globe, No Chimney, No Smoke, No Odor, No Heat around the oil well. Positively Non-Explosive. EVERY LAMP Guaranteed. Made in all styles—Table, Bracket, to attach to chandeliers, Library, &c., &c. Price, - \$4.50 and upwards.

Wanzor U & White Machines. Pianos and Organs, all from the most celebrated makers—cheap for Cash. GEO. W. THOMSON, Agent.

WESTERN FAIR Industrial and Art Exhibition LONDON, CANADA. 18th to 24th Sept., 1887.

LIBERAL PREMIUMS FOR LIVE STOCK, MACHINERY, ETC. NEW GROUNDS, NEW BUILDINGS, NEW RACE TRACK. Exhibition at an estimated cost of \$1,200,000.00.

DR. HODDER'S BURDOCK AND SANSAPARILLA COMPOUND CURES Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Impure Blood, Dyspepsia, Kidney Complaint, Skin Diseases.

THE GREAT REGULATOR of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels and Blood. Cures Headache, Constipation, Female Complaints, and Builds Up the System.

GRAND DOMINION & INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION 1887 TORONTO Sept. 5th to 17th. \$30,000 IN PRIZES.

GODERICH BOILER WORKS. Manufacturers of all kinds of STATIONERY, MARINE, UPRIGHT and TUBULAR BOILERS. SALT PANS, SMOKE STACKS and all kinds of Sheet Iron work.

Chrysal & Black, Manufacturers of all kinds of STATIONERY, MARINE, UPRIGHT and TUBULAR BOILERS.

EPPS'S COCOA. BREAKFAST. "By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills."

WILSON BROS., GRANITE & MARBLE WORKS, ST. DAVID-ST., GODERICH. (Two Doors East of Whitely's Hotel.) Manufacturers of Marble Monuments, Headstones, Mantelpieces, and all kinds of Furniture Trimmings in Foreign and American Marble; also Window and Door Sills, and House Trimmings of all kinds in Ohio Stone.

WOOL! Farmers' Attention! The Highest prices going will be given for Wool in exchange for goods, such as fine and coarse Tweeds, Blankets, Sheetings, Unions, Checks, Grey and White, and high colors of various shades of Yarns &c. These goods are well made, of long fibre and of good twist throughout. Manufacturing and custom work a specialty. A CALL SOLICITED. E. McCANN, Goderich, June 9 1887-3m

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.

Bal. of 1887 for 50c. TO WEAVERS! Colored & White Carpet Warp at Mill Prices. C. CRABB, April 7th, 1887. 2003-4m Goderich.

Farmers' Attention! Having lately purchased the Bedrick Perpetual Hay Press, I am now prepared to Press Hay by the ton, the barn or stack. I will also buy a quantity of Hay during the fall. Orders for Pressing would be placed by the 1st of August.

BALED HAY ALWAYS KEPT ON HAND. I also manufacture APPLE BARRELS, FLOUR BARRELS, BUTTER TUBS, SOFT WATER CISTERNS, &c.

APPLE DEALERS: I make APPLE BARRELS A SPECIALTY. My facilities for supplying dealers and the public generally are unequalled in the County. Storage capacity, 10,000 barrels. Daily output (capacity), 500 barrels. Give me a Call. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

CHAS. BATES, Shop and Residence, near G.T.R. Station, Goderich, Ont. July 21st, 1887. 2106-3m

A FEW Pointers. If You Want a DINNER SETT, Look at NAIRN'S Stock.

If You Want a BEDROOM SETT, NAIRN has them at all prices.

If You Want a TEA SETT, NAIRN has a full assortment.

If You Want Anything in CHINA, NAIRN has the finest display.

If You Want Anything in GLASS, Try NAIRN'S before purchasing elsewhere.

For Pure, Unadulterated FRESH GROCERIES! CHAS. A. NAIRN HAS THEM EVERYTHING WARRANTED. YOUR TRADE SOLICITED. Goderich, April 23rd, 1887.

1837 VIVAT REGINA! 1887. The subscriber wishes to inform all loyal subjects of Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, that I am doing my utmost to keep my stock replete with everything new and useful in all departments.

NEW GOODS ARRIVING DAILY SUITABLE FOR Autumn Wear. The Correct Thing in Dress Goods, Buttons and Trimmings to Match, Ribbons, Frillings and Fine Laces, New Shades in Plain and Fancy Opera Fannels, with Embroideries to Match.

A. MUNRO, Goderich, Aug. 10th, 1887. 2964- Draper and Haberdasher.

WILSON BROS., GRANITE & MARBLE WORKS, ST. DAVID-ST., GODERICH. (Two Doors East of Whitely's Hotel.) Manufacturers of Marble Monuments, Headstones, Mantelpieces, and all kinds of Furniture Trimmings in Foreign and American Marble; also Window and Door Sills, and House Trimmings of all kinds in Ohio Stone.

All work designed and executed in best style. WILSON BROS. 2106-3m

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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, 1885 2-17

HURON AND BRUCE LOAN AND INVESTMENT COMPANY. This Company is Lending 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. HORACE HORTON, MANAGER. Goderich Aug. 5th 1885. 1994

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 E. & C. GURNEY CO'S Stoves, Ranges and Furnaces. CALL AND GET PRICES.

The Cheapest House UNDER THE SUN. West-st., next door to the Post Office. Goderich, July 15, 1887.

Hot Air or Hot Water. ALSO SANITARY PLUMBING. Sole Agents for THE E. & C. GURNEY CO'S Stoves, Ranges and Furnaces. CALL AND GET PRICES.

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NEW GOODS. We have over Three Thousand Yards of New Heavy Cloth DRESS GOODS just arrived, the best value ever shown in Goderich for 12 1/2 c. a yard. Call and See Them.

COLBORNE BROS., GODERICH. The Largest Stock, Greatest Variety, And Best Value IN TOWN. AT E. DOWNING'S. Cor. East Street and Square, Goderich.

ALL THE LEADING STYLES IN LADIES, GENTS' AND CHILDREN'S WEAR AT VERY CLOSE PRICES. A LINE OF Ladies' Genuine French Kid Button Boots, at \$2.00. SPLENDID VALUE. Ladies' and Gents' Tennis Shoes, at \$1.00 and \$1.25. Give me a call, and we will show you our stock with pleasure whether you buy or not.

E. DOWNING, Crabb's Block, Cor. East-st. and Square. N.B.—TO THE TRADE—Leather and Findings in any quantity, at Lowest Prices. Goderich, June 2nd, 1887. 2101-

-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 PLACE FOR CUSTOM WORK.

J. DOWNING & CO'Y. SUMMER MILLINERY. MRS. SALKELD. Begs to announce to the Ladies of Goderich and vicinity that she has opened out a handsome line of PLAIN AND FANCY STRAWS, FEATHERS, FLOWERS, GAUZES, GLOVES, ETC. Special attention is called to her Remarkably Cheap and Stylishly Trimmed Hats.

WONDERFUL VALUE IN DRESS MUSLINS! AT J. C. DETLOR & CO'S Clearing Cash Sale OF MILLINERY! FEATHERS, FLOWERS, RIBBONS, LACES, GAUZES, BONNET SHAPES, HAT SHAPES, &c., &c. This is a Genuine Sale, as I intend going out of the Business as soon as Stock can be disposed of.

MISS GRAHAM, The Square, next to Ashben & Cox's Dry Goods Store, Goderich, June 2nd, 1887. 2101-

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