

# The HURON SIGNAL

DEVOTED TO COUNTY NEWS

AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

THIRTY-NINTH YEAR.  
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## THE HURON SIGNAL

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FRIDAY, FEB. 19th, 1886.

Those who were wondering why John O'Donohue came up to West Huron and spoke in favor of F. W. Johnston will find the secret of the "Unholy Alliance" on the fifth page.

The Dominion Parliament will meet next Thursday. There will be some lively debates before the end of March. The Opposition will grow stronger every vote. An immediate defeat of the corrupt Macdonald government is not expected, but the end is near at hand. The Government cannot survive another session.

All that is necessary to be done now by a Reform journal to get its name praise from the Toronto Mail, the Hamilton Spectator, and other Tory papers is to say the hanging of Riel by the Government is not a question that should be discussed; and that the maladministration of the Government in the Northwest should not be condemned. The Hamiltonian and the Waterford Star, are now looked upon as "excellent and honest Reform journals," for this reason, and no other.

Mr. CAMERON, M.P.P., of Peterboro, has moved for a return giving the names of members of the Legislature who have been appointed to offices of emolument by the Mowat Government. We do not often agree with Mr. Cameron, but we believe he is taking a proper step in this matter, and we hope that a step will be put to the system. The fact is, that the appointing of played out politicians to offices of trust is the weak point in Mr. Mowat's Government. The fraud of members of parliament nominating themselves to fat offices should be frowned upon.

The judges who are revising barriers in the county of Bruce, best anxious to have the new voters' lists printed promptly, gave a portion of them to the Liberal paper published in Walkerton. The Herald, the Tory organ of that town, immediately flew into a rage, claimed the printing given to the other paper, and "gave away" its party and the franchise bill generally in the following words:—

"Gratitude is said to be an unknown virtue in Government officials, but a sense of justice might have induced Messrs. Kingsmill and Barrett the impropriety of subsidizing the enemies of a Government that gives themselves very fine salaries for very little work."  
The Herald is a model Jackal journal."

The Hamilton Times puts the case succinctly when it says:—"Mr. M. C. Cameron's mode of dealing with the strictures of Hon. Thomas White on the subject of the timber-limit grants authorized by the present Government is undoubtedly fair. At St. Thomas, last night, Mr. Cameron produced the official returns, as laid on the table of the House of Commons by the Government, and gave those inclined to accept the statement of the Minister the choice of believing Mr. White or the official documents. Mr. Cameron has Thomas in a tight box. The member for Cardwell cannot wriggle out of it on the ground of 'political exigency.' No do doubt he will try hard."

Monday last there were distributed from one of London's soup kitchens 218 loaves of bread and 250 quarts of soup. "Remember the poor!" is a good axiom when winter winds whistle wildly, and charity is asked for by starving men, women and children. It is a satisfaction to know that the benevolent people of London are making an effort to lessen the suffering. But what will the Free Press say about this soup kitchen alleviation of distress? It is only a day or two since that venacious Journal had a laborious article denying the fact that times were hard in Canada this year. But is it very easy for a journal with thousands of dollars of Government pay to be in ignorance of the fact that the times are awfully hard.

## THE "STAR" TREED.

The hand of the hired man showed itself in last week's issue of the Star. Nearly three columns of our contemporary were occupied in special pleading on the Riel question, which can be summed up and replied to as follows:—

1. If the editor of THE SIGNAL had been on the banks of the Saskatchewan, and subjected to the same conditions as the halfbreed, he would have "shouldered his musket."

To which we would mildly reply that we would not have "shouldered our musket" under the circumstances. Men do not usually "shoulder muskets," or "stack arms," when their homes and sanctuaries are invaded by thieving colonization companies or other marauders.

2. The guilt of Sir John Macdonald, in paying Riel to keep out of the country fifteen years ago, is admitted by our contemporary, which contends, however, that though the "course taken in 1871 to quiet Riel was a mistake, a decidedly unjust step, it seemed the best way to avert trouble at the time."

Well, they say "an open confession is good for the soul," and it is really refreshing to hear our contemporary admit the guilt of its Chieftain in so frank a manner.

3. The Star's hired man does not believe the half-breeds were oppressed, or that the Mail was correct when it published the following in June last:—"It has never been denied by the Mail that the title had good ground for grievances. By the passage of the Manitoba Act of 1870 Canada had certainly and finally recognized the rights of the Halfbreeds of that Province to share in the Indian title, and it follows as a matter of course that if they had rights in the soil of Manitoba, those of them dwelling in the regions beyond had rights in the soil there."

This admitted of no dispute. It was never denied by the Mail that the title had good ground for grievances. By the passage of the Manitoba Act of 1870 Canada had certainly and finally recognized the rights of the Halfbreeds of that Province to share in the Indian title, and it follows as a matter of course that if they had rights in the soil of Manitoba, those of them dwelling in the regions beyond had rights in the soil there."

It was a plain question, and it would involve the appointment of a commission and no end of trouble to St. Albert and St. Laurent were far distant dependencies without political influence; it was a claim that would be none the less for blue-coated men in the possession of the reins.

This was the way in which the officials treated the just demand of the Metis, and we agree with Mr. Blake, that their negligence was gross and inconceivable, and contributed to bring about the insurrection.

Had they had votes, like white men, or if, like the Indians, they had been numerous enough to command respect and obedience, and were not so far removed from the seat of power, they would have been revolved for them; but being only Halfbreeds, they were put off with an eternal promise, until patience ceased to be a virtue.

We repeat again that the departmental system under which such careless and cruel neglect of the rights of a portion of the community was possible, was wrong, and should be reversed.

Now it is universally conceded that no one is so blind as he who won't see, but we imagine the ordinary Grit or Tory will take it for granted the leading Government organ is fully as well posted on Northwest affairs as is the Star's hired man.

5. The Star would like to have one or two names of the oppressed halfbreeds—a few specific cases.

We accept the challenge, and in another column give a sufficient number of specific cases to satisfy even the captious critic of the Star on this point.

6. The Star still persists that "no one but a knave or fool" would now maintain that Riel was insane.

## MEN AND GRIEVANCES

Last week the Star denied that the halfbreeds had any grievances, and dared us to cite specific cases to prove our previous contentions that the cause of the recent rebellion lay at the door of the present incapable Government. We hasten to give our contemporary and our readers the desired information:—

MAXIME LEPINE, taken prisoner and sentenced to seven years in the penitentiary.  
BAPTISTE BOUCHER, wounded at Batoche.  
IBIDORE DUMAS, killed.  
CHARLES LAVALLE, wounded.  
WILLIAM SWAIN, wounded.

These men lived in St. Louis de Lan gueil, the halfbreed parish that was given to the Prince Albert Colonization Company, and were among the signers of the petition to the Government on Nov. 19, 1883. That petition recited that some of the thirty-one signers had been on their land for ten years; that they had petitioned repeatedly to be allowed to make entries; that they had repeatedly asked for a river survey; that they had, at that time, burdensome expense, sent Father Ledue to Ottawa as a special envoy; that some of them had occupied their lands long enough to be entitled to patents, but that they were not allowed even to make an entry; and they begged that their grievances might be put an end to as quickly as possible "for the greater welfare and tranquility of the loyal subjects of Her Majesty the Queen of England."

The petition recited grievances, and was not in itself an unconstitutional or disloyal document. Yet it was not attended to, and the halfbreeds were a low to rest under their disabilities until "they got behind their Winchester." Then the derelict Government was compelled to move in the matter.

And here are the names of more victims of the Prince Albert Colonization Company, who have gained notoriety by defending their hearths and homes from the landgrabbers:—

MICHAEL DUMAS, fugitive.  
ANDRE LETENDRE, killed.  
LOUIS SCHMIDT.  
PHILIP GUARDUPOUY, wounded, and sentenced to seven years in the penitentiary.

PIERRE GUARDUPOUY, prisoner, and sentenced to three years in the penitentiary.

These are the names of some of the oppressed halfbreeds, but there are others to be "put on the list." On Sept. 4, 1884, a memorial was sent to the Government from St. Antoine de Paudou (Batoche) reciting that the signers had been driven to abandon the prairies from the failure of game, and to settle on the Saskatchewan. They had made clearances and improvements along the river on unsurveyed lots; they had built a school in which to have their children educated; they had erected a convent in which the sick and the afflicted could be cared for in time of need; and they had reared aloft a temple of their Faith in which to worship in the wilderness the God of their fathers. Was it to be wondered at, then, that they learned with "astonishment and anxiety" that they were to be made to pay \$2 per acre if their lands were found on a survey to be on the odd-numbered sections. They did not want to be separated and made to live widely apart, but wanted to live together along the river front, so that they could have the privileges of their church, convent and schoolhouse. Therefore they asked the Government to order a river survey. The petition was signed, among others, by

GABRIEL DUMONT, wounded at Fish Creek, and now a fugitive.  
BAPTISTE ROCHLOT, prisoner.  
PATRICE TOURAND, prisoner.  
OALIKTE TOURAND, killed.  
JOSEPH DELORME, killed.  
JOSEPH VANDALE, killed.  
BAPTISTE VANDALE, prisoner, seven years in penitentiary.  
ADOLPHE NOLLIN, prisoner—Queen's evidence.  
IGNACE POTRAS, prisoner.  
MAXIME POTRAS, prisoner.  
EMMANUEL CHAMPAIGNE, prisoner.

These are some of the names and grievances of the oppressed halfbreeds, and we contend that they should be sufficient to convince even the Star's doubting Grit.

For less grievances the tyrannical King John was forced by his subjects to grant Magna Charta; for less grievances, Charles the First lost his Crown and his head; for less grievances James the Second was driven from the throne of England; for less grievances George the Third of England lost half a continent to the British realm. History admits the right of the means taken to effect the changes just mentioned simply

because they who revolted in each of the instances named against the power and dignity of the Crown were successful. Had they failed, Cromwell, and William of Orange and Washington would have met the doom of the felon, as Riel did.

On this question we are not swayed by the mere hanging of one man. Had Riel been spared by the Government we would not be more stunted in our condemnation of the maladministration of the Northwest. Measures, not men, are involved, and we look away beyond the Regius scaffold for reparation for the grievances of the Northwest, which cost Canada hundreds of brave lives and millions of treasure.

The corrupt Administration which fomented the troubles, by turning a deaf ear to lawful petitions—the members of Government with their country's blood on their souls, must be hurled from place and power.

## SNEAK JOURNALISM.

Last week we published the denial of H. P. O'Connor, M.P.P. for South Bruce, against the Tory falsehood that he had alluded to M. C. Cameron, M. P. at a meeting at Dundalk some years ago as "the champion liar of Canada." The fair-minded (?) and pious (?) editor of the Star published the original libel, but had not the common decency to make reparation by printing the denial. This is the extremely fair and honest way in which the Star in its latest issue makes reparation to the man who had been slandered by it in a previous issue:—

"A few weeks ago we published a story taken from the Walkerton Herald to the effect that Mr. O'Connor, M.P.P. for South Bruce, had characterized our M.P. Mr. Cameron, as 'the champion liar of Canada.' Mr. O.C. has since published a letter denying the story in full, saying, 'Mr. Cameron and I are old and have been for years before I came to Bruce both personal and political friends.' We do not make the correction here, especially as we admit the force of the exception taken by an exchange, that the Globe allowed no rivals to the title attributed to Mr. Cameron. Nevertheless, Mr. Cameron ought to come in a good second."

Isn't that a dignified and brave manner to speak of a man who had been foully abused and wantonly slandered. We feel assured the public will have great confidence in the opinions of the editor of the Star who thus acts like a gentleman in viliifying his townsman. The editor of the Star knew that he had falsely accused Mr. Cameron, and yet when any reparation was in his way, by the mere insertion of Mr. O'Connor's denial—he had no moral courage to act like a decent journalist and make the *avens* honorable. Our contemporary deals in sneak journalism.

## A CANDID TORY.

The editor of the Kincaid Review is more frank on the subject of hard times than is the average Tory editor. In his issue of the 5th inst., he had the following suggestive article in double headed type:—

NO FAVOR NEXT WEEK.—We have a large and imperative job to get out—the revised voters' lists for three townships—and cannot give our attention to the paper for one week. The next issue of the Review (13th V.) will be on Feb. 19, 1886. We trust our friends and patrons will overlook missing the paper for one week. We cannot always do as we would like, and we could not afford to lose the opportunity these hard times of earning solid cash—an opportunity that may never occur again. In the meantime say a good word for us, pray for us, and look out for our issue of Feb. 19, 1886.

The editor of the Star is getting a reputation for unscrupulous falsehood. The South Bruce Express shows that this reputation is well earned. In the Perdue case the Star made several untruthful statements, for which the Expressor brings it to task in the following manner:—"The recent contest in McKillop for the reversionship, the Star must have been misinformed, for we know of many of the oldest and staunchest Reformers in the township who voted for the present reeve, although he is one of the leading Conservatives in the municipality, and the deputy reeve, who is a Conservative, was nominated by one Reform councillor and seconded by another. It will thus be seen that the Star's McKillop story is even more improbable than its Riverside one. If the Star cannot do better than this for its proteges it had better leave him to founder out of the mess in which he finds himself as best he can." The editor of the Star is a poor tool, who is helpless in the hands of his master.

## WHAT'S UP?

Things That Are Happening Around Us.

Unstable Weather—Liquor Licenses—Whisky Drive—Surreal Remonstrances—Tobacco's Quarterly Meeting.

I'm troubled with a cold in the head this week, and so are many of the neighbors. You see during last week, although it was the second week in February, we had a late edition of the January thaw, and this week Old Boreas and Jack Frost again assumed control to such an extent that, as I remarked before, I and some of the neighbors are suffering from "big head." But I am pleased to be able to announce that I am in a fair way of recovery, and am doing as well as can be expected, as the doctors say in critical cases.

I see that my old and esteemed friend Jordan did not get the druggist's license, but that George Rhynas is the running mate with Jimmy Wilson in the business. Well, George will make a good man for the trade, I should think. In any event, the giving of the druggist's licenses to druggists, is the right thing, and is far ahead of the course pursued by the partisan whisky commissioners last year.

While I'm on this subject, I would again ask if it isn't about time these whisky dives that were fastened upon the community by the Dominion officials were closed up. They have no more right to carry on business than have gambling halls, counterfeiters' rooms, illicit stills, or thieves' resorts. I and others had hoped that the Dominion licenses would put up their shutters and act like decent people when their work was declared illegal, but they seem to be lost to all sense of shame. I understand that one of the dens is acting in defiance of the law on the advice of a learned legal dignitary. If so, the adviser and the advised should be brought to book. If the owners of the ginmills don't voluntarily pull up stakes, they should be forced out of the nefarious business. It's time a watch was placed on these low grogeries.

Last week I read the list of poundkeepers for Colborne, and a pretty good list it is. Do you know, I have a hankering for wading through township council reports. It reminds me of the old times when I lived out on the concession, and the big day of the month was when we went up to the village at the town plot to hear the reeve, deputy-reeve and councillors discuss the momentous concerns of the township. The poundkeepers and fence-viewers, the culverts and crossways, the drains and ditches, the giving of compensation for sheep killed by dogs, the endeavoring to make the township paupers keep body and soul together on a dollar a week or more to the nearest town,—these and other matters always caught on to me with a great grip. But although I attended the council meeting, (which were held at the village tavern), with the regularity of a toper going for his bitters, I never got appointed to an office by the township council but once. You see, there was a dispute between the township and the local Government about a drain that had been dug, under the provisions of John Sandfield Macdonald's Drainage Act, and I think, it was thought advisable by the council to ask for Government relief so as to lessen the burdens of the farmers in front of whose lots the drain ran. The reeve of the township and I were selected to make an inspection of the job—the reeve because he was a man of some consequence, and I because I was always handy with the pen and pretty good on figures. Well, we went out to inspect the drain, but I forgot to bring a theodolite or anything else for taking bearings, (and if I had brought them I could not have used them), and after we had looked at the ditch until we were both almost soaked with a heavy rain that was falling, we came unanimously to the conclusion that it was a fraud upon the free and independent electors of that section of the township, and that the Government ought to be made to stand in with the ratepayers and relieve them of a portion of the burden. It wasn't until we were well nigh home that it occurred to me that I had no data to go up my report for the local newspaper, so that the Government might know, in clearer tones, or words to that effect, that the heart of the township and neighboring villages yearned for relief in the matter of that particular ditch. How-

ever, I didn't let on to the reeve, and he didn't know but that I was loaded. When I arrived at the village I went to a shop that was in the habit of doing artist work down in the city occasionally. I told him that I wanted him to draw a picture of a pair of scales with the price of the ditch on one plate and the benefits to the farmers on the other. The benefits were to be tilted up to the beam by the enormous cost of the construction, as a matter of course. The artist also drew a granger with high boots and a "yaller dog" standing by the scales and gazing horror stricken at the cost of the concern which was enumerated in good big figures. I then got the local editor to arrange to have the cartoon cut out of a block of wood, type high for the local sheet, and got one of the neighbors to engrave the picture on the block with a jack-knife. The next issue of the Weekly Thunderer had a long article on the drain question from the facile pen of yours truly, illustrated by the jack-knife engraving above referred to, and was admired as a work of typographic art and artistic merit by the hundreds of readers who draw their literary inspiration from the long primer articles that filled its columns weekly. The reeve was tickled to death almost about "our cartoon," and when the township council got up the memorial praying the Government to rebate a portion of the cost of the drain, a number of copies of the illustrated Thunderer accompanied the document. I am pleased to be able to state that a large rebate was made, and the reeve afterwards told me that he guessed it was "our cartoon" that brought the Government to a thorough realization of the facts of the case. Some of these days when I want to drive home some wholesome truths to the readers of this column of THE SIGNAL, I will favor my readers with a few samples of jack-knife cartoons.

—But, for the land's sake, if I haven't wandered away from my subject. What I intended to say is that the motion for adjournment of the Colborne council was made to the 26th of May, and not to the 26th of March, as appeared in the last issue of THE SIGNAL. I don't know exactly, why the next meeting is put off to so late a date, but suppose it is so that the well-known religious views of our reeve and deputy will have full scope. You see, they commenced the municipal campaign with a protracted meeting that Sunday afternoon out at the corner, and now they are inclined to hold quarterly meetings in connection with the council. I guess, I've got 'em again.

THE London Free Press got off a good one the other day, at the expense of some of its own party. M. C. Cameron, M.P. for West Huron, in his rattling speech at St. Thomas, likened a certain class of Tories to "Tito Barnacles." The editor of the Free Press, who doesn't possess a literary ear, finds fault with Mr. Cameron for calling them "tight barnacles." Perhaps the Free Press editor sees an affinity between Toryism and being "tight."

LONDON rejoices in a new and thriving industry. It flourishes in the shape of a candy shop, but in the rear of the store there is a room partitioned off where boys are taught the use of tobacco, cigars, snuff and other similar luxuries; and where they are encouraged to play "hokey" from school. Our advice do not state that there is a tall chimney in connection with the establishment, but we are anxiously waiting for the Free Press to announce it as another product of the N.P. There is no contention on this question too absurd for the London Tory organ to make.

## The Champion Liar.

"How wicked is the story that grievances against the Government were the justification for the outbreak.—[Toronto Mail.]

"The Metis had good grounds for grievances."—[The Mail.]

## Colborne.

CONSERVATION.—By a mistake on the part of the compositor the date of the next meeting of the township council was put for the 26th of March instead of the 26th of May.

PORT ELGIN last week lost one of its oldest and most respected residents in the death of Dr. Douglas. He died when visiting friends at Milton and his remains were taken to Port Elgin for interment. The Dr. had amassed considerable wealth from his profession, and in addition to this left a large amount of life insurance.



JUST IN TIME.

BY ADLINE SERGEANT.

Author of "Jacob's Wife," "Under False Pretences," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

MAGGIE LOGAN'S OATH.

Janet Douglas covered as if she could have sunk into the earth. In the extremity of her terror she forgot to breathe. She waited for pardon like a frightened child. "Oh, forgive me, forgive me," she said. "I did not know. I only wanted to look for something."

"You were stealing," said the old man. "You wanted my son's inheritance. God's curse light upon you for a heartless, wicked woman if you wronged my boy of a single halfpenny! You shall have no chance—no chance—no chance! You shall go, do you hear? You shall leave the house tomorrow—and your boy!"

"Oh, father, don't say such things," cried Mrs. Douglas, sobbing. "I'll never do it again—I'll—"

"What were you doing?" said the laird, still moving and speaking with the preternatural strength of voice and limb lent him for the nonce by nervous excitement. "What were you doing? Get up, woman. Speak; what did you want?"

Mrs. Douglas rose from her knees, to which she had sunk in a self-humiliation. But she could not speak for sobs, and Mr. Lockhart seemed scarcely to expect her to answer him. He thrust her backward and made one step towards the bureau, where the open tin box, the scattered papers and jewels, told their own tale.

"They were my mother's—they ought to be mine," said Mrs. Douglas, with a burst of hysterical outburst. "The pearls were promised to me when I was a girl."

She got no further. The old man took the string of pearls and flung them in her face. "Keep them," he said, "and keep the luck they bring you. You will get nothing else."

Mrs. Douglas clutched the pearls firmly to her bosom. She loved them for their own sake, and she had the folly to attempt to thank her father for the ill-omened gift.

"I'm sure I am very much obliged to you," she gasped. The commonplace words sounded like a sentence from a comedy engraved upon some strangely tragic piece when uttered face to face with the laird's gaunt and ghastly figure, his high forehead, his livid lips, his eyes, the purple veins standing out strong and hard upon his forehead and his hands, the bands of perspiration gathered upon his brow.

But Mrs. Douglas said was not one that could see tragedy anywhere. The laird, the more serious details of life blocked up her vision. "I shall keep it for your sake."

"Do you wish to drive me mad?" inquired the laird. "Hold your tongue; I'll not listen to another word. Go, go, I say."

With out hand on the open box and the other warning her away, he looked like the weird impersonation of avarice or greed. And yet it was not a quality to be called by one of these ugly names that raised in him this passion of anger and ardent desire to guard his wealth. It was rather the wish to repair a wrong already done.

The little onlooker, who had hitherto passed unobserved, now came into view. Maggie was neither frightened nor startled by the sight of the old man, who was simply curious. And she knew by instinct that Mrs. Douglas would not scold her for her presence at that moment—that she might even be glad of it and turn it to account. It was with unshaken confidence, therefore, that she stepped forward with Mr. Lockhart's wondrously-quick-dressing gown over her arm.

"The master'll be wanting his birr gone," she said calmly to Mrs. Douglas. "He'll get his death o' could if he diana pit something on."

"Yes, indeed," moaned Mrs. Douglas, "but how can I speak to him, Maggie, and him so angry like? I'm terrified to go near him."

Maggie Logan, while Mrs. Douglas only heard in the words a possible condonation of her offences.

But in a second or two Mrs. Douglas felt bound to acknowledge the justice of Maggie's remark. The old man seized the box in both hands, pressed it closely to him and walked past them, muttering as he went. Only when his daughter tried to follow him with advice, offers of help and pleas for pardon, he waved her angrily away.

"Back with you," he said. "Back!" And Janet Douglas shrank away in terror of the fierce light in his haggard eyes, the threatening movement of his hand. He marched to the door of the room, flung it open, hesitated for one moment only upon the threshold, and then went straight out into the dimly-lighted corridor.

"He'll hit himself! he'll catch his death of cold!" cried Mrs. Douglas, roused to genuine distress, wringing her hands and sobbing aloud as she spoke. "And—oh, me! I haven't go after him, and there's no knowing what he'll do."

"Will no one see the men?" said Maggie. "No, no—at least, I don't know. Run, Maggie; run after him and see where he's gone; there's a good girl, now, knock at your aunt's door and Simpson's door as you pass, so that they may get him back to bed. And, Maggie, don't let him leave the box anywhere—bring it back with you, or notice where he puts it," said Mrs. Douglas, following the girl to the door.

"He's likely gone to hide it, so keep your eyes open, there's a good girl, and I'll give you the white dress you were talking about, tomorrow."

Maggie nodded, and ran out of the room. She was not afraid of the laird; not she. In fact she was a girl to whom fear did not come very readily; she was too curious by nature to be afraid of the unknown. The love of knowledge would always be stronger in her than the fear of consequences. So, while Mrs. Douglas stood shivering and trembling in the well warmed, well lighted bedroom, the girl of twelve ran boldly and lightly through the dark passages in the wake of a man whom passion had for the time being transformed into a raging madman.

The laird tread softly, having socks upon his feet, and no one was aroused by his passing footsteps. As for Maggie, her feet were bare, as she had taken off shoes and stockings for purposes of her own when she came into the laird's room that night, so that the following noiseless tread of her feet upon the carpeted floor had caught up her vision.

He passed a side table on the landing, and he went through the narrow passages of the old-fashioned, irregular building with quick, unobtrusive steps, holding the candlestick aloft in one hand, and clutching the box under his arm with the other. The candle made an odd circle of light around him, and the shadow of his gaunt figure, with the long flowing garment wrapped loosely round it, looked in the distance like an attendant spectre pursuing him into the darkness. Not that anything occurred to Maggie, who was scarcely to be called imaginative. She was a little heathen in matters of religion—materialist by nature, who believed in the good things to eat, to drink, and to wear; and though there was a fund of superstition latent in her mind, it did not come readily to the front; and she was devoted with curiosity to know what Mr. Lockhart was going to do.

The laird went up and down the stairs and passages in what seemed at first a rather aimless fashion; but Maggie soon guessed that he had had the cunning to get off in one direction and then to take another simply in order to baffle Mrs. Douglas's curiosity. Yet he never once looked back to see whether or not she was following. He took the way which led to a part of the house known as the West wing, and Maggie guessed that he was going to his study, which was situated in that direction.

The laird and his silent follower crossed the hall—not the front hall, but one from which a side door opened upon the lawn and shrubbery—then turned sharp round to the left. Here a short, dark passage led to a staircase and two upper rooms which had been for many years devoted to the books and papers of the master of the house. These two rooms opened into one another. The upper one was very large, but neither room was very large. The lower room was almost completely filled with books.

Maggie lingered for a moment on the stairs. She began to feel that there was some slight danger in the quest. If the laird turned back and came suddenly upon her what would he do or say? But, finding that he had come into the inner room and seemed to be lingering there, she thought the steps, though with a little trepidation, and advanced on tip-toe into the upper room, whence she had a clear view of Mr. Lockhart and his proceedings.

"Open door!" said Maggie to herself once more, as she looked. The laird had set the candle down upon the table, and there the light flickered in the draught, and the wax ran down the candlestick in great white drops. He was standing at the bookshelves, pulling out some of the books and giving them upon a chair. Maggie noticed that his brow-

ing seemed hurried and difficult; it was so loud that it resembled a succession of groans rather than ordinary respiration. When he had made a space about two feet in length, he stopped, put his lean hand inside and felt cautiously along the wall. Maggie leaned forward to learn the reason for this mysterious action. There was a little hidden chamber or cupboard in the wall, which was completely screened from view by the books. Indeed, it was invisible even when the books were taken away. Probably only an instructed eye could have found the place where, by pressing in a particular spot, the panel slid backward and revealed the narrow space in which, if tradition spoke truth, many a valuable jewel or paper had been concealed in days gone by. Very few knew of this hiding place. Janet Douglas even did not know of it, and it was quite possible that Mr. Lockhart himself and perhaps the family lawyer or the old factor were the only depositaries of the secret of its existence.

Into this little press, then, the laird thrust the precious box, which he had not even taken the trouble to lock. Papers, bank notes, gold, and jewels were all hidden in dire confusion under the lid. One of the ornaments had fallen unperceived to the floor as he passed through the outer room. Maggie picked it up and thrust it into her pocket. It was the Indian jewel, with a setting of gold filigree-work and the engraved characters upon its ruddy surface.

"There, there!" said the laird to himself as he pushed the box as far back as it would go, and reclosed the sliding door. "There! I have made it as tight as I can. She will never think of looking here. It is safe now—quite safe. The land won't go to Bertie. It's Anthony's. And there will be a Lockhart of Glenberrie to the end of time, as there should be. Safe, safe!" And with a chuckle of almost fiendish glee, he fitted the books one by one into their places, so that not a trace of their removal should be seen. Then he turned round and took the candle from the table. For the first time he staggered a little, as if he could scarcely walk. Maggie wondered to herself how he meant to get down those steep stairs without assistance.

She hoped that he would pass her by unseen, as he came out of the inner room. She shrank back into the darkness. But the cold clear winter moon was rising above the tops of the gaunt trees without, and its first beam came through an unshuttered window in the room and fell straight upon her aureole of golden hair. It was this gleam of brilliance which caught the eye of Mr. Lockhart as he came with lagging footsteps and dying energy into the outer room. The thought that some one had dug his footsteps stimulated all his rage once more. He sprang forward and seized the girl by the arm.

"Why are you here?" he said. "Why are you spying upon me?" "Oh dear! ye're hurtin' my arm," whimpered Maggie, with a shrill cry, which she hoped might bring help from some other portion of the household. "I'm no spyin' upon ye. I'm no daein' naething."

"What have you seen?" asked the old man, redoubting the force of his grasp upon her arm with such violence that Maggie screamed with pain as well as fright. "I've seen naething."

"False! False! What have you seen?" "I saw you," gasped Maggie, feeling herself obliged to speak the truth. "I saw ye pit the box into the hole in—"

"You saw where I put it? Then swear that you will not tell her—her, my daughter—where it is. You will not let her know—never, never, so help you God!" said the old man, in whose eyes the light of a desperate reason shone with unnatural brilliancy. "Never, do you hear?"

"No, no, I'll never tell her," cried Maggie. "Swear it, or I'll kill you—I'll throw you down the stairs. Swear it, I say."

Maggie burst into tears; she could think of nothing better to do or say. But the tears did not soften the laird's heart. His brain seemed to have had a great shock, and he repeated his wild threat until Maggie said the words that he wished to hear—a grim imprecation of evil on herself if she ever revealed his secret.

Then he let her go. She followed him to the head of the stairs, afraid now to be left alone in the dark, little as she liked to accompany him. He went first, muttering and raving as he descended the steps; and wonderful to relate, he got down safely. Maggie came after him; but before she had reached the bottom of the stairs she heard a sudden stumble, a groan, a fall. She rushed forward. Just at the entrance to the moonlight Mr. Lockhart had fallen on his face. The candle had rolled from his hands, but the moonbeams rested coldly and brightly upon his prostrate figure. Maggie ran forward to his side and called loudly for help.

She then tried to raise the old man's head, which was bleeding from its fall upon the stones. She heard voices and footsteps upon the stairs, and she knew that help was at hand. But before the

servants, with Mrs. Pirie and Mrs. Douglas, arrived, Mr. Lockhart had regained consciousness. He lifted up his face, to which the moonbeams gave a peculiarly ghastly look, and gazed at Maggie with wild, threatening eyes. "Mind," he said, "if you break your word, I'll come back from the grave to punish you. Swear to keep your promise."

"I will—I will," said Maggie, whose face was as white as his own with fear. The old man smiled. "I've won the day," he said feebly. "It's been tough and go with Anthony and Glenberrie; but he'll get after all! We've won, Anthony! We've won!"

And then his head fell back upon Maggie Logan's arm. A strange choking sound was heard in his throat, a convulsive twist passed over those pallid features; then a short sigh or two issued from the livid lips. Mrs. Pirie was just in time to see the last quiver pass through the worn-out body which had served John Lockhart so well for nearly eighty years. Then came that indescribable settling down of every muscle to its last long rest, which one recognises at once as the sign and seal of death. There was nothing more to be said of done in Bertie Douglas's behalf. The laird of Glenberrie was dead, and there was neither power nor device nor wisdom nor knowledge in the grave to which he had gone down.

(CONTINUED.)

Threatened Danger. In the fall of '84 Randall Miller, of Montreal, N. S., was prostrated to his death by an attack of insipient consumption. Certain remedies all failed. He rapidly grew debilitated, and friends despaired of his recovery. He tried Burdock Blood Bitters, with immediate relief, followed by a speedy cure.

The Cost of Drinks. Temperance advocates tell us that if everybody would stop drinking beer and whisky, business would immediately revive. That sounds like an overdrawn statement, but if his often been shown that those who drink pay more money into the coffers of the taxons than the whole country pays in taxes. If it were not so evident that the appetite blunts the reason it would appear amazing that men, who will haggle over a few cents in the price of a pair of boots, which are sold at a very small profit, or will buy adulterated coffee because it is a little cheaper than the genuine, will pay immense profits on the beer and whisky they drink without a thought of the way in which they are imposed upon. They follow statistics are quoted to illustrate this drain upon the drinkers:—A glass of beer costs five cents. There are 640 glasses in a barrel, so that the retailer receives \$32 for every barrel of beer he draws. The profit is something like 400 per cent. At least 15,000,000 barrels of beer were consumed in this country last year, for which the drinkers paid the aggregate of \$480,000,000. Whisky and other strong drinks average seven cents a glass, or \$4.48 a gallon at retail. About 78,000,000 gallons were imbibed in this country last year, the drinkers paying therefor nearly \$350,000,000. Imagine the hullabaloo that would be raised if the retailers of groceries and provisions charged such tremendous profits on their goods. Now, supposing this \$800,000,000 spent yearly for drinks that do no good were saved or spent for articles of use and real comfort. That vast sum would buy a good suit of clothes for every man in the land, give every woman a decent dress and bonnet, and clothe and shoe every child. The economic uses of \$800,000,000, put where it would do the most good, are incalculable, and those who tell us that business would at once revive if every body stopped drinking, do not appear to be very far out of the way after all. (Springfield Union.)

Mrs. M. C. Montague, Oalloway, Fayette Co., Tenn., suffered for years with a number of troubles incidental to females. First "Hys" was applied Applied by Dr. Giles, whose remedies gave her instant relief. She is now enjoying good health, and has recommended a number of her friends to the Doctor for treatment, and all have experienced the same relief by using his Eminent Tonic Ammonia. Sold by E. Jordan, Goderich.

The Mail having declared that it will appear, if need be, the London Advertiser rub it in by advising the Mail to obtain Sir John's advice and then act the contrary way.

It is just as essential that the human body should have pure blood, as that a tree or plant should have sap to nourish and invigorate its growth. Nearly all our bodily ills arise from impure blood. Burdock Blood Bitters purifies this fountain of life, and regulates all the vital organs to a healthy condition.

An unparalleled sensation is being created all over Ontario by the wonderful and unequalled manner in which Rheumatism, Toothache, Rheumatism, Backache, Headache, is removed but by one application of Fluid Lightning. No offensive, disgusting drugs need be taken for days. It is an instant cure. Try a 50c. bottle from George Rhymer, druggist.

It is certainly glad tidings to the poor invalid to be informed of a remedy that will give prompt and sure relief in case of painful aneurism. Such a remedy is Hayward's Yellow Oil, adapted for internal and external use in all ordinary aches, pains, lameness and soreness. It cures rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat, cramp and all inflammatory pains. 2

This is my daughter Lucy," said a minister, presenting a young lady of sixteen to a brother of the cloth whom he was introducing to the family. "And this," he continued, turning to the next younger, "is my daughter Fanny, also a Christian."

One or two others were presented with a similar remark, and then came the little four-year-old, of whom he simply said: "And this is our baby—our little Mary."

"And I'm a Tia," too," said the little one, putting her chubby paw in the minister's hand. "Amen!" chorused the good man. (Chicago Ledger.)

The liver secretes bile to move the bowels; the kidneys secrete urine, to carry off uric acid, which would poison the blood; the stomach secretes gastric juice to digest or dissolve the food, etc. Burdock Blood Bitters acts upon these organs and purifies the blood by cleansing all the secretions of the system. 2

Scotland is not so Conservative as many believe. In the recent elections she only returned ten of that political complexion out of her seventy-two members. Wales is still more inclined to Liberalism, having elected only three Conservatives to twenty-seven Liberals. The number of Roman Catholics in the house has increased from sixty to eighty-three, and for the first time since the reformation Scotland has sent a Roman Catholic.

National Pills purify the Blood, regulate Stomach, Liver and Bowels. During the breaking up of winter, when the air is chilly and the weather damp, such complaints as rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, sore throat, cramp, and other painful effects of sudden cold, are prevalent. It is then that Hayward's Yellow Oil is found truly valuable as a household remedy. 2

Beware of any druggist who will try to induce you to take anything in place of McGreor & Parke's Catholic Ointment. It is a sure relief for Sore, Cuts, Burns, etc. No family should be without it. It has no equal. Get McGreor & Parke's, and have no other. Only 25c. per box at George Rhymer's drug store.

Liniment Iodide Ammonia.



The speediest and most certain medicine in the world. ALL FAMILIES USE IT. Weak Back, Enlarged Joints, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lightness, Sciatica, Protrusion Uterus, Female Weakness. The best and only certain remedy to relieve pain of all kinds, no matter how long standing. Instant relief guaranteed in Cripples, Swollen Joints, Yaws, Venous Bites of Insects or Sick Headache. No oil or grease; is clean and sweet; will not soil. Inflammation of the Kidneys, Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Incontinence of Urine. Is the only Liniment in the world possessing alterative powers. Can be taken internally; cures Cramps and Colic, Diarrhoea and Dysentery. Sold by all Druggists. Trial Bottle, 5c. Write for full particulars to E. McCann, who will give advice on all diseases free of charge. Beware of unscrupulous dealers and counterfeits. The genuine has the name blown in the glass and facsimile of the discoverer's name over each cork.

Giles' Improved Mandrake Pills. Safe, sure, reliable and effective. Do not gripe. Purely vegetable. No mercury, antimony, arsenic. They can be relied on for all Disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, etc. Sold by all druggists at 25c. per box. Full supply of Dr. Giles' Remedies at E. JORDAN'S drug store, Goderich, Ont. 1812-y

1885. GODERICH WOOLEN MILLS.

To the Wool Growers of the Surrounding Country: We wish to say that we are prepared to take your Wool in exchange for Goods, or work it for you into any of the following articles, viz. Blankets—White, Grey or Horse. Shirtings—Grey or Check. Cloths—Tweeds or Full Cloths, Light or Heavy. Flannels—White, Grey, Colored, Union, Plaid or Twill. Sheetings—Broad or Narrow. Stocking Yarn—White, Grey, Colored or in Colors. Carpet Wares made to order. ROLL CARDING. Our facilities for this work cannot be surpassed. We will endeavor in most cases to do the day it is brought in, if required. Custom Spinning and Reeling, or Spinning on the Cap, coarse or fine, hard or soft twist, as required. We are in a position to do all kinds of custom work, usually done in a full set custom mill, and we will guarantee to do for you fully equal, if not a little better than any in our surroundings. A call respectfully solicited. E. McCANN, East End Woolen Mills, Goderich, May 18th, 1885.

FASHIONABLE FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

HUGH DUNLOP, FASHIONABLE TAILOR. Fall and Winter Stock of Tweeds, etc., now fully assorted. A CALL SOLICITED. Ready-Made Clothing & Overcoats. A Splendid Assortment, Cheap. Remember the Place—West street, next door to Bank of Montreal. Goderich, Oct. 1st, 1885.

CHEAP HARDWARE.

Best Hot-Cut Iron Nails for \$2.55 per 100 lbs. CASH. Best Barb Wire 6 1/4 c. lb. CASH. This Wire stood a test lasting period of 1875 lbs. strain, in the Northern R. Car Shops, Toronto BEATING ALL COMPETITORS. I have imported a large shipment of BLANKS from Germany, very fine quality, and having imported direct, I can sell at 25c. cheaper than ever sold here before. All my SHELF AND HEAVY HARDWARE is sold on the same cheap basis as above. PAINTS and OILS sold nowhere so cheap as I am selling them. Get your BUILDING HARDWARE from me and save money.

R. W. MCKENZIE BOOTS & SHOES

Downing & Weddup. Got to announce to the Public that they have opened business in the above Store in the store lately occupied by Horace Newton. Having purchased a large and well assorted stock of Spring and Summer Goods at close figures, we are determined to give the Public the benefit. QUOTE SALES, SMALL PROFITS WILL BE OUR MOTTO. Please call and examine our goods before purchasing elsewhere. Our Store is at the place, next door to J. Wilson's Drug Store. Our work will receive our special attention. Note that the best of material used and first-class workmen employed. Repairing neatly done on the shortest notice. Goderich March 3 1886. DOWNING & WEDDUP







English weekly paper. The Canadian, The Week, and a paper to say which I - From a letter by Thomas V. - From a letter by Thomas V.

Week

NAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY LITERATURE. Thursday, Feb. 19, 1886. THE WEEKLY... THE WEEKLY... THE WEEKLY...

Week

upon its third year with prospects, and with many... THE WEEKLY... THE WEEKLY... THE WEEKLY...

Week

Following is a synopsis of the paper on butter making read at the Western Dairywomen's Convention at Woodstock, recently, by Hon. Harris Lewis of New York State.

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Fun and Fancy.

A husband in Vermont was in the habit of putting a porous plaster over his wife's mouth to stop her gabbling, but the court called it a case of assault and he must now either liberate her tongue or submit to her talk.

"You will oblige me by taking this seat, madam," said a polite passenger in a street car, touching his hat. The lady took the seat. "Thank you," said the polite passenger. "You are quite welcome," was the gracious reply.

When General Sherman was at Fort Bayard he was asked by an Indian chief for an old field piece that stood out in the enclosure. "Can't have it," was the answer. "Why not?" "What do you want with it; to kill soldiers?" "Ugh, no. Use 'em kill cowboys. Kill soldiers with 'em."

"What is there in a mince pie?" Such is the world over. The human mind is too prone to penetrate the eternal mysteries of the universe. And thus often gets beyond the limits of its own understanding. As the wishes said to Deborah: "And do more."

The man whose lungs back prevents him breaking up kindling wood or lighting the kitchen fire in the morning is invariably the volunteer leader of an attack on a pile of cut wood in the endeavor to uncover and capture the frightened rabbit.

A Connecticut paper remarks that it has been very truly said that when an editor makes a mistake in his paper, all the world sees it and calls him a fool. When a private citizen makes a mistake, nobody knows it except a few friends, and they come around and ask the editor to keep it out of the paper.

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Hard Times Everywhere.

If matters go on at the rate they have been doing for the last few years, it is evident that Canadian Cities and towns will have to face a serious paper problem. The Ottawa Free Press states that the Mayor of the Dominion Capital the other day expressed himself in this fashion: There have been three children at my house this cold morning in search of relief, and the number of people who call on me is on the increase every day.

It is the history of medicine no preparation has received such universal commendation, for the alleviation it affords and the permanent curative effects in kidney diseases as Dr. Van Buren's Kidney Cure. Its action in these distressing complaints is simply wonderful. Sold by J. Wilson.

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SHORTHAND BOOKS FOR SALE.

Isaac Pitman's Phonography. Every Boy and Girl should Learn SHORTHAND. THE PHONOGRAPHIC ALPHABET.

Diagram showing the Phonetic Alphabet with consonants, vowels, and diphthongs. Includes a list of words like 'AH', 'EH', 'EE', 'AW', 'OH', 'OO' and their corresponding symbols.

The Teacher, 20c. The Manual, 40c. McGILLICUDDY BROS., GODERICH, ONT.

Goderich Foundry and Machine Works, Runciman Bros., Proprietors. CONTRACTS TAKEN FOR STEAM ENGINES, FLOURING MILLS, AND OTHER MACHINERY WANTED.

DOMINION CARRIAGE WORKS, GODERICH. ALEX. MORTON, MANUFACTURER OF FINE CARRIAGES CUTTERS.

QUEEN CITY OIL WORKS AGAIN VICTORIOUS! HIGHEST HONORS AND GOLD MEDAL FOR PEERLESS OIL.

DRY-GOODS and Groceries. Dress Goods, Shirts, and Tweeds.

Highest Price Paid for Butter & Eggs. DUNN'S BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND.

Travelling Guide

Table with columns for Grand Trunk, Express, Mixed, and other services, listing routes and times.

Amusements. GODERICH MECHANICS' INSTITUTE LIBRARY AND READING ROOM, cor. of East street and Square (up stairs).

C.A. NAIRN HAS EVERYTHING YOU WANT IN GROCERIES, NEW AND FRESH FOR 1886.

China and Glassware. No Trouble to Show Goods.

C. A. NAIRN, GODERICH PLANING MILL ESTABLISHED 1855. Buchanan, Lawson & Robinson Sash, Doors & Blinds.

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DAKOTA DASHES.

An interesting letter from the Territory where so many Canadians reside.

St. Thomas, Dak., Jan. 26th, 1886. When receiving my subscription, I thought I would send you a few items which may be of interest to some of your readers.

Up to the first of this month we were cut off from the weather. Since that date we have had such weather as Dakota gets credit for at this time of year, the mercury ranging from 0 to 38 degrees below.

Many of my neighbors are drawing water for their stock, from one half to one mile. Three or four have sunk wells about 85 feet deep. In one of them the water is so salt that the stock did not drink it freely at first; in two others the water is bad, coming off blue clay, and in one well the water is good.

Stock is increasing very fast here, especially horses. If I could tell you the number of horses brought here and sold during the past two or three years, it would appear almost incredible. And still they come, some from Illinois, Iowa, and southern Minnesota, and some from Ontario. According to reports there will be a greater number of horses brought here for sale next spring than ever before.

Scientific farming has no show here. We haven't time to measure the land. We prepare for spring by ploughing once all we can the previous fall—even what is ploughed in the latter part of July and August is considered ready for crop the following spring. To keep the land from getting exhausted, we are going to summer fallow (by ploughing once) one-third or one-fourth of our land every year. Most farmers here have bought as many horses as they could (generally on credit); then if they have not enough land they rent or work some on share, and they are generally coming out all right.

The elevator men are very anxious to secure the wheat this year. When one began to load money to farmers on the security of the wheat delivered at the elevator, to enable them to hold for higher prices, all the others followed suit. A good deal of wheat is at present in the way, the farmers paying 8 per cent. for the money, and one cent per bushel per month for storage, &c., and getting the market price less ten cents. In delivering our wheat this year we had no rush, as there are five elevators at St. Thomas, and no doubt considerable wheat is yet in the granaries of the farmers.

To give you an idea of the business done at St. Thomas, I asked the merchant with whom I deal what the amount of his business was, and he replied that he had (last October) \$36,000 on his books, and he gives credit only from April till October or November. He is one of five general merchants. St. Thomas is now incorporated. This is not so bad for a town three and a half years old.

Regarding taxes, we built a school house last fall, 16x24, costing \$282, which we are paying for with last year's rate and this year's rate which is 17 mills on the \$1. Our total rate in this school district is 25 cents per \$100. For 100 acres of land, six horses, two cows and some machinery, is \$1,300. Our township is 6412 miles. The offices are three supervisors (or councillors), two J. P.'s, two constables, a treasurer, (who receives the money, the township rate, from the county treasurer), several overseers of highways, and poundkeepers. We have no collector—we send our taxes to the county treasurer.

We have sold bonds at par, bearing 10 per cent., and running five and ten years, to pay for a grader and ditcher, which cost \$1,000. We have graded 11 miles of road with it the past season. Three men and 12 horses are required to work it. We expect great results from it every farmer who wants to make a ditch can have it by providing the horses, &c. Nearly half a mile of road can be graded in a day. In grading about two teams are necessary to harrow and level the grade. As our soil is almost free from stones, it works beautifully here. Almost every township near us has bought one.

What with the sins of John A. and his government, and some of your school officials, you have made it interesting to your readers during the past year. We are not so particular here—at least in school matters. Our teacher is one of the school board (the district clerk). He intended to resign, but, as the county superintendent said it wasn't necessary, he didn't do so.

Fearful that I may have written what may not be news to many of your readers. So many have come from here to Ontario this winter that Dakota will be pretty well known. Yours, &c., JAS. TISDALE.

Scenillier. Julius Weize is visiting friends in the vicinity of Blyth at present.

Kintall. The boys from Dakota have soured the praises of that country to such an extent that several of our young men have decided to visit that land of promise in the spring.

We understand that our stovekeeper, Martin Whitty, has been awarded the druggist's license for the municipality of Ashfield. Mr. Whitty, we think, will not go beyond the law in this matter, and will keep the best to be had for medicinal purposes.

East Wawanosa. Revival services are being held at Hoover's church. They are conducted by Rev. Mr. Caswell.

Roderick Anderson and wife, formerly of this place, and who for the past two years have been living in Manitoba, are visiting friends in this vicinity at present.

Some of the young people of Westfield drove over to K. Anderson's on Wednesday last week, where a very enjoyable evening was spent tripping the light fantastic.

Robert McDowell, who is about to leave here for Dakota, had a wood bee and a quiting bee on Friday last week, and for the enjoyment of pleasure-seekers indulged in a party at night.

Locknow.

SICKNESS.—John Baird, station master, has been sick for some time with inflammation of the lungs.

Town Hall.—The plastering on the new town hall is completed, and the whole work will soon be finished.

Revival Services.—Revival services will be commenced in the Methodist church this week. We hope much good may be done.

New Bell.—A new bell, weighing about 1000 lbs., has been obtained for the Methodist church in this place. It will add to the appearance of the new structure.

CATYAL WEDDING.—On Monday evening last a large number of friends and relatives assembled at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. MacCrimmon to celebrate the fifteenth anniversary of their marriage, or crystal wedding. The many rich and valuable presents sent to the doctor and his amiable partner on that occasion fully accord with the high esteem in which they are held by the citizens of our village.

Blusvale. Mrs. John Farrow has been very ill for the past few weeks.

A rumor is in circulation that we are to have another concert.

C. Jackson and Miss Jackson, of con. 1, Morris, arrived from the west on Friday last.

The wedding party of John Farrow, son of Thos. Farrow, M.P., passed through here one day last week.

Mrs. T. D. Pedersen, under the auspices of the W. O. T. U. is to deliver a lecture on "Home Influence" next Monday evening in the Presbyterian church.

The Methodist parsonage, which has been in the course of erection the last few months, is now completed, and fills the gap in that block which has looked so bare, adding greatly to the beauty of that end of the village.

James Johnson and Miss Maggie Anderson were united in the bonds of holy matrimony, determined to fight life's battles together, on Monday evening last, and for their new home, Manitoba, on Tuesday morning.

Mr. Slemmon, principal of our school, who has been sick for some time, decided this week to give up and take a rest. Mr. Thompson is teaching during his absence. It is to be hoped Mr. Slemmon will soon be able to attend to his duties again.

Miss. Lewis Taylor is building a new house. Surely the boy is not going to keep him. By the signs of the times we don't think he will.

The Nio Literary and Debating Society held a literary contest on last Tuesday evening, 16th inst. The captains were Thomas Alton and William Baillie, the latter's side winning. The judges were Thos. Goodhill and Mr. McGibbin.

Rev. Mr. McCosh, of Winham, gave one of his best addresses in the interest of the Bible Society that has ever been given at the Nio. At the close of the lecture there was a branch started, with the following officers: Joseph Hetherington, president; David McWhinnie, secretary; John Dastow, Wm. Baillie, and James Girvin, executive committee.

There will be a literary entertainment here on the 26th, in interest of Nio Literary and Debating Society. Leeborn and Benruiller societies are to assist with the program. We expect it to be a grand success, as the Nio has always been noted for the good program it furnishes in this line. With the assistance they have secured we would expect a full house. Admission 10c.

Paramount. Mrs. R. D. Cameron, of Belfast, and Miss Minnie Murdoch, of Locknow, are visiting friends in our burg.

John Martin, one of our pioneer farmers, is spending a few weeks of recreation with his friends near Kingston.

R. E. Brown, an old teacher, but now insurance agent, of Locknow, spent a pleasant afternoon with our dominie, H. Horton. He looks as if his new occupation agreed with him.

Miss Jennie Brooks and Miss Martha Murdoch and Messrs. Richards, Horton and Murdoch took part in the program at the Farmers' concert at Ripley on Tuesday of last week. They report a superb time.

Miss Mary E. Murchison, Will Murdoch and Samuel Murchison took in the sights of Kincairdine last week.

The large bell in the new Methodist church, Locknow, was distinctly heard here on Sunday last. Locknow can now boast of having a bell as large as even Paramount.

Prof Cameron exhibited his wonderful panoramas here on Thursday last.

Valentines have been abundantly circulated here this week. Wm. Davis seems highly elated with his supply, and contemplates starting a picture gallery in connection with the saw mill business. Will be bound to succeed in whatever he undertakes.

A GLOSS CALL.—A promising young man from the neighborhood of Ambergly, after spending a happy time with his fair one, while returning to his home on Monday met with what might have been a serious accident. While passing along in deep meditation, thinking happy thoughts and not looking where he was walking, he slipped over the end of a culvert, and was unmercifully hurled into the deep waters below. Since then Jack thinks of petitioning the council to have that part of the road widened.

Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine has been prepared with great skill and care, and the proprietor is confident it will maintain in Canada the reputation it has so justly won in the United States. For sale at Wilson's prescription drug store. Alex. Reid, general merchant, of Coldwater, Ont., says:—Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine is without doubt the best cough medicine I ever sold. It has done more good than any other, and is a household word around Coldwater. In-

Dunlop.

Mrs. McPhail, of Porter's Hill, was the guest of Mrs. Allen last week.

Miss Mary Connolly was visiting Mr. J. Tobin during the week.

DUNLOP HORSE FLESH.—On Thursday last R. Quaid sold his nine months old colt to Henry Sturdy, of Auburn, for \$100. Our cousins in Leeborn cannot beat that. It is a long time since we heard of prices being paid for horseflesh there to best ours. Dunlop is to the front.

A Lively Old Boy.—At a social hop a few evenings ago, that genial old son of Erin, P. O'Meara, who is one of the oldest residents in Co. Donegal, and is now in his 79th year, danced several Irish jigs in a way that astonished the gossips, and sung several old ditties in a vigorous voice. These dances and songs were rendered in a style that no one of his age can equal. We ask brother correspondents to let us know if they have as lively boys of that age in their neighborhood.

Goderich Township. Revival services have closed at Holmesville.

Mr. D. Calbeck will shortly return to British Columbia taking with him his accomplished young wife, Miss Acheson, whom he came such a long way to secure and whom many friends will regret to part with. Mr. Wm. Ford, son of Mr. Henry Ford, will likely go west with them, and probably some others.

On lot 37, con. 1, which is property of Mr. D. Allworth, there has been some talk work done lately. John Blair and Thos. E. Parker went to the bush, cut down and skidded the timber, and sawed, split and piled 10 cords, of 20 inch wood, inside of 8 hours. And they are willing to put up money that they can do the same again.

SOLD.—Mr. Stewart Plummer last week sold the balance of his real estate in Goderich township, being the south part of lot 25, con. 10, containing 60 acres, to Mr. Henry Hibbs, his son-in-law.

Leeborn. The members of the I.O.G.T. No 213 have accepted an invitation from the Nio Literary and Debating Society to help them with an entertainment shortly to be held in that village.

Our brisk little hamlet had quite a number of visitors during the past week or two. Among them were Mrs. Vidou and Mrs. Horton, of Goderich, Mr. and Mrs. Crick, of Tuckersmith, George Miller, of Woodstock, and J. Rapson, of Kilmurrin, Hollett.

W. C. Stewart took a load of the beauty and chivalry of this place, with some Dunlop belles, to call upon James Clarke, of Claremont, on the evening of 8th inst. The laird of the hill took his lady with him instead of a musket on this invasion, and the object of the visit was to try the new organ put in by Mr. Carke. The visitors were most hospitably entertained by the owner of Claremont, and a most "harmonious" evening was spent with organ and violin.

Last week a gay young knight from Hollett, among them were Mrs. Vidou and Mrs. Horton, of Goderich, Mr. and Mrs. Crick, of Tuckersmith, George Miller, of Woodstock, and J. Rapson, of Kilmurrin, Hollett.

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Anti Tobacco Society.—Your report-er held the regular meeting of the above named society last week, and was pleased with its mode of procedure. Messrs. Mallough and J. Girvin, of the Nio, were also present, and all were invited to the society. The questioner drew forth two important questions. The first, "How shall the Question be Popped?" called for comments from A. H. Clutton on behalf of the school-boys, and D. Comming for the Benefactors, and a resolution came to the question by Mr. Girvin. The second "Are Dancing Parties a benefit to Young People?" caused a lively discussion. Our Dunlop cotem, who was on hand, thought that such gatherings, if kept within reasonable hours, were beneficial. His views, however, were not shared by the majority, who considered that dancing to be an idle sport, and which led to no good results. J. G. Clutton, the acting editor of this term, read an article which was heartily listened to by all. Though not a member, we wish the infant society success. The same journal of the pipe does not profit, and the advice of every old snoker is "Don't begin it."

Selfest. George White has rented his farm to Andrew Ritchie, of Ashfield.

We are pleased to hear that Mrs. Robt. Bradford is recovered from her late sickness.

Miss Annie Mullin returned on Thursday last, after an extended visit to Bourne.

Miss Kate McCrosbie is spending a few weeks at Manchester with her sister, Mrs. Pritchard.

Mrs. R. D. Cameron is visiting her parents and old acquaintances in Paramount this week.

Mr. Brown, ex-teacher, of Colborne, is in our locality this week, pushing life insurance business.

Mr. and Mrs. James Mullin, of Seaforth, left for their home a few days ago, after spending a few weeks in Belfast.

James Agor, our local horse-dealer, last week sold a fine team to Paul Smetzer, and sold another to Mr. Fisher, of Goderich.

A literary society has been started lately by the pupils of our school, with Joseph Alton president, Maggie McCrosbie secretary, and Jeremiah Alton, Edward McLean and Susy Alton, committee of management.

In a lesson on false syntax and transposition of phrases in our public school a few days ago the following sentence was given: "Lost, an umbrella, by a lady with whitebone stays," and was corrected by one of the pupils by giving: "Lost, an umbrella, by a lady with whitebone stays."

Saratoga. ACCIDENT.—On Sunday, the 6th inst., as Mr. Hill, sr., was in the barn getting hay out of the mow, he lost his balance and fell a distance of six feet to the floor, where he lay unconscious for some time. His injuries are not serious.

Captain Baxter, of Goderich, recently paid a visit to Captain Moreland. They spent two very pleasant evenings, talking over past adventures. Capt. Baxter combined business with pleasure, and succeeded in getting a spar for his vessel.

Advers. It is said that John Russell, brick layer and plasterer, intends coming back to this country from England next spring.

Wm. Downey of this village, received the sad intelligence on Tuesday last of the death of his father in England on the 4th inst.

HORSE NOTES.—John Clark sold his two year old stallion to A. Young, of Kilmall, for the sum of \$250. He also sold a sucking colt for \$75. They were from "Honest Jim." Mr. Eritt sold his matched team for \$450.—Lawsan Moore, of the Base Line, sold his two year old stallion to David Fisher for \$200.—Wm. McBride, of the Maitland block, sold a horse for \$105 to Eli Fisher, for Dakota.

Wm. Jackson, of the 13th con., Hollett, sold a two year old horse for \$140.

Mr. L. M. Hall, superintendent of the Women's Reformatory Prison at Sherburn, Mass., publishes that out of an examination of 204 alcoholic women he has found that 128 began their drunkenness by the use of beer, 37 by drinking whiskey (as punch at first usually) 20 began with wine, eight with gin and 11 could not remember what beverage was first used. Several hopeless drunkards, far gone to the extent of insanity, never drank any other intoxicant than beer.

Boys must ask questions. If there were any truth in the old pagan theory of the transmigration of souls, the boy's soul when he dies must go into an interrogation point.

DEED. In Paramount, on Sunday, Feb. 7th, Berthe Cook, aged 8 years.

In Locknow, on Jan. 21st, Anna L. C. infant daughter of Mr. B. Mallough, grocer, aged 7 months.

On Friday, the 12th, at St. George's rectory, 219 South Street, Ottawa, Percy, eldest son of Rev. Percy Owen Jones, aged 3 years and 6 months.

In Goderich, on 17th February, 1886, at the residence of Dr. McLean, Mrs. Christian Glass, Registrar of Lambton, in her 84th year.

In Goderich, on Thursday, Feb. 15, Clifton Playfair, only son of A. E. and Lillie McGregor, aged 10 years and 10 days.

The funeral will take place today (Friday) at 2:30 p.m., from the residence of Capt. A. M. McGregor, Antigonish street.

Auctioneer. H. W. BALL, AUCTIONEER FOR THE COUNTY OF HURON. Sales attended at any part of the County. Address directed to Goderich, Ont., 1885.

JOHN KNOX, GENERAL AUCTIONEER and Land Valuator, Goderich, Ont. Having had considerable experience in the auctioneering trade, he is in a position to discharge with thorough satisfaction all commissions entrusted to him. Orders left at Martin's Hotel, Ottawa, or to my address, Goderich, P. O., carefully attended to. JOHN KNOX County Auctioneer. 1887-11

Loans and Insurance. \$500.00 TO LOAN. APPLY TO CAMERON HOLT & CAMERON, Goderich.

MONEY TO LEND.—A LARG amount of Private Funds, investment at lowest rates on all kinds of mortgages. Apply to GARROW & PROUDFOOT.

PRIVATE FUNDS TO LEND AT 6 and 6 1/2 per cent. on first-class farm security. Apply to R. C. HAYB, Solicitor, Goderich, 2014-11

R. RADLIFFE, GENERAL INSURANCE, REAL ESTATE AND MONEY LENDING AGENT. Only First-class Companies Represented.

TO PERSONS WANTING LOANS and desiring to change their mortgages and reduce their rate of interest. We supply private funds to any amount at 6 per cent. We also receive instructions from a client confiding a trust fund to lend out a installment loan on first-class farm mortgages at 5 1/2-2 per cent. Apply at once to SEAGER & LEWIS, opposite the Colborne Hotel, Goderich, 19th Nov., 1885. 2022-11

INSURANCE CARD. W. F. FOOT, Fire, Life and Marine Insurance Agent, GODERICH.

W. F. FOOT, Fire, Life and Marine Insurance Agent, GODERICH. The "London Assurance," incorporated 1720. The "National," incorporated 1825. Licensed to insure plate glass, in the Dominion.

The above are all first-class and old established companies. Please refer to lowest rates. Goderich Dec. 21st, 1884. 1975-

\$50.00 TO LOAN AT 6 PER CENT. THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS COY are prepared to loan money at 6 per cent., payable half yearly, on first-class farm security. TERMS TO SUIT BORROWERS, on first-class farm security. Apply to CAMERON, HOLT & CAMERON, Barristers, Goderich.

Agents for the Toronto General Trusts Co., on Farm and Town Property at lowest interest. CAMERON, HOLT & CAMERON have also a large amount of private funds to loan on first-class farm security. 1911-11

\$300.00 PRIVATE FUNDS TO LEND on farm and town property, at lowest interest. Mortgages purchased. No commission charged agents for the Trust and Loan Company of Canada, 125, Queen's Lane, London, England. The London Loan and Trust Company, of Canada, interest, 6, 6 1/2 and 7 per cent. N. B.—Borrowers can obtain money in one day, if title satisfactory.—DAVISON & JOHN DAVISON & JOHNSTON, Barristers, Goderich. 1976-

\$20,000 PRIVATE FUNDS TO LEND on Farm and Town Property at lowest interest. Mortgages purchased, no Commission charged. Over-secured. Few reasonable. N. B.—Borrowers can obtain money in one day, if title is satisfactory.—DAVISON & JOHN DAVISON & JOHNSTON, Barristers, Goderich. 1979

CARLOW.

JUST ARRIVED, a very heavy purchase of PRING GOODS,

Comprising some very nice Dress Goods, Colored and Black Kid Gloves, Haberdashery, Shirts, and the finest lot of English, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds ever shown at Carlow.

My motto from this date—WON'T BE UNDERSOLD. I give all a cordial invitation to call and inspect.

J. H. RICHARDS, CARLOW.

Township of Colborne AUDITORS' REPORT.

Table with columns for RECEIPTS and PAYMENTS, listing various financial items and amounts.

We, the undersigned auditors of the Township of Colborne for the year A.D. 1885, do hereby certify that the foregoing is just, true and correct in every particular, of the Receipts and Payments of the said Municipality, as shown and as appears by the original entries of the Treasurer's Books, and of the vouchers produced for the year ending 31st day of January, A.D. 1886. We further state, that we are pleased to state that we believe them to be true and correct in every particular.

Dated this second day of February, A.D. 1886. RABY WILLIAMS, Auditors. ALEXANDER REID, Auditors.

C. L. MCINTOSH, Next door to Rhynds' Drug Store. Keeps constantly a stock of his well-selected stock, choice.

Fresh Groceries, which will be found to compare favorably, both as regards quality and price, with any other stock in this vicinity.

TEAS AND SUGARS A SPECIALTY. In returning thanks to my customers for their patronage, I would also invite any other who will to call and inspect my stock.

C. L. MCINTOSH, South West side of the Square. Goderich, Feb. 18th, 1886.

New Grocery Store JAMES LUBY. Wishes to announce to the Public that he has opened out a new Grocery Store in CRABBS' BLOCK.

Where he will be pleased to meet that portion of the Public who wish to get New Goods at Cheap Prices.

TINWARE At Lowest Rates will be sold on the premises. A Special Counter for Small Wares has also been introduced.

Highest Price Paid for Butter and Eggs. A call respectfully solicited. JAMES LUBY, Crabbs' Block, East side Court House Square. Goderich, Feb. 18th, 1886. 2029-3m

WILSON'S DRUG STORE. COURT HOUSE SQUARE, GODERICH.

F. LAZARUS IMPROVED SPECTACLES. PRESERVE YOUR SIGHT.

By wearing the only FRANK LAZARUS (Late of the firm of Lazarus & Morris) Renowned Spectacles and Eye Glasses.

These Spectacles and Eye Glasses have been used for the past 25 years, and given in every instance unbounded satisfaction. They are the best in the world. They never tire, and last many years without change.

FOR SALE BY YATES & Acheson, HARDWARE MERCHANTS, GODERICH.

FRANK LAZARUS, MANUFACTURER. 25 Maryland Road, Harrow Road, LONDON, ENGLAND.

(Late Lazarus & Morris, Harford, Conn.) No connection with any other firm in the Dominion of Canada. Jan. 29th, 1886. 2037-17

THE HURON GODERICH. Published every Friday. Is published every Friday. And is despatched to the country by the early train. —\$1.50 in advance by publishers \$1.75 if \$1.50 if not so paid. This enclosed. Rates of Advertisement for first insertion: 1 cent subsequent insertions and quarterly contracts 25¢ per line. — If tabling department in the morning, work in the afternoon, and of a newspaper. — Terms Cash.

A. B. CORNELL, UNDERTAKER. Has the Finest Assortment of First Class Coffins, Caskets and Undertakers' Goods in Town, also Hearses for Hire at Reasonable Rates. FURNITURE! — FURNITURE! An Usual Keeps the CHEAPEST AND BEST Stock of all kinds of Furniture. I buy for Cash and sell at a profit. I Can Undersell Any Other Furniture Man in Town. I also Sell the Celebrated High Arm Improved Raymond Sewing Machine! Give me a Call and Have Money Opposite Martin's Hotel, Hamilton Street. Goderich, Dec. 3rd, 1885. 2000-

NOTICE TO FARMERS HOGS FOR SALE. I am going to commence buying hogs for curing, and will pay the highest price for good quality of hogs, and will take \$1.00 per 100 lbs. for shankling off all hogs. For hogs shoulder-stuck, or any other style will do, accordingly, so it will be necessary for farmers to dress their hogs properly in order to realize top prices. Hams, Lard and Sausage. I will also during the coming season have on hand wholesale and retail, hams, lard and sausage. Fresh beef, lamb, mutton, pork, corned beef and poultry in season. All orders delivered to any part of the town. Thanking you for the past patronage and soliciting a continuance of the same in the future, and wishing you the compliments of the season. I remain, yours very truly, ROBT MCLEAN, Place of business East side of the "Square" Goderich, Dec. 10th, 1885.

BRUCE'S SEEDS. For the Farm, Vegetable and Flower Garden, are selected for purity, reliability and general excellence. The Thirty-Fifth Annual Edition of our Descriptive Priced Catalogue, beautifully illustrated, will be mailed free to all applicants, and to the contents of last year's list will be added. It is every Gardener in the Dominion full of interest and information to use our seeds. J. M. BRUCE & CO. HAMILTON, Ont.

West Street Meat Market. Andrews & Johnston. ALL KINDS OF MEATS. Careful Attention and Prompt Delivery. A CALL SOLICITED. Dec. 21st, 1885. 2027-

SEEDS! Save five cents a pound by ordering your Turnip, Mangold and Carrot SEEDS AT G. H. OLD'S, The Greer, on the Square. A full stock of Family Groceries Always on hand. Telephone Commercial. Goderich, Jan. 29th, 1886.

SAW LOGS WANTED. The undersigned is prepared to buy all kinds of Saw Logs, namely: Hard Maple, Cherry, Birch, White and Black Ash, Soft and Hard Pine, Basswood, Hemlock, Pine, Cedar, for which he will pay the Highest Market Price when delivered at the Falls Reserve Saw Mill. He also will do CUSTOM SAWING at any time, at a liberal rate. All orders promptly attended to. XAVIER BAETHER, Benmilier, Jan. 29th, 1886. 2028-41.

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. MORRIS HORTON, HAMILTON, ONT. Goderich, Aug. 27th, 1885. 1881-