

We Would Like You

To Know More About Our Tea... We make a special study of Tea and we can guarantee you better Tea at less price than you can get anywhere else in Brockville.

Our 50c Japan Tea is Our Leader... Ceylon Tea worth 50c for 50c. English Breakfast Tea worth 50c for 60c. Tea strings worth 15c for 10c. Coffee ground and mixed to suit your taste, best brand worth 50c for 40c.

JOHNSTON'S - CASH GROCERY... CORNER OF BUELL AND GEORGE STS. BROCKVILLE.

WHY DON'T YOU USE A FOUNTAIN PEN? THEY SAVE TIME AND TEMPER.

We Handle the Celebrated LAMPHAM'S RIVAL... It has the fluted Capillary Feed Piece, therefore will not stop or drip ink.

Do not allow Dealers to press upon you... JUST AS GOOD, but get the best - LAMPHAM'S RIVAL.

If your Stationer does not handle it write us and we will send you our Reduced Price List.

THE COPP CLARK CO., LTD., Toronto.

For Sale... That desirable cottage near the English church containing six rooms and a splendid cellar, plenty of hard and soft water, together with one-quarter acre of choice garden land facing the south. Will sell for \$1,000.00. E. C. BILLOD, Athens P.O.

ATHENS BAKERY... WHEN YOU WANT FRESH Home-Made Candy GO TO SYDNEY MOORE

who has moved back to his OLD STAND, NEXT TO DOBBS' LIVERY

Bon-Bons and Fancy Creams a Specialty... We keep all kinds of Choice Fruits in Season.

OYSTERS... In bulk or by the plate, served in first-class style at all reasonable hours.

Sydney Moore

Pain-Killer... A Sure and Safe Remedy in every case and every kind of Neuralgia

Pain-Killer... This is a true statement and it can't be made too strong or too emphatic.

The Old Shop A New Propriety... C. G. WING

AN EXPERIENCED BARBER... Has taken possession of the business lately carried on by W. C. McLaughlin, and is now prepared to do first-class work. The place - Old P.O. Building

Next H.H. Arnold's where he will be found ready at all times to attend to the wants of customers

Razors and Scissors sharpened

FOR TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS DUNN'S BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND LARGEST SALE IN CANADA

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An Engineer's Story.

LIFE ON A RAILROAD CONDUCTIVE TO DISEASE... Mr. Wm. Taylor, of Kentville, Attached with Railway Trouble - Suffered Greatly with Kidney Disease. But Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored His Health.

From the Kentville Advertiser... There are very few employments more trying to the health than that of a railway engineer. The hours of labor are frequently long, and irregular.

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LANDDOWNE.

Rev. W. E. Reynolds is engaged in special services here at present. Mr. Hill Warner went to Esqui on night last week to assist in conferring on some of the members of the Orange Lodge there.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Johnson of Ath are here visiting friends last week.

Mr. Thomas Moles of Athens was the guest of his niece, Mrs. Chas. Frick, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Saffell of St. McFadden, recently.

Miss Joyce Webster of Udonia, North Ontario, spent Thursday night with her cousin, Mrs. E. E. Warner. She arrived here on Saturday morning, having spent seven or eight days with her relatives here.

Messrs. Fred Johnston and Claie Horton are saving up the wood-piles of E. E. and D. F. Warren this week.

Miss Etta Warren was visiting her cousin, the Misses Humplry, one day last week.

Mr. Wm. McConnell sold his fine driving bay ponies last week to an American for a good price.

Mrs. Wm. McConnell and her relatives are visiting friends in Toledo and Athens.

Mrs. Mack Redmond of Toronto is the guest of her father-in-law at present.

Mr. W. J. Turner is moving into the village, and Mr. W. B. Foley is taking possession of Mr. Turner's fine farm.

FRANKVILLE.

MONDAY, MAR. 29. - New maple syrup is selling here for 65c a gallon. Miss May Senecal of Poole's Resort is visiting friends here.

The Epworth League has put in a new organ in the Methodist church.

Mr. G. G. Percival, who had the misfortune to cut his leg two weeks ago, is suffering considerable pain, but still is doing as well as can be expected.

Mr. G. G. Percival, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. (Rev.) J. Webster, has returned home.

Dr. Dunn of North Augusta was called here on Saturday last for a consultation with Dr. Dixon.

Miss J. Manton, who has been seriously ill with pneumonia for the past three weeks, is now convalescing.

Mr. Jas. Montgomery is at present seriously ill.

Mrs. F. Ireland, who has been in Lansdowne for the past few months, has returned home.

The funeral of the late Payson Hewitt took place here on Tuesday at the Methodist church and was largely attended.

Mr. R. Binning, who has been seriously ill with pneumonia for the past three or four weeks, is improving rapidly.

ADDITION.

MONDAY, MARCH 29. - Mr. Joseph Proud of Oswego is visiting friends in this section for a few days.

The proprietor of the Model farm at Pleasant was the first to dispose of maple syrup in this vicinity this season.

Palace factory commenced chiselling this morning for the season. It is expected that this will be the best season the factory has ever had.

Mr. William Moore of Charlottetown spent a few pleasant days with friends in the village last week.

Senator Ketchum of Selina St. will give the boys a sugar social and private hop in a few days. A good time is expected.

Mr. Joseph Moulton is foreman on the Experimental farm on King Street for a few days.

Mr. Edward Duffield of Charlottetown has purchased the Maple Grove farm from Mr. Ed. Stowel and will take possession this week.

Dr. Brown of Mt. Pleasant purchased the celebrated bay, Boston, from Mr. William Gibson. He will make it hot for the boys now.

Caught in the Act... The wags (who weigh) of some farm owners are almost past finding out. One day last week a comparatively wealthy farmer weighed a load of hay on the market scales. He then drove away to deliver it to the purchaser. A gentleman who was weighing happened to follow the load a short distance, and imagine his surprise when after the man with the load of hay had turned the nearest corner, he saw emerging from the top of the load a man who had been hid in the hay. The man was not a fat man, but a big man he was, who could not have weighed less than 165 pounds. The incident was reported to Mr. Allyn, who has charge of the market, and when the farmer returned to weigh his hay, he was asked, "Where is the other man you weighed with your hay?" The farmer protested that there was no other man, but after being warned, and fearing exposure, he went into the hay, and had him weighed in the rig. This is the second time such a deception has been attempted on the market here, and if it occurs again the guilty party will be publicly exposed and prosecuted. - Smith's Falls News.

Mr. J. Campbell, a well-known farmer residing near Burritt's Rapids was the victim of an unfortunate accident the other day. Mr. Campbell had been in one eye for a number of years, and the other night while engaged in his regular duties about the farm he accidentally, in the darkness, ran against a projecting board and put out his other eye. The unfortunate man went to Montreal to consult a specialist, but nothing could be done to restore the sight and he must spend the remainder of his days in darkness.

FUNNY FOLK.

The Paragraphers Who Forish Fun for Merry Moments... "Fate made me what I am," growled the gouty old bachelor who has his luxurious quarters within a block of Grand Circus Park. "I was intended by nature to be loved and to have the joys of old age in a bright family circle instead of being shut up in a decrepit chamber like this."

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"You don't know what you are talking about. It wasn't anything of the kind. When in love I was controlled absolutely by some ulterior force. If I attempted to cross a room to address a young lady my feet would walk me out of the door. When I knew I would fail to straighten up till some one broke the spell by a word or a laugh. I'd start to say something and the result would be something else entirely irrelevant."

"Why didn't you make one grand effort and throw off the strange control?"

"That's what I did when I was visiting in Tennessee and fell in love with the grandest woman I ever lived. One day in the garden I set my teeth against the inclination of the loom, passed out of myself. I walked through a flower bed, fell over the carriage into a ditch and, as I fell, swore like a pirate and came up with a flourish on my head. The sweet creature ran. So did I. That was my last love affair, and now there is nothing left but to sit in solitude and nurse the gout." - Detroit Free Press.