TUESDAY AFTERNOON

B. LOVERIN EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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IGIN OF THE DRIVER'S RULE.

ORIGIN OF THE DRIVER'S HULE.
Why Americans Keep to the Right and
Englishmen to the Left of the Bond.
In America the rule of the road is always to keep to the right. In England on
the contrary, the unwritten law declares
that the left is the side to be taken. How
this divergence is to be explained has
pussed many persons.
It would be folly to suppose that the
variation was caused by any reason less
substantial than real necessity. The English rule has existed from time immempainl, and an arbitrary alteration would have
occasioned extreme and altogether neciliess
confusion.

the simple reason that careful driving demanded it.

Since the time when the Romans built their magnificent roadways in the furthermost isles of the sea" the Britons have emjoyed good roads. The driver naturally sits at the right end of his seat, where he has the free use of his right hand, while the reins swing clear. Sitting in that position the hub of his right forewheel is just beneath his eye.

It is where he can best see it, and as he follows the English rule, keeping to the left, if he be tuncrous, it is easy for him to be sure that he is a yard from the threatening hubs of any passer by. If he be a Cockney Jehu he can deftly skim by the other vehicle with never a bit of space to spare. On those crowded roads there is need of eare in passing, less the hurrying wagons come in collision. But the roads are broad and smooth, and he would be a fool, or blind, who drove dangerously

roads are broad and smooth, and he would be a fool, or blind, who drove dangerously eff the road. Were the English driver to turn to the right in passing he would be obliged to sit at the left end of his seas, or slee, sitting on the right, he would not have before his eyes that projecting hut which is the danger point for collision. The case is altogether differnt in this country. The cowilke manner in which Indians pursued their way has given a name to that method of movement, known as Indian file, and that habit of the aborigines some to have exerted a disastrous influence on the white men who conquered them. How else can we adequately explain

gines seems to have exerted a disastrous influence on the white men who conquered them. How else can we adequately explain the strocious fashion in which generation after generation of otherwise intelligent and forceful men up and down this Republic have made roads which at the bost can be driven over only in Inidan file, and with never a shunting place?

These blessed States are notorious and execrable for vile highways. In some neighborhoods there are roads, but the bulk of the country is lattleed with preposterous shams. That this bad quality of the roads was greater, although excusable then, in the early days of colonization is apparent. There were stumps, holes and boulders in the roads. There were ravines often enough at either hand.

When travellers from opposite directions

and boulders in the roads. There were ravines often enough at either hand.

When travellers from opposite directions met in that period the driver recked little of clashing hubs but he looked sharp to escape a mishap in the ditch. It was then natural that, as he saw a team appropriate that the construction allogased if im to observe more carefully—the right. From that the cus tom grew, and by its simplicity and reasonableness naturally superseded the older law. As in most things, the environment when it had made change necessary, caused the change to come to pass.

Let the man who does not credit this explanation take a drive over a Verniont cross-road that can be found where the way runs close to a cliff and no turning to

cross-road that can be found where the way runs close to a cliff and no turning to the right is possible. He will find that when he meets a loaded wagon and must yield the road, turning into the gaping ditch on the left, he will slip to the left end of his seat very swittly in order that he may keep a keen eye on the exact ron s of his outside wheels.

The trial will convince him that he must sit and turn out on the same side. If he be a driver he must know that he has an advantage at the right end of his seat which the left does not afford.

That the English system is the better for good roads there can be no doubt. That it could be adopted in the United States generally is impossible until the law makers and the road makers produce worthy highways. Doubtless in the case of that millennial event, the change would be suight wrought by its own merit.

"Don't Get Red Headed." "Don't Get Red Headed."

The general supposition is that to "get red headed" is slang for getting angry. This is based upon the prevalent helief that red headed persons are more excitable and liable to sudden passion than other people—a belief hardly in harmony with the fact that the dark haired, dark skinned ruces of Southern climes are more highly strung and violently passionate than the fair haired natives of the North. But does not the hair really and actually change huse under the more violent emotions, just as does the complexion? There are pienty of instances where intense fear and mental suffering have blanched hair to snowy white in a few hours.

blanched hair to snowy white in a few hours.

Will it turn red with passion? "I know it to be a fact," said a lady friend of mine, with light brown hair, in which there isn't a tinge of red under ordinary circumstances.

"I got terribly angry one day," she continued, laughingly, "and my hair turned red as could be. Fortunately, it went back again to its normal condition. A brute in human form cut off the tail of my peicat. I could have seen that man hanged without the quiver of an eyelid, I believe. My husband came in about that time, and, without knowing the cause of my wrath, suddenly exclaimed:—

""Why, Allie! your hair is turning red!"

THE SUGAR KING. HOW CLAUS SPRECKELS MADE



Ridolph is very nautical in his tastes, and is Commodore of the Pacific Yacht Club. He is a handsome man, with dark hair and a heavy moustache, and a frank, manly face. The good boy, John D. Spreckels, is of trim build, and has keen eyes, which light up a very intelligent face. He is a shrewd and able business man.

The father of these boys was a pretty lively lad himself, and for an old man is known to be as sprightly as they make them. He is a they tall German of meagre education. He speaks broken English. I remember him presiding over the dinner table in the cabin of the Pacific steamer, sending his champagne around the whole length of all the table and them, after the meal, leading the way on deck to see who could st on an inverted champagne buttle on the deck of the rolling steamer. His wife is a hearty-looking, kind-hearted German woman.

Forty years ago, when Spreckels first landed in New York, having had stearage latt the wo other boys, Rudolph and

His wife is a hearty-looking, kind-hearted German woman.
Forty years ago, when Spreckels first landed in New York, having had steerage passage from Germany, he had but \$5 in his pocket. He had come over from Germany to seek his fortune, and he was not very long in finding it.

As a newly-arrived emigrant in New York, he at once proceeded to hunt employment. He was unable to speak the English language, and being a youth of no education worth mentioning, was not at all particular as to the nature of the work he got, so long as it was work, and brought in the monty he was after. But he possessed a commercial spirit, and as inclination to barry, and it was not long before, he had a great respectively.



RUDOLPH SPRECKELS.

speech was booming the quality and sconomy of his stock in trade. But business dragged, and collections were some-what difficult. There was a livelihood in ness dragged, and collections were somewhat difficult. There was a livelihood in the grocery, but Claus wanted more. He bought a grocery at Louisville, but took up his march again, after the nimble American dollar, and brought up at New Orleans. When he heard that gold had been discovered in California, he started straightway for the Pacific coast. Other men were taking claims, getting shot and cut all to pieces, and accumulating more or less of gold dust, meanwhile, but Claus was not of a speculative turn of mind at that particular period of his life. American dash and enterprise had not then made any impression on his German thrift and caution. Therefore, while adventurous spirits were out in the mountains fighting and digging like wild cats. Claus was content to resume his white apron and corner grocery, which he did in San Francisco. Money was plentiful and profits were large. Claus saw his bank account grow day by day. He sent to Germany for his brothers and they came in the next ship.

Germany for his brothers and they came in the next ship.

Then Spreckels and his brothers bought an interest in a brewery. Their bank account grew larger than ever, and when Claus was offered something like \$75,000 for his interest in the brewery he accepted the money and invested it in a sugar effect. The reflect was doing a larger

with light brown hair, in which there isn't a tinge of red under ordinary circumstances.

"I got terribly angry one day," she continued, laughingly, "and my hair turned red as could be. Fortunately, it went back again to its normal condition. A brute in human form cut off the tail off my percent in the course of the continued in him and form cut off the tail off my percent in the course of the country of the country of the country of the course of the country of the

ADOLPH SPRECKELS.

CLAUS SPRECKELS.

trunks from the family residence, and now conduct their own affairs without consulting me. If Rudolph was connected with the revolt, as is stated, I attribute it to the fact that he is young and wild and without judgment.

The other boy, Adolph, first gained notoriety over ten years ago. It was on April 12, 1884, that Michael Honry de Young, editor and proprietor of the San Fraucisco Chronicle, experienced one of the results of fearless journalism, by being shot by Adolph Spreckels.

The scene of this shooting was in the business office of the Chronicle, the cause being strictures on the conduct of Hawaiian affairs, and the evils of the reciprocity treaty. Spreckels was brought to trial on May 28, 1884, and acquitted July 1, 1884.

Rudolph is very nautical in his tastes, and is Commodore of the Pacific Yacht Club. He is a handsome man, with dark hair and a heavy moustache, and a frank, manly face. The good boy, John D. Spreckels, is of trim build, and has keen eyes, which light up a very intelligent face. He is a shrewd and able business man.

The father of these boys was a pretty The father of these boys was a pretty. The father of these boys was a pretty at the palace of the Missis
down the fine at the without the fields and in the mills and gob but a pittance. The gained for the sale and in the mills and gob but a pittance in the mills and gob but a pittance. The palace the palace throw in the fields and in the mills and gob but a pittance. The gained for the sale and in the mills and gob but a pittance in the mills and gob but a pittance. The gained for the sale and in the mills and gob but a pittance in the mills and gob but a pittance. The gained for the fields and in the mills and gob but a pittance in the mills and gob but a pittance. The gained for the fields and in the mills and gob but a pittance in the

ugar kir.
But the two other boys, Rudolph and Adolph, are not looking forward to business careers. They are of the world, worldly.

Ne Terrors for Her.

Rising and failing with the waves that swept the boson of the broad Atlantic the stately ship bore majestically on its course, its mighty frame thrilling with the ceaseless pulsations of the titanic machinery that throbbed within.

In a steamer chair on deck sat or rather reclined the figure of a fair young bride, Attentive to her slightest waigh her devoted husband leaned, swer her, marked with anxious solicitude the pale cheek that had glowed with health and happiness only forty-eight hours before

A sadden squall struck the vessel.

Under the combined action of wind and wave the noble ship careemed sharply to

lous.

But in time he convinced her there was really nothing to fear.

N. B.—This is not a pautical not

"Mother, said the emancipated wo man's boy, "it isn't proper to say pants." "Certainly not. There are many substi-tutes for the words that are far more ele-

tutes for the words that are far more elegant."

The boy played off with the dog in stlence for a while, and then looking up into her face, said:
"Mother."
"What is tr"
"Don't you think it's dreadful?"
"The way Fido bloomers this warm weather."

in? I asked.

This was too much for the man. He had never heard that word used in connection with business.

He scratched his head and said:
You may give me 500 in Old School Presbyterian, to please the old woman; but I will take the heft of it in Baptist.

spawning time, and on this account the bivalves are in poor condition, and if eaton are apt to cause serious sickness.

Despite the oft-cited fact that the cyster contains only 280 or 285 units of potential vigor, while beef affords us 1,800 and salt pork 3,600, the gournand continues to seek out his Blue Points and Savin Recks with all the old-time eagerness. This country supplies many of the European markets now, and last year shipped nearly five thousand barrels and this season will seed over at least six thousand. A few years ugo the European epicure scorned the product of our waters, but now pays more for them than some raised in his own seas. Some idea of the magnitude the syster growing, dredging and selling trades have a umed may be gathered from the fact that New York's trade alone is estimated to be \$17,000,000 to \$18,000,000 annually.

Few living things are considered more uninteresting or more unromantic than this much-abused, long suffering shell-fish. Yet his history, the happenings of his small life, are far from prosaic. To the student the cyster is known as a bivalve mollusk. In eating raw cysters nearly everyone has noticed that one of the shells is flat and the other is deeply concave, and doubtless he has made use of the latter as a natural saucer from which to drink the jules. These shells are the only protection the cyster has against a heat of enemies. They are formed by annual layers, ranged one upon another and hung togother by a tough, rubbery ligament or hinge.

There are doubtless a score of creeping and crawling things which destroy the onyters. Three of these are very well known and cause annually wast losses to the cyster planters by their inroads on the beds. First in the order of destructiveness comes the star-lish. He is a born pirate, and his family increase so fast that the dredgers cannot exterminate them, though they draw any and sling ashore to die thou sands each day. The starfish sucks out the cyster killers is the drill. This minute creature lives in a pointed shell sim

Oystars are hermaphroditic, and eac adividual produces its eggs within its ow Oystins are hermaphroditic, and each individual produces its eggs within its own shells, and in the summer months these, a million or more, are dispharged and float off on the tide. Hundreds of fish greedily devour the spat or spawn, and scientists assure us that only one egg out of each million secapes destruction and ripens into a full-sized cyster. This is wholly an accident, too, that the one is sound. It catches on some took or shell or timber, and fastening there, hegins its real life.

Thus it will be seen there is an enor-

swept the boson of the broad Atlantic the stately ship bore majestically on its course, its mighty frame thrilling with the ceaseless pulsations of the titanic machinery that throbbed vithin.

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A sadden squall struck the vessel.
Under the combined action of wind and wave the noble ship carcened sharply to leeward.

The chair and its fair young occupant were thrown against the bulwarks.

"Don't be frightened, Gwendolen, darling!" oxclaimed the young man, clawing wildly at her. "I'll take care of you. Don't set scared. You can't go overboard!"

"No, Gerald," she moaned. I wish could!"

Molly—"Oh, yis, your rivirence, 'twamighty improvin,"

Parson—"Wow, Molly, if you don't remember any part exactly, but altogether to the sam highty improvin,"

Parson—"Now, Molly, if you don't remember any part exactly, but altogether to the lamin, Molly."

Parson—"Now, Molly, if you don't remember any part exactly, but altogether to the lamin, Molly."

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Parson—"Now, Molly, if you don't remember any part exactly, but altogether to lamin!"

Parson—"On the lamin and the better for the cla'min!"

Parson—"On the claim in the better of the claimin!"

Parson—"On the claim in the better of the claimin!"

Parson—"On the claim in the better of the claimin!"

Parson—"On the claim in the better of the claim in the wood of the same thing wide and the

same thing wid me. Not a word of the sarmint stays in me. But I am all the better and cl'aner for it, for all that."

She Was Superstitious.

There was about her a polse that comes only from litigation.
She was not born yesterday, obviously. "George," she faltered, and her rich, mellow voice awakened a responsive th: "I in the heart which was pumping blood into the arm about her wrist, "I'm afraid to marry you."
He was only human.
"Why, my darling?" he demanded insistently.
She shaded her magnificent eyes with her curved lashes, she had been taught to do years previous at the boarding-school.
"Because, George, "she murmured, "you are the thirteenth, and I am so superstitious.

But In time he copyringed has there was Mrs. Subusts—Indeed, yes, It is next to

The Cause of it.

Miss Townsend—Do you find much ifficulty in keeping help here?
Mrs. Subusb—Indeed, yes. It is next to mpossible to keep a girl more than a Miss Townsend—Why is that—too far

m the city?

Mrs. Suburb—Oh, no, I think not; but you see we have only one policeman in the town, and he's married. Way Ufi.

Fond Wife—I want zou to get Ethel and myself some of those 24-button gloves.
Loving Husband—I cannot do it, dear.
They are very expensive.
Fond Wife—I know it, darling. They come high, but we must have them.

Quite So.

Haverly—What is the difference between Havery—whee is and underlose observed collusion and collision?
Austem—if you and I should come into collision and you had me arrested for assault and then agreed to settle the matter out of court, the difference would by between u and i.

Miss East (touring in Oklahoma)—
Where were the remains of your late husand interred, Mrs. Lackman?
The Widow Lackman (sadly)—"There
wasn't any remains—he met a bear."

A Barnegat Rebuh.

Mr. Softleigh—"Miss Peachb ow, if I should ask you for just one little kiss, would you refuse me?"

Miss Peachblow—"Yes; mine only come

Why, he was probably half tight and whooping along the street and an officer took him by the collar—this—way—and gave him a shake—that way—and rattled his heels together—just so—and—Say, hold on! shouted the old man, as he picked up his satchel and cane and hat and worked himself down into his coat.

What's the matter?

I've found out all I want to know! If Bill got that kind of a collar and was looked up and fined \$5 to boot, I'll go home and raise his wages \$4 a month and give him every Saturday for a holiday.

Two Versions of a Visio A young farmer who had great concellittle discretion and scarcely any eduction, presented himself at a Presbyteria conference and said he wished to be of

Fortunately this version was a by the applicant.

Warm and close, to be followed by

Why He Was There He held two positions, a witness in the iminal Superior Court and a prisoner in

Perkwisites Were Small

having had an interview with the returned husband of her domestic.

"My wages ain't been much since I've lived ere, mum; the perkwisites in the way of bones and drippin' is likewise small. I give you my word, mum, as I ain't saved more in a ten num note, an' a servant girl

more'n a ten pun note, an' a servant gir can't expect much of a husband for that,'

Ef a boy only growed in proportion to his appetite, observed old Mr. Bjacks, as he watched his fourteen-year-old son stowing away his supper, of a boy only growed in pre-portion to his appetite, what a mighty race of glants would be reared in this

Sometimes Successful Ben. E. Dick—When women search the nusband's pockets do they expect to fin

Crusty Bach—Yes, indeed; holes in their

A Story of Bismarck.

Marrying an Heiress.

A lawyer in New Orleans did not approve of his son's marrying the daughter of a prominent cotton merchant, and ultimately succeeded in breaking off the match. Soon afterwards the merchant falled and took his daughter abroad. It was not very long lefore her former suitor followed in her train and the engagement of the young couple was publicly announced. One day a gentleman met the old lawyer and after alluding to the engagement, casually remarked:

"I thought that you were always violently opposed to that match?"

The lawyer hestitated a while and then said: "Yes, I was opposed to it, but am not now. You see, I knew professionally that B—was not paying his bills and so I would not consent to my son John marrying his daughter. But when I heard that he had falled for half a million and was skylarking all over Europe I knew that it was all right, and so I sent John off on the next steamer, as I am bound that he shall marry an heiress"

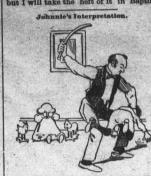
country.

holes?

"I cannot compliment you upon your noice, Susan," said the kind mistress, after having had an interview with the futur

the county jail.

Ain't done anyhing?



tion, presented himself at a Pressyctrian conference and said he wished to be ordained as a preacher.

"I ain't had any learnin'," he said frankly, "but I recken I'm called to preach. I'we had a vision three nights runnin; 'that's why I'm here."

"What was your vision?" inquired one of the elders.

"Well," said the young man, "I dreamt I see a big, round ring in the sky, and in the middle of it was two great letters—P. C. I kniew that meant Presbyterian conference, and here I am."

There was an uncomfortable pause, which was broken by an elder who knew the young man and was well acquainted with the poverty of his family and the neglected condition of the farm in which his father had taken such pride.

"I haven't any gift at reading visions, said the old man, gravely, as he rose from his seat, "but I'd like to put it to my young friend whether he doesn't think it's possible those two letters may have stood for 'Plant Corn'."

Fortunntely this version was accepted by the applicant. Father—You musn't be selfish! This will teach you that it is far better to give than to receive.

Johnny—Ouch! O! O! Then you can have it, pop. Jus' stop an' I'll give it to

She threw herself at his head, but she didn't get him at that."
"Certainly not. Girl's can't throw." Personal—"An ugly man withou money wants to meet an ugly woman without means. Object, to discuss the fin ancial question."

"Are all the animals in?" asked Noah taking another look at the barometer.

"All but the leopards," replied Ham,

"and I think we have a pair of them spotmed."

Noah shook his head gloomily and mut-ered something about "that boy coming tered something about 'to a bad end.''

Botanic—"Well," said the first base ball crank to the other base ball crank, "are you going to rootto-day?"
"No," said the other base ball crank, feeling vaguely in his vest pooket. "I guess I am going to seed." Big Head-"To get along in the world a man must pay attention to trifles."

Cynicus—"Very true. You must associate with society people and be attractive.

One woman can live together and no uarrel. Mabel—"How lovely of you to remember me at once when you haven't seen me for over three years."
Maude (with charming amiability)—"Oh, I know you the minute I laid eyes on your dress."

Mrs. Hammand—"Mrs. Hashorote has bragged again to-day about keeping her boarders so long."

Mrs. Foraweek—"She doesn't really keep them long. She keeps them so thin that they look longer than they actually cre." the county jail.

Nothing was said about his last position
by the defendant's attorney, and the witness seemed puffed up with his own im-

not? asked Solicitor and the solicitor ing him.
Yasser, dey got me down dar, replied the witness in a surly tone.
What have you been doing? Great Magazine Poet—"Heavens! Is it Thin Man-"These flies are atomina

An't done anyhing?
No, sab; I am done nuffin.
You are one of those innocent men who
are being injustly punished?
I am dun nuffin; nuffin tall.
Well, ain't there some charge against
you? Why did they lock you up?
Dar was a ole po' white man come long
an' 'dentified some chickens I had, but I
am dun nuffin. tions."

"Ishould say yes. Why, one got in each of my cars this noon, and I heard them telephone to each other that my pate was a regular snap for tobagganing!"

The chap with a push is out at dawn, Along about half-past four; And there, on the dew-bespangled lawn He pushes that blamed lawn mower.

" I see you are building a new

"No."
"Why, you are a liquor dealer, are you not?"
"Oh, yes! But the money I'm putting into this house was made out of the water I put into the whisky. Every farthing was made out of the water, sir."

A Great Disappointment.

How many things did the woman next door borrow to-day?" asked Mr. Figg.

Only the telephone, answered Mrs. Figg.
It was the first time she had ever used one, and I don't think I ever saw a woman mere disappointed.

Not a Family Affair.
"He has no family ites"
"I wonder why."
His wife affects the four-in-hand and he never wears anything but a lawn bow.
They can't have family ties. one, and then more disappointed.
Couldn't she use it?
Oh, yes, she learned how to use it quickly enough, but what broke her heart was that it was fast to the wall. She had thought she could take it home with her so keep till we called for it.

An Affinity. An Affinity.

He—That was a queer freak of Price's

marrying a woman twice his age. I

ronder how it came about?

She—Naturally enough. He was without money and she was without Price.

A Story of Bismarck.

A new Bismarck story is told in a Swedish paper by the old lady who figured in it: Fifty-six yéars ago, when, as a young woman, she was sent to Rome with her governess, and was directed to stop on the way at Berlin where she had a German cousin, a student, whom she had never seen. He met her at the station and greeted her affectionately; he was tall, with a heavy mustache and peculiarly sparkling eyes, and for three days they did the town thoroughly, visiting all the sights and having a good time He could speak no Swedish and she no German, so they talk-ed French, which he spoke very well. As she was about to go away he said: "My dear coulsh, see here. I must tell you that I am not your cousin. My friend, your German cousin, the real one, is busy pre paring for his examination, and asked me to take his place and fulfil your father's wishes. My name is Otto von Bismarck." That was the end of the adventure. Many years after, when she was an old married woman and Prince Bismack was chancellor, she again visited Berlin, and sent him her card with a few words written on it. Bismarck at once invited her to the palace, where they talked over old times, and the chancellor thanked her for enabling him to visit the Berlin minseums, which he never had a chance to see afterwards. An Unfortunate Decapitation An Unfortunate Decapitation.
They have some queer stoneoutters down in Maine. Deacon Hackett lost his second wife lately, a scrawny and shrewish woman, whose loss was an unmixed sorrow. Still, the deacon dutifully decided to give her a monument. Being rather "near" he haggled with the village stoneoutter as to the size of the slab and finally chose a very marrow one, at a bargain. The inscription was as follows:

SARAH HACKETT. "Lord, she was thine!"

But the stone was so narrow that the was no room for the last letter, so t stoneoutter left it out, with this result:

SARAH HACKETT. "Lord, she was thin!"

Steam Heat.

Hogan—''Garrity tells me his apar.r-tmints is heated by stheam. Fwhat do ye
think of that for a liar?'

Grogan—'Sure the man tells the truth.
His woife is takin' in washin' since he lost
his job.''

Changed Her Name.

He—"You bore a good name when you married ma."
She—"Yes."
He—"But you don't now."
She—"But you know I changed it when I married you."

Why She Never Smiled.
"Dora must have suffered some te disappointment. One never sees her nowadays. What is the matter?"
"Three front teeth pulled."

Plenty, Yet Starvin

Scott's Emulsion

nstructive agent. The nutrients in Scott's Emulsion erefore, are just what is needed to build up the sy tem and overcome wasting tendencies. Children gain flesh and strength on Scott's Emulsion when no other form of food nourishes them. They almost all like it

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute!

Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists. 50c. and \$1.



Single Shot-Rifles and game shooters. ASK YOUR DEALER TO SHOW YOU THIS GUN. WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., Winchester Ave., New Haven, Conn. or Send a Postal Card with your address for our 118-page Illustrated Catalogue.

Roofing and **Eavetroughing**

Oheerful Reflection.

By not smoking cigars, said Uncle Allen, who was in a contemplative mood, I suppose I have saved in the last 50 years not less than \$5,000, and the young fellow that's going to inherit my money will probably spend that \$5,000 for cigars incleded than years. A Specialty for this Season at W. F. EARL'S

by all the most advanced trap

If you have a house or barn to shingle, get our prices by fore you buy. We guaranree no leak.

We also have a fine stock of Stoves on hand to select from. Iron Piping and Fittings for wells and factory use in stock. All kinds of tinware, Milk Cans, Churns, Creamers, at close prices.

Don't forget the place-opposite the Gamble House.

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for any plow in use-good, smooth hardened castings-at wholesale rates at the Lyn Ag'l Works.

Also a First-Class General Purpose Plow for \$10 Will have a stock on sale at Unionville's Great Fair.

Old metal wanted.

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Have a good stock of genuine all-wool Yarn and Cloth will be prepared to sell the same at moderate prices, and will at all times be prepared to pay the highest market price for wool in cash or trade.

R. WALKER