___ BY __ B. LOVERIN

EDITOR ND PROPRIETOR

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THE POET AND THE CHILDREN.

With a glory of winter sunshine Over his locks of gray, In the old historic mansion He sat on his last birthday.

With his books and his pleasant pictures
And his household and his kin,
While a sound as of myriads singing
From far and near stole in.

It came from his own fair city, From the prairie's boundless plain. From the Golden Gate of sunses And the cedarn woods of Maine.

And his heart grew warm within him,

And his moistening eyes grew dim,

And his moistening eyes grew dim,

For he knew that his country's children

Were singing the songs of him.

The lays of his life's glad morning.
The psalms of his evening time,
Whose echoes shall float forever
On the winds of every clime.

All their beautiful consolations, Sent forth like birds of cheer, Came flocking back to his windows And sang in the poet's ear.

Frateful, but solemn and tender, The music rose and fell, With a joy akin to sadness And a greeting like farewell.

7ith a sense of awe he listened

And waiting a little longer For the wonderful change to come, He heard the summoning angel Who calls God's children home!

And to him in a holier welcome
Was the mystical meaning given
If the words of the blessed Master,
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."
—John G. Whittier.

AN ABDUCTION.

In the absence of Jules, Mme. Champonnet's one female domestic, Melanie, serving in this bourgeois house hold in the double capacity of cook and chambermaid, opened the door to Raoul de Malplaquet and usbered him into the

"My mistress," she said, "will be

A minute? Yes, but such a minute as one only experiences in hairdressers' or barbers' shops, and which enabled Raoul to completely inventory the furniture of the room in which he found himself while the hands of the clock

were making the round of the dial. On the stroke of the half hour, in fact, Mme. Champonnet appeared, hot, flushed, breathless with the speed of the flushed, breathless with the speed of the toilet she had made.

'Your pardon, monsieur, for keeping

at all, for asking you the object of your Raoul rose to his feet.

"Madame," said he solemnly, "to come to the point at once, you have a daughter, Mile. Georgette, I believe. So charming that it only remained

for me to see her once to know that it is useless for me to attempt to resist the passion with which she has inspired me. I am cursed, you see, madame, with "You have come, then, monsieur, to ask of me the hand of my daughter in

But, no, not at all, madame. Impres-"But, no, notatail, madame. Impressionist though I be, I am also a poet and could not reconcile myself to the idea of marriage in the vulgar, prosaic fashion of nowadays. I am here, madame, to ask your permission to—abduct your daughter."
"To abduct Georgette! You are mad,

monsieur!"
"With love—I confess it!"
"But no, no, I tell you. Your propo-

sition is simply preposterous."
"But reasonable, all the same, madame, since I simply loathe conventionality and seek my happiness in an individual way. I love your daughter. I prove it by wishing to abduct her. If she on her part permits herself to be abducted, it establishes beyond cavil her profound love for me. We become at once, madame, with your permission, the talk of the town."
"Exactly, and I do not like scandal."

But fame is not scandal, madame and see—always with your consent— how easy it will be. We rush to the station; we leap aboard a sleeping car; we dash into Spain, that land of chivwe dash into Spain, that land of chiv-alry and of flowering orange trees, and there, at midnight, by the light of the moon, we marry clandestinely"— "Which is just what I object to, I tell you monstar."

"Which is just what I object so, a tell you, monsieur."

"Marry clandestinely, I repeat, in some obscure little chapel, dimly light-ed by a single taper. The romance ends, you observe, madame, in the most ortho-dox manner."

"But Georgette herself—she will never consent, monsieur. Abduct a girl like her, with every accomplishment and switcre by the score!"

Granted, madame; but ask her and

see! Your daughter, as the Comtesse as Malplaquet"—
"Eh? What name did you say, mon-"Comtesse de Malplaquet. Further-more, madame, I would add that I waive

the payment of that 10,000 francs that the payment of that 10,000 frances that you have put aside as your daughter's dowry. My own fortune is amply sufficient; my income, alone, 200,000 francs a year. You will, my dearest lady, you will permit me to abduct Georgette,

whom I truly adore?"
Comtesse de Malplaquet! Two hundred thousand francs a year!
Mme. Champonnet began to soften.
"But wait, but wait; you go too fast, monsieur," said she. "You spring up in my way like a Jack in the box! Your

"Well, so be it, monsieur. I have emly the interest of my child at heart. Six days from today, then, return for

"Six days from today, madame." "Six days from today, magame."
Raoul bowed and departed.
Raoul, Comte de Malplaquet, had
really been, up to this hour—so Maitre
Piton, 18 Rue Bonjard, said, whose income was large from his care of the
comte's cetate, and larger still from his
care of his morals, according; that is,
to the report he gave of them—a young
man of the steadiest habits, wholly igmorant of the taste of absinth—in his norant of the taste of absinth—in his bitters, at least—his fortune a reality; briefly, a rara avis in the mat

market.

It was only this crany abduction scheme of his that worried good Mmc. Champonnet, with her eld fashioned way of regarding things. Still, after all, it was merely a pretense, the foolish notion of a romantic lover, a mock abduction, in truth, since she, forewarned of it, was an accomplice in it.

Then the title of comtesse and 20,000 francs a year falling to the lot of a descendant of the hardware trade certainly merited some little concession in the way of maternals governed. way of maternal scraples.

She decided to lay the whole matter

before Georgette.

"Abduct me," cried she, "like a real
Lochinvar! Why, mother, how charm-

ing!"
"And you are sure, you are sure,
Georgette," the mother continued, determined to do her whole duty to her
child, "that you have observed this
gentleman sufficiently to be certain that

gentleman sufficiently to be certain that he will be agreeable to you?"
"Observed him sufficiently when he has followed me like my shadow every day for a month past!"
Naturally, therefore, when Raoul arrived promptly to the moment at the appointed hour there remained only the preliminaries to settle for the affair.
"Which will take place, madame," Raoul concluded, "on Friday next at the midnight bour"—
"The hour of crime!"
"For me the hour of happiness. On

"The hour of crime!"

"For me the hour of happiness. On Friday, then, I say, at 11:80 p. m., I stop under your window. The sound of a mandolin played by me will be the signal. The dead latch will be up, and you will be sleeping—like the dead, madame. Georgette will descend; we spring to the carriage; I'll have it in waiting; gallop to the station jump waiting; gallop to the station, jump aboard the rapide, and next day find ourselves the leading article in th-morning papers. You, by noon, will be

whipped suddenly into the north and the air cooled 50 degrees in a night. We were in the field perspiring in lineus when the change came, with an abrupt overcasting of the sky. A whiff "Glad to see you!" growled the old general feebly. "What do you know about
he were chattering. It seemed unbelievable, but presently there was no
doubt that a January norther was upon
us two months out of season. When we
realized this, we set all hands at work
to earth over the half grown potate
vines. Only a few hours of the day were
left, but the men worked desperately
with hoes and plews through the bleak
twilight, and much was done, but not
all When we came out, shivering, in
going on a Journey, and you're one of the
going on a Journey, and you're one of the
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going on a Journey, and you're one of the
going on a Journey. like the breath from a glacier struck us,

with us. We were not farming, but gambling with the elements. The cli-mate had been merely toying with us, a trump card of spring frosts lying in its

Bicycle Shoe Clerk Loses a Customer. A Denver shoe store recently employ-ed a young man for clerk who had been in the bicycle business so long that he was an enthusiast. A young lady called at the store for a pair of shoes.

A Leaver sano grow recently early of a young man for oler's who had been in the bicycle business so long that he was an enthasisat. A young lady called at the store for a pair of shoes, "also remarks of the store for a pair of shoes," also remarks of the store for a pair of shoes, "also remarks of the store for a pair of shoes," also remarks of the store for a pair of shoes, "also remarks of the store for a pair of shoes," also remarks of the store for a pair of shoes, "also remarks of the store for a pair of shoes," also remarks of the store for a pair of shoes, "also remarks of the store for a pair of shoes," also remarks of the store for a pair of shoes, "also remarks of the store for a pair of shoes," also remarks of the store for a pair of shoes, "also remarks of the store for a pair of shoes," also remarks of the store for a pair of shoes, "also remarks of the store for a pair of shoes," also remarks of the store for a pair of shoes, "also remarks of the store for a pair of shoes," also remarks of the store in the store for a pair of shoes, "also remarks of the store in the store for a pair of shoes," also remarks of the store in the stor

HOW THEY PIPED TO VICTORY OVER

Face of Death, Findlater and Kidd, the Heroes of Dargal, and Stewart, Who Fell Wounded, But Still Pipe

Piper Andrew Mackennie of the Sea-forth Highlanders is now honored by the whole British empire as the bravest sur-vivor of the late battle of the Atbara, in the Soudan. There are Sootohmen all ever the world and they will all be thrilled to hear of the hereis cenduot of one of their race.

The pipers of the Soottish regiments in the British away within a few menths

once have to admit that the religious complexion of America is distinctly and intensely Anglo-Saxon—too Anglo-Saxon, assert many of the religious critics. Look next at American law. Throughout the Union the common law of England is the law of the land. In only one State, Louisiana, its principles do not hold; and as our legal readers will remember, that great jurist, Chief Justice Marshall, laid it down that the common law of England is part of the law of the United States. The Courts of Michigan are more Anglo-Saxon than those of Edinburgh.

Lastly, the literature of America is distinctly Anglo-Saxon. What could be more Anglo-Saxon, or mere "right English" than Fenimore Cooper, Longfellow, Lowell? The statement is as true of the living as of the dead. Howells, for example, in spite of his literary system. It intenses Anglo-Saxon in feeling. It is, however, not necessary to labor the point. As Carlyle said, we are all subjects of King Shakespeare. As long as the American secknowledge their allegiance, and, in truth, none could be more loyal, there can be no doubt as to their Englishry. It takes an Anglo-Saxon—i.e., one who has been brought up to speak English from a child, and whose father and motiver thoughs in English—to appreciate Shakespeare properly. The Germans may write far more learned treatises on Shakespeare's use of the infinitive than we do or can, and may selze a dozen new noints in Hamlet's soul, but they do not appreciate the poet as dozen new noints in Hamlet's soul, but they do not appreciate the poet as dozen new noints in Hamlet's soul, but they do not appreciate the poet as dozen new soults in Hamlet's soul, but they do not appreciate the poet as dozen new stand it and love it as we do. As this very moment it is an American of an Englishman can read "Henry IV" and work of the poet of the stand of the poet of the work of the poet of the po

FINDLATER AND KIDD, THE MERCHS OF DARGAI.

THE LITERARY SWELL

once have to admit that the religi

What Bright Particular English Writer

Does This Cap Pier

He must be the guest of the evening at the Inkslingers' annual dinner in the Ecliborn restaurant, and there he must make an impromptu speech full of quaintly characteristic sayings. He must be the observed of all observers at the solree given by the Institute of Second Rate Lady Journalists and be seen at private views, bronzed and vigorous after his recent cruise on the Norfolk broads. He must supply one of the most attractive items at the concert in aid of the Gunners' orphanage by giving a reading of two chapters from his military novel, "The Fitty-second" (fifteenth thousand), and be the victim of what might have proved a serious cab accident while he is being driven to the studio of Mr. Botch, R. A., who is painting him seated at a writing table in the uniform of the North Wills yeomany, of which the popular author is an honorary captain.

No one must knew of the thousand and

morning papers. You, by noon, will be interviewed by all the reporters of the city, visited and condoled with by all your enemies, and a day or two later will receive from us a letter detailing our happiness. Now, as I have still many things to do before my departure, I bid you an revoir."

"Without seeing Georgette?"

"Or see a girl I am going to abduct would be improper, madame."

And Raoul, the case won, withdrew. On Friday, then, at midnight, the abduction, as arranged, came off, Mme. Champonnet, seven by a happy forethought and an eager desire to increase the comfort of the affair, having dispatohed, secretly, of course, to Raoul's address a trunk containing Georgette's handsomest and thinnest clothing. It was always so hot in Spain!

Spain? Picture, then, her consternation, her maternal despair, to receive from—Norway, a whole month, too, after the abduction had taken place, the following telegram:

"Did not go to Spain at all. Too hot. Here we are freezing. You ought to have sent a bearskin in the trunk. Not married yet. The religion here is Protestant. Tomorrow we start for Asiato to warm ourselves. We do not know the religion there."—From the French.

A Florida Frost.

Far on in March, when the thermometer had long been in the eighties, says of the find of the city of the series of the content of the later own, the needle work must fall from Mrs. Flimfiam's hands as showly, quietly, he tells the interviewer the story of his sarly struggles in the old, old days. The twilight must come coreeping slowly into the little room, the needle work must fall from Mrs. Flimfiam's hands as she, too, becomes absorbed in the off told tale.—Max Beerbohm in Saturday Review.

PASSPORT TO PARADISE.

Dying Man Finned His Prospects on Faith and Was Content. "Glad to see you!" growled the old gen-eral feebly. "What do you know about

light, and much was done, but not When we came out, shivering, in first daybreak, we saw that our re harvest was to be lamentably rened.

We perceived now at last how it was hand to see the secret country I'm bound for? Bah! I sustice had been merely toying with us, a mp card of spring frosts lying in its leve.

The was pretty-hard treatment for one of the sacred cloth, and I fancy there was as much of (unwitting) retaliation as of duty in Mr. McMann's reply:

"It would be more profitable for you to think of past sins than of future prospects. Repentance"—

"It would be more profitable for you to think of past sins than of future prospects. Repentance "—

The dying man had heard the remonstrance thus far with the quistleal air of one who saw through it to the underlying motive, but here he struck in with: "Answer me this: Are we saved by works or faith?"

"Faith, certainly," began the clergy-

dred thousand france a year!

Mme. Champonnet began to soften.

"Hut wait; but wait; you go too fast, monsieur," said she. "You spring up in my way like a Jack in the box! Your credentials, your references, please; for, after all, understand, I do not know you."

"Credentials? Certainly, madame: a perfectly proper precaution. My notary, Maitre Pitou, 18 Rue Benjard, will put you an courant of my entire history."

"And Georgette—she does not know you, monsieur."

"Wrong again, madame. I saw her at the vaudeville some days ago, and she responded to the arder of, my gaze.

"And the law her arder of, my gaze."

"Wrong again, madame. I saw her at the vaudeville some days ago, and she responded to the arder of, my gaze.

THE CYCLIST WHO RIDES THEM WILL PAY DEAR FOR HIS FAD.

The Theory Which Induces Many to Try Them Is Utter'y Opposed by Practice in Their Continued Use-The Effect of

who takes an ole car wheel and has it transformed into a cycle sprocket.

No hobby has been adopted by the irrepressible wheelmen so likely to render worthiess all the possible advantages accruing from the exercise of riding a bicycle as that of putting gears from 100 to 120 on their machines.

The theory that a long crank is advantageous in reducing the exertion necessary to push a wheel geared up so high that the rider's knees hit his chin while propaling the machine is all right as far as it goes.

performed deeds of valor which are the admiration of the whole weild. They had a glorious reputation, and they have added new clory to it.

On the last season of the season of the last year Pip of Findlater and Kidd kept en pipin. A or their legs were shot through and through. They sent the British people wild with applause. Now comes the news of similar deeds of hereism in the Soudan.

The piper is the hero of the day in England. Jests upon the bappines are ne longer tolerated. Music that implies heroes is music good enough for any man. The cable has now brought many additional and highly interesting details of the heroic conduct of the pipers in the Soudan.

the herole conduct of the pipers in the Soudan.

The British army fought a decisive battle against the wild Dervish forces of the Khalifa on the River Atbara, a sributary of the Nile, the other week. The British forces consisted of the Egyptian army, which is efficered by Englishmen, and a large detachmens of the regular British army.

The climax of the battle was a bayonet charge on the garebe, the Dervish intronched camp. The Anglo-Egyptian entillery had bumbarded this for two hours, but while it had done great damage it had falled to disledge the enemy. Cold steel was needed to end the affair, and a charge was erdered.

The Seaforth and the Cameron High-landers, two battallons of two Scottish regiments, led the charge against the zareba in a place where the fire was heaviest.

reached the Dervish earthworks they were checked for a moment.

Mackenzie, blowing his pipes, stood en a little knoll, so that he was the most conspicuous figure to his own side and the enemy as well. He was in the front of the battle, and the enemy's fire seemed concentrated on him.

His gay uniform, his kilt and his helmat were shot through and through. The official reports and a dozen independent witnesses say that his clothing was torn to tatters by bullets. Still he kept on piping "Bonnie Dundes." Every bullet that struck him ordy made him pipe the louder. Then the Seaforths swarmed over the carth works. side by side by them were the Cameron Highlanders. Alan Stewart, piper of Company F, charged with the soldiers, playing "The March of the Cameron Mien."

Like Mackenzie he took his stand in the most exposed position when the earthworks were reached. But he was less fortunate.

Several bullets struck him, but he constituted to the Charlette.

iost.
Andrew Mackensie, one of the pipers
of the Seaforths, marched ahead of his
comrades, playing "Bonnie Dundee"
with weird energy. When the first mea
reached the Dervish earthworks they



ANDREW MACKENZIE, THE HERO OF ATBARA. Round Marks Show Where He Was Shot.

ly aiming at him, and several officers and men begged him to come down, but he still played on.

Once he fell, and arose bleeding from

Quite a "Character."

Here is a "character" given to a servant on leaving her last situation: "The bearer has been in my house a year, less 11 months. During this time she has shown herself diligent at the house door, frugal in work, mindful of herself, prompt in excuses, friendly toward men, faithful to her lovers and honest when everything was out of the way."—London Tit-Bits.

Proved. De Million—I must say I am very muca disappointed in you. You told me that when you were married you would prove that you had business ability. Du Porely—Well, my dear sir, I did prove that when I married your daughtes. —Baltimore Jewish Comment.

BRITISH BAGPIPERS. HIGH GEARED BIKES. TIPS ON HICCOUGHS.

THEY ARE TREATED. tressing Affliction, Namely, Irritative Specific and Neurotic—Frights, Incante

The Theory Which Induces Many to Try
Them I. Ulter'y Opposed by Practice
in Their Continued Use—The Effect 5
High Gearing on the Heart—Nome
Wise Words.

Gears that are alrow the average are a
read among that the state of the s

or abuse is to employ a gear waddity out of the person who is trying to push it.

Sandwich Girls in London.

Sandwich Girls are parading the streets of London just now in the sweet cause of advertisement. They are not particularly poetic or pleasant additions to the sights of this vast London town, and, in fact, they seem to me to emphasize a good deal of the squalor and misery that is always apparent in the most fashion able and crowded of the thoroughfares. You wonder to what straits these girls must have been brought before they consented to make theirsleves the subject of the gibes and the jeers of passers by as they wander along muddy streets, clad in their long, shapeless blue gowns, with their little sugar loaf hats and their pathetic symbols of office planked remoreslessly on breast and back. They are pretty, some of those girls, and brazen, a great many of them, but the thoughtful the street of the cough should not yield to the stream of the second through the foreign the street of the cough swould not yield to what tratement he must tickle his nose until he sneezed. Two sneezes were warranted to rout the enemy.

Those same old remedies are still used, and only a short time ago a pinch of snuff and the resultants sneezing cured a persistent case of neurotic hiecoughs which had for 12 days defied all scientific treatment. Raw whisky and hot brandy are among the hieleough remedies; so are salt and vinegar, salt and lemon and red pepper tea, which is given on the principle that to lose one's breath is the same thing as to hold it.

Some physicians advise "rhythmical protrusion of the tongue," which, being interpreted, means a great mary of the cough remembers.



to lose one's breath is the same thing as to hold it.

Some physicians advise "rhythmical protrusion of the tongue," which, being interpreted, means repeatedly sticking out one's tongue as far as possible and drawing it back again. Considerable satisfaction as well as hiccough cure might be had from that treatment if the patient could have his dearest foe in front of him.

Continued and rapid swallowing is another remedy, and after holding the breath is perhaps the one most universally known, "Is swallows of water without breathing" being invariably tried in a light case of hiccoughs. A mustard plaster over the stomach is sometimes good for hiccoughs; a severe fright is a heroic remedy, and outside of the province of medicine, there are

MISS THURSBY'S MEDAL.

with the medal, simply requesting the as we her death she would bequeath it to one as great as she.

The medal is fully 3 inches in diameter and is of Persian antiquity, although the large turquoise in the center is a Russian amulet. It is supposed to prosper the wearer and is a token of distinction. In its peculiar workmanship it is without a rival. A very long chain, also Persian in design, is attached to the medal. On the death of Mme. Tietjens in England, Oct. 3, 1877, it was found that she had willed the medal to Hermine Rudersdorff, who was then probably the, best appreciated concert singer in Europe. She had been born at Ivanowsky, in the Ukraine, where her father was known as a famous violinist. In 1871-2 she was engaged by the Boston festivals, and afterward made her permanent home in this country. Her singing of Medea at the Crystal palace is still remembered by many. After she restired from public life she devoted herself

speciator must wonder if ever these women will turn into the wretched, shambling, hopeless beings who are the masculine equivalent for the perambulating advertisement.

The sandwich men of London, it is well known, can only be recruited from almost the very soum of the earth, or, as in many cases, from that pitiably numerous class of irretrievably ruined "gentlemen" who have sunk so far that they are willing to shamble hopelessly under the weight of advertisement boards through long, dreary hours at the payment of 9 pence or a shilling a day. Surely this ought to be one of the forms of labor in which the "upward and onward" spirit of the modern woman with her thirst for equality should not penetrate.

Two Views of a Sad Case.

Her Father—I am afraid, sir, that my daughter can never be happy with a man who can be engaged to her a menth without yilling her a ring.

The Aspirant—Sir, I am afraid I can Miss Thursby's Medal.

Two Views of a Sad Case.

Her Father—I am afraid, sir, that my daughter can never be happy with a man who can be engaged to her a menth without giving her a ring.

The Aspirant—Sir, I am afraid I can never be happy with a girl whose engagement to me will not induce jewelers to trust me!—Jewelers' Weekly. MISS THURSBY'S MEDAL.

It Was Given Originally by Char Alexander II to Tietjens.

No one can meet Miss Emma Thursby without noticing that she wears always about her neck or fastened at some part of her gown a large medal. Its history is full of interest. Alexander II, emperor of Russia, was an ardent lover of music. At the time of his visit to Great Britain he heard for the first time at Her Majesty's theater in London Therese Caroline Tietjens, the great prima donna of the day. She was then giving her impersonation of Valentine in "The Huguenots." Alexander was enchapted with her mighty soprano voloe. She became a great favorite with him, and he would never miss, if possible, an opportunity to hear her sing. As a mark of his favor he presented her with the medal, simply requesting that at her death she would bequeath it to one as great as she.

About 80,000 families make their living in Paris in connection with the cab industry and taking care of horses.

Worn Out?

Do you come to the close of by you come to the close of the day thoroughly exhausted? Does this continue day after day, possibly week after week? Perhaps you are even too ex-hausted to sleep. Then some-thing is wrong. All these hausted to sleep. Then some-thing is wrong. All these things indicate that you are suffering from nervous ex-haustion. Your narves need feeding and your blood en-riching.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil, with Hypo-phosphites of Lime and Soda, contains just the remedies to meet these wants. liver oil gives the needed strength, enriches the blood, feeds the nerves, and the hypophosphites give them tone and vigor. Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion.

All druggists; 50c. and \$1.00 SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto -

and the same the state of the state of the same of the

HARDWARE

LAND ROLLERS

KERPS A FULL STOCK OF Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushe, Window Glass, Coal Oil, Machine Oil, Ropof all sizes, Builders' Hardware, Nails, Forks, Shovels, Drain Tile, Spades, Scoops, Iron Piping, (all sizes), Tinware, Agate Ware, Lamps and Chimneys, Pressed Ware, &c. Gans and Ammunition.

eries, Teas, Sugars and Canned Goods-in short, we have something for

everybody that calls. gent for the Dominion Express . —the cheapest way to send money to all parts of the world. Give me a call.

WM. KARLEY

LYN AGRICULTURAL WORKS 1898

UP TO DATE WITH

CULTIVATORS POTATO PLOWS

of latest improved styles.

It you want a HORSE HOE see the new 2 wheel o BIKE. Can be to any depth required. I sell low because I sell to the farmers direct. Also agent for the New all Cable Woven Wire Fence, manufactured by the National Fence Co., Lyn. This is no doubt the Coming Fence. The Best and Cheapest ever offered. Circular and other information sent on

GEO. P. McNISH,

Lyn Agricultural Works.

Asphalt Roof Paint and

Perfection Cement Roofing

THE TWO GREAT RAIN EXCLUDERS THESE GOODS are rapidly winning their way in popular favor because of their cheapness, durability and general excellence. Does your house or any of your outbuildings

require repairing or a new roof? Are you going to erect a new building? If so, you should send for circular describing these goods or apply direct to

W. G. Mc AUGHIN

MANE'R AND SOLE PROPRIETOR

Ontario



Athens

A thin oily fibre-food fluid, which sinks into the pores leaving a velvety burnishing film outside. Rub this friction coat a little, and lo !- a brilliant, lasting, lustre dawns through it.

Neither varnish, turpentine, nor wax, to parch leather or seal up its pores, in-



Have a good of stock genuine all-wool Yarn and Cloth will be prepared to sell the same at moderate prices, and will

In Canada all use our clock-cord sticks. To play a perfect game you must be fitted out properly. It "makes you tired" to lose a game through a defective stick. Our Clock-Cord lacrosses are strung with imported German clock-cord, which not only is more yielding and clastic than ordinary gut, but is more durable. The frames are split from second-growth hickory—the lightest and toughest wood grown. We have three grades—the Special at \$1.75 (only half clock-cord), the Expert at \$2.25, and the Special Expert at \$2.25.—the finest stick made in the world. We cand sticks on approval upon receipt and the amount, your money back if not satisfactory. Complete catalogue for the asking.

The Griffiths Cycle Corporation

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