Liver Ills

Like biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, constipation, sour stomach, indigestion are promptly cured by Hood's Pills. They do their work

Hood's Pills

easily and thoroughly. Best after dinner pills. 25 cents. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pill to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

HIGH CLASS PHOTOS

Secure the shadow ere the Substance Fades.

B. W. FALKNER

ATHENS

Produces Photographs that invariably give satisfaction. Every detail of the work receives careful attention, and the result is uniformly high grade.

He is offering special inducements just now and the public are invited to inspect his work and learn his prices.

Orders for out-door viewing attended to promptly.

GALLERY:

CENTRAL BLOCK - ATHENS

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

FREE COLONIST SLEEPING CARS

....TO....

Winnipeg and Canadian North West.

Lowest Rates, Shortest, Quickest and Most Popular Routes.

Passing en route through principal Canadian Cities, Chicago and St. Paul, Minnesota and Dakota.

Our **Free Colonist Sleepers** for families and others going west are a special convenience, and passengers may bring their own bedding, or may purchase it at cost price at Montreal or Toronto Stations. These **Sleeping Cars** will go through without change, Portland, Me., Montreal and Toronto to Winnipeg. **Free Colonist Sleepers** will leave Brockville every Tuesday at 12.15 noon, and 11.50 a. m. Wednesday, commencing March 8th. Passengers for the

KLONDYKE AND YUKON GOLD FIELDS

will be accommodated in these **Free Sleepers** as far as Chicago or St. Paul, where similar sleepers can be had to the Pacific Coast.

For Tickets and reservation of space in sleepers apply to Company's agents, or

G. T. FULFORD,
City Passenger Agent.

Office, Fulford Block, Court House Avenue, Brockville.

$100,000

To Loan at 5 per cent on real estate only. Terms of repayment to suit borrowers. Mortgages purchased.
JOHN CAWLEY, Athens, Ont.

MONEY TO LOAN

We have instructions to place large sums of private funds at current rates of interest on first mortgage on improved farms. Terms to suit borrower. Apply to
HUTCHESON & FISHER
Barristers &c Brockville.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

BEST ROUTES TO THE KLONDIKE

VANCOUVER / VICTORIA $25

Train leaves Brockville at 5.05 p.m. week days.
Tourists Sleeping Car every day, except Sunday to Pacific Coast.
Frequent sailings from Vancouver and Victoria. Particulars on application.
Ask for copy of our GOLD FOLDER containing most recent information as to routes, rates, etc.

ST. PAUL / MINNEAPOLIS / DULUTH $15

SETTLER'S TRAINS TO

MANITOBA
ALBERTA
ASSINIBOIA

Will leave every Tuesday in March and April, should sufficient business offer. Colonist car to travel with their effects and stock on these trains and still make quick time.
Free Colonist Sleeping Cars attached to these trains. Write for a copy of the "Settlers' Index," containing full information as to Freight and Passenger rates, time tables, and regulations and how to procure a **FREE FARM.**

City Ticket and Telegraph Office
Corner King Street and Court House Avenue.
GEO. E. MCCLADE, AGENT

REMOVAL

D. R. REED

Has removed his Barbering business from the old Post Office building to

Rooms Over R. J. Seymour's Grocery

Main St. - Athens

Having purchased the good-will and fixtures of the business recently carried on by Mr. W. G. McLaughlin, his shop now contains two chairs, and an assistant will be employed on Saturday nights and during busy seasons, so that customers may rely upon being served promptly as well as efficiently.
Razors and Scissors sharpened.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

GET RICH QUICKLY. Write to-day for our beautiful illustrated Book on Patents and the fascinating story of a poor Inventor who made $250,000.00. Send us a **rough sketch or model** of your invention and we will promptly tell you **FREE** if it is new and probably patentable.
No humbug. Honest Service. Specialty: Tough cases rejected in other hands and foreign applications. **References:** Honorable T. Berthiaume, prop. of "La Presse," Honorable D. A. Ross, the leading newspapers, Banks, Express Companies & clients in any locality. All Patents secured through our agency are brought before the public by a special notice in over 300 newspapers. **MARION & MARION, Patent Experts,** Temple Building, 185 St. James St., Montreal. The only firm of **Graduate Engineers** in the Dominion transacting patent business exclusively. Mention this paper.

A CAREFUL WORKER.

THE NEW DOMINION HORTICULTURIST HAS THAT REPUTATION.

Sketch of Mr. W. T. Macoun, Who Was Recently Appointed to the Vacancy Caused by the Resignation of Mr. John Craig, Canada's Horticulturist—What He Is and What He Has Done.

The vacancy in the staff at the Central Experimental Farm, caused by the resignation of Mr. John Craig, the late horticulturist, has been filled by the appointment of Mr. W. T. Macoun to that position, says the Farmer's Advocate, whose portrait appears herewith. Mr. Macoun, a son of Prof. John Macoun, botanist and naturalist of the Dominion Geological Survey Department, was born in 1869, at Belleville, Ont. He attended the Central School there until 1882, when he removed to Ottawa, where his education was continued at the Collegiate Institute. During the summers of 1883, 1884, 1885 and 1887, he acted as his father's assistant in his botanical researches, and traveled through parts of Nova Scotia, Northern Ontario, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia. Having concluded his preparatory studies, he obtained employment in 1888 at the Central Experimental Farm, where he has been since. After the resignation of the former horticulturist, Mr. W. W. Hilborn, in the winter of 1888 and 1889, Mr. Macoun assisted the director in carrying on the work of the horticulturist during the following spring and summer. He was continued in this work until the appointment of Mr. John Craig, in 1890, and at that time paid special attention to the study of varieties of fruit. Since 1889 Mr. Macoun has had charge of a large proportion of the agricultural experimental work on the farm. During the autumn of 1892 he went to Europe and visited some of the more important institutions there, where experimental work is being done, particularly Rothamstead, established by Sir John Lawes; the Royal Agricultural Society's Experiment Grounds, Woburn Sands; and the trial grounds of Henry Vilmorin, Esq., of Paris. In 1893 he was appointed assistant to the director and foreman of forestry, and since that time has carried on the work in the forestry belts and on the ornamental grounds. In 1895, at the request of Dr. Fletcher (entomologist and botanist), who has hitherto managed this part of the work, Mr. Macoun was placed in charge of the Arboretum and Botanic Garden. The reports prepared by Mr. Macoun concerning the branches of the work carried on under his charge, which were included in the report of the director during 1893, 1894, 1895 and 1896, give evidence of much careful work and are very creditable to the author. He has also assisted the director, Dr. Saunders, in carrying on the work of cross fertilization of cereals and fruits, and many of the more promising varieties now under trial are the result of his careful work.

MR. W. T. MACOUN.

THE FIRE RECORD.

The farm residence of D. Davidson, about two miles from Clarksburg, was totally destroyed by fire.

Fire destroyed the stone residence of W. D. Taggart, a farmer living near Westport. Loss about $1,000

Fire destroyed a large frame building owned by N. P. Smith at Warkworth. Loss about $1,000. No insurance.

A fire at Almonte was carried by the high wind to buildings fully a mile from where it started, and destroyed a lot of property.

The new Methodist Church at Sanford, Uxbridge, was totally destroyed by fire, starting from a spark from grass which was being burned in the yard.

The roof of the grain elevator at Hoosao Tunnel Docks, Charleston, was blown completely off by a dust explosion at 4 o'clock Sunday morning, and the fire that followed it destroyed over 400,000 bushels of grain, mostly wheat.

The Canadian Board of Fire Underwriters have decided to notify Hamilton that unless the fire-fighting appliances of the Ambitious City are improved in accordance with the request made by the underwriters some time ago rates will go up.

Forest fires, a result of the dry and warm weather, are raging all along the line of the Kingston & Pembroke Railway. They were not caused by sparks from locomotives, but from farmers setting fires to destroy brush and stubble. They soon got beyond control.

THE DEAD.

Samuel Barker, a veteran of 1837, died recently at his home in Hungerford. He was 92 years of age and leaves of family of six.

Kenneth McBean, living west of Portage la Prairie, died Thursday night. He was within a few months of a hundred years old.

Chevalier C. A. Barratoni died at his home in Yonkers Sunday from apoplexy. He was president of the American Chamber of Commerce.

The body of Gilbert Black, who has been missing since the 9th inst., was found in the river below the Falls at Almonte, Que., Saturday.

George Stockford, high constable of St. John, N.B., is dead of pneumonia. The office of high constable has been in the Stockford family for half a century.

Rev. James H. Mitchell, the Chancellor of the Brooklyn Diocese and pastor of the Church of St. Stephen in Brooklyn, died Sunday from pneumonia and peritonitis. He was educated at the Grand Seminary at Montreal.

RAILROAD RUMBLINGS.

Mr. W. H. Newman has been selected by Mr. William K. Vanderbilt for the presidency of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway Company, to succeed Mr. Callaway.

The Victoria Board of Trade has passed a strong resolution urging the Provincial Government to take immediate steps to bring about the construction of a railway from some Northern British Columbia port to Teslin Lake and declaring against the Dominion and the United States entering into arrangements for a line from the head of Lynn Canal, as this would build up an American city.

It is intimated in railway circles that no further effort will be made to settle the controversy between the Canadian Pacific and the American roads until W. H. Newman severs his connection with the Great Northern Road and assumes the presidency of the Lake Shore. It is the Great Northern that stands in the way of a submission of the questions in dispute to arbitration, and Newman is understood to be the author of that policy.

PURELY PERSONAL.

Mr. Gladstone is holding his own, according to the latest bulletin, and his suffering is decreasing.

Mr. J. P. Whitney arrived in Toronto Sunday night from Morrisburg. He will remain for a few days.

Cardinal Gibbons arrived at Montreal Saturday evening en route to Quebec, where he will attend the funeral of Cardinal Taschereau on Tuesday.

It is semi-officially announced that the Duke and Duchess of York will make a tour of every British colony in 1899, travelling on board the new royal yacht.

Mr. John Craig, M.P.P. for East Wellington, who has been suffering from the overwork of the campaign, is able again to resume his duties in Fergus.

Suffering Vanquished.

A NOVA SCOTIAN FARMER TELLS HOW HE REGAINED HEALTH.

Had Suffered from Acute Rheumatism and General Ability—Scarcely Able to Do the Lightest Work.

From the Acadien, Wolfville, N. S.

One of the most prosperous and intelligent farmers of the village of Greenwick, N. S., is Mr. Edward Manning, anyone intimate with Mr. Manning knows him as a man of strong integrity and veracity, so that every confidence can be placed in the information which he gave a reporter of the Acadien, for publication the other day. During a very pleasant interview he gave the following statements of his severe suffering and recovery: "Two years ago last September," said Mr. Manning, "I was taken with an acute attack of rheumatism. I had not been feeling well for some time previous to that date, having been troubled with sleeplessness and general debility. My constitution seemed completely run down. Beginning in the small of my back the pain soon passed into my hip, where it remained without intermission and I became a terrible sufferer. All winter long I was scarcely able to do any work and it was only with the acutest suffering that I managed to hobble to the barn each day to do my chores. I appealed to medical men for help but it failed to bring me any relief. At last I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and with their use came a complete and lasting cure. I had not used quite three boxes when I began to feel decidedly better. I continued using them until twelve boxes had been consumed, when my complete recovery warranted me in discontinuing their use. I have never felt better than since that time. My health seems to have improved in every way. During the past summer I worked very hard but have felt no bad effects. The gratitude I feel to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, none but those who have suffered as I have and been cured, can appreciate.

An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus Dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excess of whatever nature. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50c a box or 6 boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HARLEM

MONDAY, April 25.—Our cheese factory started this morning (Monday), under the able management of Wm. Taylor.

Miss Alice Gorman has returned home after an extended visit to friends in Ottawa and Toledo.

Mr. Smith is making great improvements on the house belonging to the cheese-factory.

Mr. Wellie Greenwood leaves today for his factory near Newboro.

A large crowd attended the quarterly meeting held in the Methodist church on Sunday last.

WOMAN—WHY SICKLY?

Nerves Shattered—Stomach Weak—Digestion Deranged—Prostrated—South American Nervine is Woman's Friend—Never—Fickle.

Mrs. Hutchinson, of Vandeleur, P. O., Ont., says: "South American Nervine is a wonderful medicine, and the only remedy that ever helped me. I was a great sufferer from nervous prostration, acute indigestion. The first dose relieved me and three bottles completely cured me." Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

MALLORYTOWN

MONDAY, April 25.—The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Chick was buried on Wednesday last.

Mr. Jas. Andress is on the sick list.

Margaret Hayes has sued the Geo. Towe estate for fourteen years' wages.

The farmers in this section are about through with their seeding.

Mr. John Raphael has moved over to the Union cheese-factory.

The butter-factory is running at full blast yet.

A. W. Mallory has re-opened his cheese-factory for the season.

Powerful Explosive.

A small bottle of some kind of liquid was found in the pocket of the Norwood buglar, which was sent to the Dominion analyst, Parliament buildings, Ottawa, to ascertain what it was. He suspected some powerful explosive and put one drop of the stuff on a piece of paper and then hit the paper where the drop had fallen. The explosion that followed knocked the analyst flat on the floor. It was nitro glycerine and there was enough in the bottle to wreck the parliament buildings.

$50.00 FOR RELEASE.

Rheumatism's Ruthless Hands Clutched Him for Five Years—Two Bottles of South American Rheumatic Cure Gave Him His Liberty.

William McAteer, Farmer, Greenmore P. O., writes: "For years I have been a sufferer from acute rheumatism. At times I have been completely laid up with it—could not put on my clothing without assistance. Before I had completed the second bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure I was a well man. If those two bottles had cost me $50.00 I would have considered it cheap medicine." Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

Cedar Park Hotel at Charleston is open for the season.

It is evidently intended to make the Kingston Penitentiary a place of punishment with all the meaning of the word. After having deprived the convicts of their tobacco supply, the order has gone forth that they be further deprived of sugar for their tea and butter for their bread. The convicts find this dry fare, but what they get of it is wholesome and substantial.

SEEDS BY THE WAYSIDE.

CHENTU, Feb. 15, 98.

Editor Reporter:

Monday, Jan'y 10th, the sun came out bright and warm, a beautiful day to begin a journey into the country. About three o'clock we bade farewell to Mrs Hartwell and the children and started on foot for the North Gate, bound for Pen Hsien. Our party consisted of a coolie, carrying books and bedding, and myself. Eight miles distant was a large market town. There we would spend the night. Arriving early and finding the place full of people, I took a handful of books and started for an open space. A crowd assembled and the tracts and calendars began to fly as fast as I could dispose of the cash. Fortunately for book-sellers in China, there is no change to be handed back, as everyone uses cash. Sixty tracts on the Christian doctrine, and fifty calendars containing portions of the Bible, were sold in a short time. At intervals, some one would ask to have the books explained, opening an opportunity to preach. Sometimes these crowds get boisterous and try to make a little sport out of their fair skinned, blue-eyed visitor. A little patience and firmness, however, will gain the victory and make friends. Returning to the inn, I had the small boys as an escort. They watched me eat an evening lunch with great interest. A ginger cake to each won their good will and afterwards an orange was divided between eight boys. This act assured my standing as the boys' friend. A singing school was then and there established.

The courts of the inn rang with boys' voices. Giau e ping ting, etc., the substitutes for do ra me fah, startled the guests. Then one verse and the chorus of "Jesus loves me" was learned and a brave attempt made to sing it. This done, the boys asked when I would return. The last thing I heard as they scampered down the courts of the inn was "Ea Su Ngai Ngo wan pu teo," music to a musician, not harmonious, but, to my ear, sweet, as it was the harbinger of a grand chorus that will yet resound in this busy market town.

The upper part of the court opens into another court occupied by several families. Chinese inns have no stove, so the guest must walk to keep up circulation. While thus engaged two or three elderly women came in from the inner court and said "Teacher, we want to hear the doctrine, please instruct us." The ice broken, several others standing about gathered around the table, the catechism was opened and, most probably for the first time, these old mothers heard the story of God's love to mankind. China contains hundreds of thousands of just such mothers.

Tuesday morning early we started out for a mile tramp before breakfast. Had a fellow traveler who listened attentively to the gospel for about ten minutes. His curiosity then asserted itself and during a pause for breath, he got in a question, namely, if we had any farmers in our country, and if so did we grow rice. The first town had wheel barrows to hire. Five miles cost 3 cents including the barrow man and his barrow. It was not a comfortable ride sitting astride a barrow without chair or springs in January, but I believe the old country people we met on the way, who knew the barrowman, will be more ready to listen to the gospel the next time I pass that way. A horse was hired at the next city for ⅔ of a cent a mile to my destination. Stories once in circulation die hard. For the most part the people are friendly and courteous, yet I was hailed as a rebellion creator, a man eater, a child stealer, a foreign devil, a seller of bean curd, a teacher, a preacher, a bookseller, a professor, and a saint on this one short journey. All things to all men, if only the Gospel may be preached.

GEORGE HARTWELL.

ADDISON.

MONDAY, APR. 25.—The members of Addison English Church Sunday school were given their annual treat of sugar on Tuesday evening, Apr. 12th. At an early hour a large crowd had gathered at Ashwood Hall, and whilst the children amused themselves with all kinds of games their elders prepared a sumptuous repast, which was enjoyed by all. After tea the time was spent in the hearing of instrumental music, recitations, and songs, after which all prepared for home, well pleased with the evening's enjoyment.

Mr. Abel Scott is remodeling his house. Mr. Jones of Athens is doing the job.

The house of Mr. P. Brown was burned to the ground this morning. Great sympathy is felt for the family on account of this great loss.

SOPERTON.

MONDAY, April 25.—Miss Sadie Stafford visited Forfar on Saturday and Sunday last.

The work of repairing the Methodist church has commenced.

Mr. Will Jacquith, Delta, is employed here as assistant cheese-maker.

Mr. Eli church is building fence for L. H. Washburn.

Miss Ethel and Mr. Earnie Stevens, Rockport, were guests at "Green Grove Hill" last week.

Miss Maggie Frye visited friends at "the Corners" on Saturday.

Miss Helen Fowler, Athens, spent Saturday and Sunday here, the guest of Miss Julia White.

A number of citizens are ill with la grippe.

There is talk of frosting the church windows. This will be a great inconvenience to the people who are in the habit of arriving late.

Miss Helena Sheffield, Oak Leaf, visited friends here on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Washburn and Miss Hazel Washburn recently visited friends in Rockport.

Mr. Frank Stone and son, Forfar, were in town on Saturday.

There was no service in the church on Sunday night.

KIDNEY DISEASE.

Symptoms and the Great Cure.

Note the signs:—Inflammation, non-retention of urine, scalding, sharp pains in passing, dragging pain in the bladder, chills, cold extremeties; all these indicate bladder, and other serious complications. If neglected will result in stubborn kidney disorders and physical wreck. South American Kidney Cure will arrest all these symptoms, dispel all the causes, cleanse and keep the system clean. It's a kidney specific, a new life giver and a life saver. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

GREENBUSH.

MONDAY, APR. 25.—Mr. A. L. Tinkis, who has just finished his course at Queen's College Kingston, after spending a few days with his mother, has gone on a visit to his sister at South Indian.

Mr. Robert Connell, who for some time past has been confined to the house, at last report is some better.

Mrs G. Cannon of Singleton's and Mr. Howard Blanchard of New York are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Blanchard.

Mr. Byron Haskin has returned from N. Y., and intends spending part of the summer here

Send It Round.

Just a little dollar, on its mission sent, means a lot of people glad each time the coin is spent. You pay it to the butcher for meat to give you strength, he takes it to the grocer, from whom it goes at length, some bit of lace or cloth his better half to buy, or helps to get her summer hat to make her rival sigh. The dry goods man sends on this coin to pay his market bill, and though the coin is often spent, it stays a dollar still, and every time it's spent some act of good is done in booming local industries, ere setting of the sun. But if you take that shining coin and break the local chain, the chances are that from afar 'twill no return again. If once it passes out of town the butcher and the baker, the grocer and the dry goods man, the cook, the undertaker, the carpenter, the carriage wright, the blacksmith, every one will lose the chance to touch the coin ere setting of the sun. Just keep the little coin at home, just keep it moving well, and every time it changes somebody's goods 'twill sell. That single little dollar has thus a wonderful power to make somebody better a thousand times an hour. It pays the bills and wards off ills and never its power relaxes to soothe the doctor, buy the coal and pay for clothes and taxes.

A Horrible Story.

On Friday evening of last week, says the Perth Expositor, a scene was witnessed in front of the town hall, which, for ludicrousness and at the same time showing the degredation to which a human being can descend, is beyond anything we have ever heard of. Dina Harper, one of Perth's well known cards, had procured her flask of whiskey and when in front of the town hall she lost her grip on it and smash it went to the granolithic walk, filling the air for yards around with the fumes of his contents. To lose such a quantity of the exhilarating beverage was more than the unfortunate could bear, and instantly her eyes lit on a "rag" on the street. It was filthy, but what did that signify and the now agile dame used that old rag, to mop up the liquor, and then, throwing back her head, wrung the contents from the cloth into her mouth, drank it, smacked her lips, and left the scene of the accident with many unsavory mutterings on her lips. Again she returned, thinking a few drops had escaped her, but the bystanders would not allow her to repeat the operation. Nothing daunted, she sank a step lower. She put the rag in her mouth and sucked the remaining drops which she was unable to squeze from it. Such a depth of degradation in a human being, in a civilized country, is almost beyond imagination.

Growing tobbacco is quite an industry in Canada. Last year one million pounds of tobacco was produced in Ontario, and this year it is expected that five million pounds will be produced. In Essex the greatest amount has been raised. One farmer had twelve acres in tobacco and received for it $32,000 and after paying all expenses had $25,000 clear. The Alexandria Glengarrian says: "Several of our farmers have gone into tobacco raising as an experiment. We noticed some at Greenfield last summer, and our townsman Mr. E. A. Hodgson has raised large quantities upon his farm at Hudson, Que., which have given satisfactory returns. New avenues of profit are opening up continually to our farmers, and those who believe in mixed farming can take up tobacco growing as an additional help in solving the problem of how to get rich."

Sir Wilfrid Laurier is to have the degree of D.C.L. conferred upon him at the convocation of the University of Bishops' College, at Lennoxville, in June next.

John A., the only son of Hugh John, and the grandson of the late Sir John A. Macdonald, is not expected to live. He has been operated on for appendicitis.

Edward Bellamy, the author of "Looking Backward," who went to Denver, Col., from his home in Massachusetts last fall in the hope of regaining his health, is dying of consumption, and the end is believed to be near.

THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church convenes on June 8 in Montreal.

The Mission Fund of the Presbyterian Church has been swelled by the sum of $100,000 during the month of March.

Rev. Principal Caven of Toronto has gone to Philadelphia to attend the meeting of the Pan-Presbyterian Council.

The fiscal year of the Baptist Church ends on May 1. The church convention will meet in Hamilton from May 16 to 20.

Rev. F. W. Armstrong of Trenton has accepted the mission to England to raise $75,000 as a Jubilee fund to mark the 50 years' service of the Archbishop of Ontario.

In July Dr. Potts goes to London, Eng., as chairman of the Lesson Committee of the World's International Sunday School Convention, which will be held in Dr. Joseph Parker's City Temple.

Mr. George Fowlds, a wealthy merchant of Auckland, New Zealand, and president of the Congregational Union in the island colony, lectured in Bond street church, Toronto, on the progress of social economic reform in New Zealand.

Dr. Griffen, superintendent of the Superannuation Fund of the Methodist Church, leaves on May 4 for Baltimore to represent the Methodist Church of Canada at the convention of the Methodist Episcopal Church (South) of the United States.

UNCLASSIFIED.

Deposits in Government savings banks for March totalled $236,000, and the withdrawals $247,000.

The Manitoba Government will establish a department for the care of neglected and dependent children.

Too Sharp Diet.

Museum Manager—The sword swallower seems out of health.

Keeper—Yes; he quarreled with the fat lady, and she made him eat his own words.—Detroit Free Press.

It is said that when whisky is used instead of water in making glue the mixture will remain unaltered for years, will remain perfectly liquid and is ready for use without heating.

The city of Damascus, in Syria, is so ancient that no record of its origin can be discovered in any written histories.

THE BIG WHITE WOLF

SACRED TO THE INDIANS, BUT A HOODOO TO PALEFACES.

When Jim Jacobs Throw Up a Job as Guide—Ruth Kemble's Shot at the Mysterious Beast—An Organized Hunt and the Queer Way In Which It Ended.

Fifty years ago a family of Ontaranga Indians lived on the corn planters' reserve, in Venango county. They were known as the "Jacobs," and the males were all tall, powerful men and stark hunters, who followed game clear to the Canadian frontier. Jim, the youngest, was the best known.

In 1868 he was guiding a party of gentlemen from New York, among whom was the late Roscoe Conkling, through the wilds of Elk county. A camp was made on the head waters of the Clarion, and the party made preparations to hunt for deer the next day. Jacobs had been ranging around the camp and came in late. He was more than usually silent and sullen. After a time passed in smoking he startled the others by declaring that he intended leaving them at once and gave directions to find McCarty's trading post, three miles down the river, where another guide would be had. After some questioning as to his sudden resolution he explained "he had seen a big white wolf, and it was bad medicine for Injuns," so, gathering up his traps and calling his two dogs, he disappeared in the darkness of the woods.

Next morning McCarty's post was found without any difficulty and the party hospitably received. They told their story, and McCarty, a man of 65, who had passed his life on the frontier, said: "So Jim seed the white wolf again. I've heard of the varmint 50 years ago, but never seed it, nor do I know of any white man who has, but Jim has no doubt, for he ain't a liar or boaster, and all the Injuns think it bad luck."

Twenty miles east of McCarty's, on Beaver creek, lived Rush Kemble. He was a hunter and trapper, cultivating enough land to raise corn for the family. He had a small flock of sheep that he had succeeded in raising, although bear and panthers were plenty in the country around. But his luck changed. The sheep began to disappear. He set traps, watched at night, while his son scouted around with his powerful bear dogs. It was no use; the sheep were taken. One day he found on the soft mud on the bank of the creek a number of tracks, unmistakably wolf.

One day in September while he was absent from home his daughter Ruth was feeding their one pig. Suddenly she saw the chickens scampering for the barn, while behind was an animal like an enormous dog, gaunt, covered with rough hair and pure white in color. It had caught a chicken and was devouring it. Full of terror, she rushed into the house. Catching up a rifle and calling the house dog, she crept around the cabin. The wolf caught another chicken. The dog was an old bear hound and game. He rushed on the beast, while Ruth, resting the gun on one of the projecting logs of the cabin, took a long aim and fired. The wolf gave a leap in the air and came down plump on the dog. In an instant the beast had disappeared and poor Boston lay dead with his head half bitten off.

The next day Kemble and two others started out to hunt down the "white wolf." As a lure the forequarter of a deer had been hung in the woods a few miles away, and in the early morning they found this gone and on the slightly frozen snow were plainly seen the big tracks of the wolf. They had 12 fine dogs who hunted by scent, and all were confident that "Jim Jacobs' white wolf's hide would come to the tanyard."

The trail led northwest over a range of hills covered with laurel, utterly sterile. The dogs ran freely, keeping the men well up to the collar. About midday they found pheasant feathers on the trail—the wolf had snapped up one for lunch. Their game was heading for Bakers' rocks.

It was growing dark as they entered a wild ravine, one side faced with rocks, full of holes. Here they resolved to camp. If the wolf holed, they could get at him at daybreak, and if he tried to get away the dogs would give warning. A fire was built and each man divided his roast venison and corn dodger with his dogs. It grew bitter cold, and very little sleep was had. At daylight they began to scout around, and shortly a wild burst of trumpets from the pack showed they were running on sight.

"See, look on the top of yon rock! Jacobs was right. It's white."

Although there was no sun, it was perfectly clear, and there was the wolf seen through the thin wintry air. The rock was bare, and the animal stood as if carved in stone—over three feet high at the shoulder. The dead white hair was bristling with rage, and the tail lashing like an angry cat's. One could see the huge jaws and iron teeth clash.

"It's nigh 800 yards, but let him have it."

Four rifles cracked, and the bullets sang, but the "white wolf" was gone. The yelling of the dogs was plainly heard.

Excited and eager, all hands charged the rocks. It was a hard climb. They reached the top, and the wolf was gone. Inside of an hour the dogs found the trail. The dogs seemed confident and ran at racing speed. The top of the ridge was covered with a scant growth of scrub oak, and on the river side was sheer rock down 60 feet to the water. Right on a point of rocks that jutted out into the river the "white wolf" came to bay. Kemble plainly saw a huge, gaunt animal covered with bristling white hair. The red eyes glowed with fire, and for an instant he lost his head. The dogs were getting the worst of it, and he fired. A sudden flash, and he plainly saw the wolf disappear over the face of the cliff.

All rushed to the spot. There was not a trace. At the foot of the cliff the river was open. No splash was heard. For an hour they watched and then made a circuit, but the dogs seemed indifferent and made no effort.

And this was the last of Jim Jacobs' "white wolf." It was never seen or heard of again in northwestern Pennsylvania. There were skeptics, but they were silenced by the fate of the hunters. Not one died a natural death nor long after, and Jim Jacobs escaped the many perils of the wilderness for 30 years to be crushed to death on the Erie railway in 1865.—Philadelphia Times.

No Novelty.

"I'm afeared," remarked Farmer Corntossel, "that the period of usefulness fur that politician is about to be drawed to a close."

"What's the matter?" inquired his wife. "Is it a case of overwork?"

"No," was the answer; "'tain't nothin so onusual as overwork. It's a plain, old fashioned case of overtalk."—Washington Star.

HIS LAST CIGAR.

How a Clergyman Was Cured of the Taste For Tobacco.

An English clergyman, who was a hard smoker, was cured of the taste for tobacco by a sudden twinge of conscience.

He was sitting one day in his library with an expensive cigar in his mouth when the name of one of his oldest friends was announced. The visitor, when greetings had been warmly exchanged, confessed that he had come upon a begging errand.

A story of pathetic distress was told, and an urgent appeal was made for immediate relief. The clergyman was a warm hearted, generous man, and his hand was plunged at once into his pocket, but he found only a few shillings there. He then fumbled in his desk for his checkbook, remarking to his friend that it was a very sad and urgent case and that he would do what he could, but when he looked at his bank balance his face changed color. The account was nearly overdrawn already.

"I am very sorry," he said. "I can only give you a beggarly sum. I did not know how poor I was."

The check which he drew was only a fifth of the amount which was needed. He made many apologies for giving the visitor so little money when his heart was deeply touched, and he longed to do more.

When his friend had gone, he relighted his cigar, but it seemed to have a bitter taste, and he took out a fresh one. Before striking a match he jotted down on paper the price of the cigar, and the number which he usually smoked a day. He found that tobacco was costing him 5 shillings a day and over £90 a year, or about $450 in American money. The amount which he had given to his old friend in direr distress represented the cost of 30 days' smoking.

The clergyman was an impulsive man. Instead of lighting his fresh cigar of the choicest brand he threw it into the fire on his hearth. He was so deeply impressed with the thought that a little self denial on his part would have enabled him to help an old friend in great need that he resolved sternly never to smoke again. Being a man of strong will, he was as good as his word.

This good man's tobacco bill was a heavier one than is ordinarily paid. But many a smoker would be surprised if he were to count the cost of his own self indulgence in tobacco.

A recent investigation has shown that the students of a military academy in England expend enough money on cigarettes to provide for the education of 40 young men too poor to have the same advantages. The effects of tobacco on health may be disputed, but no smoker can deny that smoking is a wasteful habit, and that there would be large compensations for self denial.—Youth's Companion.

The Chinook.

While the north wind blows every breathing thing shrinks and cowers. The mere holding on to life is a struggle for poor unsheltered animals, and the longer it lasts the harder is the struggle and the less their strength for it. But there comes a change in the air. Some night on looking out we see that the clouds have rolled upward, as if a curtain were lifted in the west, leaving a well defined arch of clear sky with stars shining in it. That arch means that the west wind, the preserver, is on his way, and sometimes we hear his voice beforehand in a long, distant roar among the mountains. When next morning breaks, the north wind has fled, overcome.

You may go to the house door in a dressing gown to look out on the snowy prairie, and the chinook blowing over you feels like a warm bath. It seems miraculous. All living things are revived and gladdened. Horses and cattle move slowly toward the sunny slopes, leaving long, shining furrows behind them in the smooth snow, and there they stand or lie down, basking in the soft air. It is a kind of brief summer. Even those spiritless things the hens will come out of their house under the bank, where they have been sitting like so many motionless humps of feathers, and scratch about for awhile in the sun, as though life had still something to offer in place of the toes they lost in the last frost.

The snow buntings will whir past your face in a cloud, with a flashing of little white wings. I am told that snow buntings, if you get enough of them, are excellent in a pie, but I think they are more excellent in the sunlight.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Not a Servant After All.

Housekeeper (to pleasant girl at employment agency)—Have you any objection to the country?

Girl (politely)—None at all, madam.

Housekeeper—I have a large family.

Girl—The more the merrier.

Housekeeper—Seven children, two of them quite young.

Girl—I love little children.

Housekeeper—It will be necessary for you to bake bread, wash and get the meals. I attend to the pastry and chamberwork myself.

Girl—I will also make the pastry and do the rest if you will allow me.

Housekeeper—I cannot give you more than three afternoons off.

Girl—Two will be sufficient—perhaps more than I will want—as my plan is to give strict attention to my household duties and thus get the work done up promptly every day so as to have plenty of opportunities to rest between times.

Housekeeper—I am delighted—

Stranger (suddenly entering)—Sorry to interrupt you, madam, but you are conversing with one of my patients who has just escaped from the Hopelessly Incurable Lunatic asylum.—Pearson's Weekly.

Unique Chief Justice of South Dakota.

President Grant appointed Philom P. Bliss of Michigan chief justice of the territorial supreme court of South Dakota, who since then has held many responsible positions, but who, up to that time, enjoyed no legal education. He was a cabinet maker by trade, and just before going to Dakota he manufactured for himself a very nice office desk, which he took with him. Shortly after his arrival some one discovered his private memoranda, and they were passed around among the members of the bar. He had noted thus: "Ult. means last month; inst. means this month; prox. means next month," etc. On various occasions when the attorneys would object to his rulings as not being law or good sense he would reply, "Gentlemen, this is the law as laid down by the chief justice of the supreme court of Dakota territory, and it goes." He was nicknamed "Old Necessity," because necessity knows no law.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Time 9:30 A. M.

Admirer—Has your father any objection to my paying you visits, Miss Maud?

Miss Maud—Oh, no—but—er—I think that he'd rather you paid them in instalments.—Brooklyn Life.

Russian Dissenters.

The so-called Greek-Orthodox population of Russia is permeated with sects of Dissenters of all possible denominations. It is estimated that one-third part of that population belongs in reality to some branch of Nonconformists, Lutherans, Rationalists, Sabbatarians, Baptists, and Anabaptists are represented in various ways among these Dissenters, many of whom strive to return to the principles of primitive Christianity, or even to still more ancient forms of society represented in the Old Testament. The right of free interpretation of the Bible is thus carried on all over Russia, and there is no force which could limit it.

Every village has its own teachers—men and women—who interpret the Bible in their own ways, almost always hostile to the present State and to the official Church. A powerful religious movement is thus growing in Russia, and it is bound to work in a not remote time as a powerful force against autocracy.—Prince Krapotkin, in the Outlook.

Hunter to Jenner.

"Dear Jenner—I received yours, as also the cuckoo's stomach." * * * "Dear Jenner—I am always plaguing you with letters, but you are the only man I can apply to. I put three hedgehogs in the garden, and put meat in different places for them to eat as they went along; but they all died. Now, I want to know what this is owing to." * * * "Dear Jenner—I received yours with the heron's legs."

Once he rushed into a bookseller's shop and said:

"Mr. N., lend me £5 and you shall go halves!"

"Halves in what?"

"Why, halves in a magnificent tiger which is now dying in Castle street."—From S. Paget's book, "John Hunter."

A Cat Paradise.

Cats are held in great reverence in Persia. The Shah alone has 50 of them, and each one has an attendant of its own, with a special room for meals. When the Shah travels the cats go along also, being carried by men on horseback.

Insect Conversation.

Professor Thompson thinks that perhaps all insects communicate with each other by means of some, to us, invisible radiation. This would account for the peculiar construction of the eyes of insects, which do not depend upon refraction.

Asbestos in Shoe Making.

The newest thing in box toes for ladies' shoes is