-BY-B. LOVERIN

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**************** TWO LUNATICS

.... By P. Y. BLACK

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"It was a shameful trap," he said, on the part of my people. The doctors were very careless in their diagnosis. To shut me up in a place like this was really too bad. In a very short time,

however, I expect to leave." "Oh, dear," she thought, her eyes dimming, "they all say that! To think that the poor man will never, never, never leave. "I am so glad—for you," she said aloud. "You will be over-

"Oh, I-yes. But do you know this sanitarium is not so bad."

"Do you mean," she said gently, surprised, "that you will-er-have any regrets in leaving?"

"No," he said, "not exactly that, of course-not regrets, so far as concerns myself, for it is so humiliating to be mitted, you know." He paused. "But," he went on, "even in asylums one makes friends, and—one regrets for them.'

He looked down with a tenderness and a pity he could not hide, and she blushed, and for a moment there was silence. Then she said, with an obviously strained laugh:

are triends, of course, Mr. St. What an awful existence it would be here if one had no sympathetic friends! But you must not regret so much on my account. In a very short time I think my friends will take

He choked a groan before she could

"The poor little thing!" he thought.
"They all say that. And that decent
young fellow, the doctor, assures me
her case is very puzzling and her
triends fear incurable. I am so glad for you," he said. "Would it not be jolly if we became friends in the world as we have been when out of the

Then he blamed himself again. "If she really likes me," he thought, "and I think the unhappy child does, I should never had said that. It is cruel, brutal, to put such thoughts in her

tearful smile courage one who does not realize that death is near.

"It would be nice-very nice indeed." They were silent again, each serrow-

ing for the other. There were many other ps strolling on the lawns or sitting in the summer houses, patients il kinds, from the shaky narcoman. The optimistically cheerful pare. Attendants, male and female, moved unobtru-

sively among them. Miss Tracy and St. John stood together, silent now and unostentatiously observant. A sturdily built (all the attendants were that) man was taking a patient to the iron barred house. He did not do it violently. He did it as one may see a policeman occasionally escort a quiet prisoner with a light touch on the captive's arm above the elbow. The patient was a little excited, but there was no disturbance at all. A visitor might never have noticed it. The strange thing was the unanimous backward withdrawal from the attendant's path of the patients encountered, the look of fright or dislike on their faces directed not at the captive, but at the

"How they all dread him-instinctively, it seems," said the young woman who "expected to leave soon." "He is polite enough and not ill looking,

"A man of great experience in his peculiar work, I'm told," said St. John

musingly. "It's his eye and mouth that do it, I fancy."

"A thoroughly ill dispositioned man, with a plausible exterior," said St. "I believe him capable of it." "Of murder? Do-oh, what are you

talking of, Mr. St. John?" St. John looked very uncomfortable. Miss Tracy looked vexedly embar-

"I heard some rumor of a strange death in the institution just before I came. I was thinking of it. Were you Have you heard anything of

He was a little eager. "How could I be here? We came on

the same day, don't you remember?"
"Ah, true!"

So they watched the attendant out of sight and turned to go inside them-They shook hands, although there was no reason for it. They would meet

at the dinner table in a few minutes, but—they shook hands and that lingeringly. "It's awfully sad," St. John por

ed. "So sweet a face, seemingly so intelligent. I wish—oh, pshaw! What's the use of wishing? These things are not to be remedied. I wonder if—she'd ive me a photograph.

Miss Tracy went to her room slowly. "I am silly to be so affected by an ordinary case. There are thousands like him. But—oh, dear, oh, dear! If I'd known I was to have this sad experience, I would never have consen

to come-never!" They had no opportunity to meet alone for several days. Perhaps they might have made opportunities, but they did not. Doubtless it occurred to each of these two lunatics that it was the wiser thing to stifle at once any friendship which each thought likely to cause useless pain in the future to

the other. Dr. Bell found these two of his resideats particularly interesting in those days, and so did the attendant. It was

trange that they both so markedly preferred the company of the sanitarium people to that of their fellow unfortunates. The young house doctor thought Miss Tracy charming and never abrupt with her when she sought him in his office, as he was compelled to be for self protection with some who wanted to see him half a dozen times a

day.
"Very puzzling case," he mused. "Now, why does she dwell so on that recent death? It seems to excite her too. That's morbidity, I'm afraid; bad

The doctor liked St. John too. St. John's friends acted very nicely in sending him new books and boxes of cigars. The books were well chosen; the cigars were unexceptionable.

"Like all these paretics," he pondered, "in the first stages you would not think there was anything much wrong with the man, but it is a little singular that should be so interested in that unlucky death also."

As for the attendants, Miss Tracy had flowers and little things and could teach the women quite a number new fads in hairdressing and so forth. For the men St. John's cigar box and full pocketbook sufficed to make them extremely courteous. The man with the wicked eyes and mouth benefited most, however. It was wonderful what a lot of little things he could do for Miss Tracy. It was strange that St. John should find anything in the man to talk about with common interest.

Just once the two lunatics met. It was just before bedtime in the music He had sung to her accompani ment. When she rose to say good t, he almost whispered to her:

"I expect to go to New York tomor-

"I am so glad for your sake," she and—and you—you have made my stay almost tolerable. Is there nothing

will allow me to do for you?" "Oh," she answered, with sprightliness, "I shall not be long in going my-

"Poor, poor little dear," he said to his pillow, "it breaks me all up to think staying here incurable."

Miss Tracy packed her trunk, and tears dropped on silk and linen indifferently.

she murmured, "I do so wish I had never come here. I can never, never forget the sad, gentle way he used to look at me."

There was lively work next afternoon in the building of The Gazette. A She was looking at him with the young man sat at a desk apart in the reporters' room, and he scribbled and he scribbled. By and by the managing editor came in and looked over the busy writer's shoulder and told him that he had only an hour to finish up in. Then the great presses began to clatter, and in a little while the first edition of The Gazette was ready for the street, with an enormous black

scare head on the front page.

And in the office of The Morning Jury there was also a very lively bustling, and there, at a retired desk, a young woman sat, and she scribbled and she scribbled, and late at night the presses began to rumble, and in a little while the first edition of The Jury was ready for the street, with an enormous black scare head on the front

The Gazette and The Jury were within a few minutes of each other in getting out. A copy of each paper was hustled into the office of the other, for rival editors watch each other's work with catlike intentness. And the Gazette office read with dismay that the great asylum mystery had been solved by the indefatigable efforts of a Jury reporter, while The Jury night staff tore its editorial hair over the flaring boast of The Gazette that its "speccommissioner" had given to a waiting world the first and only enlightenment of the famous crime. There had been no time for one paper to lift the news from the other. How had the expected

scoop been spoiled? Tumultuous was the wrath in the two offices. Miss Tracy was explain-ing to her managing editor, with tears in her eyes, that she could not understand at all, at all, how The Gazette had got hold of it. In The Gazette office Mr. St. John stormed and swore and said that for the life of him he could not understand how The Jury

had got almost the same story.

"Good heavens!" shouted St. John suddenly, and he dashed out to The Jury office. There he found a friend, with whom he conferred. The two lunatics were introduced to each other and a minute or two afterward were

They laughed a great deal at the

ides of two reporters on the sam strange assignment never suspecting each other, but their laugh was not very loud. The tender pity for each other of yesterday was still in mind.

"The attendant is arrested," said St. John. "You did not get it quite right.

patient he poisoned when nursing was an old enemy, It was not through trouble arising between in the sanitarium."

"Oh, bother!" she said. "It doesn't matter. We've done our appointed Let's talk of something more

So they did, and when he was about to go away he said:
"You said once we might be friends in the world as well as out of the world. Will we be friends, dear Miss

She looked at him so smilingly, yet ablingly, that he put his arm around her.
"Will you be more than friend, dar

ling?" he whispered.
"Yes," she said, and it was quite five minutes after, when some one's feet were heard approaching, that she jumped away and held up a warning

'If your friend came in, he'd think us mad," said she.
"Two lunatics!" he answered, laugh ing, as the door opened.

RELICS OF EARLY DAYS.

Rail Fences and Dugout Canoes Su

One of the remarkable features of ountry life in America is the singular persistence of the rail fence and the ngout canoe. No matter how thickly settled a section may become or how it may have been settled, these two survivors of early settlement linger as stubbornly as ever. Today in the thickest settled parts of New England and New York the rail fence is met with, while the shad fishermen of the nac and James rivers and Chesapeake bay, on the banks of which the first English settlements in America were established, still manufacture and employ the old dugout canoe in making

the rounds of their shad nets. The dugout canoe is the simplest and most primitive water craft known and was used by prehistoric man, both in this country, Europe and Asia. It is made out of a log of wood by trimming the outside down to the proper propor-tions of a boat and by "digging out" the inside with an adz and by the aid of fire. The Potomac river dugout is today pretty much the same as it was in the days of Powhatan and differs from the general run of dugout canoe in the absence of a curved bow and stern and in having rather high sides, which rise to a summit from either end of the boat, being highest in the middle. where the seat is placed.

Conny In Second Engag For years a young man and young woman had been engaged, and each had economized with a view of hav-ing the more to spend when they should marry. Six months ago, however, the engagement was broken, and shortly afterward the young woman became the fiancee of another man. This man she encourages to spend his money lavishly—on her. He has bought her beautiful silver for her toilet table, the latest design and engraved with her initials; a handsome leather traveling bag completely fitted out, rugs, books and other articles to make home

"No more economizing for me," says the girl. "If he invests so much in we won't be so likely to quarrel, and certainly he will not have the mo ey to spend on another girl," which is the wisdom that rules sentiment in these modern days.

Those Dull Ducks. I recall Mr. Lowell telling, jocosely, in an after dinner speech in Cambridge how he met an acquaintance (of dubi-

fine flavor of the wild duck is the wild celery on which it feeds. Now, I pro-pose to feed it to the domestic duck and supply the market."

him quite depressed and inconsolable. are you looking so unhappy? I thought the last time I saw you that you were on the point of making your fortune with ducks. Wouldn't it

"No," was the reply; "the things

Tartly Answered. The principal of a certain high school tells a joke on himself with much enjoyment. One day during an examination, when he was visiting the various rooms, he stopped to ask a very bright boy a sum in algebra, and, although the problem was comparatively easy, he could not answer it. The principal remarked with some show of se-

"A.y boy, you ought to be able to do that. At your age George Washington was a surveyor." The boy looked him straight in the

eye and answered: "Yes, sir, and at your age he was president of the United States." The conversation dropped at that

Men and Apes. Were it not, as Huxley says, that "the ignorance of the so called educated classes is colossal," there might be ed for apology in restatement of the fact that man is not descended from the ape. The relationship between them is lateral, not lineal, both being offshoots of the same stock, but each remaining, of course in very different degrees of development, isolated groups of mammals.—Edward Clodd's "Thomas Henry Huxley."

MOHAMMEDANS AT PRAYER

They Always Respond When the The Mohammedan begins his prayer standing, with his hands outspread and his thumbs touching the lobes of ais ears. In this position he repeats certain passages from the Koran, then brings his hands down to his girdle, folds them and recites several other passages from the same book. Next he bends forward, rests both hands upon his knees and repeats three times with bowed head the formula of prayer to God, the most great. Then he rises and cries, "Allah hu akbar!" (God is great)

sixteen times. He then drops forward until his fore head touches the ground between his extended hands. He strikes his head upon the floor at least three times, proclaiming his humility, and often a do en and sometimes twenty times the act will be repeated, according to his desire to show humility and repentan He then returns to his knees and, settling back upon his heels, repeats ritual. Next, arising to his feet, he holds his hands and concludes prayer, repeating over and again the words, "There is no god but God, and Mohammed is his prophet."

This may be repeated once or a dozen or forty times, according to the plety of the worshiper, and he holds a string of beads in his hands to keep tally. His obligations are then accomplished, but he can go through the same ritual again as many times as he likes. The more frequently he does so the bette Moslem he is. His piety is measured by the number of times he repeats h prayers, and, like the Pharise Scriptures, he prays in public places. No matter where he happens to be or by whom he is surrounded, whether at labor in the fields or selling goods in his shop or however he may be employed, the Mussulman never forgets to pray when the voice of the muezzin s him that the hour for devotion has arrived.

NOT SO VERY GREEN.

The Florida Man Rather Evened Matters Up With the New Yorker. When the young man from Florida came to live in New York, he woke up one morning last winter, and, going to the window, he looked out on what was to him a novel scene. It was a snowstorm, the first he had ever seen.

Jumping into his clothes, he ran into the street. He stooped and gathered handfuls of snow and threw them in the air. He jumped into a drift and sent it flying with his feet. He finally lay down and rolled in it, all the time houting and laughing at the top of his

One of the crowd which had gathered to watch his antics went up to him and told him how his mother used to cure fits and volunteered to try it on him. "I haven't any fit," the young man said.

"What's the matter with you, then?" "Why, don't you see the snow?"
"Yes, I see it. What of it? I have een it before.'

"Well, I haven't," said the Florida young man. What! You never saw snow be fore?" asked the astonished questioner, "Never. Seems strange to you, don't

"It beats any sample of verdancy ever run across."
"Oh, I don't know," mused the Florida cracker. "Did you ever see an alli-gator eating a nigger? No? Well, you are not so many after all. I have seen it many times." And, throwing a handful of snow down his shirt collar, he

pursued his joyous gambols.

THE CATFISH ZONE.

And the Origin of the Philadelphia

While pessimists have been denounchappy demeanor led him to ask the cause of such exuberant felicity.

"Why," said the genial smiler, "I've through the United States and the enlargement of the saleratus biscuit dis discovered a way to make my fortune. We all know that the reason for the dweller of the pool is known to the small boy and the rustic angler under many names-in one place as a sucker in another a bullhead, in a third a wolf quaintance again, Mr. Lowell found fish and, most outrageous of all, in own only genuine title is catfish. The name is derived from the fact that when the creature is raised from the water it emits a grunting protest which poetical fishermen have pronounced

like the purring of a family cat. Philadelphia produced the catfish habit. For two centuries the animal was looked at as something which might be eaten to prevent starvation until one fine day a thrifty Quaker found that the catfish would eat boiled cornmeal and that this simple food not only fattened the eater, but changed the color of its belly from white to yellow. He perceived the pecuniary value of the discovery and established a catfish farm in which he fattened the fishes which he caught elsewhere and in due season sold them to the Philadelphia markets.

A Quakeress soon after that discovered that the old fashioned waffle, shightly salted and covered with melted butter, made an irresistible accesso ry to the fish when well fried. This started the catfish and waffles, for which the City of Brotherly Love has ever since been famous. spread like an epidemic, and, like the star of empire, its way was westward. So far as is known the United States government has no record of catfish and waffles east of the Delaware river, but starting at Philadelphia a distinct catfish zone runs westward, terminating at Denver, reaching as far north as Minneapolis and St. Paul and as far south as Mobile and New Orleans. The catfish is said to possess medicinal virtue. It is mildly anæsthetic, soporific and antispasmodic.

Your Hair

"Two years ago my hair was falling out badly. I purchased bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor, and soon my hair stopped coming out."
Miss Minnie Hoover, Paris, Ill.

Perhaps your mother had thin hair, but that is no reason why you must go through life with halfstarved hair. If you want long, thick hair, feed it with Ayer's Hair Vigor, and make it rich, dark, and heavy.

\$1.00 a bottle. All drug If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name, of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Her Very Clear Thoughts Well, aunty, what are your thochts aboot marryin'?" asked a young woman in Scotland the other day of her aunt, a decent body who had reached the shady side of life without having

committed matrimony. "'Deed, lassie," frankly replied the old lady, "I've had but three thochts aboot it a' my days, an' the last is like to be the langest. First, then, when I was young, like yoursel', I thocht, 'Wha'll I tak'? Then, as time began to wear by, I thocht, 'Wha'll I get?' An' after I got my leg broken wi' that whumel oot o' Saunders McDrunthie's cart my thochts syne have bin, 'Wha'll

His Greatest Objection. "You object to Mormonism and other forms of polygamy on moral grounds, L

Well, partly, partly, but not entir

"What else should make it offensive to you?" What else! Why, great mackerel, think of coming home late from the club and having to make explanations to ten or fifteen wives!"

Purely Agricultural. Caller-For goodness' sake, what's Hauskeep-Girl next door is having

her voice cultivated. Caller-Huh! What are they doingplowing it? Hauskeep - I don't know but the sound of it is harrowing.

Eight Have Prevented It.Little Walter was eating lunch when he gave his arm a sudden shove, and splash! down went the glass of milk. "I knew you were going to spill that," said mamma angrily.
"Well, if you knew," queried Walter,
"why didn't you tell me?"

"Hope Springs Eternal." Many a man who thought yesterday that all was lost has a more hopeful view of life this morning. The world will be normal by tomorrow.—St. Paul

By refusing to listen to secrets one

The People's Column.

Hay For Sale

The undersigned has a quantity of good tim-othy hay in barn which he will sell at \$6.00 per ton in order to clear the barn. 46-8 S. A. TAPLIN.

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In the store of R. D. Judson, a sum of mon Loser can obtain same by proving owners and paying for this adv't.

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