WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON -BY-

B. LOVERIN

EDITOR ND PROPRIETOR

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Business notices in local or news column 10c, inc for first insertion and five cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

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Advertisements sent without written in-tractions will be inserted until forbidden and harged ful hime
All advertisements measured by a scale of olid nonnareil—12 lines to the inch

After the delightful hurry and excitement of the mid-winter holidays are over, come the quieter days of February and March days that high sold winds and failing snows or driving rains are apt to claim for their sown. It is then, if ever, that there some a little lessure for the busy housekeeper, says Margaret Ryder, in Country Gentleman. The stored fruits and vegetables make the preparing of the meals less burdensome, and rewes outside duties claim attention.

These stormy days give the unterrupted time needed to look over the household supply of table linens, towels, bedding and the laid-away summer clothing of the family, deciding what must be replenished and what can be repaired. This once planned, most or all of such work can be gotten out of the way before the pleasured work.

Tablesieths that show signs of "wear-

ten out of the way before the pleasant days of spring bring their pressing work.

Tableeloths that show signs of "wearing through" near the center can be prepared for longer service by cutting several inches from one end, rehemming, and using the pieces cut off to put undr any thin places. These places should then be darned with the ravelings saved when drawing threads for open-work or hemstitch.

In buying tableeloths, an extra quarter of a yard should be allowed on the length, as a cloth will wear almost twice as long. If the places where the center fold comes and those that come over the edges of the table are changed when they show signs of wear by cutting off a few inches from one end. When past mending, it will well repay the time required to cut out the best portions of a cloth and hem them, to be used as occasion requires for covering bread or cake, or to be used as towels for wiping glass or silver. If two or three layers of the thinner portions are stitched together, passing back and forth several times, they

match in pattern come with most tablecloths.

Table linen of course should be hemmed by hand. A very satisfactory way is to fold as for ordinary hemming, then fold once more in such a manner that the edges of the hem come against the body of the cloth, and then hem as if sewing an over and over seam. In this way the thread used in hemming lies the same way as those woven in the cloth, and hardly shows at all. A letter in old English or script can be worked in the corner of cach napkin. It should be about an inch long and done with linen floss.

Sheets should be at least two and a haif yards long made with a two-inch hem on one end and a narrow one on the other.

half yards long, made an arrow one on the other. Sheeks, that show signs of wearing thin along the center can be torn down the middle, the outside edges over-handed together and the sides hem-med with a narrow hem. All wornout sheets and pillowcases should be care-tully saved for use in cases of illness where soft, old muslin is often so sorely needed.

owslips will wear much longer it

stitched hem are the present fancy. Very nice fine huckaback toweling can be purchased very cheaply by the yard, and the hemming done as "pick up work" at home. Some large Turkish bath towels should always form part of the outfit of every bath or bed-room.

of the outn't of every bath of secroom.

Where there is no bath-room, and the
bath must be taken in the bed-room
a bathing rug will prove a great convenience. It should be about a yard
and a half square. The upper side is
made of Turkish toweling and the
underside of heavy colored cotton flannel. The two are tied together here,
and there, the tie coming on the underside with colored linen floss. The edge
can be simply bound with braid or
worked around in buttonhole stitch
with yarn, or a scallop can be crocheted.

A Puzzle in Horticulture.

A Puzzle in Horticulture.

Any woman who habitually spende any number of hours daily in house with clothes suitable for such work. After she once experience the comfut with clothes suitable for such work. After she once experience the comfut with clothes suitable for such work intended for different uses.

Order 'wearing out garments,' in such work intended for different uses.

For years. Such dresses for wear next work in such work into the skirt ewed on the best of the waist. Good patterns for either can be such as model and the work of the waist. Good patterns for either can be such as model and the work of the waist. Good patterns for either can be such as model and the work of the waist. Good patterns for either can be wait to make now as the waist. Good patterns for either can be wait to make now as the wait. Good patterns for either can be wait. Good patterns

A FEELING OF SPRING inshine's jes' a-sisspin' dreamin' ev'rywhets, can't help frum fielin' spring is mearly here vit by the hummin' the little lasy bees,



that he would product be a current literature one of the girls asked:
"Have you seen 'Sister Jane,' by Joel Chandler Harris?"
The tall specimen mused a moment, then he said:
"No, I hain't. The last time I seenher she wuz by Aunt Maria—a-standin' on the platform an' a-wavin' of her handkerchief ter her feller on the railroad train!"—Atlanta Constitution. The Last Resort.

The Last Resort.

The Young Parson—I tell you I am discouraged, sir. I don't seem to stir up a bit of enthusiasm in my porish. They listen to me in a sort of perfunctory way, but I know I'm making little or no impression on them. What can I do?

The Old Parson—There is just one thing left for you, after you have tried everything else.

"And that is?"

"Pitch into Jonah's whale!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Misapprehension.

"What do you think of my poems?" inquired the young man.

"They betray an astonishing ignorance of anatomy," replied his medical friend.

"But they're not supposed to be scientific, you know."

"That may be the case, but it affords no excuse for your saying they spring from an aching heart," when it is so apparent that they proceed from a deranged liver."—Washington Star.

can never again."
Clara—The idea! He actually kissed you?
Mabel—Yes; but, think, he tried to convey the idea that he was a man.—Philadelphia North American.

Over the Bar.

"No, sir," said the half shot orator,
"when I was young we had no microbes, we had no germs, we had no antitoxinaters."

"Well, there's one sort of insect I'll
bet you've always had," said the smiling bartender.
"Wot inseck is that, my friend?" inquired the orator.
"Snakes!" said the bartender.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Ownership in Prospec Ownership in Prospective.

"I am told," remarked the ordinary
mortal "that you own the earth."

"Well," replied the plumber, with becoming humlity, for humlity is becoming to anybody, however great, "I
have laid my pipes for it."

It will be recalled in this connection
that pipes are laid in such a way that
they will freeze up and burst eight or
more times each winter.—Detroit Journal.

Considerate
Helen—Oh. yee; he always thought
the world of me. Before we were
married he used to say that he was
willing to die for me.
Nekle—But he didn't.
Helen—Of course not.
thoughtful, you know. He said that
he did not dare to do it, lest I should
be unable to replace the loss.—House
hold Words.

It All Depends. "Do you think a man can be happy whose wife thinks she knows more whose wife trains are another than he does?"

"It all depends. Wellace; it all depends if she thinks she is the only one in the house who knows how to get up in the morning and start the fires properly. I can't for the life of me see where he is any the worse off."

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Useful Woman

"What a tiny woman that are adjugle is."
"Isn't she?"
"It's their honeymoon, you know, and she sits on his desk all the time he's writing."
"What a bother she must be!"
"Oh, no, she isn't. He utilizes hes for a paper-weight."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Puzzle in Horticulture.

Little Chris—Daddy, what makes onlons?
Daddy—Seeds, of course.

Little Chris—Then what makes seeds?

Do not ever expect a

Sorroy For St.

When I rode into Sparta Corners St.
Jones was the cynosure of all eyes.
That morning when hunting squirreis in Beaseley's woods he had discovered a hornet's nest that was forty inches in circumference and twenty inches long. It was hanging from several beech saplings, and St cut the saplings with a jackknife and brought the nest home in triumph.

The trophy was the talk of the village and Editor Tunkey, of the Deiphi County Era, after booking in the encyclopaedia under the chead of "hornets," had declared in the held bar-room that the very largest hornet's nest on record in the books was only thirty-six inches in circumference and seventeen inches long.

easy, moved down the street to the postoffice, accompanied by several attentive friends.

"That's Si Jones, the fellow that got the bustin' big hornet's nest," volunteered the landlord.

"He was terribly bitten, wasn't he?" I ventured. "I'm sorry for him." or least the grocer.

"Sorry for him!" cried Sand, the grocer.

"Sorry fer him!" echoed the landlord, and all the assembled villagers gazed at me with mouths agape.

"Sorry fer him!" repeated the landlord. "Sorry fer a man that has busted the world's hornets' nest record higher'n a kite! Say, stranger, what lunytick asylum be you from, anyhaow?"

"That's Si Jones, the fellow that got file Light Brigade' to read. The mathematician took it up and began to read aloud. thus:

"Half's league, half a league, half a

1 Sparkling—You say you're six old now, Jimmy? your oldest sister, isn't she?
Jimmy Tep.
Mr. Sparkling—Who comes after her,
Jimmy Well, nobody so far; but popsays that the first man that does will
get her.—New York Tribune.

Re Didn't Know.

Schoolmistress—Come here, Charlie, and let me hear you recite your lession. Why, what is the matter? What are you crying for?

Charlie—Some of the big boys made me kiss a little sirl out in the school yard. Boo-hoe!

"Why, that is outrageous. Why did you not come right to me?"

"I—I—ddn't know that you would let me kiss you." He Didn't Know.



A FAIR EXCHANGE

One evening as I walked with Flo Along the lane where lilles grow, She cried in fear: "What can this meas I've lost my heart, O, have you seen I tying anywhere about?" I only just now found it out. I've lost it since you came, I know, You've stolen it! Your eyes say so !"



that the very largest horner's neat wat the record in the books was only thirty-siz inches long.

The record in the books was only thirty-siz inches long.

Early that vening, while sitting in front of the hotel, I heard a commotion on the side verandah, and soon became aware of the cold not at 81 Jones had arrived to cold not see 8i, but the coversation was perfectly intelligible.

"Hello, 81!" cried a voice.

"Well, well, well, sil!" drawled another voice.

"How do, Doctor?" said Con in a white voice.

"Woll, well, well, sil!" drawled another voice.

There was no response from Si.
"Have a chew, Si?" ventured a third voice.

"No, try one o' my clear Havany cigars. Sil." pleaded the voice of the shadlord. "That was a busit bis nest. Sil."

"Think so?" expostulated a new voice—the voice of Si.
"A busiter. Sil." cried the landlord.
"Have a cheer, sil." of the properties of the properties.

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"A third voice.

"Think so?" expostulated a new voice—the voice of Si.

"A third voice.

"A busiter of the professor, doing so.
"Yes." "Add 5."

"Add 11s."

"Think this medicine you gave me wil

Ready to Listen
"Can I talk to you a few minutes?"
asked the life insurance agent.
"Yes," replied the superintendent of
the factory, "if you don't mind wafeing about the building with me. I
haven't really the time to sit down."
"That's all right," said the agent.
"I'd rather move around a little, anyhow."

"I'd rather move around a little, any-how."

The superintendent led the way out to the pattern room, thence into the woodworks department, stopping every moment or two to converse with some operative, and took his caller at last into the room where the huge triphammers were filling the air with their unearthly din.

"Now," he said, yelling into the ear of the life insurance man, "I'm ready to listen to you. Go shead."—Chicago Tribune.

Accounted For.

"Have you noticed," asked the Observant Man, "that there are not so many golden-haired girls visible to the naked eye now as there were some years ago?"

"I had not noticed it," replied his hearer, "but since you mention it, I believe you are right. What has become of them?"

"Their disappearance is another of the results of the general use of the bicycle."

"Your explanation needs explaining."

"It is very simple. The bicycle has driven a great many horses off the streets and roads, and of course among the horses which have gone there must have been a good many white ones. As there are not so many white ones it naturally follows that there are not so many red-headed girls. Accounted For.

Sing Lee's Asylum, Sing Lee was an enterprising young Chinaman who conducted a laundry in a small mining camp in Colorado some years ago. His never-failing good humor made him a universal favorite, and on more than one occasion the boys found that he had a ready tongue in

his head.

A Presidential election occurred about this time, and one of the boys—an Irishman—remarked to Sing:

"Well, Sing, yes?" I have to be goin' to China now. The Irish be goin' to run things here, and they won't have any hathen Chines around."

Quick as a flash Sing retorted: "All right, me go Ireland. Irish no lun things there." SHE FORGOT.

Learned From What Follows.

"I am very sure if I had it to do over again. I would not marry."

The only person who could possibly find pleasure in those words would be a sour old maid, a crusty old bachelor or the individual who uttered them. I was neither the one nor the other. The one person who could find the least pleasure in them was the individual who was married to the person uttering them.

dual who was married to the uttering them.

I was that individual.

My wife was the speaker.

"My love," I said gently, as was my wont on occasions of domestic disturbance. "I think you really don't mean that."

"What you think and what I know are entirely different matters," she re-

The Puppy—Give it up; what's the answer?

Sweet William—Why, you stupid little pup, it's simply the difference between U and I. Excuse my grammar.

Her German.

"I have decided to give a german," remarked Mrs. Crewe Doyle.
"Have you ever given a german," remarked Mrs. Crewe Doyle.
"Have you ever given a german," remarked Mrs. Crewe Doyle.
"No, but I understand that it is the correct thing, and I want to do what is correct, you know."
"Of course you have attended german's yourself, though."" "That is m't everything," and there was a knife edge in the short, hard laugh which followed it.
This was not the first time my wife had sought to kindle the fires of jealousy in her husband's bosom. Nor was it the first time and was in the first time and was not the first time and was in the first time and was not the jealous one.
"My daring," I smilled. "the comprehensiveness of your knowledge surrises to a marriage cannot be jealing." I shall be highly offended if I do not receive an invitation."

"I think that your german will be a howling success if you carry it out as you have planned it, Mrs. Crewe Doyle, I shall be highly offended if I do not receive an invitation."

"Betributive Jealie.

"Howdy-do," Eben in saluted the Squam Corners stockeeper, addressing Farmer Grayneck, who was driving slowly by, "What kind of hens was them that you got from the chicken fancier in the city last week?"

"Macquits," replied the honest agriculturist, haulting his team, and waiting in joyous anticipation for the chance to spring his little joke,
"Hr I That's a funny name. Tha

at once began to since waters.

"That is merely begging the question." I said with an air of superiority which I had acquired from some years of practice as a husband. "What you said was that if you had it to do over again, you wouldn't marry."

"And I wouldn't," ahe replied with renewed vigor: "I tell you I wouldn't. A woman doesn't know what she is

getting into, and when she has discovered she can't get eut of it." But you seem to forget one thing, my love." I said soothingly, for I wouldn't have hurt my wife's feelings for all the world.

"Forget? Forget?" she answered in a tone which was of anger rather than of bitterness I was giad to observe. "How can I forget?" I smited, "but you have."

"I don't really see myself," I smited, "but you have."

"I have forgotten nothing," and she pinched our large tomcat's tail so malecusty that the old gent arose with hurried dignity and walked out of the second.

"But you have, my dear," I insisted.
"You have entirely forgotten that you were a widow when I married you."
Whereupon, with a toss of her shapely and pretty head, my wife arose and went out after the cat, leaving her husband quite alone, and sad.

IT NEVER FAILS.

Person.

One day there came to the court of the king a gray-haired professor, who amused the king greatly. He told the monarch a number of things that he never knew before, and the king was delighted. But finally it came to the point when the king wanted to know the age of the professor, so he thought of a mathematical problem.

"Ahem!" said the king. "I have an interesting sum for you; it is a trial in mental arithmetic. Think of the number of the month of your birth."

Now, the 'professor was sixty years old and had been born two days before Christmas; so he thought of 12, December being the twelfth month.

"Yes," said the professor.

"Multiply it by 2," continued the king."

Multiply it by 2," continued the king.

"Yes."
"Add 5."
"Yes." said the professor, doing so.
"Now, multiply that by 50."
"Yes."
"Add your age."
"Yes."
"Add your age."
"Yes."
"Mad 116."
"Yes."
"And now," said the King, "might I ask what the result is ?"
"Twelve hundred and sixty," replied the professor, wonderingly.
"Thank you," was the King's response. "So you were born in December, sixty years ago?" world do you



"We'll print it."

"An' you'll send forty copies of the paper to this 'ere list o' relatives, won't you?"

"Yes."

"An' nex' week my daughter Serilly is goin' to git married. I reckin you'll print a hull lot about that?"

"Of course: that's news."

"An', say, I've got one of the finest young shotes you ever have saw. I want you to come out some day and write up hit."

"I shall be glad to do so."

"You ain't got a dozen or two ole magazines, whut you've dun read alayin' eround handy, hev you?"

"Yes, here's three or four."

"Thanky. Jes' put me down fer three months an 'I'll hand you the quarter 'long this fall some time."

Atlanta Constitution.

Lines by Yone Negoochy Goochy.

Down! Down a million fathoms gld-dily I whirk.

A myriad stars burst on my view. Suns, moons, and planets of every magnitude revolve around me. Time has ceased to be and distance its as naught.

The songs of buzzsaws innumerable fall on my hearing and I dance unto their dreamy cadences.

And ever on, and on, and on, through endless space I whir!.

Can this be death?

No! I have been hit on the head with a brick!—Clyveland Leader.

"I feel sorry for them," he muttered, when questioned concerning his injur-

Scott's & Emulsion

is made up of the most essential lements that go to nourish the body. Where the appetite is varying or lacking, it in-creases it, and where digestion s weak, it aids it to perform its function in a more vigorous way. It enriches the blood, makes healthy flesh and cures chronic coughs and colds by making it possible for the body to resist disease. Our friends tell us "IT WORKS WONDERS" but we never like to over-state the merits of our remedy even when it has been tested and tried for overtwerty-five years. If you will ask for it, we will send you a book telling you more about the subject than we can put in a few words.

Go to your druggist for Scott's Emul-SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.





STOVE HORSE; GLASS CHARIOT. How the Jones Girls Backed Up to the Sidewalk to Make Calls.

"Oh, say, girls," gayly piped the young lady with no feather boa, "I've got such a good joke on the Jones girls!"

is arred. They look too funny for anything.

"But that isn't what I s'arted to tek about," went on the girl with the feather boa. "In order to be real swell with their money, you know, they thought it would be necessary to have a horse and carriage. It was a good idea, but the way they carried it out was where the fun came in. The first thing they did was to buy a second-hand, half-giass, doctor's chariot; one of those in which you can build a first and sound the day after they bought their carriage a ferroon, you know. Well, the day after they bought in the next block and advertised his horse for sale. The Jones girls went around to look at it. liked it and bought it because it was cheap, I guess. But you ought to have seen they bought with the day after they have the ment and to look at it. liked it and bought it because it was cheap, I guess. But you ought to have seen in the day they first have seen in the slove delivery business that way. He had been to rider to deliver a stove the had to back his wagon up endwise a storiety pounds of mud off his boots against the legs of the slove," sorter thought 'I'd take yer paper at what he did to accommodate our subscribers."

"We'll where's a little oblituary of Aunt Kalline-hit's jes' ten pages of foolscap an' won't make much, I reck in "We'll print it."

"We'll print it."

"An' you'll send forty copies of the paper to this 'ere list o' relatives, won't to be a stage well-known in the stage of soling out and laughing, and it was such a ploraic for the small boys."

Easily Satisfied.

A stage manager well-known in the small towns for his ambitious demands in regard to scenery and stage effects, yet who was equally satisfied with the most meagre provision, said one morning to the lessee of a wooden booth:

"In the first act I shall require a regiment of soldiers on my right, a posse of policemen on the left, and a crowd of peasants on the bridge in the centre. Now, how many supers have you?" centre. Now, how many supers nave you?"
"Two, sir."
To which he composedly replied:
"That will do beautifully."—New York

Thoroughly Cured.

Lines by Yone Negochy Goochy,
Darkness encumbers me,
I feel myself toppling into endless
space.
Down! Down a million fathoms giddiy I whirl.
A myriad stars burst on my view.
Suns, moons, and planets of every
Suns, moons, and planets of every

when questioned concerning his injuries.

For whom?"

For them that did it," and he shook his head ominously. "You see she wanted a husband with means, and he wanted a wife with money. She promised ne \$100, and he agreed to give \$150. I introduced them, and they were married. When I called on her for the hundred yesterday she poured hot water on me, and when I me that his own and beat me. But I reel sorry for them, "Why? Have you had them arrested," "No."

"Hired some one to give them a beating?"

"No."

"Then why do you feel sorry for them?"

"Well, they've only been married two weeks, and if they hate me that bad for bringing them together what will they do to each other?"—San Francisco Post.

Manager—That was a great mistake you made, treating our audience as though they were a lot of horrible ex-Temperance Lecturer-What do you mean?
Manager—You opened your lecture
by saying you were glad to see such
a full attendance.—New York Evening

Hibernian Twins, Flannigan—I met a man, last week, and bedad, I'd have sworn it was yourself.
Toole—And wasn't it?
Flannigan—Never a bit! But he was your very image, barrin' he was a thrifle gray. I suppose now ye haven't such a thing as a twin brother a few years older than yourself?—London

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Why Not

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R. WALKER.