Liver Ills

Biliousness, Dyspepsia, headache, 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 best Pill to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Just Received

Large additions to our stock of .....

WATCHES

PRICES ASTONISHINGLY LOW

We quote you a few as follows:

The Trump Watch, American movement,	$2.75
16 size, Nickel Case. Lever movement, Jewelled	4.50
18 size, Nickel case, screw back and Bezel American movement	5.00
16 size Solid Silver case, lever movement	5.75
Ladies' Watch, 6 size Solid Silver case, American movement	7.75
Ladies' Watch, 0 size, Solid Silver Case full jeweled movement	10.00

ALL FULLY GUARANTEED

A large assortment of Gold and Gold-filled Watches to select from.

Don't fail to see them.

H. R. KNOWLTON,
JEWELER AND OPTICIAN

Athens, Nov. 17, 1897.

AGENTS—"The best Life of Her Majesty I have seen," writes Lord Lorne about "Queen Victoria." Agents make five dollars daily. Outfit free. THE BRADLEY-GARRETSON CO., Limited, Toronto.

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.

The Old Shop
A New Prop'r

D. R. REED

LATE OF ELGIN

Having moved to Athens and bought out the business lately carried on by C. G. Wiltse, I succeed Mr. Tullis of Perth, a first-class barber. I am now prepared to do first-class work in this place—

Old P.O. Building
Next H.H. Arnold's

where he will be found ready at all times to attend to the wants of customers

Razor and Scissors sharpened

AGENTS—Book business is better than for years past; also have better and faster selling books. Agents clearing from $10 to $40 weekly. A few leaders are: "Queen Victoria," "Life of Mr. Gladstone," "My Mother's Bible Stories," "Progressive Speaker," "Klondyke Gold Fields," "Woman," "Glimpses of the Unseen," "Breakfast, Dinner and Supper," "Canada: An Encyclopaedia." Books on time. Outfits free to Canvassers. THE BRADLEY-GARRETSON CO., Limited, Toronto.

WHY DON't YOU USE A FOUNTAIN PEN?

THEY SAVE TIME AND TEMPER.

We Handle the Celebrated

LAMPHAM'S RIVAL.

It has the Slotted Capillary Feed Piece therefore will not flood or drop ink.

Do not allow Dealers to press upon you ines

JUST AS GOOD,

but get the best—

LAPHAM'S RIVAL

If your Stationer does not handle it write us and we will send you our Reduced Price List.

THE COPP CLARK CO., LTD. Toronto.

WANTED.

Seven order writers. Salary or commission to suitable persons. Drawer 29, Brantford.

Agents Sell "Klondyke Gold Fields"

Like a Whirlwind. Prospectus 25c, worth $1.00. Big pay. Capital unnecessary. THE BRADLEY-GARRETSON CO., Limited, Toronto.

FOR TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND
LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

WANTED—We can employ thirty men and women upon salary and commission as agreed to represent us around home. THE BOOK AND BIBLE HOUSE, Brantford.

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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.

Honourable, 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 newspaper in Canada, Express Companies & clients in all parts of the country. All Patents secured through us are brought before the public by special notice in over 200 newspapers. FETHERSTONHAUGH & MARION, Patent Experts, Building 185 St. James St., Montreal. Firm of 22 Graduate Engineers in Patent business

KING OF WHEAT PIT.

YOUNG LEITER INTERESTED IN $1,000,000 WORTH OF EXPERIENCE.

This New Napoleon of Finance is Now Worth About Thirty Million Dollars—How His Fortune is Invested—A Handsome Athletic Bachelor.

A new Napoleon of Finance has appeared in the person of young Joseph Leiter, of Chicago. Five or six years ago he was comparatively a poor young man. Mark you, comparatively. His father gave him a paltry million dollars, to see, as he expressed it, "what sort of stuff the college bred dude was made of." He is now thirty years old and is worth $30,000,000—just one million for every year of his life.

Young Leiter calls himself a self-made man, and in a sense he is. With the first million he purchased a large and varied stock of experience. He bought it in large chunks and profited by it. Then he turned it to good account. He cornered the market in experience. He had secured all there was to be had, his money was nearly all gone, and then he began to realize on his investment. He began unloading large blocks of experience on others and realized a handsome profit.

To-day he is the king of the Chicago wheat pit. He went into the deal six

YOUNG JOSEPH LEITER.

months ago a novice. He now holds all the cards. The veterans who in other times have won through sheer force of money, and have slaughtered opponents in the grain arena without mercy or pity, find themselves up against the hardest game of their lives.

They were rather inclined to pity the verdant youth thrown in their path. One of the veterans said he had once read something in the Bible about a lamb being led to the slaughter, and the other veterans chuckled as they thought of the big prices the newcomer would pay for his experience. They forgot that he was now on the other side of the market when it came to dealing in experience.

When young Leiter began trading in wheat he already knew a great deal more about it than any one supposed. He had studied it as he had previously studied mines and street railways. He lacked practical experience, but it didn't take him long to gain that. Leiter went along smoothly and easily. When the bears felt the squeeze and looked about to see who was applying the power they could scarce believe their senses.

Young Leiter's career is all the more remarkable in that it differs in every essential from that of the average young man born with a silver spoon in his mouth. As the son of old Levi Leiter he might have become one of the jeunesse doree of the Windy City. The old gentleman is credited with possessing a barrel of money, made largely in the dry goods business. His wife and daughters have social aspirations, and are now occupying the Blaine house in Washington.

Joseph Leiter is a Harvard man and a member of the famous Hasty Pudding Club. He came home from Harvard with a degree, and the elder Leiter didn't know what to do with him. He remembered that he went through years of training—very humble at times—to arrive at his age of financial discretion. Joseph had no such experience. He never had sold goods over a counter, nor worked from a clerkship to a commercial dictatorship. His early life had been spent in private schools and at the university—a course very different from pioneer life in bringing out the qualities which make skilful money handlers.

He never had been against the hard wall of making his own money. The father concluded to go slowly—slowly as a man of his wealth would estimate it. He placed $1,000,000 in his son's hands. It was a lot of money for an inexperienced Hasty Pudding man to start with. It was such a piece of good luck that there were men on all sides crazy, willing, solicitous about its investment—men loaded down with advice and suggestions.

He invested in advice until his million had nearly dwindled into nothingness. But he never whimpered. He attended strictly to business. He resisted most of the temptations to which the gilded youth succumbs. He learned a great deal of the ways of promoters and speculators. He became, however, an expert in railways and mining, and then the remnant of his million acted like a magnet. With his practical knowledge of street railways and mines his fortune began to increase rapidly. The elder Leiter, who had been covertly watching the boy's course, rubbed his hands and no longer referred to his son and heir as a "college dude." A year ago he turned over to the youth nearly all his holdings.

When the financial world learned that a young fellow, not yet thirty, had absolute control of $30,000,000 worth of property, it was aghast. His fortune is divided among the best institutions in Chicago. It extends to railroads, ranches and mines.

Six months ago he went into grain. He started in the game to win, and it looks as though the glory of "Old Hutch" in his prime would be eclipsed by this beardless youth.

Leiter is a big, handsome, athletic bachelor, with a face full of strength and a chin that denotes bulldog tenacity. Society runs after him, and he runs away from it. Sometimes he buys rare books. He reads as much as a busy man like him can find time in which to read. There are horses and dogs—as many as he wants—in the barn; and speaking about horses, he was the money head of the horse show.

And this is the story of the young man who began life by buying a million dollars' worth of experience.

Scolding Under Difficulties.

At a church gathering some time ago a number of deaf mutes were present. Refreshments were served during the evening, and in handing a cup of coffee to one of the guests a deaf mute gentleman happened to spill a few drops on his wife's skirt. The wife is also a deaf mute, and it was evident that she took the mishap in a rather irritable way. She wrinkled up her forehead and at once made a series of remarkably swift movements with her nimble fingers. The husband, looking exceedingly apologetic, made a few motions in return.

One of the guests who had noticed this little byplay slyly slipped out a bit of paper and penciling something on it handed it to a friend.

This is what the latter read:

"No matter how badly afflicted, woman can still scold."

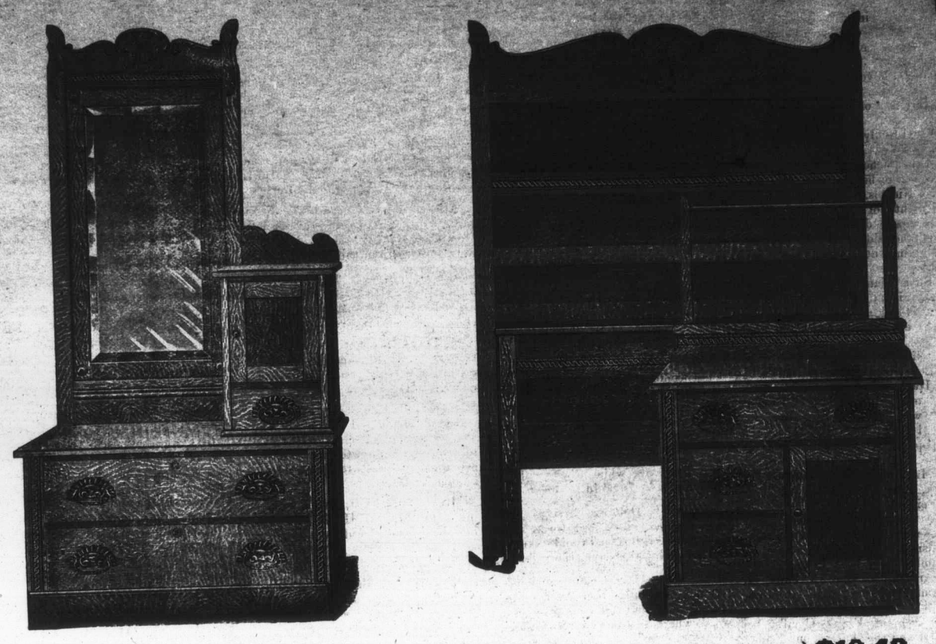
The friend scribbled this in return:

"Yes, but in the present case the husband is luckier than the average. He doesn't have to look."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Married Women Teachers.

Of all the causes now tending to keep women out of matrimony one that is very effective is the discrimination against married women teachers in the public schools. Malden, Mass., is the latest to declare that the marriage of a public school teacher shall be regarded as a resignation of her office. Mark the pronoun "her." No such discrimination is made against man.—Woman's Tribune.

A GREAT OFFER



WE offer and Oak-Finished Bedroom Suite, regular price, $20.00, for (American currency) **$13.49.** The above cut accurately represents the suite. The glass is of bevel plate, size 18x36, and the whole Suite is well made and gotten up in the very latest style. We purchased these Suites at a great reduction, and offer them at a slight advance on cost. No such goods were ever before sold in this section at so low a price. Call and see them.

R. D. JUDSON & SON, Athens, Ont.

RANDOM NOTES BY THE WAY.

Athens—Some of Its Possibilities—A Bright Future—The Electric Age—Its Clergy.

Athens possesses individuality. It is cultured. Its religion is represented in the leading denominations of the world. Its schools are second to none in their grade in the land.

The place is embowered in beautiful shade trees, the people love flowers and the picturesque. Some of the leading families within the present year have given praiseworthy proofs of their refinement and love of music.

In the rush for existence—in this most practical, the most visionary, the most real, the most ideal age the world ever saw—every act, every word, every thought that has for its object the development of purity, the elevation of the youthful mind to the higher plane of spirit thought that lies within the opal rim of a new, a second life, will meet a resonant echo in that crystal atmosphere of beauty where the ozone we inhale at every breath is Love.

We enter a town four times the size of Athens. We ask for those who lived there when it was half its present size. They have moved to Lower Town, they say, pointing to the cemetery, but before they went their foresight, their enterprise developed a preparation that has grown to what you see.

We look to the east from Athens, and the Industrial Tower of Benevolence rises before us in modest beauty and silently heralds its object, surpassing the eloquence of words. May its love-lighted windows tone down and mellow evening views of cold winter for a century to come.

From it we turn and look to the West, and the Tower on the Great Hill comes into view—(I speak and see as a child may drift in fancy to childhood's rosy dreams)—yes, in memory dear, we will ever look back to the old Castle of Learning on the Hill.

Where are the merry laughing boys and girls, the young ladies and gentlemen, whose feet once echoed along its halls, whose voice broke the silence of the class-room? Some whose eye was fixed on Ambition's lofty heights, are lying low, the flowers above them. Some are in the grand arcade of the Temple of Fame—some are here, some are there, some are over yonder, beyond the fields of ether blue.

The country around Athens must grow; the very genius of its people will force it as a hot-bed. Fine, painted outbuildings will take the place of the present ones—pretty suburban residences, adorned with little, valuable orchards—arbors and miniature parks will embellish the homes on these smaller farms—all waste land will have disappeared before the drain tile and forestry. A rejoicing, happy people on all sides—in a short space of time—say, fifty years hence, in 1950.

While the country moves rapidly on in profitable improvements in all that makes life rapturous, can the spirit of Athens alone stand still? Never! This village will soon double, will treble its present population and wealth and dimensions. Science and Art will revolutionize its customs, methods, and manner of living. Among the added institutions an academy of art will appear and, maybe, an Eiffel Tower, from the top of which may be seen the beautiful waters of the St. Lawrence, and Charleston, Delta and its lakes, Frankville, Toledo and its environs, and upper Brockville, with the vast net-work of roads margined with double rows of green trees, forming a landscape scene of matchless beauty.

Village expansion is now bounded on the south by the big hill, there progress seems arrested. This is also true in a great measure of the west end. The east is a little better. But the trend of the village is a solid north, and will be until the railway station is central. Why?

Well, our world is enveloped in a brilliant robe of omnipotent energy. We breathe and move daily in the midst of the most tremendous and exhaustless force known to man. We admire the varied forms of visible physical power—animal power, water power, steam power. We are unable to measure it as a whole, but this fearful force we refer to is invisible. The materialist may claim that it is matter for the purpose of proving a metaphysical negative.

It does not possess even the material properties of air and if it is not purely power, if it does not possess immaterality, it may be the connecting link between spirit and matter.

Our Father in Heaven has revealed an iota of the infinite depth of the riches of his wisdom, has permitted us to become acquainted with this marvelous agent we call Electricity, and has made it entirely subservient to our will and wish. It will eventually illuminate all the earth, and it is ever ready to supply us with all the power we can use in any part of the world. How can the most avaricious skeptic traduce and abuse Him in the presence of such a blinding blaze of such complementary benevolence?

Well, the faithful old rumbling, thundering, roaring, noisy, smoky, locomotive will gradually disappear before the majesty of the Electric Motor,—in a few years. Not but that the dear old steam engine will ever remain in memory one of the mightiest gifts of nature and genius to man.

A new, airy and graceful power house will take the place of the present station, and the silent motive power it will contain will cause it to become the source and centre of a hundred conveniences and beautiful features. Rubber-tired trains will glide in and out as silently as a bicycle does now. All these motions and movements will be so silent, so life-like that a never-ceasing witchery will invest them. The mystery of a great, silent power will develop northward while it inspires fascination. It is in this vicinity that electric fountains and crystal fountains of water will play. The rapid evolution of knowledge will soon make these easy and cheap in achievement.

A few lots laid out north of the railway, a few tasty buildings erected, a few double lines of trees planted, and the village will there have a healthy growth and develop largely to the north. A number of farmers will soon build residences here, and the village will soon, in defiance of any and all opposition, push out to the north. And there are men who will say in seven or ten years from to-day, "I had a chance to get a choice lot in that pleasant locality at a low price and could have taken it. Who would have thought the place would have grown so?"

There are boys and girls who may to-day read these notes, and who in sixty years hence will be the Grand Old Men and Women in Athens, and will recall vividly the change referred to here, transpiring in their memory, and when the present generation will have sailed down the stream of time, some of whom will be promoted to the luminous spheres of joy, where the atmosphere is filled with radiant love, the other part gravitating to the spheres of outer Darkness, filled with horror.

What will force, delinate, and separate the two classes in Athens at the end of their generation? The case is a plain one. All persons who have a chance to become acquainted with the "Book Called the Bible," and all who have read or become acquainted with the History of our Lord while here on the earth, are on probation, whether they accept or not, and those who turn their heads and refuse to listen will nevertheless find themselves eventually in one boat or the other. No amount of baptized profession will supply the place of patient love or a righteous daily walk, for conduct and destiny are inseparable. Our probation is granted us that we may form a character that makes us acceptable as citizens for the realms of Love, where angels and the redeemed in union dwell in the presence of Deity. Love includes every known virtue and good quality in the universe, simply because God is Love. We pass through the probation fires of overcomers. All the final promises are made to them only—overcomers by faith in the blood of the Son of God. Love must love even under the pressure of impatience.

If a lady or gentleman indulges in sharp practice, there is no love in them. If they are selfish, love is evidently absent. Such are forming a character for citizenship in the Dark Realms of Selfishness. This is only a piece of natural philosophy in the upper world, and as surely as a stone thrown up returns to the earth, so surely will such a character, when liberated in death, gravitate down to where all are on the same level. No wonder our Lord forewarns them—weeping and wailing will attend their surprise and bitter disappointment—characters by affinity drawn together.

Mineral water baths on the then attractive road to Charleston will become a great Sanitary Institution, and the cottages on that noted lake will disappear before those of unique, ancient architecture—antique roofs with beautiful and highly embellished facade—but town development will be around the electric centre.

The boys and girls of Athens have divine privileges, reared under the sweet tones of music in the midst of flowers, floating down on the broad stream of novelty, sparkling items of the great and good of all lands illumining their minds every hour. The leading thoughts and events on all the faces of the earth are mapped and in constant focus before them, dazzling their eyes at all times with scintillations of intelligence. Every turn of their mental kaleidoscope gives the figure of life in a new and more delightful form. Give them music, more music—it is heaven's anodyne, that cools the fevered brow and gives the weary heart rest. I see the presence of God more nearly visible in flowers than in any other detail of nature—they are a most pleasing object lesson. He could have made the seed and fruit without the flower. But it has pleased Him to reveal to us a little of the beauty He will disclose to us in the Age of Majesty to come, which will enrapture us, and He has hinted at the inspiration of picturesque landscape scenery, in the morning glory as it rises over the mountain tops, in the evening glory as it disappears in splendor amid a grand harmony of gorgeous, matchless coloring. No matter if the thousandth time we see the sun sink on his rose-tinted, billowy couch to rest, drawing damask and crimson curtains, as night, like a sombre jewelled queen steps down, folding her purple mantle of clouds around her dimpled shoulders, the scene is as fresh and beautiful as the first time we saw it. No man ever wearied of it.

O, teach the boys and girls to love flowers. Their idea of the Creator will be heightened, their hopes of the radiant loveliness of the new creation in the life to come will be brightened, made redolent with the delicate, ravishing odors. The greatest botanist has become acquainted with only a thousand or so of the 110,000 flowers. He may name them by nature's rule, that is all.

We long since in our humble way tried to pay a tribute to the young, rising, talented professional gentlemen here.

The Clergy are the true heroes, the veterans, the unobserved body-guard of the place, and with true unanimity they assign to any the inestimable, the inalienable privilege of worshipping God as conscience directs. They all recognize the fact that all who so worship Jesus as the Son of God are not His enemies. Anything less than this would be less than Love. A Christian minus love is a negative, a nonentity. If Christ commands his followers to love their enemies, how much more are they bound to love all who love him.

A host of skeptics once formed a community, banished christian love out of the corporation. The place grew from bad to worse until to escape from the focus of all evil these gentlemen quietly, silently conveyed and distributed themselves once more in Christian localities. God is love; therefore, we must form a character of love here to become a citizen in His kingdom of love.

Exclude, strictly, every clergyman from Athens for the next ten years. What class of people would then dwell in it? What would be the value of real estate? Then, please tell me in figures what the value of the influence and service of all the clergy of a town are worth to all its institutions and properties for ten years. Let the moneyed men of any town answer.

Our ministers are heroes, because they fight an antagonism more skilful, subtle, and powerful than any foe the trained armies of England and Germany ever met. They are veterans, made so by life-long service. They are in a measure a life-guard to soul and body of all who place themselves within the range of their protection.

How many individuals in Athens know the deep concern, the burning anxiety they feel for certain members of their charge—the trials and griefs they endure without a murmur? Do you know, reader, that each of these ministers has a Secret Bower of Prayer, hid from even his family, where, with earnest entreaty, mingled with tears, every interest of his charge is pressed on the attention of the Ruler of the Kings of the Earth. The hour is coming, is near, when they will personally shine with a beauty and splendor before which the effulgence of the sun will pale into total obscurity. There is a grander, a more wonderful, radiant light coming than science has discovered, the refulgence of which will absolutely annihilate literal darkness and our planet will become a sun. Look, you may see the blush of its glorious dawn in the far away Orient.

"Where will be the birds that sing,
A hundred years to come?
The flowers that now in beauty spring,
A hundred years to come?
The rosy lips, the lofty brow,
The heart that beats so gaily now,
O, where will be love's beaming eye,
Joy's pleasant smile, and sorrow's sigh,
A hundred years to come?

"Who'll press for gold yon crowded street,
A hundred years to come?
Who'll tread these churches with willing feet
A hundred years to come?
Pale, trembling age and fiery youth,
And childhood with its heart of truth,
The rich, the poor, on land and sea—
Where will the mighty millions be
A hundred years to come?

"We all within our graves shall sleep,
A hundred years to come,
No living soul for us will weep,
A hundred years to come;
But other men our lands will till
And others then our streets will fill,
And other birds will sing as gay
And bright the sun shine as to-day,
A hundred years to come—
A hundred years to come."

W. S. HOUGH.

Heart Rescue in 30 Minutes

after momentarily expecting for years that death might snap the vital cord at any minute. This is a story thousands could tell and have told of the almost Divine formula, Dr. Agnew's cure for the Heart. Every day chronicles the taking away the many who have not heeded nature's warnings that the heart was tired out and needed the helping that this wonderful cure gives. Heart disorders are insidious. Don't trifle. This great remedy attacks the disease instantly. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

SEELEY'S BAY.

SAT. JAN. 22.—Tuesday last S. Stevenson, while trying to catch a colt, received a severe kick in the mouth, which knocked out some teeth, fractured his upper jaw, and cut his face badly. He is doing well.

Prof. Beale of Brockville has organized a large singing class here.

Miss H Struthers of Watertown, N. Y., is visiting friends here and vicinity.

Mrs. W. N. Johnson is visiting friends at Kingston.

Miss A. McPhail of Kingston was renewing old acquaintance here during the past few days.

Mrs Wm. Maxwell died last Monday evening, aged forty-five years, after a prolonged illness with a cancer. Her sufferings were great, but were borne with Christian fortitude. She leaves a husband, three daughters and two sons, besides a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn her sad loss. The funeral took place on Wednesday in the Methodist church and was largely attended. Rev. T. Brown preached a very impressive sermon, after which the remains were placed in the vault.

Mr Wm. Gilbert is on the sick list caused by a very bad cold.

Another of our old residents has passed away in the person of Samuel Jamieson, Sr., who died last Friday morning, after a long illness with stomach trouble. His age was sixty-three years and eleven months. Rev. T. Brown will preach the funeral sermon, after which the body will be placed in the vault. The deceased leaves a wife and a family of grown up sons and daughters, besides a large circle of friends, to mourn his loss.

THE EIGHTY WHO SUFFER.

In Every Hundred From Catarrh, Have a Friend Indeed in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

"I was a catarrh victim for many years. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder has done me great service. I tried every remedy in the category of catarrh cures without any permanent relief. After taking only a few doses I received great benefit, and in a very short time my catarrh had disappeared. I am satisfied it is the best, safest and quickest remedy known for this malady to day." Jas. E. Bell, Paulding, O.—Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

Wedding stationery—fine, heavy plain note, with double envelopes—just received at the Reporter office.

Joshua Gilroy, J. P. ... Moore, D. J. Forth...

The secretary ... bills which, on ... to be paid. E. Davis, ... the committee having charge of the repairs to the buildings and grounds, presented a report showing that the sum of $351.85 had been expended in repairs and fitting up during the past year, and a motion to accept and pay the several amounts mentioned was passed.

On motion, Mr. N. H. Beecher, president for 1897, was donated the sum of $10.00 as a slight recompense for his time and expenses on behalf of the society.

The annual meeting opened at one p. m. with a fair attendance of the members. Mr. C. F. Bournes, a former resident of Addison, now an extensive farmer at Qu'Appelle, Manitoba, was elected chairman, B. Loverin of the Athens Reporter acting as secretary. The treasurer presented his report of the receipts and expenditures for the year as follows:

RECEIPTS.

Balance from last audit	$ 202 13
From members	91 00
Gate receipts	716 55
From Peddlers &c.	23 00
Entrance fee on horses	5 00
Legislative grant	300 00
County grant	100 00
Special donations	50 00
Total Receipts	$1988 28

EXPENDITURES.

Paid in prizes	$ 1012 23
Material and repairs	351 85
Caretakers and Police	26 70
Night watch	3 00
Ticket sellers	8 70
Gate Keepers	11 00
Dinner for Judges	19 75
Dinner for officers	10 00
Posting bills	10 00
Lithograph Co.	11 25
Printing	78 00
Postage, supplies &c.	16 85
Band	28 00
Committee on speed in ring	150 00
Balloon ascension and high-wire	125 00
Straw for bedding	8 00
Secretary, salary	60 00
Treasurer, salary	25 00
Auditors	4 00
Sundries	15 35
Total Expenditures	$1975 48

RECAPITULATION.

Total amount of receipts	$1988 28
Total Expenditures	1975 48
Balance on hand	$ 12 80

The auditors report was read by the secretary, and, on motion, both reports were adopted.

The election of officers for 1898 resulted as follows:

Pres.—N. H. Beecher, Toledo, acc'l.
1st. Vice Pres.—R. Barlow, Addison, acc'l
2nd Vice Pres.—Anson Manhard, Fairfield East, acc'l.
Directors—R. J. Jelly, Jellyby; D. J. Forth, Forthton; F. L. Moore, Addison; Jas. P. Horton, New Dublin; Geo. Taplin, Addison; O. L. Gardiner, Lyn; Jas. B. Saunders, Athens; Joshua Gilroy, Lyn; Jas. Bissell, Brockville.
Auditors—R. H. Field, Addison; J. I. Quinn, Addison.

While the ballots were being counted the members discussed several questions of importance to the society, the first being that of adopting the plan of having only one judge for each class instead of three as at present. A motion to recommend the adoption of this plan for 1898 was lost, but a motion to reduce the number of judges to two for this year as an experiment was almost unanimously carried.

A number of minor points were also discussed. Thos. and Rich. Kerr advocated the addition of another section in the corn class, and the classification of that exhibit so as to include corn for silo purposes as well as for feeding in the ear or ground. R. H. Field thought potatoes, which some one had suggested as having too many varieties named in the prize list, were a secondary consideration to the corn crop, and anything that would help the farmers to produce the best varieties of corn fodder should be encouraged.

Anson Manhard suggested to the members that they carefully look over the prize list and send in their suggestions to the secretary or any member of the board before the list was revised.

Wm. Harper would like to see a change in the prize list in the cattle classes. He thought that it was unfair to the exhibitors of grade cattle that they should have to compete against stock that lacked only a small percentage of being thoroughbred. Rich. Kerr thought there was grade cattle enough shown now, and he believed that many of the exhibits in the thoroughbred classes would be more at home in the grade class. Mr. Kerr was opposed to having to bring the swine out into a ring to be judged until he saw how it worked last year, and he was strongly in favor of the rule being continued.

Taken altogether the annual meeting of 1898 was one of the best ever held, as it freely expressed opinions that will no doubt be of great benefit to the directors in framing the prize list for the coming exhibition. The directors will meet for the revision of the prize list on Monday, Feb. 28th, and any member wishing to offer any suggestions as to additions or alterations are requested to be present or send suggestions to any member of the board or the secretary.

At the close of the annual meeting the directors met and unanimously appointed B. Loverin, Athens, secretary, and E. Davis, Addison, treasurer, at the same salaries as last year, and fixed the date for the fair for Sept. 14th, 15th, and 16th.

S. Y. Bullis will pay the highest price for ash, elm, and basswood logs. Must be free from knots and shakes and cut 12 feet long, to be delivered at his sawmill near the station. 2m

W. G. McLaughlin has opened up a hair cutting and shaving parlor over R. J. Seymour's grocery, where he will be pleased to have calls from his old customers and those wanting a job done in his line. 3i

Itching, Burning, Creeping, Crawling.

Skin diseases relieved in a few minutes by Agnew's ointment. Dr. Agnew's ointment relieves instantly and cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Eczema, Ulcers, Blotches, and all Eruptions of the skin. It is soothing and quieting and acts like magic in all Baby Humors, Irritation of the Scalp or rashes during teething time. 35 cents a box. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

Heroic Rescue in 30 Minutes

after momentarily expecting for years that death might snap the vital cord at any minute. This is a story thousands could tell and have told of the almost Divine formula, Dr. Agnew's cure for the Heart. Every day chronicles the taking away the many who have not heeded nature's warnings that the heart was tired out and needed the helping that this wonderful cure gives. Heart disorders are insidious. Don't trifle. This great remedy attacks the disease instantly. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

Such Is Fame.

A Prussian officer in the German army has been in the habit of questioning raw recruits on simple matters of national history. Here are a few replies to his question, "Who is Bismarck?" "Bismarck was emperor of the French." "Bismarck is dead." "Bismarck is a pensioner and lives in Paris." "Bismarck took part in the campaign of 1870 and received a medal for good conduct." "Bismarck descends from the Hohenzollerns and was born on April 1." Of 66 recruits whom the officer had to instruct, 21 had never in their life heard the name of the Iron Chancellor.

The region between the first and second cataracts of the Nile is the hottest on the globe. It never rains there, and the natives do not believe foreigners who tell them that water can descend from the sky.

The Roman houses and palaces were so imperfectly lighted that in many living rooms the inmates were forced to depend on lamps by day as well as by night.

THOSE FRESH QUAIL.

They Arrived In Safety, but Spoiled Boesler's Little Lie.

"Hear about Boesler's last play to ... favor with the old man?"

"No. Always at it, isn't he? ... fellow doesn't become a partner, it will ... be through any lack of effort to insinuate himself into the good graces of the boss. What's he done now?"

"You know that the old gentleman's been sick for a week or two and confined to the house. Boesler cabled every day to make inquiries and finally decided on a master stroke. He took a couple of days off, fitted himself out like a veteran hunter and went out into the country for quail. He couldn't have hit a flock of barns, and after keeping up a cannonading until his shoulder ached and his eyes were inflamed from smoke he gave it up. Going to a sort of guide and professional hunter in the neighborhood, he arranged for him to express some quail to the old man, insisting that they be fresh and good or he would insist on having his money back.

"Then Boesler wrote the boss a note. He stated that he had shot the game after a good deal of trouble, that he was sure the invalid would enjoy it, and that it was a pleasure to be able to supply the seasonable delicacy."

"That wasn't so bad."

"But wait. Boesler was hardly back at his desk and was not through patting himself on the back when he received an acknowledgment from the old man. It simply said: 'Those quail so kindly shot for me escaped and flew away as soon as the cook opened the box. You write better than you shoot.'

"Boesler was so insistent about having the birds fresh that his man made sure by sending them in alive."—Detroit Free Press.