THE

Athens Reporter

ISSUED EVERY

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

—BY—

B. LOVERIN

EDITOR ND PROPRIETOR

SUBSCRIPTION

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A RURAL DELIGHT.

The country lad who has to walk
A mile or two to school
May have much less excitement than
The town boy, as a rule;
But there is one advantage that
The country boy enjoys—
One way in which he has the bulge
Upon the city boys—
For he that goes to school in town
Can never get away
To "fetch a pail of water" and
Thus squander half a day.

DOVE ROCK DAY.

The girl had never been to Lake George before, and it was hardly her fault that she irretrievably injured her social standing before she had been at Horicon Ferry two hours. Grace Wright was an actress who had entered the theatrical profession as a chorus girl. She had now reached the rank of an ingenue in one of the popular theatres.

Everybody at Horicon Ferry goes to the Landing to inquire for mail and to see what manner of people are going up the lake. The morning and evening steamer arrivals are the two incidents of the day, and John Treadwell was as curious as the rest of the little colony which dwelt on the point of land which juts out into the upper lake. He was holding a flaring red parasol over the head of his richest aunt, when he saw Grace Wright hastening over the gangplank. Before he could beat a retreat the girl had nodded to him, and he was compelled to acknowledge her salutation with a perfunctory dip of his hat.

The next moment the girl had given her baggage to a porter, thereby proclaiming her intention of becoming a guest of Horicon Ferry's one hotel.

"I did not know," said Miss Jemimah Pettingill, sister of John Treadwell's mother, recently deceased, "that you had any acquaintance among the hotel people."

"Well," replied the young man, nervously twisting his mustache, "a fellow who is a reporter on a New York newspaper, as I am, is bound to meet a few persons who are not eligible to the hamlet set at Horicon Ferry."

"I trust, nephew," said Miss Pettingill, "that you will remember that it is decidedly improper to mingle your business and social acquaintances. She is rather handsome, too. Has her mother with her. Evidently makes some pretense to respectability."

"Aunt Jemimah," said the young man, "the young woman is a member of Mr. Payson's company. She is a girl of sterling character. She has been on the stage almost from childhood."

From that day John Treadwell had no peace of mind at Lake George. He was at Horicon Landing principally because his aunt had told him to come, and incidentally because the family of his fiancee, Agnes Shelton, had a cottage there. He thought rather guiltily of the evenings when he had called on Grace Wright, and of the talks they had had upon literature and the uplifting of the stage from its present sorrowful plight. They had read the same books, and had spent many an afternoon at the picture galleries. That was in the days when he was struggling for bare existence upon a paper whose principal stock in trade consisted of niggardly pay to its reporters. He was glad in those days when the weekly payday arrived, and brought with it the blessed assurance that he might have breast of veal, with green peas, for at least one dinner of the week.

Then somebody discovered that he could write, and he found himself upon a paper where his weekly space bills ran above the three figure mark, and he was hailed by that proudest of Park Row titles, "a good man." Then he fell into the good graces of his Aunt Jemimah. That meant receptions and afternoon teas, and an introduction into one of the "smart" sets of New York. That is how he met Agnes Shelton. She thought that his life was "so interesting" and "so fascinating;" and he, who had almost forgotten the days when he was a drudge and a packhorse, never told her anything to the contrary. She had money enough for two. He saw his opportunity and availed himself of it. They were engaged.

Grace Wright saw him once of twice after his rise in fortune. It was very easy for him to tell her that he could find no time to call upon her, for men who are under the beck and call of a city editor have little time that they may call their own. She saw him for the first time in months at the landing at Horicon Ferry.

The principal occupation of the so-called "society" element at Horicon Landing consisted in making life unendurable to the majority of those who came there. There were three distinct estates—the Hotel set, the Justin set and the Hamlet set. Anybody who had either owned or rented a cottage for three years in succession, was entitled to the rank of "Hamleteer." He had the right to snub anybody who came within sight of the little cluster of cottages at the end of the point. There was also an overgrown country farm house, not far from the hamlet, kept by the venerable Mrs. Justin. A few, and only a few, of those who stopped at Justin's were recognized by the Hamleteers. Those who stopped at the hotel were considered beneath social recognition. They belonged to a class which never came to Horicon Ferry for more than one year.

After the strictest set of the Hamleteers was Miss Jemimah Pettingill, a co-tager. It was her pride that in all the ten years she had been coming to Lake George no hotel guest had ever darkened her threshold. By right of seniority, she was the social law-giver of Horicon Ferry; and Grace Wright had not been at the hotel more than three days before she was obliged to assert her authority. One of the Hamleteers, who had once seen the young woman in a minor Shakespearean role, insisted upon inviting the girl to give an open-air reading. There was a brief, sharp struggle, and the project was abandoned.

Grace Wright and her mother were permitted to go their own way. They did not seem even to be aware of the fact that they had been socially ostracized. They cared not either for Hamleteers or the Justin set or the guests of the hotel. A young dry goods clerk, spending a week's vacation at Horicon, smiled upon the woman, but

him. If I had loved him less, I would have married him when he asked me two years ago."

There was one day in the calendar when all differences of social standing were forgotten. That was Dove Rock Day. On that day the great rock, which rose from the middle of the lake near Horicon Ferry, was piled high with dry wood; it was the funeral pyre of the season which was gone. The material for the conflagration was gathered from the islands and from the wooded shore. The Hamleteers, the boarders at Justin's and the guests at the hotel all joined in transporting the supplies for the last spectacle of the declining year.

John Treadwell that year was master of ceremonies, directing the movements of the navy of transports, which all day long was busy conveying logs and packing boxes to the rock. In the centre of the pile were trunks of giant trees, placed on end and held in place by smaller logs. In the centre was a pocket filled with light kindling wood, covered with pitch and tar. This was the mine from which was to ascend a tongue of flame. Hamlet and hotel viewed Dove Rock with pride when the work of the bonfire builders was done.

The night was falling when from the point a flotilla of boats swept towards the rock. There was a clanking of rowlock chains, and the oars rattled against cedar-sheathed hulls. Craft which for weeks had been dodging each other were moored side by side. The slow beating of the oars kept the half moon of boats from drifting toward the rock.

A single boat shot out from the swinging group and grated upon the edge of Dove Rock. A gleam of light shone from beneath the shelter of a cap; then the flame from a torch flared high in the air. John Treadwell, his face illumined by the jet of fire above his head, turned to the crescent of boats and bowed. He hurled the torch into the centre of the giant tinder-box, and turned to go. But his foot caught upon a root and he lurched forward. In trying to save himself he half turned, then fell upon the rock. From the top of the pile of timbers burst a blinding flood of light. Beneath its glare, those who sat in the half line of boats could see that a thin stream of blood was trickling from the right temple of the man who lay stretched upon the rock.

The pile of timbers began to settle. A blistering heat compelled the spectators to pull back from the nest of flames. A pine log rolled from the side of the volcano of wood and fell, snapping and snarling, within six inches of Treadwell's feet.

"Why doesn't somebody pull out to the rock?" yelled a voice far back in the semi-circle.

"Why don't you do it yourself?" came the response in a half dozen keys.

A light shallop shot out from the landing near the hotel. Some one, closely wrapped in a cloak, dragged the prostrate form into the boat and slowly rowed out of the zone of blistering heat.

"It seems strange to me," remarked the dramatic critic of The Daily Harbinger to the night editor of The Morning Rainbow, who had joined him at a late supper in a restaurant, "that newspaper men have such a predilection for marrying actresses. I supposs that we shall be hearing of Treadwell's seeking divorce sometime within the next six months. He was married this evening to Gracie Wright, who used to be at Payson's."

"Well," said the editor, "from what I know about it that divorce won't come very soon. She saved his life at Lake George last summer."

Thirty Years the Limit of a Deer's Life

Romance has played a prominent part with regard to the longevity of deer. What says the Highland adage?

Thrice the age of a dog is that of a horse.

Thrice the age of a horse is that of a man.

Thrice the age of a man is that of a deer.

Thrice the age of a deer is that of an eagle.

Thrice the age of an eagle is that of an oak tree.

This is to assign the deer a period of more than 200 years; and the estimate is supported by many highly circumstantial stories. Thus, Capt. McDonald of Tulloch, who died in 1776, aged 86 years, is said to have known the white hind of Loch Treig for fifty years, his father for a like period before him, and his grandfather for sixty years before him. So, in 1826, McDonald of Glengarry is reported to have killed a stag which bore a mark on the left ear identical with that made on all the calves he could catch by Ewen-Mac-Ian-Og, who had been dead 150 years. Analogous stories, it may be noted, are told in countries on the continent of Europe, where deer are to be found in any number. But, alas! the general opinion among experts would seem to be that thirty years or thereabouts is the limit of a deer's life.—Chambers' Journal.

Rare Packs of Cards.

The oldest pack of cards found in the United States is a deck which was discovered in perfect condition in a closet in an ancient house in New Jersey. The date of the pack is of the time of Charles I., and the cards are of English make. Some very old playing cards have been found in the board bindings of early books. It looks as if illustrative art was used in the making of cards even before the pictures in books of religion, which shows that man thought more of his amusement than of the saving of his soul. At a recent sale in London some old playing cards were disposed of, says The Collector. A geographical pack, 1675, with the rare explanatory card describing other packs of the period, brought £3; a pack of old proverb cards, not in the British Museum catalogue, £4 11s.; Dutch satirical cards, first quarter of the eighteenth century, with two supplemental cards, £3 18s.; a pack of grotesque cards, the suits cleverly designed and colored, £2 10s.; a pack illustrating the American civil war, with portraits of the generals engaged therein, £2 2s., and the rare popish plot pack, published in 1679, one card missing, £2 18s.

Touch.

A living coal! And with its glow
It touched another coal, when, lo,
The dark form into radiance grew,
And light and cheer beamed forth anew.

A loving heart! And with its love
It touched another heart which strove
With adverse waves on troubled sea,
When oars were plying heavily;
And lo, through rifted clouds Hope smiled,
And Love the weariness beguiled.

That living coal be mine to glow,
That living heart be mine to show
While earth has sorrowing hearts that wait
The opening of Redemption's gate.

Surprised That Mamma Lived.

There is a little girl who is rapidly causing her father's hair to assume the color of the driven snow. The other day she looked up at him from between his knees and asked: "Papa, was it a wise person who said 'the good die young?'" "Yes," said the musing man, "I guess so." "Well," she went on, after thinking it over for some time, "I'm not so much surprised about you, but I don't see how mamma ever managed to get growed up."

An Eel That Whistles.

A remarkable eel has been discovered in the Fiji islands. It has a peculiar formation in its throat which causes it to whistle when in an excited state. The eel is 15 feet long and several inches in girth.

Dr. C. R. Church, jail surgeon at Ottawa, has certified to the Police Magistrate that Ferdinand Carriere is insane. This is the Rimouski man who expressed a desire to kill the Premier.

Mrs. George Armitage of St. Thomas was attacked by a man dressed in women's clothes and wearing a veil. After being somewhat roughly handled, the lady succeeded in making her escape.

The private bank of Gilles & Co. at Teeswater was robbed of $2000. The cracksmen blew the safe door off and forced it through the vault door, which was probably closed to deaden the noise.

John McIntyre, the Windsor, N.S., fire-, escaped from the block-house, where confined, while his jailer slept. after noon he was recognized sentting near Newport, and sectionmen, after a hard He was taken back to Windplaced in custody of the mill-

Parsons Will Try Again.

on, Oct. 30.—Charles Parsons, ventor of the steam turbine which tted in the 100-foot torpedo boat nia, giving her a speed of 33 an hour, is about to construct at castle-on-Tyne a vessel of the torpedo boat destroyer type, with turbine engines. It is stated that she will have speed of 36 to 40 knots an hour.

The Canada Seized.

Ottawa, Oct. 30.—The Department of Customs yesterday received word that the Constance had seized and brought into Quebec the schooner Canada, Capt. May, with over $4000 worth of contraband whisky aboard. The department are not sure that this is the full cargo

THE LONELY GRAVES

OF ARCTIC EXPLORERS IN THE FAR, DREAR NORTH.

An Interesting Compilation by Mr. Albert Operti, the Artist of the Peary Expedition—A Couple of Vivid Sketches of the Monuments.

Beyond the region of human habitation the Arctic zone is dotted over with the graves of brave men who have lost their lives trying to gain the North Pole. It is the duty of subsequent expeditions to preserve these graves as far as possible and keep a record of them.

Cape Sabine, across Smith Sound in a southeastern direction, the winter quarters of the Hays expedition of 1860, is marked by a solitary grave. A couple of bones and skull, bleached white by long exposure, are all that remain of that scientific genius, Professor August Sonntag, astronomer.

Leaving the Hope, Lieutenant R. E. Peary and myself got into our whaleboat, the men pulling quick strokes to

MOST NORTHERN GRAVE SEARCH EXPEDITION, 1892.

avoid the loose floe ice which moved rapidly southward. As we had little time to remain, we hurried as well as we could over the slippery rocks to reach the little terrace of rubble stones upon which the remains stood, a pile of red-dish rocks scattered about by force, probably by wolves and bears.

We gazed on an Arctic grave for the first time. My feelings sent memory backward. I could see the little schooner frozen in, the men moving about building that little storehouse of stones, now tumbled down, carrying boxes of provisions and getting ready for a long winter.

I hurriedly made my sketch, while Lieutenant Peary took photographs. We then collected a few relics, little pieces of broken bottles, rope, splinters of wood, some rusty iron eyebolts, and with uncovered heads we tenderly placed the skull and bones together, replacing the stones and inscribing our names, upon the back of the headstone, placing it once more in position. I pulled a few pieces of Arctic willow growing near by.

Another grave, a few rocks tumbled one upon another in a deep rent between massive bowlders, is on Littleton Island, about seven miles to the northward on the eastern side. Christian Ohlsen, aged thirty-six years, was buried here. Dr. Kane's expedition of 1853-5, on their retreat, reached this island in time to have his body.

The sketch shows the southern and eastern face of the island. Two other

TOMB OF Baker and Schubert Kane's Expedition from North

members of Kane's expedition, Baker and Schuberts, died while the Advance, Kane's ship, wintered at Fern Rock. They were buried in the little observatory.

On the west side of Smith Sound, at Baird Inlet, George W. Rice, member of the Lady Franklin Bay expedition, 1882, died from cold in trying to secure food for his comrades at Cape Sabine. His companion, Fredericks, buried him in the ice. Our stay in Wolstenholm Sound permitted me to visit the five graves at North Star Bay. H.H.S. North Star, one of Sir Edward Belcher's squadron, in search of Sir John Franklin, was forced to winter at the lower end of this sound, during which one man was killed by falling down a cliff and four others died from natural causes.

In latitude 81 degrees 31 minutes north the grave of Captain Charles Francis Hall is marked with the most civilized headstone or tablet of any. The British polar expedition of 1875 erected a brass tablet, brought from England, at the foot of his grave. He died at Thank God Harbor, November 8, 1871, aged fifty.

Lieutenant Peary next visited the Cary Islands, situated in latitude 76 degrees 41 minutes, in Baffins Bay. Two young Swedish students, Alfred Bjorling, botanist, and Ewald G. Kallstenius, zoologist, twenty-one and twenty-four years of age, undertook an expedition to Smith Sound in 1892. Three men besides themselves reached the Cary Islands. The little schooner was driven ashore. One man died and the rest, taking their little boat, attempted to reach the main land. So read the record found by Lieutenant Peary in the little cairn near the grave. No trace of them has been found, and they are now given up as lost forever.

We found, however, in a conspicuous cairn on the Southeast Island a note stating that the whaler Eclipse had arrived at the island July 6, 1894, and that Mr. Ellis Nilsson, Swedish representative on board, had searched in vain for information about his countrymen. We noted also that the grave of the man who had died there had been despoiled, presumably by the huge burgomaster gulls of the island.

The Nares British expedition of 1875 wintered in Lady Franklin Bay, the Discovery and the Alert at Cape Sherdan. Commander Markham of the Alert, had reached the highest north at 83 degrees 20 minutes 26 seconds over the ice. Sickness and scurvy made them retreat, and after terrible suffering and struggles they reached the Alert, leaving one of their number dead. His name was George Porter.

Perhaps the sketch reproduced may serve as a humble memento of this grave, the most northern of any race or of any time.

During the winter quarters of the Alert Neil C. Paterson, dog driver and Esquimau interpreter, died and was buried on shore, latitude 82 degrees 27 minutes north. Near the winter quarters of H.M.S. Discovery, Lady Franklin Bay, latitude 81 degrees 40 minutes, two other graves are marked with rough boards to the memories of James Hand and Charles Paul, seamen. Other graves are to be found scattered over the Arctic Circle. As each expedition goes forth one or more drop out—only a life given up to science—a mere grain of sand on the shore—a drop in the sea of the universe.

ALBERT OPERTI,
Artist of the Peary Expedition.

KUMPEI MATSUMOTO.

The Japanese Editor Who Has Been Touring America.

Kumpei Matsumoto is the youngest native editor in Japan. He is the proprietor of a monthly magazine called The Greater Japan, the organ of the Liberal party in Japan, and he has recently started an international paper named Japan and America.

Mr. Matsumoto accompanied the Marquis Ito as friend and secretary on the latter's recent visit to England, representing the Japanese Government at the Queen's Jubilee.

Since that event the young Japanese editor has been making an extensive trip in Europe and America for the purpose of gaining information in regard to western journalism. Mr. Matsumoto started last week for Japan, via Vancouver. When in Toronto he visited the principal newspaper offices and was entertained by several prominent citizens.

Mr. Matsumoto is not a stranger to the west. He received his early schooling in Japan, becoming familiar with

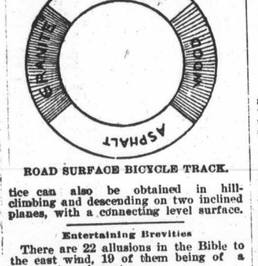
KUMPEI MATSUMOTO.

the English language before leaving his own country. In 1891 he came to America and entered the University of Pennsylvania as an undergraduate. He remained there but one year, and then went to Brown University, and in 1893 and 1894 took a post-graduate course at Yale. After this he returned to Japan. His ambition was to enter political life, but his youth and lack of influence barred him from that field, so he chose journalism as the best means to political power.

Mr. Matsumoto's aim at present is to establish a closer trade relation between Japan and Canada. He claims that, while Japan exports largely to the Dominion, this country does a small business with Japan compared with that of other nations. As the two countries are practically adjacent, Mr. Matsumoto thinks that the intercourse should be of the friendliest and closest character.

Curious Cycle Track.

A new kind of cycle track has been put down in one of the London riding schools. In this track the various surfaces that the cyclist will encounter in wheeling on roads are provided to accustom him to the actual conditions of road riding. A circular ring of the school is constructed in four sections, with surfaces of wood, asphalt, granite cubes and macadam. The first lessons—in the elementary arts of balancing, steering, mounting and dismounting—can be learned on the board surface that constitutes the remainder of the floor, and then the novice can acquire the experience necessary to tackle with success the ordinary riding conditions of the roads on the track. By diverging at one point from this track practice can also be obtained in hill-climbing and descending on two inclined planes, with a connecting level surface.



ROAD SURFACE BICYCLE TRACK.

Entertaining Brevities

There are 22 allusions in the Bible to the east wind, 19 of them being of a dispersing character.

The remarkable echo at Eagle's Nest, on the banks of the Killarney, Ireland, repeats a bugle call 100 times, each clear and distinct.

The Island of Malta has a language of its own, derived from the Carthaginian and Arabian tongues. The nobility of the island speak Italian.

The number of sheep in the world is estimated to amount to 550,000,000. Of this number between one-third and one-half are believed to be merinos.

A member of the British Parliament cannot resign. When he wishes to retire he accepts the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, a nominal office in the gift of the Crown and paying a salary of 20 shillings a year. No member of Parliament can remain in his seat after accepting a Government appointment other than a Cabinet position and this fiction of the stewardship has thus been perpetuated for at least 600 years.

Marriage Customs.

"That is a curious custom they have in some of the South Sea islands," said Mr. Wallace, "of marrying a girl to a tree or some inanimate object, which is supposed to act as a sort of scapegoat for the shortcomings of the real, live husband."

"It is not absolutely unique," said Mrs. Wallace, "for a woman in this country to be married to a stick."

But Mr. Wallace, with the calm superiority of the masculine mind, refused to deem it a personal matter.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Unfortunate Indeed.

Pennington—Have you heard about Mark Twain having the gout?

Inksley—Yes, and I'm sorry the report got out. It'll have the effect of driving a whole lot more people into literature and thus diminishing the chances of those who are already in.—Cleveland Leader.

A Jail-Breaker Captured.

Chatham, Ont., Oct. 31.—John Glasford, a tramp who assaulted a young girl near London, and who escaped from the London jail about two weeks ago, while awaiting trial, was cleverly captured in Harwich Township, about five miles from here, this afternoon, by Constables McGregor and McRemer.

No Trust.

"Stand off!" cried the lone wayfarer, excitedly.

The highwayman jeered.

"Not much!" he exclaimed, with a coarse laugh. "I'm not doin' a credit business. Money down or your life!"

Jack (singing at the top of his voice from a popular song)—"There's only one girl in the world for me!"—Punch.

Clever Sir Charles.

Here is the story of the lord chief justice of England.

When he was still known as Sir Charles Russell he went to Scotland to help the Liberals in a certain campaign. He purposely began his speech with some very badly pronounced Scotch.

After the confusion caused by his apparent blunder had subsided, Sir Charles said:

"Gentlemen, I do not speak Scotch, but I vote Scotch."

Tremendous applause followed, whereupon Sir Charles proceeded: "And I often drink Scotch."

After this he was the hero of the hour.—Answers.

Another Bird.

"Has your husband any hallucination?"

"Yes, he has. He's always talking about Andree's balloon."

"Ah, yes. He has begun to see pigeons."

"I don't know that he sees any pigeons, but I've heard him talk in his sleep about chasing the duck."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Difference of Opinion.

Klondyke Humanity—Great heavens! Two dead men in the street! What does this mean?

"Just a difference of opinion.'

"A difference of opinion?

"Yes; they'll be buried soon. We always bury differences of opinion up here."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HOW IT IS DONE.

An Incident From Real Life That Seems to Have a True Touch.

Charles Joyce and his wife had just returned from the honeymoon, when they had their first misunderstanding, and they had just kissed and made it up, and everything was perfectly lovely, and even more than that.

"And we'll never quarrel again, will we, love?"

"No, darling, never," and he kissed her eighteen times.

"It was silly of us to quarrel when we did, wasn't it?"

"Yes, it was, and I never would have quarreled if it hadn't been for you."

"Why, dear, I didn't do it."

"No, of course, you didn't, but if it hadn't been for you it never would have happened."

"I don't think I was to blame."

"I'm sure I wasn't."

"But, you know, dear, I couldn't have done it all by myself. Somebody must have been to blame."

"Well, I wasn't the one, I'm sure."

"And I'm just as sure I wasn't."

"That's a matter of opinion."

"Of course, and my opinion is my own."

"Well, who said it wasn't?"

"There you are again. You can't talk two minutes without letting your temper get away with you."

"My temper isn't any worse than yours."

"Who said it was? I wasn't saying anything about my temper, was I?"

But you were about mine, and I don't propose to listen to it. If I can't live in peace here, I can go to an hotel and be quiet, anyhow."

"Well, go to the hotel. It's a more fitting place for you than a decent home."

"This is a fine home, isn't it. Good night. I'm off."

"You are a tyrant; that's what you are."

"Well, you need that sort."

"Boo-hoo boo-hoo! I'm going home to mother."

And then they made it up again.—Tit Bits.

The Newest Wrinkle.

"What you got there, in your ears?"

"My phonograph, of course. When I am away from home, I can hear my wife saying the pretty things she said the day we parted."—Paris Journal Amusant.

Wasted Indignation.

The man with the florid face and the bold head grew more and more uneasy as he sat at the restaurant table. He tried to read a newspaper, but every now and then would drop it, adjust his glasses and glare up and down the room to find the waiter to whom he had given his order. At last he managed to detain him, at the risk of being scalded by the soup he carried, and inquired:

"How about that dinner I ordered?"

"It will be here immediately, sir," was the answer.

The guest tried to read his newspaper once more, but as time passed his uneasiness increased until he was glaring up and down the room as fiercely as ever. He found his waiter again and the same conversation was repeated. After two or three more similar attempts he arose and went over to another waiter, who was gracefully leaning against a pillar.

"Look here," said the guest. "I want to know something."

"Yes," responded the waiter.

"What I want to know is this: Am I ever going to get any dinner, and if I do get it, when will it be?"

The languid young man looked at him and replied:

"Excuse me. I am afraid you have made a mistake. I am only a waiter; not a prophet.—Detroit Free Press.

The Lady Footbalier.

He—But, frankly, you don't really expect to win this match, do you?

She—Certain to; referee's our captain's sweetheart.—The Daughter.

Lack of Enterprise.

Editor—Why didn't you send the carrier pigeon from the Klondyke with news as agreed?

Reporter—Couldn't; got hungry and ate the bird.

Cured.

"How do, Hogg," said a Pueblo man to an Easterner, who had been here but a few months.

"My name is Bacon, sir, if you please," he replied.

"Beg pardon, sir. I thought you were Mr. Hogg, the invalid."

"I was, but I have been cured."—Puck.

See that it is there!

This is the trade-mark which is on the wrapper (salmon-colored) of every bottle of the genuine SCOTT'S EMULSION. Be sure this is on the package, and that nothing else is palmed off on you when you ask for it.

Nothing has been made that equals it to give strength and solid flesh to those who are run down or emaciated.

Your doctor will tell you that it is the one food for all those whose weight is below the standard of health.

Put up in 50 cts. and $1.00 sizes, and sold by all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.

Britain Is Now Fixing Up a New Naval Station There.

England is about to establish a new naval station in America. The place to be fortified is Port Stanley, in the Falkland Islands. The object is apparent—to have a station controlling the Straits of Magellan. The growing importance of Chile and the Argentine Republic and of the trade which passes through the Straits has moved England to establish

BRITAIN'S NEW NAVAL STATION.

in this far-off region one of those outposts by means of which she keeps watch and ward over the commerce of the world.

The Falkland Islands formerly belonged to Argentina, or, rather, to the Republic of Buenos Ayres, now a part of the Argentine Republic; but one day a British man-of-war came along and appropriated them. Since then the Government of Argentina has made a yearly demand upon the British Government for the islands. This demand is courteously received by "Her Majesty's Government," and as courteously pigeonholed.

There are two Falkland Islands—the east and the west. They comprise an area of about 5000 square miles, and are sparsely inhabited. For years England has paid no attention to the islands except to send out a Governor now and then at a salary of $6000 a year, and perquisites. Port Stanley, where the naval station is to be built, is on the western island. It has a good harbor, which will be fortified and made an imperial station. Modern fortifications mounting modern high-power guns will defend a coaling station and a dry-dock for the repairing of vessels.

The islands lie directly west of the Straits of Magellan, and in case of war, England, from her strong station at Port Stanley, would be able to pounce upon the Straits in short order. Last spring the British South Atlantic fleet sailed into the harbor of Port Stanley and remained there for some time.

As soon as the forts are built the place will always have one or more men-of-war stationed there, and it will be the southern naval station of the South Atlantic fleet.

MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY.

The Gentleman Who Has Amazed All England by His Resignation.

The young Marquis of Londonderry, who amazed all England by resigning from the Northern Union of Conservative Associations, and who was at once re-elected to the presidency of that organization, is one of the few English men who hold to ancient ideas and who refuse to be admonished by the spirit of the times. This nobleman is now 45 years old, and he is descended from one of the proudest families in all Europe. He is the sixth earl of his title, and his blood goes back to the Vanes, the Tempests and the Stewarts. The title of the family is Castlereagh, a title that was made infamous by an ancient statesman whom Lord Byron preserved in his verse as the archtraitor to his country. But the mild-eyed young man who inherits the title to-day is in no way responsible for the sins of his ancestors, and, as a matter of fact, is not held for them. The Earl was educated at Oxford, and as Viscount Castlereagh he ran for Parliament in 1874 in

MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY.

the borough of South Kensington, London, and was defeated. He betook himself to Ireland and was elected from the County Down and sat for that county from 1878 until 1884. In that year he came into his estate. He was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland by Salisbury and lived in Dublin until 1889. Lord Londonderry married the eldest daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury, the nobleman who made himself notorious by engaging in the hansom cab business of London.

Professional Menders.

For some time a number of women in New York have been doing professional mending. Expertness with the needle is the only preparation necessary for this business. The menders are missionaries in a way, for they seek out bachelors at their boarding houses, apartments and hotels and make a contract to keep buttons on coats, vests and trousers, to darn hoisery and to close up rents in clothing. The price charged for such service varies according to the size of a man's wardrobe.

This scheme of a perambulating repair shop appeals to the average man, for it means money in his pocket. Tailors charge good round sums for odd jobs, and a woman fixes up many things that a tailor would not touch. It is easier, too, to have a woman drop in, while a man is away on business, and rid him of all the worry about the condition of his clothes. The mender visits her customers at stated intervals.

Enemies to Flies.

When the house fly takes his departure in the fall it is often because he has become a prey to the ravages of a tiny parasite that has brought his existence to an end, says The Chicago Inter-Ocean. Of vegetable malignant germs, the most simple and minute produce bacterial diseases. Some of these organisms consist of an oval mass of protoplasm, multiplying very rapidly by self-division, the new individual often forming chains. A germ introduced to a fly multiplies so rapidly that the blood and tissues are soon disorganized, and death results. Entomphthorae is the name of a parasite whose victims, flies and other insects, are found dead in large numbers in autumn.

"Ha, scoundrel!" exclaimed the stage lover. "You have reached the end of your rope."

"I know it," calmly replied the stage villain, "but there are others."

And he threw away the remnant of the cheap cigar he had been smoking and lighted another.—Chicago Tribune.

"They have appointed a woman to clean the streets in Chicago."

"I hope she won't follow the example of my wife."

"Why so?"

"Because, if she does, she'll take everything out of one street into another before she commences to sweep."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Dah is some friends," said Uncle Eben, "dat is like de rainbow. Dey looks fine an' bends polite, but dey's gone when de sun ain't shinin'."—Washington Star.

A Stimulating Face Shampoo.

According to those who have tried it, the face shampoo not only adds to the personal attractiveness of the shampooer, but creates a peaceful, cheerful spirit in her. It rests her nerves after a morning's shopping, it restores her temper after a forenoon in the kitchen.

To take it, rub fine soap and a little glycerine on a sponge, wet in water as hot as can be borne. Lather the face and neck thoroughly with this. Then rub with almond meal until the skin is dry. Wash all trace of meal and soap off with clean, hot water; spray with cold water until the flesh is firm and cold. Dry gently with a soft towel, and touch the eyebrows and roots of the hair with a linen cloth, dampened in cologne.—London Morning.

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Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, Window Glass, Coal Oil, Machine Oil, Rope of all sizes, Builders' Hardware, Nails, Forks, Shovels, Drain Tile, Spades, Scoops, Iron Piping, (all sizes), Tinware, Agate Ware, Lamps and Chimneys, Pressed Ware, &c. Guns and Ammunition.

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Agent for the Dominion Express Co.—the cheapest way to send money to all parts of the world. Give me a call.

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I am prepared to furnish Points and Repairs for all Popular plows at lowest wholesale rates; also repairs for Oshawa Planet Power, and general job castings at lowest possible prices for first-class work.

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....GIANT ROOT CUTTER..

Has several important improvements, viz.: Heavier Balance-Wheel, Anti-Clog Cylinder, etc., making it the best machine in the market. Warranted as represented.

Send for prices.

GEO. P. McNISH,
Lyn Agricultural Works.

SABLE...

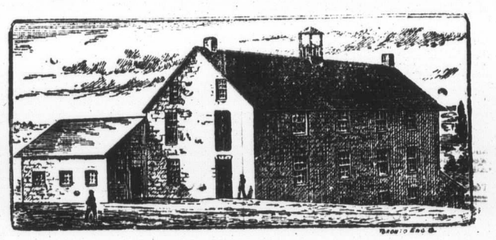
Still remains the most popular and fashionable Fur, it looks so rich and dressy at all times, that is, if you are wearing the best quality, which we have made up in all the newest styles.

Capes, Caprices, Collarettes, Barrel and Empire Muffs, Ruffs, Ties, etc., etc. Dark rich, full, sable trimming.

We are making over a number of seal garments into the new Russia Blouse Jacket, so fashionable just now.

CRAIG, The Furrier.

Lyn Woolen Mills



Have a good of stock genuine all-wool Yarn and Cloth, will be prepared to sell the same at moderate prices, and will at all times be prepared to pay the highest market price for wool in cash or trade.

R. WALKER.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY

DISEASED MEN CURED

THOUSANDS of young men, middle aged men and old men can look back at their boyhood days or early manhood with a sigh of remorse. The ignorance of early youth, or later on a misspent life as "one of the boys" has sown the seeds for future suffering. SELF ABUSE is a terrible sin against nature and will bring a rich harvest. Blood and Private Diseases sap the very life and vitality of the victim. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will positively cure all the following diseases:

VARICOCELE, EMISSIONS, NERVOUS DEBILITY, SYPHILIS, STRICTURE, GLEET, SEMINAL WEAKNESS, PIMPLES, LOST MANHOOD, UNNATURAL DISCHARGES, KIDNEY AND BLADDER DISEASES.

ARE YOU? NERVOUS and despondent; weak or debilitated; tired mornings; no ambition—lifeless; memory poor; easily fatigued; excitable and irritable; eyes sunken, red and blurred; pimples on face; dreams and night losses; restless; haggard looking; weak back, bone pains; hair loose; ulcers; sore throat; varicocele; deposit in urine and drains at stool; distrustful; want of confidence; lack of energy and strength—WE CAN CURE YOU OR ASK NO PAY.

CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY—CONFIDENTIAL

SNATCHED FROM THE GRAVE. A Warning from the Living. "At 15 I learned a bad habit. Tried four doctors and nerve tonics by the score without benefit; emissions and drains increased. I became a nervous wreck. A friend who had been cured by Drs. Kennedy & Kergan of a similar disease, advised me to try them. I did so and in two months was positively cured. This was eight years ago. I am now married and have two healthy children."—C. W. LEWIS, Saginaw.

VARICOCELE CURED. "Varicocele made life miserable. I was weak and nervous, eyes sunken, bashful in society, hair thin, no ambition. The 'Golden Monitor' opened my eyes. The New Method Treatment of Drs. Kennedy and Kergan cured me in a few weeks.—I. L. PETERSON, Iowa.

EMISSIONS CURED. J. P. EMERSON relates his experience. "I lived on a farm. At school I learned an early habit, which weakened me physically, sexually and mentally. Family doctors said I was going into 'decline' (consumption.) Finally 'The Golden Monitor,' edited by Drs. Kennedy & Kergan, fell into my hands. I learned the TRUTH and the CAUSE. Self-abuse had sapped my vitality. I took the New Method Treatment and was cured. My friends think I was cured of consumption. I have sent them many patients, all of whom were cured. Their New Method Treatment supplies vigor, vitality and manhood."

SYPHILIS CURED. "This terrible blood disease was in my system for eight years. Had taken mercury for two years, but the disease returned. Eyes red, pimples and blotches on the skin, ulcers in the mouth and on tongue, bone pains, falling out of hair, weakness, etc. My brother, who had been cured of Gleet and Stricture by Drs. Kennedy and Kergan, recommended them. They cured me in a few weeks, and I thank God I consulted them. No return of the disease in six years."—W. P. M., Jackson.

17 YEARS IN DETROIT, 200,000 CURED. NO RISK.

READER! Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you contemplating marriage? Has your bl