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LEADING CLOTHIER, GENT'S FURNISHER, HATS AND CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES AND FURS
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MEN'S DISEASES

There is seldom a day that we are not consulted in regard to a condition that, if we were to have seen it in its early stages, the sufferer would have been relieved, cured and saved considerable expense. This we consider it due to lack of knowledge on the part of the doctor who has previously treated the case; therefore, we say to you, if you are suffering from any disease or condition peculiar to men, or if you have been a victim and been disappointed in not getting a permanent cure elsewhere, we would ask that you come to our office for personal examination or write us for a Question Blank for Home Treatment. We will explain to you OUR SYSTEM OF TREATMENT, which we have originated and developed after our whole life's experience in the treatment of special diseases of men. We will give you, FREE OF CHARGE, an honest and scientific opinion of your case. If we find you are incurable we will honestly tell you so. If we find your case curable we will give you a written guarantee to cure you or refund you your money.

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We cure NERVOUS DEBILITY, VARICOCELE, STRICTURES, BLOOD AND SKIN diseases, PROSTATIC troubles, BLADDER, KIDNEY AND URINARY diseases.

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We have scores of testimonials as to its merits.

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If you want a new roof or an old one repaired, let us hear from you.

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MEN'S LIFE BLOOD

Nothing can be more demoralizing to young and middle-aged men than emissions at night or secret drains through the urine. They unfit a man for business, married life or social happiness. No matter whether caused by evil habits in youth, natural weakness, or acute excesses, our New Method Treatment will positively cure you. CURES GUARANTEED. NO CURE, NO PAY.

No Names Used Without Written Consent.

W. A. Muir, of Lima, O., says:—"I was one of the countless victims of early vice at 15 years of age. The drains on my system were weakening my brain as well as my sexual and nervous system. For ten years I tried scores of doctors, electric belts, and patent medicines. Some helped me, none cured. I was giving up in despair, in fact, contemplating suicide when a friend advised me to try the New Method Treatment of Dr. K. & K. a fair trial. Without confidence I consented and in three months I was a cured man. I was cured seven years ago—am married and happy. I heartily recommend Dr. K. & K. to my afflicted fellow men."

Before Treatment After Treatment
We treat and cure Varicocele, Emissions, Nervous Debility, Seminal Weakness, Gleet, Stricture, Syphilis, Unnatural Discharges, Self Abuse, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, and all diseases of Men and Women.

NO NAMES USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT. PRIVATE. No medicine sent C. O. D. No names on boxes or envelopes. Everything confidential. Question list and cost of treatment, FREE.

Dr. Kennedy & Korgan, 149 SHELBY STREET, DETROIT, MICH.

FARE OF THE GREAT.

The Favorite Dishes of Some Famous Men and Women.

Queen Victoria is said to have given mutton the preference in the line of meats, and was nowise offended if offered "the cold shoulder."

Queen Elizabeth was very fond of roast goose. She was dining on this when the good news was brought her on Michaelmas day that the Spanish fleet had been driven back. And ever since that fowl has been to the English feast of St. Michael what the turkey is to our Thanksgiving day.

Henry VIII. was extremely fond of beans and imported a Dutch gardener to raise them, as in his day they were only used by the upper classes—"a dish to set before the king."

Napoleon's favorite dish was bean salad, much cheaper in his time, but equally good.

Louis XV. was "extravagantly" fond of a dish made of the eggs of various birds, which cost \$100.

George Eliot, while at Brookbank, used frequently to walk over to the farm where she purchased her vegetables and chat with the farmer's wife on gardening and butter-making, who was somewhat surprised at the great novelist's conversation on such homely topics and afterward remarked, "It were wonderful, just wonderful, the sight of green peas that I send down to that gentleman and lady every week." This was the summer "Middlemarch" was written.

George Sand not only liked sauces, but excelled in making them.

Lincoln, in the days when he did his own marketing, often stopped at a certain shop for his favorite—gingerbread. He used to say, "it swells up and makes me feel as if I had had something."

Stonewall Jackson delighted in buck-wheat cakes in season and out of season.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was fond of pie, especially that made of plums, which he called the fruit of paradise.

Dr. Holmes, on the contrary, said of the peach, "When nature has delivered it to us in its perfection we forget all the lesser fruits, and if not found by the river of life an earth born spirit might be forgiven for missing it."

Charles Sumner's private secretary tells of the statesman's sweet tooth for chocolate creams.

Andrew Jackson surrendered to ice cream at first taste when Mrs. Alexander Hamilton introduced it into Washington and swore his usual oath, "By the Eternal!" he would have it at the White House, and he did—at the next reception.

Washington was noted for his fondness for hickory nuts, and the amount he could consume—What to Eat.

The Lord High Constable.

The lord high constable of England was an official of high rank in olden times. The name is a contraction of comes stabuli, count of the stable, or, as we should now say, master of the horse. His functions were partly military, partly judicial and partly civil.

It became a hereditary office to the Staffords, by one of whom, the Duke of Buckingham, it was forfeited in 1521 for high treason, and has never been revived, save for special occasions, such as a coronation. This office still exists in Scotland and is reserved for the earls of Erroll. The present constable of the Tower, of Dover, Windsor, and other places is a remnant of the old office, and the term police constable indicates that the chief duty was to keep the peace.

Royal Ridicule.

Queen Anne of England and her husband George, prince of Denmark, had great similarity of taste. The two subjects that interested them most were horses and dinner. A Jacobite allusion to these pardonable weaknesses runs thus:

There's Mary the daughter, there's Willy the cheater,
There's George the drinker, there's Anne the eater.

That King George II. of England was not popular with his subjects is evident from the following epigram, which was published in London on the death of Queen Caroline:

O cruel death! Why hast thou been unkind?
To take our queen and leave our king behind?

Preferred a Bird in the Hand.

"Mr. Heavyweight," said the minister, "is willing to subscribe \$10,000 for a new church provided we can get other subscriptions making up the same amount."

"Yet you seem disappointed," said his wife.

"Yes, I was in hopes he would contribute a hundred dollars in cash."

Imagination Runs Riot.

"But," the publisher complained, "the chief characters in your story are a man and a woman who go on making love to each other for years and years after they are married."

"Well," the young novelist replied, "you must remember this is a work of fiction."

Only to the Inexperienced.

Miss June—You are married, Mrs. March, and you ought to know. Do you believe in love at first sight? Mrs. March (looking grimly at Mr. M.)—Well, I think it can happen once.

No Risk.

Fond Father—Heaven bless you, sir, for rescuing my daughter from a watery grave. Think of the risk you ran. Life Saver—No risk at all, sir; I'm married.

Too much effort to increase our happiness transforms it into misery.—Rousseau.

TRICOLOR AND COCKADE.

Origin of the Historic Red, White and Blue of France.

Some seventy or eighty years before France was involved in the flames of the revolution—that is, at the epoch of the war of the succession when she was in close alliance with Spain and Bavaria—it was thought desirable to distinguish the allied soldiers by a cockade which combined the colors of the three nations—the white of France, the red of Spain and the blue of Bavaria.

To none of such incidents, however, would it be wise to attribute the origin of the historic tricolor and cockade adopted by revolutionary France. At the outset there seemed a likelihood that green, which Camille Desmoulin had popularized at the Palais Royal, would have become the national color, but men remembered in time that it was that of the livery of the Comte d'Artois, the most unpopular of the Bourbon princes, and it was thereupon discarded.

A proposition was then made to assume the colors of the city of Paris—blue and red, as Dumas reminds us in his "Six Ans Apres." To these was added the white of so many glorious memories, because it had been selected by the national guard—always faithful to the throne and its traditions.

Not until some months after the capture of the Bastille was the tricolor definitely adopted, when Bailly and Lafayette presented it to Louis XVI. in the great hall of the Hotel de Ville, and the convention issued a decree in which it was described as consisting of three colors—"disposées en trois bandes égales, de manière que le bleu soit à gauche, le rouge flottant dans les airs"—that is, in equal vertical sections, with the blue inward, the red outward and the white between.

This is the historic flag which Napoleon's legions, in conjunction with their eagles, bore victoriously from the Seine to the Elbe, the Tagus, the Boudoir and the Danube, which they planted victoriously on the walls of almost every European capital.—All the Year Round.

RUSSIAN PROVERBS.

Spin flax if you cannot not weave silk. Dull silver is better than shining brass.

Even the stupid man is clever enough to make an excuse.

He who receives too much praise grows donkey's ears.

No brass is prouder than that which has lately been coined.

If thou sayest snow is dirty, what wilt thou say about chimney soot?

But the honey thou canst find: drink the vermouth thou canst not avoid.

When the avareous man has sold his forest he wants to sell the trees.

Do not look too long at the holes in your coat, but put patches on them.

When the nightingale's voice was praised the cart horse began to neigh.

The bees gather wax and honey. The avareous man asks that they should also prepare his meal.

"What a pity to lose my splendid boat!" cried the ferryman as he and his passengers were drowning.

Dress Clothes For Foreign Travels.

"Here's a tip for you," said the man who has traveled to the one who is about starting for the other side.

"Take your evening clothes, but if you are traveling light leave your frock coat suit at home. Even the Englishman of fashion no longer considers it absolutely necessary to appear in the daytime in his frock coat and silk beaver. For myself, a good serge is the thing in which to knock about the continent. The man who takes his frock and leaves his swallowtail at home is out of his reckoning. Over there at dinner, even in what we'd call a cheap lunch joint here, you'll find plenty of men carefully garbed in evening clothes. Dinner is a ceremony to dress for even though one be not rich."

Literature Versus Nature.

The essay naturalist observes and admires; the scientific naturalist collects. One brings home a bouquet from the woods; the other, specimens for his herbarium. The former would enlist your sympathies and arouse your enthusiasm; the latter would add to your store of exact knowledge. The one is just as shy of overcoloring or falsifying his facts as the other, only he gives more than facts; he gives impressions and analogies and as far as possible shows you the live bird on the bough.—John Burroughs in Atlantic.

A Knowing Dog.

Traveler—Here, landlord, what's the matter with your dog? I've driven him away a score of times, but he always comes back again and sits close up to my armchair watching every mouthful I take. Do turn him out and let me have my dinner in peace. Landlord—Please, sir, my Carlo is such a knowing brute. I expect you have got the plate he generally eats off.

Considerate.

"Why don't you take me with you sometimes of evenings, dear? I get so tired of staying at home alone."

"Because I can't afford to dress you as well as myself. I don't want to be seen around with a woman dressed as you are."

Absolute Proof.

"Do you consider Whiffles an honest man, Keene?"

"I know for certain that he contributes regularly to the conscience fund of the treasury department."

Don't judge a man by his failures in life, for many a man fails because he is too honest to succeed.

HUNTING FOR TALISMANS.

An American's Odd Expedition to an East Indian Temple.

When the late Professor Somerville of the University of Pennsylvania, the learned collector of gems, charms and mascots, had set his mind on some curio heard of in one of his meetings with orientals, nothing could bar the way. Were it in the center of the desert of Sahara or on the topmost pinnacle of the Himalaya mountains, he would go after it and keep up the search until the treasure was found, purchased and placed on exhibition at the university museum.

American gold was Professor Somerville's magnet wherever he went. He thus described its effect on one of his expeditions:

"On one occasion we desired to visit the famous Dilwarra temples in India, and for that purpose engaged two jinnikishas and a number of natives to draw them, about twelve in all. The temples, as you know, are set in a magnificent grove of mango trees on a mountain top and surrounded by great hills. With a fair measure of tact and money I hoped to secure from the people of the vicinity some of their odd talismans and rings. I said to the chief rickshaw man: 'Now, Lala, what will you do for me if I double your pay? I want to make this journey in half time, and if you accomplish it you shall be doubly paid.'

"He went to his helpers at once and informed them that I was a prince. We started out under the contract. He ran ahead of the convoy, raising both hands in the air and crying to the astounded people: 'Here comes a prince. Down with you. Here comes a prince.'

"And during the entire twelve miles ride I was treated to the un-American experience of seeing the people cover their faces and drop abjectly to the ground in obeisance and salutation, only daring to look at me through their parted fingers. But my amusement at thus being treated as a prince was nothing to the gratification I experienced in securing from this people—who dare not dare to refuse so august a personage as I—some of the most interesting inscribed talismans that I have in my collection."

A NATURAL WONDER.

Ringed Rocks That Sound Like a Bell When Struck.

With all manner of legends clustering around their history and various reasons given by geologists for their presence, the Ringed rocks, two miles north of Pottstown, Pa., are the greatest natural wonders of Montgomery county. Although these rocks and boulders are scattered over a large extent of territory, there is one place, covering over two acres, where they lie so closely together as to suggest that that particular spot was the center of a volcanic disturbance that rent the earth and piled the rocks as they are today. It is the general opinion that the spot was once the crater of a volcano.

A rich, bell-like tone, produced by striking some of the stones with a hammer, explains in part why the name of "Ringed rocks" was given them. Visitors carried off some of the smaller stones of unusual musical quality, but this practice has been stopped.

Located some distance away from the main deposit of rocks are grotesque formations like the Haystack rock, looking like a petrified haystack, but rent from top to bottom by a convulsion of nature which probably also made it a "leaning tower." In the Bullfrog rock a company of soldiers could stand, the Umbrella rock could shelter twenty or thirty, and the Stone House and Cave, rising thirty feet in height and covering half an acre of ground, suggests some of the wonders of the Yosemite.

A cave under the rocks was penetrated several years ago by Dr. W. B. Shaner and J. S. Bahr, who upon throwing a stone into an opening could hear it reverberating for a great distance and then fall into a body of water. This is surrounded by many legends. One is that robbers made it their rendezvous and into it carried all their plunder, defying pursuers to follow. Because of the danger of accidents to venturesome boys the entrance to the cave has been closed.

When Tea Was New.

"I sent for a cup of tea, a Chinese drink, of which I had never drunk," wrote the immortal Peypa, who felt in duty bound to sample every new thing that came along. And about the same time another Englishman was extolling the new importation in the following terms: "It eases the brain of heavy damps. Prevents the dropsie. Consumes Rawnness. Vanquishes superfluous sleep. Purifieth humors and hot liver. Strengthens the use of due benevolence."

Time to Die.

City Editor—See here! In your account of Congressman Crook's funeral you continually refer to his "premature demise." Reporter—Well, he was a young man, and— City Editor—But that scamp's demise couldn't possibly be too premature.

Important Fact.

Lawyer—Then, too, there will be the court entry's fee. Fair Litigant (breach of promise)—Oh, I shall do my own crying! I should never think of trusting anybody else to do that—goodness, no!—Puck.

Though this is a dairy country, every one watches jealously when the cream pitcher is passed to see how much the others take.

None are less eager to learn than they who know nothing.—Suard.

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Choice Groceries

Always the very latest and best in supplies for the household. Our goods are all of

Standard Quality

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For Sale—Frame dwelling house, good barn and well, one-quarter acre of land on Main St. west, Athens. A bargain.

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There's a Reason. One Trial Gives It. F. W. D. Mellon, Merchant, of Rock Island, speaking of these tablets in the Standard Journal, says: "They are practically the only remedy called for, and the demand for them is always increasing. They are well spoken of by purchasers, and the same people, after they have tried them, continue to buy them, proving that they have merit."

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