A Saving

Here and there will will soon make you independent, if not rich. Why not begin to save

In Grocery Buying

Every day in the week we are offering goods at saving prices. One visit to our store will convince you of that. Look over the following prices.

6 lbs. Pure Mixed Candy for	25c
Lang's celebrated Cough Drops, per lb.	25c
Lang's best Gum Drops, per lb.	20c
Best Horehound Drops, per lb.	20c
All other kinds of Candy equally as cheap.	
Madame Roy's Complexion Soap, 3 cakes in box	10c
3 lbs. Washing Soda	5c
4 doz. Clothes Pins	5c
Oranges per doz.	12c

Canned Corn, Peas, Tomatoes, and Pumpkins, 75c per doz.

Raisins and Currants at lowest prices

—AT—

JOHNSTON'S - CASH GROCERY

CORNER OF BUELL AND GEORGE STS. BROCKVILLE.

WEAK MEN CURED

NO CURE, NO PAY

Remedies Sent FREE by Mail

$500.00 REWARD for any care of Nervous Debility, lost vigor, or sexual weakness we cannot cure.

Remedies Sent Free

Use and pay if satisfied

Send full particulars of case, with 10 cents in silver to help pay postage, and Remedies will be sent FREE by return mail. Everything sent securely sealed.

Address: N. S. M. Company
Lock Box 329 Picton, Ont.

"D.&L." MENTHOL PLASTER

I have prescribed Menthol Plaster in a number of cases of neuralgic and rheumatic pains, and am very much pleased with the effects and pleasantness of its application.—W. H. CARPENTER, M.D., Hotel Oxford, Boston.

I have used Menthol Plaster in several cases of muscular rheumatism, and find in every case that it gave almost instant and permanent relief. —J. R. MOORE M.D., Washington, D.C.

It Cures Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Pains in Back or Side, or any Muscular Pains.

Price 25c. | Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd, Sole Proprietors, MONTREAL.

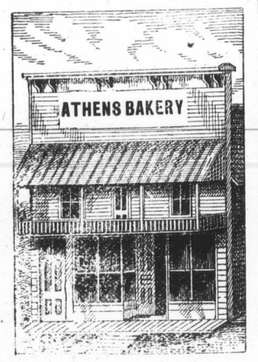
P. GILLIGAN

BOOT & SHOE MAKER

MAIN STREET—ATHENS

Boots and Shoes made to order. Repairing neatly executed and promptly attended to. Please call and get estimates for any in the above lines before you place your order. Good workmanship in all cases guaranteed and a very reasonable rate charged. Note the place

CORNER STORE—DOWSLEY BLOCK



WHEN YOU WANT FRESH

Home-Made Candy

GO TO

SYDNEY MOORE

In the Parish Block, lately occupied by J. W. Robinson

Bon-Bons and Fancy Creams a Specialty

We keep all kinds of Choice Fruits in Season.

OYSTERS

In bulk or by the plate, served in first-class style at all reasonable hours.

☞Remember our new stand—next to Bank opposite Gamble House.

Sydney Moore

Cramps, Colic, Colds, | Croup, Coughs, Toothache,

DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, and all *BOWEL COMPLAINTS.*

A Sure, Safe, Quick Cure for these troubles is

Pain-Killer

(PERRY DAVIS'.)

Used Internally and Externally.

Two Sizes, 25c. and 50c. bottles.

The Old Shop A New Prop'r

C. G. WING

AN EXPERIENCED BARBER

Has taken possession of the business lately carried on by W. G. McLaughlin, and is now prepared to do first-class work. The 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

☞Razors and Scissors sharpened

FOR TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

A MOUNTAIN TRAGEDY.

One in Which the Whole Family Was Actively Engaged.

We were riding by a farm house away up on the mountain side one day, and as we drew near we became aware of some unusual event occurring in the corn field and barnyard and wood lot back of the house.

A wonderfully agile old man, an equally nimble old woman, a strong limbed young man, a girl about six feet and three inches tall and a middle aged man and woman were racing around madly and screaming out to each other.

"Hello! What's going on here?" said my companion. "There's a family rumpus or a feud of some sort under way. Two of the men have guns. Listen!"

We reined up our horses and heard the old man call out:

"See 'im any place?"

"No, I don't!" called out the stripling of a girl before mentioned. Then we heard such exciting remarks as:

"Shoot 'im if ye see 'im!"

"Don't let 'im git away! Which way did he go?"

"Sure he ain't in the barn? Here Clem, you watch the barn door!"

"Ye can't do anything with that club, Lib! If you'd had your pistol stid o' that fiddlin' club hewouldn't of got away in the first place!"

"There he is!"

"Where? Where?"

"Hiding here in the underbrush!"

"Wait until I come with my gun!"

"Kill 'im!"

We heard the loud report of a gun and I shuddered with horror.

"There's been murder done here, Joe." I said to my companion.

"Some government officer popped off by a moonshiner, maybe," said Joe. "Shall we slip away unperceived to escape a similar fate?"

"Never!" I said, "We're heavily armed, and we must investigate this affair and bring the offenders to justice. We would be a party to the crime if we didn't."

So we looked to our arms and got them ready for instant use and rode boldly forward.

Five of the persons mentioned were coming toward the house from the woods. They were torn and bedraggled, and one of them was stained with his victim's blood. It had evidently been a hard and long continued battle for they were all puffing and panting and wiping their brows.

"A villainous looking lot, aren't they?" whispered Joe.

"They are that," I replied.

"Howdy, strangers, howdy," said the old man of the bloody hand. "Won't ye light off?"

"No," I said coldly. "What's been going on here? We demand to know."

"Heerd us yelpin' an' screechin', hey? Wal, I'll tell ye! Lib's beau is comin' 'round to dinner, and we been most breakin' our necks runnin' down a yaller legged rooster to fry. Lib's dry pickin' it out in the stable now. Light off and stay to dinner, gents."

He Had a Full House.

Parrot stories are always good so long as they are true. And, of course, none but true parrot stories ever find their way into print. A well known resident of Tioga, says the Philadelphia Enquirer, is telling one which he declares he is willing to stake a hard earned reputation for veracity upon.

This particular parrot is the property of a Tioga household, the head of which is inordinately fond of a quiet little game of poker. For years it has been his custom to get three or four of his friends together at least twice a week in the snug library of his house and while away four or five hours of an evening by means of five-cent ante, with a quarter limit. The parrot's cage hangs in the same library, except on state occasions, when it is taken into the dining room.

The man's wife is as devoted to her church as he is to his favorite game. She never misses a meeting, and as often as the good man will come, has her pastor to her home for Sunday dinner.

He was there two or three weeks ago. So were a number of other friends of the family. The minister of the household presided over the dinner, and the conversation was as lively and vivacious as the sanctity of the day would admit.

The clergyman is one of the liberal minded class of men who are bringing religion in closer touch with the masses. His utterances when out of the pulpit are frequently punctuated with every day expressions, the use of which by a preacher would have been thought strange a decade ago.

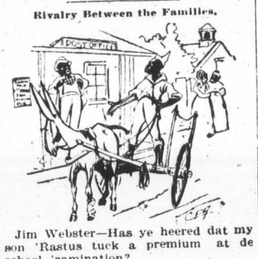
It was he who was talking at the table, and all the others were interested listeners. The subject was the morning service at his church, the attendance upon which had been very large.

"Yes," he said "I couldn't help remarking to myself as I entered the pulpit: 'Well, this is one time I've got a full house.'"

"That is pretty good," quickly came in all too distinct tones from the parrot's cage. "Take the money, Dick."

The presence of the preacher, the parrot's profanity and the fact that "Dick." is her husband's name sent the mistress of the house into a fit of hysterics, which nearly broke up the dinner.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Rivalry Between the Families.



Jim Webster—Has ye heered dat my son 'Rastus tuck a premium at de school 'zamination?

Sam Johnsing—Jess quit braggin' about your son 'Rastus takin' premium. Didn't my pig get de blue ribbon at de county fair?

His Tax Rate

Tommie—I've got eight dollars in my bank.

Mr. Freshman—Indeed? Where did you get it all?

Tommie—Every time Sister Lil gets a new beau he gives me ten cents to stay out of the parlor.

Now Tommie has $8.10 in his bank.—Cleveland Leader.

The Turning Point.

"This is what—"

The machinist was busily engaged at the rapidly revolving drill in the car shops. Suddenly he slipped and fell beneath it and, as the drill started to bore him through, he continued:

—"I call the turning point—"

The machinery was quickly stopped, and as they took him from his awful position he finished up:

—"in my life."

Giving Him a Taste.

"I wonder why they throw old shoes and things and otherwise violently handle a man who is newly married?"

"Oh, they want to show him what he is likely to get before long."

Too Much for Him.

"How did they manage to get Old Soak to sign the pledge?"

"Some one offered him a drink if he'd do so."

A Mexican's Mistake.

A Mexican professor who teaches Spanish in one of the best private schools in Chicago is experiencing a great deal of difficulty in mastering the intricacies of English pronunciation.

At a dinner given in his honor recently he nearly petrified the hostess with astonishment by saying: "Do you know, since I am in dees country, I haf learn to like so many queer thing which my country not haf at all. Exempla! Since I am here I haf learn to eat garbage."

Seeing the look of amazement which this statement caused he added apprehensively: "Ees it not so? Garbage, eh? Corn beef and garbage."—Chica-

✯ Grand Musical and Literary Event ✯

HIGH·SCHOOL·HALL

.... ATHENS ....

FRIDAY EV'G, FEB. 12TH, 1897

.....BY.....

MR. WM. A. WELLS, the Eminent Baritone.
MR. J. WALTER McCREA, Humorous and Dramatic Reader.
MR. FRANK H. FULFORD, Violinist and Flutist.
MISS C. FULFORD, Violinist.
MRS. WHITBECK SANDERS, Pianist and Accompanist

PROGRAM

1.—Overture to Tancred ..... *Rossini*
Violin, MR. AND MISS FULFORD
Piano, MRS. SANDERS AND MR. WELLS

2.—Song ..... The Storm Fiend ..... *Roeckel*
MR. WELLS

3.—Reading ..... Farmer and the Bicycle ..... *Will Carlton*
MR. MCCREA

4.—Violin ..... Sonata op. 8 ..... *Grieg*
MR. FULFORD

5.—Songs ..... (a) Donovan O'Dare ..... *Lane*
(b) Off to Philadelphia ..... *Anon*
MR. WELLS

6.—Monologue ..... Cupid's Victim ..... *Livingston Russel*
MR. MCCREA

INTERMISSION FIVE MINUTES

7.—Nocturne .....
Violin, MISS FULFORD; Flute, MR. FULFORD; Piano, SANDERS

8.—Song ..... Bedouin's Love Song ..... *Pinsuti*
MR. FULFORD.

9.—Reading ..... Execution of Sydney Carton ..... *Dickens*
(From Tale of Two Cities)
MR. MCCREA

10.—Violin ..... (a) The Angelus ..... *Sudds*
(b) Hungarian Danse ..... *Brahm*
MR. FULFORD

11.—Songs ..... (a) The Soldier's Fame ..... *Weblyn*
(b) Barcarolle ..... *Tosti*
(c) Yeoman's Wedding Song ..... *Poniatowski*
MR. WELLS

12.—Readings ..... (a) The Portrait ..... *Meridith*
(b) How Ruby Played ..... *Anon*
MR. MCCREA

13.—Song ..... Boys of the Old Brigade ..... *Barri*
MR. WELLS

14.—Alle Marcia ..... Violin, Flute and Piano .....
MISS FULFORD, MRS. Sanders, and MR. FULFORD.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN

DEER HUNTING

IN NORTHERN WILDS OF ONTARIO

The Scribe of the Reporter Tells of the Many Exciting Experiences of the Party While in Search of Adventure Game and Glory.

The day following the events recorded in last chapter was too disagreeable for active hunting, although several attemps to get a run were made. It snowed at intervals during the day, which made travelling in the woods very disagreeable. Just before nightfall it cleared up and gave promise of a fine day on the morrow, and it was decided that the Guide and Fisherboy should go out to the lumber camp and get a team to take the deer and camp equipage over the portage of five miles from one lake to the other, where a large lumbermen's batteau was lying, that would carry all the hunters, deer and camp stuff at one load. Accordingly, after supper, the two men started off in their Peterborough, carrying a lantern to guide them through the woods. It was four and a half miles to row and then a walk of three miles to the lumber camp Their orders were to procure a team or teams that would take all the stuff accross, and arrange to have them at the landing at daybreak.

As soon as it was determined to break camp, all was bustle and preparation. Each man's goods had to be sorted out of the general pile and packed; the deer had to be cut down and toted to the lake shore ready for putting on board the boat; the fish had to be overhauled and packed away; and for three or four hours it was hurry and scurry. When all was in the greatest hurry to make certain that all the work was being properly arranged, the latch string was gently pulled and in walked Mr. Day, (who had made arrangements to go with the party, but had been detained by an unexpected law suit). He was accompanied by a neighbor of our Guide, and they had brought in the Guide's dog which had left on the day the party had hunted on the reserve. They were wet through to the skin, and very tired and hungry. The Cook set the best the house could afford before them, while the boys found dry clothing to change their wet garments Mr. Day had started from home at midnight and came through to North Bay, where he had engaged a man and team for $10 to bring him to the nearest point to the lake, which was sixteen miles distant. Procuring a guide they started on foot. They had tramped through the wet slush until they reached the shore of the lake, where the guide had a canoe which brought them to camp about nine o'clock that night. The boys at camp, now wished that the trip to the lumber camp would prove unsuccessful, as they would all like to stay a few days longer and help Day get his quota of game, but when the men returned and reported that they had engaged a team that would be on hand at day-break, the preparations to break camp were proceeded with.

Getting everything as near packed as possible, the boys lay down to snatch a couple of hours of sleep, and at a little after 4 a. m. every one was astir. Five boats were loaded to the water's edge, and long before daylight a start was made, with a man to propel each boat, leaving the Domine, Cook and Scribe to pick up the scattering odds and ends around camp and be ready to go when the Guide returned for them. The son had not risen over the tree tops when the landing was made and the teamster was there ready. Everything but the deer were left on shore and these loaded into the waggon were taken out a mile to what was called the main road. The Guide, with a canoe in tow of the skiff, started back to camp. Reluctantly the waiting men bid adieu to Mr. Day and companion and the boat's prow was soon pointed homeward. Owing to the heavy weight of the deer and baggage, it was decided to leave the boats and fish until winter when they could be brought out to the Guide's farm by sleigh. The landing was reached in good time, and gathering up their packs the Domine and party started to follow and catch up with those that had gone on with the team.

The Domine's pack consisted of his pet Lee Metford rifle and cartridge belt, a deer's head and horns that he had picked up near camp. The deer had been killed by some settler during the early summer when the horns were in the "silk". This silky covering was dropping from the horns when found, and was carefully peeled off, washed and preserved by the Domine to show skeptics who doubted the theory that deer shed their horns annually. The horns, too, were quite a curiosity, one of them being deformed as from a hurt when tender. They were as white as the purest ivory, and the Domine prized his find so much that he clung tenaciously, carrying it in hand when in the boat, on the wagon, or when tramping along after the wagons. Besides these he had his pockets full of specimens of mica, which had been discovered in unlimited quantities on the peninsula, and was of the purest white and in "books" large enough to cut to advantage. Then he had about the same compliment of garments on as on that memorable (to him) occasion when he started out to explore the formation of the bottom of Me-Me-Sag-a-Me-Ning, with the addition of a coon skin overcoat. The Scribe jeered him a little on his ability to carry all his belongings without tiring out before he reached the other lake, but he said nothing and started out.

The Cook was given a fresh peeled off deer skin and the end of a dog chain to take over to the other shore, and he was soon in trouble. The old dog would persist in sliding around on the opposite side every tree he came close to, and the deer hide was as slippery as the tongue of an Athenian lawyer. Every few steps he would stop to adjust the pelt or utter maledictions on the head of poor old "Bugle".

The Guide had his Winchester and a dog to look after, but tramping was second nature to him, and he trudged along in advance of the rest as if on an afternoon vacation.

The Scribe brought up the rear. His ill fitting shoe-packs galled his feet; he had a bundle of odds and ends picked up in and around the camp, a big overcoat, and a pretty well fagged-out feeling to start with. He had sat on his toes in the canoe and helped to paddle four and a half miles, and in the excitement of getting off for home had not eaten very much; consequently he was in poor shape to tramp off at a very fast gait.

They followed the wagon trail for a couple of miles and came up just as the boys were packing the deer on the top of the other luggage. A start was made and the team started on the cadge road for the other lake.

SHATTERED NERVES AND PARALYSIS.

Shattered Nerves Developed Nervous Prostration—Nervous Prostration Developed Total Paralysis of One Side—Great South American Nervine in the Teeth of Most Adverse and Complicated Circumstances Overcomes All, and Restores Wife and Mother in Good Health to her Family—These Are the Written Words of Edward Parr, Surry Centre, B. C.

"My wife was taken bad last August with nervous prostration, which later on developed into paralysis of one side. We tried many remedies, but all in vain. I thought I would try South American Nervine, having seen it advertised in the New Westminister, B.C., papers, and I am glad to be able to say that the result after taking three bottles was an astonishment to myself and family. It worked wonders for her and we cannot speak too highly of this great remedy." No case too acute or of too long standing to defy its wonderful merits. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

We have in stock a number of men's coon coats and ladies' fur capes which we will exchange for wood.—I & P WILTSE. 3in

A LEGACY OF DISEASE.

Veterans of the War Repaid in Suffering and Disease.

For Over Twenty Years Mr. John Sherman Sought Release from the Tortures of Inflammatory Rheumatism.

From the Prescott Journal.

There is no man in the township of Edwardsburg who is better known than Mr. John Sherman. He is one of the many Canadians who at the outbreak of the American rebellion, joined the army of the North, and to the exposures and hardships which he endured during that trying and perilous time, does he owe to long years of suffering which he has since undergone. The writer remembers seeing Mr. Sherman a few years ago when he was so crippled with rheumatism that it was impossible for him to walk, and having heard that a cure had been effected, determined to investigate the matter for himself. When the reporter called at Mr. Sherman's home he found him in the yard handling an axe and chopping wood like a young man, and he found him also quite willing to relate his trying experience "I have suffered with rheumatism for twenty years," said Mr. Sherman, "and I have doctored with few different doctors and yet I kept getting worse and worse. I was bent double with the pain in my back and both legs were so drawn up that I was unable to straighten them, and for four months when I wanted to move about I had to do so on my hands and knees. I tried many medicines but got no benefit and had given up all hope of being able to walk again. One of my sons tried to persuade me to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills but I refused to take any more medicine. At last one day my son brought home three boxes of pills, and after they had been in the house for over two weeks, I at last consented to take them, but not because I thought they would do me any good. Before they had gone, however, I could feel that my back was getting stronger and I could straighten up. It required no further persuasion to get me to take the pills, and from that time on I began to get better, until now with the aid of a light cane, I can walk all over the farm, get in and out of a buggy, and do most of the chores round the house and barns. I feel twenty years younger, and I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the most wonderful medicine for rheumatism in the whole world. I began them only to please my son and it was a most agreeable surprise to me when I found my legs limber, and my back gaining new strength. I can cheerfully recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to the suffering rheumatics of the world.

An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restores shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

KIDNEY PAIN.

John Snell, of Wingham, Ont., was in a Maelstrom of Pain and Agony From Diseased Kidneys—South American Kidney Cure Was the Welcome "Life Preserver"—It Relieves Instantly and Cures Surely.

"Five years ago I had a severe attack of la Grippe which affected my kidneys and caused intense pains in my back and urinary organs. I suffered untold misery, at times I could not walk, and any standing position gave me intense pain. I became worse so rapidly that my family became alarmed. Just at this time I noticed South American Kidney Cure advertised. Although I had little faith left in any remedy—having tried so many worthless ones—but 'a drowning man will grasp at a straw,' and I procured a bottle. In a few days it had worked wonders, and before half a bottle was taken I was totally relieved of pain and two bottles entirely cured me." Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

THREE WEEKS IN AGONY.

Inflammatory Rheumatism so Acute He Could Not Attend to His Daily Duties—Lived Three Weeks in Agonizing Pain When that "Good Samaritan" of all Cures, South American Rheumatic Cure, Passed His Way—It Helped in a Few Hours, and Speedily Cured—Cost 75 Cents

Mr. E. A. Norton, a well-known citizen of Grimsby, Ont., was severely attacked with inflammatory rheumatism some twenty years ago—after a time he recovered, but five or six weeks ago the dread disease returned so violently that he had to give up work. For nearly three weeks he lay in bed suffering terrible agony. Another resident of the town who had been cured by South American Rheumatic Cure persuaded him to try it, and, to his great surprise after using the medicine but one week he was so far recovered as to go about town. From the first dose taken he felt marked improvement, and to day he is most enthusiastic in singing its praises. No case too severe for South American Rheumatic Cure to check in six hours, and Cure permanently. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

WONDERFUL.

Piles Cured in 3 to 6 Nights—Itching, Burning Skin Diseases Relieved in One Day.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure all cases of itching piles in from three to six nights. One application brings comfort. For blind and bleeding piles it is peerless. Also cures tetter, salt rheum, eczema, barbers' itch, and all eruptions of the skin. Relieves in a day. 35c. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

PILL-AGE

Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills, 20c a vial, are planned after the most modern in medical Science.

They are as great an improvement over the 50 years old strong dose pill formulas as a bicycle is over an ox cart in travel

Cinnamon drop coated makes them pleasant to take—being purely vegetable makes them absolutely safe—they never gripe and they never fail—40 doses, 20c. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

COUNTY NEWS.

A Budget of News and Gossip. Persons Intelligence.—A Little of Everything Well Mixed Up.

HUBBARD'S CORNERS

MONDAY, FEB. 1.—The farmers of this section seemed glad to see the snow fall, and they are taking great advantage of it, hauling wood Mr. Fred hayes is busily engaged drawing wood to Plum Hollow cheese factory.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Churchill of Dakota are the welcome guests of her mother, Mrs. S. Hamblin. They bring to us astounding reports of that far away western land.

Mr. M. Yates has erected a new woodshed, which adds greatly to the improvement of his home.

Mrs. R. Bagot has been the guest of Mrs. L. Stevens for the past week, and Miss E. Yates at Miss Annie Yates'.

We hear the iron rod now prevail in this school section.

Mrs. I Knapp, who has been ill for sometime past, is again on the regain.

We notice of late that our Lake Street correspondent carries a high head.

A number of the people from this vicinity attended the concert in the high school hall, conducted by Mr. Sim Fax. They say they were well paid for their trip and another time would go twice the distance, for he indeed possessed great ability.

Mr. S. H. Sharman paid the Hollow a flying visit on Sunday last.

WASHBURN'S CORNERS.

MONDAY, FEB. 1.—The old saying that "there is as much in the man as there is in the land" was proven to us the past season, by Ed. Davis of the Stone Road. By a liberal application of muscle and brains he raised and threshed over four hundred bushels of grain, besides several hundred bushels of corn and potatoes and enough feed to winter ten cows and a team, all on what was considered an old worn out farm, whose biggest crop for several years past has been a bad reputation and a big mortgage.

BUT

He rolled up his sleeves
And tucked up his britches,
He picked off the stones
And opened the ditches.

He built up the fences—
The land it was black—
Then a fine crop of grain
He raised on the flat.

He drew out the manure,
The land he did till—
A fine crop of corn
He grew on the hill.

Now, take it all 'round,
As the hog does the pumpkin,
To get a good crop
You have to do something

SHEATOWN.

MONDAY, FEB. 1.—A very serious accident happened to our coachman While driving over that particular part of our local creek known as the "Fiddler's Elbow," a smart crack was heard, the ice split in twain, and the team and sleigh disappeared. Johnny scrambled to the shore more speedily than it takes to relate it. His piercing cries brought aid from the nearest neighbor, but Nancy Hanks never recovered the shock while Maud S. is now for sale.

Many from our town attended the ball at E. Duffield's and report having a lively time. The most melodious strains of music were furnished by the local professors, Mr. W. Green and Geo. Webster.

Miss M. Shea is now at home on a vissit to her parents.

John Dockrill surprised us by driving down through Main street with a new team. He has parted with the old time "Galloways" and says "he that gets away from Black Prince and Silvertail must have a good team."

We were pleased to note the familar face of John O'Connor in our midst on Sunday, as John is a favorite with us all.

MALLORYTOWN.

SATURDAY, JAN. 30.—Mr. Cruthers of London, Ont., has been in this village for the past two weeks, selling his patent machine for manufacturing rugs, mats, etc. He is selling a good many of them.

Mrs. Viola Lane of this place started for Syracuse on the 26th inst. to visit friends. She will not return for a few weeks.

Mrs. Buchanan of Manitoba is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Judd.

A good many of the people in this vicinity are getting in a supply of ice.

The patrons of A. W. Mallory's cheese factory are pleased to know that Frank Blanchard has been engaged for 1897. Frank is a first-class cheese maker.

We notice in the Toronto Star, Jan. 26th, that James Russell of Ottawa, who met his death in the railway accident at Barry's Bay on Thursday last had been insured for $3000, $2000, of which was in the United Workmen. Two months ago Russell joined the religious sect known as Hornerites. Horner, who is the head of the body, ordered Russell to give up all his insurance, as it was against the order. Russell did so and his young wife and two children now are left penniless.

James Cosgriff, who met with death in Belleville on the 23rd inst., on the G. T. R., was insured for $2000. He had saved $1000 of his earnings and left all to his widowed mother. He was a young man highly respected by all that knew him.

Alex. Hutson is moving his goods from Pitt's Ferry to this village.

HEART PAIN

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart Defies the Most Intense Pains—No Matter How Long Standing the Trouble, it Masters Disease in Half an Hour, and in the Case of John Crow Five Bottles Cured Heart Disease of Ten Years' Standing—Here's His Testimony Unsolicited:—

John Crow, son of Mr. Geo. Crow, farmer, near the village of Tara, Ont., writes: "I was alarmingly afflicted with palpitation and enlargement of the heart for nearly ten years. I doctored with best physicians and tried numerous remedies with very little benefit. In our local papers I noticed Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart advertised, and I determined to give it a trial. Inside of half an hour I had relief. I have taken about five bottles, and feel to-day that I am well as ever I was. I am completely cured." Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

WEALTH OF CANADA.

THE NATURAL RESOURCES OF THE GREAT NORTHERN DOMINION.

Interesting Statistics About the Country We Live in—It Has Room for Many Millions—Its Agricultural Resources—Other Branches.

At the Canadian Club of Hamilton the other night, Mr. B. E. Walker, general manager of the Bank of Commerce, delivered an interesting lecture on "The National Resources of Canada." Mr. Walker pointed out that the basis of love of country was not the fertility of the land and its goodness to the people who cultivated it, nor was it either the physical beauties of the country or its historical associations. But the true root of this feeling was such intimacy with the qualities of a country as was sufficient to enable its inhabitants to conceive it as a whole.

Canada, however, had only been in existence since 1867. Cabot had made his discovery 300 years ago and Peter Kalm, the famous Swedish naturalist, had written about the resources of the country as far back as 1750, but at the time of the capitulation, in 1763, the population consisted of only about 70,000 French-Canadians, and from the St. Lawrence river to the Pacific ocean was practically an immense waste.

Proceeding with his subject, Mr. Walker said that how little a community could live on was shown by the inhabitants of Gaspe and Muskoka. The statement that the savings of the world thus far amounted to only ten months' food supply and about three years' annual income enabled us to perceive what we had in our control. Many millions could live in Canada in simple comfort.

Forty-five per cent. of our people were engaged in agriculture, and it was only desirable that the percentage should be far larger. At the date of Confederation the agricultural exports were under $20,000,000, and now they were over $50,000,000, including animal and dairy products. That was a great deal of money, but small as compared with the exports of other countries. Canada was now only beginning to be mentioned as a wheat country, yet our wheat brought the highest prices in Europe and had taken gold medals at London, Chicago and San Francisco. Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Assiniboia and Alberta possessed 239,000,000 acres, of which only 7,832,000 were used for crops or ranching. Wheat was also being grown within the arctic circle. Canada could equal any country in raising wheat when the conditions were equal.

Speaking of the growth of the cattle trade in the west, Mr. Walker said that it was in 1890 that the first car load of cattle was shipped from the Northwest, as previous to that time those engaged in the trade had only been acquiring stock from which to breed. In 1895 $1,000,000 worth of cattle had been sent out from there, whilst last year Manitoba had exported 13,800 cattle, and had packed and exported 26,000 hogs. He also spoke of the enormous trade there would be when Manitoba possessed the same stock as Ontario, illustrating his points by the aid of the following instructive table:

Farm Stock.	Manitoba 1895.	Ontario 1895.	Dominion 1891.
Horses	95,000	650,000	1,500,000
Cattle	210,000	2,150,000	4,200,000
Sheep	34,000	2,000,000	2,600,000
Swine	73,000	1,300,000	1,800,000

Poultry (sold at home, 226,000), 7,800,000.

The fisheries of the country came next, Mr. Walker pointed out that the coast line of British Columbia was more than 7000 miles—twice that of the British Isles—and the eastern coast line up only to Belle Isle was 5600 miles. There was also 15,000 square miles of inshore salt water, and 36,350 square miles of fresh water. The catch of the last 25 years in the east included 100,000,000 cod, 50,000,000 herring, forty-five million lobster, 36,000,000 mackerel, 38,000,000 salmon and 12,000,000 haddock. The men employed numbered 70,000. The catch of herring, whitefish and salmon trout in the great lakes during the last 12 years amounted to 200,000,000 pounds. In British Columbia the value of the catch in 1876 was $105,000; in 1894 it was $4,000,000. The salmon caught in the past twelve years was worth $21,500,000. Our chain of lakes extended right up to Hudson Bay, which itself contained an almost inexhaustible supply of fish, which might in the future be the food supply of a portion of the population of the United States.

Canadian forests had already been denuded of oak, elm, sycamore and walnut. In white pine, however, Canada was in the lead. The great bulk of the world's supply of white pine was in Canada. What we had would last for 100 years if any care was taken of it. The belt commenced at the southern edge of Algonquin Park and moved west and north to the Gatineau, Boulonge and Black River districts. In the latter localities it was rapidly reproducing itself. The most valuable timber asset we had, however, was the spruce timber. Reproducing itself as it did it was practically inexhaustible, and, in addition, it was of a much better quality than that which grew in Europe. Canada already supplied Europe with timber for pulp for the best paper, and the next step should be to make the paper itself here. The British Columbia forests, with their immense trees, could not literally be said to be inexhaustible, but the quantity was so great that that was practically the case.

Mr. Walker referred to the mineral resources of Canada. He stated that in 1895 the metallic products, including gold, silver, nickel, copper and lead, were worth $6,370,146; the non-metallic products, which consisted of coal, stone, bricks, lime, petrolene and slate, were valued at $15,875,197, and sundries at $254,657, a total of $22,500,000. Of this only $7,500,000 was exported. The following table of comparison between the outputs of Canada and the United States was given:

	Canada, 1895.	United States, 1891-92.
Gold	$1,900,000	$33,000,000
Silver	1,150,000	83,000,000
Iron	238,000	25,500,000
Copper	950,000	37,800,000
Lead	750,000	18,000,000
Nickel	1,400,000	57,000
Coal	7,800,000	191,000,000
Petroleum	1,200,000	30,200,000
	$15,398,000	418,357,020

The Highwayman of 1897.

Footpad (armed with X ray lantern)—Besides your watch you have $213.17. Out with it, or I'll shoot.—Fliegende Blaetter.

Sad to Confess.

Kilburn—The successful man has one chosen sphere.

Marlowe—Yes, but I have had three to deal with of late.

Kilburn—What kind?

Marlowe (despondently)—The gilt kind that my uncle hangs over his front door.

His One Success.

The New York detective was studying out one of the deepest mysteries of crime. The task had a fascination for him. Indeed, he was so deeply interested in it that he forgot everything else on earth.

As he penetrated further into the mystery his interest changed to excitement. "Ah! I think I know who killed Mildred McGillicudy," he exclaimed. "False clews have led me off the track more than once, but I can hardly be mistaken now. The evidence is too strong to admit of that. But I must make sure. I swear I shall not close my eyes in sleep till I find out beyond a doubt who committed this foul murder."

And he kept his word. All night he continued reading, "Whose Was the Hand?" and in the ninety-fourth chapter he found the murderer. It was the first time he had ever found a guilty man.

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Athens, June 9th, 1896.

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☞Extracts from a letter from Mr. McCond, formerly of Prescott, Ontario.

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