Good Groceries

AT THE CLOSEST PRICES

Is our daily offering, and glad indeed will we be to have you come and get your full measure of the Bargains we offer.

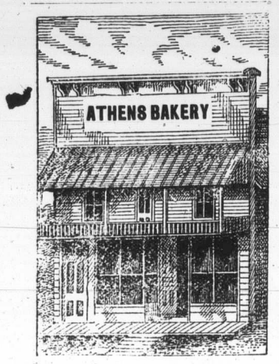
New Raisins
New Currants
New Peels
Orange, Lemon and Citron
New Salmon
New Canned Vegetables
New Nuts in great variety

Don't forget to try our 25c Tea.

Horse Brushes at reduced prices to clear out.

JOHNSTON'S - CASH GROCERY

CORNER OF BUELL AND GEORGE STS. BROCKVILLE.



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

Christmas Presents

in large variety and all useful—not just for ornament, but combining the two.

See
Our 8-day half-hour striking clock for.... **$3.00**

See
That gold-lined silver Cake Basket for..... **$3.00**

Mail Orders receive prompt attention.

Wm. Coates & Son

JEWELERS & OPTICIANS

222 KING ST. - BROCKVILLE

MURRAY & LANMAN'S

FLORIDA WATER

THE SWEETEST MOST FRAGRANT MOST REFRESHING AND ENDURING OF ALL PERFUMES FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET OR BATH.

ALL DRUGGISTS, PERFUMERS AND GENERAL DEALERS.

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 customer

☞Razors and Scissors sharpened

FOR TWENTY-SIX YEARS

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

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 camp was astir early the next morning, the guide having decided to take the hunters over the ground where deer was expected, and by finding the runways and marking the trail, by blazed trees, make it easy for each man to find a place assigned him for the day.

To give our readers a better idea of the plan of the hunt, it will be better to digress here and say that the camp was located on a peninsula or island containing 637 acres. This peninsula was joined to the mainland at its south-easterly end by a narrow neck of land, not more than 6 or 8 rods wide at the portage point. Lake Me-me-sag-a-me-sing, or lake of many bays, is about 8 miles long by 5 miles wide, the peninsula being located nearly in the centre. An Indian reserve, 70 miles square, lies directly north of the lake, having the lake for its southern boundary. In many places the mainland comes within 8 or 10 rods of the peninsula, and any game started on the mainland which got past the hunters was almost certain to swim across to this peninsula, and there were runaways crossing it in all directions. In one or two places the deeply indented bays cut the peninsula nearly in two narrowing it down to 12 and 15 rods across. These points were to be the principal watching places, and the guide, after looking the ground over, placed his hatchet mark on a tree designating where each watcher should take his stand to cut off the retreat of the fleeing game. No less than six watching places were thus marked, and trails blazed through the dense forest from the shore to each. Lots were cast for the different locations, and each man was given minute directions as to the course the deer would likely take, and every precaution taken to so place the men that there should be no danger of stray bullets reaching the vicinity of other watchers. Strict orders were also given that no man should shoot at any object until he was satisfied that it was not a fellow hunter. It was nearly dark when the party returned to camp where a steaming supper awaited them. The Fisher and Plough boy started out on a fishing expedition and returned with a dozen or more nice grey trout, bass and pickerel, some of which were of extraordinary size and weight. The annexed cut will give a fair illustration

HERE'S A WHOPPER.

of how a big pickerel looked when held up by the cook, preparatory to be cleaned for the morning meal. There was only one settler living on the shore of the lake, and that 4 miles from the hunters' camp. The next settler's cabin was about 5 miles in another direction, so the hopes of having visitors to drop in to the camp once in a while for an evening's chat was very remote. The whole face of the country, as far as the eye could reach, was one unbroken forest. There was no lack of evidence that the hardy lumberman had been in that country years before: huge pine stumps, here and there a piece of broken chain lying on the rocks, or a half rotted saw log or float washed up on the shore, bore ample testimony that woods and lake had resounded to the woodsman's axe and the teamsters sharp orders to their teams. The large pine timber has all been removed, and in their places a heavy growth of small pine, spruce and maple formed a thick covering to mother earth for miles in every direction. The face of the country is generally level, with slight undulating ridges. The soil being a rich red loam with clay bottom, will in time make valuable farming land.

The first Sunday morning in camp was the only real fine sunshiney day that the party enjoyed during their stay. The cook had prepared an abundant supply of fire wood, and brushed and tidied up the camp, as well as laid out a few extras in the way of dessert. At 3 p. m. the Domine conducted service, preaching a practical sermon to the assembled hunters, which was listened to with marked attention. What would otherwise have been a long and tedious day, passed quickly and pleasantly, and at an early hour all retired, after setting the gong on the alarm clock to strike at 5 a. m. Sharp on time the cook's head emerged from the bunk near the door and in a very short time a good substantial breakfast was prepared and hastily eaten, as all were anxious to get away to their stations on this the first day's hunt. As plenty of deer signs had been observed when locating the stations on the peninsula, it had been arranged that the first day's hunt should take place there, and long before the first streak of daylight shone in the east the boats were launched and all, excepting the cook, were on their way to the stations. The hunter with the short title of "Ed" drew the position at the narrow neck joining the two largest portions of the peninsula together, and nearest to camp. The Domine and Scribe got positions a mile or so further on, and the Ploughboy, Agent and Fisher Boy still further toward the extreme end of the peninsula. The Butcher boy was assigned a place at the portage, and the guide went away to the north east side and put out the dogs. There is something exhilirating in tramping through the dense forest to a given point there to stand in the cold, probably for hours, waiting and watching for the game that ten chances to one never happens to come that way. The deep, sonorous baying of the hounds, if they come within hearing distance, helps wonderfully to break the monotony of the hours. As they circle nearer and nearer, the expectant watcher strains every nerve to catch a sound or sight of the fleeing game, his excitement in many cases causing him to tremble with suppressed impatience as the sounds gradually die away in the distance, to be revived with tenfold vigor, as the hounds gradually bear around in his direction.

On this the first morning of the hunt all left the camp in good spirits, each hoping that he might be the fortunate one to bring down the first deer, but if they failed, ready to assist to place the victor's palm on the brow of his more fortunate companion. The guide had nearly two miles to go with the dogs in in his canoe, but he had to time his speed so as to give each hunter a fair chance to reach his watch before he unleashed the dogs. Just at the break of day the dogs were set at liberty and in less than ten minutes had struck a fresh track. The air was pure and bracing and not a leaf rippled in the morning breeze. It was a glorious morning for the hunt. Although it was over two miles to the farthest watch from where the dogs started, the first yelp was heard distinctly by all. Now the flying pack would cross a high ridge and every sound would seem to break with perfect clearness on the morning air. Dropping down into a deep ravine, thickly covered with underbrush, the sounds would die away and at times be almost entirely lost. The sun rose and glinted the tops of the tallest trees, and every hunter drew an inspiration of the pine-laden ozone of the air. Suddenly the sharp crack of a rifle at the narrows proclaimed that the game had been sighted. Another shot followed from the same direction, and then all was still, for a time. Part of the hounds passed quite near to the watches and on to the narrows where the sound stopped. The others kept on and in another half hour reports from the rifles of Fisher Boy and Guide denoted that game had gone their way. The "return" signal was given by the Guide and all started for camp. The Scribe and Domine, on their way down, concluded to pull into the bay where "Ed" was stationed and see what luck he had. On coming in sight, imagine their surprise and delight to see that he had killed a fine doe, which, with the assistance of the Ploughboy, he had disemboweled and was busily engaged in washing the blood from the carcase. He was holding the carcase by the legs and as the Scribe rowed up, he gasped out "I'd like to have you look at this deer closely so as to be able to swear, if necessary, that you saw that one side of it was dry." A roar of laughter from the party convinced "Ed" that his joke was fully appreciated, and that all fear of his even being accused of killing the deer in the water was set at rest. Hastily launching their boat, a row of half a mile brought the party to camp where before 9 a. m. all were gathered. The result of the morning's hunt was that "Ed" had the honor awarded him of bringing down the first deer, the Fisher boy a large yearling buck, and the Guide a buck and doe, making four in all.

Being determined to break all former records, the party took an early dinner and went across the main land to the south of the camp. The dogs got a start a short distance up in the bush and drove a large buck along a ridge where the "Butcher boy" was stationed. The first shot badly wounded him and he made a desperate effort to escape. "Charlie" was too old and experienced a hunter to not make a grand effort to capture his game, and one of the most exciting races in the whole hunt took place before the buck was finally placed hors de combat. Some ten or twelve shots were fired before he dropped, and on examination no less than four shots had struck him in vital spots.

The Butcher Boy managed to get the deer to the boat but as it was a frail affair he had to take the deer in tow and draw it across the lake behind his boat. (On reaching the station on the home journey this buck tipped the scales at 270 lbs). In the meantime the rest of the party had not been idle. Rifle shots resounded from different parts of the woods, but on gathering at the shore the Ploughboy was the only one who came in dragging his game with him. The others had got shots, "Ed" at a wolf, which he thought was badly wounded, and the others at game that got away to lay down and die and make meals for the wolves. On reaching camp, a pole was placed on a couple of crotches and the game all dressed nicely and hung up.

The string of six fine deer on the pole was photographed by the Reporter's kodak, a cut of which will likely appear in next week's chapter. We question if a better day's showing can be given for one day's sport by any other party in Ontario.

MAN AND WIFE IN DISTRESS

From Chronic Catarrh—But Instantaneous Relief Follows the First Application of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder—Don't Neglect the simplest Cold in the Head, it May Develop into this Disgusting Malady Almost Before You can Realize it.

Rev. Dr. Bochror of Buffalo says: "My wife and I were both troubled with distressing catarrh, but we have enjoyed freedom from this aggravating malady since the day we first used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. Its action was instantaneous, giving the most grateful relief within ten minutes after first application. We consider it a godsend to humanity, and believe that no case can be so chronic or deeply seated that it will not immediately relieve and permanently cure." Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

HEART'S HEALER.

Mrs. Mugger, Wife of Capt. Charles Mugger, of Sidney, C. B., Got Relief in 30 Minutes From Heart Disease of Four Years Standing, and Declares she Owes her Life to Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart.

"It affords me great pleasure to commend Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. I was sorely afflicted with heart trouble, accompanied with dizziness, palpitation and smothering sensations. For over four years I was treated by best physicians, and used all remedies known to man. I determined to try Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. The first dose gave me great relief inside of thirty minutes. I used two bottles, and feel to-day that I have been completely cured." Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

Itching, Burning Skin Disease Cured For 35 cents.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves in one day, cures tetter, salt rheum, piles, scald head, eczema, barbers' itch, ulcers, blotches and all eruptions of the skin. It is soothing and quieting, and acts like magic in the cure of all baby humors. 35c. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

THE TOLLING OF THE BELL.

How oft the bell goes tolling,
With its quivering, throbbing cry,
Pealing out its note of warning,
'Tis appointed man should die.
As it tolls and tolls it tells us,
With its brazen iron tongue,
That for some the race is ended,
The curtain down is rung.

It tells of nights of watching,
How the heart grows cold with fear,
When from our grasp seems slipping,
The forms we love so dear;
It tells of crushed, sad spirits,
Of hopes that are now gone,
While up the street the cortege,
With solemn step moves on.

It tells when by the graveside
We give back dust to dust,
The end of mortal passion,
The end of human lust,
The end of fault and failing,
The end of hopes and fears,
The end of loving kindness,
The end of grief and tears.

Why should we feel forsaken
When o'er we hear its knell?
May it not tales of gladness
As well as sorrow tell?
Its tolling knock throws open
The doors of our new home,
The doors of peace and glory
As well as of the tomb

By it we are admitted
To mansions fair and bright,
To wave the palm of victory,
All robed in garments white.
'Tis but the knock that gains us
An entrance to our rest,
A home of joy and beauty
For ever with the blest.

Composed by Ed. Derbyshire, Athens.

A Young Lady's Escape.

FRIENDS THOUGHT THAT THE SPAN OF HER LIFE WOULD BE SHORT.

At Last With but a grain of Faith Her Mother Administered Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—She is now Cured.

From the Montreal Herald.

This world is full of change. There are changes that affect the constitution of the individual, changes that will come, we cannot avert their coming, but we may parry the unsalutary character of their influence. Womanhood in its inception is susceptible of changes that demand the most judicious attention and prudential care to ensure perfect development and happy maturity. These changes are so vital and so subtle in their character that unless the utmost vigilance and discrimination is exercised in the choice and application of reputed remedies the worst results may accrue. The constitution may be undetermined and the germs of disease fostered. Vigorous life is at the basis of all enjoyment and success. To be weak is to be miserable. It is therefore fundamental to every interest of humanity that life's red, red stream be kept pure and healthy. Owing to the neglect of these particulars many young ladies have allowed life to become a burden and a wearisome round of duties. Faint and weak very aptly describes their condition after venturing to perform some ordinary household duty. What can be done to accomplish the rejuvenation of these unfortunate ones? There is a remedy widely known and loudly applauded, whose virtues are proclaimed on the housetop and whispered on the streets. Ten thousand mothers have recommended it and twice ten thousand daughters praise it. Read what one of them has to say. In the village of Lancaster there lives Mrs. A. Macpherson, widow of the late A. J. Macpherson. She is well and favorably known in the community. Some four or five years ago Mrs. Macpherson sent her eldest daughter to New York. While there she resided with her uncle and attended school, being then only about sixteen years of age. The social life of her temporary home made rather severe demands upon her time, and being ambitious she was anxious to make rapid progress in her studies. In each particular she enjoyed a covetable measure of success, but at no small cost. Many remarked her paleness and loss of color. She began to feel tired and weak after a little exercise, such as a short walk. Miss Macpherson's stay in New York lasted about two years. All this time she ate and slept fairly well. In the spring of 1893 she came home, and her mother could not but remark how changed her daughter was—pale and languid instead of being bright and ruddy. Thinking that nourishing food and perfect quiet, with judicious exercise, would restore the lost vigor and ruddy glow, it was participated in to the fullest extent. For a month this was tried, but still Miss Macpherson was as pale as before, liable to turns of weakness and an unsatiable desire to sleep. At this juncture the family doctor was consulted. Iron pills were prescribed and a trip to the Thousand Islands taken, the stay lasting about six weeks, during which time everything was done to help her recovery. The friends with whom she stayed came to regard her recovery as extremely doubtful, and when she returned home her mother saw no improvement. One day while making purchases from a dealer in vegetables he (the dealer) took the liberty of making some remarks anent the health or Miss Macpherson, which was obviously not promising. He strongly urged the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Macpherson was not over credulous of the qualities of the Pink Pills, but they were purchased and used to the best advantage. Soon after beginning the use of the pills, says Mrs. Macpherson, I thought I saw a reddish tinge upon her cheek and in course of a week or so my daughter felt better. The tired feeling began to vanish and the abnormal sleepiness began to yield to the influence of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Continuing the use of the pills the progress of her restoration was continuous and complete, and her improved looks were the subject of favorable comment for some time. To-day her health is all that could be desired, and both the young lady and her mother are firm believers in the medicinal virtues of the Pink Pills and often recommend them.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they cure after all other medicines have failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box.

Pill-Anthrophy

Or Philanthropy to Give you Good Health for 10c—the cost of Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills.

Sure, Safe, Quick, and Pleasant to Act. No Pain, no Griping. 10c. a Vial.

For Sick Headache, for distress after eating, for Billiousness, for coated Tongue, for Constipation. They work wonderful cures. All druggists have them. 40 in a vial, 10c.

Archbishop Lewis, who has gone to Europe, has appointed the venerable Archdeacon Bedford Jones to be his commissary and he has now full charge of the diocese.

Notice is given in the official Gazette that application will be made at the next session of Parliament to incorporate a religious body to be known as "The Holiness Movement"—or Church. Full power is asked to exercise all the privileges of a denomination. The movement referred to is that known as the "Hornerites," who were unsuccessful last session in securing legislation to be incorporated as "Wesleyan Methodist."

The last report of the Ontario Bureau of Industries shows that the lessening of the value of farm lands which began in this province some years ago, still continues. The total value of farm land in Ontario was put at $654,793,000 in 1883 but had sunk to $602,664,000, by 1893. The next year saw it decline by fifteen millions more, while 1895 carried it down to $572,938,000. The value of farm buildings on the other hand, has increased, springing from $163,030,000 in 1883 to $200,189,000 in 1893 and $204,148,000, in 1895. Both farm wages and farm rentals have also fallen and apparently are still declining.

NO AVAIL.

Adam Soper of Burk's Falls Found all Remedies for Kidney Disease of No Avail Until he used South American Kidney Cure—To-day he is a well man and gives Credit where it is due.

"For a long time I have been a great sufferer from disease of the kidneys. The pains I suffered were the severest. I had tried all kinds of remedies, but all to no avail. I was persuaded to try South American Kidney Cure. Have taken half a dozen bottles, and I can confidently say that to-day I am a cured man, and can highly recommend this great medicine to all sufferers from kidney trouble." Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

A NEW MAN.

C. G. Chapin, Jeweler, of Burk's Falls, Says He is a new man since Using South American Nervine—His testimony is endorsed by Thousands of Others.

"Years I have been greatly troubled with nervous debility and affection of the kidneys. I believe I tried every proprietary medicine under the sun, but none seemed to give me any relief until I had tried South American Nervine. To my surprise the first bottle gave me great relief. I have persevered in taking it, and can say that I have not felt so well for years. I do heartily recommend this great cure." Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son

MODERN WATCHMAKING.

Human in Their action, Even to Breathing, Are Some of the New Automatic Machines—Former Prices Greatly Reduced.

From the Brockville Recorder.

Progress in human life and in human affairs is the keynote of the present age. Old methods are being gradually swept away and a new order is taking place. In no department of mechanical science is this advancement more marked than in that of watchmaking. In none other has the trend of progress been followed in a more careful and scientific spirit. There has been no floundering or guessing, and the result has been the production of a well made and satisfactory running watch at such a price as must in a very short time drive out of the market the low grade imitations that have so long been offered in competition with genuine seven jewelled American movements.

Some of the modern labor saving automotic machines are almost human in their action, even to breathing, which some of the most intricate actually do, and when it is understood that at the present time a few machines, with slight attention, do the work automatically which it used to take hundreds of men to accomplish, some idea can be had of the progress made by American companies, and the reason for the immense reduction in prices becomes apparent. A visit to the handsomely furnished and equipped offices of the International Importing Company in the Fulford block will convince anyone of the facts we have cited. Here one sees a display of watches at prices that, in the face of former prevailing prices, almost staggers belief. Their leader at present is a seven jewelled movement with the celebrated patent safety pinion, split balance, stem wind and stem-set and other late improvements, in a handsomely engraved 18 K. electro plated case, open face or hunting, at $4 95. It is as handsome a looking article as any $50. gold watch we ever saw.

The company to convince every intending purchaser of the merits of their watch, will send to anyone who orders in good faith one of these watches by express without the payment of a single cent so you can examine it thoroughly, and if not as represented you refuse to take it. Every watch is timed, regulated and guaranteed. The money is returned if the purchaser is not satisfied after he gets the watch. So far, however, they have had no calls of this kind nor do they expect any. Although the Canadian office has been in operation only a short time, the company has worked up a large business that is increasing daily, and if their enterprise has the effect of driving low grade and unreliable watches out of this country altogether, the public may be thankful for the benefit.

During the holiday season a single watch, ladies' or gent's size, will be sent to any address by prepaid registered post on receipt of $4.95, or it will be sent C. O. D. by express subject to approval. Address all orders for Canady to "The International Importing Co.," Brockville, Ont.

FROM AGONY TO JOY.

Acute Sufferings From Acute Rheumatic Ailment Relieved by South American Rheumatic Cure When Hops had Well-nigh Gone—Mrs. W. Ferris, Wife of a Well-known Manufacturer of Glencoe, Cheerfully Tells the Story of Her Cure.

"I was for years a great sufferer from rheumatic affection in my ankles, and at times was so bad that I could hardly walk. I tried every known remedy and treated with best physicians for years, but with no permanent relief. Although my confidence in remedies was about exhausted, I was induced to try South American Rheumatic Cure. I purchased a bottle. The very first dose gave me relief, and after taking two bottles all pain had vanished and there has been no return of it. I do cheerfully recommend this great remedy." Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

YOUTH.

What is Youth? 'Tis a glittering bubble,
Buoyant with life, free from all care,
Dancing along on a smooth, placid river,
Smiling and bright as a a May morn fair.

What is Youth? 'Tis a radiant picture,
Colors bright with no back-ground dun,
Stirred not by duty, nor stung by ambition,
Revelling only in laughter and fun.

What is Youth? 'Tis a warbler airy,
Sucking sweets from the blossoms of time;
Springtime of life! 'Tis the essence of living,
A sweet happy dream or a long pleasant rhyme

What is youth? 'Tis not doubt or misgiving,
Care for the future or fear for the past,
Quaffing the rich, foaming nectar of pleasure,
Taking the good things of life while they last.

Live on, O, youth, in thine innocent pleasure,
Take while you may the ambrosia of life,
Soon 'twill come back as a beautiful vision,
An oasis green 'mid life's turmoil and strife.

Brantford, Sept. 28th, '96. ED. DERBYSHIRE.

LOCAL SUMMARY.

ATHENS AND NEIGHBORING LOCALITIES BRIEFLY WRITTEN UP.

Events as Seen by Our Knight of the Pencil.—Local Announcement Boiled Right Down.

A fine line of mixed candy, 3 lbs for 25c, at S. Moore's.

Mr. and Mrs. Israel Stevens, of Delta, were last week guests of Mr. and Mrs. Drummond Parish.

On the 27th ult. the death occurred at Warburton of Clark Foley, only son of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Foley.

An officer of the Salvation army has been here this week collecting for the Self-denial Fund. The money is to be devoted to the Rescue Homes, one of the many charitable institutions of the Army.

A little girl from Arnprior, aged five years, was sent to Water Street Hospital in Ottawa, last week, afflicted with "bow legs." The doctor broke the limbs below the knee, and re-set them in a plaster of Paris mould.

Mr. James Berney, who has been acting as checker of cheese at Montreal, with the object of preventing American made cheese being shipped as Canadian make, has returned to his home in Lyndhurst, with the understanding that he is done with the job.

The Toronto Telegram is moved to remark that "now that winter is approaching it is well to remind tipplers that pneumonia and whiskey are fast friends. Once they meet and shake hands inside a man's system, there's another job for the undertaker sure."

The boys who think it a good joke to rob a hen-roost would change their views if they had to deal with Judge McDonald of Brockville. Last week he sentenced John Tucker and Charles Stewart to six months in Central Prison at hard labor for stealing two turkeys.

The many Athenian friends of Mr. B. W. Falkner will be pleased to learn that he has again leased the Athens photo. gallery, recently conducted by Mr. J. W. Joynt, and is now in possession prepared to fill orders. He is giving especially low rates during the holiday season.

Smith's Planetary Almanac gives the following forecast of the weather for December: "Will open with high winds, rain or snow; a stormy downfall of rain or sleet in the second week, but clear and mild at the close. From the 13th to the 26th gives promise of mild, soft pleasant weather with a cold snap about the 23rd; month ending colder with high winds."

The enterprising congregation of Christ's Church are to be congratulated upon the completion of new driving sheds in connection with the church. For years the want of such a convenience had been sorely felt, especially during the winter months; now, they have a warm convenient shed 112 x 22 feet, and an increase in the attendance of parishioners from the country should result.

Our Sentiments Exactly.

The Gravenhurst Banner of last week contained the following:—"Talking to The Banner a few days ago, a local sportsman expressed the opinion very strongly that the regulation prohibiting the killing of deer in or near water is a mistake, and while apparently protecting the deer is really the cause of increased slaughter and much additional cruelty. "It works this way," said the sportsman; "a party goes into the woods and if allowed to kill deer in the water very shortly secures the two deer apiece the law allows. Almost every deer hunted is killed outright, and the hunters depart for home as soon as their quota of deer is bagged. With the prohibition of killing in the water, hunters shoot at the deer from long range, and a dozen are wounded to every one that is killed. The deer has a chance for his life, it is true; but it has equal chance of a slow lingering death of torture from a wound not immediately fatal," Our friend the sportsman is not very complimentary to the marksmanship of the hunters, but his opinions may be sound nevertheless."

Miss Lucy Powell—Medalist.

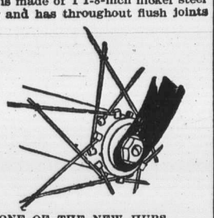
The Demorest medal contest held in the Methodist church on Friday evening last, under the auspices of the W. C. T. U., excited unusual interest among our student population, the contestants being all modelites, and the result was a very large audience. Mr W. A. Lewis presided in a very pleasing manner. The contestants were Miss Davis, Brockville; Miss Lucy Powell, Plum Hallow; Miss Sadie Pritchard, Miss Alma Derbyshire, M. McLean and J. Weart, Athens. The judges were Rev. J. J Cameron, M.A., Rev. J. A. Kennedy, and Mr. J. H. Mills, M. A. As usual with these contests, the selections evidenced very careful preparation and they were presented in a manner that made them both instructive and highly entertaining. The judges retired for deliberation and comparison of notes and during their absence the audience exchanged opinions upon the merits of the respective speakers. When the judges returned Mr. Cameron announced that they had agreed upon a verdict giving the medal to Miss Lucy Powell. The rev. judge felicitated all the contestants upon the excellence of their recitations, and said that where all had done so well, it was difficult to particularize, No. 4 (Miss Derbyshire) having proved a very close second and all the others being well up to the highest marks attained. When the applause with which the verdict was received had subsided, the president of the local Union, Mrs. W. Elliott, presented the medal with a brief congratulatory address. Good vocal music was rendered during the evening by a choir made up of singers from the different churches and schools.

CYCLOM

'97 MODEL CYCLES.

Some Points of Improvement Over the 1896 Wheel.

Some of the new 1897 models are now to be seen at the leading agencies in the various cites. While they do not differ very materially in appearance from the '96 wheels, they show several points of improvement in construction. One product of a large manufacturer is exceedingly handsome and presents features that will commend themselves to the rider. The main part of the frame is made of 1 1-8-inch nickel steel tubing and has throughout flush joints

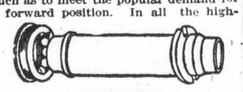


ONE OF THE NEW HUBS.

that give to the machine a very neat and attractive appearance. The rear forks have D-shape tubing.

The sprocket wheel has five spokes, and the flange on to which the sprocket screws is a part of the crank forging, thus being in one solid piece. The barrel hubs have studs inserted, each one sustaining a single spoke, and in this way the stud can be turned and will adjust itself adsolutely in line with the draw of the spoke from the rim. The crank shaft is divided. To the hollow fork crown a nickelled plate is attached front and back, on which the owner's name can be engraved. The bearings are dust proof and are fitted with well-oiled felt pads that are guaranteed to keep the bearings well lubricated for at least a year. This feature that will prevent the necessity of oiling is bound to become popular. The tread measures five inches. The rims of the wheels are of good size, and the tires 1 3-4 inches in diameter.

In all the 1897 models the crank hanger is one to two inches lower than formerly. The heads are made of larger tubing and the lines of the frames are such as to meet the popular demand for a forward position. In all the high-

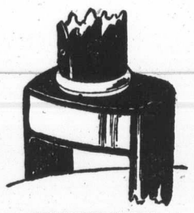


A SHAFT OF '97.

grade wheels the purchaser can have wooden handle bars if he so desires.

It is fully expected that tandem riding will be very popular next season, the manufacturers are bending every energy to turn out models in which beauty and strength are combined.

While none of the 1897 tandems are yet to be seen here, photographs of them are shown, and those seen represent very handsome machines. Adjustable handle bars will be very generally used, and the methods of adjustment show a vast improvement over previous styles. That the public takes an un-



THE HEAVY FORKS.

usual interest in seeing the new 1897 models is shown by the crowds that surround them wherever they are displayed.

Running the Gauntlet.

"Running the gauntlet" is the latest recreation among wheelmen.

The idea of the game is not especially new, for the hero of Cooper's novels used to have the gauntlet experience as part of the programme of his captivity among the Indians, but its application to cycling and cyclers is decidedly unique. The wheelmen are always looking for some new scheme to give zest to their pleasure, and many of them think they've found just the thing now. Plain scorching soon grows monotonous, as well as tiresome, and anything that diverts the mind either as a game or a race is welcomed. That's the reason running the gauntlet has the call at present, and that's why hazel switches are in considerable demand.

The gauntlet runners start about 50 feet away from where the switch-

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.

wielders are waiting with poised switches.

Down come the intrepid wheelmen, heads down and bent low, chasing one after another, and scorching like the wind. It looks easy enough to switch them, but they fly past.

Like meteors hurled
From a planet world.

Sometimes the blow will fall, and the rider will wince as he scorches along, but it's like shooting at a lightning flash, and the gauntlet-runner usually has the laugh on the gauntleteers. It's exciting extremely, and great sport. If you miss when you aim at the gauntlet runner, the penalty is that you must take your place a-wheel and run the merry gauntlet. That's a good rule, for it makes your aim sure and compels strict attention to the business in hand.

MOTHER AND CHILDREN KILLED.

Winner Murdered His Wife While Nelson Killed Her Babies.

Richmond, Mo., Dec. 5.—Six weeks ago this little place was startled by the discovery of the dead bodies of Mrs. Jessie Winner and her two little children in their cabin on the outskirts of the town. Suspicion attached to the husband as the murderer and he was arrested. To-day Maggie Catron, a woman with whom he was intimate, made this confession:

"On the night of the murder Winner, Con Lackey and Jim Nelson took a buggy belonging to Mr. Hubbell and drove to the Winner home. Lackey held the horse while Winner killed his wife and Nelson killed the children."

The feeling is very strong against Winner and he may be lynched.

Germany's Protest Received.

Washington, Dec. 5.—The formal protest of the German Government against the proclamation of the President, re-imposing the tonnage tax on German vessels in American ports, has been received at the Department of State. The President's reply to the protest, and his reassertion of the grounds on which the United States' action has been taken will probably be laid before Congress in the message on Monday next.

Lost 62 Cattle.

London, Dec. 5.—The British steamer Lake Ontario, Captain Campbell, at Liverpool from Montreal, lost 62 head of cattle during the voyage.

The German barque Meteor, Captain Niemann, from Shediac Sept. 19 for Runcorn, has again been re-insured, 80 guineas premium being paid.

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S. Y. BULLIS, Prop.

Athens, June 9th, 1896.

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Chicago, Oct. 18th, 1896.

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Brockville Business College,

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Your friend and pupil,
CHAS. F. MCCOND.

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

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COUGHS and COLDS

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W. C. MCCOMBER & SON, Bouchette, Que., report in a letter that Pyny-Pectoral cured Mrs. C. Garceau of chronic cold in chest and bronchial tubes, and also cured W. G. McComber of a long-standing cold.

MR. J. H. HUTTY, Chemist, 528 Yonge St., Toronto, writes: "As a general cough and lung syrup Pyny-Pectoral is a most invaluable preparation. It has given the utmost satisfaction to all who have tried it, many having spoken to me of the benefits derived from its use in their families. It is suitable for old or young, being pleasant to the taste. Its sale with me has been wonderful, and I can always recommend it as a safe and reliable cough medicine."

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