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Holland Bulbs
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**Hyacinths,
Tulips,
Etc.**
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W. Kay & Sons
BROCKVILLE, ONT.

The Athens Reporter

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COUNTY OF LEEDS ADVERTISER.

Vol. XVII. No. 39. Athens, Leeds County, Ontario, Wednesday, Sept. 25, 1901. B. Loverin, Prop'r

BROCKVILLE'S GREATEST STORE.

New Costumes

The costume collection is now assuming interesting proportions—suits for fall show a charming diversity in style and each line has its own individuality. "Trying on" time is now and you needn't buy till you wish.

At \$6.75
A black cheviot Eton Coat lined throughout, double-breasted, well stitched skirt, unlined, the suit for \$6.75.

At \$10.00
Heavy black frieze suit, single-breasted Eton, fancy collar, satin reverses, unlined, stitched skirt, suit for \$10.00.

At \$18.50
A perfect beauty in Oxford grey, heavyweight taffeta silk trimmed, Eton (L'Ayig) collar fancy trimmed skirt
Others at \$11.00, \$13.00, \$16.00 and \$18.50 per suit.

MILLINERY SUCCESS

Our new fur department has been much admired and, while selling time is hardly here yet, many prospective purchases are in sight. Values are certainly good, and everything is perfectly new and fresh from the manufacturer.

FUR FIXINGS

Our Millinery has caught the public favor this fall. The opening was a signal success and already the orders are piling up. Any lady who has not yet received one of our handsome Millinery booklets can get one by asking for it.

Robert Wright & Co'y
IMPORTERS.
BROCKVILLE

LEWIS & PATTERSON

**See That YOU GET
The RIGHT KIND
Taffetta Silks**

Our New English Taffetta Silks are right in quality and price.

Colored Taffettas—Pale Blue, Cardinal, Brown, Fawn, Navy Blue, Pink, Grey, Turquoise, all 75c.

Soft English Taffetta—Cardinal, Blue, Navy Blue, Nile Green, Purple, Cream, White, Pink and Black.

Black English Taffetta, extra good quality, full width, the kind that wear well, at 60c, 75c, 85c, \$1.00 to \$1.25 per yard.

Our prices are as low as you will find and you can probably just what you want here.

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BROCKVILLE'S LEADING PHOTOGRAPHERS

CORNER KING ST. AND COURT HOUSE AVENUE.

Our studio is the most complete and up-to-date in Brockville

Latest American ideas at lowest prices.

Satisfaction guaranteed

The President.

A Sketch.

By ARTHUR E. HAGAR.

The late beautiful afternoon of early Autumn was waning quietly away into the repose of the evening hour and the glowing orb of day was drawing in his heaving shafts of light, when a thrill of enthusiasm spread among the crowd that thronged the broad thoroughfares and boulevards of the exposition, as word was passed that President McKinley had been received in the grounds and was driving among the noble buildings that reared their lofty domes heavenward and caught the last beams of the setting sun. As it became definitely known down which avenue the President's course was directed a rush of hurrying feet soon lined the driveway thick on either side with the anxious populace, who waited in anticipation to see their beloved President, and to greet with that round of welcome and applause him who bore so grandly the robe of chief magistrate of a great republic. On came the steeds bearing the Presidential party, the great chieftain being readily recognized by his high forehead and the benign, and unassuming affability with which he bowed from side to side in kindly acknowledgment of the hearty welcome accorded by his fellow citizens. The spirited horses drove on and the President was lost to view amid the dense crowd that surged about his carriage and soon the shadows of the night closed in upon the scene.

President's Day, Thursday, Sept. 5, a day long to be remembered in the annals of the great exposition, and so named in honor of him who that day should visit it in the capacity of chief executive of a great and progressive nation, broke clear and beautiful with Sol from his heavenly chariot pouring his darts of sunbeams down upon a world that laughed and frolicked in the beauty of the passing summer. The crowds surged in through the massive doors of the Pan American decked in the light garments suited to the balmy season and rejoicing in a holiday spent amid the beauties and wonders of the glorious exhibition. With happy hearts and tread as light as air they swept up the broad paved avenues, anxious to see the great exhibits as well as to greet and hear their beloved chieftain. Ten minutes after ten was the time fixed for the President's arrival at the Lincoln Park way gate, where he was to be met by an escort under Brig. Gen. S. M. Welch, and headed by the U. S. marine band, led to a rostrum erected at the northwestern pillar of the Triumphant bridge, decorated with bunting and the national Stars and Stripes. As the Presidential salute of 21 guns pealed in air announcing the arrival of Mr. McKinley on the grounds, the crowd surged about his carriage and welcomed him with acclamations that made the welkin ring, then they passed on to the stand where those noble words were uttered that have found an echo in the heart of every true patriot the world over. Ah! little did they dream, those that then looked upon their President and heard his voice, that within a stone's throw of that very place the day after should witness the perpetration of a deed so dastardly that the whole world would shudder in horror, and one by which the voice then speaking would be silenced forever.

Again the beautiful September day is winging its flight to a peaceful close and nature dons once more the mantle of the quiet eventide. The setting sun drops into the rosy west, tinged with a halo of crimson glory the lingering clouds that spangle the arch of heaven and drift in the wake of the purple sunset. With the evening shadows the crowd gathers on the margin of Park Lake to witness the display of fireworks marking the close of a day so auspicious in its perfect weather, so successful as a gala day of merriment. Now nature hangs out her evening lamps in mid-heaven and lulls the whispering tides into the restfulness of eventide, while the slumbering waters of Park lake gleam darkly beneath the reflected light of the illuminations that cast their shadows in their placid depths.

And now the President, accompanied by some members of his party, rowed in a big life boat by some of Uncle Sam's blue-jackets, arrived at a landing prepared for him in front of the Life-Saving station, and all preparations being completed, the fireworks soon begin such a display of rockets, what glowing coruscations, what

brilliant batteries of jeweled missiles exploding in mid-air with a galaxy of color that lit up the heavens with the glow of a sunrise. There was the turbulent Niagara with a falling cataract of fire, a fire portrait of the President and a device "Welcome McKinley, Chief of our Nation," the national colors in mid air, exploding in a brilliant glow of red, white, and blue successively appearing, and many other brilliant displays of art, till a last "Good Night" brought the evening's entertainment to a close.

The picture faded. The scene is yet cast amid the great buildings of the Pan-American, but the multitude no longer carries the same light-hearted buoyancy and holiday-making air in its looks and tread. Within the arched dome of the Temple of Music a tragedy has been enacted and the great President of a free republic has been laid low by the hand of a vile and cruel assassin whose only reason for such a dastardly action was an inveterate hatred against all rulers and a belief in the insidious teachings of Emma Goldman. Deep anger, fierce and bitter resentment boils in the breasts of thousands of visitors at a deed so revolting and unjustifiable, and fallen in the hands of a mob ruled by such passion the assassin never afterwards would have required further punishment whereby to expiate his miserable offence.

Within the vine-clad mansion of the chairman of the Pan American committee President McKinley lay upon a bed of pain, surrounded by his faithful physicians whose acknowledged skill and strenuous efforts have bent themselves to the task of relieving his physical pains, and foiling through a gracious providence, the hand of the assassin that struck him low. Through out the city widespread indignation manifests itself among the waiting multitudes that crowd about the bulletins eager to learn the latest snatch of news from the sick chamber of their stricken chieftain. Abroad, throughout a great republic, across the noble river to the British Dominion, beyond mighty oceans and over foaming seas the world throbs with deep and bitter resentment at the crime, and messages of sympathy and hopefulness pour in from crowned heads and foreign governments and civic representatives, while the whole world bows in prayer before him whose power alone can spare a precious life.

The evening shadows once again gather thick about the mansion within whose walls the fight for life and death goes on, and throughout the city the crowds wait bated breath with pained anxiety about the bulletin boards while a solemn hush pervades the multitude, for a change for the worse has occurred in the President's condition, and he is slowly sinking. Eagerly they await the news from the sick room, each succeeding bulletin growing less hopeful and confident, till all hope is abandoned, a realization of what awaits the nation spreads among the people and every heart is melted. Hour after hour they wait throughout the shadowy night for the last act in the dreadful tragedy, and ever long word is whispered among them that the dreary, unsuccessful fight has ceased and the wheels of life stand still.

The President is dead.

With the rapidity of the electric flash the word reaches the cities, towns, and hamlets of the republic, and is shot beneath the seas to the foreign shores of sympathizing peoples, who hear it with heads bowed in sorrow and hearts filled with grief. And when the day breaks and the light glances through the gloom of the eastern horizon, driving back the shadows of the night, it awakens the world to the realization that one more has fallen victim to an assassin's bullet, and the government of a great Republic has lost its chief executive. While within the silent chambers of the Millburn House sleeps in quiet, undisturbed repose him who but yesterday was President of the United States.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

Fifty Against Two.

It is not right to expect two weeks of outing to overcome the effects of fifty weeks of confinement.

Take a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla along with you. Three doses, daily, of this great tonic will do more than anything else to refresh your blood, overcome your tired feeling, improve your appetite, and make your sleep easy and restful.

The sale of Indian Ponies here on Saturday was largely attended and the ponies were quickly disposed of.

BROCKVILLE CUTTING SCHOOL

IN ORDER to meet the demand for first-class cutters, which is steadily increasing, I have opened up in connection with my tailoring establishment a Cutting School, to be known as the Brockville Cutting School where the latest up-to-date systems of cutting will be taught, also instructions on the practical work of the tailor shop, which is most essential for a young man to become a first-class cutter, and which will enable him to command a salary of from One Thousand Dollars to Fifteen Hundred Dollars per year in this country and from Fifteen Hundred Dollars to Two Thousand Five Hundred Dollars per year in the United States. This is a rare chance for young men to fit themselves for a lucrative position in a short time. Persons attending this school will receive a thorough training in everything connected with Garment Cutting, and after graduating are competent of filling a position as custom cutter at once.

Pupils will be taught individually and may commence their instructions at any time convenient to themselves.

For all information, see catalogue, which will be mailed to you upon application.

Yours truly,
M. J. KEHOE
Brockville, Ont.

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When Pigs are worth 7c a lb, it will pay to rush them to market.

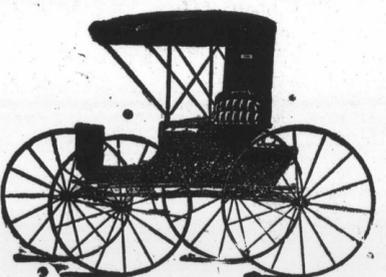
Cut your roots with the **GIANT ROOT CUTTER** and cook your feed with the **ECONOMIC COOKER** which is more improved than your hoosier tanks with independent bottoms. Grates with ash pit and dumper below.

Also Planet Wheels, Pinions, Couplings, and other repairs for the Hall or Oshawa Horse Powers. Plow Points, almost any pattern, **four for \$1.**

Old Metal wanted—Good as Cash.

A. A. McNISH,
Box 52, LYN.

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The subscriber wishes to inform the people of this community that he has now on hand the largest stock of first-class carriages that has ever been offered for sale by him up to the present time.

All are thoroughly reliable and up to date in style and finish. Wheels, which are of such great importance to a carriage, are of the best. Not one inferior or slop wheel is used in any of my work.

Intending buyers if they will consult their own best interest, will give me a call before buying elsewhere, and, if prices are right patronize home industry and keep your money at home.

D. FISHER.
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