Athens Reporter

TUESDAY AFTERNOON

--- BY---B. LOVERIN

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ADVERTISING

knows. All I know is, that they say he was an uncommon bad lot; but old Hooper, he's knowed him ever since he was a young 'un and lived here. If old Hooper says he wasn't here the night Sir Victor brought my lady home, don't you believe him—he was, and he's been seen off and on the grounds since. The women folks in the servante' hall, they say, as how he must have been an old sweetheart of my lady's. You go to old Hooper and worrit it out of him."

You go to old Hooper and wornt it out of him."

Mr. Superintendent Ferrick went. How artfully he began his work, how delicately and skillfully he "pumped" old Hooper dry, no words can tell. Mr. Juan Catheron was an "uncommon bad lot," he had come to the house and forced an entrance into the dining-room the night of Lady Catheron's arrival—there had been a quarrel, and he had been compelled to leave. Bit by bit this was drawn from Mr. Hooper. Since then, Jackson, the had groom, and Edwards, the valet, had seen him hovering about the grounds watching the house.

him hovering about the grounds watering the house.

Mr. Ferrick ponders these things in his heart, and is still. This vagabond, Juan Catheron, follows my lady to Catheron Royals, is expelled, haunts the grounds, and a man answering to his description is discovered quarrelling with my lady, demanding money, etc., two or three hours before the murder. The window of the room, in which she takes that fattal sleep, opens on the lawn; any one may enter who sees fit.

No one is about. The Oriental dagger lies convenient to his hand on the table. "Here, now," says Mr. Ferrick to Mr. Ferrick, with a reflective frown, "which is guilty—the brother or sister?" brother or sister?"

He goes and gives an order to one of his men, and the man starts in search of Mr. Juan Catheron. Mr. Catheron must be found, though they summon the detectives of Scotlaud Yard to aid them in their

tives of Scotland 1 and to said them in their search.

The dull hours wear on—the new day, sunny and bright, is with them. The white drawing-room is darkened—the master of Catheron Royals sits there alone with his dead. And presently the coroner comes, and talks with the superintendent; and they enter softly and look at the murdered lady. The coroner departs again—a jury is summoned, and the inquest is fixed to begin at noon next day in the Mitre tavorn at Chesholm.

lm. Lady Helena returns and goes at once to Lady Helena returns and goes at once to her nephew. Inez, in spite of her injunctions, has never been near him once. He sits there still, as she left him many hours ago; he has never stirred or spoken since. Left to himself he is almost apathetic in his quiet—he rouses into fury, when they strive to take him away. As the dusk falls, Lady Helena, passing the door, hears him softly talking to the dead, and once—oh, pitiful Heaven! she hears a low, blood-chilling laugh. She opens the door and goes in. He is kneeling beside the sofa, holding the stark figure in his arms, urging her to get up and dress.

up and dress.

"It is a lovely night, Ethel, he says;
"the mon is shining, and you know you
like to walk out on moonlight nights. Do
you remember, love, those nights at
Margate, when we walked together first
on the sands? Ah! you never lay like
this, cold and still, then. Do get up,
Ethel!" petulantly this; "I am tired of
sitting here and waiting for you to awake.
You have slept long enough. Get up!"
He tries to lift her. Horror struck,
Lady Helena catches him in time to pre-

ent it.
"Victor, Victor! she cries, 'for the love
of Heaven put her down. Come away.

"Victor, Victor! she cries, "for the love of Heaven put her down. Come away. Don't you know she is dead?" He lifts his dim eyes to her face, blind with the misery of a dumb animal.
"Dead?" he whispers.
Then with a low, moaning gasp, he "saw back in her arms, fainting wholly ""say, Her cries bring aid—they lift he sand carry him up to his room, underss ad place him in bed. The family physician is summoned—feels his pulse, hears what Lady Helena has to say, and looks very grave. The shock has been too much for a not overstrong body or mind. Sir Victor is in imminent danger of brain fever.

The night shuts down. A messenger comes to Lady Helena saying the squire is much better, and she makes up her mind to remain all night. Inez comes, pale and calm, and also takes her place by the stricken man's bedside, a great sadness and pity for the first time on her face. The White Room is locked—Lady Helena keeps the key—one pale light burns dimly in its glittering vastness. And as the night closes in blackness over the doomed house, one of the black right burns dimly in its face. policemen comes in haste to Superintendent Ferrick, triumph in his face. He has found

the dagger.
Mr. Ferrick opens his eyes rather—it is s explains. the entrance gates there is a wilder

ness of fern, or bracken, as high as your waist. Hidden in the midst of this unlike ty place Jones has found the dagger. It is as if the party, going down the avenue, had

ly place Jones has found the dagger. It is as if the party, going down the avenue, had flung it in.

"Bungler," Superintendent " see a spanie "It's bad enough to be marder without being a fool."

He takes the dagger. No doult both the work it has done. It is incrusted with blood—dry, dark, and clotted up to the hilt. A strong, sure hand had certainly done the deed. For the first time the thought strikes him—could a woman's hand strike that one strong, sure, deadly blow? Miss Catheron is a fragile-looking young lady, with a waist he could span, slim little fingers, and a delicate wrist. Joind she strike this blow—it is quite evident only one has been struck.

"And besides," says Superintendent Ferrick, argumentatively to himself, "it's fifteen minutes' fast walking from the house to the gates. Fifteen minutes only elapse between the time Nurse Pool sees her come out of the nursery and Maid Ellen finds her mistress murdered. And I'll be sworn, she hasn't been out of the house to-day. All last night they say she kept herself shut up in her room. Suppose she wasn't—suppose she wend take and throw it right in the very spot, where it was sure to be found? A Tartar that young woman is, I have no doubt, but she's a long way off being a fool. She may know who has done this mirder, but I'll stake my professional reputation, in spite of Mrs. Pool, that she now with the night, the trees drip, drip in a feeble, mel-

may be the call of a night-bird—it may be signal.

She glides to the left, straining her eyes through the gloom. It is many minutes before she can see anything, except the vaguely waving trees—then a fiery spark, a red eye glows through the night. She has run her prey to earth—it is the lighted tip of a cigar.

She draws near—her heart throbs. Dimity she sees the tall figure of a man; elies to him the slender, slighter figure of a man; elies to him the slender, slighter figure of a man; elies to him the slender, slighter figure of a man; elies to him the slender, slighter figure of a man; elies to him the slender, slighter figure of a man; elies to him the slender, slighter figure of a man; elies to him the slender, slighter figure of a man; elies to keep them from murdering her too; "It to keep them from murdering her too; "It to lyou, you must go, and at office, are the first words, she hears Inez Catheron speaking, in a passionate, intense whisper. "It tell you I am suspected already; do you think you can escape much ionger? If you have any feeling for yourself, for use, 50, go, I beseech you, at once! They are searching for you now, I warn you, and it they find wo......"

"If they find me," the man retorts, doggedly, "it can't be much worse than it is. Things have been so black with ma for

years, that they can't be much blacker. But I'll go. I'm not over anxious to stay, Lord knows. Give me the money and I'll

Lord knows. Give me the money and I'll be off."

She takes from her bosom a package, and hands it to him; by the glow of the red cigar-tip Jame sees her.

'It is all I have—all I can get, jewels! and all," she says; "enough to keep you for years with care. Now go, and never come back—your coming has done evil enough, surely."

Jane Pool catches the words—the man mutters some sullen, inaudible reply. Inox. Catheron speaks again in the same passion-ste voice.

'How dare you say so?" she cries, stamping her foot. "You wretch! whom it is my bitterest shame to call brother. But for you she would be alive and well. Do you think I do not know it? Go—living or dead, I never want to look upon your face again!" Pool heave these terrible words and

dead, I never want to look upon your lace again!"

Jane Pool hears those terrible words and stands paralyzed. Can it be that Miss Inez is not the murderess after all? The man retorts again—she does not hear how—then plunges into the woodland and disappears. An instant the girl stands motionless looking after him, then she turns and walks rapidly into the house.

CHAPTER. IX.

FROM THE "CHESHOLM COURIER." The Monday morning edition of the Cheshalm Courier, September 19th, 18—, contained the following, eagerly devoured by every man and woman in the county, able to read at all: THE TRAGEDY AT CATHERON ROYALS.

THE TRABEDY AT CATHERON ROYALS.

"In'all the annals of mysterious crime (began the editor with intense evident reliab), nothing more mysterious, or more awful has ever been known, than the recent tragedy at Catheron Royals. In the annais of our town, of our country, of our country we may almosts any, its atands unparalleled in its atrocity. A young and lovely lady, wedded little better than a year, holding the very highest position in society, in the sacred privacy of her own household, surrounded by faithful servants, is struck down by the dagger of the assassin. Her youth, her beauty, the sancity of slumber, all were powerless to shield her. Full of life, and hope, and happiness, she is foully and hideously murdered—her babe left motherless, her young husband bereaved and desolate. If anything were needed to make the dreadfully tragedy yet more dreadful, it is, that Sir Victor Catheron lies, as we write, hovering between life and death. The blow, which struck her down, has stricken him too—has laid him upon what may be his death-bed. At present he lies mercifully unconscious of his terrible loss tossing in the delirium of violent brain fever.

"Who, we ask, is safe after this? A lady

fever.
"Who, we ask, is safe after this? A lady "Who, we ask, is safe after this? A lady of the very highest rank, in her own home, surrounded by her servants, in open day, is stabbed to the heart. Who, we ask again, is safe after this? Who was the assassin yet lurk in our midst? Let it be the work of the coroner and his jury to discover the terrible secret, to bring the wretch to justice. And it is the duity of every man and woman in Cheltonham to aid, if they can, that discover."

Ellen Butters, sworn.—"I was Lady Catheron's maid; I was engaged in London and came down with her here; on the afternoon of Friday, 16th, I last saw my lady alive, about half-past six in the afternoon; she had dressed for dinner; the family dinner hour is seven; saw nothing unusual about her; well, yes, she seemed a little out of spirits, but was gentle and patient as usual; when I had inished dressing her she threw her shawl about her, and took a book, and said she would go out a few minutes and take the air; she did go out, and I went down to the servant's hall; sometime after seven Jane Pool, the nurse, came down in a great flurry and said—"

The Coroner.—"Young woman we don't want to hear what Jane Pool said and did. We want to know what you saw yourself."
Ellen Butters (sulkily).—"Very well, that's what I'm trying to tell you. If Jane Pool hadn't said Sir Victor had gone off to Powyss Place, and that she didn't think it would be proper to disturb my lady just then, I would have gone up to my lady for orders. Jane had her supper and went up to the nursery for baby. She came back again after awhile—it was just past eight—in a temper, saying she had left my lady saleop when she took away baby, and returned to awake her. She had met Miss Inez who ordered her away about her business, saying my lady was still asleep. The Coroner.—"Young woman, we don't want to hear what Jane Pool said. Jane

business, saying my lady was still asleep.
Jane Pool said—"
The Coroner.—"Young woman, we don't want to hear what Jane Pool said. Jane Pool will tell her own story presently; we won't trouble you to tell both. At what hour did you go up to the nursery yourself?"
Ellen Butters (more sulkily).—"I disremember; it was after eight. I could tell all about it better, if you wouldn t keep interrupting and putting me out. It was about a quarter or twenty minutes past eight, I think—"
The Coroner (dogmatically).—"What you please, and keep your temper. What o'clock was it, I say, when you went up to the nursery?"
Ellen Butters (excitedly).—It was about a quarter or twenty minutes past eight—how a quarter or twenty minutes past eight—how

ociock was it, I say, when you went up to the nursery?"

Ellen Butters (excitedly).—It was about a quarter or twenty minutes past eight—how can I know any aurer when I don't know. I don't carry a watch and didn't look at the clock. I'm sure I never expected to be badgered about it in this way. I said I'd go and wake my lady up, and not leave her there to catch her death, in spite of fifty Miss Catherons. I rapped at the door and got no answer, then I opened it and went in. There was no light, but the moon was shining bright and clear, and I saw my lady sitting, with her shawl around her in the arm-chair. I thought she was asleep and called her—there was no answer. I called again, and put my hand on her bosom to arouse her. Something wet my hand—it was blood. I looked at her closer, and saw blood on her dress, and oozing in a little stream from the left breast. Then I knew she had been killed. I ran screaming from the room, and down among the rest of the servants. I told them—I didn't know how. And I don't remember any more, for I fell in a faint. When I came to I was alone—the rest were up in the nursery. I got up and joined them—that's everything I know about it."

Ellen Butters retired, and William Hooper was called. This is Mr. Hooper's evidence:

"I have been butler in Sir Victor Catheron's family for twenty years. On the night of Friday last, as I sat in the servante' hall siter supper, the young woman, Elles Butters, my lady's London maid, came screeching downstairs like a creature gone mad, that my lady was myrdered, and frightened us all out of our senses. As he was always a flighty person, I didn's believe her. I ordered hes

to be quiet, and tell us what she meant, lastead of foing it she gave a sort of gasp and fell finiting down in a beagt. I mode then by her down on the Mowe went in a body—I at the head. There was no light but the moonlight in the room. My lady lay back in the arm-chair, her eyes elooed, bleeding and quite dead. I rejute the was eloued, bleeding and quite dead. I rejute the was a conservation of the manner of the manner

wet lurk in our midst? Let it be the work of the coroner and his jury to discover the terrible secret, to bring the wretch to justice. And it is the duty of every man and woman in Cheltenham to aid, if they can, that discovery."

How Tuesday's Edition.

Troom Tuesday's Edition.

The inquest began at one o'clock yesterday in the parlor of the Mitre Inn, Laby Helena Powyss, of Powyss Place, and Miss Inez Catheron being present. The first witness Calded was Ellen Butters.

Ellen Butters, sworn.—"I was Lady Catheron's maid; I was engaged in London and came down with her here; on the after most and mand may master."

"He witness calked pitcously at the jury." If had rather not answer these questions, gentlemen, if you please. I'm an old servant of the family—whateverfamily secrets may have come under my knowledge, I have no right to reveal."

The Coroner (blandly).—"Onlya few more, Mr. Hooper. We require to know on what his footing Mr. Juan Catheron stood with his sister?"

The witness was rigidly cross-examined, but nothing could shake her testimony. "The window," she said, "of the room is a laws and flower-garden—any one could one laws all feeling between him and my you class again."

South Amorica (ada, I nover want to look upon your face again."

Bacagin."

Tho sensation in the court as the witness repeated these words, was something indescribable.

"Those were the very words Miss Inez Catheron spoke. She called him her brother. Catheron spoke. She called him her brother. Then he plunged into the wood and disappeared, and she went back to the house."

The witness was rigidly cross-examined, but nothing

"I-believe so." hexpected then:
"I don't know."
"You admitted him?
"I did."
"What did he say to you?"
"I don't remember. Some rattling nonense—nothing more. He was always

eense—nothing more. He was always lightheaded. He ran upstairs and into the dining-room before I could prevent it?"
"How long did he remain?"
"About twenty minutes—not longer, I am certain. Then he came running back and I let him out."
"Had there been a quarrel?"
"I don't know," doggedly; "I wasn't there. Mr. Juan came down laughing, I know that."

FROM THE "CHESHOLM COURIER"-CON-

CHAPTER X.

Jane Pool was called. A suppress

Jane Pool was called. A suppressed murmur of deepest interest ran through the room at the name of this witness. It was understood her evidence would have the deepest bearing on the case. Mrs. Pool took the stand. "I am Jane Pool, nurse to Sir Victor Catheron's infant son. Early in August I entered the service of Lady Catheron in London; the first week of September I accompanied them down here. On the evening of the juntered, about half-past six o'clock, or perhaps a quartor of seven, while I was busy in the day nursery over my duties, my lady came in, as she often did, though not at that hour. She locked pale and flurried, and bent over baby, who lay asleep, without speaking. Sir Victor came in while she was there, and without

lay asleep, without speaking. Sir Yictor came in while she was there, and without taking any notice of me, told her he had received a note from Lady Helena-Powyss saying Squire Powyss had had a stroke, and that he must go at once, to Powyss Place. He said he thought he would be absent all night, that he would return as soon as he could, and that she was to take care of herself. He kissed her good-by and left the room. My lady went to the window and waved her hand to him, and watched him out of sight. About ten minutes after, while she still stood there, the door opened and Miss Inse came in and asked for Sir Victor; she said she wanted him. Then she stooped over and looked at the baby, calling him the heir of Catheron Royals. Then she laughed in her soft way, and said: "I wonder it he is the heir of Catheron's Royals? I have been reading the Scotch marriage law, and after what you and my brother said the other night.— If she said any more I didn't catch it—my lady turned round in such a flame of anger as I never saw her in before, and Says ahe: "You have uttered your last insult, Inez Catheron—you will never utter another beneath this roof. To-morrow you leave it. I am Sir Victor Catheron's wife, and the mistress of Catheron Royals—this is the last night it will ever shelter you." Then she opened the door. "Go?" ahe said; "when my hushand returns you or I leave this forever." Not all the soap-boilers' daughters in England shall send me from Catheron Royals. You may go to-morrow if you will, but I will never go, never!" With that she went away, and my lady shut the door. I did not want her to see me, so I slipped out. I took my supper, lingering, I dare say, half an hour; I don't think it was much more than half-after seven when I returned

A GRATEFUL GIRL.

A GRATEFUL GIRL.

The Experience of a Young Lady in Montreal who Expected to Dis—Row Montreal.

The full duty of a newspaper is not simply to coavey news to its readers, but to give such information as will be of value to them in all walks of life, and this, we take it, includes the publication of such evidence as will warrant those who may unfortunately be in poor health giving a fair trial to the remedy that has proved of lasting benefit to others. La Patrie having heard of the cure of a young lady living at 147 St. Charles Borrone Street, of more than ordinary interest determined to make an investigation of the case with a view to giving its readers the particulars. The reporter, concerning the young lady showing all the appearance of good health. "I came to inquire," said the reporter, concerning the young lady will would soon sleep in Cote des Neiges cemetery. Won't you come in and sit down and I will tell you all about it?

The young girl whose name is Adrienne Sauve, is about 19 years of age. She stated that some years ago she be stated that some years ago she be stated that some years ago she could not valk fast, could not valk fast, could not tellinb a stair, or do in fact any work requiring exertion. Her heart troubled her so much and the plipitations were so violent as to frequently prevent her from sleeping at night, her lips were blue and bloodless, and he are guited to the reporter, proved and the province of the case of

it. She said she could do nothing more, and she left us and went back to her room. It was then I first missed the dagger. I can swear it was lying on the table beside a book, when my lady first fell asleep; when I looken round, the book was still there, the dagger wan."

say, that he couls awar before the Queen herself to those words, that he had been them, and that he couldn't make top or tail of them.

The Coroner (interrupting).—"What further did you overhear?"

James Dicksey.—"I heard what my lady as aid. She was in an awful passion, and spoke loud. She said, 'You will not, you dare not, you're a coward; Sir Victor has you in his power, and if you any one word, you'll be sileneed in Chesholm jail. Then she stamped her foot again, and said, 'Leave me, Juan Catheron,' I am not afraid of you. He had heard no more; he was afraid of you. He had heard no more; he was afraid of you. He had heard no more; he was afraid of you. He had heard no more; he was afraid of you. He had heard no more; he was afraid of you. He had heard no more; he was afraid of you. He had heard no more; he was afraid of you. He had heard no more; he was afraid of you. He had heard no more; he was afraid of you. He had heard no more; he was afraid of you. He had heard no more; he was afraid of you. He had heard no more; he was afraid of you. He had heard no more; he was fore. "It is the same—I have had it in my date had had a stolen quietly away. At ten o'clock that night was told of the murder, and was took all of a treible. Had told Superintendent Ferrick something of this next day, but this was all—yes, so help him, all he had heard.

James Dicksey was rigidly cross-examine, d., and clung to his testimony with a dogged tenerity nothing could shake. A promote the camination of these three witnesses as ame Dicksey was rigidly cross-examine. The cortement was intense—you might had occupied the whole of the afternoon. The court adjourned untill next morning at the colock.

On Tuesday morning, despite the inclement of the proposite of the contense was in tense—you might have heard a pin drop in the silence where the examination of witnesses was resumed. William Hooper again took the stand. The cortement was intense—you might have heard a pin drop in the silence when him and my wintended the contended the propo

on a lawn and flower garden—any one could have entered by it. The knife lay on the

have entered by it. The knife lay on the table close by."

Dr. Dane gave the medical testimony. The dagger shown, would inflict the wound that caused death. In his opinion, but one-blow had been struck. Death must have been instantaneous. A strong, sure hand must have struck the blow.

The policeman who had found the dagger was called, and testified as to its discovery among the brake, on the evening succeeding the murder.

The policeman who had found the dagger was called, and testified as to its discovery among the brake, on the evening succeeding the murder.

Miss Cathron was the next and last witness summoned. At the sound of her name a low, ominous hiss was heard—sternly repressed at once by the corone in as pale as marble and looking as emotionless. Her large dark eyes glanced over the crowded room, and dead silence fell. The young lady gave her evidence clearly and concisely—perfectly calm in tone and manner.

"On the Friday evening in question, the deceased Lady Catheron and myself had an issunderstanding. It was my fault. I made a remark that wounded her, and she retorted by asying I should leave Catheron Royals on the morrow. I answered equally angrily, that I would not, and left the room. When I was alone I began to regret what I had so hastily said. I thought the matter over for a time, and left the room. On the threshold the nursery and found Lady Catheron fast asleep. I would not disturb her and immediately left the room. On the threshold I encounteed Nurse Pool. I had always disliked the woman, and spoke sharply to her, ordering her aws; Half an hour after, as a sale of the coroner with what less to the ordering her aws; Half an hour after, and the police. I knew not what else to do. I could not remain in the room, because the sight of blood always turns me faint and remained there until the arrival of Lady Helena Powys."

There was one fact, the Chesholm Courier and the police. I knew not what else to do. I could not remain in the room, because the sight of blood always turns and the police, I knew not what else to do. I could not remain in the room, because the sight of blood always turns and the police, the coroner ventured to the room of the individual minds and the police. I knew not what else to do. I could not remain in the room, because the sight of blood always turns me faint and remained there until the arrival of Lady Helena Powys."

There was one fact, the Chesholm Courier in which it was given, like one

the grounds. Do you object to the who that man was?

"I do," Miss Catheron replied, haughtily.
"I most decidedly object. I have told all I have to tell concerning this murder. About my private affairs I will answer no impertinent questions, either now or at any future time." Miss Catheron was then allowed to retire, The jury held a consultation, and it was proposed to adjourn the inquest for a few days, until Juan Catheron should be dis-covered.

In one of the rooms of the "Mirre," Miss Catheron stood with Lady Helens, Sir Roger Kendrick, and a few other sympathizing and indignant friends. There was but little said—but little to say. All felt that a dark, terrible cloud was gathering over the girl's head. It broke sooner than they looked for.

looked for.

As they lingered there for a few mome:
awaiting the issue of the inquest, a constoentered with a warrant, approached touched Miss Catheron lightly on

men were saved.

palpitations were so violent as to fre-quently prevent her from sleeping at night, her lips were blue and bloodless, and she was subject to extremely severe headaches. Her condition made her very unhappy for, being an or, han, she wanted to be of help to the relations with whom she lived, but

labor. To-day she feels as young as cheerful as any other young and healthy girl of her age. She is very thankful for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for her, and feels that Pills have done for her, and feels that marshe cannot too highly praise that mar-vellous remedy. Indeed her case vellous remedy. Indeed her case points a means of rescue to all other young girls who find that health's roses have flown from their cheeks, or who are tried as with the standard with the st who are tired on slight exertion, subyellow on sight exercion, subject to fits of nervousness, headaches and palpitation of the heart. In all such cases Dr. Williams' Pink Pils are an unfailing cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail postpaid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medi-

tions and substitutes alleged to be "just as good." Moolford's Sanitary Lotion. Warranted by J. P. Lamb.

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Elbard Spawn Liniment removes

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Rebecca Wilkinson, of Brownsvallev.

lessly an unhappy man, of whose nationality, name and crime they knew nothing. When the cholera was raging in Paris in 1832 the report spread through the city rapidly that the disease was the work of sciences, who the repule were work of poisoners, who, the people were brought to believe, were tampering with food, wells and wines. Immense multi-tudes assembled in the public places, and every man who was seen carrying a bottle or a vial or a small package was in imminent danger of his life, the mere possession of a flask was sufficient evidence to convict in the eyes of the delirious multitude, and many fell victims to its rage. Two persons, flying before thousands of madmen, accusing them of having given a poisoned tart to children, took refuge in a guardhouse; the post was surrounded in an instant, and nothing could have prevented the murder of the accused men if two officers had not conceived the happy thought of eating one of the tarts in full view of the mob. The mob burst into laughter, and the men were sayed. a bottle or a vial or a small package was

BOWMANVILLES CENT

speech.
The programme will be continued to-day, when the Lieut. Governor, Hon. John Dryden, Dr. John Hoskin and other promi-nent men will take an active part.

AN OFFICER'S TERRIBLE FALL A Scion of a Noble House Meets With a ori han, she wanted to be of help to the relations with whom she lived, but instead was becoming an incumbrance. Having read of the wonders worked by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, Miss Sauve determined to give them a trial. After using one or two boxes she began to revive somewhat and felt strong: T than before. She slept better, the color began to return to her cheeks, and a new light shone in her eyes. This encouraged her so much that she deter mined to continue the treatment, and soon the heart-palpitations and spasms which had made her life miserable passed away, and she was able to assist once more in the household labor. To-day she feels as young and as cheerful as any other young and she early gill of her age. She is, very

HIS LIFE REED OUT.

MONTREAL, Sept. 20. - A horriole acci Montreat, Sept. 20.—A horriole accident took glace at the St. Lawrence sugar refinery. Henri beb-au was in the act of wiping off the shafting in one of the rooms of the refinery, when in some namer the bagging he was using for the purpose caught his wrist, throwing him forward. In front of Debeau stood a centrifugal dryer about two and a half teet in diameter. This is run at a terrihe rate of speed which is necessary for the drying process. Debeau was thrown head foremost into the dryer and in an instant the life was whirled out of his body.

A brother workman, Eustache Quellette by name, was standing beside the dryer at the time. In the whirl which sent Debeau into eternity his feet came in contact with cine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imita-Itch of every kind, on humar of into eternity his feet came in contact with

A Serious Stabbing Affray,
London, Out., Sept. 22.—A disturbance
was created at the G. T. R. depot on Clarcnee street, during which Waitace Temple
was stabbed once in the left breast and
once in the left. He was taken to the hospital in the ambutance. The young fellow
is resting easily at the city hospital. Still
he is not out of danger. He has about an

Pierced by a Sword Tish.

Halifax. Sept. 22—The steamer Elliott, which has been plying between Charlottetown and Boston, has been leaking of lar. Every effort was made to find the leak but without success. It was decaded to place the vessel on the marine railway at Picton and have Captain Hill hold a survey. This was done, and what looked like the tep of a belt was seen protruding from the steamer's side below the water line. The ship had been struck by a sword fish and nine inches of the sword was imbedded in the side. A piece of the sword went through five inches of spruce plank and three inches of birch.

Children Poisoned by Candy. HAZELTON, Iowa, Sept. 21.—Tremendous excitement prevails here on account of the poisoning of 21 school children. One of the scholars bought two or three pounds of he scholars bought two or three pounds of theap caudy, part of which was colored are n, and distributed it to the children. The doctors think the candy poisoned the en, while others claim it was caused nking water. Nearly all the victims

Considerable excitement as been caused in the field artillery camp, composed of detachments from all the artillery camps in the Dominion, now being held at Lapraitie, by the ruling out of the London Field Ba tery for inefficiency.

Charged With a Serious Offence

Kicking Cows.

If the animal is handled kindly from calfhood and the proper kind of person milks her—one who has sense enough to control his temper—there will be very little probability of the animal developing the kicking habit, says the Americal techniques of the same of can Agriculturist. If the cow's udder is sore, or if one handles tender teats too roughly the cow is liable to kick. If she does it will be wise to handle her more kindly, and gently, lest she repeat the kicking so many times that it be-comes a liabit, for if it develops into a habit nothing may serve to cure her. Young heifers which have just dropped their calves may kick occasionally at the beginning, but if the milker kicks her back or strikes her roughly the chances are that the evil will be aggra-vated, and the cow ruined. Gentleness and kindness with dairy cows is the best plan to avoid having kicking cows. But there are frequent instances where the kicking propensity seems to be trans-mitted in the breeding from dam to offspring, and in such cases it will be a hard matter to effect a cure. As a rule, however, kicking cows are the result of ignorant and brutal treatment by those having them in charge, and intrusted



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