FRIENDS PREVAILED

A Nervous Toronto Woman Walked the Floor During the Night for Hours at a Time—She Makes a Statement.

TORONTO, ONT.—"I was troubled with nervousness. It was impossible for me to keep still and if the spells came over me during the night I had to get up and walk the floor for hours at a time. My blood was very poor and I was subject to bilious attacks. My feet would swell and I was not able to do my own housework. I treated with two of the best physicians here but only received relief for a time. I became discouraged. One day a friend called and advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I laughed at the advice but I was prevailed upon and procured one bottle. Before I used it all I began to feel better. I took several bottles and also several boxes of Hood's Pills. Now I can eat and drink heartily and sleep soundly. Hood's Sarsaparilla has entirely cured me and also strengthened me so that I now do all my own work. I cheerfully recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all sufferers from nervousness, weakness or general debility." MRS. H. F. PARM, Degrassi Street.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

For Sale or to Rent.

That new brick house on Henry street,—Near the B. & W. station. Apply to W. H. JACOB, Blacksmith, Victoria st., Athens.

I. O. F.

Court Glen Buell, No. 878. Independen Order of Foresters, meets in Bingo Hall, Glen Buell, on 2nd and 4th Friday in each month, at 7.30. Visitors always welcome.

W. J. ANDERSON, C. R.
C. J. GILROY, R. S.

Farm for Sale or to Let.

Lot 5, in 9th concession of Yonge, in County of Leeds, containing about 225 acres, about 14 miles from Athens; good dwelling house, barn and outbuildings; desirable farm and convenient to school, church, cheese factory and post-office. Apply to J. Albert Page, Barrister, etc., Brockville. tf.

Yorkshires—Shropshires

FOR SERVICE—

The registered boar, Oak Lodge Peer 2nd No. 2749, bred by J. E. Brethour, Burford, Ont., and sired by Charles 1st (imported). Choice Shropshire ram lambs for sale.

F. B. BLANCHER.
Addison, Nov. 1st. 61

Great Offer

By special arrangement with the Montreal Herald, one of the leading daily newspapers of Canada, we make the following offer for a short time....

For $2.00

WE WILL GIVE THESE TWO NEWSPAPERS....

The Athens Reporter
and
The Montreal Herald
Daily
For One Year

THE HERALD
Is a great Newspaper, unequalled as a commercial authority, brimful of the very latest news.

ITS MARKET REPORTS
are full, accurate and absolutely reliable

THE SATURDAY EDITION
alone is a valuable paper, containing in addition to the regular news, a large amount of choice literary matter.

Send in your subscription at once to the

ATHENS REPORTER, Athens

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Round trip tickets will be sold between stations East of Port Arthur as under:

Christmas Holidays.

At One Way First-class Fare December 24th, 25th and 26th. Good to return until December 27th, 1898.

At One Way First-class Fare and One Third, December 23rd, 24th, and 25th. Good to return until December 28th, 1898.

New Year Holidays.

At One Way First-class Fare December 31st, 1898 and Jan. 1st and 2nd, 1899. Good to return until Jan. 3rd, 1899.

At One Way First-class Fare and One Third, December 30th and 31st, 1898 and January 1st, 1899. Good to return until January 4th 1899.

School Vacations.

At One Way First-class Fare and One Third from Dec. 10th to 31st, 1898. Good to return until January 18th 1899.

Special fares to points in Maritime Provinces

CHANGE OF TIME

Beginning on Monday, Dec. 12, 1898

Departures from Brockville:

No.
(99) 5.45 a. m.—For Ottawa, Pembroke and Montreal.
(15) 2.30 p. m.—For Montreal and Ottawa.
(31) 4.00 p. m.—For Perth, Toronto Ottawa.

Arrivals at Brockville:

No.
(13) 1.40 p. m.—From Ottawa, Perth and Montreal.
(9) 12.20 p. m.—From Ottawa, Carleton Jct. and West.
(97) 10.50 p. m.—From Ottawa, Smith's Falls and points East and West.

The Trans-continental train westbound will leave Carleton Jct. at 3.50 p. m., and eastbound at 1.16 p. m.

For tickets, etc., write to or call on

GEO. E. MCGLADE, AGENT

City Ticket and Telegraph Office

Corner King St. and Court House Avenue, Brockville, Ont.

STEAMSHIP TICKETS BY THE PRINCIPAL LINES.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

If you are contemplating a trip EAST OR WEST

It will pay you to patronize "The Old Reliable Grand Trunk Railway" and take advantage of its excellent Passenger Train Service which leaves Brockville as follows:

GOING EAST

Express (Sunday included)	4.05 a. m.
Passenger	5.50 "
Way Freight	6.30 "
Express	2.00 "
Express (Sunday included)	2.48 "

GOING WEST.

Express	12 15 a. m.
Limited Express	1.55 a. m.
Passenger	8.00 a. m.
Express (Sunday included)	11.58 "
Passenger	2.40 p. m.
Mixed	5.00 "

For tickets and all information apply to

G. T. FULFORD,
G. T. R. City Pass'r Agent,

Office, Fulford Block, Next to Post Office, Brockville,

DUTCH WEDDING AN ORDEAL.

Other Curious Customs of This Interesting Country.

A Dutch wedding is a portentous business. Smart Holland does its devotions in barnlike French Protestant churches. The wedding service is mournful to a degree and lasts two hours. The bridegroom in full evening dress and the bride in orthodox white satin sit upon chairs in front of the black robed minister. He delivers an extempore address fairly bristling with personalities. Meanwhile relatives sob in pews, until finally every one who can prove the remotest connection with the bride kisses her.

Next follows a tremendous breakfast in French style. It is "de rigueur" for all the friends of the bride to send her in the morning a bouquet or basket of white flowers plentifully ribboned. With numbers of these a very gay effect is produced, though the Dutch are lamentably behind the times in table decorations and posy making. With the advent of the "hors d'œuvre" come speeches. The bride's brother or other delegate first rings a small hand bell. Then amid a silence broken by the cheerful clicking of knives and forks a health is proposed. Then comes a quaint postscript to this very ordinary ceremonial. Ladies and gentlemen must alike rise from their seats and, solemnly filing up to the person toasted, touch his glass with their own. After a score of speeches the thing gets monotonous, but it is carried out to the bitter end. Any person omitted would feel aggrieved. In Holland it is the family before everything. A leading barrister was recently compelled to throw up an important case in order to attend the birthday party of an aged father who lived three hours distant by rail.

The Dutch are excellent husbands, but quite preposterously jealous. An Englishman who found himself in a party consisting almost entirely of assorted couples ventured to pay a few compliments and mild attentions to a charming young married woman. He even had the assurance to include her in a general offering of roses made to the company. The husband was furious. He canceled a previously given dinner invitation, and there were awful rumors that, though duels are now very rare, he desired to challenge the offender, who wisely placed the sea between himself and his would be opponent.

Babies have a comfortable time enough in Holland, where the cramping swaddling pillow is replaced by English layettes. It is, however, expensive to know too many, for every woman who visits or is visited by nurse and infants for the first time must give the former at least 5 shillings.

Mourning is very long and very strict. Even the poorest leave off their gold cap pins and headpieces for more than a year after the death of a parent.—London Globe.

BOOKKEEPING B. C.

Clay Records of Business Transactions Temp. Darius II.

An American archæological expedition excavating at Nippur discovered in a room 90 feet below the surface some 730 clay tablets, the business records of a rich firm of merchants, Ulurashu Sons. These documents are dated in the reigns of Artaxerxes I (464-424 B. C.) and Darius II (423-405 B. C.). The tablets are of various sizes, some resembling the ordinary cake of soap of commerce. They are covered with cuneiform characters clear and distinct as when the bookkeeper of Ulurashu inscribed them 2,500 years ago.

Among them is this guarantee for 20 years that an emerald is so well set that it will not fall out:

"Bel-ahiddina and Bel-shumu, sons of Bel, and Hatin, son of Basusa, spoke unto Bel-nadinshumu, son of Morashu, as follows: 'As concerns the gold ring set with an emerald, we guarantee that for 20 years the emerald will not fall out of the ring. If it should fall out before the expiration of 20 years, Bel-ahiddina (and the two others) shall pay to Bel-nadinshumu an indemnity of ten mana of silver.'"

Then follow the names of seven witnesses and of an official who is described as "the scribe of the Concordance of Proper Names." The document concludes with the thumbnail marks of the contracting parties.

There are also leases of various kinds and contracts for the sale of sun dried bricks and other merchandise, and for the loan of seed corn and oxen for plowing.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Not Good Enough For Her.

"Did you hear about Samuels?" asked Mrs. Graymare's husband.

"No, I didn't hear about Samuels," the lady answered. "When you have anything to tell, why don't you tell it?"

"Yes, dear. Well, Samuels was going home the other night when a footpad shot at him, and the ball hit a latchkey in Samuels' vest pocket, and his life was saved. So you see what good a latchkey is."

"Indeed! If Samuels had been going home at a reasonable hour, he wouldn't have met any footpad. Secondly, he carried $10,000 insurance, payable to his wife, and if it had not been for that key she would be a rich widow now. So if you are hunting around for a latchkey you will have to bring home some better story than that one. That's all. I'm going to bed now, and out goes the gas in two ticks. Latchkey indeed!"—Pick Me Up.

Roughing It.

On one occasion Archbishop Temple was welcomed and entertained overnight by a clergyman during the absence of that clergyman's wife. On leaving the host politely expressed the hope that when next his lordship honored the house Mrs. Temple would accompany him.

"No, thanks," the archbishop laconically replied; "Mrs. Temple doesn't like roughing it."

The clergyman's feelings were deeply hurt, for the visit had meant some expense and much anxiety to him. He unburdened his soul to his wife on her return.

"Why, my dear," she exclaimed, "you didn't surely put the bishop in the pink bedroom, did you?" He did.

"Oh, then, that's it! I put all the plate in the bed!"—London Outlook.

Carefully Considered.

"What," inquired the psychological student, "do you regard as the chief end of man?"

"Well," answered Mr. Blykins, "it depends on what you want the man for. If you want him to do brain work, it's his head, and if you want him to run errands it's his feet."

Jaipur is called "the Beautiful City of India" and is noted among travelers for the exquisite rose color which all of its houses sport. It gives the impression of a pink coral city rising from the sea.

Four-fifths of all the garlic eaten in Europe is raised on the two African islands Zanzibar and Pemba.

An Elisabethan Letter.

I have sent the a letle provision agen this time, but I cold wish it were much beter. Ther is a goose pye, a netes tounge pye, and a mutton pastie for standers for thy table this Crismas, for a nede, I knowe they will last tell twelftide, for they are now newe baked. I have sent the a goose and ij capens alive for feare they wold not last tell ye holy daies if they had bin killed; but I wish the to kill them on Saterday at ye furdest lest they growe worse. * * * I prethe doe so much as bestoe for me vjd or viijd in sume oringes or lemons or ij pouns fiterns and sende them downe nowe by Hale * * * and so with my best wishes to the and Kitt I rest, THY MOTHER, S. D.

—"Antiquities and Curiosities of the Exchequer."

Aluminium as Paper.

Experiments with aluminium as a substitute for paper are now under way in France. It is well known that the paper used today in the manufacture of books is not durable.

It is now possible to roll aluminium into sheets four-thousandths of an inch in thickness, in which form it weighs less than paper. By the adoption of suitable machinery these sheets can be made even thinner still and can be used for book and writing paper. The metal will not oxidize, is practically fire and water proof, and is indestructible by the jaws of worms.

STORY OF THE HUNT

IN MUSKOKA'S WILDS

BY THE

Reporter Hunt Club

As told by The Scribe of The Athens Reporter

How time flies! It is ten years since the Scribe of the Reporter first started to write up the "Annals of the Hunt." Year after year, the story has been told in plain, unvarnished style, and year after year the task seems harder for him to undertake. Not that the interest is any less, or the scenes and incidents any less racy or interesting, but because of the fear that there will be a sameness about the yarn that will detract from the lively interest taken in reading the story by patrons of the Reporter.

However, we promised our readers that, all going well, we would recount the incidents of the trip for their information, edification, and amusement on our return, and in compliance with our promise, we this week start what we trust will be a readable account of the most successful hunt ever indulged in by the Reporter Hunt Club. The party of 1898 was made up as follows:

Charlie Stagg, Brockville, the president of the Club, will retain his old sobriquet of "The Butcher," from the fact that he was, from his early training as a practical butcher, better qualified to properly dress the game ready for shipping home than any other member of the party.

Dr. D. A. Coon, Elgin, the vice-president, ably seconded the president in the discharge of the honor of controlling the movements of the gang in camp and in the woods. His cognomen will be simply "Doc," by which name he was usually addressed by other members of the Club.

Edward A. Geiger, Brockville, secretary-treasurer, will be known as "Ed," for short. His exploits will figure largely in the annals of the hunt, and rightly so, for, besides being a model man at corresponding and financing for the party, his unerring aim and keen sportsmanship made him rank with the best men of the party in securing the lion's share of the game and glory achieved.

Phil. Halladay, Elgin, whose title of "Master of the Hounds" was no misnomer in former years, won fresh laurels on this trip by the sagacious manner in which he found the lair of game and managed to get the dogs started in a very short time after entering the woods. His old nick-name of the "Machine Agent" will cling to him during the many and varied scenes in which he took an active part.

Marsh Ripley, "The Fisher Boy," also from the little inland town of Elgin, was good on the portage, the runway, or cooking a "bannock" as helpmate to the cook, but he excelled in always being first to the table at meal-time as well as first to get the paste-boards around after supper was over, and usually the last one to cry quits when the order came to turn in for the night.

Len Cossitt, "the Rabbit Hunter" from the town at the foot of the Thousand Islands, was always the last one down to the table for meals, and the last one to leave it, but he had a happy faculty of making all within reach of him assist in furnishing him with his quota of venison or fried cake. He, however, always impressed his companions with his good bringing-up, as he would always add to his request, "now, if you don't mind, please pass the cake or sugar bowl."

Billy, the cook, was a necessary fixture of Reporter camp life, neat and clean in all his movements, as a chef he won unstinted praise for the excellent cuisine he daily provided for a lot of the biggest eaters that ever graced a Muskoka hunting party.

The Scribe of the Reporter, from the classic little village of Athens, started for the hunting grounds with many misgivings as to his ability to keep up his end of the laborious work of tramping, portaging, and lubber lifting, absolutely requisite in successfully performing his alloted share in the success of the hunt. But the boys were kind and considerate of his ill health and grey hairs, and freely bore many of the burdens that should have of right fallen on his shoulders.

Byron W. Loverin, "the Ploughboy," who had been an active member of the Club for six or seven years, was prevented by the work on his farm from going this year, and the Rev. G. S. Reynolds of Mallorytown, whose exploits under the caption of the "Domine" on former hunts had done much to enliven the recital of trips to the woods, was prevented by sickness from taking part with the Club in the annual outing.

With this introduction of the personnel of the Club for 1898, we will proceed by saying that all things being in readiness, the camp equipage, dogs and party embarked on the Grand Trunk railway at the Brockville station on the midnight train of Oct. 27th. The run to Port Hope was made in good time, without incident worthy of note. Here a stop-over for four long hours was made in order to connect with the train for Burk's Falls. Another halt was made at Barrie, where the party stopped for dinner, with the exception of the Scribe, who went on to Gravenhurst to visit with one of his old foremen, who now lives in that natty little town. The run on to Burk's Falls was made in good time and that place was reached about eight o'clock that evening. Here the usual clamor for the honor of entertaining the party was made by runners of the different hotels in the place, but the party concluded, after getting prices from all the leading hotels, to patronize the Clifton House, being the same place that the party patronized on the visit of a year before.

The party were now inside the confines of the famous Muskoka district, and a short account is wove in here by way of information to those unfamiliar with the tract of country extending from Severn River on the south to Lake Nipissing on the north and Parry Sound and the Georgian Bay on the west to the confines of the Algonquin Park on the east. These boundaries include the Parry Sound and Nipisssing districts as well, but to the hunter or seeker of recreation and pleasure, they are all associated with the familiar name of Muskoka. The name Muskoka is supposed by the best authorities to be derived from the Indian "Mus-quo-tah," signifying "red ground"; others claim its derivation from an Indian word meaning "Clear-Sky-Land," and others again give the credit to the famous Chief, "Mes-quo-okee, who often repaired to this district with his band to engage in the fall hunt. Even the poetic instinct of the untutored savage appreciated the beauty of the Muskoka region. It is about a day's journey from Brockville on the east, or Toronto or Hamilton, on the west, to the centre of the Muskoka district. The excellent facilities afforded by the Grand Trunk railway to reach this famous pleasure resort and hunting region is unsurpassed. It has been the privilege of the Reporter Hunting Club to travel over this line for the greater part of the eighteen trips that they have made to the hunting grounds, and they never yet had to complain of any lack of accommodation or attention on the part of the officials of this popular road. For the last two seasons, especially, the officials at the stations and on the trains did everything possible to make the trip a pleasant and enjoyable one.

With this digression from the regular thread of our narrative, we proceed by saying that on arrival at Burk's Falls, the party learned that the steamer in which they were to embark for the trip down the Magnetawan river was a smaller one than the "Wenonah" on which they made the trip last season, and they feared that there might be an over-crowding if their luggage was not put aboard that night; so, as soon as supper was partaken of, a team was procured and part of the gang went back about a mile to the station and got the whole outfit transferred to the steamer. It was nearly ten o'clock that night when all was securely placed on board the trim little "Wanita," preparatory to a start at daylight the next morning.

During the night about three inches of snow fell and the face of Nature's handiwork was clothed in a mantle that showed the landscape down the river to good advantage. Every tree, twig and hill was covered with a coating of "the beautiful," hiding in many places the patches of bare rock that would otherwise have helped to throw a contrast that might add or detract from the appearance of the landscape. The air was too cold and bracing for the passengers to avail themselves of the advantages of sightseeing from the promenade deck, but the Scribe was invited to a seat in the wheel-house and had the points of interest pointed out by the obliging wheel-man. The run of twenty eight miles was made in a little over three hours and the party landed at Magnetawan village. At the dock they were met by their Dutch friend of the year before, who had a good strong team and wagon with a hay-rack, on which the boxes, bags and a light skiff were placed, and a start made for camp. The boys deciding to walk out the eight miles to the home of the teamster, some of them started on ahead, while the President and Scribe clung to the wagon, occupying a precarious seat on the side of the wagon-rack. The teamster was anxious to get and impart information, and was busily engaged answering Charlie's questions as to the prospects for the hunt, and his vigilance in handling the lines relaxed for the moment, with the result that the horses swerved to one side and a wheel coming in contact with a large boulder, the rack gave way and threatened to make a spill of the goods. Here was a dilemma that had not been provided for. The boys were quite a distance in advance and their assistance was absolutely necessary to fix up the wagon. The Scribe volunteered to trot on and overtake the party in advance and send them back to help fix up the wagon, fit to continue the journey. He started off on a lively walk expecting to overtake them in a few minutes. The farther he went the faster he walked until finally he broke into a run. He kept this up for fully three-quarters of a mile, letting a vigorous halloo, every few rods, as well as giving a blast of his hunting whistle. He finally had the satisfaction of hearing an answering shout and made them understand the trouble. They went back and with the camp axes cut down a small birch and repaired the break so that at about three o'clock in the afternoon the settler's house was sighted, and a welcome sight it was to the tired and hungry party. A substantial meal was partaken of and then all hands set to work to get the boats and camp outfit (left with the settler last Fall) packed and taken down to the shore of the lake ready for a start on the morrow. During the summer the settler had constructed a good wagon road across his fields and through swamps, and over hills to the shore of a small creek leading into the lake. This road was about a mile and a half long and had taken a lot of hard labor to build.

(To be continued.)

MALLORYTOWN

MONDAY, Dec. 12.—They made thirteen cheese at A. W. Mallory's factory on Saturday last.

Mr. Henry Guild was the guest of John Haffie of Riverside last week.

The young man, Harper, that lived near Lyn, who was lost for two days and a half, was in a straw mow on the farm. He came out all right.

Peter Bay has one of the finest driving horses in the place.

Mr. Benon Thompson and wife of Alexandria Bay were visiting friends in this place last week.

Mrs. H. Bigford of Lansdowne spent a few days with her father, Mr. McDonald, who is on the sick list.

Dr. Clink of Redwood, N. Y., died Sunday last. His daughter, Mrs. R. W. Tennant, started on Monday to attend the funeral.

FRONT OF YONGE.

MONDAY, Dec. 12.—Mr. Moorhouse moved from Mallorytown last week and now resides in Caintown proper.

Mr. Charles Eagley has just returned home after a successful season in the manufacture of cheese in the vicinity of Ottawa.

The most of the old time hunters have provided themselves with a rabbit for Christmas, instead of a gobbler.

Great hopes of a marriage being consummated when you hear a young lady eulogizing Westley's "hims."

There is some talk of a few in Caintown taking a look at the Algoma district next spring. Neighbor, stay right here and pick up nuggets on the farm, if not gold, corn nubbins.

Municipal matters in this township are begining to look up.

Many big hunters visited this locality, and everything in sight was mercilessly killed. Even Jennie woodpecker has broken leg.

Mr. D. D. Tennant of Junetown will contribute many valuable presents to the Sabbath school children in the Prebyterian church on December the 24th.

The high commisioners met in the town hall for the dispatch of important business on Saturday last.

ROCKSPRING

MONDAY, Dec. 12.—John Carson has engaged for a year with Joseph Kerr of Irish Creek, and will move this week.

Mrs. J. Godkin has moved to Addison and taken up her residence in the house lately occupied by A. McVeigh.

Contractor Follest of Delta is pushing the completion of the Methodist church here. The opening services will be held on Jan. 8, '99 and an entertainment on the following evening.

John Horton has purchased the McIlvenney threshing machine. John is an old hand at the mill and we will be much pleased to see him once more on the foot-board.

The Hornerites have completed the foundation of their meeting house. The plan is something new in church architecture, being square and roofed like a tent. The entrance will be on the east and the exit on the west side of the building.

John O'Neil, agent for the Dominion art works, Toronto, is again on the road and doing a rushing business in enlarging portraits.

Wm. Empey of Easton's Corners is the guest of Geo. H. Wilmer.

Edwin Booth has engaged the service of Mack McLean to cut his winter's wood.

We are informed that the Brockville Times correspondent here has to furnish his own stamps and does not even get a copy of the paper. Pretty small for a newspaper claiming to have a large country circulation.

TEMPERANCE LAKE.

MONDAY, Dec. 15.—Mr. A. Cavanaugh is spending a few days in the vicinity of his old home.

Owing to the snow storm of Sunday last, some benighted travellers were unable to reach their home till late on Monday.

Our school teacher has been on the sick list for the past few days but we are pleased to see her around again.

It is reported that wedding bells will ring here in the near future,

Mr. Delbert Avery is on the sick list.

Mr. Bonesteel is busily engaged getting up his winter's wood.

Some from here attended the Holiness meeting held in Athens.

Mr. Allen Earl of Wiarton was visiting friends in this vicinity.

Miss Rose Towriss has returned after visiting her sister.

Miss Lucy Stevens has returned to her home.

Some from here attended the turkey fair held in Lyndhurst.

Persistence Cures.—The most Chronic case of Dyspepsia or Indigestion will succumb to the all healing power of Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets. What this wonderful medical discovery has done for thousands of proclaimed hopeless, helpless stomach invalids it can do for you. One Tablet will relieve—and persistence will cure. 35 cents. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

When you are nervous and sleepless, take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It makes the nerves strong and gives refreshing sleep.

THE BABY'S PICTURE.

DADDY TRIED SO HARD TO TAKE IT, BUT COULD NOT.

After Wasting More Films Than Was Absolutely Necessary He Resolved to Take the Youngster to a Professional and Got Good Results.

The baby was responsible for the trouble. It was a first baby, and the young parents were typical in their appreciation of its thousand and one virtues and lenient toward its faults. They also knew beyond peradventure that it was the prettiest baby ever born.

When baby got to be a year old, the father said one morning at breakfast:

"Look here, Nell, we must have some pictures of Tootsy. I don't like the regulation baby pictures, though. I'm going to get a camera myself, so we can catch him in some of his cute attitudes—like the other day when he had the cat by the tail and was pounding it with his bottle. Wouldn't that have been a cunning little scene to snap?"

"Indeed it would. And yesterday you ought to have seen how the dear little child twisted nurse's ear when she tried to put his cap on. I thought I'd like to have caught the expression in his face. He did look so determined and smart, dear little dearie!"

So daddy purchased a $5 camera that morning and brought it home at night. "It is only a cheap one, but I think it is good, and the films are the same as the higher priced cameras use," he said, exhibiting it to his wife. "Now, if it is a bright day tomorrow, I am going to begin on him."

It was a bright day, and daddy used up eight plates dancing about the baby while it was being dressed, taking very snappy snapshots at him. Afterward they put him on the floor in the midst of a half dozen pillows and turned the cat over to him. The feline must have objected to being pictured, for just as daddy was pressing the button the animal turned upon her small tormentor and let out a yowl that nearly frightened Tootsy into spasms. It took mammy an hour to bring him around again, but daddy managed to use up the dozen plates on the pair just the same. He took the film to town that day, had it developed in a hurry and brought it home at night. The results of the pictures were hardly satisfactory. The first eight contained excellent pictures of the edges of chairs, pieces of the rug, the mantel, mammy's arm and hand, and the baby basket with one small bare foot on the edge of the picture, but the baby's face did not appear. This was disappointing, but they turned to the other plates with hope. The cat picture showed a large, irregular black blotch, covering seven-eighths of the plate, and which, when printed, proved to be the baby's mouth as it let out a yell of fear. The picture was natural, but the young folks didn't seem to like it.

Then daddy bought an instruction book and went into the business of amateur photography in earnest. At the end of the month he had purchased a new camera and supplies amounting to $178.54 in all, and as a result had one picture in which a baby face surrounded by a lot of white, fluffy clothing could be distinguished. But even this was not satisfactory, for the baby's countenance had "taken" so dark that the contrast with the white background was distressing. They printed and mounted one and placed it on the sitting room table, but it did not remain there long. Bobbie, a small cousin, appeared on the scene one afternoon while mammy had a swell caller and, having caught sight of the photograph, howled to his brother, "Come here, Tommie, and see the Indian baby picture!"

That picture was retired.

At the end of the tenth week an account of stock was taken. Exactly 104 pictures had been taken, out of which two were interesting, because visitors didn't have to make more than two guesses before deciding directly what they represented. Then one afternoon Tootsy got hold of the camera himself, while in his nurse's arms, and the next moment it had landed in the open grate. The greedy flames ate it up, celluloid film, lens, box and all.

The next day daddy and mammy took the baby to a professional photographer and had a regulation picture made of him. It took the operator an hour to get the baby into a good humor, but daddy enjoyed the exhibition. He had been there himself.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

BERLIN APPETITES.

Restaurant Men Who Cater to Them Soon Become Rich.

That the restaurant business in Berlin is a paying one, if the location chosen be a good one, the restaurant of the zoological gardens here shows. For a number of years it was leased by a man who understood about as much of the business as the man in the moon. Yet he became wealthy within a few years and retired for good to live on the interest of his money. There were days in summer when he sold 1,000 kegs of beer, besides some 20,000 cups of coffee and 50,000 sandwiches, and as prices are high there he must have made thousands of dollars in a single day.

Fortunately for the public, another caterer now supplies the hungry and thirsty sightseers at the zoological gardens, a man with a good reputation, and he pays twice the rent for the restaurant buildings, too—viz, 100,000 marks per annum, besides spending by the terms of his contract a matter of almost 500,000 marks for improvements. Yet it is probable that he, too, will retire at the end of his term with a fortune.

There are many instances of this kind in Berlin. One of the finest and most highly priced restaurants on Unter den Linden recently sold its good will for a matter of 1,000,000 marks. The owner of a cafe on Friedrichstrasse who started the place but a couple of years ago is reputed already to have cleared about 2,000,000 marks. His head waiter is himself rapidly growing rich from the "trinkgeld" received from the guests and is said to be in receipt of monthly stipends amounting to some $3,000 in American money.—Berlin Letter in Chicago Record.

Borrowing a Horse.

In his interesting book, "The Lawyers of Maine," Willis relates an anecdote of Judge George Thatcher, who was noted for his humor.

Solicitor Davis and Judge Thatcher, when boys, were neighbors in Barnstable and Yarmouth, Mass. The day after the battle of Bunker Hill the militia of these towns set off for Boston. The boys accompanied the soldiers, Davis acting as fifer. A few miles out from Barnstable an order came directing the military to return home.

In their retreat Thatcher and Davis, tired of their march, mounted an old horse they met on the road, without saddle or bridle. After riding some miles they dismounted and abandoned their steed in the highway.

Many years after Davis, as solicitor general, was prosecuting a horse thief before Judge Thatcher in the county of Kennebec, Me. In the course of the trial the judge leaned over the bench and said in an undertone to the solicitor:

"Davy, this reminds me of the horse you and I stole in Barnstable."

Thunder In Various Regions.

Java is said to be the region of the globe where it thunders oftenest, having thunderstorms 97 days in the year. After it are Sumatra, with 86 days; Hindustan, with 56; Borneo, with 54; the Gold Coast, with 52, and Rio de Janeiro, with 51. In Europe, Italy occupies the first place, with 38 days of thunder, while France and southern Russia have 16 day Great Britain and Switzerland have each 7 days, and Norway has 4. Thunder is rare at Cairo, being heard only 3 days in the year, and extremely rare in northern Turkestan and the polar regions.—London Standard.

Did you ever See a Snow Storm in Summer?

We never did; but we have seen the clothing at this time of the year so covered with dandruff that it looked as if it had been out in a regular snowstorm.

No need of this snowstorm.

As the summer sun would melt the falling snow so will

Ayer's Hair Vigor

melt these flakes of dandruff in the scalp. It goes further than this: it prevents their formation.

It has still other properties: it will restore color to gray hair in just ten times out of every ten cases.

And it does even more: it feeds and nourishes the roots of the hair. Thin hair becomes thick hair; and short hair becomes long hair.

We have a book on the Hair and Scalp. It is yours, for the asking.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expected from the use of the Vigor, write the doctor about it. Probably there is some difficulty with your general system which may be easily removed. Address,

DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

His Manly Acknowledgment.

"Now, you may just as well tell us the truth about this, old chap," said the chairman of the campaign committee. "The other fellows are claiming that you stole the speech you made at Kinderhook last week."

"Whose speech do they say it is?" inquired the candidate, calmly lighting a cigar.

"They claim it's an old one of Henry Watterson's. In fact, they are printing that speech and yours in parallel columns, and they are exactly alike, word for word."

"Just so. May I ask (puff, puff) if you have examined the (puff) documents and found the speech as originally delivered by Colonel Watterson?"

"We have."

"Have you carefully read (puff) the speech I made at Kinderhook last week?"

"We have."

"Is there any resemblance between the two?"

"They are precisely alike."

"Well, gentlemen," said the candidate, lowering his voice, "I acknowledge to you in confidence that I stole it."—Chicago Tribune.

A Warm Test.

"Your son'll never make a soldier, general. He can't stand fire."

"What makes you think that, my dear?"

"Why, just now I merely touched him with a redhot poker, an he holler'd as if he was hurt!"—Ally Sloper.

The New Art of Interviewing.

"In this room," said the managing editor to the visitor, "is our trained corps of interviewers. We employ eight. Count them, please."

"Yes, I see," replied the visitor, "but how comes it that they are all at their desks? I supposed interviewers were on the outside most of the time."

"Oh, no!" said the editor. "Our interviewers never leave the office."

"But I don't see"— began the visitor.

"They are all trained experts," said the managing editor, and they passed on.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Bamboo grows very thriftily in California bottom lands, and is found to be a very useful plant. The seed of many species resembles rice, and is almost as valuable for feed. The stock may be used in the building of bridges, fences and barns and in the manufacture of water pipes, furniture and boxes.

A Talking Crow.

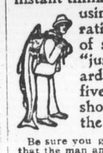
The latest curiosity in Bethel, Me., is a talking crow which entertains the boys and girls. The bird was found in the woods over a year ago, when young, having fallen from its nest and broken a wing. It was taken home and cared for, but showed no inclination to talk until a few months ago. It talks as well as parrots, but favors words containing "o," and "Hello, hello, Moses, Ora! Whoa there!" cause the passers-by to turn quickly at times.

"Just as Good

as Scott's and we sell it much cheaper," is a statement sometimes made by the druggist when Scott's Emulsion is called for. This shows that the druggists themselves regard

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda as the standard, and the purchaser who desires to procure the "standard" because he knows it has been of untold benefit, should not for one instant think of taking the risk of using some untried preparation. The substitution of something said to be "just as good" for a standard preparation twenty-five years on the market, should not be permitted by the intelligent purchaser.



Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion. See that the man and fish are on the wrapper.

50c. and $1.00, all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

AN AMERICAN'S ADVENTURE IN THE AUSTRIAN CAPITAL.

He Was Pestered With Beggars and Tried a Clever Ruse to Escape Them, Which Came Very Nearly Ending Disastrously For Himself.

The man who was abroad recently puffed away on a very good cigar that had found its way past the customs officers at New York and smiled retrospectively.

"A funny thing happened to me while I was in Vienna," he said; "funny and disagreeable, too—deuced disagreeable. You see, I was always recognized as an American and pestered by beggars. A happy thought came to me. I bought some cosmetic and made up as a native. I found it worked splendidly for a time.

"Pretty soon I noticed that a man in dark clothes was observing me very closely. He crossed so closely in front of me that I almost stumbled against him. Then he turned abruptly and walked away. Five minutes later as I was looking into a shop window a heavy hand grasped my arm. Almost instantly another heavy hand clutched my other arm. I looked around hastily. I was in the hands of two stern looking chaps in uniform. Behind them stood the man in dark clothes. I tried to pull away, I tried to protest. It was useless. In five minutes they had swiftly walked me to some sort of a police station and had me facing a wrinkled old fellow with a huge white mustache.

"Of course I caught on to what the trouble was. In my infernal disguise they had taken me for some confounded criminal. I didn't make any more protests. I just let 'em go ahead with their funny work. They went through my pockets and felt me all over and made up a pile of my effects on the desk. There were a few letters and a notebook and a pocket-knife and pencil and some money. They looked at the letters suspiciously, and one of them said, 'Englisch,' and then looked back at me with a cunning sneer, as much as to say I couldn't fool them with any such simple subterfuge. Well, pretty soon they produced a big pair of manacles, and then I did kick. I talked turkey to them for several seconds—and American eagle too. They listened to me gravely and finally one of them stepped out and almost immediately brought in another officer, and he talked to me in what I fancy was very poor Italian. I think he called me Luigi, but I couldn't make out much of anything he said. I answered him in fluent United States, pointing to my letters and repeating 'English' several times. Pretty soon the Italian translator shook his head in disgust. I guess he thought I was shamming. Then they brought in another man, and I soon found out that he could talk a little English.

"'Sprechen sie Englisch?' I cried.

"'Yaw,' he answered, with some hesitation.

"'Then get me a cake of soap,' I cried, 'and some water and a towel.'

"'Huh!' he said, 'you eat soap—you keel yourselluf.'

"'No,' I said, 'I won't keel myselluf. Why should I kill myself?'

"'You anarcheest,' he replied.

"I laughed at that, and after a few moments of jabbering with the others he hustled away and brought back what I wanted. It didn't take me long to wash off that infernal dye, and when I emerged from behind the towel I was no more like their confounded Luigi than I was like the sphinx.

"Well, the upshot of it all was that they sent me back to the hotel in charge of the man in the dark clothes, who found out from the proprietor all he knew about me, and thereupon restored my property and left me with what I understood to be a brief apology.

"And you can just put up something handsome that the first thing I did was to chuck that infernal cosmetic straight out of the window."

TONS AND TONS OF GOLD.

Twelve Hundred Miles of Enormously Rich Territory.

If a pin be placed at Denver on the map, and another at Stockton, Cal., and a string be drawn from one to the other, an air line will be marked passing through the heart of a wonderful gold territory. Slightly to the north of Denver in Central City, and southwest of that city is Cripple Creek. About 30 miles to the north of the string Leadville will be found. In the southwest corner of Colorado will appear Telluride, Rico and other points where gold is mined. Marysvale, in Utah, almost due south of Salt Lake City, will appear to the south of the string. Fifty miles to the north of it, near the line between Utah and Nevada, will appear Osceola. Deep Creek lies north of Osceola and on the southern edge of the great desert west of Salt lake. Detroit and several other rich gold camps are almost due east of Osceola. Pioche lies 100 miles south of the string, and the wonderfully rich gold territory of the Monkey Wrench district lies southwest of Pioche.

Now, north and south of the string will appear dotted on the map of Nevada the gold camps of Grant, Fraiburg, Reveille, Kawich Valley, San Antonio, Gold Peak, Hot Springs, Belleville, Candelara and numerous others. Almost under the string, in California, we find Bodie, and to the north of it Markleville and other points—all on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada mountains. On the western slope of the great sierras the string will be almost on the Utica mine, which is located between San Andreas and Sonora. North and south of the Utica mine are hundreds of rich gold mines in prof