The People's Faith

od's Sarsaparilla is not merely a simpl preparation of Sersaparilla, Dock, Stillingia and a little Iodide of Potassium.

lion. It also contains those great kidney remedies, Uva Ursi, Juniper Berries, and Pipsissewa.

perries, and Pipelssewa.

Or are these all. Other very valuable curative agents are harmoniously com-bined in Hood's Sarsaparilla and it is carefully prepared under the personal supervision of a regularly educated sharmonist.

pharmacist.

nowing these facts, is the abiding faith
the people have in Hood's Sarsaparilla
a matter of surprise? You can see why,
Hood's Sarsaparilla cures, when ther
medicines totally, absolutely fait.

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etc. etc. GEO. E. MCGLADE, AGENT City Ticket and Telegraph Office. Corner King St. and Court House. Ave.

STEAMSHIP TICKETS BY THE PBIN

REMOVAL



D. R. REED

Has removed his Barbering business from the Rooms Over R. J. Sey-



ring purchased the good-will and fixtures business recently carried on by Mr. W. (claughlin, his shop now contains two and an assistant will be employed on of the business recently carried or G. McLaughlin, his shop now co-balirs, and an assistant will be Saturday nights and furing bus-that oustomers may rely upon promptly as well as efficiently.

BENJAMIN WEST.

RILEY'S FIRST HIT.

Wrote a Poem "by Poe" and Palme It on the Public.

liram Powers and Young Leighton

"A SAD NIGHT."

How Carlyle and Leigh Hunt Dif-

the Great Painter Brot Maybee you'll know Batoule Lovrin, he was great man for hunt, He's editor on paper, print him too—
He's get him up some leetle crowd called de Reporter Club.
Dat was crazy for hunt jus' same's he do.
Dey was brave mans dat go for hunt in de hig morf leush,
An' if dey meet some wolf day'll have his fur;
Mabee dey'll hunt for other tin — ma'are some m ose—some bear But mos'ly on some deer, dey'll look for her About a Revelution in art.

Before the days of Reynolds, Gainsborsugh and Constable English satisfs did,
not expect any one to pay such prices for
their pictures as for those of foreigners, or
even to buy anything but a portrait.

"What could I do with it?" as English sheir pictures as for those of foreigners, or even to buy anything but a portrait. "What could I do with it?" an English connoiseour is said to have replied to a gentleman who had asked him why he did not purchase a historical picture he greatly admired. "You surely would not have me hang up a modern English picture in may house unless it were a postrait!"

The cause of this low estimate of English art may be seen in the facts monitioned by Mrs. Bell in her "Life and Works of Thomas Gainsborough." She says that the first attempt made in England to represent a modern historical event exactly as it occurred was made by Eenjamin West in his famous picture of the "Death of Wolfe," exhibited in 1771.

Such was then the rage for mythological subjects that when it was rumored that West was painting a picture in which the actors were represented in modern costume George III, the archbishop of Canterbury and members of the Royal cademy declared that they would have nothing to do with the bold innovator.

Bir Joshua Reynolds and the archbishop visited West in his studio to urge him to clothe English and French soldiers in the costume of antiquity. West refused, saying that the event to be compemorated happened in the year 1786, in a region unknown to the Greeks and Romans and when no warriors who wore classical costume existed. His visitors went away, but returned when the picture was finished.

Reynolds seated himself before the picture, examined it for half an hour and them; risting, said to the archbishop: "West has conquered. He has treated the subject as it ought to be treated. I retract my objections. I foresce that this picture will not only become popular, but will occasion a revolution in art."

The picture turned the time against the classiviem which had prevented English artists from producing original pictures.

Even portrait painters, except Gainsborough alone, represented their sitters as "Psyches and Cupids, Dianas and Junos, the Graces and the Fates. One artist painted.

Even portrait painters. One artist De Sports dat mak' it up dis club dey was good hove for sure

De Sports dat mak' it up dis club dey was good nows for sure, You wait on me I'll tole you who dey be:
One man he lif in Eluin town, he's sell him lot machine.
He's go for hunt, he's nam- Paill Hailadee;
An' other man dats lif close by de sport called Halladee,
Is go him long to have him little spree,
He's lif him round on Phillipsville, he's work him on de farm,
He was good man for cotch de fish—dats Ripi-ipi-lee.

Tree mans dey come from county to *n, do vn on de ole St. Lawrence, Date Island City.—Brockville jail she's dere, Suppose you don't walk on him straight, but do de pace dats crook, I'll tole you dis, my frien', you for tak' care.
Well, dats alright—one chap he's come, I tink he nam's Geigier, He's manage railway dats lak blazes go;
He's trein it run on week-day sure—well dats in summer tam—On winter tam some day she's stop de snow.

OFF ON DE BIG HUNT.

Den dere was Billee Dawson, cook, and Cossitt, boss dog man, An' Charlie Stagg he's run de whole bizness, Dey's call on him de Butcher Boy, tor why I no can tell—Mabee he's lak him pound of pork I guess. An' dere was Doctor Coon, he's come from Elgin, too, He's go along an' tak him two, tree pill, An' if some mans was home sick an' want it some physic, De good doctor she'll cure him of dat ill.

But jus' you wait an' I will tole 'bout good man dat go,
He's name Reynolds, his preacher by de trade,
He go him with de boys to bave some fun an' cotch him deer,
An' makee keep it from de bad word said.
An' if some mans he's not in all and said. An mabee keep it from de bad word said.
An' if some mans he's get in fight with bear or cariboo,
In camp he keep him from it tell a lie,
An' if dey do get scalp it all by great big injun mans,
Why, he'll mak' dat alright before deys die.

Well may dey go, Reporter mans he's got nice ting for tak'— Great big friedcake, you never saw de beat. He's got him bak' it up on Hickey's corner, called Slack's place, He's big wan, as much as any mans can eat.

He's tik' along with him tree bushel beeg white bean,

Great pile of stuff, de lak' you never saw

Of course, I don't say dat-de man is drink him very much,

But tink he should have tak' him whiskey blanc.

Well whiskey blauc it is good ting w'en mans is tak' de sick, Well whiskey blanc it is good ting wen mans is take de sick, For sure, this good ting for to have in camp; Mabee some sport his take de sick, he's cotch de stomach ache, Mabee dat fisher-boy he's take de cramp.

Well, dats alright, an all I'm say about dat hunt club now, Dey will stay one week an' mabee dey !l stay two.— You wait yoursef jus' leetle while till editor come back,

Its Educational, Religious, Social and Commercial Advantages .

Wrete a Poem "by Poe" and Palmed It on the Public.

James Whitomb Riley began his career in a newspaper office in Anderson, Ind., by writing humorous rhymes as "advertising locals". "doggerel" he called them. At the same time he wrote many rhymes with the serious intention of having them, if possible, recognized as poems. But he could not get them published. Even compositions whose worth he had tested—those that "would please people when I'd stand up and read 'em to them"—would be returned promptly by every magazine to which he offered them for publication. The Hoosier dialect was too "low down" for the average magazine editor.

Finally in a freak of boylah indignation, to prove that what editors really wanted was not originality, but imitation, he devised the scheme of writing a poem in imitation of Poe and of palming it off on the public as a real-poem of Poe's recently discovered. The scheme was very skillfully planned and very deftly executed and successful beyond anything the clever deviser of it had ever dreamed. From one end of the country to the other "Leonainte" was halled as a veritable "find," a bit of genius' most genuine ore. Riley had his revenue. He lost his newspaper position, but he immediately got another and a better one—on the Indianapolis Journal. "Come and get pay for your work," said Judge Martindale, the editor. The turn in the tide had come. Soon appeared, in 1888, "The Old Swimmin Hole and "Leven More Poems." Indiana recognized her own. The "Hoosier Poet" was acolaimed by his compatriots everywhere. But when in 1886 the volume in prose and verse appeared, "The Bos Girl and Other Stories," James Whitcomb Riley became a name as well known in one state as in another.—Chicago Record. stranger visiting Athens is first impressed with the idea that it is a community of homes—that here is a people content to dwell in peace, far from the "madd'ning crowd," solving the problem as how best to live and die, free from the distractions of more urban centres.

This gentlemen's store well de serves the name "Old Reliable," now unidistractions of more urban centres. And a closer investigation serves only

Hiram Powers and Young Leighton.
It was on the advice of the American sculptor, Hiram Powers, that as a lad Frederick Leighton was allowed to follow his predilection for an art career. The question was settled in Florence about 1845, when he was about 18 years old. His father showed a portfolio of sketches to Powers and asked if he would recommend him to bring him up as an artist. The soulptor asked for a week to think the matter over. At the end of that time he said, "Mr. Leighton, your son may be as eminent as he pleases." "Shall I make him an artist, then" asked for you. "So it was agreed that young Frederick should study to become a painter, but only on condition that he should not neglect any other part of his education in consequence.

Art Amateur.

ively literary in their tastes and the Athenians, one is not surprised to find that beautiful and substantial churches are a feature of the village. The Archicans Presbyterians, Baptists, Anglicans, Presbyterians, Baptists, Roman Catholics, Holiness Movement, Leigh Hunt and Carlyle were once present at a small party of equally well known men. It happened that the con-versation rested with these two, and the and the Methodists are all well represented, each loyally supported and each versation rested with these two, and with the others sat, well pleased to listen. Leigh Hunt talked on in his bright and hopeful way, when Carlyle would drop some heavy tree trunk across his pleasant stream and bank it up with philosophic-

stream and bank it up with philosophical doubts and objections at every interval, but Hunt never ceased his joyous intent only upon obtaining for their children a good practical education. These give to the local business houses a trade that has much to do in estab-lishing the financial stability that they and applauded by turns, and new fairly

They looked up. Carlyle can have no answer to this, thought Hunt, and shouted: "There! Look at that glorious harmony that sings with infinite voices an eternal song of hope in the soul of

man!"
Carlyle looked up. They all remained silent to hear what he would say. They began to think he was silenced at last, but out of the silence came a few low toned words in a broad Scotch accent:

"Eh it's a nat sight!" MISS BYERS. The ladies of the community may promising. but out of the silence came a few low toned words in a broad Scotch accent:

"Eh, it's a sad night!"

They all laughed and then looked thoughtful. There might be some reason who is a modiste of great ability and

This gentlemen's store well de serves
the name "Old Reliable," now universally applied to it. For many years

both pleasant and profitable.

R. J. SEYMOUR has built up a fine trade in the grocery line since commencing business in Athens. In addition to a full stock of were consulted, but without the slight. ented, each loyally supported and each striving in perfect harmony with the others for the well-being of the people. The population of the village is largely composed of farmers and suc. The population of the village is. largely composed of farmers and successful business men who have retired from the active duties of life and are which he pays the highest market price. He gives the best of good value for either cash or trade and his goods invariably give stisfaction. Call and inspect his stock.

Infinite demuis. The listeners laughed and applanded by turns, and new fairly pitted them against each other as the philosophers of hopefulness and unhopefulness. The contest continued with ready wit, philosophy, pleasantry and profundity and extensive knowledge of books and character.

The opponents were so well matched that it was quite clear that the contest would last indefinitely, but night was far advanced, and the party now broke up. They all sallied forth, and, leaving the close room, the candles and the arguments behind them, found themselves under a most brilliant and starlight sky. They looked up. Carlyle can have no answer to this, thought Hunt, and shouted: "There! Look at that glorious harmony that sings with infinite voices are noney by calling and inspecting the famous Slater shoes at tade that has much to do in establity due to the financial stability that they enjoy. Among the prominent business men of the village that your correspondent visited last week were the following:

W. C. SMITH

is the proprietor of a first-class boot with short to the and shoe store, next door to the and shoe store, next door to the and shoe store, having purchased the stock of the late James Duggan. Mr. Smith is a progressive man and is bounded to in establity qualing in the financial stability that they call with the stock.

In the face of strong opposition, Mr. W. T. EARL.

In the face of strong opposition, Mr. W. T. EARL of the stock of groceries. From the start, he gave his customers every attention and pushed the business until it ranked with first in the village; then, about two years ago, he added a stock of invariably give stisfaction.

In the face of strong opposition, Mr. W. T. EARL.

In the face of strong opposition, Mr. W. T. EARL of the following:

W. T. EARL of the face of strong opposition, Mr. W. T. EARL of the following:

W. T. EARL of the face of strong opposition, Mr. W. T. EARL of the following:

W. T. EARL of the face of strong opposition, Mr. W. T. EARL of the following:

W. T. EARL of the fac Save money by calling and inspecting his stock and prices. Custom work and repairing receive prompt attention. about his store is neat and tasty, and the future of his business is very

H. R. KNOWLTON.

When Mr. Rappell started business on Eigin street, north, so far from use old business centre, not a few prophes i'd that his trade would be small, but he pleasantly surprised his friends by creating a business that extended creating a business that extended through ut the whole village. His extensive and varied stock of groceries, etc., and his plain, honest dealin attracted and retwined cust mers unt attracted and retained cut-miers until he how enjy's a large patronage in village and country. His fine, new brink store is one of the basiest places in town, and he always handles the-very nest of farmers' produce. Money spent at the grocery of Mr. Rappell

C. E. PICKRELL & SONS. c. E. PICKEELL & SONS.

are doing a big business in the old
Stevens blacksmith shop on Elgin st.
Mr. Pickrell and his sons, who are
associated with him in the business
are all first-class mechanics, and since
coming to Athens bave made many
friends. Their patroninge is constantly
increasing in all lines. They possess a
machine for shortening axles that have
become worn, and it is proving a great
boon to their customers and also use
a tire-upse ting attachment that greatly
simplifies this work. They manufacture a Diamond Harrow that is proving
yery popular with the farmers Farmvery popular with the farmers Farmers and horsemen shou'd call and see the work turned out by this firm MISS EDITH FALKNER

requisites and noyelties, and wan be pleased to serve customers in any denartment of her business.

to live, and the welcome that a strang-er receives is both hearty and sincere.

Though the growth of Athens has been slow, it has been substantial, and its progres ive business men can be re-lied upon to secure for it a prosperous

AN OBSERVER.

Impoverished Blood. A CONDITION THAT FREQUENTLY

CAUSES MUCH SUFFERING.

best to live and die, free from the distractions of more urban centres.

And a closer investigation serves only to confirm the correctness of this impression; for on every hand are evidences of solidity and perpetuity such as are characteristic only, a happy and the correctness of the village. His latest move to new quarters and his purchase of a large such as are characteristic only, a happy freed. His stock for fall the housiness circles of the village, the stock of tweeds, worsteds, and gents furnishings is viewed with pleasure by his many friends. His stock for fall the housiness reasons are shown to the outside world. The fathers of the village, and the foundation for the grand educational mistitutions that now adorn and distinguish the village. Last years, in point of work accomplished in its highest form, Athens High School of the form the correct of the village. The correct of the corr rs. Henry Gifford, Kentville, Proves the Value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills' in This Condition

eize and extreme painfulness was the results. For nine weary months I was unable to turn my head and my health her side while she skillfully mended or sewed up rents in his shabby old coat. became such that I could not exert were consulted, but without the slightest benefit. The swelling was findly lanced but the operation only aggravated the matter as my blood was so impoverished that the incision did not heal but developed into a running sore. Despondency seized me and at times I almost wished that I was dead. At leet by happy chance I was advised father. were consulted, but without the slight. He had a kindly face and father.
When the old man's pension money

> and he found the old lady to be a willing and sympathetic listener. They had not known each other until they had "kind o' got acquainted," as the old lady said. Now they were the best of friends, and the old man frequently read the newspaper to her while she diligently plied her needle. They made a pleasant picture sitting there under the elms, and more than one passerby had said, "They would make a good study for an artist." study for an artist."
>
> The old man had found her sitting

there one spring morning when he came walking rather wearily across the park. His "rheumatiz" had been giving him a little trouble. "But I reckon it'll not trouble you

any more, now that it's gittin so warm an pleasant," said the old lady, encourneed all the strength I can git to hold out ag'in Marthy, my daughter, the way I'm plannin to hold out next week."
"How's that?"

"How's that?"

"Well, my quarterly pension comes in, an I've made up my mind to draw is an keep it my own self this quarter. I'm needin a good many things, an I've turned my pension over to Marthy every quarter for so long I'm bound and determined to keep it this time. It'll be a hard tussle, but I'm goin to do it."
"I would so," said the old lady sympathetically. "It's kind o' funny, but I've made up my mind to do the same thing with my pension. Mine comes

"I've thought of the same thing," and
the little old lady, "an I don't know
but I'll do it yit. I'm real spry, an it
wouldn't be no trick at all for me to
keep house for myself. Land knows I
work harder an steadier new than if I
was keepin house in a room or two by
myself. Then I wouldn't be in nobody's
way nor make no trouble for any one.
I've get my own things too. Ev'rything
in my room at my son's house is my
own, an they couldn't keep me from
takin 'em away if I had a mind to."
"I've got a good cook stove and a lot
of things stored away," said the old
man. "They couldn't make me sell'em,
for I didn't know but I'd want 'em
some time, an I—I'"

He scratched in the gravel with the
end of his cane, and there was silence
for a few minutes. The pillowslip the
old lady was hemming fell into her lap,
and she let it lie there while she crossed
her hands idly and looked at a pair of
sparrows chattering away in a tree
across the walk.

Suddenly the old man said slowly,
without looking up, "We might—that
is, if you was willn—put our furniture
an our pensions together."

"Yes, we might."

The old man dropped his cane and
faced her eagerly. His wrinkled hand
reached out and touched hers. His voice
was tremulous with aegernees as he said:
"We will, if you'll only say so. I've

More than one of the passing throng that went to and fro over the pavements of the little city park had noticed the small, tidy, comfortable and serene looking old lady sitting on one of the park benches near the fountain.

The old lady had nothing to sell and no favors to ask of any one. Had she offered any explanation as to why she sat in the park sewing or knitting steadily she would have said simply:

"I love to be out in the open air where the sun is shinin an the birds are singin, with the blue sky overhead. Then I like to set an see the people go by an wonder where they're come from an where they're goin. I've got so I know lots of 'em by sight, an a good many of 'em nod an speak to me so nice an fr'en'lylike, an some of 'em stop an chat a little once in awhile. reached out and touched hers. His voice was tremulous with eagerness as he said:
"We will, if you'll only say so. I've thought of it over an over ag'in, but I ain't had the courage to ask you to—to marry me. We'd be real happy an oomfortable together. If you'll just say the word, we'll break way from all this bein domineered over an live as we have a right to live—if you'll only say the word."

word."
The next day the old lady, clad in The next day has on sady gown, and the old man in his Sunday gown, and the old man in his Sunday suit appeared in the study of the minister of a little mission church they both attended and were married.

"It'll be an awful s'prise to my son bis wife." said the smiling old bride.

"It'll be an awful s'prise to my son an his wife," said the smiling old bride.
"An to my daughter," said the bride-groom, and then he added valiantly:
"But let 'em say an do, what they will. I'll defend you ag'in 'em all, my dear."
There is not in all the city a happier or more contented couple than this pair of old pensioners in their two cozy rooms. They may be yet seen any fine day on their favorite bench in the city park with the birds above them singing day on their favorite benon in the city park with the birds above them singing their love songs and their own heart not too old to be filled with tender affections, with hopes and with harmonies.—Detroit Free Press.

Counterfeit Ivory. Large quantities of articles made of twory having been put upon the market at extremely reasonable prices led to an investigation as to their source. The supply of ivory is so limited that the prices can scarcely be varied; therefore there was evidence that something uncommercial was being done. It was there was evidence that something un-commercial was being done. It was found that the fruit of a variety of palm was being utilized. This fruit has a very hard and white kernel. It can be worked in a lathe and its of such fine worked in a latine and is of such me quality that experts may be puzzled to distinguish it from the genuine article. It is susceptible to almost all uses to which genuine ivory is put. To detect the difference, apply a small quantity of concentrated sulphuric acid. This of concentrated sulphuric acid. This causes the imitation article to assume a shade of pink, while on genuine ivory it produces no change whatever.—New York Ledger.

A Little Sareastic.

When a man writes a modern story and hopes for success, he must make the characters truly good. There must be the noble young man, and the patient wife, and the hard working pastor, devoted to his flock. But if he writes a story of the Romans he can make it as sensational as he pleases and call it historic.—Atchison Globe.

Artificial Rubies. A patent has been taken out in Ger-A patent has been taken out in der-many for the production of artificial rubies by evaporating a mixture of alumina and chronic oxide in the elec-tric furnace and pass the vapors, with the introduction of damp air and hydrochloric acid, into a condensing chamer, where the rubies precipitate.

Milk Nuggets. Joax-How so? 'He handles paying quarts."-Phildelphia Record

"Doctor, I don't know what's the

any more."
"'Um! Let's see. What is your busi-"I'm a night watchman." "Ah, your case is a remarkable one. I must write it up for our Monthly Medical Record."—Chicago Newa.

THE NEW EGG.

Now let some good man hatch out an incubator scheme for a set of the artificial eggs, and we can have spring chickens while you wait.—Richmond Times.

Now that the artificial egg problem has been successfully solved we may soon expect some rubber company to spring artificial chickens on us.—Kansas City World.

The man who has invented an artificial egg equal to the "real thing" in corything but fecundity has conferred an everlasting boon 'upon the overworked hen. She can now turn her attention to her family affairs in blissful ignorance of the fact that her ancient enemy is "laying for her" with an ax. With artificial eggs and artificial hatchers the time honored 'land mark' of the barnyard is sure to get it in the neck.—St. Louis Republic.

POLITICAL QUIPS.

Neither caucus, court, committee, convention nor conversation can keep a good man out of politics if he insist upon running for congress.—Detroit Journal.

The candidate who is said to be "in the hands of his friends" often sincerely wishes before the campalgn is over that others had charge of 'him.—Baltimore American.

American.
Smith has been elected governor of Vermont and Jones of Arkansas. If the Republicans of Maine had nominated Brown, the early fall elections would have gratified the three largest families in the land.

New York Press.

ESTERHAZY.

Nothing can save France if Major Esterhazy carries out his threat to print a book on the Dreyfus case.—New York Count Esternazy mass.

cide as yet, but he has no doubt noted the suggestion that it would be the proper thing for him to do.—Boston Globe.

Perhaps the first and strongest impresentations of the country of the count

TENNYSON'S FAITH.

The Problem of the Future Life Had

The Problem of the Fature Life Mad
the Deminant Interest.

A reader of the "Life of Tennyson,"
by his son, will be struck by the face
that no subject interested him so deeply as the problem of the future life. His
will also observe that it was always a
problem to him, one that he was constantly raising, that would not stay setfled. To be sure, he was a believer in
immortality, but not a restful believer.
He was all the time digging up the
roots of his faith to be sure they were
alive. The old question would not stay
unanswered. The reader of his poetry,
observes the same thing. He is always
on the side of faith, but of a somewhat
disturbed faith. He belonged to that
"metaphysical society" which invited
into its membership believers of all
shades, with all shades of unbelievers,
whose object was to raise and answer
doubts about God and the future life.
He was the spokesman of the scientific
doubt of the age, fluttering over the
dovecots of faith, but hardly settling
and resting and nesting therein.

One observes the contrast with this
fluttering faith who reads the poems of
Milton, with their abiding faith in the
future life. This is the spiritual contrast between "In Memoriam" and
"Lycidas." In Milton's requiem, even
under its paganized form, there is a robust and jubilant faith in God and
sternal life. No question enters. The
mind and heart are satisfied. The dear
friend is beyond all doubt among the
saints and choirs above. One regrets
that Tennyson's mental structure perhaps could find positiveness and rest on
questions of politics or poetry, but
must perennially dubitate—to be sure,
with the hopeful balance of probability
—over questions of faith. "I believe I
know," he once said, "the quantity of
every word in the English language
except scissors," but one seems to detect a tremplousness in his best expresion of faith," I hope to meet my Pilot
face to face, when I have crossed the
bar."—Independent.

HARNESS REINS.

HARNESS REINS.

Made From the Stoutest of Leather The reins of a set of single harness are each about 13 feet in length, those of a double harness about 15 feet. For business harness reins are made of leather, tanned black; the reins of carriage harness are made of russet colored

leather.

Reins require to be very stout, and they are almost always made of steer hide, the leather of which traces are made, these, however, being of more than one thickness. Occasionally lines. for light or for cheap harness are made of cowhide, but not often. As a rule the best of leather is used for the reins, even in cheap harness. There can be ob-tained from the hides of leather suitable for reins strips from seven to nine feel in length, so that reins are always of

nn length, so that reins are away or necessity made in two pieces.

The loops, or hand holds, often seen on the reins of track or road horses are commonly made of lighter leather stitched together and then sometimes stitched to the reins, but more often se cured to them in such a manner that they can be shifted on the reins to suit they can be shifted on the reins to suit the convenience of the driver. The three loop hold, which is called the Boston hand hold, is commonly used for track driving. The single loop is the one used by most drivers on the road. There are patent hand holds made of metal. The wooden buttons sometimes seen on reins, used as hand holds, are made in pairs, one button of each pair having a stem, with a thread out on it, which goes through the rein and is which goes through the rein and is screwed into the other button of the pair on the opposite side.—New York

To the morn, when the gold of the taper. That mellowed the east for a space Le lost in the fold of the vapor. That trails a torn banner of lace—To the grain mingled musk of the daytin. Its lilt and its laughter belong. But in the warm dusk of the Maytime It comes like a sigh and a song-

Perfumed by the breath of the mazes.
Of flower weeds, tangled and tossed,
And sweet with the death of the daisles.
The season has lavished and lost;
In the cloud woven dusk of the daytime.
Its mild ministration is blest,
But in the pure musk of the Maytime.
At twilight 'tis rapture and rest.

As soft as the lip of the billow
That touches the argentine sand,
And light as the dip of the willow
In waves that are buoyant and bland,
And sweet as the heart of the haytime,
And faffit as the wind in the grain,
In the dusk and the musk of the Maytim
Are the redolent tears of the rain.

THE HUMBLE BOY.

He Bided His Time and Got Even With His Tormentors.

He Bided His Time and Got Even
With His Tormenters.

One midsummer term an unfiedged,
weak kneed youngster presented himself
at a well known public school and was
immediately pounced upon by the boys
and hauled off to be broken in. They practiced all the usual tricks upon him, and
he bore them meekly—so meekly, in fact,
that the boys were contemptuous and
made scathing remarks about his effeninacy and lack of spirit

After this he was taken to the lumber
room and sternly commanded to black all
the boots for the following day. The boys
were supposed to attend to their own footgear, but the task generally fell to the
lot of the weakest among them, and it
was a favorite plan to order newcomers to
do the work unaided. This particular new
boy received the order resignedly and sald,
"Thank youe' sir," quite humbly, when
one of the monitors kicked him and told
him to hurry along. He seemed almost
overwhelmed with gratitude for the honor
done to him and promised to discharge
his duty manfully if he were only given
sufficient time.

Ha was therefore left to himself, and sufficient time.

He was therefore left to himself, and

Ho was therefore left to himself, and the boys went away in high feather, thanking their stars that a happy chance had sent such a willing slave to pander to their needs. An hour passed, and then it occurred to the monitor before mentioned to go and see how the new boy was getting on. He threw open the door of the lumber room, and a sight met his eyes which almost choked him.

The new boy had a white buckskin cricket boot in his hand and was busily oovering it with blacking.

"You big idlot, whatever are you doing?" screamed the monitor. "You're rubbing white boots instead of black ones."

"Yes, sir, I am," answered the new boy with studied innocence. "That's what you wished me to do, isn's tir. The others are black enough, so I thought I'd get through the white ones first. I've polished it pairs, but they don't look very nice somehow."

The monitor stormed and raved, but he

how."

The monitor stormed and raved, but he could not renew the color of the cricket and tennis boots, and their owners had to make the best of a bad job. They've given up trying to score off guileless new boys now.—Chums.

London's "Silly Season."

The "silly season" is come to be an institution in England, and a vastly entertaining one it occasionally proves to be. It is not actually a season, but is the series of discussions that sappear in the London papers after the close of parliament. Then news is scarce and British fathers and mothers are allowed to air their grievances in the public prints. The frequent inconsequence of their complaints gave the institution its name, but of late years the London Dally Telegraph has set the ball a-rolling by having some notable writer London's "Silly Season."

vassed in the same way .- San Francisc

such an excellent grocery establishment as the one we berein describe, which is and sells at a small margin of dera a bad matter worse.

Not long ago a lady was visiting the studio of a portrait painter and trying to make herself as agreeable as possible in return for a welcome and afternoon is easy to make the province, all of which is attributable to in return for a welcome and afternoon is easy to see they seemed to her much idealised, and she went from one to an other, civilly expressing her approbation.

"Ah," he said to her hostes, "you make let marked it may be all ages took of furniture includes the word."

"Ah," he said to her hostes, "you make let marked it may be all town.

"Ah," and all about than! Who is it was all town.

"Ah," and the last all and bout them if who is a treatment is accorded every of a correct of the services of the section of the strong of the latest additions to the form of the services of the latest additions to the form of the services of the latest additions to the form of the latest additions to the bard than a labout than all about than all about than all about the arise humbly.

"Ob, I know! I know! And who is the very treyty lady in brown?"

"That," said the other, with some frigidity, "is myself!"—Youth's Companion.

"That," is myself!"—Youth's Companion.

"That," is myself!"—Youth's Companion.

"The was a resolute note in frequently called to distant points.

"The was a resolute note in the word of the stream of the province of the latest additions to the form of the latest additions to the first, his services were in determined to keep it in one as the top of the knowled the province of the latest at the same and margin of a knowled the province of the line and the province of the line and the province of the line and the province of the latest and turniture includes the province of the latest additions to the town.

"The star is a province of the latest additions to the form of the latest additions to the town.

"The top of the latest additions to the form of the lates mour's Grocery Athens

miss edith falkner
has very co amodious and pleasant
millinery rooms in the old Post Office
building, Main street The opening
display of her fall goods was one of
the events of the season. The very
latest styles are evident in all her
trimmed hats, and the artistic grouping
of colors and designs is highly pleasing
to the ladies. Those who have not yet
purchased their fall or winter hat purchased their fall or winter hat should see this stock. Miss Falkner carries a large range of millinery requisites and noyelties, and will be

an free lylike, an some of 'em stop an chat a little once in awhile.

"But I come here," and then there would be a quavering and pathetic note in her voice, "because somehow or other I seem to kind of make trouble at home, though, land knows, I try not to, but it don't seem to do any good. You see, I live with my son an his wife. My daughter-in-law, Susan, she seems to think it's kind of hard to have me round, though I do every stitch of the mendin an all the plain sewin, an there's a lot of it to do, for Susan, has a big house an rents furnished rooms, an there's always sheets an towels to hem, an I'm never idle, so I can't help feelin that I carn my keep. Athens is delightfully situated on an Attens is deligation; studied on an elevated plateau that ensures good drainage and the health of the people is consequently excellent. The railway, telegraph, telephone, and frequent mail service all contribute to the sum total of Athens, attractions as a resitotal of Athens, attractions as a residential centre. Hotel accommodation is of the very best and travelers always look forward with pleasure to the time that they will spend in Athens. Socially, Athens is an ideal place in which

but somehow it always happens that my son is in a tight place an needs the pension money to tide him over, an then I guess he an his wife fergit about it, for I never git it back ag'in. I wouldn't mind that if they could only feel that the pension money an the work I do paid for my keep. I do hate to feel that the about the country the any Leny't be any.

I'm a burden to 'em, an I can't be any great of a one, fer I'm no eater to speak of, an I'm real savin an careful of my "I'd go into an old ladies' home if I

"I'd go into an old lades nome if I could save my money so as to pay the entrance fee, but even if I did my son an Susan wouldn't be willin I should go, because it would make talk, an I reckou they'd miss my pension mightily.
"So after I git the dishes washed up an things kind o' put in order I git my sowin a ready an come out here in the

earn my keep.

"Then I've got a pension of \$19 a
month that I draw every three months,
but somehow it always happens that my

THE OLD STORY.

Spring, spring, the budding o' the year Dear to the young and the old.

His warehouse fronts a dusty street
Within the city's crowded heart,
Alas, the price of every beat,
Here, foremost in exchange and man

He rits alone, a silent man, Unloved; all fear his vigil keen; His thought, the ledger's page to sean, And spy near desk and door unseen.

And yet whene'er the breath of spring Steels shyly in upon the breeze His voice takes on a kindlier ring, His crusty mien a touch of ease.

The flower girl ventures through the p
Though he refuses to buy her wares;
The boys perceive an hour of grace
And softly whistle on the stairs.

For half unwittingly he dreams: A fancy, born mid orchard's bloom Floats back upon the sunlight's glean And haunts the dingy, cobwebbed

It clings: he fain would drive away
The pleading wraith of boyish years.
It filts; forlorn, he blds it stay,
This foolish thing of smiles and tears!
-Florence S, Brown in Boston Transcript

TWO PENSIONERS.

More than one of the passing thron

an things kind o' put in order I git my sewin ready an come out here in the park where I ain't in anybody's way an where I don't make trouble for any one. Susan says she don't think I accomplish as much sewin as I would if I was in the house, an mebbe I don't, but I'm happier out here where folks seem fr'en'ly and pleasantlike. The policeman on this beat comes round an chats with me now an then an calls me 'gra'ma'm,' an sometimes I tighten up a button on his coat. We're real good fr'en's. Then the old apple woman is real fr'en'ly an often runs over an

last by happy chance I was advised to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After came, it was seized by his domineering daughter quite as if it were her own and some months she failed to allow, using a few boxes the swelling disappeared and perfect heal h and bouyancy of spirits returned. Since that time Mrs. Gifford has had implicit conmoney."

It was a "kind of comfort," he said, fidence in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and has used them for any physical disorders of herself or children with

blood, build up the nerves, and thus blood, build up the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines had failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink, Pills for Pale People." Protect proceeding from imposition by refusing yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the register-ed trade mark around the box. If in ed trade mark around the box. doubt send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and