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BY BERTHA M. CLAY. CHAPTER L

"Esther, you will repent it some day! Dulcie Levesque is no mean rival, and Percy is only a man!" "Just so, Berta, and being a man he

is strong enough to be trusted." "You think so?" "I am sure of it?"

"I hope you may be right, dear; but he should prove weak enough to be munted?" "Then I should be strong enough to

groundless. I know Percy too well to doubt him." Willful Queen Esther, you must have

your way The girl laughed as she got up. and leaned her elbow on the low, wide, mun-tel-pice. Queen Esther! In truth there was something queenly about this round-limbed, frank-eyed English girlsomething fresh, and pure, and stately, something that was far beyond heauty. Her sister. Mrs. Hardinge, looking up r. felt this in a vague sort of way at her, feit this in a vegue sort of way. She herself was a handsome, placid woman, with a splendid figure, which she draped to perfection, and a low, lazy volce which most men found charming. She had married early and well, to her own and her family's satisfaction. She was anxious that her favorite sister should make an equally good and suit-able choice, but the virt was intractable. should make an equal, satisfies able choice, but the girl was intractable. Hardinge looked up at her now, and ondered a little that with such a fair ace the girl had not done better for herself than she had. Even her chance

a inan sue nad. Even her chance as it was she did not seem in-to take. gas had not been lighted, but it settle well."

The gas had not been lighted, but it was not needed, the fire was so bright and clear. Wull, in its warm glow stood Esther Durrabi, She was dressed for dinner, and the breat bodies and cling? ing skirts showed her tall figure to the bod of catagar Warman wars as a will was not clear and clear, Wink is warm glow stood Esther Durränt, She was dressed for dinner, and the Wrent bodic can d cling' ing skirts showed her tall figure to the best advantage; Women were, as a rule, a Httle underided as to her claims to beauty. Mech called her lovely. And so she was: a tall. handsome girl, as titerly unliko the nineteenth century drawing-room belle as the Venus of Milo would be unlike one, if that ex-quisite piece of sculpture were endow-ed with Hr. "Queen Esther," her brother Diek had christened her long ago, and the name had clung to her. "Esther," Mrs. Hardinge said, present it, and there was quite a chill silence in it, and there was quite a chill silence in it, and there was quite a chill silence in it, and there was quite a chill silence in it, and there was quite a chill silence in it. and there was quite a chill silence in it. and there was quite a chill silence in it.

brother Dick had christened her long ago, and the name had clung to her. "Esther," Mrs. Hardinge said, present-ly, "I wish you had not chosen to wear that white dress to night. As you stand there you would do for a frontispicce to Wikkie Collins' Woman in White." "But it is not white, Berta." "It is not far from it. And you need eeder."

"Poor me!" Esther laughed. "Shall

I ever please you, I wonder?" She swept across the room to the jardiniere and picked a deep red rose, with its pretty fresh leaves about it. As she was fastening it in the bosom of her was fastening it in the bosom of her dress the door beside her opened, and a servant announced, "Mr. Stanhope; Mr.

as it war in his nature to love. He had loved other women before her, but never quite with the same love. Just as she herself was different from those other women, the love he offered her was dif-ferent from that which he had given to lly, Percyl Don't I always miss you when you are eway from me?" "My bonny Esther! How could I live ithout you? Was even ferent from that which he had given to them. "And you were actually getting jeal-ous," he whispered, fendetty. "You did not wait for cause. You took my faith-lessness quite for granted." "I did not. It was Berta." "I have nothing to do with your sister. Jasper Hardings must culdivate her organ of faith, if she has one. It is your doubting that grieves me; and you did doubt. so don't daay it. How shall I punish you for it?" "By proving me to have been wrons!" He looked fondly into the beautiful face lying sgainst his arm. The girl smiled up at him, a rapturin it. "While it last, Percy?" "While my life last, sycetheart." She swept him a low, laughing cour-tery, and opened the drawing-room door sharply to find her sister buried among the oushloss of her chair by the fire, and Hugh Fleming standing by one of the side-tables, examining a Sevres laque as it he had the genuine "china fever" strong on him. stiong on him. He was standing full in the light, and, as she came up to him. she was quite startled by the rigid pallor of his face. They were old friends, these two, Be looked fondly into the beautiful face lying against his arm. "Eaches you don't know how I love you. You have no more idea of the strength of my love than a Laplander could have of the heat of the tropics. You are more like a beautiful white statue than a woman. I sometimes wonder if you have a heart." "I have not," she answered, "unless" -hiding her check against him-"you have given me yours!" Be laughed a proud, happy laugh, which Hugh Fjeming heard plainly and the sound made him drop his cards in a hear under Mrs. Hardinge's eyes. much to her secret amusement. been bon comrades for years, be-when Esther was a tiny child, in fore, tore, where heater was a thry child, is short frocks, and asshes. "Are you fill to-night, Hugh?" she asked, pausing beside him. "Ill? No! What a question?" "But you look so paie! Do tell me; have you been hearing anything to trouble you?" For an instant his keen eyes looked lown into hers. Then he turned away vith a smile. "I have heard no news of any sort, rood, bad, or indifferent, and I am as well as the average human being ever The sould inter Min. Hardinge's eyes. much to her secret annusement. "You have had that, my dearest, a year or more," Percy rejoined. "Do you remember Mins. Orote's croquet party?" "Of course"--with a laugh-"and poor Ada Wright's dismay when she sent her ball across Lord Payneton's gouty foot. How that poor girl suffered at her mother's hand for that?". "Not one thousandth part as much as I have suffered at yours ever since. You won my heart that day, Etty, and I half believe you did it on purpose." "And what if I did? You could not call it dishonest; for"--rising at the sound of chairs moving in the outer roum-"texchange is no robbery, you "Esther!" Percy Stanhope called out He was sitting on a low stool almost at Mrs. Hardinge's feet. He affected these low seats and careless attitudes and somehow they became him. "It is true that Miss Levesque is coming here on a visit?" "Perfectly true. I expect her to-mor-"Is that the niece of old Durer Leves-ue, of Lombard street?" Hugh Fleming asked. "Yes," Esther replied. "Don't you re-member her? She came home with me from school one summer, and you told Dick that you thought her a horribly wells little thing." ugly little thing." "Did I? I dare say. I had always good taste." "Oh, but you were wrong! She has grown beautiful." "Esther," Mrs. Hardinge said, "you are so easily impressed! Hugh may see no cause to change his opinion even

GHAPTEB IL It was on a wild, wintry day in Murch that Ducke Leveaque first saw The Elims. The gentiemen were out riding, Mrs. Hardinge had gone to see a friend and had not returned, and Beher herself drove the pony carriage to the station for Ducke. The Elims stood back from the road; it was a long, rambling, many-windowed house, but with nothing very pretty about it unless one admired the inge-nuity of the architect, who had crowd-ed in windows where one never thought of looking for them. There were two entrances, one at the gad of an alley of limes, which led away, by a curve, to the paddock; and the front or grand Esther smiled at this covert warning, Esther smiled at this covert warming, and looked across at Percy, a very proud and happy light in ther eyes. She need have no fear, she thought; he would be true. "Beauty," Percy Stanhope said, ort-cularly, "is not to be defined by more words or eyen opinions. It is beyond de-fuition."

finition." Hugh Fleming laughed and shrugged his shoulders. "You are such a true priest of Venus.

"You are such a true priest of Venus. Percythat your judgment passes al-most without question." "Don't sneer, old fellow! No one will cast that 'soft impeachment' upon you. 'La beaute du diable' is, in my eyes, the most potent charm.

of lines, which led away, by a curve, to of lines, which led away, by a curve, to the paddock; and the front or grand entrance with its wide, shallow steps, and a huge door, which looked too heavy to be opened. Far in the distance rose green hills, and all between lay an open verdant country. The station was fully three miles away. Esther whipped up her ponies smartly, as she saw the smoke of the coming train curling faint and blue in the distance. She was just in time. The carringe-doors were being opened as he sprang up the steps onto the plat-form. In another moment she had seen Dulcie. She was looking out of a car-riage window, evidently in search of some one to meet her.

La beaute du dunble'is, in my eyes, cav most potent charm. A look,almost of disgust,crossed Hugh Fleming's dark face. Eather saw it and her own colored hody. Who was Hugh Fleming, she thought, that he should dare, even by a look, to disparage her Percy.

Percy. "It is to be hoped that poor Dulcie will find others to admire her as warmly as Esther does,"Mrs. Hardinge said, softly. some one to meet her. At sight of Esther she gave a smile of relief, and stood back to allow a gen-tleman behind her to get out. He paus ed to help her and her wraps onto the

"It is almost beyond expectation, but it would be such a boon if she could only platform, then with a bow he turned an walked out of the station. "Oh, Berta, how you talk! One would

Tears of delight were in Esther Du

Tears of delight were in Esther Dur-rant's eyes as she held out both hands in welcome to her favorite. "It is good to see you again," she said, looking down into the small face that dimpled and flushed all over at the warmth of her welcome. "What a cold journey you must have had, and"— with a long, critical glance—"How well you are looking."

CHAPTER II.

you are looking!" Dulcie laughed, and lifted her should-"It was dreadfully cold, and oh" "It was dreadfully cold, and oh" with a little moan of distress—"I am half-famished, Eity." "Poor girl! I'll drive you home as fast

as I can. Laughing and talking, the two went

the room for a few minutes. Esther was the first to break it.

"Because Duice has lost her money, "Because Duice has lost her money, girls! I am sure Duice herself would not agree with her. "But Durer Levesque was reported to be immensive rich, and I understood

Laughing and talking, the two weat along the platform, and down the stone steps to the road below, where a boy was holding the ponies' heads. The gentleman who had been Dulcie's traveling companion stood on the side path, talking to a smart groom in livery. He stepped back to make way for the girls as they came down, and then Esther Durrant saw his face clearly for the first time. She did not know him; he was a stranger to her. He was talking to a groom of Lord Harvey's, so perhape he was a visitor at Abbey-lands. They were always having visi-tors there since Lord Harvey's return. "What a handsome face!" she thought. "But Durer Levesque was reported to be immensely rich, and I understood that he had adopted his nleee." "Yes, he did adopt her, but that fai-ure of Fenton's has ruined him almost, Dulcie will not have a farthing now." "Ah," Percy Stanhope said. with a shrug, "now I understand! I had not heard of old Durer's ill-fortune! You may well say poor Dulcie, Mrs. Hardinge." "She w poor, utterly, hopelessly poor," that lady repeated, placidly. "She talk-

THE ATHENS REPORTER, SEPT. 20, 1899

So is not a veritable King Alfasmerus to your Esther! He did not have another queen before you, did he, Esty?" "You remember-dou't you?-that King Ahasuerus had put away one wife because she had a will of her own be fore ever he took unto himself the fair lewish mo (da1". "Percy never had a wife." freiset "Xen tion't suppose that you would be a shade happier in a big house like that than you might be in a small one." Dukie leaned back, and smoothed the

The state of the region much be due of the region the region much be due of the region the region due of the region the region due of the region du

the giri that she admiged more than the dress. "You are a perfect plotner, Dulciel Even I did not know you were so beau-tifull And you look so quaint, too. So..." "Odd," Mrs. Hardinge put in quietly. Dulcie flushed and then smiled. "I like to be 'odd," she said, naively. "Then you should feel content, m" dear, for you are that—to perfection." "Thanks"—with a sweeping courtery. Esther laughed a little unensily. She never quite knew how people might take her sister's little speeches. His first action on arrival was to post

was one creature on earth this willful Duicié loved, it was her old friend and Presently Esther drew a table close

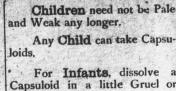
Presently Esther drew a table close up to the hearth, and brought a tiny harlequia teaset, and a quaint old silver teapot, which stood on droll carved legs. "We'll have a coay tea up here by ourselves, and then we can dress for dinner in comfort, Berta." "Very well. Save a cup for me. I'll be back shortly." Whea the mistress of the house had departed, Duicle settled herself among her cushions with a little air of relief. "What a wonderfully fine woman your

"What a wonderfully fine woman your sister is, Eity. She has the carriage of a duchess. Esther smiled, and went on with her "I think myself she is very handsome."

* the is not a bit like you, though." "No"-with a laugh. "Of course. I now that; I am not nearly so goodfore her. "Mr. Stanhope-Dulcie! My "Mr. Stanhope-Duce: My dean friend, Dulcie Levesque-Percy," Esther Durrant said in her low, clear voice. And Dulcie lifted up her eyes and "You are a great deal better looking, "But you don't count, Dulcie! You see you are fonder of me than of Berta." "Yes, a vast deal," was the frank re-joinder. Meanwhile Esther had mide ready her little feast, and they sat and sipped her ten in luxurious warmth and erea looked into Percy Stanhope's face for one fleeting half second, as he bent his blande head over the hand she offered

The light had quite died out of the sky now. The bare gaunt arms of a beech that showed through the window-pares assumed a spectral shape in the glooms. Bomewhere, in the cold with-out doors, a colony of rooks were caw-ing loudly; and the wind could be heard howling across the country. The dark-mess outside, and the wind and the cold, only made the coary room seem cosier, the hot fire more welcome. "Bether." Dulcie said presently, lay-ing her cup down, and looking across at her friend with a smile in her eyes. "what about this lover of yours? Is it quite true that you are engaged?" "I believe so." The girl's face flushed so hotly as she said it that the smile deepened perman's.

At Minitua a finitous frame frame antago-lived who had vanquished many antago-nists. Crichton sent him a challenge and next day ran the Italian through the body. The Duke of Mantua engaged bin as there for his son Vincenzo di Gonhim as tutor for his son Vincenzo



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like bits of jelly. READ the statement of a rominent

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If mally decided to at last give them a trial, and after he had taken one beer only. If mally decided to at last give them a trial, and after he had taken one beer only. If noticed a decided improvement in him. His appetite began to get better, and corb segan ome to his lips and checks. I continued giving Capsuidis to him unshe the or the inshed, and to day he is a healthy, strong, rosy-faced boy, and noo hat anything eise but Capsuidis could have done binho are weak, paie or in need of ble And I cheerfully recommend Capsuidies to live one weak, paie or in need of ble This is the first testimonial I have owned a gind of Iron Medicine which weak children can t hink, an important thing to have for without hurting their store

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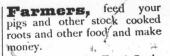
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His first action on arrival was to post a challenge in all parts of the city offering to meet all comers at the College of Na-varre in debate in any one of 12 lan-ruages, "in any science, liberal art, dis-cipline or faculty, whether practical or theoretic." Such contests were common to the age, but the challenge, coming from a boy of 15, aroused deep interest. An immense crowd was present on the day appointed. A dozen eminent phi-losophers and divines presented them-selves. Crichton, without the semblance of effort, defeated ull who attempted to cope with him. He was congratulated by the faculty of the college and Henry cope with him. He was consumption by the faculty of the college and Henry III, then the gayest monarch in Europe, carried him off to his court. The next day Crichton appeared in the tourney at with consummate ease remained victor in that martial struggle. The king gave him an important command in the a remained in France two years, the people with his accomplish

He

"Yes, a vist deal, was the finit mide ready her little feast, and they sat and sipped her tea in luxurious warmth and cease. The light had quite died out of the sky now. The bare gaunt arms of a beech that showed through the window parse assumed a spectral shape in the gloom. Somewhere, in the cold with out doors, a colony of rooks were caw-ing loudly; and the window

CHAPTER III.

Dulcie came to The Eins on the Sat-urday. On the Sunday morning the lity, the party walked to church together. Mrs. Hardings did not go; she very rare-ly went, but her husband, who had come home by the last train the night be-fore, made one of the number. Esther and Percy walked first, as privileged lovers. Then came Mr. Hard-inge and Mr. Fleming, and Dulcie wolk-ed between them. She was looking very well that morning, even better, Hugh Fleming thought, glancing sidewars, dewn at her, than she had looked in her evening dgess the night before. The morning fir, keen and piercing, deepened the color in her checks to livid carmine. The wind threw all her wonderful shin-ing curls into confusion. The sweet figure, deliciously rounded, exquisitely curved, showed to perfection in the ast-fully simple walking-dress that she wors: So that, altogether, Mrs. Hardinge, Dulcie came to The Elms on the Sat-

the people with his accomplishments in every direction. Crichton went next to Rome and Venice. In the latter city his friends were sperone Speroni, one of the most learned names in Italian literature, John Donati, and Lorenzo Massa, secretary to the re-public of Venice. Several of the Latin poems Crichton composed in this circle have descended. He was introduced to the doge and the senate and in their pres-ence delivered an oration so graceful and eloquent that, according to Imperalis, "he was esteemed a prodigy of nature." The Venctians were earnaptured over his eler-ence to manners his learning and accomwas esteemed a prodigy of nature." The Venctians were europtured over his ele-gant manners, his learning and accom-plishments. Crichton went to Padus and posted an invitation to mest him in de-bate on the philosophy of Aristotle-then a subject absorbing the educated minds of all Europe. The argument lasted three drys, and the handsome young Scotch-man was as usual an easy victor over the learned men who took the opposite to bim.

At Mantua a famous Italian duelist lived who had vanquished many antago

never quite knew how people might take her sister's little speeches. "Are you ready, dear?" "Yes, quite?" "Then we will go down," Esther said. "I fancy we are rather late as it is."" In the drawing room the gentlemen were alrendy waiting. Hungh Fleming lounging in a low chair by the fire, Pency Stanhope at the grand pinno, playing statches of Weber, and fragments of "Songs without Words." Both rose as the ladies entered, and both pairs of eyes turned institutively to-ward the little figure that followed Esther, looking smaller than usual even by contrast.

by contrast. Hugh Fleming was the first to be in-troduced to Dulcie. Then Percy Stan-hope came forward slowly and stood be-

into Esther Durrant's face. She turn ed and met the two men on the thres

Mrs. Hardinge, coming slowly forward, "You are late, Hugh," she said to the elder of the two: "we were beginning to of seeing you to-night feepair of seeing you to-night." "It is Stanhope's fault, Mrs. Hardinge, that we have been so unfortunate as to keep you waiting. He made us both late for the 5.40 down train."

these you waiting. He made us both late for the 540 down train."
Fercy Rindopoc-file cages eyes on Either, felt her heart info, solution the solution of the solutio as she was to him. Whatever the cause might be, Jasper Hardinge was oftener to be found at his rooms in London than in his luxurious house in Kent. As the little party left the dining-room-Mrs. Hardinge first with Mr. Fleming-Percy Stanhope put his hand on Esther's arm and detained her. "Are you glad to have me back.

Etty?" "Very glad, Percy!"

The close-cut blonde head bent lower the dusky one.

even the dusky one. "The time has seemed so long to me, my darling. I have chafed like a lion in chains all these weeks. I have not lived one hour worth the living since I left you! Only think, Etty, it will be three weeks to morrow since I was down beautiful the second s

The girl's hand tightened on his sleeve; The girl's haad tightened on his sieeve: her heart throbbing warmly under the dainty rose gave a great bound of joy. This man was her idol; she loved him as the "good love Heaven." He was, in her eyes, the noblest, the truest, the best of men. To have won his love was the crown of her life, and she often wondered how she had deserved such a stift.

wondered how she had deserved such a gift. Mrs. Hardinge, discreetly blind and deaf, swept on, and tall, Hugh Flem. "Esther! What does the woman deaf, swept on, and tall, Hugh Flem. "Beher! What does the woman mean?" "Oh, don't be angry, Percy! She meant "boh a wister being whispered behind him, but he heard enough to make the rest enay "Have you missed me?" Percy Stan-hope urged, holding his companion back as the drawing-room door swung open for an instant. "Teil me Etty." "His handsome face flushed, his blue

eyes glowed. ---

"She is poor, utterly, hopelessly poor," that lady repeated, placidly. "She talk-ed of going out as a governess, but Esther would not hear of that. She comes to us instead for a time. It will be very trying for me to have two young women to chaperone, but Esther is an willful and must sive her her way." so willful one must give her her way." Hugh Fleming, looking down at Esther, felt her heart throb; somehow this tall, beautiful girl, with her "talking eyes," had quite a knack of disturb-

Saturt gatafield by the before. A visi-tor at Lord Harvey's, perhaps." "Is that some place near?" "Yes. Near and 'yet so far.'" Histher said, with a smile. "It is two miles, if you count by miles, from our place; but, for any communication there is between us it might as well be on the banks us, it might as well be on the banks

"I am like the dove Noan sent out," Etty; I have come back to my refuge weary with wandering." "You are a dreadfully ill-behaved dove! Look how you are crushing my

He laughed, and pressed his lip

He laughed, and pressed his lips against her arm, just where the plain gold armlet she wore made a dimple in the warm, soft flesh. "I shall behave worse still if you look at me like that." "How am I looking?" "As no one in all the wide world but Eether Darrant could look." "Do you know, Percy!"--pushing him brok a little, her two hands on his shoulders. the faintest rose-color coming and going in her checks, almost with every breath, "Berta has been (.ling me that you are sure to fall in low with Dudde Levesque." Dulcie Levesque.

Dulcie Levesque." The last few words came slowly, al-most as if it hurt her to say them "Esther! What does the woman

she said it that the smile deep "What a handsome face!" she th as she just lifted her eyes to it in pass

chool-fello

she said it that the smile deepened per-ceptibly in Dulcie's eyes. "Weil, tell me all about him, dear." "Oh, there is nothing to tell, Dulcie! I-really—" stammering. "You are in love with him, I hope." "Of course—" with a little stare of surprise and a hotter blush than ever. "Then there must be 'heaps' to (elh-How did it come about? Who is he-or rather, what is he? And is he good-looking, really, or only 'nice'?" Esther laughed and held up her hands. "What a shower of questions! I de clare I had forgotten what the first one was before you had got to the last of them." ing. "Do you know who he is?" Dulcie asked, as they took their places, and Esther gathered up the reins for a

The second by miles, from our place but, in subset and nerve of neutron of the intervent of the second se

fully simple: walking-dress that she wors: So that, altogether, Mrs. Hardinge, who, from the dining-room window, watched them take their way down the read, was more convinced than ever that Esther had done a mad thing in bringing "that gril" to the house. The church ws about a mile away. It could be reached by the high road or by a short cut across the fields. It was a tiny Gothic building, plain to meanness almost. Once upon a time it had been the private chapel of the Harveys. At, present it stood outside the boundary of their estate, the land on which it was built having been sold by one of the dead and gone Harveys, whose effigy might yet be seen in the tiny church-yard, together with that of his dame, in uncomfortable-looking high ruffles. Beyond the church, and all about it,

yard, together with that of his dame, in uncomfortable-looking high ruffles. Beyond the church, and all about it, sleped wide fields; and beyond the fields there flowed a stream, neikher broad nor deep, but rapid enough and noisy enough to make itself heard. even inside the old stone walls of the sanctuary when ever the rains had been heavy. Now Dulcie, who had never been much in the country, thought that this homely rustle scene was very pretty. At least, she said that she did. "I do not wonder that Eather likes to live here," she said, lifting child-bright eyes to Hugh Fleming's face. "Every-thing is so fresh and quiet. One might fancy oneself out of the world here." "So we are, Miss Levesque." Jasper

(To be continued.)

For the Cyclist. A wheel with a rigid frame is the

cyclist's firm friend. Good bicycle brakes may be reckoned

body. The Duke of Mantua engaged bim as tutor for his son Vincenzo di Gon-zaza. The court of Mantua was celebrat-ed for its patronage of the Italian drama. The finest troupe of actors in Europe, de-nominated I Gelosi, was attached to it. Crichton composed a species, of comedy for the company, satirizing the weakness-es of the various occupations in life, then undertook to sustain himself the most prominent and difficult characters in the piece. Even the actors were carried away with enthusiasm, so marvelous was Crichton's acting. The young Duke Vincenzo, his pupil, was jealous of Crichton, who found favor in the eyes of a beautiful young noble woman whom Vincenzo had wooed in vain. One night Crichton, walking home through the streets, playing as he went slong on his guitar, was suddenly attack-ed by six masked men. He flung away the guitar, drew his sword and quickly killed two of his antagonist, put two more to flight and disarmed the leader. The latter's mask fell off. It was the young Duke Vincenzo. Crichton dropped on his knee and presented his own sword to his pupil. The duke took it and thrust it through Crichton's body. He fell on his back, his eyes staring up at the stars, dead. The Moving Powers. TRADE ROO

The Moving Power.

The Moving Power. "Why, Willie," said his mother one day when they were out walking, "what do you mean by offering a penny to that mule?" "Because," replied the young investi-gator, "I heard papa say that money makes the marre go, and I want to see if it has the same effect on a mule."-Troy Times.

Timothy Eaton, of the Toronto depart-

Times. Timeshy Eston, of the Toronto depart-imental store, received an impacted frac-ture of the neck of the fermur or thigh bone, as well as strasions on the face and head, in a runaway. Mr. Eaton was rendered unconscious. It will be a few weeks before Mr. Eaton is out again. While out gathering water lilles in Grass Lake, North Orillia, on Sunday afternoon, Frederick Wahl, a Wycliffe College studen, was drowned. Deceased has been spending his vacation with friends mear Grass Lake. Deceased was 30 years of ago. A little child of William Alexander, holl-keeper on the London & Port Stanley Railway, just on the limits of St. Thomas, wandered away from home on Thursday afternoon and fell in Kettle Creek, being drowned before assistance ouid reach the unfortunate little one. William Morris, died as Whitby on Thursday as the result of an accident which took place as Gilmore's brickyard on Wednesday. The deceased was severely crushed by a heavy wagon being sudden-iy backed up against him. One of his sons is Rev. John Morris ef Toronto Juncion.

cyclist's itm Trend.
Good bicycle brakes may be reckoned among our cost defences.
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Trycicles are said to be again pour lar in the vicinity of Edinburgh.
A German paper mentions as a curit of site age by the condition of its reth.
Thince Hohenko, the imperial chancellor of Germany, elthough nearly 80 years old, is learning to ride a bicycle.
On tor a leaky vaive may cause much inconvenience. Press it all around if writh a piece of damp clay, or if that be unobtainable damp goap will answer.

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