

## CONUNDRUMS AND ANSWERS.

1. Why does a negro not have the cap on his knee that a white man does?  
Because he has one of his own.
2. When does a cow become real estate?  
When she is turned into a field.
3. When did the rooster crow where everybody in the world heard him?  
In the ark.
4. What two letters do boys delight in, to the annoyance of their elders?  
Two T's, to tense.
5. What relation is the door mat to the scrapper?  
A stepfather, (father.)
6. Why was Paul like a horse?  
Because he loved Timothy.
7. What is the best way to make a coat last?  
Make the pants and vest first.
8. How did Jonah look when he saw the whale coming to swallow him?  
He looked down at the mouth.
9. If you suddenly saw a house on fire, what three authors would you name?  
Dickens—Howitt—Burns.
10. How do you know that they had beer in the ark?  
The Kangaroo went in with hops, and the bear was always bruiin.
11. What comes after cheese?  
Mice.
12. When was pork first introduced into the navy?  
When Ham entered the ark.
13. Why was Joseph the straightest man in the Bible?  
Because Pharaoh made a ruler of him.
14. Why is a pair of skates like an apple?  
They have both caused the fall of man.
15. When does a bed become a vehicle?  
When it is a little buggy.
16. What should a clergyman preach about?  
About half an hour.
17. What is worse than raining cats and dogs?  
Hailing cats and omnibuses.
18. What would you rather kiss than the Pope's?  
Mrs. Harriett Beecher Stowe.
19. Why was Dickens a greater man than Shakespeare?  
Because Shakespeare wrote well, but Dickens wrote Weller.
20. Why is a like twelve o'clock?  
Because its the middle of day.
21. What is smaller than an ant's mouth?  
What goes into it.
22. What table has not a leg to stand upon?  
The multiplication table.
23. Why is go-seberry jam like counterfeit money?  
Because it's not currant.
24. When may a chair be said to dislike you?  
When it can't bear you.

## SOPERTON

MONDAY, Mar. 19.—The members of the Ladies' Aid will give a pie social at the residence of Mrs. Luther Washburn on Wednesday evening next. Lovers of pie should seize this opportunity, for the ladies have promised an abundance. Admission, 15c; children, 10c.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Murphy moved into their new home in Oak Leaf last week. Their friends wish them much joy and a life of prosperity.

Mr. Will Flood and bride, Seeley's Bay, visited among friends here last week.

Mrs. Angie Barber and Miss Katie Cavanaugh visited at Lake Side recently.

Miss Sadie Stafford spent last Sunday with friends at Charleston.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Rowsome have both been on the sick list. The many friends hope for their recovery.

Mr. Claude Huffman renewed old acquaintances here before starting for the West, where he intends to try his fortune.

Mr. Harry Williams, of Cardinal, visited his many friends in this vicinity last week.

Miss Maggie Frye has returned from Forfar, where she has been spending a few days with friends.

Miss Clara Taber arrived home on Sunday last from an extended visit with friends at Battersea and Sunbury.

The Ladies' Aid met at the home of Mrs. Wm Godkin on Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Halladay, Elgin, were guests at Mr. John Frye's on Thursday last.

The Misses Taber entertained a few of their young friends at tea on Thursday last.

Rev. A. G. Robertson, Oxford Mills, called on a number of his old friends this past week.

Miss Belle Johnson and H. Richards were guests at Lake Side recently.

A number from here attended the concert in Elgin on Friday night.

The Hamilton Herald says: "The fact that the school population as well as the birth rate of the province is decreasing looks ominous. Defective registration cannot account for both decreases. It is much to be feared that they indicate a growing disinclination on the part of the Ontario wyes to assume the duties and responsibilities of maternity. This is one of the causes of decadence in France. It is a bad sign."

## CHARLESTON LAKE

R. N. Dowdley of Athens was in Brookville on Tuesday, purchasing lumber for the repairs and additions to be made to Mr. Banta's house, recently purchased by him from Walter Beatty, Esq., M.P.P. It will take about 10,000 feet of lumber and 45,000 British Columbia cedar shingles to make the improvements contemplated by Mr. Banta. Ira M. Kelly has been engaged to superintend the work for Mr. Banta.

It is reported that P. W. Strong has rented the Armstrong cottage at Charleston lake from W. G. Parish and will spend the greater part of the summer there.

A wealthy New Yorker is anxious to secure one of the best cottages on the lake from May until October.

R. N. Dowdley has torn down and removed his ice house to a more convenient location near his cottage.

Lev. Southworth has arranged to open Cedar Park Hotel about the middle of April, in good time for the spring catch of salmon.

The old Kelsey homestead will be put in shape for tenants early in the spring.

Justus Smith is getting his boat lively in order for next season.

## Look Out, Young Man.

When it is said of a man, "He drinks," and when it can be proved, then what store wants him for a clerk? Who would trust him? What dying man would appoint him his executor? He may have been forty years in building his reputation—it goes down. Letters of recommendation, the backing up of business firms, a brilliant ancestry, cannot save him. The world shies off. Why? It is whispered through all the community, "He drinks! he rinks!" That blocks him. When a young man loses his reputation for sobriety, he might as well be at the bottom of the sea. There are young men who have their good name as their only capital. Your father has started you out in city life. He could give you only an education. He gave you no means. He started you, however, under Christian influence. You have come to the city. You are now achieving your own fortune, under God, by your own right arm. Now look out, young man, that there is no doubt of your sobriety. Do not create any suspicion by going in and out of liquor establishments, or by any odor of your breath, or by any glare of your eye, or by any unnatural flush of your cheek. You cannot afford to do it, for your own good name is your only capital, and when that is blasted with the reputation of taking strong drink, all is gone.—Carrickfergus Advertiser.

"Ill weeds grow apace." Impurities in your blood will also grow unless you promptly expel them by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A correspondent of the Orillia Packet worries over the cussedness of farmers in the matter of piling cordwood. Might as well preserve his temper and save his time. A farmer who couldn't be paid to wrong you out of a cent in any other transaction will pile the wood in the way handed down by his ancestors since the first cord of wood was delivered to a customer in Canada.

Gen. Buller, over fifty years old and possessed of an enormous private income, leaves his beautiful Devonshire home to fight for his Queen and Empire in a hazardous campaign in which he endures all the cold and hunger and privations of the humblest soldier of his army. The spirit which inspires Sir Redvers Buller is characteristic of all in Her Majesty's service.

"A Lump Like Lead"—How often one hears the dyspeptic complain of this sensation in the stomach. Through neglect or overwork the digestive organs are weakened and this symptom is the common sensation after eating. The pineapple contains a large percentage of vegetable pepsin, and is a potent aid to digestion. This discovery has given to the world nature's delightful and positive cure, Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets—60 in a box, 35 cents. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

Mr. Max. Goldberg, fur dealer of Ottawa, made a rare purchase in the Gatineau district last week when he secured four silver fox skins. These are the first he has secured in several years and it was thought none of the few-bearing animals were in the district mentioned. Mr. Goldberg at once shipped the pelts to a leading fur house in London, Eng., where they will sell at a handsome figure. A shantyman at Gilmour's camp trapped one fox and the other three were secured at Birch Lake.

Times: A few days ago E. McCrae, a dealer living on the outskirts of the town, disposed of a cow to Thomas Burns, the butcher, who has since slaughtered the animal. Upon dissecting its stomach he found it contained a large ball of hair, a couple of handfuls of nails and a miscellaneous collection of articles. The ball of hair was about the size of a baseball, and was evidently the accumulation of years which had become matted and solidified in the stomach presenting a perfectly smooth surface which shone like polished mahogany.

## IN THE BABY'S EYES

What is the dream in the baby's eyes? As he lies and blinks in a quiet surprise, With little we know that dimly he sees Either father and mother and so and so; With little, we feel that shall lead him? God knows, But a prayer from my heart like a benison goes, Bundle of helplessness, yonder he lies, What is the dream in my baby's eyes?

What does he wonder and what does he know That we have forgotten so long, long ago? Bathed in the dawn light, what does he see That slow years have hidden from you and me? Out of the yesterday seeth he yet, The things that in living he soon shall forget, All that is hidden beyond the blue sky, What is the dream in my baby's eyes?

Speak to me, little one, ere you forget, What is the thought that is lingering there yet, Where is the land where the yesterdays meet, Waiting and waiting the morrows to greet? You see, funny bundle, who only will blink, What do you wonder, and what do you think? Bright as the moonlight asleep in the skies, What is the dream in my baby's eyes?

—Tom Cordry in Minneapolis Messenger.

## NEVER ATE FOREIGN MEAT.

It Doesn't Pay to Be Too Sure Until One Knows All the Facts.

A certain Major Brownjohns, who made it his boast that he never allowed American or colonial meat to be served at his table, recently visited an old comrade in Liverpool. One night at dinner a most delicious saddle of (apparently) Welsh mutton appeared, to which the major did ample justice.

"Ah," he observed, "I wish that my butcher in London would send me stuff like that, and yet he deals only in the best British meat."

"Well," said his friend, "as a matter of fact you have been eating New Zealand mutton. But it's only fair to say that I got it from a friend, who is a large wholesale importer."

"By Jove, you don't say so!" exclaimed the guest. "I wish he'd tell me where I can get the like in town."

"We'll go and see him tomorrow," said the host. The visit was duly paid to the meat monger, who smiled when he heard the Londoner's eulogy and explanation.

"Tell me," he returned after listening to the epicure's remarks, "in what part of London you reside, and I dare say I can give you the address of a retail butcher who will supply you with exactly the same sort of mutton as that which you like so much." The major handed him his card.

"Ah," observed the importer, "there's the very man within two streets of your house. We supply him with all his meat. Here's his address," he added, handing a slip of paper to the seeker after succulent joints.

The major read, the major started, the major frowned, the major, truth to say, cried vengeance, and no wonder, for the address was that of his own butcher, who dealt only in home produce.—London Sketch.

## The Bottle at Ship Launches.

Down to Charles II's time it was customary to name and baptize a ship after she was launched, sometimes a week or two after. The old Tudor method used for men-of-war was still in use. Pepys' "Diary" shows that. The ship was safely got afloat, after which some high personage went on board with a special silver "standing cup" or "dingy" of wine, out of which he drank, naming the ship and pouring a libation on the quarter deck. The cup was then generally given to the dockyard shipwright as a memento.

When did the present usage of naming and baptizing a ship before she is sent afloat come in? I trace the last explicit mention of the old method to 1664, when the Royal Katherine was launched (see Pepys). The first mention of smashing a bottle of wine on the bows of an English man-of-war, naming the ship and pouring a libation on the quarter deck, is in a contemporary newspaper cutting of May, 1780, describing the christening of H. M. S. Magnanime at Deptford, but nothing is hinted that it was then a new custom.

—Notes and Queries.

## To Fly in Your Dreams.

There is a peculiarity about the flying dream that seems to be constant. Of all those whom I asked about the matter and who are conscious of the flying dream at all not one has ever known himself to make any high flights in his dreams. One always flies low, with a skimming manner, slightly, but only slightly, above the heads of pedestrians. And one's critical attitude in a dream toward one's own performance is always interesting to note, both in regard to this particular class of dream and even more toward one of the other classes. It is an attitude that is well brought out in "Alice in Wonderland," where Alice is made to exclaim or to think while she is falling, "How brave they will all think it of me at home not to bind a great fall like this!"—Longman's.

## Logical.

"What is a furrier, Tommy?" asked the teacher of a pupil in the juvenile class.

"A man who deals in furs," answered Tommy.

"That's right," said the teacher. "Now, Tommy, you may tell me what a currier is."

"A man who deals in cures," was the unexpected but logical reply.—Chicago News.

## The Coldest Country.

The coldest inhabited country appears to be the province of Werchojansk, in oriental Siberia. A Russian savant passed one entire year in the inhospitable region and kept a daily record of the temperature, from which it appears that the daily mean of the entire year is 2.74 degrees below zero.

The first constitutional convention in Ohio contained as delegates five men who afterward were elected governor of the state and four who became United States senators.

In Madagascar silk is the only fabric used in the manufacture of clothing. It is cheaper than linen in Ireland.

MR. W. G. McLAUGHLIN.

Prop'r Asphalt Cement and Roof Paint, Athens, Ontario.

DEAR SIR,—Replying to your enquiry as to my opinion of the worth of your Roofing Cement and Paint, I cannot do better than to relate my experience with it during the last year.

Early in the spring of 1899, I commenced building a houseboat for my use on Charleston Lake. The hull was 13x36 feet, built of 1 1/2 inch planks with grooves in each edge. These grooves were filled with your Asphalt Roof Paint and a slip-tongue inserted; then the planks were drawn together with clamps and spiked to two side pieces two inches thick. The outside and inside of the hull were covered with two coats of your paint, and the frame work of a house 13x21 built inside the hull. The roof was something that gave me considerable thought as to the best means to make a light, strong, water-tight roof. I could allow a pitch of only two inches in seven feet, as I wished to use it for a floor from which to handle the sail and rudder used in moving the boat from place to place. I first put on a covering of 3 inch cedar; then spreading a coat of your Asphalt Roof Paint on, I tacked on a covering of heavy sack linen and then put on two coats of your Cement Roofing. The houseboat, when completed, was computed to weigh about three tons. As you are aware, the houseboat was built on my premises in Athens, and when finished had to be drawn a distance of five miles to the lake over one of the roughest roads to be found in Leeds County. A couple of timbers were placed under the boat and two traction engines hitched to it. The night before starting, I poured 16 large pails of water into the hold, and although three weeks had passed since the paint was put on, and the bottom was up some two feet from the ground, I failed to find one single place that leaked. On the way to the lake I made frequent examinations of the bottom to see if there was any leakage, but found none. The boat was launched in the water on the 16th day of May and up to the 23rd of October, when it was dry docked, I never once had to use the pump procured to remove water from the hold, and I had the houseboat anchored out and sailed across the "big waters" several times when it would have been considered unsafe to be out with a good row boat. The roof, too, has met my most sanguine expectations. At times, there have been four and five persons walking around on the roof, and not a day passed when the houseboat was being occupied but what the roof was traveled over many times; still, not a spot has given away and it has never leaked; a drop to my knowledge during the past summer. When drawing the houseboat out of the water last fall, I made a careful examination to see if the water or contact with rocks or sand had worn off the paint in any place and could find none.

In conclusion, I say emphatically that I am perfectly satisfied with the result,

B. LOVERIN.

## HE HAD A HEAVY LOAD.

## The Colored Corporal Explained Why He Carried Part of It.

General Lawton never wearied of telling the following incident which he witnessed during the war in Cuba and which, he said, illustrated the irrepressible good humor of the negro soldier.

"The night of the El Caney affair, when my division was marching back to El Paso to take up a new position the next morning, I was sitting with Major G. Creighton Webb, Inspector general of my staff and one of the pluckiest men I know, at the side of the road. My men were filing past, and we watched them. They were tired out, but full of ginger. The day was just beginning to dawn, when we heard some one coming down the road talking at the top of his lungs. He talked and laughed and laughed and talked, and the men with him were chattering and joking.

"Here comes the colored troops," said Webb, and sure enough the Twenty-fifth infantry came along. The man who was doing the talking was a six foot corporal. He carried two guns and two cartridge belts loaded full, and the man to whom the extra gun and belt belonged was limping alongside him. The tall corporal was weighted down with his blanket and haversack, but in his arms he carried a dog, the mascot of his company.

"Here, corporal," said Webb, "didn't you march all last night?"

"Yes, sir," said the corporal, trying to salute.

"And didn't you fight all day?"

"Sure, sir."

"And haven't you been marching ever since 10 o'clock tonight?"

"Well, then," shouted Webb, "what in thunder are you carrying that dog for?"

"Why, boss, the dog's tired," was the reply.

"Webb just rolled over in the dirt and laughed and cried like a boy."—Chicago Record.

## One Use of Dreams.

Novallis, the savant, declares that if we did not dream we should age very much sooner than we do. Dreams, he says, are a shield against the monotony of life. In proof of his assertion he mentions the case of a lady 60 years old who dwelt on the remembrance of a dream as the happiest event in her life. In her memorable dream this unsophisticated old soul had visited the czar in his palace, and she minutely described in glowing terms the various incidents in connection therewith, and it must be admitted that this dream was the only poetical element in her isolated and monotonous existence. We often hear of people being advised before deciding on an important matter "to sleep on it." That appears to imply that in case we should dream we would arrive at a just appreciation of what we should do. It is but another authentic instance, pertinent to this strange phenomenon, the relation of dreams to our spiritual being.—London Globe.

## He Was a Mourner.

"Are you one of the mourners?" asked an Arkansas clergyman who had come over from a neighboring village to officiate at the funeral of a prominent citizen.

"Ya-as," replied the dismal looking man addressed. "I suspected he was figurin' befo' he took sick on rumm' away with my wife."—Judge.

## THIN



## HAIR

Lots of people have thin hair. Perhaps their parents had thin hair; perhaps their children have thin hair. But this does not make it necessary for them to have thin hair.

One thing you may rely upon—

**AYER'S Hair Vigor**

makes the hair healthy and vigorous; makes it grow thick and long. It cures dandruff also.

It always restores color to gray hair,—all the dark, rich color of early life. There is no longer need of your looking old before your time.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

"As a remedy for restoring color to the hair I believe Ayer's Hair Vigor has no equal. I have always given the perfect satisfaction in every way."

Mrs. A. M. STREET, Aug. 18, 1898. Hammondport, N.Y.

Write the Doctor.

He will send you a book on The Hair and Scalp free, upon request. If you do not obtain all the benefits you expected from the use of the Vigor write the Doctor about it.

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

## Death of Mrs. Coleman Lewis.

On the morning of Saturday last, Mrs. Coleman Lewis departed this life at her home in Addison, aged seventy-six years.

About three years ago, Mrs. Lewis, who had previously enjoyed good health, suffered a stroke of paralysis and has since been invalided, so that her death was not unexpected.

Deceased was a life-long resident of Addison district and was widely known and highly esteemed. She was a daughter of the late Henry Taplin and relict of the late Coleman Lewis, who died in 1880. Of eight children, six survive, namely: L. S. Lewis, Newboro; C. H. Lewis, Belleville; G. T. Lewis, Brockville; W. T. Lewis, Mrs. R. H. Field, Addison; Mrs. A. A. Davis, Brockville. Three brothers and a sister are also living—Messrs. S. A. Taplin, Athens; Rufus and Augustus, Addison; and Mrs. C. A. Lane, Napanea.

The bereaved family have the heartfelt sympathy of a wide circle of friends and acquaintances.

## "Necessity Knows No Law."

But a law of Nature bows to the necessity of keeping the blood pure so that the entire system shall be strong, healthy and vigorous.

To take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, is therefore a law of health, and it is a necessity in nearly every household. If never disappointed.

Erysipelas—"Had a severe attack of erysipelas, suffering from dizziness and nervousness so that I could not rest at night. Tried Hood's Sarsaparilla with good results and now recommend it to others." M. CHAMBERS, Toronto, Ont.

Tired Feeling—"Was all run down and had no appetite. Was tired all the time. Hood's Sarsaparilla was suggested, and a trial benefited me so much that now I would not be without the medicine." Mrs. G. D. BURRITT, Central Norton, N.B.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver bile; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

## Wonderful Self-heating Flat Iron.

We guarantee its merits superior to any other iron, and claim it is the only successful self-heating iron on the market to-day.

It is almost indispensable in Tailor shops, Hand Laundries and Millinery Establishments.

No waiting for irons to get hot.

No fire needed in the stove or range.

No waiting between the ironing-table and stove to change irons or stimulate the fire.

The construction of the iron is very simple and being nickel-plated and highly polished it presents a handsome appearance and is easily moved on the table.



Manufactured by J. C. Ayer & Co., Toronto, Ont.

**Athens**  
FOR LEEDS COUNTY