

From Neighboring Firesides.

Noway Budgets by the Reporter's able staff of Correspondents

CHARLESTON LAKE

The heavy snow storm has left the roads in a bad condition.

Mrs. H. Plankett has returned from Athens, where she was visiting friends.

A very pleasant time was spent at the assembly at Oak Leaf hall on Friday night.

Miss Katie Burns has returned to her home in Odgensburg after spending the summer with her Uncle, R. Foster.

Visitors: Mrs. R. Johnson, Lansdowne; Mrs. Stacey and children, Central City, Neb.; J. J. Murphy, Okaburn, North Dakota; W. J. Slack, Brockville; Miss L. McLean, Athens.

SOPEFTON

Mrs. John Frye was in Brockville last week attending the wedding of her son, Johnson, who was married to Miss Marian McConkey of that place.

The recent snow storms have given the Kendrick Bros a rest from hauling wood.

Mrs. Phoebe Washburn, who has been ill for the past two months, has so far recovered as to be able to drive out.

Mrs. Brayman, of Brockville, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Sufel for a few days last week.

Miss Kelly spent Saturday and Sunday with friends in Delta.

Wedding bells are expected to ring twice this week in this neighborhood.

Miss Calista Preston is visiting her sister at Phillipsville.

LYNDHURST

The Black Lodge of Orangemen went to Betterosa on Sunday last to attend the funeral of late Mr. Jardine.

The death of Mr. David Johnston, well known in this vicinity, occurred on Friday the fifteenth at Brockville. The deceased died of la grippe after three days illness. The body was brought to the home of his daughter, Mrs. Will Wilcox, Lyndhurst, and thence conducted to Elgin for funeral services.

A L. E. C. concert will be given on Friday evening, Jan. 29, in St. Luke's hall. A farcical three act comedy entitled "A Gay Deceiver" will be put on by the amateurs of the Lyndhurst Baseball Club in aid of the baseball fund. The Lyndhurst orchestra will be in attendance.

DEATH OF MAUDE CONNOLLY

News of the death of Miss Maude Connolly, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Connolly of Oaintown, was received with surprise and sincere sorrow by many in Athens. As a student of the A.H.S. Miss Connolly was well known and highly esteemed, and her death at the early age of twenty is deeply deplored.

On returning home from the Academy of Music, Toronto, for the Christmas holidays, she was in poor health, and gradually grew worse until death closed her bright young life on Saturday last.

Her parents, one sister, Mrs. B. Towriss of Athens, and two brothers, W. J., a divinity student, and C. F., a student of the A.H.S., are left to mourn her loss. Within the last few years two sisters predeceased her at about the same age. In their hour of sorrow the family have the tender sympathy of a wide circle of friends.

HAZELTON-COLEMAN

The home of Mr. George Whaley, Hard Island, was brightened on the evening of Jan. 13th, the occasion being the marriage of his niece, Miss Ethel Coleman, to Mr. Ham. Hazelton of Delta, the Rev. Rural Dean Wright of Christ church, Athens, officiating. The house was tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers, the bride party, standing under an arch of evergreens and flowers. Promptly at 6 o'clock the bride entered tastefully gowned in grey velvet. The bride was attended by Miss Fanny M. Hazelton, sister of the groom, while the bride's brother, Mr. Harold Coleman, did like honors for the groom. After the usual congratulations, the guests were entertained to a bountiful supper, the tables being ornamented with flowers. After spending a few social hours, Mr. and Mrs. Hazelton left on a short honeymoon trip, followed by the best wishes of a host of friends.

The following is a list of presents: Mr. and Mrs. Livingston and son and Mr. and Mrs. Wood, china tea set; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hamblin, chamber set; Mrs. Margaret Hazelton, set of irons; Miss M. Wight, silver spoons; Mr. Geo. Wight, soap; Miss Gertrude Seymour, silver nut cracker; Mr. and Miss Berny, water set; Mr. and Mrs. J. Churchill, bed spread; Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Howarth, blankets; Misses

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AUCTION SALES

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I. O. F. INSTALLATION

One of the most successful and enjoyable functions ever held under the auspices of Delta Odd Fellows took place on Thursday evening last, when a joint installation of the officers of Delta and Athens lodges was conducted by the able District Deputy, Mr. A. E. Baker, of Merriekville. Mr. H. Wilkinson, of Brockville, a veteran member of the order, accompanied him and took part in the ceremony.

After the formal proceedings in the lodge room, adjournment was made to the spacious dining hall where under the direction of Messrs. E. J. Green and W. J. Birch, a very elaborate supper had been prepared. This was thoroughly enjoyed, and then Dr. Geo. McChie called the meeting to order and introduced a toast list that brought forth a splendid address from Mr. Baker and short, interesting speeches from a number of members.

The officers were installed as follows:— DELTA N.G.—Ed. Barlow V.G.—Wm Morris Rec. Sec.—Jool Barlow Per. Sec.—W. J. Birch Treas.—H. E. Brown War.—W. Percival I. Con.—E. J. Sufel O. Con.—Ed. Bowser R.S.N.G.—Geo. Harkin L.S.N.G.—B. Bruce R.S.S.—S. Whaley L.S.S.—D. Campbell I.G.—Geo. Godkin O.G.—Geo. Morris R.S.V.G.—H. Johnston L.S.V.G.—W. Jaquith Chaplain—Rev. Garrett.

ATHENS N.G.—E. J. Parell V.G.—F. W. Barber Rec. Sec.—A. J. Slack Per. Sec.—G. E. Judson Treas.—I. M. Kelly

MER FRENCH A FAILURE.

The Tragedy of a Macking Bottle in the Lacks Quarter. She was spending her first month in the Latin quarter of Paris. She spoke English fluently with a Boston accent; also she spoke German, could make a fair stammer at Italian and knew a few words of Hindoostanee, but of French not a syllable. One morning she found herself in a wrestling match with a bottle of French shoe blacking. The pesky bottle, understanding that it had to deal with an alien, refused to give up its cork. She had no corkscrow of her own and did not know how to ask for one, even if she dared suspect that her next door neighbor might be possessed of the luxury. The time of her pet fork she had bent on the obstinate plug, the point of her best penknife had had broken except to throw the bottle out of a window to get at its contents. She decided as a last resort to try breaking the neck off the bottle. With a "stove" she administered several cautious taps in the region of the jugular of the obstinate neck. "Nothin' doin'!" Then she tapped harder still, and the blacking came. All over her fingers it came, all over her light woolen skirt and over much of the floor and window sill.

She decided to have the skirt cleaned off to an establishment where she found embarrassment because she could not understand questions. Finally she got the drift of the conversation. The cleaners wanted to know what had caused the spot. Fortunately a bottle of shoe blacking was standing near by, and she pointed at this and "oid" and "oid" until she left in heightened spirits, feeling that she was not helpless and that she had made the cleaners understand. When the skirt was duly returned the following week, it was dyed black.

A Complimented One. A country "squire" is often called upon to settle questions which tax both his knowledge and his ingenuity. One such matter was presented to Squire Prescott of Banbury.

"Squire," said a solemn faced man, stopping the lawyer one day as he was leaving the postoffice, "there's a point of law I want you should settle, and whatever you say I'll abide by, will or not."

"Well, let's hear what it is," said Squire Prescott good naturedly. "It's just like this," said the man, stepping closer and speaking in a lower tone. "Hen Rogers wants to trade farms with me, but we can't quite agree on terms. His cow pasture is better than mine, but I've got twice as many blueberry bushes as he has; his corn is all started, and mine isn't, but I've got screens to five windows and two doors; there's less stones in his meadow land than there is in mine, but there's more bog."

"Now, I won't tell you which is which, but one of us thinks Hen's cow pasture had ought to be thrown into the bargain and the other one thinks that my heifer would just about even up. Now, what should you say was the fair thing?"—Youth's Companion.

When Tisot Was Satisfied. An interesting story is told of Jacques Tisot, the great French painter. While in England he painted a beautiful religious picture and, upon a countrywoman, asked her opinion of his work. "It's a chef d'oeuvre," she replied, giving a remarkably just and detailed appreciation of the various merits of the painting. "Are you satisfied?" asked a friend. Tisot answered in the negative. He entirely repainted his picture, working night and day.

When finished, he sent again for his fair critic, who pronounced it admirable and remained silently admiring it with smiling criticism. "Are you satisfied?" asked the friend again when the lady had departed. "No," replied the artist, and he set to work for the third time.

When the Parisienne saw the new painting, she gazed at it for some moments with evident emotion and then without a word sank softly to her knees and began to pray.

"Are you satisfied now?" whispered the friend, and Tisot said "Yes."

The First Skaters. It is very doubtful which race first skated, for traces have been found among prehistoric remains all over northern Europe indicating that the art was practiced by primitive peoples. The Eskimo of the farthest north are also found to be in possession of runners carved from walrusbone. Skating is mentioned by a Danish historian about 1184, and Fitzstephen in his "History of London" says that in the twelfth century young men fastened the leg bones of animals under their feet by means of thongs in order to slide along the ice. This statement is confirmed by the pair of bone skates of the period now in the British museum. It is likely, however, that these early Londoners got the idea from Holland, probably via Lincolnshire, where skates have been used on the frozen fens from very remote times.

Paul the Tyrant. Paul I. of Russia was very deaf and also very tyrannical. One day an aide-de-camp, intending to please him, approached and cried in his ear, "I am glad to see, your majesty, that your hearing is much improved!" "What is that you say?" growled the czar.

Raising his voice, the aide-de-camp said, "I am glad that your majesty's hearing is so much improved!" "Ah, that's it, eh?" chuckled the czar, and then added, "Say it once more."

The aide-de-camp repeated the words, whereupon Paul I. thundered, "So you dare to make fun of me, do you? Just wait awhile."

Next day the aide-de-camp was on his way to the mines of Siberia.

Phonetic Spelling. The teacher of a country school was "hearing" her spelling class recite. She had just "given out" the word "Aaron," which, according to her instructions, had been spelled in this fashion: "Big A, little a, r-o-n." The next word was "gallery." The pupil said: "G-a-l, gal-g-a-l, gal," two or three times and halted. Then, after hard thought, he added: "Big gal, little gal, e-y, gallery."

Fancies. "As for pansies, every one you pick shall have a different character. Some are perverse, like bashful babies, and will not look you in the face. Some are confiding, and some are even bold. Go and study them if you are an unbeliever, and you shall find that many things that we call human traits belong in almost equal proportions to plants and animals."

Expensive Headgear. Father (examining his son's expensive account at college)—Young man, what do you mean by charging up half a dozen bottles of whisky to wearing apparel during last term? Son—Oh, that's all right; I used that stuff for nightcaps.

Her Fear. The Bore—I'm not feeling at all well this evening. The Belle—I hope it's not a lingering illness.—Kansas City Independent.

It is not enough to be industrious; so are the ants. What are you industrious about?—Thoreau.

The Tranquil Mind. Who does not love a tranquil heart, a sweet tempered, balanced life? It does not matter whether it rains or shines or what misfortunes come to those possessing these blessings, for they are always sweet, serene and calm.

That exquisite peace of character which we call serenity is the last lesson of culture; it is the flowering of life, the fruitage of the soul.

It is as precious as wisdom, more to be desired than gold—yes, than even fine gold. How contemptible mere money wealth looks in comparison with a serene life—a life which dwells in the ocean of truth, beneath the waves, beyond the reach of tempests, in the eternal calm!

How many people we know who sour their lives, who ruin all that is sweet and beautiful by explosive temper, who destroy their poles of character by bad blood! In fact it is a question whether the great majority of people do not ruin their lives and mar their happiness by lack of self control. How few people we meet in life who are well balanced, who have that exquisite peace which is characteristic of the finished character!

Taking a Chance. He looked happy enough as he walked up to the postoffice box, set a huge bundle on the floor and began taking pretty square envelopes therefrom, dropping them by twos and threes into the box.

"Big lot of letters," remarked the policeman. "Nice day too." "Letters?" said the happy man. "My dear fellow, these are not letters. They are wedding invitations."

A stern look came over the face of the hitherto friendly policeman. "My friend," he said, "I am sorry to disturb you, but I must do my duty. Come with me."

"Arrested?" "Yes." "On what charge, sir? This is an outrage."

"Not at all. You are advertising a lottery through the post."

The man went along.

The Bubble Reputation. The Governor—Colonel, don't you know Judge Blank? Shake hands with him.

The Colonel—Ah, you are Judge Blank of Blankville?

The Judge—Yes; Blankville is my home.

The Governor—Of course I know you by reputation then.

The Governor—Colonel, don't you know it always makes me feel mighty uncomfortable when a man says that about me—that he knows me by reputation?

The Colonel—How is that, governor? Why should it make you feel uncomfortable?

The Governor—Because, by jingo, I always wonder which reputation he means.

A Simple System. Teacher—In what year was the battle of Waterloo fought? Pupil—I don't know.

Teacher—It's simple enough if you only would learn how to cultivate artificial memory. Remember the twelve apostles. Add half that number to them. That's eighteen. Multiply that by 100. That's 1,800. Take the twelve apostles again. Add a quarter of their number to them. That's fifteen. Add what you've got. That's 1,815. That's the date. Quite simple, you see, to remember dates if you will only adopt my system.

Making Sure. This hunting story comes from Scotland: When the beaters came out of the covert, one of the guns said to the keeper, "Have you got all your beaters out?"

"Aye," said the man, astonished. "Are you sure? Have you counted them?"

"Counted them?" said the keeper. "Aye, they're all right."

"Then," said the shooter, with a sigh of some relief, "I have shot a roe."

Source of Alcohol. Some terribly potent liquors, it is said, can be distilled from the innocent looking banana and also from the milk of the cocoonut. The Japanese make a beverage from plums and from the flowers of the motherwort and the peach. The Chinese produce several qualities of spirit from rice and peas, all of them intoxicating, besides which they can make an alcoholic drink from mutton.

Same Old Thing. Tom—Did you call on that pretty telephone girl? Dick—Yes, but I guess there was another fellow there ahead of me, or maybe it was only force of habit.

Tom—How do you mean? Dick—My card came back with the message: "Busy. Please call again."

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Hair Vigor

grow, completely cures dandruff. And it always restores color to gray hair, all the rich, dark color of early life.

My hair was falling off badly and I was almost bald. I used Ayer's Hair Vigor. It quickly stopped the falling and made my hair grow again. I feel like a new man. HENRIETTA A. ALLEN, BRANFORD, N. H.

Falling Hair

B. W. & N. W. RAILWAY TIME-TABLE

Table with columns: Mail and Express, Read Up, Westport, Newboro, Crosby, Forfar, Elgin, Delta, Lyndhurst, Soperton, Athens, Elbe, Forthton, Sealey's, Lyn, Lyn (Jot.G.T.R.), Brockville. Read Down, 7:50 a.m., 8:05, 8:15, 8:21, 8:29, 8:47, 8:53, 9:00, 9:20, 9:26, 9:38, 9:45, 10:00, 10:05, 10:20.

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