

Chamberlain's Remedies.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.
For Coughs, Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough. Price 25 cents; large size 50c.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.
For Bowel Complaints. Price 35 cents.

Chamberlain's Pain Balm.
An antiseptic liniment especially valuable for Cuts, Bruises, Sprains and Rheumatism. Price 25 cents; large size 50 cents.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets.
For Disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Price 25 cents.

Every one of these preparations is guaranteed and if not fully satisfactory to the purchaser the money will be refunded.

VILLAGE COUNCIL

The municipal council of the village of Athens met in regular monthly session on Monday evening last, all the members being present.

After reading and adoption of minutes of last session, Messrs. G. F. Donnelly, Joseph Thompson and G. W. Beach appeared before the council on behalf of the free library board and asked for a grant to assist in meeting expenses. On motion, I. C. Alguire was reappointed a director on behalf of the council on the library board and a grant of \$60 was given toward meeting expenses.

On motion, the council decided to furnish bonds for \$2,000 for village treasurer and his salary was fixed at \$20.

The clerk was instructed to procure six copies of the Municipal World for the use of the members of the council. On motion the collector's roll for 1903 was accepted, and the council assumed the collection of the taxes of Fred Hawkins, \$2.27, Mrs. Delorma and Delorma White, \$12.55.

On motion, the bills of Geo. F. Donnelly, \$7.75, for supplies for municipal election and referendum vote; B. Loverin, \$3.70, for election supplies for municipal election, and James Ross, D.R.O. No. 2, \$9, election expenses, were ordered to be paid and orders given for the amounts.

On motion, the treasurer was instructed to deposit the sum of \$900 in the savings branch of the Merchants Bank to the credit of the municipality.

Time for receiving tenders for the \$7,000 town hall debentures was fixed at Feb. 15th, and the clerk instructed to notify those who had made enquiries for them to that effect.

Council then adjourned to call of reeve to meet for appointment of assessor and decide on sale of debentures.

Death of John Rappell, Sr

At 9 a.m. on Monday last Mr. John Rappell received a telegram announcing the death of his father at Humboldt, Iowa. A week previously, a letter stated that he was suffering somewhat from a cold, but nothing serious was anticipated. The remains are to be brought here for interment and will probably arrive to-day or Thursday.

Mr. Rappell was a native of County Wexford, Ireland, and when about 37 years of age came to this country with his family. He resided first in Kitley on the Robert Johnston farm then moved to Elbe, where he resided about five years. He next purchased the fine farm at the Tin Cap, where he resided for about 25 years. A year ago last November, he sold his farm and came to Athens to reside with his son. Last August, accompanied by his son, John A., he went to Humboldt, Iowa, for a visit with two sons and two daughters residing there. He purposed returning to Athens in the spring, but death intervened. His wife pre-deceased him about twelve years ago.

Mr. Rappell was a man of sterling character, honest and upright in his dealings, and very outspoken in his opinions.

Untrifling industry characterized his whole life. In politics, he was an ardent Conservative. He was prominent in the councils of the Orange order, and stood at all times for equal rights. Though 87 years of age, he continued up to the time of his death to be remarkably vigorous in mind and body.

Besides the children indicated in above notice, he has two sons residing in Brockville.

DEATH OF JAMES PLUNKETT

Sincere sorrow was felt by all residents of Athens on Thursday evening last when it was learned that death had called away Mr. James Plunkett. This termination of his long illness was not unexpected, but the loss of such a worthy citizen in the very prime of life seemed hard to bear, and expressions of heartfelt sympathy for his widow and two little children were general.

Mr. Plunkett came to Athens from Brockville about nine months ago and

opened up a meat market in Dowsley block. His gentlemanly, genial nature speedily gained him many friends and patrons, and his business was prospering when he was taken ill with typhoid fever, and for a time he was very low. From this he never entirely recovered, and so his enfeebled constitution was unable to withstand a recurrence of the disease.

Besides his family, he leaves to mourn his early death two sisters, Mrs. A. E. McLean and Miss Anna Plunkett, and two brothers, Sandy of Buffalo and Sentinel of Gloversville, N. Y.

At one p.m. on Saturday the funeral took place at St. Paul's Presbyterian church, where an impressive service was conducted by Rev. D. Strachan of Brockville in the presence of a large concourse of sympathizing friends, including a number from Brockville who had come out by special train. The remains were escorted to the church and thence to the vault by local members of the A. O. U. W., and the following members of his home lodge in Brockville officiated as pallbearers: Thos. Hayes, Wm. Welch, N. H. Chester, J. H. Beecher, G. R. Quirnbach, and D. H. McCrady (Lyn).

OBITUARY

At the home of Mrs. Derbyshire, Wight's Corners, on Sunday, Jan. 31, died Sarah Jane Eaton, aged 58 years and 5 months. Her funeral was conducted at Mrs. Derbyshire's home at 2 p.m. of the 2nd inst. by Rev. William Reynolds, whence her remains were conveyed to the Athens vault. She was third child and eldest daughter of the late David H. Eaton and Emeline Arnold, surviving the former 14, and the latter 39 years. For some seven years she had been afflicted with lameness in one hip; her death was more immediately hastened by pulmonary complications.

Your Best Work

Cannot be done unless you have good health. You cannot have good health without pure blood. You may have pure blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla now. You cannot realize the good it will do you until you try it. Begin taking it to-day and see how quickly it will give you an appetite, strength and vigor and cure your rheumatism, catarrh, scrofula.

All liver Pills are cured by Hood's Pills. 25c.

Fleas in the Old.
Fleas in the old is a disease that flourished in England as far back as the fourteenth century, only the tax that was then imposed upon foreign goods was a broken head to the maker of them.

When Wat Tyler's people entered Southwark in 1371 their anger was so great against the Flemish weavers and other workers that they made the proclamation of "bread and cheese" a test of the honest home worker, and whoever failed to pass it was deemed a Fleming and put to death. A century later Cad's Kentishmen had for one of their cries, "The foreigners forestall the market, and so Englishmen want and starve!"

About 1585 England was called the Ayilum Christi, so many were the foreign weavers, brewers, silk workers and jewelers who settled there, and a popular saying in Henry VIII's reign, "The French teach us how to make hats and how to take them off," shows the importance of foreign made goods at that time.—London Standard.

The Old Time Pepper Mill.
A pepper mill is a piece of silver not often seen on tables nowadays. English housekeepers, however, still use the pepper mill, and American silver-smiths sometimes keep it to meet the demands of old fashioned families who prefer to grind their own pepper rather than risk the chance of adulteration. The pepper mill dates back to the time when pepper was a scarce commodity and was always ground at the table from the peppercorns. Pepper was so valuable in those days that rents were often paid in peppercorns, and the high prices they brought were among the incentives that induced explorers to brave the dangers of the unknown deep. If a short passage could be discovered to the Indies, it was agreed by all that a wealth of pepper could be easily brought to Europe.

The Visible and Invisible.
The wisest Indian philosophy has never bogged, like ours, over that silly word "supernatural." The Upanishad says, "What is in the visible exists also in the invisible, and what is in Brahman's world is also here." The ultimate, albeit unreachably, is as real to the Asiatic mind as rice, and in the Bhagavad-Gita Arjuna is actually permitted to behold the embodied infinite. Indeed it is rather this present existence which India regards as the illusion, the maya. To see the stars we must wait for night, and to live we must die. Nor is it uninteresting to note in Hindoo classics how these large and happy serenities of oriental view have softened personifications of death.

Old and Good.
Many young men fall in love because they don't know a chance when they have it and only know what is lost when it is too late. These youngsters who want to be masters over the men who are educating them, and to whom they owe the inspiration of their lives, all wind up by being slaves. One lesson for all leaders—learn to obey till you are able to command. This is old and good.—Schneiders.

VORACIOUS CANARIES.

Appetite of a Bird Much Greater Than Average Man's.
When an old fashioned business urges her guests to eat, after the conventional manner of showing hospitality and remarks, "Why, you haven't the appetite of a bird," she really speaks the truth, though she does not intend to.

The average man, if he had a bird's appetite, would devour from thirty to thirty-one pounds of food a day, which would be a tax on the larder of his hostess.

Recent experiments have proved that the average bird manages to eat about one-fifth of his own weight daily with ease, if he can get so much food, and in a wild state, though the bird has to hunt for his daily provender, he is eating a large part of the time during the day and manages to get his full ration.

The smaller the bird the more voracious seems to be its appetite and its power of absorption.

A German scientist recently kept a canary under observation for a month. The little creature weighed only sixteen grams, but in the course of the month it managed to eat 512 grams weight of food—that is, about thirty-two times its own weight. The bird must therefore have eaten its own weight in food every day.

An ordinary man with a canary's appetite would consume 150 pounds of food a day.

But the canary is an extreme case. The ordinary bird, in good health, will be satisfied with one-fifth of its weight a day by way of food.—Answers.

Last British Lottery.

I have in my possession, writes a contributor, a notice bearing date Oct. 17, 1826, inviting persons to take part in the last state lottery which was held in this country, says a writer in the London Chronicle. This invitation is a very elaborate affair. It is printed in green and yellow. At the top are the royal arms, while below, in the center of the paper, is the announcement: "Positive! By order of the lords of his majesty's treasury, on Wednesday, next, 18th October, lotteries close forever in this kingdom. Six prizes of £80,000 will be distributed on that day as the parting gifts of Fortune." The advertisement concludes with a footnote to the effect that Silverright is selling lottery shares and tickets at 57 Cornhill, London. This man Silverright was a well known stock and share broker of the day, who made a specialty of lottery tickets. He was very fond of attracting clients by the publication of doggerel verses, mostly of the simplest character, of which the following is a fair example:

Then gallop on gayly:
The fault is your own
If you don't get a good share
Before it's all gone.

One of Japan's Jewels.

The great attraction of Kamakura and one of the jewels of Japan is the Daibutsu, or great bronze Buddha. We approach it through a tree lined avenue and get the first and best view of it at a distance of some 200 feet. It is a sitting figure, 49 feet 7 inches high, 97 feet 2 inches in circumference. The face is 8 feet 5 inches long and from ear to ear 17 feet 9 inches wide. The eyes, which are pure gold, are nearly two feet long. The circumference of the thumb is three feet. These figures give some idea of the size, and the figure is elevated on a stone platform some twelve to fifteen feet above the person approaching it. But no description can convey an idea of the majesty of the face. It is bent gently forward as if in brooding contemplation of the infinite. It represents perfect peace—the repose of the attained Nirvana.

Then gallop on gayly:
The fault is your own
If you don't get a good share
Before it's all gone.

Fortunes in Picture Frames.

Some splendid picture frames may be seen every year at the Royal academy exhibition, but the finest and costliest frame ever made for a picture was that which incloses the "Virgin and Child" in Milan cathedral. It is made of hammered gold, with an inner molding of lapis lazuli. The corners of this valuable frame have hearts designed in large pearls and precious stones. Some of its value may be gained when it is stated that the frame is eight feet long and six feet wide. Its estimated worth is £25,000. One of the pictures in the Vatican at Rome is in a frame studded with jewels. The picture is a valuable one, but the frame nearly equals the value of the painting.

Flag Poles.

With proper care a flag pole ought to last a great many years in spite of the incessant exposure to the elements. Of course the best preservative of wood is paint, and a man who has a flagstaff which has cost him a good sum of money should see that it is painted at least once every twelve months. Flag poles generally rot at the bottom first and then have to be taken down to prevent them from falling of their own weight.

Her Cultivated Taste.

"How is your daughter getting on with her music?"

"Very well," answered Mr. Camroz. "She has got along so far that when I ask her to play anything I like she looks haughty and says, 'The ideal!'"

The Minister.

First Scot—What sort of minister have ye gotten, George?

Second Scot—We seldom get a glint of him. Six days of the week he's envious, and on the seventh he's in-comprehensible.

Saving Himself Trouble.

She—I saw you, sir, with that horrid widow, and I shall send back your presents at once.

He—Don't send them to me—send them to the widow.

She Repudiated the Charge.
At the men's service in a Yorkshire parish the vicar tried to convey the lesson that the trust heroes and heroines are those who do noble deeds in the secret corner of the home, where none can see or applaud.

"Few of you seem to think," he concluded, "that your wives staying at home uncomplainingly to mind the children and prepare the meals are heroines, and yet their touching devotion to duty proves them to be so."

It certainly hadn't struck one old farmer in this way before, and as soon as he got home he promptly told his wife that the vicar had called her a heroine.

"Whatever does that mean?" asked the good lady.

"Oh, it means a woman who stays in the house instead of going out to show herself," explained the farmer vaguely.

"Then I'm not a heroine, am I?" I'll thank 't vicar to mind what he's saying," snapped the wife. "I go to his church as much as 't other women do, an' he must be blind if he can't see me. Why, I'd five different colors in 't bonnet I wore last Sunday!"—London Answers.

Mark Twain's First Marriage.

Mark Twain was once asked by a friend if he remembered the first money he had ever earned.

"Yes," answered Mr. Clemens, puffing meditatively on his cigar, "I have a distinct recollection of it. When I was a youngster, I attended school at a place where the use of the birch rod was not an unusual event. It was against the rules to mark the desks in any manner, the penalty being a fine of \$5 or public chastisement."

"Happening to violate the rule on one occasion, I was offered the alternative. I told my father, and, as he seemed to think it would be too bad for me to be publicly punished, he gave me the \$5. At that period of my existence \$5 was a large sum, while a whipping was of little consequence, and so—here Mr. Clemens reflectively knocked the ashes from his cigar—"well," he finally added, "that was how I earned my first \$5."

His Egg Sauce.

"Well, my man," said the visiting physician of a Dublin infirmary to a patient, "how do you feel this morning?"

"Purty well, sorr," was the reply. "That's right. I hope you like the place?"

"Indeed and I do, sorr!" said the man. "There's only wan thing wrong in this establishment, and that is I only get as much mate as wud feed a sparrow."

"Oh, you're getting your appetite, are you?" said the doctor. "Then I'll order an egg to be sent up to you."

"Arrah, doctor," rejoined the patient, "would you be so kind as to tell him at the same time to mind me up the hin that laid it?"

The Privilege of Possum.

A Georgia dandy arrested for stealing a possum from a white man said to the judge:

"I don't count it no stealin' 'tall, yo' honner, kaze de possum wuz raise fer de nigger, des lak de mule wuz. Let de white man take de turkey en leave de possum fer de nigger is what I says!"

"But," said the judge, "de negro frequently takes the turkey too?"

"Not dis season, suh," was the quick reply. "De roostin' too high."

A Black Eye.

Provided there is no abrasion or cut of the cuticle, a black eye can be removed in one night by an application of an ointment of black hellebore. Rub some black hellebore powder up with some lard and apply, leaving it on all night. In the morning the discoloration has all gone and the swelling also, only leaving a slight wrinkle, which soon disappears by cold water applications.

Rang Her In.

"And when you marry," she softly said, "I hope you'll remember to invite me to the ceremony."

He looked thoughtful. "It will be awfully crowded, no doubt," he said, "but I think I can ring you in somehow."

And a moment or two later she declared the ring was an astonishingly good fit.

Not Worried by Them.

Mamma—Johnny, when you told me that that Sever boy threw stones at you you did not tell me that it was after you had thrown stones at him.

Johnny—I wasn't afraid of the stones I threw at him, ma. It was only the ones coming my way that I was scared of.—Boston Transcript.

One of the Intelligent.

"Have you any scruples," inquired the prosecuting attorney, "against inflicting the death penalty in a case of willful murder?"

"Or 't to hev 'em," cautiously asked the taleman, "or not to hev 'em, if I don't want to set on the jury?"

A Phenomenal Artist.

"He is the only true musical phenomenon I ever saw or heard."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because he acknowledges that he tours the country for cash first and art second; and that this isn't his farewell appearance."

An Extreme Case.

Rjones—And you say Biffers is absentminded?

Brown—Absentminded? Why, man, he's so absentminded that when he ought to have a headache his corn hurts.

Topic of Food For the Atlantic.

Commenting on the tremendous amount of food consumed on the average Atlantic liner nowadays, a writer in the Springfield Republican says: "At 8 comes the monumental breakfast; at 11 the deck steward fills up the comestible figures in the morgue with their beef tea from those thick, obese English cups; at 1 the magnanimous luncheon; at 5 the sleepers assaulted by the deck steward again; at 7 the awesome English dinner; at 9:30 a trifling lunch to ballast you for bed. Besides this baricade mounds of sandwiches, olives, cheese, crackers, perpetually stare you in the face in the smoking room. Food, food, food; the sight and smell of it pursue the unwilling stomach in every corner of the place; food tasted, wasted, thrown away. There is one port hole on the steership deck, from the galley apparently, which belches it forth in a continuous stream—half loves of bread, great remnants of meat; we have left a trail of it across the Atlantic. If some one would only estimate the tons of wasted food which are annually thrown into the Atlantic or could calculate how much cheaper these steamship companies could give us our travel if they substituted plain, self-respecting fare for this gilded glut, it would certainly be interesting and worth while."

One of the most widely disseminated of popular errors is that Dr. Guillotin invented the grim machine which still bears the name. The real inventor of this sinister contrivance was Dr. Louis, a well known medical man and permanent secretary of the Parisian School of Medicine, or Academie de Medicine.

Dr. Guillotin, who died in 1814, energetically but vainly protested against the use of his name in connection with this disagreeable subject—an evidence, if one were wanted, of the great difficulty there is of correcting a popular error. Needless to say that the legend that Dr. Guillotin was among the victims of his friend's ingenious and merciful instrument of destruction is wholly apocryphal. He died at a good old age and in his bed, surrounded by his children, who, however, obtained permission to change their name.

Outward Show in Italy.
All over Italy social life is characterized by a great love of outward show. Here is an anecdote which Mr. Luigi Villari relates in "Italian Life in Town and Country" to illustrate this national feeling:

An American gentleman who was spending the winter in Naples had taken a flat in a palazzo, the first floor of which was occupied by a noble family in somewhat reduced circumstances. He noticed to his surprise that every day he met a servant going up or down the stairs carrying a pair of carriage doors. At last the mystery was explained. The said noble family shared a carriage with some other people, but each had its own doors with the family coat of arms, to make their friends believe that they both had carriages.

Moqui Village Orbits.
Among the picturesque features of life in the Moqui villages are the town criers, who take the place of the daily newspapers in civilized communities. There are two of these functionaries, one representing the "hostiles," and the other the "friendly," the opposing political parties in the Tusayan villages. Twice a day these officials ascend to the housetops and, wrapped in their scarlet blankets, their figures outlined against the clear blue sky, call out in long drawn, resonant tones whatever announcement or record of town happenings may be in order.

The Woe of Ovid.
"Men 'n' fickle," said Miss Miami Brown, "go back on you on de slightest provocation."

"What's been happenin'?" asked Miss Olivia Jefferson Ton-pkins.

"Mr. Rastus Pinkley come aroun' tryin' to kiss me, an', so as not to seem too willin' an' audacious, I smashed 'im wif a fustion, an' jes' foh dat he jilted me."

Teaching Him a Lesson.
Thompson—Did your wife scold you when you went home so late last night?

Johnson—You don't know what it is to have a wife who was once a school-teacher. She simply made me write a hundred times on a slate, "I must be home by 10 o'clock."

A Mean Rival.
Miss Esthete—Oh, I just adore poets! What a sad, soulful expression Mr. Lounghan has.

Mr. Smartchap—You would have a sad, soulful expression, too, if you were as far behind in your board bill as he is.

Toothache.
Dentist—Been suffering from toothache, I see.

She—Yes; haven't slept a wink for three nights.

Dentist—Is it a back one or—

She—No; it's my husband's tooth.

Not a Bargain Day.
The Husband (during the quarrel)—You're always making bargains. Was there ever a time when you didn't?

The Wife—Yes, sir; on my wedding day.

Plenty of Proof.
Alice—What makes you think your new photographs are so horrid?

Gladye—All my girl friends ask for one, but my male friends don't.

Nothing is more distressing than young men trying to act old or old men trying to act young.—Chicago News.

Ayer's

Doctors first prescribed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral over 60 years ago. They use it today more than ever. They

Cherry Pectoral

rely upon it for colds, coughs, bronchitis, consumption. They will tell you how it heals inflamed lungs.

"I had a very bad cough for three years. Then I used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. My lungs were soon healed and my cough dropped away."

For Old Coughs

One Ayer's Pill at bedtime insures a natural action next morning.

Prepared by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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