Athens Reporter

TUESDAY AFTERNOON

___ BY ___ B. LOVERIN

SUBSCRIPTION

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ADVERTISING

notices in local or news col-ne for first iosertion and five

me."

"My dear Sir Victor," with a little pont,
"don't be unreasonable. I should laws
something to do, if I put you on courant of
all my acquaintances. I knew Mr.
Catheron—slightly," with a gasp. Is there

all my acquaintances. I knew Catheron—alightly," with a gasp. Is there any crime in that?"
"Yes!" Sir Victor answers, in a voice that makes his wife jump and his son cry.
"Yes—there is. I wouldn't own a dog—if Juan Catheron had owned him before me.

Juan Catheron had owned him before me. To look at him, is pollution enough—to know him—disgrace!"
"Victor! Disgrace!"
"Disgrace, Ethel! He is one of the vilest, most profligate, most lost wretches that ever disgraced a good name. Ethel, I command you to tell me—was this man ever anything to you—friend—lover—what?"
'And if he has been—what then?" She rises and faces him proudly. "Am I to answer for his sins?"

answer for his sins?

"Yes—we all must answer more or bess
for those who are our friends. How come
you to have his picture? What has he been
to you? Not your lover—for Heaven's
sake, Ethel, never that?

"And why not? Mind?" she says, still
facing him, her blue eyes aglitter, "I don't
say that he was, but if he was—what then?

"What then?" He is white to the lips
with jealous rage and fear. "This then—
you should never again be wife of mine?

"Victor?" she puts out her hands as if to
ward off a blow, "don't say that—oh, don't
say that! And—and it isn't true—he never
was a lover of mine—never, never?

She burst out with the denial in passionato fear and trembling. In all her wedded
life she has never seen him look, heard him
speak like this, though she had seen him
jealous—needlessly—often.

"He never was your lover? You are

ne the truth?"

no—never! never, Victor—don't

te that! Oh what brought that

d picture here! I knew him

only that—and he did give me

tograph. How could I tell he

was the wretch you say he is—how could I think there would be any harm in taking a picture? He seemed nice, Victor. What did he ever do?"

"He seemed nice!" Sir Victor repeated bitterly, "and what did he ever do? What has he left undone, you had better ask. He has broken every command of the decalegue—every law human and divine. He is dead to us all—his sister included, and has been these seven years. Ethel, can I believe—"

"I have told you. Sir Victor. You will

Ess photograph. How could I tell as was the wretch you say he is—how could I think there would be any harm in taking a picture? He seemed nice! Nice it was a process of the wretch you as you had be any harm in taking a picture? He seemed nice! Sir Victor repeated bitterly, "and what did he ever do?"

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She understands him. His very jealousy and anger are born of his passionate love for her. To grieve her is torture to him, yet he grieves her often.

For a tradesman's daughter to marry abaronet may be but one remove from paradise; still it is a remove. And the serpent in Lady Catheron's Eden is the ugllest and most vicious of all serpents—jealousy. He has never shown his green oyes and obnoxious claws so palpably before, and as Sir Victor looks at her bending over her baby, his fierce paroxysm of jealousy gives way to a fierce paroxysm of flow.

"Oh, Ethel, forgive me!" he says; "I did not mean to wound you, but the thought of that mam—faugh! But I am a foot to be jealous of you, my white lily. Kiss me—forgive me—well throw this snake in the grass out of the window and forget it. Only—I had rather you had told me."

He tears up the wretched little mischiefmaking pioture, and flings it out of the window with a look of disgust. Then they "Matter all about up there now, and how linez takes it. I about up there now, and how linez takes it. I about up there now, and how linez takes it. I about up there what they're all about up there now, and how linez takes it. I about up there what they're a

"I've given them a rare fright if no hisse less. He went off eith a taight of me, and a Catheron, Sir Victor was afraid, ""LL NOT BELIEVE BUT DESDEMONA's Hongs."

With a cry that is nothing like human and a Catheron, Sir Victor was afraid, ""LL NOT BELIEVE BUT DESDEMONA's Hongs."

With a cry that is nothing like human and the same below to the Gray Lady, who walls twise in every year in Ruper's Tower!

Like all sine old families, we have our fine old family ghost, and would not part with it for the world. I'll tell you the legand some day; at present 'acrew your courage to the stoking place, for here we are."

He descended from the carriage, and walked into the grand manoral hall, vest equally the same and fury; "stand back, or by the state sequence of the stoking place, for here we are."

He descended from the carriage, and walked into the grand and the same had a state of this narrow. The sheet very plate, She cleung to him, poor childra and left in the old gleasant way, he shock hands with Mrs. Marsh and Mr. Hooper, presented them to my lady, and bravely fine the same and for a moment allence of the state of

"The ownin, he said, "my wife; Ines, this is fishis."
There was a certain nathos in the simplicity of the words, in the tone of his voice, in the look of his yes. And as some very uplified young empress might how to the lowliest of her handmaidens, Miss Catheron howed to Lady Gatheron.

"Ethel," she repeated, a smile on her lipe, "a pretty name, and a pretty face. I congratulate you en your taste, victor. And this is the baby—I must look at him."

There was an insufferable insolence in the smile, an insufferable sneer in the complisees. Ethel had half extended a timid hand—Victor had wholly extended a pleading one. She took not the slightest notice of either. She lifted the white veil, and looked down at the elseying baby.

"The heir of Catheron Royals," she said, "and a fine haby, no doubt, as babies go. I den't pretend to be a judge. He is very bald and raug flably, and very fat just at present. Whem does he resemble? Not you, Victor. Oh, ne doubt the distaff side of the house. What do you call him, nurse? Not christened yet? But of course the heir of the house is always christened at Catheron Royals. Victor, no doubt you will follow the halls of year ancestors, and give him his mother's fasqiily name. Your mother was the daughter of a marquis, and you are Victor St. Albase Catheron. Good customs should not be drepped—let your sen's name be Victor Bobb Catheron."

She laughted as she drepped the veil, a laugh that mide all the Blood in Sir Victor's body tingle in his face. But he stood silent. And it was Ethel who, to the sur-

least that midde all the Dicod in Sir Victor's body tingle in his face. But he stood silent. And it was Ethel who, to the surprise of every one, her husband included, turned upon Miss Catheren with flashing eyes and flushing cheeks.

"And suppose, he is christened Victor Dobb Catheron, what then? It is an honest English name, of which none of my family have ever had reason to feel ashamed. My husband's mother may have been the daughter of a marquis—my son's mother is the daughter of a tradesman—the name that has been good enough for me will be good enough for him. I have yet to learn there is any disgrace in honest trade."

Miss Catheron smiled once mere, a smile more stinging than words.

Miss Catheron smiled once mere, a smile more singing than words.

"No doubt. You have many things yet to learn, I am quite sure. Victor, tell your wife that, however dulet her voice may be, it would sound sweeter if not raised so very high. Of sourse, it is to be expected.—I make every allowance, poor child, for the failings of her—class. The dressing-bell is ringing, dinner in an hour, until then—au revoir."

Still with that most insolent smile she bows low once more, and in her gold silk, her Spanish laces, her diamonds and splendor, Miss Catheron swept out of the room.

And this was Ethel's welcome home.

Just two hours later, a young man came walking briskly up the long avenue leading to the great portice entrance of Catheron Royals. The night was dark, except for the chill white stars—here under the arching oaks and elms not even the starlight shone. But neither for the darkness nor loneliness cared this young man. With his hands in his pockets he went along at a swinging pace, whistling oheerily. He was very tall; he walked with a swagger. You could make out no more in the darkness. The great house loomed up before him,

"What' Joseph Composition of the stable has been been as deading its work, as all our folice past and present are pretty sure to do.

CHAPTER III.

HOW LADY CATHERON CABE HOME.

Late in the afteynon of a September day Sir Victor Catheron, for Catheron Royals, arough thome hir county stock seconded. And it had been a dead secret. Dreadful! And Inc. Catheron Royals and the secret. Dreadful! And Inc. Catheron was jilled? Shocking! And she was a mosp-boiler of augular! Horriber; And man could keep his secret no longer, how was bringing his wife and child home.

The resident goutry eat thunder-struck. Didde speetthey would all! (Thiswaths gentless and the shock provided that there had been a dead secret. Dreadful! And Inc. Catheron was jilled? Shocking! And she was a map-boiler of augular! Horriber; And man could keep his secret no longer, how was bringing his wife and child home.

The resident goutry eat thunder-struck. Didde speetthey would all! (Thiswaths gentless and the background, but the lim must be drawn somewhere, and the damp term of a Leadon soap-boiler they would not receive. Who was to be positive that there had been a Ahitwavery and—very said. There was a well-known, well hidden taint of insanity in the Catheron family. It must be that latent insanity cropping up. The young man must simply be made the stable and the shock of the servants (with Mrx. Marsh, the house and positive that there had been a hardy the said with the servant was a server of the servants (with Mrx. Marsh, the house and positive that there had been a heart of the servant was a server of the s

her. And no one spoke—what was there to be said?

It was a fortunate thing that just at this juncture haby should see fit to wake and set up a dismal cry, so shrill as to penetrate even to the distant dimmer-room. Lady Catheron rose to her feet, uttered a hasty and incoherent apology and ran from the room.

She did not return. Peace reigned, the infant heir of the Catherons was noothed, but his mamma went downstairs no more

And you are the first of your line who has blurred the family escutcheon. Dates' daughters have entered Catheron Royals as brides. It was left for you to wed a soapboiler's daughter in Thus Lady Helena Powyas, of Powyas Place, to her meshew, Sir Victor Catheron, just one fortnight after that memorable night of his wife and heir's coming home, the young man stood listening in sullen anger, the red blood mounting to his very temples. His Cousin Inex had managed during the past two weeks to make his existence as thoroughly uncomfortable as a thoroughly jealous and spiteful woman can. He had flown at last to his aunt for comfort and this is how he got it.

"Lady Helena," he burst forth, "this is "Lady Helena," he burst forth, "this is some hearth was gone. I bought one bottle of flows who assisted the old Liberal done me more good than any \$50 worth of doctoring I ever did in my life. I would advise every weakly ife. I would advise every weakly erson to use this valuable and lovely remedy." A trial bottle will convince you. Warranted by J. P. Lamb.

"Lady Helena," he burst forth, "this is many sheart, it must be through his stom-

his aunt for comfort and this is how he got it.

"Lady Helena," he burst forth, "this is too much! Not even from you will I bear it. A soap-boiler's daughter my wife may be—it is the only charge that can be brought against her. I have married to please myself, and it does please me enormously. Inex, confound her! badgers me enough. I didn't expect, Aunt Helena, to be badgered by you."

"I have no wish to badger you. I bring no charge against your wife. I have seen her but once, and personally I like her excessively. I believe her to be as good as she is pretty. But against your conduct, I

cessively. I believe her to be as good as she is pretty. But against your conduct, I do and will protest. You have cruelly, shamefully wronged your cousin—humiliat-ed her beyond all telling. I can only won-der—yes, Victor, wonder—that with her fiery nature she takes it as quietly as she does."

hery nature she takes it as quietly as she does."

"As quietly as she does! Good Heavens!" burst forth this "badgered" baronet.

"You should live in the same house with her to find out how quietly she takes it. Women understand how to torture—they should have been grand inquisitors of a Spanish inquisition, if such a thing ever existed. I am afraid to face her. She stabs my wife in fifty different ways fifty times a day, and I—my guilty conscience won't let me silence her. Ethel has not known a happy hour since she entered Catheron Royals, and all through her infernal serpent tongue. Let her take care—if she were ten times my goosin, even she may go one step

The street of the control of the con south of the village of Wheatley, eight miles from Leamington, has been the subject of an experience that has created not a little wonder, and has excited so much comment in the vimity of the lady's home that the Post believes it will prove of general interest.

Proceeding to the handsome farm residence, we were ushered into a room where sat the genial old lady. Upon enquiry she informed us that she uwas in her eightieth year, and for one of her years she is the picture of health. She expressed her readiness to make public the particulars of her suffering and cure, stating that while she did not care to figure prominently in the newspapers, yet if her testimony would relieve others suffering as she had done, she would torego any scruples in the matter. She then real lated the story of her case as follows:

"About six years ago I was stricken with sciatica rheumatism, which first made its appearance in my left knee, but gradually took possession of all my limbs. Within three months after its first appearance I was unable to leave my bed, and day and night suffered the most excruciating pain. My limbs were swollen to more than twice their in a weary way, and puts up any every lass like this and says: "Ah, me dear fellah, it's custom, ye knaw." With that Jim, in a weary way, and puts up any every lass like this and says: "Ah, me dear fellah, it's custom, ye knaw." With that long pawdon. Does the—aw—boat leave from this dock?" He looked mighty scart, and that encouraged Jim, and my right arm was natural size, and drawn out of all natural shape. My feet were also badly swollen, and ny right arm was in the shape of a semi-circle. For three long years I suftered in this manner, being unable to put a foot to the floor, the only way I could move around was by being wheeled in a chair. My appetite gradually left me until I had no desire or relish for food of any kind, and I got very thin and weak. During all this time I kept doctoring with the medical practitioners of the neighborhood, and swallowed gallons of meditine which cost my husband much money, but I am unsupport of the neighborhood, and swallowed gallons of meditine which cost my husband much money, but I am unsupport of the neighborhood, and swallowed gallons of meditine which cost my husband much money, but I am unsupport of the neighborhood, and swallowed gallons of meditine which cost my husband much money, but I am unsupport of the neighborhood o

disgracefully, I say, to your cousin lines of vousness, weakings of the Sonhach, and you are the first of your line who has blurred the family escutcheon. Dukes daughters have entered Catheron Royals as the light was got to your to wade a search of South Amerian Nervine, which leader and some of his relatives in effect.

Elder Berry—Joblots tells me he still as serious doubts about the miracles.
Dr. Thirdly—Why should he have? Elder Berry-He can't get over the fact

Quick Change of Base.

Helen van de Riche (entering drawingroom, quite out of breath)—Oh, girls! have
you heard the news?

Change No. fell us you heard the news:
Chorus-No; fell us.
Helen-Well, you know Lulu Perkins,
who married Count Bigstuff?
Chorus-Of Carse-poor thing!
Helen-And how he abused her?

gallons of medicine which cost my husband much money, but I am unsable to say that I received any benefit from this medicine. My agony kept increasing and my system growing weaker, till many times death would have been a welcome relief to my safferings. Af er reading in the newspapers about the many cures effected in the same of knaw!"
"And then, of course, Jim sailed in t

"And then, ef course, Jim saued in vo-mash him?"
"Of course. Spit on his hands and sailed in to wreck chappie's bloomin' future, but sunthin' happened. The little feller drops his cane, puts up his dukes, and in one blessed minute Jim was a licked man. Chappie skips around him, and climbs over him, and fights two-handed, and by and by he swings for the riaw and Jim goes over that box was before the rheumatism came I am now able to knit and sew as I am now able to knit and sew as I am falls asleep like a bloomin' summer

and falls asleep like a bloomin' summer even', and it wasn't two minits ago that he opened his bloomin' eyes."

"But about the dude?"

"Oh, he stops a minit to pick up his cane and shake a wrinkle outer his pants, and then goes off sayin': "Sorry to do it, ye knaw, but I weally had to. Wanted to poke me in the eye, doncher see, and I nevah allow it—hevah. Fellahs. au revoir."

Why He Didn't Wans It.

Why He Didn't Want It. Jones—I say, old man, have you a dolar you don't want? nar you don't want?
Smiti—Yes, here it is. Take it.
Jones—Awfully good of yos, old man.
You are sure you don't want it?
Smith—Yes, absolutely sure. It's counterfeit.

EX-REGISTRAR M'DOUGALL DEAD. He Was Prominent in Political Circle Berlin, Ont., Aug. 29.—Mr. D. Mc-Dongail, ex-registrar of the county died at his residence here last evening at the age of 70 years.

Dougall McDongall was born in the city

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Ring Bone. Sweeney, Stifles, Sprains. Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted by J. P. Lamb.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits, 75 cents. Warranted by J. P. Lamb.

Rebecca Wilkinson, of Brownsvalley, Ind., says: "I had been in a distressed condition for three years from Nervousness, Weakness of the Stomach, Mackenzia returned from exile and was largely instrumental in genting in fine the strength of the ex-registrat of Ottage and the disease immediately disappears, in the first dose greatly benefits, 75 cents. Warranted by J. P. Lamb.

Rebecca Wilkinson, of Brownsvalley, Ind., says: "I had been in a distressed condition for three years from Nervousness, Weakness of the Stomach, and McDongall was born in the eity of Glagow, Scotland, and was of Highland Scotch parentage. His father came to Canada with a large family of thirteen sons and two daughters. He estited first at Chataugay in Quebec and afterwards removed to Torouto where he engaged in the business. Young McDongall was born in the eity of Glagow, Scotland, and was of Highland Scotch parentage. His father came to Canada with a large family of thirteen sons and two daughters. He estited first at Chataugay in Quebec and afterwards removed to Torouto where he engaged in the business. Young McDongall was born in the eity of Glagow, Scotland, and was of Highland Scotch parentage. His father came to Canada with a large family of Chapter at Chataugay in Quebec and afterwards at Chataugay in Quebec and afterwards to Chapter at the catauge of Heads at Chataugay in Quebec and afterwards to Chapter at the table cannot be added to Torouto where he engaged in the busines ndition for three years from Ner-bellion losses bill. When thinam Lyon usness, Weakness of the Stomach, Mackensis returned from exile and was

In 1856 he removed to Berlin where

In 1856 he removed to Berlin where he became proprietor and editor of the Berlin The Retort Courteous.

"What kind of men do you like best to eai?" asked the traveler.

"The kind your mother used to make," rejoined the cannibal, with a hard, significant look.

Proof Positive.

Deacon Heavyweight—Do you suppose that our first parents in the Garden of Eden indulged in intoxicating liquors?

Harry Hopeless—Eve must have. She saw snakes and fell.

A Doubter.

A TORONTO TRAVELLER KILLED. Run Over by His Waggon on the Ros

NewCastle, Ont. Aug. 30.—A fatal accident occurred north of here on the hill going into Orono, in which Jacob D. Spence, 42 Park road, Toronto, traveller for the Bryce Publishing Company, lost his life.

chorus—No; tell us.

Helen—Well, you know Lulu Perkins, he married Count Bigstuff?

Chorus—Of Course—poor thing!

Helen—And how he abused her?

Chorus—The wretch—yes, yes!

Helen—And how she had to leave him?

Chorus (sobs)—Y-yes!

slipped torward and to save it he made so slipped to ward and to save it he made so do not not so do not not slipped to ward and to save it he made so slipped to ward and to save it he made so slipped to ward and to save it he made so slipped to ward and to save it he made so slipped to ward and to save it he made so slipped to ward and to save it he made so slipped to ward and to save it he made so slipped to ward and to save it he made so slipped to ward and to sa

Helen—And how she had to leave nim;
Chorus (sobs)—Y-yes!
Helen—And how he got a divorce for lesertion?
Chorus—The titled brute!
Helen—After spending all her money?
Chorus—She might have known.
Helen—Well—he's here!
Eestatic Chorus—Oh, Helen, you little mischief! Which of us shall invite him schief! Which of us shall invite him



You Ask

We Answer

A. M. CHASSEL

ATHENS

He has just put in an extensive line

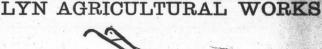
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Have a good stock of genuine all-wool Yarn and Cloth, will be prepared to sell the same at moderate prices, and will times be prepared to pay the highest market price for

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R. WALKER

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are signs of weakness. Don't wait until you are weaker and nearer Consumption. Begin at once with

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and soda. It strengthens the Lungs, cures Coughs and Colds, and builds up the system.

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