Preparing the Way.

Widow—Mr. Jones, your sympathy brikes me very forcibly. Mr. Jones—Thanks; I meant it for a ympathetic strike

Chappie-You wouldn't marry me, vould you?
Miss Fitz—You bet I wouldn't.
Chappie—I did bet ten.—Judge.

No Resemblance.

Slimmy—I saw a receipted bill to-day. Shorty—You don't say? What did

Slimmy-Nothing in your possession,

Principally the Letter. Hirdso—What did you do while you rers in the country? Saidso—I was just fishing and lying

A TRIP TO EUROPE.

around.

B. LOVERIN

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.25 IF NOT PAID IN THREE MONTHS.

ADVERTISING

A PLAY TO MAKE TALK.

A WIFE AND CHILD STAKED ON THE

queraders"-Love and Honor Against \$1,000,000-A Scene of Thrills That Nor Who Witness Can Ever Forget.

"The Masqueraders" is the name of the most recent drama performed at St. James' Theatre, London, and it is a big thing dramatically. The author is Henry Arthur Jones, and his play has now been running three months with no signs of waning in-terest. There are twenty-two characters in "The Masqueraders," and several big



scenes in which many people figure, notably the big fox hunt breakfast in the first act, where the barmaids' kisses are put up at auction, and the ballroom scene in the econd act.
"The Masqueraders," said an English

James, "is daring and unconventional. It a original and inventive; it is forcible and direct, and it contains one of the finest dramatic incidents that we have seen for many a long day—the famous moment when a bankrupt, spendthrift husband stakes his all, his wife and his child, against his rival's fortune of £200,000—in our money \$1,000,000. It is a scene of thrills, a scene that stirred a fashionable audience to unfashionable applause, a scene that none who saw will ever for-

get."
But, to the story. Here it is: Dulcie
Larondie is a barmaid at the Stag Hotel,
and we first see her engaged in the performance of her duties on the occasion of formance of the duties of the deceasion of a hunt ball given in the assembly rooms of that place of entertainment. She is pretty, bright, charming, and fired by a longing sense for enjoyment-that enjoyment sense for enjoyment—that enjoyment which comes through the possession of material things. She is young and inconsiderate, and, though she is impulsive, she nevertheless is not without a certain depth of feeling. We see at the opening of the play David Remon, a dreamer, touched by a strong sentiment for the girl—a sentiment poetic and elevating. He loves her with all his heart. On the other hand Sir Brice Skene has an ungovernable passion Brice Skene has an ungovernable passion for Dulcie. The rivals encounter each other, each seeking an opportunity to express his admiration for her. We see redecated fox-hunters, the society of the county, hotel servants and waiters, all mixed rith an admired confusion. Standing out om the whole we note Remon, Sir Brice

happened in the hunting field, and how a woman, through the death of her and, has become penniless. Suddenly the highest bidder, the payment for the privilege going to the charity. The bidding becomes fast and excited. Remon offers a couple of thousand pounds, the limit of his slender purse, but Skene wins, advancing his bid 3,000 guineas, and at the conclusion of the contest he offers his hand to Dulcie, who without thought, instantly accepts the offer of marriage, much to the accepts the offer of marriage, much to the mortification of Remon.

mortification of Remon.

In the second act we see Dulcie entertaining her friends. She is evidently leading an unhappy life with her husband and ms to derive no comfort from the acquaintances of the smart society by whom she is surrounded. Remon soon discovers that Sir Brice is in an impecunious condi tion and that there is no sympathy existing between him and his wife. Having



become the recipient of a large fortune by the death of a friend, Remon offers the as-

besome the recipient of a large fortune by the death of a friend, Remon offers the assistance of his purse.

In the third act we look upon a private sitting-room in the Hotel Prince de Galles, Nice, and learn that Lady Skene has somewhat benefited by the kindness of her admirer, Remon, but that she, in spite of the brutal behests of her husband, has refused to accept any further favor from the man who it is obvious, loves her. In this act we are aroused by one of the most effective scenes witnessed upon the stage. Remon has declared his love, and Dulcie is no longer able to control the deep sense of feeling which fills her, and confesses that she has loved him for years.

Just as this confession of mutual affection is uttered Sir Brice enters. He shows no indignation, but coolly asks Remon to wipe off old scores by playing with him for £600, the amount due by Skene to David Remon. Remon at first refuses, but, apparently goaded into despair, and moved by impulse, he offers to wager the whole of his large fortune, £200,000 against the wife and child of the baronet, who, driven to desperation by want of means, and by the knowledge that his wife loves him act, accepts the challenge. Now we see the rivals face to face. Remon, a dreamer of dreams. Sir Brice Skene is exsentially a materialist, a ruined gamble, with the manners of a gentleman. The contrast between these characters.

motionless. It the first cut of the cards Sir Brice wins. David wins the second cut. Then comes the cut that will decide the enormous stake. Sir Brice gobbles goblets of brandy and makes Remon cut first. Remon cuts an "eight." Nervow, trembling, half hesitating, Sir Brice cuts, glauces at his card and mutters an imprecation—he has lost.

Then the manihood springs up in Remon, He flings the table aside, catches his man by the throat, and with all the strength he can command, forces Sir Brice to make cath that he will never lay claim to his wife and child again. This thrilling incident ends with Remon's threat that if Sir Brice ever dares to lay finger on his wife ever dares to lay finger on his wife ild he will invoke the laws to break ands that bind Dulcie to him. the dramatic critic already quoted, "and that the men sought the fresh air. This scene along would make any play live. It



THE MASQUERADERS-ACT III. thank heaven! there was neither parado

or epigram in it!"
Though Dulcie had told Remon that she married life are a memory of a loveles loves him, though the revel past, though everything has conspired to make her despise the selfish, artificial and self in the last act with Remon in his ob servatory high up in the mountains, she shrinks from taking the final step. He calls upon her to be true to her avowals, but she recoils with fear and trembling from throwing herself into the abyss infidelity. There is no doubt that the duties of maternity have suddenly inter vened, and that just as Remon is about to drink of the nectar of love she dashes the goblet from his lips. In Dulcie's case pas-sion plays a secondary part to a mother's love. Remon, entreated by Dulcie's sister, yields up the prize he has won. ards in Canada and the United States

SKIPPER MAUD SUTTON

Many Times to Victory.



MISS MAUD SUTTON. an English product. Just at present Miss Maud Sutton, daughter of the late Sir Richard Sutton, is attracting attention in England as a sportswoman. She is the owner of the crack Herreshoff-built one

rater Morwena, which has already won many victories on the Clyde, Miss Sutton steered her yacht to victory thirty times last year, and her prizes are now represented in the ag-gregate by a splendid diamond crescent, This season she has already scored nineteen victories, and it is expected before the yachting season closes she will eclipse her achievements of 1893. She is an attrachusband, has become penniless. Suddenly a subscription is started on her behalf, and in the frole of the moment it is proposed that Dulcie should award a kiss to the highest highest



MISS MAUD SUTTON'S MORWENA.

July, 1885, having sailed from England just thirty days previously. It was the first challenge for the America Cup which had been received in some years, and pop-ular interest in the result of the races was excited to a high pitch. The Priscilla, the Atlantic and the Puritan contested for the honor of defending the cup, and the Puri-tan, which was the first of the big Burgess Sir Richard Sutton died on Feb. 25, 1891. His daughter, Maud, inherited a considerable fortune from him.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER

"THAT WILL DO!" she is expected to believe the world is flat just because he does."

replied Mrs. Bowser.
"In the first place," he continued, cast ing the paper aside, "the ordinarily intelligent woman may be credited with holding just as sound and reasonable opinions as the ordinarily intelligent man.

"That is true."

"He has no more right to expect the wife to surrender her opinions than she has for him to do the same. She may advance an opinion which he may convite her by argument is erroneous, and in that case, of course, she would abendon it."

"The idea of an old bulldozer browbeating his wife like that! Let's see. In his complaint he alleges that she willfully and muliciously insisted that a woman should Rhine to Mayence, and thence b Frankfort and Leipsig to Berlin. From Frankfort and Leipsig to Berlin. From bulldozing and browbeating, why didn't berlin we went to Dreaden, Munich, and convince her that her idea was untenshele?"

'How could he?' asked Mss. Bowser.

'Why, he could he?' asked Mss. Bowser.

'Why, he could he are called upon a thousand reasons. Of course no woman should have the right to vote."

'But I think they should all have that gight."

'What? What's that, Mrs. Bowser?' shouted Mr. Bowser, as he bobbed up in a state of excitement.

'I hold,' calmly continued Mrs. Bowser,

'I hold,' calmly continued Mrs. Bowser, comsisted simply of a camera and two have the right to vote. Now, instead of bulldozing and browbeating, why didn't he sit down and calmly argue the point and convince her that her idea was unten-

Why, he could have called upon a thousand reasons. Of course no woman should have the right to vote.

state of excitement. ate of excitement.
"I hold," calmly continued Mrs. Bowser,

"I hold," calmly continued Mrs. Bowser, "that every female in this country who has arrived at the age of 21 years should have the right to cast a ballot. As a class they are far more intelligent than men."
"Do you mean to tell me," said Mr. Bowser, as he took a step nearer and waved ser, as he took a step nearer and waved."

"Do you mean to tell me," said Mr. Bowser, as he took a step nearer and waved his spectacles in the air, "do you mean to tell me that you, for instance, could cast a tell me that you, for instance, could cast a tell me that you, for instance, could cast a tell me that you, for instance, could cast a tell me that you, for instance, could cast a tell me that you, for instance, could cast a tell me that you, for instance, could cast a tell me that you, for instance, could cast a tell wind that you are that a tell me that you for instance, could cast a tell wind that a tell me that you for instance, could cast a tell wind that a tell me that you for instance, could cast a tell wind that a tell wind

ho—-"
That will do, woman—that will do!"
tterrupted Mr. Bowser, as he danced terrupted Mr. Bowser, as follows the two of us per week were as follows. interrupted Mr. Bowser, as he danced around. 'Every human being with the intelligence of a chickadee knows that elligently—"
"You have only to vote the straight

ticket." she quietly interrupted.

"Are you talking to me?" he sternly demanded. "Then remember who I am. Take this

tariff question, for instance. While every m n intuitively understands the matter at issue, no woman——' sne, no woman——"

"I have read up on it and understand it ery thoroughly," she interrupted.

"You read politics, do you?"

London

London and England. very thoroughly," she interrupted.
"You read politics, do you?"

"Yes, sir; but I am willing to listen to

lowed the ballot."

"I won't do it!" he shouted as he walked up and down. "It is not for a husband to argue such nonsensical matters. It should be enough for you that I say you do not possess the necessary qualifications."

"What are those qualifications?"

"You are talking to me, are you?"

"You are talking to me, are you."

"It had so habred for a Chert Clerk."

"The start habred for the start start

argue such nonsensical matters. It should be enough for you that I say you do not possess the necessary qualifications."

"What are those qualifications?"

"You are talking to me, are you?"

"And you helped elect a County Clerk who stole the funds, a City Treasurer who suicided on account of a \$20,000 shortage, and a Coroner who could not write his own name. Did you have to be peculiarly qualified, Mr. Bowser?"

"Mrs. Bowser, I see now how that Ohio wife drove that Ohio husband to apply for a divorce," said Mr. Bowser as he started for the library.

"He was afraid she knew more than hedid," answered Mrs. Bowser.

He opened the library door, looked in, and then returned to his rocking chair and sat down. Not another word was said for half an hour. Then instead of saying that his lawyer would be ready to consult with her right away after breakfast he nearly seared the life out of her by calmly observing:

"You may possibly possess the necessary qualifications, but of course you wouldn't care to mix up in politics. Of course not?"

And Mrs. Bowser can't make up her mind whether she got the better of him or the search of the property of the prevention of the permind whether she got the better of him or the search of the prevention of the permind whether she got the better of him or the search of the permind whether she got the better of him or the long of the permind whether she got the better of him or the long of the permind whether she got the better of him or the long of the permind whether she got the better of him or the long of the permind whether she got the better of him or the long of the life of the life

not!'
And Mrs. Bowser can't make up her mind whether she got the better of him or Bleycle Tires of Paper.

It is claimed in an Eastern journal that a process is now under way which, if successful, will be the means of introducing a pneumatic paper tire for bicycle wheels. Leather has been tried, but does not work well, the journal in question adds. There are several reasons why attempts are being made to introduce a substitute for rubber. The two principal ones are the cost and the ease with which rubber tires are "pricked" by sharp stones or pieces of glass, thus necessitating the bicyclistcarrying an equipment of plasters and a pump. That the rubber tire now in use, especially when made on the pneumatic prinple, is good for the rider and the machine cannot be doubted, but the great point now is to get the bicycle down to where the workman can purchase. Bicycles at \$100 to \$150, or even \$65, are beyond the reach of many. The substitution of paper tires for rubber means a discount on the price of the bicycles of about \$12. Two rubber pneumatic tires cost \$20 when on the wheel. Two pneumatic paper tires will cost but \$8 when on the wheel. The paper tire has provens good, substantial and elastic as the rubber. In fact there are several points about it which make it superior. The life of a rubber will be flep years that the life of these will be flep years that the life of these will be flep years that the life of these will be flep years. his nature is undergoing a great change,

Bicycle Tires of Paper.

more.

Not After Minnows.

It is claimed in an Eastern journal



Composite photograph of a college gra-luating class in 1899.

Trouble Ahead.

Hicks—If a certain business man doesn't let up sending letters to my wife, there is going to be a row.

Dix—Why, what can the old reprobate have to say to her?

Hicks—Keeps inviting her to his millinery openings.

and never thought of being as healthy as I am today. Why at that time, I was such a scrawny, puny little midget, pale and emaciated by an ailment peculiar to us women, that my father and mother gave me up to die. The local practitioner (I was at that time I was not a matter of days when I was only a matter of days when I would be laid away in the church yard, and as I was such a sufferer I cared not whether I lived or died ; in fact, think I would have preferred the latter. "I could not walk, and regularly every night my father used to carry me up stairs to my room. I remember my telling him that he wouldn't have to carry me about much longer, and how he said with tears in his eyes that he would be willing to do it always, if he could only have me with him. It was evidently foreordained that I should not die at that particular time, as a miraculous transfortmation in my-condition was the talk of the neighborhood. I read of the wonderful cures that were being wrought by Dr. William's Fink Pills for Pale People, and my father went Brantford, where he purchased a couple of boxes from Jas. A. Wallace. I commenced taking them, and I thought for a time that they did me no good, as they made me sick at first, but very shortly I noticed a great change. They began to act on my trouble, and in the short space of six months I was in the short space of six months I was in the short space of six months I was in the short space of six months I was able to walk. I continue I taking the pills, and in six months I was in the short space of six months I was in the short space of six months I was in the short space of six months I was in the short space of six months I was in the short space of six months I was in the short space of six months I was in the short space of six months I was in the short space of six months I was in the short space and the space of the sections and then had to rahage them. Short space is so, put all the bags and bundles of the space is so, put all the bags and bundles of the space is so, put all the

The Cost May be Less Than Two Dollars
a Day if You Choose.
A correspondent of the San Francisco
Chronicle, who, with a friend, had asix
months' trip abroad, has the following
to say regarding the expense incident to
the outing: the outing:

It was exactly five months from the day we left New York to the day when we saw Sandy Hook light again. We went first to Chasgow, doing Scotland, England and London; then we visited Holland and then Belgium, followed the

> Williams' Medicine Company, Brock-ville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

> > EDMUND RUSSELL.

Beauty, as defined by Delsarte, is com-plexity, provided there is harmony in

all the parts.

One tone in color dwelt up is as monotonous as one tone a the piano; range in color, with narmony, must exist in all beautiful dress and decoration.

Flain surfaces in dress and house de-coration are to be avoided unless fash-ioned in great complexity, thus giving, in variety of graceful line, the requisite heauty

in variety of graceful line, the requisite beauty.

The Oriental color scheme is generally red, blue and yellow, but ingenious use of complexity in design subordinates the primitive tints and gives beauty.

Do not be afraid of massing colors. Instead of spattering blue spots in old china, cushions or draperies about a room mass them in one corner. Have an Oriental corner if you choose, with pillows, screens, draperies and bricabrat in those tones which form rich color chords.

color chords.

In environment as well as in dress beware of non essentials. A cheap lace tidy on a \$25 chair reduces the value of that chair to 10 cents; so non-essentials in dress minimize the personality.

Study occasion as well as garb; the commercial life of woman is pressing her into a uniform of tailor-made gowns and business dress which is deplorable. Receptions and social functions are injured in beauty by such dressing.

Beautiful events should be honored by beautiful apparel. Street clothes should not be worn to social gatherings which promote culture. If we would pay as great a tribute to art as to society, culture would become society.

Treasure and use your bits of antique jewelry and fabrics. We should mourn the loss of the high type, old-time beautiful clothes the old-tilks sating laces.

the loss of the high-type, old-time beautiful clothes, the old silks, satins, laces and ornaments which gave beauty and elegant personality to social assemblies.

Beauty, not style, should be the standard for dress. If women who have original and intelligent ideas on dress would band in clubs of thirty they could emancipate themselves and dominate the dressmakers, who now rule them cipate themselves and dominat dressmakers, who now rule them.

For evening wear choose colors which resemble the human flesh—the most beautiful thing in the world; pink in grayish tones and old ivory white are advised, as nearest the tint of healthy flesh. So much flesh is confined in tight corsets, stiff clothes and high collars that the average society man and woman are really not flesh all, but only capacity meat.

lars that the average society man and woman are really not flesh all, but only canned meat.

Mme. Blavatsky was one of the best-dressed large women in the world. Instead of attracting attention to her outlines and accent made suit, she always wore large, loose gowns hanging from the shoulders, which, although she was massive gave her a form of pleasing, graceful lines. A Moral Lesson.



"Now, see here, my son, if I ketch you stealin apples from me again I'll give you a wallopin. Hain't you got no sense, robbin' your own father? If you needs apples, ain't there plenty o' neighbors round you can hook from?"

WHEN WIFIE IS AWAY.

DIVERSIONS OF THE MARRIED MAN WHO IS LEFT HOME ALONE.

life of the "Three Musketeers."

One o'clock, 2 o'clock, 3 o'clock strike, and still he reads on. At first he reads guiltily, as one who fears to be surprised in some criminal act, but by the end of the week he will have grown accustomed to doing as he pleases and will no longer expect the voice of rebuke from his drowsy mate.—Buffalo Courier.

Dead Paupers Made Useful.

a defunct pauper. Hood's plaintive wail—

Rattle his bones over the stones:
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns—
he artificial teeth which contains a good deal of gold—last relic of more prosperous times—and in the interest of the ratepayers the precious metal must be secured and turned into pounds sterling. Often, too, they are the owners of rings or tiny trinkets, not pawnable, but still containing as much auriferous value as not a few modern gold mines. These have to be collected and also converted into cash by means of the melting pot. In the Holborn Union the melting process takes place once a year, and has just been accomplished for the present season. The jewelry dealt with is what is found on paupers who die friendless and unclaimed in its various establishments.

This week rings, chains, brooches and trinket have hear melted deven and to the present have been melted deven and trinkets have hear melted deven.

establishments.

This week rings, chains, brooches and trinkets have been melted down, and produced a bar of gold, estimated at 11 carats, and worth about £40. A good portion of it was got from the plates of artificial teeth. Mr. Walton said that on one set of artificial teeth there was at least £4 worth of gold. The proceeds are paid into the common exchequer of the union.—London Telegraph.

Ingenious Sunggillus.

"One of the most ingenious devices for snuggling was detected in Russia not long ago." said O. L. Ratovitch, of St. Petersburg, to a reporter. "A great number of false bank notes had been put into circulation within the dominions of the czar. They could only have been imported, and, although the strictest search was made habitually over every vessel entering a Russian port, no trace of the smuggling of false notes was discovered. Accident, however, at last wessel entering a Russian port, no trace of the smuggling of false notes was discovered. Accident, however, at last brought the mystery to light. It happened that several cases of lead pencils arrived one day from England, and while being examined one of them fell out from a package, and the Custom House officer, picking it up, cut it to a point, and used it to sign the order which delivered up the pencils to the consignee. He kept the loose pencil for his own use, and a few days afterwards, because it again needed a new point he cut it again, and found that there was no more lead. He cut still further, and was surprised to find a thin roll of paper nested in the hollow place where the lead was surposed to be. The paper was one of the false notes, and in this way they had been smuggled into the country."

Seed Thought.

Wall be prepared to sell the same at moderate prices, and will at all times be prepared to pay the highest market price for wool in cash or trade.

R. WALKER

Blood Diseases

may be inherited, or acquired during life.

Blood should be rich to insure health.

Scott's Emulsion

Seed Thought.

Good words do more than hard speeches as the sunbeams, without any noise, will make the traveler cast off his cloak, which all the blustering winds could not do, but only make him bind it closer to him.—Archbishop Leighton.

A man's conduct is an unspeken sermon.—Amiel.

This poor one thing I do; instead of repining at its lowliness or its hardiness, I

pining at its lowliness or its hardiness, I will make it glorious by my supreme loyalty to its demand.—Gunnett. If thou bear thy cross willingly it will bear thee. If thou bearest it unwillingly thou increasest thy load, and yet thou must bear it.—Thomas a Kempis. Fire at the Sarnia Oil Works.

Fire at the Sarnia Oll Works.

SARNIA, Aug. 3.—A terrific fire broke out yesterday in the premises of the Candaian Oil Company, consuming most of their outbuildings including the barrelling houses, agitator tanks, bleacher and several hundred barrells of oil. The loss will be heavy. The residence of Charles Beith in the adjoining block was entirely consumed.

"Now, see here, my son, if I ketch you stealin's apples from me again I'll give you a wallopin." Hain't your got no sense to prove a wallopin the planty of neighbors round you can hook from?"

The Blabep Took the Prise.

The Its Blabep of Lichheld be was walking one day in the Black Country, and observing a group of collers seated by the round you readded in a semi-circle with a brass keitle in front of them, he had the curricuity to inquire what was going on.

"Why, yer honor," replied a grave-looking member of the group, "it's a grave-looking member

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of Cod-liver Oil, with hypophosphites of lime and soda, cures all Blood Diseases, including Scrofula and Anaemia. It makes the blood rich and nourishing. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

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