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THE "OLD RELIABLE" Tailoring -:- House

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BEGS YOUR ATTENTION His stock is now complete for the conseason. All the latest fabrics for Gents' Overcoats, Ulsters and Suits.

AT KEENEST CUT CASH PRICES Also a select atock of Gent's Ready-made Ulsters. Gents' Furnishings. Old Reliable House MAIN ST., ATHENS.

Horseshoeing a Specialty. The Wood-working Department will be in charge of Willard Aseltine, and orders will be taken for

All Kinds of Light and Heavy Carriages

S. H. MCBRATNEY



COUNTY NEWS.

INTERESTING LETTER FROM OUR Budget of News and Gossip. Person Intelligence.—A Little of Every TEMPERANCE LAKE

SATURDAY, Nov. 4.—Mr. and Mrs.
Young and Mrs. D. Mansell of Brockville spent Sunday at Mr. Mansell's.
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Towriss attended the wedding at Addison last

For the past two weeks our nega-borhood has experienced a little stir in the form of apple and husking becs, work being made light by pleasure. We learn with sorrow of Mr. D. Avery's illness, and wish him a speedy

ansdowne were guests of Mrs. Lansdowne were guests of life. Shift ton Mansell on Sunday. On Friday, 15th, a party of young people from Plum Hollow and Elbe assembled at Mr. T. Earl's and spent a very pleasant evening.

MCINTOSH MILLS.

FRIDAY, Nov. 1.—A parlor club has been organized by the young people of this place. There is strong talk of a brass band

the largest Whang in Wexford,
Libbie Graham has just returned
from Kingston where she has been
visiting friends for the past two Chas. Birch says that a wild beast of

hold has been seen in a narrow gorge of Fly Creek reserve.

The patronage so far to our public bath has exceeded the anticipation of the projectors. Nearly half a million persons have already visited the bath this season and when cooler weather this season and when cooler weather this patronage will be a rush from

sets in there will be a rush from Fairfax and Warburton that will tax to the atmost the lines of conveyance and the capacity of our city in procapacity of our city in providing satisfactory quarters. The next onths will be most favorable for carried on without discomfort. Not only the people of Warburton, but only the people of waterton, one every section of the country is anxious to see the energy and pluck of our people who have created this marvellous display abundantly rewarded. It is a monument to McIntosh Mills en

magnificent success it is.

SEELEY'S BAY FRIDAY, Oct. 25.-Last Saturday a arge crowd witnessed the return game of football between Sydenham and ley's Bay teams in this place. The first game was played three weeks ago in Sydenham and resulted in a defor our boys by a score of 1 to 0. suffered during the season, it is need-less to say they went in with a deternination to win. Both teams had been considerably strengthened and it was expected that the game would be an interesting one. Owing to the high wind, it could not be called a good exhibition of football, as 'the ball was almost entirely on one side of the field and the halt-backs had plenty of practice in throwing in. The first half opened with the Sydenham team half opened with the Sydenham team half opened with the sided with the wind some the field and the halt-backs had plenty of practice in throwing in. The first half opened with the Sydenham team half opened with that the Lord can use so lowly an Inins, varied by an occasional run up the
field, as, with the wind against them,
it was good folicy for the Bay team to
keep the ball out of play as much as
possible. In this half the ball was

PORTLAND. cept pretty well towards the Seeley's Bay end of the field, but Sydenham did not succed in scoring. In the second half the play was reversed and things began to look more favorable for Sceley's Bay, but the anxiety of their friends was not relieved till after a splendid run of doing dental

nearly the whole length of the field by Smith, Putnam, and Lillie, the ball

nam, but no more goals were scored.

NOTES.

Referee Sills of Sydenham managed the game to the satisfaction of all.

While the game was not rough, close and heavy checking was the order of the day.

The races of last Friday were largely attended. A purse of \$40 was the amount. The parties concerned were Mr. E. Guilday's horse "George G" was the winner. More races are anticipated.

This remedy absoluely never fails to give perfect relief in thirty minutes, and it is as harmless as the purest milk. Sold by J. P. Lamb.

DOES NOT IRRITATE, BUT HEALS. order of the day.

Sydenham has a strong team but their lack of combination was apparent.

Mr. W. Myers has gone to Boston,

Will their be another game?

A party consisting of C. Gilbert, J.
Moulton, Robt. Moulton, M. Kalph, and J. Bevins, starts next Monday for the north woods on a hunting expedition.

F. Charment. their friends for their liberality on the port.

Mr. Chas. Reid and family have

F. Chapman has purchased a wind-mill and will place it in position next

eating of Gananoque is visiting ster, Mrs. Heaslip, at present.

Mrs. D. H. Silter returned ho

as. Eno.
Rev. W. E. Reynolds

FRIDAY, Nov. 1.—Mr. A. Kavanaugh has returned home from Manitoba. He thinks that if he had gone to Dakota he would have done better. Mr. W. C. Hayes is doing some good work between Athens and McIntosh Mills in fixing the culberts on that road. When Mr. Hayes is overseer, we have confidence that the work will be well done.

We notice a young gentleman from

We notice a young gentleman from Athens driving a fast horse between that classic village and McIntosh Mills. What is the attraction?

FRIDAY, Nov. 1 .- Mr. G. A. Allan architect of Brockville, paid an official visit to the House of Industry accompanied by Charles Simpson, one of the contractors, and found the works pro gressing favorably towards completion.
Your correspondent paid a visit to
Athens and feels glad that the Gamble There is strong that of the control A canning factory is shortly to be established in this place.

Mr. D. Leeder is now the owner of the largest Whang in Wayford.

FAIRFIELD EAST.

THURSDAY, Oct. 31 .- Bert Smith i he happiest man in this community girl dat eher libed."

The Misses Mason and Birdsell are holding revival services near Algon-Mr. O. F. Bullis and wife of Athen

are attending the tent meeting at Algonquin, and also visiting friends in this vicinity last week.

Mr. Gordon Manhart has gone to his smiling countenance very much, but hope our loss will be his gain.

Mr. Ford Wiltse and wife of Athens were visiting at R. J. Sturgeon's on

unday last.

We are pleased to see the smiling visiting the bath, for the weather will be delightful and bathing can be again, after his sojourn in the cheese factory for the summer.

SATURDAY, Oct. 26 .- Mr. David Copeland, of Syracuse N. Y., gave his friends here a glad surprise by coming terprise and the way to emphasize the pride every one feels is to visit and thus encourage those who have labored so long and so hard to make it the magnificant success it is

is always welcome.

Mr. K. McVeigh of Addison, spent last Saturday with friends here. The revival meetings carried on by Mr. C. Loyd are resulting in much good. He met much opposition in his work at first, but the Lord has

down the field with the wind fell down, but the lowly ram's horns. slightly in their favor. This half-was Some around here do not seem to think little more then a succession of throw-

Dr. Lillie is here every Wednesday

doing dental work.

Mrs. D. White passed peacefully away on the 21st inst. She leaves a husband and two little children to hashed and hashed hashed hashed and hashed hashed hashed hashed hashed hashed hashed hashed

The races of last Friday were largely This remedy absoluely never fails to

pated.

Miss Jennie A. Rodgers is now

Miss Jennie As Rodgers is now

Miss Stella Scoville is now visiting

Court in Brockville.

We are pleased to see in our midst once more Dr. A. E. Rose.

Mrs. A. Gallagher is now in Ottawa.

Dr. McGhie of Elgin has a large practice here,

Gilbert and Sons are turning out a fine lot of cutters this season.

Geo. Steacy and H. Gilbert attended the high school concert at Athens last Friday.

I ast Tuesday evening the members of the Seeley's Bay foot-ball team and a few of their friends were entertained to an oyster supper by S. Metcalfe, the genial proprietor of the Queen's hotel. The dining room of the Queen's was tastefully decorated and the table all that could be desired. After an hour or two spent in social intercourse and in discussing the festive oyster, a yote of thanks was presented to the host and hostess for their kindness and all went home voting "Sol" to be a jolly good fellow:

Mr. J. E. Smith of Amosa Wood Hospital St. Thomas, Ont.; "For a long time I was afflicted with very bad rhown of the one to uncommon to see one, two or three parcels at the express office addressed to not only country people, but town people who earn their money in town and vicinity. Some people will deal with merchants here and make them wait some five or six months for their money, and even when these people using the festive oyster, a yote of thanks was presented to the host and hostess for their kindness and all went home voting "Sol" to be a jolly good fellow:

There are those who still doubt that the international bridge at Brockville will materialize. It will be interesting for them to learn that stone for the

Britan's Benjoi Ropers.

Sr. Fourth.—Anna Yates, Wesley
Hollingsworth, John Preston.

Jr. Fourth.—Eliza Percival, Maggie
Hollingsworth, Joseph Wats n.
Sr. Third.—Eva Cowles, Jessie
Bolton, Rachel Mackie.

Jr. Third.—John Mackie, Ford

Whitmore, John Hollingsworth, Mon-fort Berney.

Part II.—Heber Cowles, Fred Hollingsworth, Grace Knapp, Grant Knapp, Ethel Berney, Levi Wiltse. Part I—Elva Preston, Jimmie

Part I.—Elva Preston, Jimmie Mackie, Percy Whitmore.
Average attendance 16.
The following are those who were at school every day during the month:
Fred Hollingsworth, Grace Knapp,
Ethel Berney, Elva Preston.
JENNIE PERCIVAL, Teacher. W. C. T. U. Notes.

The "Corner Stone" has a very apt illustration in its last issue. It is a fox leading a hen by a string, to the sign post on which can be read: "To the polls." Beneath the cartoon we find Old Party Politician—Come on come

on, Church Vote, we must save the country once more by saving the old that's the kind of a bird I am.

The man who can drink or let it The man who can drink or let it alone, says the Hayworth Reporter, is again with us. He is a genial sort of a fellow and it might be harsh to roll him together as a scroll, or to boil him in oil, or bake him over a slow fire, as in oil, or bake him over a slow fire, as he deserves. He feels sorry for the slave of rum. "Why," he says "all you need is the will power; when I want to quit I will surely quit." The day will come when he will quit, sure enough. The coroner will be notified when the time comes, and there'll be a nice inquest with home comforts and all modern improvements, and if our friend is rich the verdict will be that he died of beart failure; if he is poor he died of heart failure; if he is poor that he died of alcoholism. The man who can drink or let it alone is worth

CANNOT EASILY FOOL HIM.

Mr. W. S. Smith, Editor of The Teronto Evening News, Knew What He Was Writing When He Penned a Good Word for Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Remedy. Professional men have been strong

in their recommendation of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder as a remedy for cold in the head and catar hal troubles. We have already pubhal troubles. We have already pub-lished in these columns warm woods of endorsement from leading clergymen and professors in the educational insti-tutions of the country. One thing be his work at first, but the Lord has blest his work by bringing many to Jesus.

The friends of Mr. Burton Powell (classicon of the late J. Powel) were much shocked to hear of his death at the early age of thirty-three years. His death occurred at Margaret, Man. Mr. G. J. Alford spent most of the week in Brockville acting as juryman.

mination to win. Both teams had been considerably strengthened and it was expected that the game would be an interesting one. Owing to the high way a could not be called a fixed with the start of the started in on the job and supposed he was following the doctor's many and the started in on the job and supposed he was following the doctor's could be supposed he was following the bott fluid or when the started in on the job and supposed he was following the doctor's could be supposed he was following the bott fluid or when the started in on the job and supposed he was following the bott fluid or when the started in on the job and supposed he was following the bott fluid or when the started in on the job and supposed he was following the bott fluid or when the started in on the job and supposed he was following the bott fluid or when the started in on the job and supposed he was following the bott fluid or when the started in on the job and supposed he was following the bott fluid or when the started in on the job and supposed he was following the bott fluid or when the started in on the job and supposed he was following the bott fluid or when the started in on the job and supposed he was following the bott fluid or when the started in on the job and supposed he was following the started in on the job and supposed he was following the started in our beginning the started in our begundation that the started in our beginning the started in our be A Cape Vincent man was ordered to

The most pronounced symptoms of beart disease are palpitation or fluttering of the heart, shortness of breath, spells at night, making it necessary to sit up in bed to breathe, swelling of feet and ankles, say the most eminent auth orities is one of the surest signs of a THURSDAY, Oct. 24.—Husking bees diseased heart. Nightmare is a common symptom, spells of hunger or exare the order of the day.

A number from here attended the dedication of the new Catholic church heart disease. The brain may be conjested, causing headaches, dizziness or vertigo. In short, whenever the heart was passed by the latter to centre where Mr. McGuire succeeded in scoring the first and only goal. This cover our boys renewed energy and during the remainder of the time the game was mainly defensive for Syden large. The remainder of the time the game was mainly defensive for Syden large. The remainder of large larg

South American Kidney Cure Cures Kid-ney Disease Speedily and Effectively.

It is remarkable that those who Mr. W. Myers has gone to Boston,
For the visitors, Truesdale did the most effective work.

The steady, reliable playing of Turn-bull and Lillie did much towards win-situation.

Mr. W. Myers has gone to Boston,
Mass,
Miss Lizzie Murphy has gone to Boston,
Smith's Falls, where she obtained a buller from kidney disease grow impatient of those medicines that are slow in their cure. Who enjoys pain? The beauty of South American Kidney ming the game.

McKinley, Turnbull and McAlonan form a tri-angle that Sydenham could not break through.

The thanks of the team are due to to the thanks of the team are due to to the sydenham could have a fire spending a couple of weeks with her sister, Mrs. Cauley, West distressing kidney and bladder troubles distressing kidney and bladder troubles in six hours. It is hard to say anything more for it. Who wants n for it? Sold by J. P. Lamb. Who wants more said

TIDINGS FROM AMOSA WOOD HOS-PITAL,

Mr. J. Smith Cured of Chronic Rhs tism by South American Rhsus Cure-The Great Rheumatic Ren Again Conquers Where Doctors Failed. Mr. J. E. Smith of Amosa Wood

BATTLE FIELD OF SEDAN.

fight on

70, before the lam

rought to a conclusion that the
st camage known as the battle of Bedus

4 and where were you all through those
two awful days?" I quefied.

"Down in the cellar with the children;
my husband, he fought to the last.

I diers were quartered in the

diers were quartered in the

authority with the condition of the condi

came upon the French Marine Infants; who had posted themselves in the houses and behind barricades in our village street."

"That I have read; it is generally admitted that Bazellies was the most creditable feat of arms performed by the French on that dreadful day."

"Yes," went on Widow Bourgeria, "they were driven out by the fire, but made a determined stand here. My husband could have told you all about it, but he's gone. He did not die of his wounds, they weren't serious; it was rather a broken heart, for he never lifted up his head after the terrible scenes he witnessed. It was literally a hand-to-hand fight here, when the last shot was fired."

The widow's little house remains just as it was a quarter of a century ago, save that her parlor has been converted into a mussum, where some 6,000 relies of the famous battle are stored. It looks little a miniature armory, hung with bayoneta and swords, sabres and pistols, helmest and swords sabres are left untouched, with broken glass, walls and furniture riddled with bullets, large holes in the ceilings and paper peeling from the walls.

Back across the main road and down a lane to the right the cometery is reached, where foremost in the main path is a small monument the German have been allowed to raise to the 800 Bavarians who fell in and around Bestellies. The oustodian of the mortuary next opened the gaste and conducted us down a corridor on the right side of which, in a series of vaults, the bones of the French are anged while to the left their German foes lie in the same array. Never h

defiance at the foe.

The fine streets of the new Basellies vil-lage are taking the place of the dismantled fortifications of Sedan.

The new streets or the new Baselies village are taking the place of the dismantled fortifications of Sedan.

The Nautch Dancer.

The ten was already densely packed with Hindoo spectators, a line of statusque torch-bearers stood around a long carpet, and at the end of the carpet lay a pile of cushions under a canopy, all of goldworked orimson velvet.

This was the Rajah's place, but as he had sent word that he could not be present, the music struck up when our party had seated themselves in a row of chairs on a raised platform at the right. Then the dancing began—dances by several bayaderes, and single dances accompanied with song or recitative, ending with a performance by the court scotors. After a preliminary ballet, in which two or three took part, a dainty little personage came forward—graceful, gazelie-syed—enveloped in a filmy cloud of black and gold gauze, which floated airly about her; she was the living incarnation of the Nautch, as interpreted by the soulptors of Chitor: from the air of laughling assurance with which she surveyed her assembled subjects, it was evident that she was accustomed & homage and sure of conquest. She held her audience absorbed—and expectant, by the monotoneus and plaintive cadence of her song, by long glances full of intense meaning from half-closed eyes, and by swift changes of expression and mood, as well as by the spell of "woven paces and of waving arms" One may see many a Nautch without retaining such a vivid impression, much of its force was owing, no doubt, to the fitness of the place and the charm of strange accessories, the uncertain glare of the smoking torches, the mingling of musky odors with the overpowering scent of attar of roses, and of wilting jasmine flowers; these perfumes were intensified in the close air of the tent by the heat of the night—the prelude to the fleroer heat which comes with the morning and the rising of the hot wind.—From "Hindoo and Moslem,") by Edwin Lord Weeks, in Harper's Magazine.

Lord Weeks, in Harper's Magazine. "Shorty" Would Settle A pedestrian put his hand in his waist coat pocket, and was immediately assailed A pedestrian put his mind him waster cost pocks, and was immediately assalled by half a dozen newsboys thrusting papers at him. They pushed and jostled each other while the prospective customer was getting his money, and all melted away when he took a paper from one of their number. The little fellow had not change for the quarter tendered in payment, and darted off in a store nearby to get change. He was unable to get the money right away, and the customer waited outside a short time. His waiting there attracted the attention of several of the boys who had fought for his custom, and they came back. One said:—

"How much change do you want, mister?"

ter?"
"Twenty-three cents," was the reply.
The boy searched his pocket, but couldn't scrape up enough change, as it was very early in the morning. He counted out seventeen cents, and two other boys made up the difference; and then the first said:—
"That's all right, mister. Don't wait. Shorty will settle up." There are some men in some trades who would carefully avoid being as helpful to a compettor as these boys were to one another.

An Autumn Tragedy. Her eyes were downcast as she spoke.

"No, Mr. Skimpton," she said, "the dream is over. I can never be your wife."

"Spare me this cruel blow," he said, in a choking voice. "I thought you loved

"I did love you," she went on, without raising her eyes. "Perhaps I love you yet. But I can never, never wed a man who tries to black his russet shoes."

A witty and popular New York clergy-man, whom everybody knows by reputa-tion, had a laughable and at the same time tion, had a laughable and at the same time unpleasant experience recently.

One Sunday not long ago he was going up the steps of his Fifth avenue church when he was asked by an old lady—who, of course, did not know him—to help her up the steps. With his usual courtly grace he compiled with her request. On reaching the top steps she halted breathlessly and asked him who was going to preach that day.

Rev. Mr. Blank," he replied, giving his own name.

Rev. Mr. Blank," he replied, giving his own name.

"Oh, Lord!" exclaimed the old lady, "help me down again. I'd rather listen to a man sharpening a saw. Please help me down again, I reckon I won't go in."

The elergyman smiled and gently assisted her down the stairs again, remarking as he reached the sidewalk, "I wouldn't go in either if I wasn't paid for it."

The Carnegle Company at Pittsburg has an extensive contract for supplying armor plate to Russia. armor plate to Russia.

A New York newspaper predicts that standard bicycles will be sold next year for \$30 and perhaps less.

A rich deposit of gold and silver is reported to have been discovered recently on a farm in Chatham, N. H.

It is said that the final estimate of wheat by the United States Government will be 403,000,000 bushels.

OLD TIMES, OLD FRIENDS, OLD LOVE

school, too, And they made the likeliest courtin'!

They were sitting—the two of themover a small table in a dingy back room of a dingy little Italian restaurant. They had taken a table d'hote dinner, over the courses of which America and Italy presided by turns. America contending against odds for the soup, asserting her rights to the meat, deferring to her ancient rival in the presence of a smoking platter of spaghetti, and reclaming her prestige at the approach of three thick little saucers of very thin white ice cream. The wine they had drunk was of uncertain origin—Caliornia, perhaps, but maltreated and disguised beyond the reach of patriotic recognition. They had doubled the number of bottles which the fifty cent dinner entitled them to, and alipped in now and then, potations of a stronger beverage unqestionably mative. The table was now cleaned of the more solid sections of the repast. A few files wandered appreciatively over the table-cloth, feeding largely on scattered grains of sugar, gathering in knots at esculent spois, crossing the verge of the napkin which covered the scars of an earlier feast. A gas-jet shone dimly through air thick with tobacce smoke and heavy with odors. There was little chance for the escape of air once imprisoned between these four blank walls. True, the partitions stopped three or four fest short of the ceiling; but the breezes from lake or prairle had to find their way through remote windows, and scale walls or slink through narrow door-ways—what wonder if they lost courage or went astray?

One of the men at the table was still

One of the men at the table was still vaguely conscious of imperfect conditions, though he was rapidly losing touch with circumstances. He had a searred and buttered grace about him that consorted ill with the cheap, awkward coarseness of his two companions. He had commenced the meal in silence, broken only by a few grim comments on the evil manners of his friends.

"Shut up those sluice-gates!" he had said to the big blondo who was audibly sucking his soup.

"Shut up those sluice-gates!" be had said to the big blonde who was audibly sucking his soup.

"Shut up yourself!" was the answer, blustering over the edge of a smile. And when the slim dark man used the knife more than etiquette permitted, his voice had grown savage. "Slit your d-throat open, and we'll get no more of your lies!" he had cried.

These, and other good-natured amenties, proper to the grade of society in which he found himself at present, had been taken as banter, with hearse laughs. Gradually the dinner and its accompanying liquids had warmed him out of his critical mood, and oiled the grooves of talk, until now any subject was provocative. The heavy eyed blonde sat stupl fied, while the stream of talk flowed on, but half aware of the The other followed it with noisy guffaws and Jokes.

"Look at me," cried the flient reverler, almost in tears as he lifted his full glass. "Who am It—Clarence Wethering do you'hear? I'll tell you'—his voice sank to a confidential whisper—'my grandfather built the first house there was on the north side before the fire. I've dined—often and often—with the swells, and had butlers behind my chair, and now—

"Now we're too good for you!" broke in the dark man.

"Now, here I am in a pleayune restaurant with two little crawling files like you." 'Oh, rot!" observed the big man, while the other showed a narrow smile.

"Yoh, rot!" observed the big man, while the other showed a narrow smile.

"Yoh sent me here?" said Wethering between compressed lips, pushing out his one.

between compressed lips chin over his crossed arm

back and struck his breast grandiloquently. "Me-me! I tell you, I had the pick of the world. Yale, Harvard, Princeton—all made bids for me. I tell you I was an orator in those days—the pride of my class, boys. I stood up before chousands of people on a bright, blue, sunny day, and made a great speech, and got first honors, and the whole crowd cheered. I hadn't seen him then."

"Who?—the devil?" inquired the dark man.

There is no love like the good old love,
The love that mother gave us!
We are old, old men, yet we pine again
For the precious grace—God save us!
So we dream and dream of the good old
And our hearts grow tenderes, fonder,
as those dear old dreams bring so

or of the "World's Fair Ode," "Va-leria, and Other Poems," Etc.

wonder if they lost courage or went astray? One of the men at the table was still

"Who'-the devil?" inquired the dark man.

"Who'-the devil?" inquired the dark man.

"My devil, my own particular mocking demon. You don't know him-you'll never get a chance to black his boots. He's gone up and I've gone down. He's stolen my life, I tell you-stolen it. H'es got a long suite of offices in the Rookery, with a sanctum sanctorum at the end, and a velvet carpet on the floor and the latest thing in art on the walls, and bookcases all around the rooms; and the clients file in a procession and wait their turns to see him; and he has great cases that the newspapers talk about, and makes witty speeches in the dry old court. There he is-"with an oath-"and those things are mine!"

"Oh, come off!" said the dark man.

"He stole them all!" whimpered Wetherton, "and stole something else—but that I'll never tell."

"Take another drink," said his companion, "and out with it."

"Never till Judgment Day".—Wethering emptled the profered glass. "You little beast, do you think you can worm to out of me?"
Oh you're a burglar-proof safe, you

the beast, us you take you can we wants 'em?'

Oh you're a burglar-proof safe, you are. Pack away your dry bones—who wants 'em?'

are. Pack away your dry bones—who wants 'em?'

"Do you know that pink jewel of, a house tucked away up north here by the drive? That's his—mine, I mean." There were maudiin tears by this time in Wethering's voice and eyes. "He invites my friends there, and gives them pate de fois gras and champagne, while I am esting leather and drinking this blasted poison. The women—they are stunning, some of those girls—sit around my fire with their low-necked silky dresses, and talk and laugh and make music; and I am not there to tell them they are beautiful, and watch their eyes fall when I look at them. And there is one who walks like a queen from room to roomone of them—mine! mine!—and he has married her"

"Kill him, than!" said the dark man.
"Oh, it is ridiculous—absurd! Two of 'em, boys—he married them both."

"Who's your Momon?"

"Married them both—one after the other. I was madly in love and I had her safe—she trembled in my hands like a bird in the snara. Then suddenly this fellow appeared, and my game was up. Her blue eyes grew large and looked over me from that hour. She never saw ma again, and I walked out the nights cursing him."

"A dagger's better," said the dark man.

"And after he married her, what did

"Oh, the devil on earth
Es good from his birth.
He gots sugar and spice
And everything nice.
Roses bloom in his path,
And his days are pure gold,
And the glory he hath
Can never be told.
Make way for the devil—
He'll trample you down.
Bebold—the king passes—
Dig gold for his crown!"
The others caught up the song h

Behold—the king passes—Dig gold for his crown!"

The others caught up the song huskily, and rose from their chairs, stamping their feet to the tune. Around the table they shakily marched, Wethering leading, the dark man's hands on his shoulders, and the big man following, with his hands on the shoulders in front of him. In this order they flung open the door and emerged from the dingy little room. Wethering stopped singing and pulled his hat down over his eyes. Beyond by the window, his past was alive againmen and women he knew were dining in Hohemia. The faces were turned toward him, with digust for the drunken song; and two of them grow great in his eyes, shutting out all the world. One was the face of a woman—it shone through a mist of dead hopes. Another was a man's face—with light and joy in it, and tenderness and power. Wethering bit his lips till they bled, and led his trio down the stair.

The man's face changed with surprise and horror. "Editb!" he said, "that was Clarence Wethering!" And, after a panse, "what can we do to get him out of this?"

By Helen Soule Stuart. It is the story of a beautiful girl who was walking along life's path so quietly and so confidently; the path all smooth and filled with sunshine and bordered with flowers—flowers so white and so pure, all the way along, that they breught to her only the best thoughts and the purest intentions.

ntentions.

The way she had come was straight, and The way she had come was straight, and the path as it stretched before her was straight as far as thought could go, even to the very end, it still seemed to move on without curve; and so she walked on and on in all light-heartedness and confidence, until, one day, when her hands were full of flowers and she was humming a sweet little tune to herself, the branch of a noble and upright tree swayed and souched her arm.

white flower called Love, and ane access she might find it if she would only follow to the end.

This path was not straight—it had many curves; so she could only see a few steps beyond—but there were the eyes and they almost always looked kind; but once they changed; then they glittered and plerced to the depths of her soul—and she was afraid and held back, and she thought they were going to vanish and leave her in darkness with that look, almost of hatred. But she reached out toward them and in a moment the glitter was gone—the hatred was gone—and there were the same tender brown ones looking into hers. It was too late to turn back now! The old path was irrevocably lost, and this new one was so full of bends and curves that she could not tell whether its general direction was the same or not.

Sometimes in her bewilderment she stumbled; then, for a time she would proceed more cautiously, watching every step and always she had the great hope that soon the crookedness of it would pass away, and she would only find the new path a parallel to the old-one, leading her at last out into the broad, sunlit way, with no trace of anything, not even "dust upon her wings." We show that she had strayed.

a parallel to the old-one, leading her at last out into the broad, sunlit way, with no trace of anything, not even "dust upon her wings," to show that she had strayed. But there came a time when her steps grew more unsteady.

The flowers which bordered the path were still very beautiful and very sweet; but amongst them now were some tangled vines, and they were troublesome, and she would, have grown discouraged but for the eyes that were always near her. She wondered why the path grew narrower as she went along, and why the curves did not straighten out; and one day while she was thinking about these things, the eyes came neare—the volce was a whisper in her ear.

It spoke words she had never heard before. She pansed to listen, and when she would move on again she could not—her feet were caught in the tangled vines—she fell:

She was too tired to rise again, but the path had not ended yet.

It was dark now—the sunshine was gone and she could harldy find her way, but she must move on.

Did she follow the path to the end? Yes.

Did she find the beautiful white flower

She found a casket, and she was so tired that she lay down in it and fell asleep and on her breast rested a little golden-haired baby, and it was asleep, too, but the deep, tender brown, eyes were not there to watch for their awakening. A Cow's Strange Actions.

"And after he married her, what did she do but die—died in six months, by the ghost of Caesar. I laughed when I heard it—thought I was getting my revenge. But he hadn's finished with me yot."

The big blonds lifted his dull eyes, the dark man leaned over the 'table with a curious smile and Wethering fortified his

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