Athens Reporter

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

B. LOVERIN

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Advertisements sent without written in tructions will be inserted until forbidden and charged full time.
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IT IS RATHER PLAIN.

THE OFFICE IN WHICH THE C. P. I

Sir William Van Horne, if Judged by His Surroundings, When at Work, Do-Not Think Much of Style-An Ancien Chair-Maps Galore for Constant Refer ence-The C. P. R. Bgard Room.

Sir William Van Horne, the President of the C. P. R., works in an office which would be considered rather plain by many men who occupy much less pretentious positions in the affairs of this world. A great many people would expect the head of the greatest railway in the world to many people would expect the head e greatest railway in the world to a palatial office where he could reof the greatest railway in the world to have a palatial office where he could receive his visitors with the dignity becoming the high post he fills. It is safe to say, however, that Sir William thinks much less of style when he is at work in his office than he does of how to increase the carning powers of the system of rails from ocean to ocean which he directs.

Sir William's effice is roony, but plainly decorated, the walls being relieved by a few framed scenes taken along the line of the railway, but not different from those



SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE.

found in the offices of the other officials in the building. The President works at a roll top desk, which is not a bit more pretentious than the one used by his pretentions than the one used by his junior secretary. More interesting than anything in the room, perhaps, is the chair which he sits in when at his desk. anything in the room, perhaps, is the chair which he sits in when at his deek. It strikes the observer at first as being a somewhat ancient piece of furniture so well has its leather covering been worn. Being a pretty heavy man, Sir William has doubtless given it much rougher usage than another man might, and he sticks to it no doubt just because it suits him so well. It has a low back and the President is more than likely to be found sitting as much on that part of it as on the seat proper. Being of the tilting variety, it is easy for him to work it that way to his comfort and advantage.

At one end of his desk is a small table where the President's secretary sits when a letter has to be dictated. Then there is another large table heaped up with a liberal supply of maps, for it is necessary for the head of a railway extending over a whole continent to consult them frequently. After mentioning the almost sky blue carpet which covers the floor, there is nothing else to regard in the way et adornments, if a rather bright colored rug under the presidential chair is exceeded.

rug under the present the directors cepted.

The Board Room, where the directors meet, is equally as plain, says the Montreal Star. It is larger, but is finished, so far as decorations are concerned, in the same style. A large table and some chairs compose the furnishings. On the walls are large oil paintings of Lord Mount-Stephen, Lord Strathcona, Sir William Van Horne and Mr. R. B. Angus.

Reindeer for the Klondike.

Reindeer for the klondike.

Moss, as we understand it, is rather an uncommon vegetable. It would be difficult, says the London Spectator, for instance, to find enough moss by an English roadside to feed one reindeer per diem, not to speak of hundreds. But once beyond a certain line on the arctic fringe moss is the one common form of vege table life. Lichen is the more appropriat name, for it is a thick, whitish growth springing up naturally, and often burned by the Lapps over large tracts, just as Scotch shepherds burn the heather to produce a thicker crop for the deer. It is the natural vegetable covering of the earth where earth, and not rock, is on the surface. And the Klondike climate is particularly favorable to this moss, which lies over the whole soil, an invisible vegetable lining, between the earth and the covering snow. It is so thick that even in summer, when the snow molts, this non-conducting layer of moss prevents the ground from thawing.

Before the snow melts, as on the projected journey of the deer, they will be traveling over one vast carpet of snow-covered food; and as each reindeer, male or female, has a third projecting palmated pringing up naturally, and often burn

or female, has a third projecting palmated antier, or "snow scraper," with a few sidelong sweeps of which it can brush away the snow, the herds have no trouble in reaching their food. A good reindeer will travel a hundred miles a day over frozen snow. When drawing burdens it will take a weight of 300 pounds, though the Lapps prefer to limit it to 240 pounds.

Mark Twain Out of Debt.

Mark Twain Out of Debt.

Mark Twain was seen in Vienna the other day, and asked whether he would explain how it felt to be out of debt. He replied: "You can tell them I'm glad it's sver, and what a worry it has been."

Then he opened a drawer and proudly took out receipts copied by a typewriter just as they had been sent to him. "There were 96 creditors." he said, "and I would have paid them all in full as once and done with it, but friends advised me to pay in instalments. December 6, January 6 and February 6. What I hate as much as anything else is the idea of the public that I was unwise in business. I consider that the contrary was proved by the way I published General Grant's book in 1885, which could not have been done by a bad business man. However, one of my greatest pleasures now is to be able to look forward to the day when I can return home and live in the house which I and my family so dearly love."

Refreshments in Scotland In the course of the arguments before the House of Lords, in a case in which the necessity for additional refreshment ac-commodation at Oban Station arose, the Westminster Gazette reports that Lord Watson, himself a Sootsman, interposed, and remarked that refreshments in that ment of Sootsman of the property of the control of the ment of Sootsman and the control of the control part of Scotland had only one mea and that—whisky.

periods.

"Blind Tom" Wiggins, in his home by the seashore, enjoys life in his serenely selfish way, with his plano and his imaginary visitors, and with every reasonable wish gratified since the courts released him from the tenacious grip of his old master, who, a few years since, passed over the great divide into that othe world, where there are, happly, no "Blind Toms" to tempt men's souls.

TRAVEL TO KLONDIKE.

iome Idea of the C. F. R. Steamers Which Will Ply Thither.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Co. will inaugurate an additional steamship service between Vancouver, Victoria and Wrangel on the opening of navigation on the Stikine River in the spring, with the magnificent Clyde-built steamships "Tartar" and "Athenian," both of which are classed 100 A1 at Lloyds.

These steamships are of modern construction, most elaborately appointed, and have excellent accommodation for both ome Idea of the C. P. R. Steamers Whie



C. P. B. STEAMER TARTAB. first and second-class passengers — no essentials to the comfort and convenience

particular.

The staterooms are large, comfortable and perfectly ventilated, and the dining saloons, cabins, and smoking rooms spacious and tastefully decerated, and in every respect vastly superior to those of any other vessels on the Pacific Cocan, excepting the Canadian Pacific Empress China-Japan steamships. Both vessels are lighted by electricity and fitted with triple expansion engines.

ed by electricity and fitted with triple expansion engines.

The Tartar's gross tonnage is 4,425, length 376 feet, breadth of beam 47 feet, depth 38.3 feet. The gross tonnage of the Athenian is 3,882, length 365 feet, breadth 46½ feet, depth 29 feet.

The Tartar and the Athenian, under the command of experienced officers, will make close connection at Vancouver with transcontinental trains of the Canadian Pacific Rallway, and at Wrangel with the



C P R STEAMER ATHENIAN. F. F. S. STEAMER ATHERIAN.
Frangements with for Glenora during he season of navigation on the Stikine. allings from Vancouver and Victoria on dondays and Thursdays, reaching Fort Yrangel on Thursdays and Sundays, and saving in return the same afternoons.

O'HIGGINS OF CHILL.

he Man Whose Name Has Been Given to a Battleship. A great deal of interest has been

A great deal of interest has been aroused among persons who are not familiar with Chilian history by the name of the Chilian battleship O'Higgins, the fine fighting vessel purchased by Spain the otherday.

Bernardo O'Higgins, the Chilian hero, after whom the battleship is named, led the Chilian forces during the years in which the country fought for and won independence from Spain. He was President and Dictator from 1816 until 1828.

O'Higgins was the son of Ambrasio O'Higgins, Marquis de Osorno, a poor Irishman, who went to South America to become a priest, but after a varied career finally rose to be President of Chili under Spanish domination and also became vicercy of Peru.

The son organized a regiment as soon as the insurgents declared independence in Chill in 1810. His selection as head of the army was made by a junta opposed to Carrera as dictator, but he demonstrated his bravery and military knowledge on many occasions. Once, being deserted by the main part of the army, he cut his way through Spanish lines, his 1900 faitsful followers being reduced to 200. By good generalship on land and by encouragement of the naval operations of Encalada he achieved independence, but resigned as dictator in consequence of dissensions and retired to Peru, where he died in 1846, at the age of sixty-six years. iled in 1846, at the age of sixty-six years.

THE KAISER'S NICKNAMES.
Wilhelm Thinks They Fit Him and Rather Likes Them.

There is a story told in the English Illustrated for March in connection with the German Emperor and his nicknames. In the course of conversation at a regimental dinner at which the Duke of Connaught was present, the Kaiser said: "They call me the Travelling Kaiser, don't they? I wonder if that's the only nickname I've got?" Prince Henry laughed, and Major von Plessen, unable to control himself, joined him. "What is it?" asked the Emperor. "Do you know of any other nickname? If so, out with it." The Major mumbled something about his respect, but the Emperor said: "Well, if you don't want to do it to please me, I command you to speak!"

The Major thun englussed that the Emp. The Major thun englussed that the Emplor of the time. It was all for the day nearer when he could write to Leuken and tell her that he had made a home for her. It was all for the control that the control had to the control that the control had to the control himself, joined him. "What is it?" asked the Emperor aid: "Well, if you don't want to do it to please me, I command you to speak!"

The Major thun englussed that the Emplor of the time. It was all for the there are the face. Meyer laughed merrily. "You don't look poot year you look in the face. Meyer laughed merrily. "You don't look poot year you look in the face. Meyer laughed merrily. "You don't look poot year you look in the face. Meyer laughed merrily. "You don't look poot year you look in the face. Meyer laughed merrily. "You don't look poot year, you look in the face. Meyer laughed merrily. "You don't look not you look in the face. Meyer laughed merrily. "You don't look out for himself as with the face. Meyer laughed merrily. "You don't look out for himself as the face. Meyer laughed merrily. "You don't look out for himself as the face. Meyer laughed merrily. "You don't look out for himself as the face. Meyer laughed merrily. "You don't look out for himself as the face. Meyer laughed merrily. "You don't loo

ommand you to speak!"

The Major then confessed that the Em-The Major then confessed that the Emperor was known among the common soldlers as "Alarm Fritz," on account of his habit of suddenly, in the middle of the night, rousing the garrison of the town in which he might be staying. The Emperor laughed heartily at this, and Prince Henry remarked to his brother: "Well, you have a similar name in the navy! The boys call you 'Gondola Billy,' for gondoling about, as they call it, on your ships constantly in the summer, and being everywhere and anywhere on the boats." "Well," said the Emperor, "those are three fine nicknames; but, inasmuch as all of them paint me as a busy man, I rather like them."

Acetylene for Driving Engines.
The use of acetylene for driving engines is, according to Revue Industrielle, entirely possible, as shown by a series of experiments conducted at Complegne by Cuinat. It was shown that acetylene develops fully three times the energy of the usual illuminating gas and that the only changes needed to transform an ordinary gas engine into an acetylene engine was a reduction in size of the intake valves.

Chapterone Prevdfed For.

An American girl who recently visited an English man-of-war was much surprised to learn that a London fashion paper was among the periodicals subscribed for by the committee on board. In reply to her inquiry, an officer stated that this very feminine magazine was designed for the distraction of the chaperon. When in port in foreign countries where the official class is English, there is, of course, when indulging in afternoon tea, more opportunity for scientific (?) discourse between the presty girl visitors and the officers when the chaperon is provided with amusement, and instead of an officer permitting himself to be victimized to the extent of carrying on a mild fliration with the dowager, that social necessity is provided with a copy of the English woman's boudoir authority, and it has never been known to fail in absorbing her attention to the exclusion of every other object of human interest.—San Francisco Argonaut. An American girl who recently visited

Old Age Is Selfish.

A lady residing in a quiet village in Suffolk used to take an interest in a very aged couple who were spinning out the last thread of life in "Darby and Joan" sashion, seated on either side of their fire-place. She often paid them a visit to cheer them up. The old man had been alling, and at last a day came when the visitor found only one chair occupied. Darby was not in his usual place.

"Where is your husband?"

"Well, mum, he be gone at last."

"Oh, I'm so sorry! That is very sad for you, "add the lady, seeking to find words of consolation.

"Yes, mum, it be sad," replied the old woman, "but, then, you see, he were fearfully in the way of the over."—Raszson's

hy.—Edward Bulwer Lytton.

ALL FOR LENKEN.

When Meyer came to Pineville, he gave his name as Wilhelm Windmeyer, and it was promptly changed by the citizens to Bill Meyer.

He came direct from the fatherland to make Pineville his home. He thought it was his duty, too, to tell everybody he had left a sweetheart behind, and that it was for her sake that he was working to make a home. Her name was Lenken. She was very beautiful, he said, and so good that it seemed almost a miracle she had lived to the age of 20. It was this loyalty to the girl he had promised to marry and who was so far away that made Mayer a favorite with everybody in Pineville.

But Meyer was a slew, easy going follow, and the one thought about Lenken seemed to occupy every oranny of

rellow, and the one thought about Len-then seemed to occupy every oranny of his thinking apparatus to the exclusion of every other thought. He was a very small man, and that and the woode. leg he wore, he said, had saved him Meyer found employment with Judge Peterkin. The wages were low, but it was a steady job, and that was what Meyer most desired.

During his first year in Pineville Meyer giand a little sum of the property of

Moyer gained a little sum of money and lost four fingers and part of his nose.

He was trying to whistle "Die Wacht am Rhine" down the barrel of an old musket when the gun went off accidentally and carried away part of his nasal organ. The fingers were cut off with a small circular saw used for cutting fire-Two fingers on one hand were cut off

Two fingers on one hand were cut off first. When the wounded hand head tied up, Judge Peterkin, his daughter Molly and Aunt Phyllis, the cook, fol-lowed Mayer out to the woodshed to be shown how the accident had occurred.

shown how the accident had occurred.

"It must have been a piece of pure carelessness on your part," said the judge, looking very severe. "Now show me how it was done."

"I vas singing 'Over Die Garten Vall,'" said Møyer. "Den I pick up a shtick of wood like die"—picking one up with his unwounded hand—"und den I hold it like dis, und den de shtick ship like dis, und den my fingers vas shlip like dis, und den my fingers was cut off like dis." And that was how Meyer came to lose the second two fingers.

The second year Meyer laid up an-

The second year Meyer laid up another small sum of money and was divested of part of an ear, two toes and a good deal of his hair. The ear and toes were lost accidentally and the hair incidentally from natural causes.

"Why, Meyer, Lenken won't knowyou when she sees you again, you are such a wreck!" said Molly to him one

day. "Vell, maybe so!" he sighed, but in a moment the confidence in his sweetheart's steadfastness returned. "Ol. she was so goot, Miss Molly, und so hoctiful," he said, "dat it makes no difference to her how I look! She was true all

de time."
Then Molly thought she would see if Meyer would not pay her a compliment.

"How does Lenken look, Meyer?

Does she look something like me?" she "Like you?" he exclaimed. "Lenken

don't look like nobody. Miss Wiggin look like you maybe, but Lenken vas different.''
Miss Wiggin was Molly's rival beauty in Pineville, and the reference to her

to bring the day nearer when he could write to Lenken and tell her that he had made a home for her. It was all for

Lenken.

"How long since you heard from Lenken?" Molly asked him one day. Meyer thought awhile. "A little over two years ago," he re-

plied.
"And when did you write to her?" "And when did you write to her?"

"Oh, dat vas t'ree.years ago."

"Meyer, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," cried Molly. "You must sit down here right now and write Lenken a long letter and tell her that you are still alive. Why, don't you know that she is grieving all the time and imagining that all sorts of accidents have befallen you?"

"For all you know, too, she may have got tired waiting and married some one else."

That brought Meyer to his feet and made him prance around en his worden leg pretty lively for a minute.

"Ne, no," he cried. "Lenken would not de dat. Lenken is true. Vy, she tak Lyas partiet, lon, ourse, ourspe." The

tink I vas married, too, maybe." The thought seemed to tickle him greatly. "You t'ink I would marry anybody but Lenken?" he asked.
"No, Meyer, I don't suppose you would or could, but with a woman it is different."

"No, it vas all de same," Meyer per-"But are you going to write to her?"
"Maybe so, maybe not," doggedly.

"Maybe so, maybe not," doggeerly.
"Why?"
"I want to buy dat land you own down on de river," he said. "You sell me dat land. I write pooty soon maybe."
The matter was not settled just then, but a few days later it was, and Meyer became a landowner in Pineville. "What are you going to do now?"
asked Molly.

"I make a fine farm, one big garten, und build one little house, und Lenken und me live dere und get rich like ev-"But suppose when Lenken sees how

"But suppose when Lenken sees how erippled you are that she won't marry you?"

"Und suppose ven I see how pooty she vas I say: 'Come, Lenken, I love you all de time. I lose one leg for you long ago, und I give all de rest for you afterward to make you happy.'"

"Did you lose your leg for Lenken, Meyer?" Molly asked, greatly interested.

"Maybe I did, but some odder day ven Lenken come you ask her."
For once-Meyer was rushing things.

For once Meyer was rushing things. In a short while he had cleared several

compissed, he came to Molly in high spirits.

"Lenken is comings next week!" he cried. "Ach, Gott, I vas so glad!" Molly inquired the day, but Meyer louid not tell her. He said he was going to watch every incoming train until she arrived. Molly, too, somehow managed to be at the depot at train time and watched Meyer.

"I am so curious to get a first glimpse at Lenken," she said to herself. "I have wondered so long what she looks like and have heard her praised so much by Meyer that the ouriosity is almost killing me."

One evening when the train came in the saw Meyer rush forward and knew that Lenken had come at last. She peeped around the corner and saw a woman looking around bewildered. That woman had beautiful eyes. Molly looked straight into them for a moment, and everything else in the woman's appearance was forgotten.

"Come Lenken." Meyer whispered.

said a lawyer friend from the mon-tains. "A young farm hand came to me at the hotel where I was stopping, my home being in another town, but my practice extending to the county seat I was then in. The swain told me he had been charged by a girl, to whom he had been charged by a girl, to whom he had been paying attention, with giving her measles, she claiming that the disease, which had been epidemic in the neigh-borhood, had been communicated to her by kissing her repeatedly while the deby kissing her repeatedly while the de-fendant was recovering from measles. The girl's surly father sued the badly alarmed defendant for \$50 damages, claiming he had expended that sum in doctor's bills for the affiited daughter. My client pleaded guilty to kissing the plaintiff, but said he couldn't 'a' helped plaintiff, but said he contain t a helped it ef he'd be'n a-mind ter and insisted that he had never had measles. I tried the case before a kind hearted old squire, and after the court had heard the testimony he delivered a long opin-ion in which he held that a girl as pretton in which he held that a girl as pre-ty as the plaintiff would make a boy risk measles and 'even dumb chills' to sip the sweets of her orallike lips. The judge's 'jolly' put both sides in good humor, and the defendant two weeks later married the plaintiff and settled the costs of the suit to appease the wrath of her father."—Louisville Post.

The Woman In White Here is one of Nugent Robinson's reminiscences of Wilkie Collins: "I was walking one day toward Hampstead heath with Wilkie Collins. It was raining. Wilkie carried his white umbrella. Presently we sighted near a hedge a very pretty woman dressed in white and accompanied by a child. Wilkie stepped accompanied by a child. Wilkle stepped up to her and proffered his umbrella. She promptly accepted it, and I said to him as she disappeared, 'That's the last you'll see of it.' He laughed and insisted that it would be all right. He lived ed that it would be all right. He lived in Wampole street and had given the young woman his address. Well, time went by until one day we two were again strolling, this time in Piccadilly. Suddenly a hansom was halted alongside of us so quickly that the horse was drawn back on his haunches and that same woman leaned out and handed Wilkie his umbrella. I discreetly walked on. That was the original of 'The Woman In White,' and she became Wilkie's housekeeper.'

Disfigured, but All-There. There had been a football game in a art western village. It had terminate without any fatalities, and victors and vanquished had met at the principal hotel to eat dinner together in token of restored

eace and concord.
"Are the boys all here, landlord?" asked nounce that everything was in readiness.
"Have you counted noises?"
"Yes, sir," replied the perspiring landlord, "I've counted them. Some of them are a good deal out of shape, but they're all here."—Youth's Companion.

The Prize of Flattery.

ENGLAND'S CHURCH ARMY.

omething About the Rival of General Booth's Organization



Bomething About the Rival of General Booth's Organization.

The Church Army, which will shortly celebrate the sixteenth anniversary of its foundation, says London Sketch, is one of the most successful organizations of recent years. Starting from small beginnings, it has grown until it now possesses gramifications in every part of the world. While the work done by the army is carried out in accordance with the soundest Christian principles, it is designed on a basis attained by the social branch especially are such as to have been accorded the testimony of three archibishops, most of the bishops, and the majority of the Government departments. The whole policy of the Church Army is to do its work thoroughly and well, with as little fuss as is possible, and so consistently is this principle carried out that the person to whom most of the ordit for the achievement of the work is due is scarcely as well known as he might be. I question, indeed, whether the majority of the ly as well known as he might be. I ques-tion, indeed, whether the majority of the public know that the Rev. J. Carlile is public know that "the Rev. J. Carille is the founder as well as the guiding spirit of the Church Army, to which he devotes his whole time and abilities, with very marked success. It is a genuine pleasure to me to be able to present a portrait of, this conscientious worker to my readers.

Oom Paul's Individuality.

Sitting there in his well-known attitude in an upright armchair, smoking a huge pipe and expectorating profusely, he thumped upon the table at his side and bellowed back his answer, that as long as his country was not attacked he would attack no one. * * * Certainly at the present day no one like him exists and perhaps no one of his peculiar stamp will ever appear again.—From Younghushand's South Africa To-day. ever appear again.—From band's South Africa To-day.

Electrical Safe Breaking. In recent experiments an arc of 40 to 50 volts, with a current of 800 to 500 anyers, is said to have penetrated in three to ten minutes safe walls from

WHEN YOU ARE OLD.

when you are old and gray and full of sleep. And nodding by the dre, taked own this be-And slowly read and dream of the fair it Your eyes had once and of their shadows de-How many loved your moments of glad gra-And loved your beauty with love falso But one man loved the pilgrim roul in you And loved the sorrows of your changing for

And, bending down beside the glowing bars, Murmured a little sad, "From us fiel love He paced upon the mountains for acrove And hid his face mild a crowd of Stars. —"Poems," by W. B. Yeats.

FIRE HORSES.

The Quickest Ones In the World Are Sale F. S. Dellenbaughr writes of "The Quick Horse" in St. Nichelas, his article telling of the training of horses for the fire department. Mr. Dellen-

woman had beautiful eyes. Molly looked straight into them for a moment, and everything else in the woman's appearance was forgotten.

"Come, Lenken," Meyer whispered, touching her hand. "Ach, du liebchen!" he murmured as their eyes met. Then both turned, holding each other by the hand like children, and started to walk away.

As Molly looked after them there was a soft moisture in her eyes. Then she roused herself and, smiling, murmured, "Why, she must weigh at the very least \$300 pounds!"

The bell of the locomotive rang out a warning. There were puffing and wheezing, and the train was in motion. Then there came a pieroing soream, and the train stopped suddenly.

When Molly looked through the crowd that gathewed in a moment to see what had happened, she saw Mayer lying on the ground, and Lenken was bending above him.

Molly pressed up closer. Meyer looked up and saw her. "It was for Lenken," he said, his eyes twinkling merrily. Then he added, "But I tinks it vas only de vooden leg dis time."—And it was.—John P. Sjolander in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Settled the Case.

"I was called upon in 1878 to defend a man who was charged with the most unusual misdemeanor I ever heard of any clerk entering on a court calendar," said a lawyer friend from the mountains. "A young farm hand came to me at the hotel where I was stopping, my home being in another town, but my practice extending to the county seat I in service, and as quickly as even Joe and Dan couid jump into their hannesses four well kept horses spring to their places at the stroke of the going and in two or three seconds stand ready to run with the apparatus. Joe was killed by an an acident, but Dan, with a new mate, is still in service, and as quickly as even Joe and Dan, and they became world famous as quickly as even Joe and Dan couid jump into their hannesses four well kept horses spring to their places at the stroke of the going have being in another town, but my practice extending to the county seat I in service, and as quickly as even Joe and Dan couid two or three seconds stand ready to run with the apparatus. Joe was killed by an accident, but Dan, with a new mate, is still in service, and as quick as ever. The record for quickest time from the engine house to the throwing of water on the fire is held by a Kansas City on the fire is held by a Kansas City company. In this instance the horses were harnessed, a run of 2,194 feet (a little less than half a mile) was made, and water thrown from the hose in the wonderfully brief time of 1 minute 811/2

Schopenhauer's mother, Joanna, was a singular woman, with whom he was perpetually at war. She was lively, he was grim. She was a sentimentalist, he detested sentiment. She was devoted to society, to gossip, to the convenances of life. He lived for ideas, and with an althe parties. Both were selfish and quar-relsome. We may judge, therefore, that Schopenhauer took his notions of women partly from his mother. It goes with out saying that these notions were vio-lent in the extreme, yet not without some aspects of truth.

The new woman would rave at this

satire on her pretensions, and yet it would do her good to read what Scho-penhauer has to say with as much calm-ness as she can command. Woman is here depicted as emphatically "a lesser man"—indeed so far below man as to be fit only for the role of the old fashioned German hausfrau.—Self Culture.

Time to Stop. ong the best stories recorded by well known angler is one about a Scottish laird who was one day relating to his friends at the dinner table the story of a fine fish he had caught. "Donald, of a fine fish he had caught. Donaid, said he to the servant behind his chair—an old man, but a new servant—"how heavy was the fish I took yesterday?" Donald neither spoke nor moved. The

laird repeated the question. "Weel," replied Donald, "it was twal' pund at breakfast, it had gotten to achteen at dinner time and it was sax and twenty when ye sat down to supper wi' th captain." Then, after a pause, he added, "I've been tellin lees a' my life to please the shooters, but I'll be dashed if please the shooters, but I'll be dashed in I'm going to tell less noo in my old age

The Left Wing. prefer, major?" asked the hostess bland "The left wing, if you please."

"The left wing;"
"Yes," retorted the major, gazing dubiously at the platter. "I believe it is always good military tactics to bring the left wing of a veteran corps into action."—London Fun.

Daily Output News Print Paper The daily output of news print paper in the United States is about 1,200 to 1,500 tons. The production of news print is larger than any other grade. That of book paper is probably as much as 1,000 tops and of writing 450 tons each daily.

Natural Suspicion "What makes you think this man an impostor when he says he is from Bos-

"The fact that he doesn't claim to cago News.

A man may float in salt water with-out moving his hands or feet if he has the presence of mind to throw his head back and allow his body to sink to the position which it will then naturally

Worn Out?

Do you come to the close of theday thoroughly exhausted? Does this continue day after day, possibly week after week? Perhaps you are even too ex-hausted to sleep. Then something is wrong. All these things indicate that you are suffering from nervous exhaustion. Your nerves need feeding and your blood enriching.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil, with Hypo-phosphites of Lime and Soda, contains just the remedies to meet these wants. The codliver oil gives the needed strength, enriches the blood, feeds the nerves, and the hypophosphites give them tone and vigor. Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion.

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TRAINING OF FIREMEN.

Get Inte the Department.

Jacob A. Riis writes of "Heroes Who Fight Fire" in The Century. The article is one of the series on "Heroes of Peace." Mr. Riis says:

Firemen are athletes as a matter of sourse. They have to be, or they could not hold their places for a week, even if they could get into them at all. The mere handling of the scaling ladders, which, light though they seem, weigh from 16 to 40 pounds, requires unusual strength. No particular skill is needed. A man need only have stoady nerve and the strength to raise the long pole by its narrow and and jam the iron book through a window which he cannot see but knows is shere. Once through, the testh in the hook and the man's weight upon the ladder hold to safe, and there is no real danger unless he loses his head. Against that possibility the severe drill in the school of instruction is the barrier. Any one to whom climbing one things of peril to ordinary men which fremen are constantly called upon to do sauses the least discomfort is rejected as unfit. About 5 per cent of all appointees are eliminated by the ladder test and newser get beyond their probation service. A sertain smaller percentage takes itself out through loss of "inerve" generally. The first experience of a room full of smothering smoke, with the fire roaring overhead, is generally sufficient to convince the timid that the service is not for him. No cowards are dismissed from the department, for the reason that none get into it.

The notion that there is a life saving corps apart from the general-body of firemen rests upon a mistake. They are one. Every fireman nowadays must pass muster at life saving drill, must olimb to the top of any building on his scaling ladder, allide down with a rescued comrade or jump without hesitation from the hird story into the life net spread below. By such training the men are fitted for their work, and the occasion comes soon that puts them to the test. It came to Daniel J. Meagher, foreman of Hook and Ladder company No. 8, when in the midnight hour a woma

A Great Feast.

C. H. Senn, in an article on "Feasts and Epicures of Olden Times," prints an authentic list of the materials used at a banquet given in 1470 by the Earl of Warwick to his brother George Neville, upon his being raised to the dignity of archibiohog of York. Among the articles provided were 800 tuns of ale, 104 tuns of wine, 1 tun of spiced ale, 10 fat oxon, 6 wild bulls, 870 pigs, 1,004 wethers, 400 hernsies (young herons), 900 pheasnnts, 500 partridges, 4,000 woodcocks, 400 plovers, 100 curlews, 100 qualts, 1,000 eggets, 800 capons, 100 peacocks, 800 oranes, 200 kids, 2,000 chickens, 4,000 pigeons, 4,000 rabitts, 204 bitternn, cocks, 200 cranes, 200 kids, 2,000 chickens, 4,000 pigeons, 4,000 rabbits, 204 bitterns, 4,000 ducks, 200 recs, 4,000 bucks, does and rocbucks, 150 hot venison pasties, 1,000 dishes of jellies, 4,000 cold venison pasties, 2,000 hot custards, 4,000 cold oustards, 400 tarts, 300 pikes, 300 bream, 8 seals and 4 porpoises.

To prepare this feast required the services of 1,000 cocks, 628 kitcheners and 515 scullions. The number of people who partook of this feast is not given, but it could not have been less than from 15,000

to 20,000. The cost of such a banque would not have been excessive, as at that time the price of a rabbit and a lamb was time she price of a rabbit and a lamb was
the same—about 8 cents each; a turbot
oost 12 cents, a fat hog about 80 cents and
a fat sheep 87 cents. Twenty oggs could
be bought for 2 cents, a swan for 8 cents
and ale for 8 cents a gallon. The estimate
of the number of persons who attended the
banquet of the Earl of Warwick must be
largely reduced if their appetites and capacities were constructed upon the lines of
those of Milo and Theogenes, both of
whom were reputed to be able to eat an
entire ox at a single meal. Mr. Senn gives
the origin of the colloquial phrase—"ice entire ox at a single meal. Mr. Senn gives the origin of the colloquial phrase—"to eat humble pie." It is derived from a dish composed of the "umbles" or entrails of deer, which was served at dinners to those of inferior social status.

DRINKS OF OUR FORBEARS.

They Liked Quantity.

Among the popular drinks were mad dog and dragon's milk. Their main con dog and dragon's milk. Their main constituent was ale of different degrees of age and strength flavored with ginger and similar hot stuff. Mad dog was the stronger of the two. It was popular among gentle of ancient Pistol's stamp, who to ly wanted something to grip their threats and put fire into their eyes. Topers owe a great deal to this same mad dog. He it was that introduced the custom, popular in other troduced the custom, popular in other lands besides England, of easing the ef-

hair of the dog that bit you."

The fastidious Briton of the olden times was also mighty hard to please as to the qualities of wine. We find rec of his nicety in this regard as far back or his fixery it this regard as tab case as the twelfth century. An old manuscript in the British museum tells us what wine was most prized: "It should be clear like the tears of a penitent, so that a man may see distinctly to the bottom of his glass; its color should represent the greenness of a buffalo's horn; when drunk, it should descend impetuously like thunder; sweet tast-ed, like an almond; creeping like a squirrel; leaping like a roebuck; strong like the building of a Cistercian monastery; glittering like a spark of fire; sub-tle like the logic of the schools of Paris; delicate as fine silk, and colder than

orystal."

If the Englishman of that day was able to procure this celestial liquor, he was more fortunate than recent topers and tipplers have been in the triune kingdom. All modern travelers can tes-tify that no such wine is to be had now, either in "dear old London" or else where on the island. Furthermore, the fancy beverages of the Elizabethan per-iod have disappeared and left not a rack behind, unless we dignify such wishy washy stuff as claret punch, which holds the place of honor in most metropolitan barrooms, and port negus, which still lingers in the sickroom, by calling them weak kneed descendants of the sturdy, uncompromising beverages of

sturdy, uncompromising be old.—Chicago Times-Herald. A teacher in one of our up town schools asked one of her little pupils one day, "What is a valley?" The youngster immediately responded, "A place where lilies grow." A few moments later, when it became his turn to respond again, she asked him, "What is a desert?" whereupon he promptly answered, "A place where fruit grows," which proves the importance of association with the unbudding mind.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Speaking of Trees. To speak of a "tree" without mentioning its name appears as strange to a "forester" as if one spoke of horses and dogs only under the general name of quadrupeds, or as if we included chickens and men under the term biped. In truth, and men under the term biped. In truth, we ought to know more about the trees than we do, and to take every opportunity for learning to distinguish them at sight. It is not enough to distinguish them by their leaves, for many of them are swept bare in winter. A botanist says that the peculiarities of different trees are more readly distinguishable in winter than in summer.

Increasing Use of English. In 1794 the habitual users of the English language did not number more than 30,000,000, in 1897 their number was estimated at 110,000,000.

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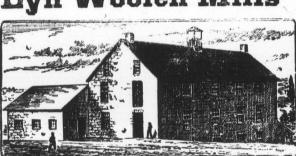
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