

ARTISTIC
Floral Work

J. Hay & Sons

FLORISTS

Brockville - Ontario

Telephone No. 249

The Athens Reporter

—AND—

COUNTY OF LEEDS ADVERTISER

This
Space

For
Sale

Who Wants
It?

Vol. XVI. No. 41.

Athens, Leeds County, Ontario, Wednesday, Sept. 5, 1900.

B. Loverin, Prop'r

"Brockville's Biggest Store."

AN UNPRECEDENTED

SILK BARGAIN

Secured by our Mr. Wright in London and just opened up and put on sale last week. They comprise 8 colorings in handsome stripe Blouse Silk in plain and broken stripes on dark colored grounds—dark blue, reds, dark heliotrope, black, all 21 in. and as soft as a piece of chamois; will wear till one is tired of them; worth 50c & 55c; while they last our spec. bargain price 35 CENTS.

BLACK SURAH SILK—22 inch, bright heavy twilled Surah, soft finish, worth 90c; our bargain price.....75c

Velvet Ribbons, with satin back, all widths from the tiny 1/4 inch to 4 1/2 inches wide, choice quality.

Black Satin Ribbon, all widths, Black Gros Grain Ribbon, all widths; direct from makes in Europe.

Lamp Shade Papers, 260 rolls, plain and shaded red, white and blue.

10c to 15c

WE GIVE
TRADING
STAMPS

SOME
NEW -- ARRIVALS

The choicest range of Fine Valenciennes Laces and insertions you will find anywhere, look where you may. 47 different designs and specially made for handkerchiefs for

7c to 5c

These must be seen to be appreciated.

ROBERT WRIGHT & CO.

LEWIS & PATTERSON BIG BARGAINS

Dress Materials—About 600 yds. in Colors and Black Grenadines, regular 25c goods, in short ends, to clear at.....10c

Dress Muslins—About 800 yards in Fancy Effects, worth 20c and 25c; on sale, to clear out for only.....10c

PARASOLS

Lot No. 1—Consisting of Fancy Lace Parasols, were \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$2.25, only.....20c

Lot No. 2—Consisting of Black Parasols, worth \$1.00 to \$1.25, on sale now.....50c

Lot No. 3—Consisting of Black and colored Parasols worth \$2.00 to \$3.00, now.....1.00

Lot No. 4—Consisting of Black and Fancy Parasols worth \$3.00 to \$4.00 each, now.....1.00

Lot No. 5—Consisting of Black and Fancy Parasols worth \$3.00 to \$5.00 each, now.....2.00

LEWIS & PATTERSON.

Telephone 161—BROCKVILLE.

DUNN & Co.

BROCKVILLE'S LEADING PHOTOGRAPHERS
CORNER KING ST. AND COURT HOUSE AVENUE.

Our studio is the most complete and up-to-date in Brockville.

Latest American ideas at lowest prices.

Satisfaction guaranteed

OBITUARY POETRY.

Some jealous and unscrupulous persons have endeavored to direct a thunder-bolt to our pinnacle of fame as a writer of hay-seed civilizing ballads by requesting that we turn our unrivalled literary talents to obituary verse. To them, we must say that we have turned the obituary tap of our think reservoir and found it dry. We used to write such things, pure and simple as the subjects with which we had to deal, but we have run dry—dry as a spring freshet creek in dog days or a corset-hugged old maid's prohibition speech during an election campaign—dry as a patriotic Fourth of July celebration's beer tank would be on the fifth or an unpaid preacher's Thanksgiving sermon.

We are unable to explain satisfactorily, perhaps, this terrible drought. But we are alive to the fact that the Government of this warlike part of a marvelous six-day creation has caused to fall into the hands of the semi-savage inhabitants cast-off army rifles for which they paid forty-seven and a half cents a piece. These guns, it is said, are capable of being loaded with pig-iron, scrap-iron, flat irons, and railroad iron, female college graduate's pie and restaurant sandwiches. It is also said they will carry such missiles two miles and deal out death and destruction to all barriers of social reform. We did not secure one of those great civilizing instruments, as we did not want to encourage bloodshed; but, as we said before, we know they are in this vicinity, and that is why we cannot take to obituary verse more kindly.

Our obituary spring must remain dry. We can find no sympathetic stream flowing down through pig-weed grown cemeteries, curving and crooking around stunted apple trees and cheap tombstones, to fill up our tank and set our obituary mill a-grinding. And, again, we have no source from which we might obtain pointers. The hymns of the immortal church-reforming, creed-establishing Wesley brothers have been pillaged and plagiarized by would-be obituary illuminators until they have become far too familiar with the public to be palmed off as original or cause folks to slobber to any great extent. Then, there is the possibility of us meeting these two celebrated church brothers in that stainless city and being censured and accused of the heinous crime of appropriating verse for immoral purposes.

We regret to depart from the obituary business, as it was a source of great revenue to us; for the last tea-flooding article, we received one peck of wind-fall apples, a double handful of wormy red plums and a bunch of sour grapes. But, we must cast away the maid of sorrow and learn to love another.

For the consolation of our sorrowing friends, caused by our abrupt departure from the obituary business, we have taken great pains in selecting and will keep constantly on hand a large number of epitaphs, suitable for almost any kind of deceased friend and applicable to almost any kind of deaths, hanging and otherwise.

We might add here that it is a very ticklish thing to arrange a suitable epitaph for those having undergone the painful disease of hanging. We do not want to boast, but we pride ourselves on our large assortment. They have been selected from the best acknowledged authors—but all of the choicest are from our pen. They are all gems and high-class works of art, composed or compiled and abridged by us to supply the wants of a sorrowing people. Below will be found some choice ones from our inexhaustible stock:

This is suited for a very lazy friend:
He never walked, he never talked,
And scarcely did he think,
But when disease it closed his eyes,
Too lazy he to wink.

Moral—He died as he lived.

Suitable for a bum:
He loafed around saloons and bars,
The chief of bums and bums,
The only time we miss him now
Is when somebody treats.
He was a bum by choice and trade,
And wrestled whiskey jags,
And when no boozey set 'em up
He sipped the empty kegs.

Suitable for a child of a very large family:

Oh, how we loved her none can tell,
For earth she was too blest,
The croup it took her off last spring,
Left more room for the rest.

One suitable for a dear wife:

Here lies beneath this grassy sod
A patient wife and mother,
We miss especially her talk—
I'm courting now another.

Suitable for a deceased Odd Fellow, Workman or Forester:

Beneath this clay our brother lies,
Wrapp'd in his gown and esch,
His wife got the insurance
And she's cutting quite a dash.
She'll marry some old smoozer
Before she'll be content,
He'll blow in all the boodle—
The kids won't get a cent.

We could go on through time in memorial quoting these beautiful heart-desolating lines, but the editor of this Great Family Journal is beginning to kick. We have seen him kick and to save ourself from bodily discomfort, we must say good bye.

NOTE.—All of our touching epitaphs are arranged so as not to take up much space, and in no way will they interfere with the marble-cutter's advertisement on each and every tombstone.

Yours truly,
SLABSIDES.

AUGUST DAIRYING.

"There is," says Prof. Curtiss, "no more critical nor trying time for the dairy cow than the month of August. The rigors of a severe winter are seldom as exhausting as the midsummer drouth, heat and flies, covering a period of sixty days, from the middle of July to the middle of September. The thoughtful dairyman provides comfortable protection for the cow against the severity of winter, but some way the fact is usually overlooked that the cow is fully as much in need of adequate protection from the heated period. In all countries where the dairy cow has attained the highest excellence, her cow-art has been a subject of careful study by her owner at all seasons of the year. In Holland, the home of the Holstein, the dairy cow is protected by blankets from the chilly winds from off the sea even as late as the month of June, and on even as favored a spot as the Jersey Island, where there are never any extremes of temperature, the cows are kept carefully sheltered during all inclement weather. The protection of the dairy herd during the intense heat and fly time of summer is not difficult nor expensive. Any ordinary dairy barn or shed may be sufficiently darkened at little expense to exclude the flies, and the cows should be kept in from morning till evening and given eight or ten pounds of green feed and a grain ration of three or four pounds per head daily. This, in addition to a good pasture at night, constitutes a satisfactory ration, and the cows may be regularly turned out for grazing during the night and kept in during the day."

GROWTH OF METHODISM.

A British return just issued gives some interesting statistics of the spread of Methodism all the world over. The more important totals are:
Churches.....80,031
Ministers.....44,569
Lay preachers.....133,434
Members.....7,382,146
Sunday Schools.....79,192
Officers and teachers.....790,850
Scholars.....6,271,748
When one remembers that as an organization Methodism has made all this progress practically within the last century, it is an astonishing achievement, hardly paralleled in the world's history. Canada is not high on the list in members, but it leads in the important point of unity, all the Methodist churches being united in one body. In the British Isles Methodism is split in eight sections, in the United States into seventeen, and the manifest loss of power and influence. The policy of union has made the Methodist church in Canada the largest denomination in the Dominion and has saved countless waste of energy and overlapping.

A Record in Blood.

The record of Hood's Sarsaparilla is literally written in the blood of millions of people to whom it has given good health. It is all the time curing diseases of the stomach, nerves, kidneys and blood, and it is doing good every day to thousands who are taking it for poor appetite, tired feeling and general debility. It is the best medicine to buy.

ARE YOU READY?

Late summer and early fall evenings demand

Light-weight Overcoats.

Our new goods are here. Some are beauties, and the surprising thing is they don't cost much. You will be interested in the Fashionable Top Coats we are making for from \$17 to \$21.

We give Trading Stamps.

M. J. KEHOE,
BROCKVILLE



Kingston's Big Fair and Agricultural Exposition Sept. 10th to 14th

The present indications point to a large exhibit of Live Stock, Agricultural, Horticultural, Dairy, Mining and Industrial products. The present applications for space in the Palace is a guarantee that the exhibit there will be out of the ordinary.

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS

This year's special attractions will surpass any former efforts. Some of the prominent features will be Ballon Ascensions, Parachute Drops, Fireworks, Horse Speeding, Clowns, Jugglers, Contortionists, Comedians, Corps de Ballet, and grand illumination of the grounds each evening.

Special excursion rates on all railways and steamboats.

For prize lists and all information, apply to

JAS. A. MINNES, Mayor and President. J. P. ORAM, T. D. MINNES, Secretaries

THE UNBARRED DOOR.

Selected for the Reporter.

When on Columbia's Eastern plains
Still roamed her forest child
And the new homes of Europe's sons
Were rising in the wild,
Upon a clearing in the woods
Amos had built his cot,
And tilled his little farm, and lived
Contented with his lot.

A just, peace-loving man was he,
Kind unto all, and true;
And well his ever open door
The wandering Indian knew.
But often were the settler's lands
By force or fraud obtained,
And to the red-man dispossessed,
Revenge alone remained.

And round the blazing fire of logs,
When winter nights were cold,
To shuddering listeners dreadful tales
Of Indian raids were told.
But Amos feared not, though his home
All undefended lay;
And still his never-holted door
Was open night and day.

One day a neighbor passed in haste—
"Indians, they say, are nigh;
So Amos, bar your door to-night.
And 'keep your powder dry.'"
"Nay, friend," he said, "the God I
serve
Commands me not to kill;
And sooner would I yield my life
Than disobey his will.

"One gun I have, but used alone
Against the wolf or bear;
To point it at my fellowman
My hand would never dare
But I will put the thing away—
They shall not see it here;
For the old gun in hands unskilled,
Might do some harm I fear.

"Besides, the Indians are my friends—
They would not do me ill;
Here they have found an open door,
And they shall find it still."
"Well," said the neighbor as he went,
My path is not so clear;
If wretches come to take my life,
I mean to sell it dear."

But the good wife of Amos stood
And listened with afright;
"Unless," she said, "the door is fast
I shall not sleep to-night."
They barred the door and soon the
wife
Was wrapped in slumbers deep;
But Amos turned and tossed about,
And vainly tried to sleep.

Then came a voice within his heart,
A mild rebuke it bore;
It whispered "Thou of little faith,
Why hast thou barred thy door.
Weak is that poor defense of thine,
Against a hostile band;
Stronger than strongest fortresses,
The shadow of my hand.

"Hast thou not said these many times,
That I have power to save,
As when my servant's trembling feet
Were sinking in the wave?
Now let thy actions with thy words
In full accord agree,
Rise quickly and unbar thy door,
And trust alone in Me."

Then Amos from his bed arose
And softly trod the floor,
Crept down the stairs, and noiselessly
Unbarred the cottage door.
Then forth he looked into the night—
Starlight it was, and still;
And slowly rose the waning moon
Behind the tree-fringed hill.

He looked with trustful, reverent gaze
Up to the starry sky,
As meets a child with loving glance
A tender father's eye.
The cloud was lifted from his mind,
His doubts were over now,
The cool air breathed a kiss of peace
Upon his tranquil brow.

Then back to his forsaken bed
He softly groped his way,
And slept the slumber of the just,
Until the dawn of day.
That night a painted warrior band
Through the dark forest sped,
With steps as light upon the leaves
As panther's stealthy tread.

They reached the farm—"We make no
war
With good and faithful men."
The forest Indian turned and said—
"He dwells a son of Penn."
"Brother, if still his heart is right,
How shall we surely know?"
Answered another, "Time brings
change,
And oft turns friend to foe."

Then said the first one: "I will go
And gently try the door;
If open still, it proves his heart
Is as it was before."
It yielded and they entered in,
Across the room they stepped,
And came where Amos and his wife
Calm and unconscious slept.

With tomahawk and scalping-knife,
They stood beside the pair;
A solemn stillness filled the room—
An angel guard was there—
When eye sought eye and seemed to
say,
"How sound the good man sleeps!
So may they rest and fear no ill,
Whom the Great Spirit keeps."

Then noiselessly they left the house,
And closed the door behind,
And on their deadly war-trail passed
Some other prey to find.
And horror shrieked along their steps,
And bloodshed marked their way,
And many homes were desolate
When rose another day.
But Amos with a thankful heart
Greeted the morning light,
And knew not until
How near

THIS
GRIEVOUS
DOCUMENT
IS
VERY
COLOR
COND
ITION