

Hair Splits

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for thirty years. It is elegant for a hair dressing and for keeping the hair from splitting at the ends."—J. A. Gruenfelder, Grantford, Ill.

Hair-splitting splits friendships. If the hair-splitting is done on your own head, it loses friends for you, for every hair of your head is a friend.

Ayer's Hair Vigor in advance will prevent the splitting. If the splitting has begun, it will stop it.

50¢ a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

CURRENT TOPICS

This is Jubilee year in the Roman Catholic church—the jubilee that is observed every fifty years. All Catholics are required to make sixty extra visits to their churches to pray for the good of religion. They will have till October to complete their visitations, and can choose their own days of going; but on a day chosen four visits must be made.

It is said that Mr. Kruger received the news of his wife's death in tears and asked to be left alone. He should be left decidedly alone. Those who made such a fuss over the man who deserted his country after getting into trouble will probably change their views somewhat. If Mr. Kruger could not take his wife away from the scene of strife he should have stayed with her.

One evening a few nights ago three daughters of Jos. Mott residing near Lyn, were driving into the village when the horse (22 years old) took fright and ran away. In its escape the animal collided with a cow on the road, and threw the occupants of the buggy out. All escaped injury with the exception of the youngest of the party, aged ten years, who sustained a fracture of the skull. She was removed to Brockville for treatment and is now doing well.—Times.

The Dominion government authorities some time ago issued an order closing the Kingston penitentiary to visitors. Before scores passed through at 25 cents per head and much enjoyed the sights. As the prison was one of the chief attractions for tourists, the visitors soon began to decrease in number, with a subsequent loss to merchants and dealers in curios, etc. These, with hundreds of citizens are signing a petition asking that the prison be again opened to visitors, and thereby assist trade in Kingston.

Each day adds to the list of drowning accidents until one is compelled to repeat the warning so continually thrown at people who spend some of their time on the water. Lately there have been some unusually sad cases of bathers venturing beyond their depths, young people being upset out of canoes, and other equally unnecessary deaths. A person who cannot swim has no business endangering their own or any other person's life in small boats and people who bath should take every precaution against accident. Warnings seem to have the same effect a drop of water on marble.

There is no indication yet of the strike of the Canadian Pacific railway trackmen being ended. It has lasted now nearly six weeks and still the company is running their trains on time and with little delay through accidents. The company have in some quarters men who are doing the necessary work and are earning big pay for it, and although it has cost the trackmen over two hundred thousand dollars they still remain firm. The C. P. R. is suffering loss in the passenger traffic but otherwise it is not hurting them much. The public are hoping for an early settlement of the questions at issue.

Mr. Thomas Southworth, Director of Colonization for Ontario, who went up into the Temiskaming District to enquire into and if necessary relieve the distress caused by the recent fires there, has returned to Toronto. He reports that 114 settlers were burned out and some of them were in absolute distress, so that some aid must be extended to them. Mr. Southworth left in the hands of a representative and responsible committee \$200 for the relief of any in immediate distress. The damage is estimated at \$30,000. It is gratifying to know that no pine timber was burned on the Ontario side of the lake. A great deal of pulpwood was burned over but the pulpman says that if this wood is gotten out this winter it will be quite fit for use. The fire burned through six townships, Dymond, Kerns, Hudson, Harley, Haines and Casey. It is expected that the Government will do all in its power by pushing forward colonization roads, etc., to afford relief to the settlers.

ON A PRAIRIE TELEGRAPH POLE.

Past mountains and foothills, plain and lake,
Where it links the east and west,
The tower wire singles from sea to sea,
A river that runs unrest.

As a two-stringed harp of haste it throbs
With the rise and fall of states
And sings through a land of sun and peace
Of faroff wars and hates.

Through a glimmering sea of waving green,
Of silence and golden suns,
As a thread of pain in the woot of peace
From world to world it runs.

But the tales it tells are little tales,
And the songs it sings are strange
To us who follow the glad, gold trail
Of the sun on the open range.

—Arthur Stringer in *Athens's Magazine*.

DOCTORS AND EDITORS.

The Mighty Difference in Their Professions and Profits.

The doctors are all friends of ours, says the Iowa Medical Journal. We expect them to stay with us until death. Yet at the risk of incurring their displeasure we reproduce the following. We don't know where it came from any more than we know whose rain spot the doctor's medicine comes from. We find it in a paper credited to "Ex." If we knew the author, we would gladly give him his name because the article is really good. Here it is:

"The doctor from Algona said that newspapers are run for revenue only. What in thunder do doctors run for, anyway? Do they run for glory? One good, healthy doctor's bill would run this office for six months.

"An editor works a half day for \$3, with an investment of \$3,000; a doctor looks wise and works ten minutes for \$200, with an investment of 3 cents for catnip and a pill box which cost \$1.57.

"A doctor goes to college for two or three years and gets a diploma and a string of words which he cannot pronounce, cultivates a look of gravity that he palms off for wisdom, gets a box of pills, a catnip and a meat saw and sticks his shingle out, a full fledged doctor. He will then doctor you until you die at a stipulated price per visit and puts them in as thick as your pocket-book will permit.

"An editor never gets his education finished. He learns as long as he lives and studies all his life. He eats bran mash and liver; he takes his pay in turpentine and keeps the doctor in town by refraining from printing the truth about him.

"We would like to live in Algona and run a newspaper six months and see if the doctor would change his mind about running a newspaper for revenue only.

"If we didn't get some glory out of it, we would agree to take one of his pills—after first saying our prayers. If the editor makes a mistake, he has to apologize for it, but if the doctor makes a mistake he buries it.

"If we make one, there is a lawsuit, tall swearing and a smell of sulphur, but if the doctor makes one there is a funeral, cut flowers and a smell of vanilla.

The doctor can use a word a foot long, but if the editor uses it he has to spell it. Any medical college can make a doctor. You can't make an editor. He has to be born one.

"The editor works to keep from starving, while the doctor works to ward off the goat. The editor helps men to live better, and the doctor assists them to die easy.

"The doctor pulls a sick man's leg. The editor is glad if he can collect his bills at all. Revenue only? We are living for fun and to spite the doctors."

Labeled Trunks in Demand.

There are many queer pursuits in the world, but of them all, remarks the Saturday Evening Post of Philadelphia, it is doubtful if any rank higher in the "land of the odd" than the traffic carried on by an enterprising New Yorker. He has his place in the basement of one of the office buildings on lower Broadway and deals in labeled trunks and traveling bags—that is, trunks and traveling bags that have been service abroad and that bear the labels of foreign hotels. A man going to Europe, if he works judiciously, can on his return get twice what he paid for his bag or trunk at starting.

The enterprising Yankee who conducts this queer traffic meets the passengers of incoming steamers. He sizes up his people with an accuracy born of long experience, knowing instinctively who it is that has probably exhausted his funds on his trip on the other side and who will be very willing to accept a good price for his belabored traveling appurtenances.

The more labeled, of course, the higher is the price. There is almost no risk in this business because the man has a greater demand than he can supply for the decorated merchandise in which he deals.

A Curiosity of Disease.

Perhaps the most surprising assertion by medical men is that disease in parents often confers long life on children. The contrary is believed, popularly, and no doubt there is some ground for the belief. Some time ago the British Medical association investigated the subject of old age. Taking 340 people aged from 80 to 90 years, they inquired into their family history. Here is the result:

There was cancer in 44 families; consumption in 65 families; gout in 30 families; rheumatism in 59 families; insanity in 13 families; apoplexy and paralysis in 42 families.

Thus there was a history of deadly diseases in the families of 253 of the old people. In 47 more families there was likewise some grave disease. And only 40 families were free, or said to be free, from those maladies which usually are supposed to be hereditary.

Benefit of Clergy.

The "benefit of clergy" was a legal custom which allowed priests to withdraw their cases from a secular to an ecclesiastical court. The evidence of being a clergyman was an ability to read. If a man could read only a single verse, he was entitled to the benefit of clergy.

The Jar Domestic.

Grierson (winding up the discussion)—Yes, I dare say. But you must admit you didn't know much when you married me.

Mrs. Grierson—Yes. No doubt that accounts for it.—Pearson's.

JINGLES AND JESTS.

The Difference.
Down in the woodland,
In the balmy May day breeze,
I wandered and I pondered
At the names cut on the trees,
And then with joy dull sorrow
I thought that I would do the same;
I thought I'd carve a heart
And 'neath it cut her name.

Again I wandered in the glade,
Inside the city's park,
And watched the dying grace
Fade into the evening dark.
Beneath another sheltering oak
I stooped to carve another line;
The park police arrested me;
It cost three dollars' fine.

Penative.
"When our author speaks of the penitive girl," explained the instructor, "he means that she is thoughtful."

And a foreigner learning English, pausing only long enough to make sure of his dialect, exclaimed:

"Ah, jo thoughtful girl, ees sho accordingly expensive, aber nit, journaul?"

Now, this, of course, was indeed no dream.

Perfectly Welcome.
"I should like to know," said the reporter, "if you are going to allow shirt waist men to eat in your dining cars?"

"My dear boy," said the genial railway magnate, "I will leave it to yourself if you think it time for quibbling when a man comes along with a dollar to hand over for a 40 cent dinner."

Change.
She once had gracious smiles, but now
We meet with distant glances
Ah, how the heavenly grace recedes
As worldliness advances!

A fearful blow has fallen on
Dan Cupid's solar plexus;
She meets me coldly since her dad
Has struck old down in Texas.

Should Be Lucky.

The cheerful idiot—James ought to be a very lucky man if there is any truth in the saying. "There is luck in odd numbers."

The thoughtful—For what reason? The cheerful idiot—Why, he has such an odd figure!

Sultan and the Dumb.
"Call again," said Abdul Hamid;
"Call again week after next."
Yes, I know," said Abdul Hamid,
"But you mustn't feel so vexed.
Life is full of hope and joy,
In its weakness we are vexed,
Call again," said Abdul Hamid,
"Call again about the first."

Derivative.

"Papa," asked young hopeful, "where do barnacles grow?" And as papa had already answered 1,429 questions since breakfast he said, "Oh, on the barn."

Wherefore when young hopeful heard of tentacles he went to look for some in his tent.

Poets.
THE UNIVERSAL.
He found that verses didn't pay;
He laid his pen and ink away.

THE REAL.
He found no wealth, he found no fame;
He kept on writing just the same.

No Transatlantic Railway.

"You're a likely looking girl," said Mrs. Hiram Offen, who was questioning a greenhorn girl. "Now, how were you trained across the water?"

"This jokin' ye are, mum. There does be no trains. I was shipped across."

Two Different Views.
Said a physician to a friend,
"Of all the patients I attend,
None say my method fails."
Replied the friend, "I'm not led
To doubt it, for 'tis often said
That dead men tell no tales."

She Felt It.

"Just think of how fond the old lady is of going to a funeral and how few there have been."

"I know it. It's got so now that whenever she meets a man over 70 she looks at him reproachfully."

The Vigilant Father.

There was a young fellow in Flint
Who thought he was some on the sprit,
But the pa of his girl
Gave the young man a whiff,
And now he is done up in link.

Quite Probable.

"Ellen, did Mrs. Gadaroun say anything when you told her I wasn't at home?"

"Nothing, mum, except that she was so glad she had called."

Two Birds With One Stone.

Two objects women have in view
When giving their "at home" or "tea"—
To send out invitations to
Their friends and snub their enemies.

A Hopeless Case.

"Oh, he's horrid! I can't bear to look at him!"
"But something might be made of him?"
"No. He listens with his mouth!"—Life.

The Place to Learn News.

If one-half the world doesn't know
How the other half lives,
To our "Church Sewing Club" it should go
The next meeting it gives.

Grand Assortment.

Sue—Where did you ever get a foundation for a rummage sale?
Tess—We let our big toment serenade the boarders and then collected the missiles aimed at him.

True Kindness.
The reason little May
Took the lamb to school, they say,
Was to keep him out of Wall street,
Where he wouldn't last a day.
—Washington Star.

STORIES OF LINCOLN.

THE TINY SOLDIER WHO ASSISTED AT THE PUBLIC LEVEE.

Old Abe's Narrative About How the Flat Bottomed Boat Went Aground and How She Got Safely Back Into the Ohio River.

On one occasion a little drummer boy, securing leave of absence, accompanied a sergeant to a public levee that "Old Abe" was holding at the White House. They went early, and when President Lincoln appeared and the handshaking began they were not long in reaching him.

The tall man, almost a giant in physical proportions, looked down with an amused smile at the tiny drummer boy, who appeared hardly 10 years of age. Grasping the little fellow's right hand, the president suddenly reached out his left, swung the boy off his feet and set him gently down on a small table beside him.

"Aha, my little soldier," he said, laughing, "you shall help 'Uncle Abe' review his line today, and if your superior officer objects, why, I'll prolong your leave of absence."

Lincoln asked the boy his age, place of residence, regiment and where he was on duty. Then, as some of the more important officers of the army or navy, members of congress or of the executive departments chanced to pass in the line, the president would gravely introduce his young assistant, with whom they were required to shake hands as well as with himself.

When the reception was over, President Lincoln took the boy into his private apartments and introduced him to Mrs. Lincoln. After entertaining him at luncheon he dismissed him with a brief note to the commanding officer of the hospital where he was then stationed telling why the boy's leave of absence had been extended.

Lincoln's geniality and willingness at all times to hear or to tell a good story were conspicuous traits not always agreeable to some of his able but worried and irritable advisers.

On one occasion a sergeant had a squad of men at work unloading supplies from an Ohio river steamboat that in some mysterious manner had made its way from the interior to the coast waters of Virginia. It was a flat bottomed boat, drawing not more than three feet of water when loaded and hardly dampening its plank bottom when light. It was propelled by a horizontal stern wheel, driven by a small upright engine. Boats of that type were common on the Ohio, which runs almost dry at some seasons. They were known as "Pittsburgers" and were failed to navigate freely in a heavy dew.

The sergeant's men were hard at work carrying rations ashore from this craft when suddenly they stopped and sent up a lusty cheer. A little tugboat steamer had pulled up alongside, and from it stepped a tall, awkward man dressed in rusty black and wearing a napless silk hat. The sergeant recognized the president and saluted.

"Your boat is well named, sergeant," said the latter gravely.

The soldier was puzzled. He did not know that the steamer had a name and said so.

The president took him by the arm and led him back on the tug. There the stern of the "Pittsburgher" loomed above them, and on its dirty white surface in tarnished gilt letters a yard laid appeared the single word, *Mist*.

"Yes," said Lincoln, "it's very well named indeed, sergeant. All those boats need a mist, and they'll run anywhere."

"Years ago," he continued, "I was attending court in Cairo, Ill., when the Ohio was so low that all the water there was between its banks was what had spilled over from the Mississippi. Those 'Pittsburgers' were passing and repassing all the time. One night there came up a little shower that raised the level maybe a half inch. One of 'em got out of the channel, slid ashore and grounded in the mud right beside the courthouse."

"It was there the next morning, and I remarked to a brother attorney that that boat was aground to stay. He was from 'Egypt' and knew more about 'Pittsburgers' than I did. He merely smiled and said, 'You wait and see.'"

"There came on another shower that afternoon. I heard an engine puffing and looked out of the courthouse window. Maybe you'll think I'm exaggerating, but there was that boat steaming down the road toward the river, and in two minutes she was back in the Ohio, just as the shower was over."

"I expressed my surprise to the judge, but he said that was nothing. If the shower hadn't come up in time the captain would simply have hired a boy with a sprinkling pot to go ahead. They're great boats, sergeant. Likely as not this one got here by coming across country."

President Lincoln repeated this extraordinary story without the ghost of a smile. During its recital Secretary Stanton and Generals Halleck and Sherman—the last named having run up the day before from his march through the Carolinas—who were with the party, had approached the president. General Sherman smiled broadly but Stanton looked annoyed. The president caught his glance and, with a wink at the others, said, "But maybe you've heard this before, Stanton."

"Very likely I have," the secretary grimly responded, "but I would suggest, Mr. President, that General Grant is awaiting us."

The gleam of amusement left the kindly man's eyes. He gravely turned and shook hands with the sergeant and then strode after his companions as they made their way ashore.—*Roe L. Hendrick in Youth's Companion*.

HOW BIG SEA TURTLES FEED

Take Big Balls of Grass Out to Sea and Eat While Swimming.

With my gastronomic taste I naturally was very curious to know just what kind of terrapin are caught in these waters, for the dish is one much sought after by epicures and forms part of the menu for every first class hotel on the coast. I was told that once I caught about here, but was invited to a sea turtle hunt. Let the reader imagine a turtle weighing all the way from 1,200 to 1,500 pounds, and not long ago one was turned over on the beach near Miami that weighed more than 1,600 pounds. Of course I am giving the largest weight, for the average weight of those caught along the coast is about 500 pounds. After they are caught the turtles are kept for a long time, their captors feeding them on cabbage, lettuce, turnips, carrots and sea grasses.

The study of this monster shellfish is a most interesting one. In order to get rid of the parasites that cling to their shells they often enter fresh streams to enjoy a bath, but they are extremely timid and take fright at the least noise. The hunter knows, however, that the turtle feeds in brackish streams where the tide falls rather low and where the turtle grass grows in greatest profusion. The turtles cut great quantities of this grass and then roll it into a ball, cementing it as they roll it with the clay in which the grass grows, and in this way, when they have managed to amass a goodly supply of provisions, they wait for high tide and float away seaward, feeding as they float.

The professional hunters are quick to detect these balls, and just the moment they do so they set their seines and send their peggers, as the men are called, in search of the feeding shoals. Men are not the only enemies the turtles have, however, for bears, raccoons and other animals native to Florida destroy great numbers of them.—Jacksonville (Fla.) Cor. Baltimore American.

UNDER AN UMBRELLA.

An Expensive Adventure of a Famous Parisian Wit.

Romieu, the famous Parisian wit, was one day caught in a shower and forced to seek refuge in a doorway of the Opera House. It was 6 o'clock already, and he had an engagement in the Cafe de Paris for that very hour. The rain fell in torrents. There was no carriage to be had. He had no umbrella. What was to be done? While he was lamenting his bad luck a gentleman with a large umbrella passed by. Romieu was seized with a sudden inspiration. He rushed out and grasped the stranger by the arm and gravely installed himself under the protecting umbrella.

"I am overjoyed to see you," he immediately began. "I have been looking for you for two weeks. I wanted to tell you about Clementine."

Without giving the stranger time to express his surprise Romieu rattled away with gossip and anecdote until he had led the unknown companion to the door of the Cafe de Paris. Then he glanced at him with a face of well feigned astonishment.

"Parдон, monsieur," he cried. "It seems I am mistaken."

"I believe so," said the stranger. "Good gracious!" added Romieu. "Be discreet. Don't repeat what I have told you."

"I promise you."

"A thousand pardons!"

Romieu hastened within the cafe and amid great laughter told the adventure to his friends. Suddenly one of them said:

"Your cravat is rumpled."

Romieu put his hand to his neck and turned pale. His pin, a valuable sapphire, was gone. On further examination his purse and watch were found to be gone. The man with the umbrella was a pickpocket.

The Opal Superstition.

There is one superstition of wide range and influence that is directed against one of the most beautiful objects in nature, the opal. A man in my town failed in business, and what do you think he did? Took his opal ring into the yard and smashed it to pieces with a hammer! He ascribed his bankruptcy to that opal, and he intended neither to suffer such misfortune again nor to allow any other one to do so by inheriting or buying that ill starred property.

One of the most amusing instances of a trust in wrong things is reported from New York, where a man took an opal to a jeweler and asked him to sell it, as he had had nothing but bad luck since he owned it, his business ventures having failed, his children having suffered illness and the old scratch having been to pay generally. The jeweler found the gem to have been an imitation. Its falsity must have been obvious to everybody except the victim, because the opal is the stone that has never been even passably imitated.

His Emancipation.

Away back in 1771 Josiah Woodbury of Beverly, Mass., thus published his happy emancipation from matrimonial woes:

Beverly, Sept. 15, 1771.
Ran away from Josiah Woodbury, cooper, his house plague for seven long years, Maury Old Moll, alias Trial of Vengeance. He that lost will never seek her; he that shall keep her I will give two Bushel of Beans. I forewarn all Persons in Town or County from trusting said Trial of Vengeance. I have here all the old (shoon) I can find for joy, and all my neighbors rejoice with me. A good Riddance of bad Wars. Amen!

JOSIAH WOODBURY.

It Yielded.

First Physician—Did old Coupon's case yield to your treatment?

Second Physician—It did. I treated it for six months, and it yielded something like a hundred guineas.—London Fun.

King's Evil

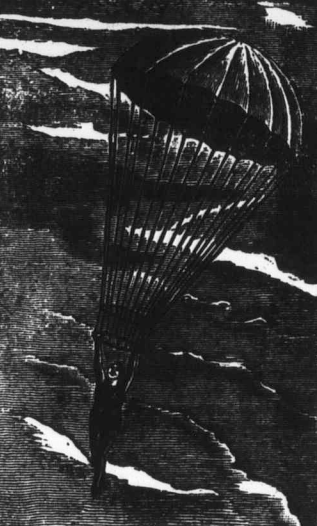
That is Scrofula.
No disease is older.
No disease is really responsible for a larger mortality.

Consumption is commonly its outgrowth. There is no excuse for neglecting it, it makes its presence known by so many signs, such as glandular tumors, cutaneous eruptions, inflamed eyelids, sore ears, rheumatism, catarrh, wasting and general debility.

Children of J. W. McGinn, Woodstock, Ont., had scrofula sores so bad they could not attend school for three months. When different kinds of medicines had been used to no purpose whatever, these sufferers were cured, according to Mr. McGinn's voluntary testimony, by

Hood's Sarsaparilla
which has effected the most wonderful, radical and permanent cures of scrofula in old and young.

Balloon Ascensions.



The undersigned has been appointed Canadian agent for the celebrated Aeronauf,

Prince Leo Stevens
OF
New York City

who has made a large number of very successful balloon ascensions in Canada. Terms reasonable and perfect satisfaction guaranteed.

B. LOVERIN,
Reporter Office.
Athens, June 1st, 1901.

20,000
FARM
LABORERS
WANTED

In Manitoba and the Canadian North West

The Canadian Pacific R'y will run FARM LABORERS EXCURSIONS, second class to C. P. R. Stations in Manitoba and the Canadian North West of Winnipeg as far as

\$10.00
MOOSE JAW
ESTEVAN
YORKTON.

On AUGUST 8TH 1901, From Stations in Ontario, Sherbrooke, Quebec and Montreal. And AUGUST 9TH '01, From Stations in Province of Quebec, Quebec, Magog and West Guelph. Tickets will be issued ending purchase to a second class ticket good to return to original starting point by same route on or before Nov. 10th, 1901, at \$10.00 only on condition named therein.

For further particulars and tickets apply to nearest Canadian Pacific R'y Agent.

House and Lot For Sale or to Let.

The subscriber will sell or rent his residence on Wellington street, Athens. Possession given at once. Also for sale a lot of household furniture, including a good box stove and a cook stove, also a few choice fowl. (Plymouth Rocks and Leghorns. All can be inspected at any time.

Athens, July 29th, 1901.
3-2
EDGAR LAGROIX,
Athens P. O.

SHOP TO RENT.

The shop now occupied by H. R. Knowlton on Main St., Athens. Good stand for watchmaker or fancy goods. Possession given about Dec. 1st. Apply to

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