Athens Reporter

TUESDAY AFTERNOON

B. LOVERIN

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Business notices in 1) alor news column, 10c. per line for first losertion and five cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Professional Cards, 6 lines or under, per yar, \$3.00; over 6 and under 12 lines, \$4.00. first insertion and 2c. per line for each subse-ter of the card of the card of the card of the cards of the insertion and 2c. per line for each subse-

DUTCAST OF MILAN.

could be avoided, as the two temales might be as much of a capture as they could surely and safely make in that place.

As he had premised, Toletti led the way to the apartment where the girls slept, and by careful management they were so effectually smothered before they awoke, that they could give no immediate alarm, and thus were they borne away from the cavern, and led down the mountain, the gags being kept upon their mouths until they had gob-very near to the river, where horses were in waiting. As soon as Rosabel could speak she begged for mercy, but the robbers would not listen to her. One of the villains, however, more bold than the rest, whispered into her ear that if she would go with him he would save her from the clutches of the duke. She turned eagerly towards him to find out what he meant. He meant that she should go with him and be his, and he was beginning to swear eternal fidelity and love, when she turned from him in disgust and horror. She asked no more favors at the hands of the robbers, but suffered herself to be lifted to a saddle, in which condition she was borne away towards Milan, and early in the following day she was lodged in her own apartments in the ducal palace, Hippolita still bearing her company. But the companions were not to remain long together. At noon a messenger came from Hugh de Castro and led Hippolita away, conducting her book to the dwelling of her master, where she was confined in a close apartment, with an old black woman to keen watch over her. Towards evening

close apartment, with an old black woman to keep watch over her. Towards evening de Castro came, and when he stood before her he struck her on the cheek with his hand.

"I did."
"I did."
"What induced you to do such a thing?"
"That I might make some atonement for a grievous wrong which I had helped to do. When I led Vendorme to that dangeon, I did not dream of the horrible doom that awaited him. Had you told me that, no power could have induced me to help you. I helped you ignorantly, but I was not ignorant when I helped the sufferer."
"Upon my soul, girl, you are frank."
"I can afford to be so."
"Then be as frank in answering me further. Where is Orlando Vendorme?"
"I cannot tell you, sir."

not tell you, sir." mean—you will not.'

you snar rue: Avarayou leave Vendorme;
"Once for all, sir," replied the girl, with
heroic calmess, "I will not speak one word
which can put the safety of Orlando Vendorme
in jeopardy. Where he is now I cannot
tell you, for I do not know. But that I may
not be misunderstood, I tell you frankly—if

1.213 heave I would not tell you." I did know, I would not tell you."

De Castro clenched his fist, and struck the

girl to the floor.

"Lay there, insolent wench!" he muttered, "and when I come again you will learn to answer me with more propriety. I do not leave you now because you have conquered, but because I have not the time to waste ed, but-because I have not the time to waste with you." Thus speaking he left the room, closing and locking the door after him.

It was well into the evening, and Rosabel of Bergamo had slept several hours. She arose, and found a woman in attendance upon her. It was not one of her own women, but a servant whom the princess had seen at work in the garden.

"Why are you here?" Rosabel asked, when she recollected where she was, and what had traspired.

when she recollected where she was, and what had traspired.

"I am here to wait upon you," was the reply, delivered in a rough, impudent way.
"And I suppose you are also here to keep guard over me?"
"No. There are soldiers in the passage who do that. But I can get supper for you, if you want it."

"I want nothing to eat. You may bring me some drink."

"I want nothing to eat. You may bring me some drink."

The woman brought the drink, and Rosabel then told her she might retire.

"I cannot do it lady. I am ordered to remain in the room with you."

The princess was offended, but she had too much sense of pride to show any resentment, so she withdrew to a window which overlooked one of the gardens, and sat down. She had not been thus seated many minutes before the door was opened, and the duke made his appearance. The attendant was dismissed apd Manfred then turned to his ward, whom he regarded for some little time in silence.

in silence.
"Well," he at length said, biting off the word as though language were insufficient to express his feelings. "So you are back." The princess bowed her head, and made no reply. She had determined upon the course she would pursue, and she sought the strength that might enable her to bear

"Did you think to escape me, Rosabel

Answer me."

"I hoped to escape, sir," she replied, looking up into his face.

"And whither had you planned to go?"

"Anywhere, so that I might be free from the treatmen." o, ho, you are there, are you. You plan, I suppose! You had no lover

with you!"

"I had a friend with me, sir."

"I had a friend with me, sir."

"Yes, yes—and where did you leave that friend?"

"Where I hope he will be safe from the

powers that are at work against him."
"Did you leave him in the place whence you were taken "
"Send your robber minions back and let

"(Send your robber minions back and let them search."

Manfred started angrily, and he seemed ready to smite the maiden with his fist.

"No, no," he said, "you shall not move me from my propriety. You are crazy, you are an idiot, you are a fool! But, my fair lady, let me tell you that men have been sent back after your gallant champion, and let me assure you that he will be taken, too, and when he is taken, he will be amply rewarded for the pains he has expended on your account. Perhaps you can imagine what the character of that reward will be."

A sense of faintness overcame the princess for a moment. She could understand what would be Vendorme's fate if he fell into the tyrant's power, and the thought was terrible. But she struggled up from the blow, and looked the duke once more in the face.

said; "and I can imagine all the interest you would make; so you can spare me the pain of hearing them."
"Yery well. Enough, then, of Vendorme until I can tell you exactly what has become of him. And now to another matter. I propose to have you married as soon as possible. It should be done this very might, but for my own convenience I must put to off until the day after to-morrow, when you will give your hand to Ludovice. Do you think, you can escape this time?"
"Betere God, the wife of Ludovico I mover will be ?" Reesabel snoke slowly and the spare to their tools are to their content of the spare of the spare to their content of the spare of the spare to their content of the spare of the spare to their content of the spare of the spare to their content of the spare to the spare to their content of the spare to the spare to

mentioned.

"()," cried Rosabel, disguising none of the bitterness of her feeling, "you may bring him, and he may pronounce the false vows if he will. I shall not repeat them. You may so far make me a wife as to lay hands upon my estates of Bergamo; but in my soul a wife to Ludovico no power of earth can ever make me."

"Beware girl" said the duke, pressing his hand upon her shoulder. "You know not what you say. If you give not your soul to this marriage, you give it to perdition."

wards the old woman entered and resumed her watch.

Rosabel might have wept if she had been alone; but she would not shed tears in the presence of the unsympathiting sentinel. She retired to ber inner chamber, where she soon sought her couch; and as she rested her head upon her pillow, she offered up new prayers to Heaven. She prayed that God would have meroy upon her; but a more fervent prayer was breathed for Orlando Vendorme.

CHAPTER XVIII. THE BLOCK.

of her master, where she was confined in close apartment, with an old black woman to keep watch over her. Towards evening de Castro came, and when he stood before her he struck her on the cheek with his hand.

"Strike me again," she said, turning the there cheek to him.

"Are you so fond of being struck?" asked her master.

"Blows are what I expect sir," she replied.

"And they are what you deserve. But tell me—how did you escape from the city?"

"I rode out upop a horse, sir."

"And Orlando Vendorme was with you?"

"He was."

"And you set him free from his dungeon?"

"He was."

"And you set him free from his dungeon?"

"I did."

"What induced you to do such a thing?"

"That I might make some atonement for a grievous wrong which I had helped to do.

"Yes," said Manfred, rubbing his hands with evident satisfaction. "Crescentius and the Pope are both with me; and their in fluence cannot be well overcome. His Holiness will be here to-morrow, and will, in person, solemnize your marriage."

Upon this Ludovicor ubbed his hands, and declared that things were working better than he had even dared to hope. He had just spoken to this effect, when Hngh de Castro entered the apartment.

"How wow, my captain?" eriod the duke.

"What brings you in such haste?"

"Then you are the greater fool. I tell you, Master Vendorme, the time is not far distant when our free band will be able to shake the petty thrones of Lombardy. However, you need not fret yourself with the idea of loss, for I could not make you the offer if I would. You are not my prison. "Who is he?"

De Castro cast his eyes over the apart.

"Whose am I. then?"

De Castro cast his eyes over the apart-"We are alone," said Manfred.
"The man is named Pietro Bonzo. He is ne of the robbers." Does he bring us news of Vendorme?"

one of the robbers."

"Yoes be bring us news of Vendorme?"

"Yes."

In a very few moments de Castro introduced the robber into the ducal presențe. He was habited in the garb of a peasant, but his face told well enough what he was.

"Well, sir," said Manfred, not at all shocked by the association, "what word do you bring?"

"My lord duke," replied the outlaw, bowing very slightly as he spoke, "a reward was offered to us on condition that we would find Rossabel of Bergamo, and sestore her to your keeping; and another reward was offered for the capture of Orlando Vendorme. The lady has been restored to you. And, furthermore, Vendorme has been taken; but, as we were not directed to bring him hither, we have secured him, and are ready to produce him when it may so please you."

"So works the matter still in our favor,"

works the matter still in our favor," cried Manfred, clapping his hands exulting-ly. "With this fellow secure we are safe from further trouble. Where is the

cried Manfred, clapping his hands exuturgly. "With this fellow secure we are sate
from further trouble. Where is the
knight?"
"He is in a quiet nook, my lord, npt
many leagues away. I can bring him to
you by the rising of another sun."
"I think," remarked the dike, turning
to his captain, "that we do not want the
fellow here."

De Castro nodded in approval of the sugcoastion.

De Castro nodded in approval of the sug-gestion.

"If do not see," continued his highness,
"what need there is of having much more trouble with him."

The captain nodded again.
"If I am not mistaken sir," the duke said, addressing the robber, "you do not love your prisoner much."

"We owe him nothing but vengeance,
my lod."

"We owe him nothing but vengeance, my lord."

"Then you may earn your reward easily. You can act the peasant, and I will give orders to the guard to allow you to pass with fruit for the palace. You can bring the fruit in panniers, can you not?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And in a pannier, covered with citron leaves, you can bring me the head of Orlando Vendorme?"

"Yes."

do Vendormer"
"Yes."
"Mind—I want only the head. I want it brought secretly and punctually. I would behold it with my own eyes."
"And so would I," added Ludovico, with a gesture of mad delight. "I would give more to see the unbodied head of Orlando Vendorme than I would to see the emperor at my feet."
"It is a safe and righteous decision," said de Castro.

Castro.

'Aye," resumed the duke, "it shall be How is it, Pietro Bonza—shall it be

"And there shall be no message ure?"
"There can be none, your highness. The prisoner is bound, and his keepers only await my return."
"Then bring me his head as quickly as you can." can."
You shall have it to-morrow."

"At what time?"

"As early as possible. I said that I could bring the prisoner hither alive by the rising of the sun; but if I must find fruit, and prepare panniers, it may take some time longer. But it shall be sometime tomorrow."

"Remember—when the head is delivered, "There shall be no failure," replied the robber emphatically. When Pietro Botiza was dismissed from the ducal presence, he made his way out from the city as quickly as possible, and started upon his return mission. He stopped at Monza to transact a little business with one of the robber agents, and just as the sun was sinking he reached the place where he had left his companions with their prisoner. He found one of the band there, but no more.

prisoner. He found one but no more.
"How is this, Bernardo? Where are our "How is the Bernardo?" companions?"
"They have gone further north, Master

after us?"
"It is known that they had been making inquiries about us, and they were coming directly towards us. However, I have not seen them yet, and I know not where they are. In all probability they have pushed on to the south."

"Hold—nere he comes. Now you can ask him."

A dark-visaged, powerfully framed man, wearing an ostrich plume in his velvet cap, approached the spot where the prisoner sat. This was Lanzilla, the chief of the robbers. He had, in former years, been a knight of Mantua; but a great crime had subjected him to the loss of his spurs; and, seeking the Alpine banditti, he had joined their number, and finally risen to be their leader. He stood by the prisoner's side, and looked down into his pain-marked face.

"Orlando Vendorme," he said, "do you remember when you were first banished from Milan, that you met me by the bank of the Savesor."

er."
"Whose am I, then?"
"Perhaps I speak a little wide of the
mark, sir knight. You are my prisoner,
but not held for my use. I hold you for
the present; but I hold you subject to
the orders of another."
"Subject to the orders of the tyrant of

illan, is it?"
"If you will have it so—yes."
"And will you conduct me to him?" "Not yet."
"What will you do?"

"What will you do?"
"Ere long you shall see."
"One word, sir," cried the captive, as Lanzilla turned to move away. "Will you not loosen the bond upon my arms?"
"Yes,—but not now!"
What did he mean? Why did he answer so abruptly, and stride away so suddenly? What was to be done? Orlando turned to a man who stood near, and asked him which way they meant to move. The man looked at him, and shook his head, vouchsafing no other answer.

way any mean to move. The man looked at him, and shook his head, vouchsafing no at the latter answer.

In a little while the robber chieftain returned, accompanied by two of his companions. He looked more stern than before, and upon his brow there was a dark scowl.

"Orlando Vendorme," he said, "I had thought of sending you your way without giving you any notice thereof; but my companions have overruled me. For my part, I forgive you for the work you once did against us; but not so with the others. My lieutenant leads in the determination to make you suffer."

"Aye;" interposed a stout, dark-visaged man, moving forward as he spoke, "I have not forgotten that my own brother fell by this fellow's hands. I am not so forgiving."

"Nor I," added another of the robbers.

CHAPTER XIX.

QUESTS WHO WERE NOT INVITED.

chis was Lanzilla, the chief of the robbers he had, in former years, been a knight of fantus; but a great crime had subjected into the loss of his spurs; and, seeking the dpine banditti, he had joined their number, affinally risen to be their leader. He lood by the prisoner's side, and looked own into his pain-marked face. He lood by the prisoner's side, and looked own into his pain-marked face, and looked own into his pain-marked face, and seek to make myself more unc omfortable than you have already on the house of Berry of the member when you were first banished om Milan, that you met me by the bank the Saveso?"

"Yes," replied our hero; "I remember it ry well." very well."

"And do you remember the proposition I then made to you?"

"Yes."

The duke exhibited no anger at the year.

cause the ceremonies to be as brief as possible."

The duke exhibited no anger at the maiden's freedom of speech. He was rather pleased than otherwise by her surrender.

"No,—you would have been a free and independent man, owing allegiance to no earthly monarch; and only governed by a chief of your own choice. But your choice was not with us. Perhaps you remember the next time you met me?"

"Yes," said Orlando. "I helped a party of gentlemen whom you had attacked; and I suppose you now intend to have ample revenge."

"Ah," returned Lanzilla, shaking his had."

"An returned Lanzilla, shaking his had." a sked.

"If Blanche can come and help me."

Manfred promised to send the girl; and shortly after he withdrew she came.

"My dear lady," Blanche said, with tears in her eyes, "I cannot help you. We are watched upon all hands, and—"

"Stop," interrupted the princess. "I only wish you to help me dress. The time for other help is gone. But I would ask you one question: Do you know if anything has been heard from Orlando Vendorme?"

"I have heard rothing."

"I have heard nothing."
"That is all. You may bring my dress

"That is all. You may bring my dress now."

The girl proceeded with her work in silence, and when her mistress was arrayed in her bridal robes she stood back and wiped her eyes.

"I wish to be alone a moment, Blanche."

The attendant withdrew to the bed-room, and then Rosabel went to her dressing-case and took from a secret drawer the little dagger which Vendorme had given to her.

"This may be my last friend of earth!" "This may be my last friend of earth!" she murmured, as she gazed upon the sharp, glittering point. The wicked prince of Milan shall never know Rosabel as a wife—

Milan snan aeva was a way was a way was a way was a wa

A Remarkable Case.

THE STRANGE POSITION IN WHICH A BRANTFORD MAN FOUND HIMSELF.

hysicians Could Not Agree as to the Nature of His Trouble—Fell Away to a More Skeleton—Was Unable to Move About,—Continuously Suffered Terrible vains. om the Brantford Expositor

Some months ago the Expositor gave the particulars of the remarkable cure wrought upon Mrs. Avery, who lives at P. asant Ridge, a few sailes out of the city, and the case created nuch interest among the people of the city and vicinity. We are now in a lives at P. saant Ridge, a few sniles out of the city, and the case created nuch interest among the people of the city and vicinity. We are now in a position to give the particulars of another wonderful cure that has occurred in the city since the first of January. The then unfortunate, but now happy and healthy man, is William G. Woodook, who resides at 189 Murray street. He is an Englishman, and has been out from Kent, England, about eleven years. A baker by trade, he

"Beware girl ?" aid the duke, pressing his hand upon her shoulder. "You know I suppose the his was a way to make a mass of makey, even in your madness, for now I shall know here in passed now in the continue and a prayer fell from her lips, as she bowed her head tilt be the had bees speaking would strike her; but when she sank upon her knoes, with her clasped hands rised towards Heaven; and a prayer fell from her lips, as she bowed her head tilt her in the case of the marriage would strike her; but when she sank upon her knoes, and her voice broke into that impassioned prayer, hestopped and trembled." "You are carray! But I am glad you have seen myself. The marriage would strike her; but when she sank upon her knoes, and her voice broke into that impassioned prayer, hestopped and trembled." "Bah if we worned to the fellow would not to the form the agartment, and shortly sfeet her watch."

By a large rook, where a mass of vines are all being a seen into the fellow would not do it. "My chieftsing gave me no such orders, in her me give you agentlehnit." You all the fellow would not do it. "My chieftsing gave me no such orders, in he had not contained the same of morning and the pass you must suffer: he has more ocoasion to be angry with you. When Manfred had thus spoken, he true her worned the spoken passed her watch."

When Manfred had thus a spoken, he true her worned the spoken passed to the pains you must suffer: he had no contained the passed to the spoken passed her with the fellow would not do it. "My chieftsing gave me no such orders, he adone; but known the seem of morning and proved the contained the passed of Bergamo could find no means of the support her the spoke reason to the support her the spoke the sum of the support her the same till the same and a prayer fell from her lips, as she bowed her head the same and the passed to be the same to morning. The sum of the passed the spoken her the passed to the sum of the passed the passed to the sum of the passed to the sum of the passed to the passed to t weak and open to take almost any disease. Although they did not agree as to the cause, all advised me to tightly bandage my limbs from the knees down. I did so, but this was of no avail, and I became so weak that I was not able to move even around the house. The pains I suffered were terrible, and the only way I could relieve

> suffering the most intense pain 1 continued in this way, more dead than alive, until the first of January, 1894, when I concluded to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I sent to Mr. Bechelor's drug store on New Year's Day and bought six boxes of pills. At this time I could not stand at all, but in about a week I threw away the bandages which I had been wearing on my limbs, and in two weeks I could walk first rate. By the time the six in about a week I threw away one bandages which I had been wearing on my limbs, and in two weeks I could walk first rate. By the time the six boxes were finished I was fit for work to be to be to fine the limit to be and in the best of health. I did the hardest day's work on Saturday last

that I had ever done in and it is not the worse for it. When and it is not the worse for it. When I was weighed a week ago I tipped the scales at 163 pounds and when I came asked it if you like.

A miniature copy was made of it, which is ordered it do easily see what Pink Pills have done

Milan shall never know Rosabel as a wife—
NEVER!?

She hid the dagger in her bosom, and not long afterwards a messenger arrived from the duke.

John XVII., the Pope of Rome, stood by the duke's side in the apartment where it had been arranged that the marriage ceremony should be performed.

"Ha, ha," said Manfred, as the sound of distant tumult fell upon his ear, "my people are already making merry on the occasion. They shall have a glorious time of it when the marriage is over."

"No, the prince has made them. I have thought best that Ludovico should please the people this time."

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"No, the prince has made them in the wall to the prince has made the prince has a prince has a prince has a prince has

"Nou have made arrangements for sports, then?"

"No, the prince has made them. I have thought best that Ludovico should please the people this time."

"A wise thought," said the Pope. "It is well to keep them busy with something. Ah—here comes the prince."

Ludovico, accompanied by Hugh de Castro and several other officers of the ducal household, entered the apartment, and were presented to His Holiness.

In a little while, by another door, entered Rosabel of Bergamo with two attendants. The duke approached her and introduced the Pope.

The duke approached her and introduced the Pope.

NEW CRAZE FOR BYRON INTEREST IN A GREAT ENGLISH POET HAS BEEN REVIVED.

aldsen's Bust H's Best Portrait.

Byton. It is no longer considered improper for young women to say in society that they have read Lord Byron and that they like the reading. In England, which has only itself to blame for the keen cuts which the hardy solon of Newsterd gave it, there is a revival of him who wrote as no man before him wrote; as none since has written.



LORD BYRON IN ALBANIAN COSTUME (1810)

rible, and the only way I could releve myself at all was to lift one foot off the floor and extend it straight out from me. In November I was in the hospital fourteen days, and was treated for typhoid fever, and although I cannot say for certain, yet I do not think that I had the fever at all. When I was taken from the hospital I could neither eat nor sleep, and was still suffering the most intense pain I suffering the most intense pain I suffering the way more dead than

row.

The portrait of 1807 was painted by G.

The portrait of 1807 was painted by G.

It

A miniature copy was made of it, which so displeased Byron that he ordered it de-

in this country. A repetition of the head of the bust was made by the same artist in 1817. It was tendered to Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral and the British Museum, and declined in turn by each. It remained for several years, unpacked, in the vaults of the custom house. It now stands in the college library of Trinity, Cambridge.

manical accordance in the proposal and the proposal accordance in the propo

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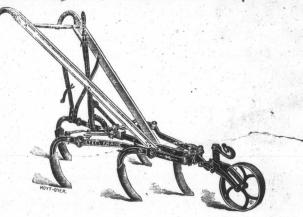
LORD BYRON IN ALBANIAN COSTUME (1810)
FROM THE PAINTING BY PHILLIPS.
unrelenting that his remains were denied'
sepulture in Westminster. But the hand
that was laid upon him and his memory is
releasing its clutch. It is now proper to
go on a Byronio teur in the art galleries of
England. There is quite a rage for
sketches, silhouettes, paintings and statuary of the man who left "his native
shore" and proved himself not only the
master genius of poetry, but a man of
courage and common seuse as well, and
died engaged in an effort to liberate an
other country. other country.

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