

Athens Reporter

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—BY—
B. LOVERIN
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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DANGER IN POISON IVY.

How to Know the Plant—Simple Remedies if Affected by It.
"If one knows how the Rhus toxicodendron—that is the scientific name for poisonous ivy—looks," said a man of the woods, "he can avoid it with ease. It is sometimes a low shrub about a foot high, and it is also a graceful vine, with stout, hairy stems. This vine sends out horizontal branches. The bush and the vine do not look alike, but both have coarse toothed, oval pointed leaves. These are always three in a group, and the plant also bears small greenish white berries." Poison oak, otherwise Rhus radicans, and poison sumac, or Rhus vinita, are other plants to be avoided by visitors to the woods. The sumac has groups of four leaflets, oval pointed in form, arranged on a tapering stem. It differs from the real sumac in so far that its leaflets incline upward. In the autumn foliage is a brilliant scarlet. The little berries look like grayish white grapes.
A good antidote for ivy poisoning in its first stages is a bottle of ordinary baking soda. A bottle containing a pint of water and a heaping teaspoonful of baking soda is carried by many persons who take walks in the woods, for, while some people may handle the poison vines without danger, others are poisoned if they pass within twelve feet of them.

She Fitted His Distress.
An artist who was making a sketching tour through a picturesque region of Connecticut chanced one day on a barn so alluring to his eye that he sat down on a stone wall and went to work at once.
He soon became conscious that he had two interested spectators in the persons of the farmer and his wife, who had come to the door of the house to watch him.
The artist by and by discovered that he had lost or mislaid his rubber eraser, and as he wished to correct a slight error in the sketch he went up to the door and asked the farmer's wife if he might have a small piece of dry bread. This, as every artist knows, makes a good eraser.
The farmer's wife looked at him with an expression of pity not unminged with surprise.
"Dry bread!" she repeated. "Well, I guess you won't have to put up with any dry bread from me, young man. You come right into the kitchen with me, and I'll give you a thick slice of bread with butter on it."
"Now, don't say a word," she continued, raising her hand to ward off his exostulation. "I don't care how you came to this state nor anything about it. All I know is you're hungry, and that's enough for me. You shall have a good dinner."

The Nest of the Kingfisher.
Our American belted alcon, or common kingfisher, is an expert hole borer. There is scarcely a clayey bank along the streams of our middle and southern states but has its face cut by the floor of one of these gloomy looking houses.
The hole is usually quite round and goes directly into the bank, with a slight upward slant to a distance of from two to four feet, where it turns nearly at right angles to one side or the other, ending in a large, jug shaped pocket, where the eggs are laid. The kingfisher is my most cheerful companion when I am out for a day's or a week's angling. It is an ever fresh delight to watch him swooping down into the clear brook water with a melodious plunge and coming forth sparkling like a flake from a blue sea wave or a fragment of turquoise. He rarely fails to catch the minnow he strikes at, but his appetite is unrelenting and insatiable. He eats from morning till night.

Two Things That Scare a Negro.
Two seemingly harmless things excite the fear of the southern negro. One is the cracking of the finger joints; the other is to be stepped over as he lies prone upon the ground. The cracking of the finger joints seems to suggest to the negro imagination the rattling of a skeleton's bones, while to be stepped over is regarded as likely to bring bad luck to grown folks and to check the growth of children. A half grown negro boy will sternly command a playfellow who has stepped over his body to step back in order that the spell may be removed.

GREAT SALT LAKE.

This Remarkable Body of Water Will Vanish Within Fifty Years.
Within fifty years from the present time the Great Salt Lake of Utah, the most remarkable body of water of its kind in the world, will have ceased to exist. It will have dried up, and its place will be occupied by an unattractive desert, save perhaps for a few irrigated farms.
Such, at all events, is the opinion of geologists. Professor W. J. McGee of Washington remarked in conversation the other day that half a century was an outside estimate for the survival of the lake. He was inclined to think that it would be dried up twenty-five years from now. Already its waters show signs of receding from the shores, and causes are in operation which lessen to a great extent the supplies furnished to this curious inland sea by streams.
The lake is about seventy-five miles long by half that in greatest breadth, being in shape somewhat irregular, and is rather shallow. There may be places where it has a depth of as much as a hundred feet, but over most of its area it is less than fifty feet deep. The reason why it is so salt is simply that it has no outlet save through evaporation, and the streams during ages past have been carrying salt into it.
The contributing streams are now beginning to be utilized on a large scale for irrigating purposes, and thus the customary water supply is being withheld to some extent from the lake. Before long immense reservoirs will be constructed in the mountains to hold the storm waters during the rainy season in order that they may be conserved and poured out over the fields in the dry time. Operations of this kind conducted so extensively must lower the level of the lake quite fast.
When the lake is gone, much of the land thus made dry will be unavailable for agriculture owing to its containing so large a percentage of salts of various kinds deposited from the water in the course of many centuries. But it may be supposed that certain areas where the lake was comparatively shallow will be suitable for farming. Thus there will be some direct gain.

Dried Coffee Beans.
In Germany it is not permissible to adulterate coffee. A wholesale grocer was recently tried in Hamburg, the charge against him being that he had adulterated a large quantity of Brazilian coffee, with the object of selling it as Porto Rico coffee. His counsel admitted that he had changed the original color of the coffee, but pointed out that he had made the change before the coffee was roasted, and as the experts who had been summoned expressed the opinion that it was perfectly lawful to adulterate beans, though entirely unlawful to adulterate roasted coffee, the court promptly ordered a verdict of not guilty.
In this case the adulteration consisted in making the beans of a greenish blue color and in pressing fine flour between the clefts. The rosy hue which characterizes Brazilian coffee was thus obliterated.
According to the experts, beans of coffee have been artificially colored in Hamburg for the last forty years, and if the practice is to be stopped, though they insist that the public is not duped, since it is not the color which gives quality to coffee, suits will have to be instituted against all the grocers of the city.

A Historic Tree.
The oak tree under whose branches Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas held a political debate in 1858 is still standing in Bloomington, Ill. It appears to be centuries old. In 1808 the tree marked an inclosure then known as Henshaw's pasture, a former public meeting place. George Henshaw, the owner, was a Democrat. He arranged to have the debate there, being an admirer of Douglas. The two candidates for United States senator had engaged in a series of debates, and the one held in Bloomington attracted voters from far and near. A platform for the candidates was constructed directly under the boughs of this old oak. Its shade protected the audience as well as the speakers.
Birds and the Woman.
City Belle—I hope your stay in our city will not be short, Mr. De Science.
Mr. De Science (member of the Ornithologists' union)—Thank you, but my sojourn must be brief. I am here attending the ornithological convention at the Museum of Natural History, and the session will soon be over.
"What kind of a convention did you say?"
"Ornithological—about birds, you know."
"Oh, yes, yes. How stupid of me! Do you think they will be worn much next season?"

An Offset.
Wealthy American Father-in-law—I find, count, you do not tell me the full extent of your debts.
Count Boylan de Rakovianek—And you did not tell me, sure, ze full extent of mademoiselle's tempre.

Where Accuracy is Required.
"Why does Grimmer haunt the libraries?"
"He is writing a historical novel."
"Oh! Looking up the historical facts, is he?"
"No; the costumes."

Burning the candle at both ends gives a big light, but it's mighty dark when the light goes out.—Baltimore News.

GATHERING OPIUM.

How the Petals and Juice of the Poppy Plant are Procured.
It is a sort of garden cultivation, the poppy plants being grown in little squares or beds intersected by tiny water channels for irrigation wherever this is possible. The growth of the plants is carefully tended, and at length the time comes when they burst out into flower, and the fields look like a sheet of silver as the white petals of the flowers glisten in the morning dew.
These beautiful petals are the first produce of the crop, for the women and children of the cultivators families come forth and pick them off one by one and carefully dry them, so that they may serve afterward as the covering of the manufactured cakes of opium. Then the poppies, with their bare capsule heads, remain standing in the open field until it is considered that they are ripe for lancing. The cultivators then come forth in the evening, and, with an implement not unlike the knives of a cupping instrument, they scarify the capsule on its sides with deep incisions, so that the juice may exude.
In the early morning the cultivators reappear with a scraping knife and their earthenware pots, and they scrape off the exuded juice and collect it in their pots. And this is crude opium.

A Historian's Reward.
On April 5, 1905, John Stow, tailor and historian, died. His minute and painstaking survey can never be overlooked by any one who wishes to know London of the sixteenth century. It contains a wealth of fact and detail and has, moreover, been described as the most picturesque of narratives. At the age of eighty years he was given by James I. as a reward for his many and useful books and chronicles—a license to beg!
"We have been pleased to grant," runs the license, "our Letters Patent under our great Seal of England, thereby authorizing him to collect among our loving subjects their voluntary contributions and kind gratuities." When the license had been extended so as to avail for two years, it yielded from a single London parish the magnificent sum of seven and sixpence.
John Stow's monument is a pleasing work in terra cotta on the wall of St. Andrew's undercroft. The fire of London that destroyed so much spared the effigy of London's chronicler, so that the posterity for which he labored might photograph it.—London News.

The Java Mangosteen.
The most delicious of all the fruits of Java." Writes a correspondent of the Pittsburgh Dispatch, "is the mangosteen. For years an enormous reward awaited the man who would bring a basket to the court of Holland, but unfortunately the fruit is too perishable, and to taste it you must go to the country where it grows.
Incased in a hard purple shell, lined with an exquisite pink gauze, are a number of snow white sections something like those of an orange, only each one growing smaller as they round the core. Each section contains one seed incased in a substance like the pulp of the grape. To describe the flavor would be impossible, but if you can imagine a perfect blending of the flavor of the grape, orange, pineapple and banana you may have a notion of the delicious flavor of the mangosteen."

James Settled It.
Two boys in a rural Scotch district were one day discussing what sign it was when the cuckoo is heard for the first time in the year. One of them said it was a sign of getting married, while the other said it was a sign that you were going to be rich. A farmer, overhearing them, said, "That cannot be true, because I have heard it many times, and I am not married yet, and I am certainly not rich."
Just then a local worthy, known as "Daft Jamie," was passing by, and the farmer said, "Jamie, can you tell us what sign it is when you hear the cuckoo for the first time?" "Yes," said Jamie as he took his pipe from his mouth, "it's a sign you're not dead."

Scotch Thrift.
The ferryboat was well on her way when a violent storm arose, and fears were entertained for her safety. The ferryman and his mate, both Scotchmen, held a consultation, and after a short debate the ferryman turned to his passengers and remarked anxiously: "We'll just tak' yer tuppences now, for we no ken what might come ower us."—London Answers.

A Church in Difficulties.
It was a New England parson who announced to his congregation on a recent Sunday, "You will be sorry to hear that the little church at Jonesville is once more tossed upon the waves, a sheep without a shepherd."

Fisherman's Luck.
"I understand that Specie caught a duke while fishing in Europe."
"Yes, but she declares that she hooked two princes, and they got away just as she was about to land them."

Cautious Patient.
"I see you pay your doctor's bills by check and send it by mail."
"Sure. If I took him the money, he might charge me for another visit."

A Gentle Blow.
"Remember, my dear brethren," said the minister, "that charity covereth a multitude of sins. I hope you'll be unusually generous in your offering this morning."—Detroit Free Press.

GAVE HIM HIS OWN WAY.

And Then the Customer Brought the Shoe Clerk to Time.
"Now, there," said the shoe salesman, "is just what you want."
"Is it?" asked the prospective customer. "I thought I said."
"Just let me put it on," interrupted the salesman.
"But it is my recollection"—"Couldn't have a better fit," broke in the salesman. "Everybody is wearing them, and they're a bargain."
"Oh!"
"Let me put on the other." Then, after a moment: "There you are, sir. Couldn't be better. Three-fifty, please."
"For what?"
"For the shoes."
"But I don't want the shoes. You asked me to let you put them on, and I was courteous enough to let you do it. I always try to be obliging. You said they were just what I wanted, but that was your judgment, and I'm accustomed to back my own. Now, if you've had all the diversion in this matter that you desire, will you please trot me out a pair of shoes according to the plans and specifications I gave you when I came in, and perhaps we can do business? I have found by experience that the only way to get what one wants from a shoe clerk is to let him have his own way for the first fifteen or twenty minutes, and then he may become tractable."

The Real Drummer.
"The term 'drummer,' said a traveling salesman for a market street wholesale house, "has come to be regarded as synonymous with cheek, flashiness and dissipation. Just why this should be I don't know, unless people get the idea from stage jokes and comic papers. Perhaps years ago there was some justification for it, but there is no room for that sort of man today. Competition is too keen. The traveling salesman who stands well with his trade and with his own firm must attend strictly to business. It may sound strange and contrary to general belief, but most men in my line of work are of a religious turn. Some get into the churchgoing habit while stopping over Sunday in small towns, where there is nothing else to do. They get interested in religion and wind up by joining the church. Then, too, the country merchant is usually a man of affairs in his town and is generally a pillar of the church, and the churchgoing drummer is apt to make a greater impression on him than does one who is more worldly."

Uncle Sam's Recruits.
The following qualifications are required of every soldier selected as a recruit: He must not be under twenty or over twenty-five years old, he must be strong enough to lift a 100 pound weight with both hands to a position level with his chest, he must be 4 feet 8 inches in height and able to run a course of seven miles in an hour, and he must also be of good character.

Diplomacy.
William Shimson, Jr.—Do you believe in being kind to the sick, mamma?
Mrs. W. Shimson—Certainly, Willie, and I hope you always will. Why do you ask?
William—Because, mamma, I heard the little boy on the next block had the measles, and I've been visiting him all the afternoon.

The Poet's Explanation.
"What do you mean by 'embers of the dying year?" asked the poet's wife.
"Why, Nov-ember and Dec-ember, of course, my dear," replied the long haired one, with a fieshish grin.

Long Time Between Meals.
"If you're a-stayin' fer dinner," said the author's little boy, "I'm afraid you'll go hungry. We only eat on publication."

Hawaii's Rippling Language.
The language of the Hawaiian Islands, as every one knows, abounds in vowels and therefore ripples deliciously in the mouth. It is only necessary to pronounce such names as Honolulu, Oahu, Kilauea, Hilo, Maunaloa, Kaimukama and Laniakalani to discover this. A young Presbyterian clergyman of Brooklyn who visited the islands two or three years ago and prepared a lecture on them on his return declared that there was only one place on the islands which possessed a name lacking in euphony. That place was Spreckelsville. This euphony of the Hawaiian tongue was productive of one of the jokes of his lecture. The first time he gave it he remarked incidentally that he "took the steamer Wally-wally to go to the town of Wally-wally." A laugh followed the remark, and thereafter he always included this phrase in his lecture. It invariably produced the same result when used.

Aggravatingly Peculiar.
Up in the mill district of Kensington it is the custom for employees to contribute so much per capita each week to a fund for providing soap, towels, ice water, shoe blacking, etc., one of the number each making being appointed to take charge of the purchasing and distributing of supplies. A young Celt had had this duty in one of the mills for some months. One evening after the whistle had blown for the stopping of work for the day a grimy machinist found a very damp and unlovely towel after he had reached the wash sink.
"Say, Reddy," he called to the custodian, "this is the limit to ask a man to wipe on."
"Dope, yes, be so alrinh!" retorted Reddy. "Fifty or sixty just as good as we have wiped on it already, and yes is the first to complain."

Dark Hair

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a great many years, and although I am past eighty years of age, yet I have not a gray hair in my head."
Geo. Yellott, Towson, Md.

We mean all that rich, dark color your hair used to have. If it's gray now, no matter; for Ayer's Hair Vigor always restores color to gray hair. Sometimes it makes the hair grow very heavy and long; and it stops falling of the hair, too.

It costs 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.

An Artist's Lament.
Otto Lasius in his diary describes a walk he took one day with Rocklin, the famous artist, near Zurich. Rocklin was in raptures over the colors of the autumn leaves, the blue sky, the clouds. "Ah, those are colors!" he exclaimed. "If we could have those on our palettes! How weak are our means in comparison with those of nature! White is our best light, and only by means of clever contrasts can we secure effects approximating the natural ones."

The Art of Working in Gold.
The Romans copied the Greek and Etruscan goldsmiths' work, though they also often used the ornaments themselves taken from the ancient tombs. Much of the art of the ancients in working gold was lost until early in the nineteenth century, when Signor Castellani found some of the Etruscan methods still being employed by workmen in a village in a remote corner of the Apennines.—London Times.

We Call For Leisure.
"What, you back to work, Pete? When I saw you fall off the building yesterday, I never expected to see you work again."
"I t'ought dat too, boss, but mah wife done let mah accident assurance explain last week."

Why Freddie Scowled.
Guest—Why do you scowl at me so, Freddie?
Freddie—Cause you have eat all the cake and haven't married either of my sisters yet.

A Perfect Butler.
Mrs. Glitgedge—How do you like the new butler?
Glitgedge—He's a peach! Made me feel at home at once.

If some men would reflect more, they would be brighter; if some women were brighter, they would reflect more.

Genius unexercised is no more genius than a bushel of acorns is a forest of oaks.

The People's Column.
A 1/2 in. of lines and under in this column, 25c for first insertion and 10c each subsequent insertion.

Cattle for Sale.
The undersigned has for sale six head of yearlings. Apply to F. LIVINGSTONE, Lake Road, 45-6.

Farm for Sale.
Lot 15, Con. 3, Township of Bastard—100 acres more or less—well watered and wooded. Brick dwelling and good outbuildings. Two wells, good orchard, grove of maples (1,000 trees), situated 3 miles from Delta, on Plum Hollow road. Come and look it over. Apply to ELLI WOOD on the premises or by mail at Delta. 45-6.

Warning.
I hereby forbid all persons giving credit on my account to any one without my written order.
October 28, 1902, ALEX. E. GREEN, Athens, 44-6.

Wanted.
A steady reliable man to work on a farm one mile from Brockville. Work by the year. Good wages to competent person. Apply to J. CHAS. SPAGG, Brockville 43-1.

Farm To Rent.
The late Levi Stevens farm in Plum Hollow, consisting of nearly 300 acres, in good state of cultivation. Possession given for fall ploughing if desired. Apply to MRS. LEVI STEVENS, MILL STREET, Athens.

For Sale.
A very fine organ, also thoroughbred Jersey calf 34 months old. Apply to MRS. F. J. GIFFIN, Main Str., Brockville.

DR. JACKSON.
SUNBORN.
Diseases of women and of children, office and residence, King Str. West, corner of Kincaid Str., (one block west of the Strathcona and Grand Central hotels) Brockville, Ont.

BROCKVILLE BUSINESS COLLEGE.

We cannot tell you in this small space what we can do for you but our Catalogue will explain fully. Send for one.

BROCKVILLE BUSINESS COLLEGE.
BROCKVILLE, ONTARIO.

Lost Sight or "The Light That Failed"



Kipling's pathetic tale of the artist who lost his sight, teaches a moral. The eyes are the bread winners. Take care of them. Have them examined. Know that they are right. We are eye experts. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Coates & Son,
SCIENTIFIC OPTICIANS
BROCKVILLE.

Reliable Furs!

Leave orders now for your furs, made to order on the premises in all the latest styles. Perfect fit and only choice, selected, reliable furs used in workmanship.

Skins for Jackets.
Seal, Persian Lamb, Gray Lamb, Bobcat, Astrakhan and Coon.

Fur Linings.
Gray Siberian Squirrel, Gray and White Squirrel, Hamster, Mink, "Muskrat" or Canadian Mink and Chulunga. All AI selected. Reliable Linings, put up to wear and give best satisfaction. I do not keep cheap grades to quote cheaper prices.

Remodelling and Repairing.
All this work is done as carefully as if the garments were new. All the latest designs and patterns to choose from. Old furs look like new when finished. Our Remodeled Garments are always a success.

Orders taken for garments kept by Holt, Renfrew, & Co., Quebec, which I do not carry in stock. Garments altered to fit when necessary while you wait.

Mrs. G. B. Griffin
King Street East.
BROCKVILLE — — ONT.

Spring and Summer Goods
NOW IN STOCK.
A. M. Chassels,
Merchant Tailor

Has received his stock of Spring and Summer Fancy Worsteds, Fine Tweeds, for Pants and Suits, also a fine line of Vesting Materials, including Fancy Corduroy, all of which will be made up in the latest styles at moderate prices.

Ready-to-Wear Clothing

Now in stock a fine line of stylish Light Overcoats, Pants, Bicycle Suits, etc. Be sure to see these goods and learn the prices.

Gents' Furnishings.
A full range of shirts, black and colored soft materials, finest qualities of laundered goods. Cuffs, Collars, Ties, Brasco, Handkerchiefs, Caps, Woollen Underwear, etc. You can get just what you want in these lines here and at reasonable prices.

PRICES DEFY COMPETITION
The undersigned returns thanks to the general public for their patronage during the past 16 years, and will endeavor to so conduct his business as to receive their continued trade and sustain the reputation of his store as "The Old Reliable" Clothing House.

Cloth bought at this store will be out of the shop.

A. M. Chassels,
RING MAIN ST., ATHENS

WANTED

By the Kingston Business College, Limited

A number of young men and women to prepare for good positions. Forty-three graduates have been placed in Toronto alone within a few months.

Write for full information.
H. M. METCALFE,
Principal

Cook's Cotton Root Compound
Is successfully used monthly by over 100,000 Ladies. Safe, effective. Ladies send your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other, as all Mixtures, pills and imitations are dangerous. Price, No. 1, 51c per box; No. 2, 10c degrees stronger, 65c per box. No. 1 or 2, mailed on receipt of price and two 5-cent stamps. The Cook Company Windsor, Ont. ES No. 1 and 2 sold and recommended by all responsible Druggists in Canada.

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