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NO FAITH IN GHOSTS.

WHY ONE MAN DOESN'T BELIEVE IN THE SUPERNATURAL.

Grandfather Reappear and a Weird Midnight Encounter With Quiver-

I have always maintained that there is

I have always maintained that there is no such thing as the supernatural, at the country of the specter was very brilliant, then faded away as before, and so quickly that I had no time to investigate the surroundings. The following afternoon it appeared agadn, one minute later than on the previous day, but did not remain so long. I now became convinced that it had some connection with the picture on my wall, because the attitude was the same, yet there was no window opposite the picture. I took it down the next morning with the aid of a stepladder and replaced it with a water color, one of Landseer's famous dogs. With the variation of a minute the dog appeared lying on the porch opposite.

Thus, after years of fruitless search, I had discovered that on the 9th, 10th and 11th of April the sun's rays struck the

11th of April the sun's rays struck the side bay window, were reflected across from the bookcase door to the glass of from the bookense door to the glass of my grandfather's picture and thrown from there through another side window on to the porch across the street. In three days' time the Sun could no longer strike at the proper angle to produce the effect, and so, with bad, weather, the solving of this mystery had been delayed sfor years.

At another time, while in the country.

to open our summer residence. The weather was murky, and a thick fog had risen from the lowlands and settled in the valley. When I retired to my room, atmosphere, for, although the window was wide open, one hiad the sensation of being shut in a confined space almost to the point of suffocation. Therefore I did not look upon the old fashioned, canopied bedstead with approval, but threw myself down on the lounge, which was placed against the high rosewood footboard. It was well after midnight when I was awakened in great fright, but by what I did not know. Silence was everywhere. I lay on my back broad awake, with every nerve tingling. Suddenly I heard a smothered voice within six inches of my face and right on the lounge with me call me by name twice

six inches of my face and right on the lounge with me call me by name twice and in an agonizing tone cry:

"Oh, help me, help me; I am dying!"

I sprang up and made a light, but the room was empty, the bed untouched and no tangible presence about. While I was standing thus, dumfounded, a quivering groan rose up from the very spot where I had been sleeping. I deliberately lay down upon the lounge. I felt my hair stir, and the cold sweat started from every pore of my body, but I had perfect possession of my will power and determined not to let fear get the upper hand.

Distinctly I heard the labored breathing of some one in distress right alongside of me.

"Oh, can't you help me?" This close to my ear. There were one or two sobbing sligh, then silence. I could in no way account for this uncanny visitation. I knew there was no other living person in the house. Presently a cock crowed, a dog barked, and at last dawn came with the twittering of birds.

That day while at the village drug store I heard Farmer Jones ask the clerk to give him something for his wife, as she was very ill and had cried all night for him to belp her. Instantly I knew that it was this poor woman's voice which had reached me. Their place was just across the meadow, about half a mile from my house. Her husband's Christian name and mine were the same. I questioned him closely and found she had repeated the words exactly as I.

I questioned him closely and found she had repeated the words exactly as I, had heard them in my room.

Fog plays strange tricks on both land and sea. Owing to some unusual state of the atmosphere the voice had crossed the intervening space, wandered in at my window and made a sounding board of the foot of my bed. A mirage of sound was the result, if such a term can be used.—L. McL. Wilson in Chicago

A WOMAN'S

BY BERTHA M. CLAY Author of "Between Two Loves," "Which Loved Him Best," "The Weeding Ring," Etc., Etc.

among the trees a thrush was singing, as if it were straining its little throat for joy. She could hear the shrill whoops of the young Durrants, as they tumbled over each other in the farm-"Little savages!" she sighed. "How

A little after that these yells sound

"Dulcie!—Dulcie!—Dulcie!" "Dulcie!—Dulcie!—Dulcie!"
She sprang to her feet and put her fingers to her ears.
"I am here! What do you want? You have made me dear, I declare."
"Not quite. hope."
This was not one of the "little sav-

ages." Flushed up to the curls of her hair, Dulcie turned, and found herself within a yard of Hugh Fleming. Lewis

within a yard of Hugh Fleming. Lewis
Durrant clung to one hand; yellowhaired Johnny to the other. It seemed
a miracle how he kept his balance with
those two clinging and twisting about
his legs.
"They told me that they knew exactly
where to find you," Hugh said, looking
at her.
She was miserably conscious of his
look. She knew, as well as if she had
seen herself in the glass, that her cheeks
were red, and her hair rough, and her
dress grass-stained and tumbled. And
it was all the fault of those horrible
boys. She felt as if she hated them at
that moment worse than ever.

If have always maintained that there is no such thing as the supernatural. I have found in my own experience that every occurrence, no matter how mysterious it may appear at the time, can be logically accounted for if properly investigated. True, in some cases, years have elapsed before I discovered the actual solution, but I have never failed, in the end, to do so.

There are certain sensations common to the human race, ascribed by the superstitious to uncanny influences, which are nothing but tricks played upon the system by disordered nerves. This is even noticeable in animals. A horse becomes panic stricken at a piece of flying piper in the air or some times at a perfectly still and silent object, such as a bowlder in the road. These things may appear supernatural to the horse, but to us who know better they are undeniably of the earth earthly.

"I beg your pardon," she said, in her , eager way, and looking up at but I did not mean to be rude

mere breach of good manners; but you never think of being sorry for me."
"For you!"-lifting her eyes to his face-luminous, wistful eyes that smote him through.

Could it be that she did not under-staud? Something in her face made him think so. him think so.

"Child," he cried, passionately, as he tooked down at her, "are you blind?

Don't you know I love you?"

Then he repented having said it. Her face grew as white as the lace ruffle at her throat, and her lips parted.

dropped her hands, and was looking at him.

"You must rorgive me for obtruding this poor love of mine upon you. At the worst, I did not think that it would "-disgust you!"

the worst, I did not think that it would disgust you!"

He took a turn up and down the long room, stumbling over chairs and tanles more than once in his passage. At last he came to a halt by her. She had not stirred at all. With one shoulder against the wall, she stood looking out into the dusky garden, as if there were nothing more interesting in life than that square of dim gray ground, with its colorless shrubs.

"Good-bye, Miss Levesque. You have had so many lovers that you can afford to forget me among the crowd."

It was a mean little stab, which she might well have resented. But she did not resent it. She just lifted her head and looked at him.

"Why do you say good-bye?".

"Then I was right"—very low, almost tremblingly. "You were only mocking me, when you said you loved me!"

For an instant he was dumb with mingled surprise and anger.

Tam sorry to say I was not mocking you, Miss Levesque. I only told you the truth." he said at last.

Oh, how cross he looked as he said it! Southe one was coming up the lobby. It was Etty, perhaps, or Mrs. Durrant heself coming down after seeing her children to bed. With terrified haste, Dulcie put out her hand. This man must not leave her like this. She felt as if she should die if he did. Her lonely, loving little heart yearned toward him so!

"Don't go." she panted, the sweet voice broken. "Oh, Hugh, I could not live without you! I—I love you, I'm afraid!"

to me."
"Etty, he was not."
Mrs. Hardinge turned, half frightened at her own words—to look at her
sister as she said it. Esther had risen
to her feet, and was looking back at

her; her eyes ablaze, such anger as she had never seen in her before, making duick, eager way, and looking up at him; "but I did not mean to be rude to you. I am very sorry."

He still had his hand on her shoulder, but she did not seem to notice that. "For what are you sorry?"

"For seeming to"—blushing and stammering—"to treat you with incivility."

"You need not be sorry for that. I want no civility from you."

She turned pale, and her eyes fell. He had not forgiven her; he still looked upon her with contempt, or worse than that perhaps, because of her past faults.

"Oh, if I could only tell him all." she thought, and the tears were in her cyes, "he would surely not be quite so hard on me as this."

His hand had fallen from her should deep away from her side; then he came hack.

The still had never seen in her before, making the set face grand.

"I can prove it, Esther; but I would rather you did not ask me to do that." "You must prove it," Esther cried, "I think I shall hat eyou all my life."

Without another word Mrs. Hardinge of clasping her hands passionately, "or—or it think I shall hat eyou all my life."

Without another word Mrs. Hardinge of clasping her hands passionately, "or—or it him I shall hate you all my life."

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Without another word Mrs. Hardinge of clasping her hands passionately, "or—or it hands had be a say in a lady's hand, delicate, yet clear as she saw it. It was bucked upon her with contempt to the few recommendations in a lady's hand, delicate, yet clear as she saw it. It was proved her dressing case and took from it a letter. The writing, she knew.

"Read never seen in her to dath ther you did not ask me to do that."

Without another you did not ask me to do that."

With

Esther took it and looked at her.

"Go away, Berta"—holding the letter tightly in her hand, and sitting down like one dizzy, and in danger of falling. "You mean to be kind, perhaps; but Heaven knows, to me you seem etueler than death was. Ge away!"

Tears came into Mrs. Hardinge's

eyes, her hands trembled so that she dropped the scent bottle with which she had been playing. She would have liked to say something but the words

the throat, and her lips parted.

"Me! You love me? Oh, you do not! You are mocking me"; and she drew back from him in her sudden tremor. He knew that she was crying, though he could not see her face where he stood, for inside the room the shadows were gathering rapidly.

"There, there! Don't cry"—gnawing fiercely at his thick moustache. "I have no wish to hurt you. I dare say I'm a brute, but even brutes have their feelings, you know"—sarcastically. "I'm keep them in better order in future, however."

There was no answer, but she had dropped her hands and was looking at him.

this new knowledge only made the pain keener. She didn't feel any the bet-

"Who shall so forecast the years
And find in loss a gain to match?
Or reach a hand through time to catol
The far-off interest of tears?"

The far-off interest of tears?"

One of the first to come and see her was Olare Harrey, and her brother came with her. They had both changed; Esther thought Clare looked blooming, almost handsome, while Clare was almost frantic with delight to get Esther back. Her brother was quieter; of course no one expected him to ge frantic. He looked worn and ill, Etty thought, and straightway her heart went out to his in sympathy. "How much care there is everywhere," she thought "and I used to think every one was happy, more or less!"

ed to more pretty speeches than she ever had done in her life before. The dancing was at its height when Lord Harvey made his way to her.
"The bells are beginning to ring out the old year, Miss Durrant; would you not like to come away out of this crush and noise and listen to them?"

She was feeling the strain of all this payeoned excitement, and said, "Yea."

light."
Esther listened to them with more of pain than peace in her heart. The year that was dying with each sound of those old bells had stolen more from her life than she cared to reckon up that night. What would the new year bring to her? More pain? Scarcely. Her heart felt too dead, as it was, for that to be probable. What could it bring, then? Nothing better than quiet and forgetfulness! Tears rolled in her eyes as she told herself this. It takes an old heart or a world-worn one to see the beauty that lies hidden in the word "rest." Esther could not see it. Her heart shrank from it as from something only a degree less painful than pain itself.

shade on her face. His own was grave and set, and, if Esther had looked at him then, she would perhaps have read

"Miss Durrant," he said after a while
"It was not wholly to listen to the bells
that I brought you here. I want you

to tell that I don't know how to begin. Perhaps I had better condense it all into one little sentence—I love you so dearly that I want you for my wife." She tried to answer him, but the words would not come: and her heart-throbs seemed louder in her ears than the bells themselves, ringing out in the frosty night. "Don't answer me now"—laying his strong hand over her little cold fingers. "I know all you would say. You do not love me at present, I am quite aware; but in time you may, perhaps"—wistfully "You would try. I think, if I could only make you see what your

for me."

"No, no!" Esther said, quickly, drawing back from him and trembling nervously. "I like you very, very much. but I shall never love any one again. I

vously. "I nice you very, very much but I shall never love any one again. I dare not."

He smiled grimly.

"So I thought myself—once! Yet, see to-night I love you!"

"You think so, Lord Harvey!"

"No, I am sure of it."

She had nothing to say to that. She wished, with all her heart, that she could go away, or that some one would come in and interrupt him in his odd, almost cold woolng. Once she looked up at him. He was watching her with intent, passionate eyes. There was no chill in them. And, though his face was pale and anxious, and half cross, there was something in it—truth, was it?—that touched her fancy unawares.

"Listen to me, Esther!"—coming nearer, and laying his hand on her wrist with a close, masterful pressure. "If I would let you, you would rear a glosta shadow out of the past, between your heart and this living one of mane. ghost a shadow out of the past, between your heart and this living one of mine. But I will not let you do it. For your own sake, quite apart from mine, I will

not: 'You are 'strong in your sorrow sow, and you think you could live your life without love; but you could no move do it than '-smiling and drawing her closer to him. ''Il sould live my life without you.' I am not afraid, even of this fancy. I know you better than you know yourself, and in that very know ledge lies my claim to you. While you were another man's, and not free to choose, I crushed down my love and was quiet. You are free now, you are to be won, and I will win you.''

She heard him almost with dismay, yet there was an undercurrent of thankfulness setting in toward him in her heart all the time. He loved her! She felt certain of it somehow, in spite of her new-born cynicism, and the certain ty comforted her; it soothed her pride, which Peroy Stanhope's desertion had wounded cruelly. Though he was nothing to her, and never would be, of course, yet it pleased her to know that this man loved her, her only, and not Duicle, "nor another"

OHAPTER XXII.

"Rappy is the bride that the sun shines on," says the proverb. If it be so, then Duicle should have been happy. The night before the wedding, the sky had been clouded and threatening, with a fiftel wind blowing. But the wedding for ming dawned clear and bright. As Esther Durrant helped Dulcie with her dressing, the sun streamed into the rom with almost the warmth of summer. "I am so thankful it is fine, Etty"

"I me so thankful it is fine, Etty"

"I me so thankful it is fine, Etty"

yeu, Miss Levesque. I only told you the truth." he said at last.

You, how cross he looked as he said it so to frantic. He looked worn and ill, fifty thought, and straightway her heart went out to his in sympathy.

He was Etty, perhape, or Mrs. Durrant heself coming down after seeing her children to bed. With terrified hate, Dulcie put out her hand. This man must not leave her like this. She felt as if she should die if he did. Her lonely, loving little heart yearned to ward him so!

"Don't go," she panted. the sweet view without you! I—I love you, I'm afraid!"

CHAPTER XXI.

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CHAPTER XXI.

Late in the autumn Mrs. Hardinge her trougher came to see after Esther. Dulcie with mer trougher comes a were trained to he is it should be a grand one.

"My little girl shall be married in first-class style," he said, and of course no one expected him to go of rantic. He looked worn and ill, fictly thought, and straightway her heart went out to his in sympathy.

"How much care there is every where," she thought, "and I used to think every one was happy, more or less!"

The days passed very quietly. Esther and a growling and at her case with its master.

She could never be really happy, she told herself—never again; but, at least, she was growing more beautiful, too, so Mrs. Hardings thought so.

On New Year's Eve there was a dinear party at Abbeylands. The grand it was an omen?"

"Id on't believe in omens, Dulcie."

Yet even as Esther spoke she remembered that this self-same plutic had been clouded her with its blight long before the dress was tried on first-class style," he said, and of course he had his way.

Hugh Fleming was rether dismayed at the prospect, but Dulcie enjoyed it, and all the fuss and preparation attendant on it.

Meanwhile, Esther, who was to be chief bridesmaid, remained a present.

smiled.

"To-night she is Miss Durrant, and a nobody. Heaven only knows what she may be before this time next year."

"Ah, smitten there! Eh?"

"Smitten! No"—with a sudden dark flush. "I hate and abhor beautiful women. If ever I am such a fool as to marry, I shall pick the plainest girl in town."

There was a faint laugh at that; but Julian Carre's odd taste in a wife was not so interesting to them as was this new beauty. To them, at least, she was new, and in quite a fresh style, too—"By Jove." Captain Cornish said. enthusiastically, "there is not such a pair of shoulders in Loudon! And did you notice her teeth when she smiled?"

"Gently,there," put in another. "Teeth are marketable commodities, you know."

And so the talk went on, half chaff, half carnest, and Esther, quite unconscious of it all. danced more and listensed to more pretty speeches than she do to more pretty speeches than she ever had done in her life before—The face grow stern and haughty as she watched her. Then Esther put out ber hands and looked her friend in the face

frankly.
"I know all, Dulcie. It hurt me cruel-

scent of flowers—great beds of bloom showed faintly, their colors softened into delicate neutral tints by 'he fading light. The beauty of the place was deepened by the beauty of the night. There had been a dinner-party at the Abbey. "county people," among whom Esther Durrant, whom Chare had insisted on being invited, and found herself stranded. She was quite thankful v-ben the dinner a la Russe was ended. She had been sitting next to a deaf old baronot, who shouted at her as it she v cre hard of hearing, too, and never seemed to catch anything she said in reply. On to catch anything she said in reply. On her other side had been a formidable-looking young lady in diamonds and laces, who had simply ignored her, and whom she had heard asking her partner quite audibly "who she was?" No one seems to know her." In the drawing rooms it was better. Nobody seemed to notice her much but

Clare, and of course it was lonely; but still preferable to that interminable dinner. As she stood before one of the windows she heard a little knot of dowagers near discussing her host. She did not heed at first. Then Lady Skipton sald, in her low. distinct drawl, which had something so chilling in it, Esther

You have seen her, I understand?"
"I have seen the lady that rumor points out as his fiancee," was the very "Il have seen her, I understand?"

"Il have seen the lady that rumor points out as his fiancee," was the very guarded reply. "She was staying at Chestertons' while we were. It will be a suitable match, very. She is the grand-nicee of the Hon. Mrs. Ffolloff, and an heiress in her own right."

Lady Harvey and Clare were at the other end of the long room, out of hearing, and the gossip flowed on undisturbed. But Esther Durrant heard no more. A chill mist seemed to have wrapped her in from all those other people. Her heart ached strangely, a dull pain made her head whirl. What could have come over her? She opened the French windows softly, and went out, barcheaded as she was, into the gardens, no one heeding her. She felt horribly hurt, yet she was almost too proud to own to herself that she was so. An hour ago, if she had been asked, she would have said honestly that, as far as, she k: ew, Lord Harvey was no more to her than a trusted friend. She would have added, perhaps, that he never could bethat no man ever could be more to her than that. And now? Ah, now, she knew that all these months she had been learning to love him, as only lonely hearts can love, with a yearning tenderness, a passionate devotion that nothing could quite uproot. Percy Stanhope, with his blond beauty, his winning grace, had been her first love. This grave, reserved, almost stern man was her last. Heavy tears gathered in her eyes as she thought of him. He had been so much to her, and now he would be nothing. He had made her strong with this strength; he had taught her to hope, to trust, to love, when hope and trust.

ser. She could never be really happy, she told herself—never again; but, at least she was growing contented. She was growing contented. She was growing contented. She was growing one beautiful, too, so Mrs. Hardings thought, with a little thrill of secret exuitation, and more than the was a moren?"

Mrs. Hardings thought so.

On New Year's Eve there was a dinary at the state of the was stronged; the wind trace that this self-same Dulcie, and the ser party at Abbeylands. The grand fold ill-luck for her the day she would try on her wedding dress. Ah, and when knew that so well as Dulcie had the ring of a strong—almost fierce of miles around were there, and some who could not be called great folks at a sl. Among these latter were Mrs. Hardinge and Ester.

There were a few handsoms women there, very many pretty and charming ones, but not one so beautiful as Ester to the state of t

purity, and you are to be my bride.

The Clever Fraud Perpetrated by an Ingenious Jeweler. A few years ago public curiosity was excited by the curious beans called the "devil beans of Mexico," which shop-keepers placed in their windows. They somewhat resembled roasted cofice beans in shape and color. They were also known as the "jumping beans" owing to the fact that from time to time they made spasmodic movements which propelled them quite a little distance. The beans grew on a small bush in the Mexican mountains, and it is conjectured that She was feeling the strain of all this unworted excitement, and said, "Yes," gladly. He took her into the library, which was quite empty and only half lighted up. As they stood in one of the deep windows they could see right across the dark gardens and lawns to where the trees of the shrubbery stood black and gaunt. It had been freezing hard all day, and now snow was beginning to fall. Light as g gossamer, white as purity, fandaged and the dim bushes and trees, white as purity, fandaged and the dim bushes and trees, which looked little better than shadows against the gray of the night. And through this ghastly snow-fall, this winter stillness, rang the bells, slowly, solomly, tenderly, a world of pathos in their tolling.

"They told of loss and gain!

And faith that waited yearning for the light."

Esther listened to them with more extracted the research and the content of the sunser to break there never the research we have the research and the dim bushes and trees, which looked little better than shadows and the fall that waited yearning for the light."

Esther listened to them with more extracted the research that we have the research the research that the state of the same with the place was deepened by the beauty of the pla

distance.

Those who are not in the secret are often greatly puzzled by this strange bean. An enterprising jeweler devised a scheme of utilizing them to make a mingle clock. He accomplished this by imitating the shape of two of the beans, making the dummy beans out of soft iron. One he gilded and the other he silvered. The prepared iron beans were placed with the ordinary jumping beans on a thin white piece of pasteboard outlined and numbered like the dial of a clock, but devoid of, the hands. This dail was located over the hands. This dial was located over the works of a large clock which was placed face upward on the floor of the placed face upward on the floor of the store window. He fastened small mag-nets to the ends of the hands. The works were of course carefully hidden from view. All that was in evidence was the cardboard clock dial and the jumping beans, among which were the gold and silver painted iron beans. These were placed on the cardboard over the conceal-ed hands with the magnets attached. The clock so that they were As they moved with the cardboard. As they moved around they carried the iron beans with them, thus telling the time of day, and the carried the was greatly interested by the the public was greatly interested by the intelligence shown by the two beans which distinguished them from their live ly associates.—Scientific American.

A Prescher's Experience With Cowboys Who Wanted a Sermon. In the early days of Garden City district, in southwest Kansas, I was camped one night, sleeping under my buggy, in Kearny county, south of Hartland. There were five of us in the party. We were all sleeping, and our campfire had died down, when one of our number was awakened by a cowboy who wanted to know where the big preacher was. I was pointed out

by a cowboy who wanted to know where the big preacher was. I was pointed out and awakened by a shake with his foot. He asked, "Are you the preacher?"
"I am," I replied.
"Well, hustle out. We want you to come to our camp and give us a chapter of the everlasting."
"I will be down in the morning," I re-plied.

He pointed his gun at me and said, You will come now." "You will come now."

I inmediately answered, "All right."
I hurried out and followed him nearly a
mile away to a camp, where I found his comrades were waiting.
"Well, boys, what do you want?"

comrades were waiting.

"Well, boys, what do you want?" I asked.

"The best you have in the shop, and we want it short and sweet and in old Methodist style," answered the leader.

"Then sit down," I said, "and as I cannot you must sing."

They sang with great vigor "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." When I prayed, I coupled prayer with watching, believing that under the circumstances the two should go together. I then preached them a sermon from Revealation iii, 20, entitled, "The Ladder to Glory." I have often used an hour on this sermon, but as the boys wanted it short I gave it to them in about 12 minutes and then bade them good night and started for camp.

"Hold on, come back here." They all seemed to speak at once. "We never let as preacher go off in that style, Pete, you take up the collection." And Pete seemed to understand his work as steward and turned me over \$11.—Rev. A. P. George In St. Louis Christian Advocate.

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