## Athens Reporter

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

### B. LOVERIN

EDITOR AND PROPRIE

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> EMAM'S LANE A SECOND EPISODE, AMELIA BUTTERWORTH.

[Copyright, 1897, by Anna K. Rohlfs.]

aptation which had not only romand recommend it, but everything else tive woman, argued in my mind the existence of some uncompleted duty of so exacting and imperative a nature that she could not even consider the greatest interests of her own life until this one thing was out of her way. William's shall we do with the old girl till it is ed no more confirmation to be quite cer ain that a crisis was approaching in this house which would tax my power to the utmost and call perhaps for the use of the whistle which I had received from Mr. Gryce, and which, following his instructions, I had tied carefully about my neck. Yet how could I asso ciate Lucetta with crime or dream of the police in connection with the serene Loreen, whose every look was a rebuke te all that was false, vile or even com-mon? Easily, my readers, easily, with that great, hulking William in my re-membrance. To shield hear, to hide permembrance. To shield him, to hide per-heps his deformity of soul from the world, even such gentle and gracious women as these have been known to enter into acts which to any unpreju-dicad are and an unbiased conscience. diced eye and an unbiased conscience seem little short of fiendish Love for an unworthy relative or rather the sense of duty toward one's own has driven many a clear minded woman to her ruin, as the police annals, embodied as they are for me in Mr. Gryce, would

how.

That I have not as yet put into definite words the suspicion upon which I was now prepared to work is quite apparent to me. Up to this time it had been too vague, or rather of so monstrous a character, that I had felt ready to consider other possibilities, as, for instance, the possible connection of old Mother Jane possible connection or old mother Jane with the unaccountable disappearances which had taken place in this lane. But now the very definite assurances I had been constantly receiving from the moment I had set foot in this house that something extraordinary and out of keeping with the ordinary appearances of the household was going on in secret in some one of the innumerable chamin some one of the innumerable chambers of that long corridor corresponding to my own, and which for very obvious reasons I had as yet failed to find any excuse for penetrating, was taking shape in my mind, and I no longer affected to deny to myself that everything I had thus far seen and heard went toward establishing the fact that these young wotanishing the fact that these young women held in charge a prisoner of some
kind of whose presence there and personality they dreaded the discovery.

Now, who could this prisoner be?

Common sense supplied me with but
one answer—silly Rufus, the boy who

within a few days had vanished from among the good people of this seeming-

Once settled in this idea, I applied myself to a consideration of the means at my disposal for determining its truth. The simplest and perhaps the most sure as well as the least satisfactory to one of my nature would be to summon the police and have the house thoroughly searched, but this involved, in case I had been deceived by appearances—as was possible even to a woman of my exnce and discrimination—a scandal and an opprobrium which I would be the last to inflict upon Althea's children unless justice to the rest of the world

It was in consideration of this very fact, perhaps, that I had been placed here instead of some regular police spy. Mr. Gryce is a man who has made it his rule of life never to risk the reputation of any man or woman without reasons so excellent as to bear their own exoneration with them, and should I, a man, with full as much heart if not timation of people in general), by any premature exposure of my suspicious cast a maile of shame over this family they are far too weak and too poor to ever rise above again?

No, rather would I trust a littlonger to my own perspicacity and

longer to my own perspicacity and make sure by the use of my own eyes or ears that the situation called for the ce I had, as you may say, at

Lucetta had not asked me how I came to be back so much sooner than she had reason to expect me. The unexpected arrival of her lover had probably put all idea of her former plans out of her head. I therefore attempted no explanation with her and a very short one with Loren when I met her at the dinner table. Nothing further seemed to be senses. Nothing further seemed to be becomes any, for the girls were even more abstracted than ever before, and William positively boorish till a warning glance from Loreen recalled him somewhat to his better self, which meant si-

The afternoon was spent in very much the anternoon was spent in very inten-the same way as the evening before. Neither sister remained an instant with me after the other entered my company, and though the alternations were less frequent than they had been at that time their peculiarities were more marked and less naturally accounted for. It was while Loreen was with me that I made the suggestion which had been hovering on my lips ever since the

"I think this," said I in one of the ses of our more than fitful conversait has ever been my good fortune to enter Would you mind my roaming about it a bit just to enjoy the old time flavor

of its great empty rooms? I know they are mostly closed and possibly universe in the chart of the control architecture this would receive a company the caught herself beak in time and changed the imperative word to one more conciliatory if equally unyleiding. "I am sorry, Miss Butterworth, to deny you this gratification, but the condition of the rooms and the unhappy entrement into which we have been thrown by the supplet mass he is only to condition of the rooms and the unhappy entrement into which we have been thrown by a gautileman she is only to condition of the rooms and the unhappy entrement into which we have been thrown by a gautileman she is only to condition of the rooms and the unhappy entrement in the whole we have been thrown by a gautileman she is only to condition of the rooms and the unhappy entrement that To one of my the same and the subject—mass of the control of the condition of the rooms and the subject—mass are sured you shall see every meck and coner in it if you so deaire before you leave the house."

"Thank you," I retorted dryly, "I will remember that. To one of my tastes an ancient room in a time honored mansfall like this affords a delight not be be understood by one who knows less of a century ago's life. The legands only connected with your great drawing room below (we were sitting in my room, I having refused to be cooped up in their dreary side parlor and also not having offered me any other spot more cheerful are attractions sufficient to hold me entranced for an hour. I heard one of them today."

"Which?"

"She spoke more quickly than usual and for her quite sharply.

"Mrs. Carter might have left us to tell it to you. Did she relate anything slass?"

"In a glad she was so considerate. But why-if you will pardon me—did she happen to light upon that? We have not heard those incidents spoken of for years."

"No other tradition of this place, "said! A same she would be long the proposed to which a stop in the form to you have to be competed to the proposed to walk may be a subject



"I WILL BE HERE ON YOUR RETURN," SHE MURMURED.

with the persuasion that her voice was just a whit less clear than usual and just a whit less clear than usual as her serenity enough impaired for her look out of my one high and dismal window instead of into my face.

window instead of into my face.

"My dear"—I had not called her
this before, though the term had frequently risen to my lips in answer to
Lucetta—"you should have gone with
me into the village today. Then you
would not need to ask if I had heard of the phantom carriage.'

the phantom carriage."
The probe had reached her at last.
She looked quite startled.
"You amaze me," she said. "What
do you mean, Miss Butterworth? Why
should I not have needed to ask?"

"Because you would have heard it whispered about in every lane and corner. It is common talk in town today. You must know why, Miss Knollya."

She was not looking out of the window now. She was looking at me dow now. She was looking at me.
"I assure you," she murmured, "I do not know at all. Nothing could be

more incomprehensible to me. Explain yourself, I entreat you. The phantom carriage is but a myth to me, interestcarriage is but a hydr one, increase ing only as involving certain long van-ished ancestors of mine."
"Of course," I assented. "No one of real sense could regard it in any other light. But the villagers, they talk, and in short—you will soon know, if I do not tell you myself—more than one of

not tell you myself-more than one of

"They say it denotes misfortune to those who see it. I am therefore obvi-ously exempt. But you—did you see it? I am just curious to know if it is visible to those who live in the lane. It

you fortunate enough to have been awake at that moment and to have seen this spectral appearance?" She shuddered. I was not mistaken you fortunate enough to have been awake at that moment and to have seen this spectral appearance?"

She shuddered. I was not mistaken in believing I saw this sign of emotion, for I was looking at her very closely, and the movement was unmistakable.

"I have never seen anything ghostly in my life," said she. "I am not at all supports the said she. "I am not at all supports the said she." I am not at all supports the said she. "I am not at all supports the said she." I am not at all supports the said she was one of disgust at the nauseous character of the air which seemed to envelop me in an instant. Had I wished for any further proof than was afforded by the

ought to have turned in here. Were

ught it wise to press her too closely,

I might have said: "Then why do you look so pale? Why tremble so visibly, you whom I have never before seen disturbed?" But my natural kindness, together

with an instinct of caution, restrained with an instinct of caution, restrained me, and I only remarked:

"There you are sensible, Miss Knollys—doubly so as a denizen of this house, which Mrs. Carter was obliging enough to suggest to me was considered by many as haunted."

The straightening of Miss Knollys'

many as haunted."

The straightening of 'Miss Knollys' lips augured no good to Mrs. Carter.

'Now I only wish it was,' I laughed dryly. "I should really like to meet a ghost, say, in your great drawing room, which I am forbidden to enter. "You are not forbidden," she uttered

Manager Street Street

I wish it had been Lucetta who had said this and to whom my reply was due. The opportunities would have been so much greater for an injudicious display of feeling on her part and of a suitable conclusion on mine.

But it was Loreen who never forgot herself, and I had to content myself with the persuasion that her voice was "I will be here on your return," she

THE FLOWER PARLOR.

The lower hall did not correspond ex-The lower hall did not correspond ex-actly with the one above. It was larger, and through its connection with the front door presented the shape of a let-ter T—that is, to the superficial observ-er who was not acquainted with the size of the house and had not had the opportunity of remarking that at the extremities of the upper hall making this T were two imposing doors usually found shut except at mealtimes, when the left hand one was thrown open, dis closing a long and dismal corridor similar to the ones above. Half way down this corridor was the dining room, into which I had now been taken three times. The right hand one, I had no doubt,

led the way into the great drawing room or dancing hall which I had set out to see.

Proceeding first to the front of the house, where some glimmer of light penetrated from the open sitting room door, I looked the keys over and read door, I looked the keys over and read what was written on the several tags attached to them. They were seven. The largest was marked "A." Two of lesser size had "Gray Parlor" and "Library" severally written on their tags, which, by the way, were dog eared tags, which, by the way, were dog eared and discolored as if years had passed since they were written on and attached. "Blue Parlor" designated a fourth, and upon the others I saw some such words as these: "Flower Cabinet," "Shell Cabinet," "Dark Chamber"—all very

suggestive and to an antiquarian like suggestive and to an anaquariat like myself most alluring.

But it was upon the key marked "A" I first fixed my attention. This should spen the large door at the extremity of the upper hall, and when I made a trial with it I found my conjecture correct, for it moved easily though somewhat gratingly in the lock, releasing the great doors, which in another moment swung inward with a growling sound from their most blank and the state of the

If I had been ill natured or if I had warning given me by the condition of the hinges that the foot of man had not lately invaded these precincts, I would have had it in the moldy atmosphere and smell of dust that greeted me on the threshold. Neither human breath the threshold. Neither numan breats nor a ray of outdoor sunshine seemed to have disturbed its gloomy quiet for years, and when I moved, as I presently did, to open one of the windows I could just dimly see in the distance, I felt such a movement of something foul and noisome over the decaying rags of the carret through which I was stumpling that pet through which I was stumbling that I had to call into use the stronger ele-ments of my character not to back out ments of my character not to back out of a place so given over to rot and the creatures that infest it. "What a spot," thought I, "for Ame-lia Butterworth to find herself in," and

ondered if I could ever wear again hastily. "You may explore it new ! the \$8 a yard silk dress in which I was

unen enveloped. Or my shoes I took no account. They were rained, of course. I reached the window in safety, but could not open it; neither could I move the next. There were it in all, or so I afterward found, and not till I reached the last (you see, I am very persistent) did I succeed in loosening the bar that held its inner shutter in place. This done, I was able to lift the window, and for the first time in years perhaps let in a ray of light into this desolated apartment.

let in a ray of light into this desolated apartment.

The result was disappositing. Molity walls, worm eaten hangings, two very ancient and quaint fireplaces, met my syes, and nothing more. The room was absolutely empty. For a few minutes I allowed my siyes to roam over the great spotsangular space in which so much that was ourious and interesting had once taken place, and then, with a vague sense of defeat, I turned my eye outward, anxious to see what view could be obtained from the window I had opened. To my astonishment, I saw before mera high wall with here and there a window in .it, tightly barred and closed, till by a careful look about me I realised that I was looking upon the other wing of the building and that between these wings extended a court senarrow and long that it gave to the building the shape, as I have before said, at the letter U. A dreary prospect, reminding one of the view from a prison,

minding one of the view from a prison, but it had its point of interest, for in the court below me, the brick pavement of which was half obliterated by grass, I caught sight of William in an attitude so different from I caught sight of William in an attitude so different from any I had hitherto seen him assume that I found it diffi-cult to account for it till I saw the jaws of s dog protruding from under his arms, and then I realized he was hug-

ging Saracen.

The dog was tied, but the comfort which William seemed to take in just this physical contact with his rough skin was something really to have seen. It made me quite thoughtful for a mo-

ment.

I detest dogs, and it gives me a creepy sensation to see them fondled, but sincerity of feeling appeals to me, and no one could watch William Knollys with one could watch William Knollys with his dogs without seeing that he really loved the brutes. Thus in one day I had witnessed the best and worst in this man. But wait! Had I seen the worst! I was not so sure that I had.

He had not noticed my peering, for which I was duly thankful, and after another furilless survey of the windows.

which I was duly thankful, and a ter-another fruitless survey of the windows in the wall before, me I drew back and prepared to leave the place. This was by no means a pleasant undertaking. I could see now what I had only felt becould see now what I had only feit be-fore, and to traverse that space amid beetles and spiders required a determi-nation of no ordinary nature. I was glad when I reached the great doors and more than glad when they closed be-hind me. So much for room A, thought L

The next most promising apartment was in the same corridor as the dining was in the same corridor as the uning room. It was called the dark parlor. En-tering it, I found it dark indeed, but not because of lack of light, but because its hangings were all of a dismal red and its furniture of the blackest ebony. and its furniture of the blackest ebony.
As this mainly consisted of shelves and
cabinets placed against three of its four
walls, the effect was gloomy indeed
and fully accounted for the name which
the room had received. I lingered in it,
however, longer than I had in the big
drawing room; chiefly because the
shelves contained books.

shelves contained books.

Had anything better offered I might not have continued my explorations, but not seeing exactly how I could pass away the time any better I chose out

another key and began to search for the flower parlor. I found it beyond the dining room in the same hall as the dark parlor.

It was, as I might have expected from the war, the brightest and most chaper.

the name, the brightest and most cher-ful spot I had yet found in the whole house. The air in it was even good, as if sunshine and breeze had not been enit sunsine and breeze had not seen ex-tirely denied it, yet I had no sooner tak-en one look at its flower painted walls and pretty furniture than I felt an op-pression I could not account for. Some-thing was wrong about this room. I am but superstitious and I do not believe sne particle in premonitions, but once seized by a conviction I have never known myself to be mistaken as to its import. Something was wrong about this room—what it was my business to find out. find out.

Letting in more light, I took a close Letting in more light, I took a closer survey of the objects I had but dimly seen at first. They were many and somewhat contradictory in their character. The floor was bare—the first bare floor I had come upon—but the shades in the windows, the chintz covered lounges drawn up beside tables bestrewn with books and other objects of comfort if not luxury bespoke a place in common if

not everyday use.

A faint smell of tebacco told whose use, and from the minute I recognized that this was William's sanctum my curiosity grew unbounded and I negle ed nothing which would be likely to tract the keenest eyed detective in Mr Gryce's force. And there were several things there to be noted: First, that this lumbering lout of a man read, but only on one topic—vivisection; secondly, that he was not a reader merely, for there were instruments in the cases heaped up on the tables about me, and in one corner-I felt a little sick, but I persevered in searching out the corners
—a glass case with certain horrors in it
which I took care to note, but which it is not necessary for me to describe. An other corner was blocked up by a closet which stood out in the room in a way which stood out in the room in a way to convince me it had been built in aft-er the room was otherwise finished. As I crossed over to examine the door, which did not appear to me to be quite closed, I noticed on the floor at my feet closed, I noticed on the floor at my feet a huge discoloration. This was the worst thing I had seen yet, and while I did not feel quite justified in giving it a name I could not but feel some regret for the worm eaten rags of the drawing room, which, after all, are more comfortable things to have underfoot than bare boards with such suggestive marks upon them as these.

The door to the closet was, as I had expected, slightly ajar, a fact for which I was profoundly grateful, for, set it down to breeding or a natural recogni-

down to breeding or a natural recogni tion of others' rights, I would have found it most difficult to turn the knob of a closet door inspection of which had not been offered me.

But finding it open I gave it just a little pull and found— Well, it was little pull and found— Well, it was a surprise—nfuch more than the sight of a skeleton would have been—that the whole interior was taken up by a small circular staircase such as you find in public libraries where the books are piled up in tiers. It stretched from the floor where I stood to the ceiling, and dark as it was I thought I detected the ontlines of a tradoor by means of which outlines of a trapdoor by means of which communication was established with the room above. Anxious to be con-vinced of this, I asked what a detective would do in my place. The answer came readily enough. "Mount the stairs and feel for yourself whether there is a lock there." But my delicacy—or shall I acknowledge it for once?—an instinct of timidity seemed to restrain me, till a remembrance of Mr. Gryce's sarcastic look which I had seen honoring lesser occasions than these came to nerve me, and I put foot on the stairs which had last been trod—by whom shall I say? William? Let us hope by William, and

William only.

Being tall, I had to mount but a few steps before reaching the ceiling. Pausing for breath, for the air was close and the stairs steep, I reached up and felt for the hinge or class I had every rea-

son to expect to encounter. I found the latter almost at once, and, satisfied now that nothing but a board separated me from the room above, I tried that board with my finger and was astonished to feel it yield. As this was a discovery wholly unexpected I drew back and asked myself if it would be wise to pursue it to the point of raising this door, and had hardly settled the question with myself when the sound of a voice raised in a soothing murmur revealed. raised in a soothing murmur revealed the fact that the room above was not empty and that I would be committing the greatest indiscretion in thus tam-pering with a means of entrance possi-bly under the very eye of the person

not yet seen protruding from under a cushion of one of the lounges I had a curiosite to see if it were similar to the cariosite to see if it were similar to the rest, and quickly drawing it out I took one look at it.

I need not tell what it was, but after a hasty glauce here and there through its pages I put it back, shuddering. If any doubt remained in my breast that William was one of those monsters who feed their morbid cravings by experi-

I use no perfumes he will never suspect

that I have enjoyed a glimpse of these old fashioned walls and ancient cabi-nets." "The blinds are a little open," she remarked, her eyes searching my face for some sign that I am sure she did not find there. "Were they so when you

Some, but not so much as now. "Some, but not so much as now. Shall I put them as I found them?"
"No. He will not notice." And she hurried me out, still cying me breathlessly as if she half distrusted my com-

posure.

"Come, Amelia," I now whispered in self admonition, "the time for exertion has come. Show this young won!" he wayed 7% pounds and a hatchet and nails.—Philadelphia Record. an, who is not much behind you in self an, who is not much bening you in self-control, some of the lighter phases of your character. Charm her, Amelia, charm her, or you may live to rue this invasion into their secrets more than you may like to acknowledge at the

difficult tasks, and before another which was the natural expression of her

bly under the very eye of the person speaking.

If the voice I had heard had been all that had come to my ears, I might have ventured after a moment of hesitation to brave the displeasure of Miss Knollys by a venture which would have at once satisfied me as to the correctness of the suspictions which were congoaling my very blood as I stood there, but another voice—the heavy and threatening voice of Williams—had 2 and 2 and 3 an

ments upon the weak and defenseless, it had been dispelled by what I had just seen in this book. I did not leave the room, however,

ments upon the weak and derenseiess, it had been dispelled by what I had just seen in this book.

I did not leave the room, however, immediately. As it was of the greatest impartance that I should be able to locate in which of the many apartments on the floor above the supposed prisoner was ledged I cast about me for the means of doing this through the location of the room in which I thought, first, of thrusting the end of my hand-kerchief through one of the slats of the outside blinds; secondly, of simply leaving one of these blinds sign, and finally of chipping off a piece with the penknife I always carry, with innumerable other small things, in the bar, I invariably carry at my side. (Fashion, I hold, counts for nothing against convenience.)

This last seemed by much the best device. A handkerchief could be discovered and pulled out, a blind could be shut, but a sliver once separated from the wood nothing could replace it or even cover it up without itself attracting attention.

Taking out my knife, I glanced at the door leading into the hall, found it still shut and everything quiet behind it. Then I took a look into the shrubs and bushes of the yard outside, and, observing nothing to disturb me, suipped off a bit from one of the outside odges of the slats and then carefully reclosed the blinds and the window.

I was crossing the threshold when I heard a rapid footstep in the hallway. Miss Knollys was hastening down the hall to my side.

"Oh, Miss Butterworth," she exclaimed, with one quick look into the room I was leaving, "this is William's den, the one spot he never allows any of us to enter. I don't know how the key came to be upon the string. It never was before, and I am afraid he never will forgive me."

"He need never know that I have been the victim of such a mistake," and I have only educated a glimpse of these old fashioned walls and ancient cabi-

A task of some difficulty, but I rejoice

we visited the shell cabinet, the blue parlor and another room the parlier artistics of which I have forgotten. Frightened by the result of leaving me to my own devices, she did not quit me for an instant, and when, my curiosity quite satisfied, I hinted that a short map in my own room would rest me for the evening she proceeded with me to the very door of my apartment.

"The locksmith whom I saw this morning has not kept his word," I re-

morning has not kept his word," I remarked as she was turning away.
"None of the tradesmen here do that," was her cold answer. "I have

to brave the displeasure of Miss Knollys by a venture which would have at once satisfied me as to the correctness of the suspicions which were congealing my very blood as I stood there, but another voice—the heavy and threatening voice of William—had broken into this murmur, and I knew that if I so much as awakened in him the least suspicion of my whereabouts I would have to dread an anger that might not know where to stop.

I therefore rested from further efforts in this direction, and fearing he might bethink him of some errand which would bring him to the trapdoor himself I began a retreat which I only made alow from my desire not to make any noise. I succeeded as well as if my feet had been shod in velvet and my dress had been made of wool instead of a rustling silk, and when once again I found myself planted in the center of the flower parlor, the closet door closed and no evidence left apparent of where I had been or what I had heard, I drew a deep breath of relief that was but a symbol of my devout thankfulness.

I did not mean to remain much longer in this spot of evil suggestions, but spying the corner of a book which I had net yet seen protruding from under a cashion of one of the lounges I had a servicity to see if it were similar to the sufficiently impressing them with my recognition of this fact, but succeed ed in sufficiently impressing them with the contentment which my own petty em-ployments afforded me (I am never idle even in other persons' houses) or them to spare me the harassment of their alternate and forced visits which in their present mood and mine promised little in the way of increased knowledge of

CONTINUED.

The Poor ...

James Hutchinson, a Germantown grocer, has among his many out of town cuscer, has among his many out of town cusing grocer to go out of his way to fill their orders for goods not sold at stores of his kind. Recently they failed to send their

The Champion Beard.

Probably the longest beard in the world is that of a metal worker in Marsellles. The man is 74 years old. When 14 years of age, he had a beard six inches long. It grew from year to year, and now this hirsute attachment, when unrolled, reaches the respectable length of 10 feet 10 inches. When this man goes out walking, he carries his beard rolled up in a big skein under the arm. Since he is rather small in size, measuring but 5 feet 3 inches, the beard is more than twice the man's height.

## KIDNEY-SICK PEOPLE!



A. T. A.

ourifier—a healer—a health builder—efficace

Good News from the North Country—
A young machinist in a large manufacturing concern in Northe Country—
to the Country—of the Country—
to the Country—of the Country—of the Country—
to the Country—of the Country—of

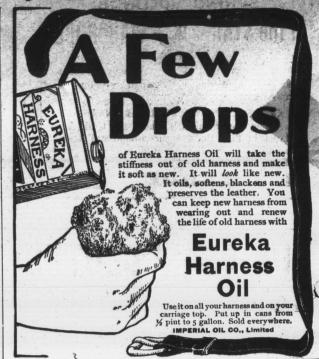
ould claim another kidney victim. When he SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE—Is a nerve healer. Cures indigestion and all stomach troubles which are forerunners of nervous collapses.

BOUTH AMERICAN RHEUMATIC CURE—Has lifted men off a bed of pain after a few days'
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DR. AGNEW'S OINTHENT cures blind, bleeding, itching or ulcerating piles in from three to
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6

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Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, Window Glass, Coal Oil, Machine Oil, Rope of all sizes, Brilders' Hardware, Nails, Fecks, Snovels, Drain Tile, Spades, Scoops, Iron Piping, (all sizes), Tinware, Agate Ware, Lamps and Chimneys, Pressed Ware, &c. Guns and Ammunition

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# LYN ACRICULTURAL WORKS



Farmers should have a handy wagon. Get a set of Steel Wheels made to

diameter, any width of tire. The best thing out. Prices on application. Corn cultivators, potato plows, fee cookers, &c., &c. Old metal wanted for which highest

marked price will be paid. G. P. McNISH

# FARMERS **\***

The Spring season is late and growth slow You can start your

c o, s quickly and ensure a big harvest by using

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Victor Fertilizer

10,000 farmers say there is no letter value in any fertilizer made. If a want our fertilizers, see that the word "Capellon" in on the bag Nichols Chemical Co., Man'f'rs,

CAPELTON, OUE. For sale by A. Henderson, Athens; H. B. Rrown, Addison;



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MANF'R AND SOLE PROPRIETOR

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BLACKSMITHING WOOD-WORKING AND PAINTING

G. E. Pickrell & Sons have leased from W. M. Stevens his shop, house, etc. on Elgin street, Athens, and eg to notify the community at large that they are prepared to do all kinds of general Blacksmithing, including the repairing of Wed and Iron Work on all kinds of vehicles, implements.

machinery, etc. Painting done on the premises. Having worked at the trade for many years, we we capable of giving good satisfaction. We use an axle-cutter for shortening arms where they have too much play. Horse-Shoeing will receive special attention. Call and

we will endeavor to please you, We manufacture the celebrated Diamond Harrow. Calland see