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M. J. KEHOE
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The Athenian

COUNTY OF LEEDS ADVERTISER.

Athens, Leeds County, Ontario, Tuesday, February 12, 1895.

(\$1.00 a year in advance, \$1.25 if not paid within 6 months. B. LOVERIN, Proprietor)

A. H. SWARTS.
 Brockville's well-known Furniture Dealer, will make an announcement in this space next week.

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Dr. C. M. B. CORNELL, BROCKVILLE, PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHER.
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SOCIETIES
Farmersville Lodge, No. 177.
A. O. U. W. Meetings held on 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month in the Temple Hall, King St., Addition. All qualified visiting brethren welcomed.
I. O. F. Court Given South, No. 88, Independent Order of Foresters, meet in Biago Hall, Glen Street, on 2nd and 4th Fridays of each month. Visiting always welcome.
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 It Takes Two To Make A Man Or A Coward. Can you find the other?
 M. J. J. B. R. can cut your hair, shave you, shampoo and cut your mustache so beautiful that you will get through your job. Next door to Armstrong House.

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THE GREAT ANNUAL CHEAP SALE!
 Continues One More Week.
 All next week Piles of Bargains will be laid out all over the store. Remember, Monday 11th, Tuesday 12th, Wednesday 13th, Thursday 14th, Friday 15th, Saturday 16th.

THE MAYOR OF DETROIT. SERENA ANN

THE PERSONALITY KNOWN TO FAME AS HAZEN S. PINGREE.
 BY MARY E. WILKINS.

Her First Public Address Reserved.
 Fifty years ago Serena Ann lived in Brantford, and Christmas-keeping was not yet the fashion in New England. Serena Ann was ten years old, and she had never seen a Christmas-tree, hung up her stockings, or had a Christmas present even. Serena Ann's father was a farmer; she had a mother, an Aunt Love, her mother's sister, who lived with them, and was to be married in February, and a brother Ebenezer.

Pinogree was two years older than Serena Ann, and went to the district school. Serena Ann herself went to school only in the summer. She was a delicate little girl, and the schoolhouse was too far away for her to walk in cold weather. So she stayed at home, and her mother heard her every day, and she did some on pieces of old slate, and was reading the Bible through, a chapter every morning. So her education was not neglected.

One night in the first week in December, Serena Ann was sitting beside the fire, reading a book. Her mother had told her to go to bed, but she would not go to bed until she had read a chapter. When she reached the end of the chapter she could not go to bed. She went to her room, and she looked at her watch. It was twelve o'clock. She was sewing green velvet on her wedding dress, and Mrs. Bagley was parsing up the stitches. "Don't stamp so, Ebenezer," said she. "And don't shake the snow on my pillow," cried Aunt Love. "You've got to get it off in the shed, Ebenezer," said she. "Oh, mother," "Oh, mother," "And don't shake it all over the floor, Ebenezer!" "You're a good fighter," they told him, and he proved that they were right. The next day, when he was in bed, he was speaking of political matters, and he was speaking of the election of the Mayor of Detroit. He was speaking of the election of the Mayor of Detroit. He was speaking of the election of the Mayor of Detroit.

She hurried back—almost crying. Her mind, as they jogged along over the frozen road, that she would spend her time for an apron for her mother instead of anything for herself, because she could not go to Boston in a chaise. When they reached the city they stopped at the Sign of the Lamb, where Joshua Simmons put up his team. Then they were shopping down Hanover street, where the fashionable stores were at that time. Serena Ann enjoyed buying Aunt Love's hat and shoes. She thought there was never anything quite so beautiful as their haircloth shoes, and mahogany, and looking glass, and she trudged after them to the Sign of the Lamb. But she was glad at noon to get back to the Sign of the Lamb, and have some baked beans and a piece of pumpkin pie. They seemed to her far superior to the baked beans and pie at home. After dinner Joshua Simmons left them. He had to go a little farther to see about his own wedding suit, and Aunt Love went to her room. Serena Ann was left alone in the chaise. Then presently, because Serena Ann began to shiver a little, tucked in between the two as she was, she threw an end of the blanket over her head, and she tucked up her silk hood. She was quite warm under that, and also quite hidden from sight. Then they started off, and she thought that there was a little girl in the chaise. In the meantime, Aunt Love and Joshua Simmons returned to the Sign of the Lamb, and the hostler, who had forgotten they were coming, told her that a gentleman in a blue coat had gone to take her home to Brantford. "Guess you'll overtake 'em," said he. "Gentleman was alone in the chaise with the little girl, wore a mulberry-colored cloak."
 "Aunt Love fairly wept for joy. "Oh Joshua, I am so thankful," she cried. "I never could have told Sarah that I lost Serena Ann. And I haven't got my shoes, but I don't care. I'll get married in my old shoes, and I'll take right away, so we'll overtake them."
 Joshua Simmons started up the horse, and the chaise rattled out the tavern yard and down the road toward Brantford. But their chapter of accidents was not quite finished, for as they were crossing Neponset bridge, peering about to see if they could catch a glimpse of Aunt Love, a gust of wind took off Joshua Simmons' hat and tossed it into the river. He pulled her hood promptly. "Put this on," said she. "Don't say a word. If you don't say a word, I'll be laid up with influenza, and the wedding will have to be postponed, and that's a bad sign."
 "What you do you?" asked Joshua Simmons, hesitatingly.
 "Aunt Love untied the green handkerchief that she had tucked under her hat, and she took it from her pocket and she put it on the hood and Aunt Love's wedding bonnet, and it happened that when they finally overtook Solomon, those horses had got a stone in his shoe and the chaises looked hard at each other and saw nothing that they were looking for."
 For Joshua Simmons, who was naturally a good horseman, and who was well-to-do, thought there was two ladies in the chaise, and not the aunt and the young man for whom they were looking.
 As for Serena Ann, she was fast asleep, but her Aunt Love and Joshua never noticed she was there. Moreover, they were looking for her, and she was a young girl also. Her horse's camel cloak, as they had called it, was on the ground, and she was so tired and so cold that she could not fairly realize anything. It seemed to her like a dream, the part of surprise and delight, Mr. Solomon, and Miss Pamela's coming into the chaise, and getting warm, and eating up and borrowing a footstool before they started on their homeward journey, and being so tired and so cold that she could not fairly realize anything.



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To-morrow we will begin a special clearing sale of Embroideries. We find our stock is heavy in these goods and before listing our stock we are anxious to clear them out. This is a good time to do your white sewing and buyers should see our stock of White Cottons, Embroideries, etc. now. Activity now in our cotton department—extraordinary value causes this activity. Quite natural, however when the quality and the wonderfully low price meet the intelligence of the public. Our 10 cent cotton is as good as most houses sell at 1 1/2 cents. You can prove this by calling at

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 P.S.—Buy the celebrated P. N. Corset, the best fitting and made corset in the market.

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Goods turned into money rather than put on stock book. All Ready-made Mantles at half price. All Millinery at half price. A choice lot of French Pattern Dresses at half price. Great bargains in Ladies', Gents' and Children's Wool Underwear. See them. The best goods in Underwear in Brockville. Great bargains in all lines until the end of the month. Come and see for yourselves.

C. M. BABCOCK.
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 HARD AND SOFT COAL

A large supply of genuine Cumberland Blacksmith's Coal. Also in stock, a large supply of Drain Pipe and connections. Satisfaction guaranteed.

A. S. AULT & CO.

MAYOR HAZEN S. PINGREE.
 mendous one, and the city congratulated itself on being freed from misrule and corruption. While that election did not turn the head of the newly elected Mayor, it did to a large extent arouse his long dormant combativeness, and he launched out bravely for reform.

His idea of reform early antagonized some of the very men who had induced him to accept the nomination which had found for him every manner of interest in the streets laid paved and the paving in concrete and the street car company authorized in his long continued use and abuse of power, refused to listen to the demands of the city. For a long time this street railway company had been the monarch of all, because the Common Council of the city was in its control, and it was elected, to say the least, influenced by passes and, it was charged, by money.

Early in the new Mayor's official life he threw down the gauge of battle to the voters of the city. He called for a referendum on the issue of the lease of the street railway company. The company, while apparently harmless, this ordinance passed, would have given the Mayor power. The members of the Common Council were servants of the street railway company, and they passed that ordinance at the bidding of their masters.

Mayor Pinogree found that the company had just the requisite two-thirds vote to pass that blanket ordinance over his veto. He saw the "snake" in the hill, vetoed it, and called attention to what the ordinance would do, and then issued his call to the citizens to assemble and demand that their representatives, the aldermen, should defeat the ordinance.

The meeting that resulted from this call was one that will go down in Detroit's history. It was the greatest meeting Detroit had ever seen. The immense Auditorium, which can seat 4,000 persons and accommodate 1,000 more in standing space, was filled to the top. It was a meeting of everybody. Gen. Alger, the staunch republican, and the equally staunch democrat. Partisanship and politics were left light at in the desire of the public weal, and when the ample form of Mayor Pinogree entered the building a roar went up that was heard on Woodward avenue two blocks away. That roar continued in its mighty shout of popular acclaim as he took his place on the platform. It was the night of Mayor Pinogree's life.

The aldermen, recognizing the voice of the people, sustained the Mayor's veto, and since that he has successfully attacked the paving, and has got gas down to 81 per cent. These bills vetoed many enemies for him, and in spite of the good done by his "potato patch" for the poor, the mass meeting referred to was the very antithesis of that above described as the greatest in Detroit's history. There are very many persons in Canada who watch with interest the career of the Mayor of Detroit, and it has many points of interest for those who take an interest in municipal matters.

Early "Vocabulary of East Anglia," says: "Where a wick is known to harbor resentment against any one, or to have had an intention of doing him an injury, it is held to be a sure preservative if the party threatened can draw a blood on his person, and many a poor old woman has been sacrificed from the received opinion that a wick will come to the scratch."—Jones and Quieris.

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