

## OUT OF THE SHELL

This Easter you will want to step out of your old clothes as the chick comes out of the shell, and we want to interest you in a new "shell." We have, to show you, some of the most stylish and handsome weaves, made up in correct garments

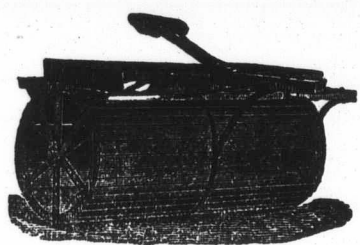
We Would Like to Sell You  
That  
Easter Suit

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P. S.—This Easter you will want to step out of your old boots as you did out of your old clothes. Just step into Silver's and see his stock of Boots and Shoes for spring.

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—BY—

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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## Local Notes

Messrs. W. and C. Keeler of Brockville, formerly of Greenbush, left for the North-West this week, and will be engaged next summer in breaking ground on their location.

As the result of the first week's publication of E. D. Price's thoroughbred and half-bred Brahmas, he has made numerous sales during the last few days. Moral: When you have similar goods to offer for sale, let the public know it through the medium of the Athens Reporter.

Dr. Claude Wood and wife, Methodist missionaries to India, have returned to Canada to enjoy a holiday after a number of years' absence. Mr. Wood is visiting his mother, Mrs. F. N. Clifford, Brockville, and Mrs. Wood is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Mallory, Mallorytown. Their young child accompanies them.

On Tuesday last, Mr. D. Ladd, a prominent resident of Caintown, visited the surgery of Dr. S. S. Cornell and had seven very large polypuses extracted from his nose. He had no idea of the nature of the obstruction that had shut off his supply of oxygen, and it was with a happy commingling of surprise, gratitude and delight that Mr. Ladd exhibited the tumors to his friends.

The Ormstown (P. Q.) Bulletin of a recent date says: Mr. G. R. Johnson, who has been at the Western Dairy School, Strathroy, Ont., since January 2, giving instruction in separating and butter-making, returned home last week. Mr. Johnson is about to sever his connection with Ormstown, having secured a splendid position with the Canadian Supply Co., of Montreal, as head agent for their dairy machinery. While we are sorry to lose such a good citizen, we are pleased to hear of Mr. Johnson's success.

**Annual Meeting.**  
The annual meeting and opening of Brockville Dairymen's Board of Trade, which has recently been incorporated, will be held on Thursday, May 3rd, at 1:30 p. m. in Victoria hall, Brockville. Business of importance will be considered respecting the manufacture and sale of fine cheese and butter.

**Who Owns The Horse?**  
On Tuesday last, two young men wearing light felt hats and driving a brown horse attached to a covered buggy drove furiously into the Gosford neighborhood from the direction of Brockville. A short distance from the residence of Mr. W. G. Lee they turned up a lane, stripped the harness from the pretty nearly exhausted horse and then, abandoning the outfit, started rapidly across the fields in the direction of Frankville. The horse is being cared for and the people of that section are anxiously awaiting an explanation of the strange conduct of the two men.

**Road Drainage.**  
The condition of the roads throughout the country was probably never worse than this season, and in the village of Athens we have at least one sample of bad road that is the peer of any mud hole in the country. Owing to the surface drain becoming blocked and frozen, water accumulated on the north side of Main street, at Elma, and before an outlet was found for it the whole road-bed became thoroughly soaked. Travel over this section of road became more and more difficult, until on Monday experienced drivers travelled the back streets in order to avoid it.

The piece of road that has given way has always received its full share of attention and macadam, and its failure, we think, is directly due to lack of drainage. This defect cannot be remedied at present, but the road commissioners are moving in the matter and as soon as possible will take steps to prevent a recurrence of this serious trouble.

The whole subject of the under-drainage of the road-beds in the village is one that might well occupy the attention of the council, as, without thorough drainage, we are convinced that money spent in macadamizing is nearly all wasted.

## UP THE CATINEAU

The Scribe of the Reporter Gives Another Extract from His Hunting Yarns and Tells About the Killing of Three Deer Inside of Five Minutes and All Within Twenty Rods of Each Other.

It was in the fall of 1893, when the Reporter Hunt Club were camped on Lake Penochongo, Quebec, that the incidents related below occurred.

On this day, the party were up earlier than usual, and as the Scribe and his son, Byron, had not been successful in capturing their quota of deer, Corney Teeples, the guide, volunteered to take them to a new location on the mountains, where he was certain that they would have a good opportunity to get game.

A row of a couple of miles was made before sunrise, and Byron was stationed on a convenient runway while the Guide and Scribe took up over the hills for a couple of miles. That morning stroll was one that the Scribe, at least, will never forget. Before half the proposed distance had been passed over, he began to show signs of weariness and had to be prompted by the Guide to continue a short distance further. The sight from the top of the mountains on that autumn morn-

wildly shouting and gesticulating for the Scribe to come, that he had fired his last cartridge, and a big buck was running directly towards the valley, where the Scribe was located. A run down into the valley at a break-neck pace brought the Scribe within speaking distance, when Corney yelled, "Look out, there he goes," and sure enough a fine buck with a majestic pair of horns was seen to stop on the point of a hill not more than forty rods away. A shot from the Scribe's gun brought the magnificent animal to the ground, but it sprang up and took a short circle, returning to within a few feet of where he stood when the first shot was fired. Three or four shots were sent in its direction and it disappeared from sight. Corney from his elevated perch could see its movements however, and he shouted to come on as the game was too badly hurt to get away. They soon reached the vicinity of the place where the deer was supposed to be, and on making a



ing was one never to be forgotten. From one point, the surrounding wilderness could be seen for miles in every direction. As far as the eye could reach it was mountain piled on the top of mountain. Innumerable lakes of all sizes and shapes could be seen, nestled in the lap of some shrub-covered mountain, while the two largest, Big, or Thirty-one-mile lake, and Penochongo, could be traced until they disappeared over the edge of the horizon. The greater portion of the country had been heavily timbered with pine, but the timber had long since disappeared under the axe of the lumbermen and its place taken by clusters of small scrub pine, or white birch and poplar. It must have been nearly ten o'clock when the Guide pointed to a large rock ahead and told the Scribe that he was at the end of his tramp for the morning, as from that point he could look down into the valley, "alive with deer," as he quaintly expressed it. Sure enough, the location was one that commanded a fine view of a large valley within easy range, the sides being covered with a luxuriant growth of wild grasses and sumac. The guide said he would stroll on to the top of an adjoining hill and he might be able to start up a deer or two, which would be very likely to run across the valley, affording an excellent opportunity for a shot. The Scribe had not sat on his watch more than twenty minutes before the sharp crack of Corney's rifle resounded through the valleys and the smoke could be seen some half a mile away. Several shots followed in quick succession, followed by a silence for a few minutes, when the firing was repeated until about twelve or fifteen shots in all were fired. All at once the form of the Guide was seen running directly toward the Scribe and

search they found it with its head run under a fallen log and its antlers wedged so tightly under the tree that it took their united strength to pull it out. The deer proved to be a very large one, and had a very large and beautiful pair of antlers. The buck was too heavy to hang up, so it was bled and disembowled and left on the ground. In response to the enquiry as to what he was firing at Corney replied, "Come and see"! On going to the top of the hill he pointed out where a fine buck and a two-year-old doe lay dead, not more than ten rods apart, and he had shot at two others that had escaped him from lack of ammunition. The deer were bled and the entrails removed and a start made for shore which was reached in good time. The rest of the party had not been successful and as the weather was very fine, it was feared that the venison would spoil, so a council was held that evening and the decision came to, to pack up and start for home. Next morning at daybreak eight of the party taking three boats and a couple of axes started to bring out the three deer killed the day before. While one went on ahead and picked out the road, the rest followed and cut a sapling here and a limb there, then swung a log around in another place and marked out a road fully six feet wide to where the game lay. A couple of poles were cut for each, a rude litter made and three of the most stalwart placed their shoulders under the carcasses of the large buck while two each took the other two deer out in a like manner. The hardships of that "carry out" can not be told, only that it was five minutes to four o'clock when the shore was reached on the return journey.

## DELTA.

TUESDAY, April 24.—Mrs. Curtis, relict of the late Northup Curtis, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. R. Wood, Delta, on April 14. Deceased, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Smith, a grand daughter of Major Reed of Kitley, was born in Elizabethtown in 1818 and had therefore reached the advanced age of 82 years. She was held in the highest respect and esteem by a very large circle of friends and acquaintances who will learn with deep regret of her death. She leaves five children to mourn the loss of a fond and affectionate mother. They are Hon. Smith Curtis, Rossland, B. C.; Mrs. L. Hagar, Michigan; Mrs. J. Loverin, Soperton; Mr. Allan Curtis, Rossland; and Mrs. R. Wood, Delta.

Mrs. Amelia Andrews of Syracuse died at that place and her remains were brought to Delta in charge of her husband. She was second daughter of Mr. R. H. Wells, formerly of here, now of Smith's Falls. Her death took place on 15th of April after two days' illness from tumor. Deceased was 35

years old and her death is a severe blow to the sorrowing father, sisters and husband. All that kind and willing hands could do was done to relieve the sufferer, but to no avail. The remains were conveyed from the residence of Mr. Geo. Morris to the church, where Rev. D. Earl, B. A., preached the funeral sermon from Job 14: 7, 14. The interment took place in the Howard cemetery. The casket was nearly hidden with choice flowers. The bereaved ones have the sympathy of the community in their great sorrow.

An exchange tells of a cruel joke a young girl played on her mother. She accidentally found a love letter that her father had written to her mother in their halcyon days of courtship. She read it to her mother substituting her own name and that of her lover. The mother raved in anger and stamped her foot with disgust and forbade her daughter to have anything to do with a fellow that would write such nonsensical stuff. The girl gave the letter to her mother to read and suddenly the house became so quiet you could hear a pin drop.

## FOUR PHYSICIANS FAILED.

One who speaks in terms of the highest praise of Dr. Hall's Rheumatic Cure is Mr. J. P. H.



Ferris, Kingston, Ont. It cured him when all other remedies failed, and after four physicians had exhausted their skill upon him. He suffered with rheumatism in the legs and shoulders for over a year, and for six months the pain he endured was excruciating. For three weeks it confined him to his room. Happening to read of some of the remarkable cures effected by Dr. Hall's Rheumatic Cure, he was induced to give it a trial. Almost from the time he began taking the first bottle he was relieved, and after using seven bottles, he found himself as well and free from pain as ever he was. He declares the medicine is a wonderful remedy, and recommends all rheumatic sufferers to give it a trial. He says if the directions are carried out faithfully, a cure is sure to follow.

Dr. Hall's Rheumatic Cure is put up in 50 cent bottles, containing ten days' treatment. For sale by all druggists and dealers in medicine. The Dr. Hall Medicine Co., Kingston, Ont.

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**C. O. C. F.**

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B. W. LOVERIN, C. C.  
R. HERBERT FIELD Recorder.

**I. O F**

Court Glen Buell No 878 Independent Order of Foresters, meets in Bingo Hall, Glen Buell, on the 2nd and 4th Friday in each month at 7:30. Visitors always welcome.  
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