

Local Notes

Mr. Allan Johnson, son of Mr. Geo. Johnson, formerly of Lansdowne Road now of Wjarton, Ont., is visiting friends in this section.

Mr. Wm. G. Johnston lately disposed of his farm east of the village. It is expected he will move into Athens in the spring.

Miss Katie Cavanagh, having passed her exams following the term of probation, has been admitted as a nurse-in-training at the Lady Stanley Institute, Ottawa.

One morning lately when Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Bennett of Perth arose from their bed they found that their little child had died (unknown to them) in its mother's arms during the night.

R. G. Latimer has disposed of his bakery to A. Robinson, of Brockville. Mr. Latimer owns a farm in the vicinity of Athens and expects to move his family thither in the near future. Kempville Advance.

When buying clothes, remember Kendricks' clothing department, which you will find complete in Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits, Overcoats and Reefers and marked at prices worthy of the attention of careful buyers.

Sixty Oddfellows and their families who were left homeless and destitute by the Ottawa fire, have been relieved by a generous contribution of over six thousand dollars, subscribed by the brethren.

We received a sample of clear, fine white honey from Mr. R. C. Haskin's apiary, Phillipsville. He is very particular in all the arrangements, and tidy in all the details of his honey production.

Brookville Times: Mrs. Poole of Poole's Resort, was yesterday the subject of a critical operation at the General hospital here. Dr. C. M. B. Cornell was the operating surgeon, and Mrs. Poole's many friends will be pleased to learn that the operation was most successfully performed and the patient is now doing well.

Mr. Fortune, who owns about 700 acres of the foot-hills of Blue Mountain, extending west from Cold Springs and fronting on Charleston Lake, pastures generally about a hundred sheep on his ranch. His losses by the dogs of hunters worrying the sheep have been heavy. Recently, sixteen of his flock were killed by dogs, and he is now taking steps to protect himself from further loss. Hunters having valuable dogs would do well to keep them away from that ranch.

OUR METROPOLITAN CITY.

25 Dufferin Street,
MONTREAL, Oct. 3, '00.

DEAR REPORTER.—At your request, I will endeavor to convey to your readers through the columns of your splendid paper a brief account of my impressions of the beautiful city of Montreal.

Montreal, the chief city of a prosperous people, one of the corner stones of Canadian history—rich in literature and art, the queen city of commerce, the home of the merry Frenchman, the pride of every patriotic Canadian, the New York of the Dominion. Every Canadian should see Montreal. There are many very fine cities in the Dominion but there is a sameness about them. Montreal stands out pre-eminently alone, with a different people with different ways and means, different rules and different municipal laws and customs. If you should go to a western city and make this remark, "I don't care for your city," to one of the citizens, you would be in danger of getting a bang on the nose. Should you make the same remark to a Montrealer, he would not care whether you did or not, and the chances are he would tell you so and go about his business, as busy the Montrealer certainly is. I do not believe I ever saw a place where everyone seems so busy. In the day time the benches in the parks are vacant—everybody seems to be at work.

I work on fourth floor of the Henney & Co. building and from this point of view, as far as the eye can see, may be seen in course of construction great massive buildings looming up, a bewildering pile of stone, brick and iron, and other hives of industry with their tall chimneys, blackened and burnt by long use, constantly vomiting great volumes of black, bituminous smoke that hangs around the ancient head of Old Mount Royal like a mourning veil.

Work, any amount of work. I do not believe there is an idle man in the grand old County of Leeds, be he willing to work, but who can find something to do in Montreal. It is a continual work-house five miles long with placards on the doors, "Men wanted to work."

Montreal's streets are grand. St. Catharine street is the Broadway and Sherbrooke street the Fifth Avenue of our Canadian New York. There are beautiful parks, fountains, drives and places of amusement, and above all, elegant churches. One of the finest churches on the continent is in Montreal. It is St. James' Methodist church. Every Methodist in Canada should be proud of it—surely it is a credit to that sect.

This city has many privileges that

other cities have not, the chief one of which is her shipping, as she is a seaport from seven to eight months in the year. Great, monster ships steam up to her docks, loaded to their utmost capacity with products of foreign lands, unload their heavy burdens of untold wealth, reload with our export goods and glide away again down the grand old river to the Gulf, thence out to sea, to return or not to return as incident or accident may determine.

But, Sir, this was to be a brief letter, and, with your forbearance, a few words in regard to where I am employed, and I will close. The firm of Henney & Co., is one of the chief manufacturing establishments of Eastern Montreal. The firm are too well and favorably known to the people of Canada to need comment from me. They employ a large number of skilled workmen in their large establishment and build thousands of vehicles annually, shipping them to England, South Africa, and other foreign ports. Their motto is, "The best is none too good" and from what we have seen our judgment tells us that they are second to none in the business. Mr. Johnson Davis, a name familiar to many of our readers, he having at one time been connected with the Fisher Carriage Co., Athens, is superintendent of the works here. Mr. Davis is a live superintendent with the interests of the Company at heart. He has secured all the latest designs and oversees the building of seventy different kinds of carriages, more than any other carriage factory in Canada. Mr. Davis is the right man in the right place. The foreman in the painting department is Mr. Wm. Petch, late of Gananoque. Mr. Petch is a skilled and capable workman. With such men as these mentioned to direct, we have no hesitation in predicting a bright future for the Henney Co.

CRAWFORD CLACK.

NOTE.—In his next letter, Mr. Slack will deal with the manners and customs of the people among whom he dwells, and as in that city the commercial and social usages of the past still battle with the onward march of what is termed "Progress," he is sure to find food for thought and material in the every-day life of the citizens that, when described by his facile pen, will make interesting and entertaining reading.—Ed.

This is What They Say.

Those who take Hood's Sarsaparilla for scrofula, eruptions, catarrh, rheumatism or dyspepsia, say it cures promptly and permanently, even after all other preparations fail. You may take this medicine with the utmost confidence that it will do you good. What it has done for others you have every reason to believe it will do for you.

GREENBUSH.

FRIDAY, Oct. 5.—R. Rickett of Lyn, after spending several days with friends here, has returned home.

Miss M. Wilson of Athens high school is the guest of Miss Ella Kerr. B. W. Loverin has erected a new silo reported to have a capacity for holding 100 tons of corn. This makes three silos he has filled this season.

Mr. Gifford has filled two large silos with corn.

On Tuesday of this week Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Olds, Mrs. P. Blanchard, Mrs. M. Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Kerr visited Mr. and Mrs. F. Billings of Brookville and report having a pleasant time.

Death has again taken one of the most respected residents of this place, after a sickness of only two days. Mr. William Patterson with his estimable family became residents of Greenbush about eight years ago and at once secured the respect of the entire neighborhood by their honesty and industry. They set an example that is well worthy of imitation. The deceased was a warm supporter of the Methodist church, to know him was to respect and love him. The esteem in which he was held was shown by the large number of friends that assembled to pay their last tribute of respect to the departed. The funeral took place today from the family residence to the Fairfield cemetery. The religious services were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Lawson. A wife, one son and two daughters survive him, and they have the heartfelt sympathy of the whole neighborhood. His pall-bearers were Wm. Connell, John Olds, A. Forsyth, Abram Horton, N. Horton and Geo. Olds.

FRONT OF YONGE.

MONDAY, Oct. 8.—One of the greatest events of the day was the wedding of Mr. Samuel Hogaboon, which took place at Ontario, N.Y., on Wednesday last, when said gentleman was married to an American lady of very high standing in society. The reception, which came off on Friday, eclipsed everything in sight. It was held at the residence of his parents in Caintown. The house was filled to completion. A sumptuous repast had been prepared by Mrs. Hogaboon and her expert attendants, under which the tables fairly groaned with the different viands, too numerous to mention. Some 170 guests, all with wedding garments on, sat down and partook of one of the finest spreads that was ever placed before a wedding party in this country. After partaking of this epi-

curian banquet, the evening was spent in talking, and singing accompanied by the best of music.

Mr. Albert Engelv and wife are visiting at the residence of Mr. Ambrose Ladd on Lake street.

Mr. Towriss and family of Glen Buell are visiting at his father-in-law's, Mr. M. J. Connolly of Hillsdale.

We are sorry to learn that the prominent men of Athens allowed Mr. C. Slack to absent himself from their rural village. Mr. Slack has resided many years in Athens, and his place cannot be easily filled by another. This gentleman by nature is a genius of no small order, and at times shrink and become a little tight, we would advise the thinking community of Athens to bonus the artist rather than let him drift among the blue nozes.

SEELEY'S BAY.

SATURDAY, Oct. 6.—Mrs. H. Gamble of Napanee has charge of the millinery department of Mr. G. R. Hawkins' store.

Mrs. Wm. Chapman is visiting friends at Perth for a few days.

A. Neal is burning a large kiln of brick and tile this week.

J. A. and W. Steacy attended the fair at Lansdowne last Thursday.

The Methodist church is being repaired, which is a much needed improvement.

At the last meeting of Amity Division S. of T., the following officers were installed for the ensuing quarter: W. P.—John Bracken W. A.—Mina Randall R. S.—A. Likely A. R. S.—Geo. Randall F. S.—Miss C. York Tress.—A. E. Putnam Chap.—C. Putnam A. Con.—Maggie Gilbert I. S.—Nora Simpson O. S.—Walter Peer.

Sup't. Y. P. W.—Mrs. H. F. Gilbert

The Division is in a flourishing condition and fast increasing its membership.

Growth of Human Hair.

Authorities differ as to the rate of growth of the human hair, and it is said to be very dissimilar in different individuals. The most usually accepted calculation gives 6 1/4 inches per annum.

A man's hair, allowed to grow to its extreme length, rarely exceeds 12 or 14 inches, while that of a woman will grow in rare instances to 70 or 75 inches, though the average does not exceed 25 to 30 inches.

Every Horse Numbered.

Every horse in the English army is numbered and has a little history kept for it. The number is branded on the animal's feet—the thousands on the near hind foot and the units, tens and hundreds on the off hind foot. Thus the horse whose number is, say, 8,564, will have an 8 on his left hind foot and 864 on the right foot.

Love and Friendship.

Love is the shadow of the morning, which decreases as the day advances. Friendship is the shadow of the evening, which strengthens with the setting sun of life.

In all these years of tea drinking tea has not been drunk at meals in China. The water from which it is made is always freshly boiled and used as soon as it reaches the boiling point.

THE SINGERS.

Signor Scotti is a bachelor. Milka Ternina, the great Wagnerian soprano, is unmarried. M. Slezak married recently a beautiful girl from his native province in the Basque Pyrenees.

Jean de Reszke was married only a couple of years ago to a beautiful Frenchwoman. His brother Edouard, however, married many years ago and has four lovely daughters.

Mme. Schumann-Helke, when she was a young Berlin singer, married her stage manager, Herr Schumann. They have always worked together. Their last child, which is No. 8 under the family roof-tree, was born in America.

Herr Dippel, when he married a lovely Russian girl of 20, years ago, robbed the stage of a great actress. She never misses a performance when her husband appears, is frequently at rehearsals and her husband says she is his best critic.

Marcella Sembrich's husband is a grave man with a dark beard. He is a professor of music, and she married him when she was a student in a musical conservatory, of which he was director. She is nearly as wonderful a pianist and violinist as she is a singer.

Ernest Van Dyck, the popular operatic favorite, has been married a number of years. His wife is a brilliant woman, a daughter of Serevals, the great Belgian cellist. The Van Dycks have two young daughters and live in a beautiful home near Liege. They entertain lavishly.

THE DOMINIE.

Canon Gore complains of the poverty among many of the clergy in England, and lays it to the charge of lukewarmness among the laity.

The eightieth birthday of the Rev. Dr. Henry G. Weston, president for a quarter of a century of Crozer Theological seminary at Upland, Pa., is to be appropriately celebrated in September. He has been connected with Crozer seminary since its inception.

Bishop Potter of New York is, despite his size, as splendid a horseman as his late brother, the general. All the Potters have been fond of riding, and it is the bishop's favorite exercise when in the country, though when in town, he does not indulge in it so often.

The race of fox hunting parsons has not yet completely run out in England, although fox hunting is not so popular as it once was. Lately the Rev. E. A. Mills has been made the M. F. H. of the Cottesbrook hounds, making two of his kind in England, the other being the Rev. M. Reynolds, master of the Comiston pack.

FINISHED THE BEAR.

A MEAL THAT WAS A LITTLE BIT TOO HOT FOR HEALTH.

An Engineer's Narrative of His Live-ly Adventure With a Certain Mrs. Bruin in the Early Railroad Days in Pennsylvania.

The fat engineer had been trying to make himself heard for some time and finally succeeded in getting the attention of the members of the roundhouse stove committee.

"Yes, yes," he said, "Pennsylvania used to be a wild state in the days when I did my first throttle pulling on the Royal Blue line, and many were the hair-raising experiences we had. But? Why, they were thicker than dead flies on sticky fly paper. They were a little shy when the road first went through, but after the novelty wore off they got so they enjoyed a ride on a freight train as much as any noble living, and it was no uncommon sight to see a bear sitting on the edge of a box car, letting his legs dangle over the edge, just like a real brakeman. Yes, yes. That's a fact.

"In about the wildest part of the country we ran through there was a passing siding which was called Haskin's Switch. This was a regular hanging out place for the bears. One day an old female bear came out on a box car to get a drink of water. She was a little out of her head, and she slipped and fell under the cruel wheels, his young life being crushed out instantly. The old mother bear took it real hard and did some ugly growling as she passed by the engine, and it was thought they would go up in the woods about a quarter of a mile and get some good spring water, as we had a few minutes to wait before the first class train came along. They left me all alone with the train.

"The running gear of the engine on the left hand side, forward under the boiler, had been working badly, so I thought I'd look things over. I took my long necked oil can and, like my foreman, got at the engine and went forward to look over the troublesome gear. I found that a link hanger needed attention, necessitating my getting down flat on my belly under the engine with legs projecting over the rails. I had been at work in this position for some minutes when I felt a strong tugging at my left trouser leg.

"It's the boys back from the spring," I thought to myself, "they're trying to get gay with me. I'll just pay no attention to them whatever."

"I kept right on at my chore, but the boys kept right on fooling with my legs. Finally my temper got the better of me and I shouted angrily:

"Harry, by jimmie, if that's you, I'll come out there and kick you so hard that you won't be able to sit down for a week." Harry was my fireman's name.

"The only answer I got was a low growl. I will admit that I got frightened, although such a thing is unusual with me. Nevertheless having finished my work, I began to back out from under the engine, keeping my torch and oil can in my hands.

"Well, you could have knocked me over with a feather, for when I got out so's I could see, the first thing my eyes lit on was that old she bear, sitting on her haunches waiting for me to come.

"She was ugly, too, and growling. The look on her face seemed to say: 'You are the cause of the death of my offspring. If you'd been more careful, it wouldn't have happened. I'm here to settle with you.'

"When I got out, she made several movements toward me, but I kept her at a comfortable distance by waving my torch in her face. She was getting bolder all the while, however, and I knew I would have to devise some scheme to get on the engine, as I didn't want to try an argument in close quarters with her, because a bear in as ugly a mood as she was in was a thing to be shied at.

"So I set my wits to work. Glancing around I saw that I was near to the pilot of the engine than I was to the step on the side of the tank, and if I could reach the pilot before the bear did I could get to the cab via the running board along the side of the boiler and laugh at Mrs. Bear.

"I decided to try for it, and, making a feint lunge at my animal friend with the torch to get her from me, I dashed for the pilot. I reached it before she did, but just as I was drawing my leg up the bear grabbed it with both her fore paws. I tried to break away from her hold, but it was useless. Turning, I saw her jaws wide open within easy reach of my arm, and something superhuman seemed to tell me what to do. I stuck the torch in her wide open mouth. With the other hand I brought my oil can into play and poured the coal oil from the can on the lighted torch in the bear's wide open mouth. The effect was very disastrous for the bear. The inflammable oil took fire going down her throat, and, exploding, almost blew her head off, killing her instantly.

"The boys got back shortly after that, but they wouldn't believe my story until I showed them the bear's carcass."

Phillips Brooks as a Nurse.

Dr. Brooks was calling on some of his poorer parishioners one day and found one woman looking very tired and miserable, with several little children and one small baby under her care. He told her she ought to go out and take a walk with the older children, the day being a beautiful one. She replied that she had no one with whom she could leave her baby. "Leave it with me," answered Dr. Brooks. And he remained with the baby until the woman returned, brighter and better for the breath of fresh air she had obtained.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Sarcasm.

Wife (reading)—Another mysterious suicide. Unknown man throws himself from a cliff.

Husband (thoughtlessly)—Bet his wife was at the bottom of it.

Wife—Charles!

Husband (hurriedly)—Of the cliff, my love, not the suicide.

What has become of the old fashioned father who kept a strap behind the kitchen door? Are any of his sons still living with him to tell about it?—Aitchison Globe.

Sheffield is the smokiest city in England. In proportion to its size it consumes eight times as much coal as London.

JINGLES AND JESTS.

Cheaper Than Bonnets.

"Were I as rich, my darling, As Solomon of old, Your dainty head should always wear A crown of purest gold!"

And lightly laughed his darling, And answered in her glee, "The latest thing in bonnets, love, Is crown enough for me."

With frequent change of fashion, The fleeting seasons sped, And the latest thing in bonnets Was always on her head.

And he, poor, fond economist, With many a patient smile, Placed one 3/4 cent hat-bonnet bill Upon a separate file.

And one day at his figure, In the autumn of his life, He flung a few pathetic words Of protest at his wife.

"Were I as wise, my darling, As Solomon of old, I should have bought you, long ago, That crown of purest gold."

"For such a mode of ornament, You really may depend, Though seemingly extravagant, Is cheaper in the end."

Why He Advertised.

Prospective Guest—Where are the golf links?

Proprietor of the One Horse Hotel—What are golf links, young man?

Prospective Guest—What are golf links? Doesn't your advertisement say "boating, bathing, fishing and golf?"

Proprietor—Well, I put in the advertisement because I thought some folks'd like to play golf, an I had no objection to 'em doing it, but I thought they'd bring along whatever they needed for playin' the game.

Figures.

"One hundred and sixty-six"—Thus far the answers to queries editor, sitting at the telephone, had proceeded, when the exchange editor threw up his hands and exclaimed:

"Merciful heavens!"

"One hundred and sixty-six central," resumed the other. "Hello, is that?"

"Oh!" ejaculated the exchange editor, greatly relieved, "I thought you were looking at the thermometer."

Never Failing Rainmaker.

They watched the sky For a sign of rain, But all their watching Was in vain.

The crops were scorched, And the grass was brown, And dust six inches Deep in town.

And when their hope Was near worn out, A wise man brought them A waterpout.

He coaxed the rain, All damp and cool, With a picnic for the Sunday school.

The Facts Coming Out.

"But," said a citizen of Kilkenny, when the original proposition was made to fasten the two cats together by the tails and hang them over a clothesline, "how long will it take them to kill each other?"

"That," replied the purveyor of the entertainment, shrugging his shoulders, "is only a question of the 'em."

A Sad Case.

"I got cheated out of the best part of my vacation this year."

"What was the matter? Wouldn't they let you off as long as usual?"

"Oh, yes, I was away an extra week, but I had to go early in the summer, so I didn't have any chance to look forward to it."

The Charm of Novelty.

Familiar pleasures never seem To gladden man's dull lot. We slight the joys we have and dream Of those that we have not.

His eyes were always bright and blue, And his days were always warm, 'Till he paid his cash, and, oh, gladly, too, To see a thunderstorm.

Beginning That Way.

"Yes, baby looks like his papa," said the proud young mamma. "I'm sure he'll have a nose like him."

"Yes," replied the temperance lady from next door, "you give the little one gin for the colic, I understand."

Utterly Impossible.

"My parents may come between us," she faltered.

"If they do," he exclaimed hotly, "they mustn't be pretty small."

And he pressed her still closer to her manly breast.

Concerning Li Ping Hwang.

There's an apt job to do, Mr. Li Ping Hwang, And it's coming up to you, Mr. Li Ping Hwang, You've been a long time to wait, When this job is finished, oh, You'll be Li Ping Hwang!

The Why.

"Ellis, why do you write so many letters in such hot weather?"

"Well, David, if I don't keep all our relatives posted on the awful heat here they will be landing on us by visit."

Worth Knowing.

"I sent a dollar to find out how to make a common horse as fast as a trotter."

"What did they tell him?"

"To use a halter."

On His Vacation.

Pretty Miss Carrie Has lost her Harry And doesn't know where to find him. Let Harry roam; He'll soon come home, Leaving his fish behind him.

Basis of Unbelief.

"What's a skeptic?"

"Well, a skeptic is a man who says there isn't any such thing as a breeze because he can't see it."—Chicago Record.

Element of Weakness.

Though he fondled a fiddle quite raw, The rector could only say "Pshaw!" Unstrung language! His gaze In that way became The weakest that ever we saw.

"Great Haste is Not

Always Good Speed."

Many people trust to luck to pull them through, and are often disappointed. Do not dilly-dally in matters of health. With it you can accomplish miracles. Without it you are "no good."

Keep the liver, kidneys, bowels and blood healthy by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla, the faultless blood purifier.

Rheumatism—"I had acute rheumatism in my limb and foot. I commenced treatment with Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills and in a short time was cured." WILLIAM HASKETT, Brantford, Ont.

Scrofula—"I was troubled with scrofula and impure blood. A cut on my arm would not heal. Hood's Sarsaparilla was recommended and after I had taken three bottles I was well." DANIEL ROBINSON, 6234 Trevelyan Street, Toronto, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-drugging and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Let Him Try the Shovel.

"The average typewriter works harder than a man who shovels coal," said a youth who ought to know. "Let me prove this by cold figures," he continued.

The average typewriter carriage weighs four pounds. The average operator lifts the carriage five times a minute. This means that he lifts 20 pounds every minute, or 1,200 pounds every hour. If he is lucky, he works but eight hours a day.

The carriage is lifted on an average seven inches every time it is raised, or 175 feet every hour, or about a quarter of a mile each day. But, as the hand travels through as much space in lowering as in raising the carriage, and as the strain is as great, we must double these figures, which means that the average operator lifts over two tons 14 inches each day, or two pounds one-half mile.

No Fault to Find.

"See here," he said to the groom, "are you the man who put the saddle on Miss Jennie's horse?"

"Yes, sir. Anything wrong, sir?"

"It was loose, very loose. She had no sooner mounted than the saddle slipped, and if I hadn't caught her she would have been thrown to the ground."

"I'm very sorry, sir."

"But I did catch her," went on the young man meditatively. "I caught her right in my arms, and— Here's a dollar for you, John. Do you suppose you could leave the girl loose when we go riding again tomorrow?"—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Lesser Evil.

"Dr. Killiam told me today," said the president of the life insurance company, "that young Pincipenny owes him a bill of \$200 which he can't collect. I think we had better pay it."

"What?" cried the treasurer. "Are you joking?"

"Not at all. Pincipenny is insured with us for \$10,000, and Killiam knows

All except bad ones!

There are hundreds of cough medicines which relieve coughs, all coughs, except bad ones! The medicine which has been curing the worst of bad