

From Neighboring
Firesides.Newsy Budgets by the
Reporter's able staff
of Correspondents

LANDSDOWNE.

Sunday, May 18th, was pledge Sunday in the Methodist Sunday School here.

Mrs. W. B. Foley, on the sick list for some time, is, we are glad to say, better.

Messrs. J. Witherill and F. Nixon, of Lyndhurst, were guests of W. P. Moore over Sunday.

Dame rumor has it that one of our young men is about to become a benedict in the near future.

Mrs. G. Graham has taken possession of her house and become a resident of our village again.

The merchants are feeling jubilant over the early closing, but some of the customers are kicking like brocos.

Mrs. A. C. Mulvaugh and daughter, and Mrs. (Ren.) Stilwell, are at present visiting friends at Frankville.

The high wind, a short time ago, blew the sign of C. Fred-nburg, merchant tailor, through the plate glass window of his store.

DELTA.

Rev. Daniel Earl, B.A., has gone to Lyn to attend the district meeting.

W. J. Birch and Samuel Whaley are busily engaged bricking Mr. E. A. Pierce's new house.

There is not much stir on the streets at present as the farmers are all very busy putting in their crops.

Fall grain is doing well and clover meadows are looking fine. It is though the late frosts have injured the the currents and other small fruit to some extent.

Clayton C. Copeland, who has earned the drug business for two years at Beachburg, returned home with his stock. He thinks that Delta is good enough for him.

Death visited the district of Day-town, two miles from here, and removed from that midst a young girl in the person of Miss Etie Irwin, the eldest daughter of Mr. Arthur Irwin. Her death took place on Monday, 12th inst., after a few months illness. She was 21 years old and her death is a severe blow to the family. All that kind and loving hands could do to ease the sufferer but to no avail. The remains were conveyed to Delta Methodist church. The casket was nearly hidden with choice flowers. The bereaved family have the sympathy of the community in this their time of trouble.

GREENBUSH.

The weather is turning off very dry. Mr. James Bishop, of Bellamy's preached to a large interested congregation.

Although Greenbush has appeared for some time to be in a barren state, yet it has begun to blossom as the rose.

Farmers are all smiles. Mr. Henry Davis, our popular cheese maker, paid his patrons \$17.68 per ton for their April milk.

New silos are rearing their majestic heads in all directions. Farmers are busy, each farmer appears determined to exceed his neighbor in height and finish to his silo.

Our harness maker Mr. John Forsyth has replenished his shop with a good supply of material. Any person wanting supplies in that line will do well to visit his shop.

On this (Monday) evening Mr. W. W. Smith, Gospel Temperance worker, is expected to lecture on the subject of temperance which promises to be a very interesting meeting.

A traveller that happens to be passing the cheese factory at the time of in milk will be fortunate if he will not be delayed in getting through the crowd waiting to deliver their milk.

In the midst of all the hurry the spiritual welfare of the community is not neglected. Mr. Alex. Blanchard, an old trusted neighbor conducts religious meetings. The choir renders valuable assistance.

Mrs. Chalmers, of New York, has reached the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Almeran Blanchard. Her health is not good but the change of air from the bustling city, no doubt, will much improve her condition.

A thrill of pleasure rang through the settlement when it was reported that Mr. Edgely's machinery for his mill had arrived at the station and on Saturday a large number of men and teams went and removed it to the premises of T. W. Smith where we expect it will soon be in operation. But low! in the midst of our amazement another industry springs up. Mr. Root, of Lyn, was here on Saturday and made arrangements to remove his newly worked to the premises of Robert Rickett on Mill street. And last but by no means least, we expect to hear the whistle of B. W. Loverin's butter factory. According to present appearances dwelling houses will soon be at a premium.

CHARLESTON LAKE.

Mumps are very prevalent at present in the village.

The naughty mosquito has put in its appearance. Miss Bertha Slack is visiting friends at Long Point.

Rev. and Mrs. W. W. Giles are still at their cottage at Charleston lake.

Chas. J. Slack is busily engaged building an addition to his house.

Miss M. A. Foster is spending a few days with her sister in Cardinal.

Our school is progressing favorably under the management of Miss Jennie Eyre.

John Square and assistant are busy painting Mr. Banta's building erected last fall.

Mrs. Taylor has returned home after spending a week with her parents at Harlem.

Geo. Webster is engaged doing some paper hanging for E. Curry at the Riverside.

The hotel keepers are doing a rushing business at present and the oarsmen are kept busy.

Some of our residents attended the funeral of the late Thos. McNamee at Toledo on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Stacy and daughter, Warburton, are the guests of Mrs. Green and daughter.

Mr. Welsh, Lyndhurst, has been engaged this week painting the cosy residence of Mr. Daniel Beach.

S. Y. Bullis was here on Tuesday driving his handsome span of ponies which were much admired by all.

Miss Ida Beach, Forfar, has returned home after spending the past two weeks with her aunt, Mrs. Daniel Beach.

During Mr. Patton's stay in Athens he accompanied Mr. Parish for a few days fishing at the lake. They captured 8 fine ones for Mr. Patton to take to his home in Iroquois.

A party of seven Dutchmen from Newark, New Jersey, spent a few days at Charleston last week. They took home 67 salmon with them besides leaving a lot of small sized ones and a number of pike. The largest number caught any one day by one boat was 12. There were no very large ones caught, the greater part of them averaging from 7 to 10 lbs each. They were highly delighted with the lake and the usage they got at R. Foster's Charleston lake hotel.

MORTON.

Mrs. Joshua Johnston, who has been on the sick list, is recovering nicely.

Mrs. Eyre and Mr. Will Eyre, spent Saturday last here with Mr. and Mrs. Robt Scott here.

Rev. Mr. McConnell was in Kingston last week. While there he attended the funeral of the late Principal Grant.

Mrs. Chas. Dawson and children intend leaving here this week for Jones' Falls where they will spend the summer.

Mr. Good in Austin and family intend leaving in June for Mr. Austin's field of office in Albion, N. W. T. He is to be stationed between Calgary and Edmonton. We wish him every success in the good work.

Those who were present at the Presbyterian church here on Sunday last enjoyed a great treat. It being the season delivered by Rev. Mr. Good, with a sermon from Kingdon.

Mr. Good will be sure of a crowded house and the richest attention should be given to his sermon.

Lack of Originality.
Says a Philadelphia physician: "The utter lack of originality in the human mind vexes me. Even the insane are not original in their delusions and manias, but they can be divided into classes, and each class has its one little uniform and unvarying set of aberrations. The insane cannot be other than imitative and commonplace."

Contrary.
"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I want you to promise that you will not lose any more money on horse races."

"I won't bet a cent."

"Now, that's just sheer contrariness. You know if you don't bet you can't win."

Taking It Coolly.

The ship of an admiral who was the Duke of Wellington's near connection was wrecked. He was placed in command of a second ship, which was also lost, and he himself was drowned. Lord Charles communicated the disaster to his father, who merely exclaimed, with Spartan coldness and brevity, "That's the second ship he has lost."

The Way It Was.

Mrs. Grouble—I understand you had some trouble with Mrs. Kick, where you last worked?

Hired Girl—Oh didn't hav' no trouble wid her, mum. Sure it wor her that had th' trouble wid me.

SWEET
MISTRESS
PRUE

...BY M. L. AVARY

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The expressman lugged in a great bundle of burlap. The girls cut it open, and out tumbled boughs of mountain laurel, plumes of pine and hemlock and gay bunches of bittersweet berries.

"Ah, how it smells of the woods at home!" cried Anne, her face bright with smiles and tears.

The little brothers and sisters in the New England village where she lived before she came to make her living as a stenographer in New York had gathered it.

"Ole Virginny nebbet tire!" shouted Margaret as the expressman lumbered in again, bearing a big box.

It was crammed with holly, running cedar—"greenwood lace," Margaret called it—and mistletoe.

"Oh, I love to touch it! Mamma's dear hands put it in." And Margaret sang:

"The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly branch shone on the oak wall,
And the baron's retainers were blithe and gay,
Keeping their Christmas holiday.
Oh, the mistletoe brought Oh, the mistletoe brought!"

The girls had lots of fun decorating the house from top to bottom.

They made their tree a bower of green and scarlet. Then they festooned the doors of every boarder in the house.

Nobody was too old or new or gum or ugly to be thus prettily reminded that the merry girls up stairs, whose antics kept them awake o' nights and made them swear under and above their breath, were full of the spirit of good will to men. The landlady's apartment was invaded while she was in the kitchen seeing to it that meals went into the dining room properly. When she came up stairs tired and cross, lo! the smell of the forest and the glint of red berries greeted and soothed her.

The little sewing girl who had recently taken the room next to the den came timidly to the door to voice her thanks.

"It makes me think of Santa Claus times," she said, with eyes suspiciously bright. "It was ever so nice for you to do it for a perfect stranger."

"Oh, but you aren't a stranger!" said jolly Margaret. "You are our nearest neighbor, you know. Come right in and have a cup of tea. We're just brewing."

So Prue sat down among them and listened while they talked away about the folks at home. She watched them doing up small packages in white tissue paper with red and green ribbons.

"These are belated offerings," they said. "We were up till 1 last night tying up things. Hope we didn't disturb you. We do jabber so. It's such fun to make up the presents—lots of crinkly paper and gay ribbons, you see, and not much else. We can't give anything that costs over 10 or 15 cents, so we have to make the magnificence of the parcel counterbalance the humbleness of the gift. It looks like a sin to send such trash, but it reminds folks and friends that we think lovingly of them. Besides, if folks didn't buy trash, what would become of the stores and the salesladies and cashboys they employ? Where would their Christmas be if all of us were too wise to buy foolishly?"

The little needlewoman turned to and helped with the parcels and waxed almost merry. When all the fluffy affairs were incased in coats of brown paper, she helped Margaret carry them to the corner drugstore to mail.

"Good night," said Margaret at Prue's door. "But wait a minute, I'm going to stick a bundle of mistletoe over your door just for luck, you know. And—who knows?—Lord Love may walk beneath it and find you here!"

She took a spray out of the bowl of leftovers and, climbing on her step-ladder chair, fastened it into the running cedar.

"We have some over our door," she said, laughing.

"Your prince will be sure to come," said Prue.

Margaret's engagement to a bank clerk and Anne's to a budding railroad magnate were matters of common talk in the house.

Prue's room was in reality a slice cut off the den by a thin partition, against which Margaret's and Anne's folding bed stood on one side and Prue's cot on the other. In the night Anne shook Margaret. "Listen!" she whispered.

Through the wall came the sound of weeping.

For a time the girls lay quite still, but presently Margaret whispered: "I can't stand it any longer. It sounds as if her heart were breaking. Let's go to her."

In a few minutes they were in the tiny room kneeling by the narrow bed, sobbing Prue. "I haven't any body to send anything to—I had anything to send! And there's nobody to send anything to me!"

"You poor little thing!" said they. "There, there; you can have us. We'll take you right in."

They took her round to the social settlement and whispered a word to the head worker, and the head worker asked her to dress a doll. She brought it into the den and had great fun prinking Miss Dolly out in gay attire. The head worker was much pleased with Miss Dolly's appearance and with the way the three women helped about the Christmas tree and the children. So also were the deaconess and the curate.

It took only a day or two for Prue to find a lot of people to love. No young woman who visited the settlement had so many people to love her in so short a time. The deaconess made her useful in the mission. She had a recognized place in the den. She had found a niche.

Margaret and Anne came back from the mission in a flutter.

"Mr. Ashburton brought a new preacher home with him tonight. He talks so quietly you would not call him eloquent, and yet he holds us all spell-bound. The Bowers toughs were like lambs. He is from the west, Mr. Ashburton says, and he has been recently ordained. A great sorrow drove him into the ministry. He used to be rather wild, and one night over a game of cards he came near killing a man, so near that he thought he had killed him. His friends thought so, too, and got him out of the country before the vigilantes would find him. When he recovered his senses, he was coming back to give himself up, but he got a letter from his sweetheart begging him not to and telling him it would kill her if he did. So he went off to Africa, India or somewhere else and roamed around, shooting elephants and things. After awhile he came home and tried to get himself arrested, but failed because the man he thought he killed is very much alive and doesn't want any case made out. His sweetheart had disappeared. She had no family and had gone away soon after he did. All his efforts to trace her have been unavailing. Think of going around for years burdened with the belief that you had killed somebody!"

Margaret looked to Prue for exclamation, but Prue had fainted. Perhaps she had not had enough to eat of late. Her appetite was poor, and dainties were out of the question.

They got her to bed and watched over her till she seemed to be asleep. Next morning they were off betimes to work. At 6 Margaret went home to look after Prue, and Anne to the mission to help the deaconess with the mothers' meeting. When Anne came back, she brought the curate and his friend up stairs for a cup of tea.

Margaret and Prue were talking softly together when they looked up and saw the guests in the doorway. Prue's face was transfigured, the face of one whose dead had come to life.

"Oh, Prue, my darling!" the newcomer cried.

And then Prue, who had nobody to love or to love her, was clasped in her lover's arms.

"There's always luck in the mistletoe I hang," said Margaret next night, standing on the ladder chair and taking down the faded greens, and the girls heard her singing:

"Your love came true, sweet Mistress Prue,
There's luck, I know, in my mistletoe."

HE KNEW HIS OWN.

One of the old time southern negroes went to Boston to make his fortune. After a week of walking up and down he found himself penniless and no work in sight. Then he went from house to house.

"Ef yo' please, sah," he began when his ring at the front doorbell was answered, "can't yo' gib a por culled man wuk ter do or sompin ter eat?"

And the polite answer invariably was, "No, mister; very sorry, but have nothing for you."

All who answered his ring addressed him as "Mr.," but finally shut their doors and hearts against him. Finally he rang the bell at a brownstone front. A gentleman appeared, and the old man began: "Boss, I is starvin'. Can't yo' gib me some vittles?"

"You black, kinky headed rascal," exclaimed the gentleman, "how dare you ring the bell at my front door? Go round the back yard way to the kitchen and the cook'll give you something, you black!"

But just there the old man fell on his knees, exclaiming: "Thank de Lawd, I foun' mah own white folks at las'! Thank de Lawd, I foun' 'em—I foun' 'em!"

A Wooden Statue In Tokyo.

In Tokyo, the capital of Japan, there exists a gigantic statue of a woman made of wood and plaster and dedicated to Hachiman, the god of war. In height it measures fifty-four feet. The head alone, which is reached by a winding stairway in the interior of the figure, is large enough to comfortably hold twenty persons. The figure holds a huge wooden sword in one hand, the blade of the weapon being twenty-seven feet long, and a ball twelve feet in diameter in the other.

Internally the figure is fitted up with an extraordinary anatomical arrangement, supposed to represent the different portions of the brain. A fine view of the country is obtained by looking through one of the eyes of the statue.

Training Youngsters to Sting Stones.
It has been said that Asiatic nations exceed others in the use of the sling, and the slingers of an ancient army used their little weapons with terrible effect. "These natives have such skill," says one old historian, "that it very rarely happens that they miss their aim. What makes them so great in the use of the sling is the training given them from their earliest years by their mothers, who set up a piece of bread hung at the end of a rod for a target and let their children remain without food until they have hit it, when the child who is the victor receives the bread as the reward of his skill and patience."

Not the Gardener.

When in 1883 Professor Freeman was examining Battle Abbey, he found himself dogged by a person, who, as he thought, somewhat officiously obtruded his offers of assistance.

After vainly trying to shake him off he broke forth with: "I don't want your assistance. The Duke of Cleveland promised that I should not be interfered with by the gardeners."

"Exactly so," was the reply. "I hope they have obeyed my orders. I am the Duke of Cleveland."

Weak?

"I suffered terribly and was extremely weak for 12 years. The doctors said my blood was all turning to water. At last I tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was soon feeling all right again."

Mrs. J. W. Fiala, Hadlyme, Ct.

No matter how long you have been ill, nor how poorly you may be today, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine you can take for purifying and enriching the blood.

Don't doubt it, put your whole trust in it, throw away everything else.

Ask your doctor what he thinks of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He knows all about it, and old family medicine. Follow his advice and we will be satisfied.

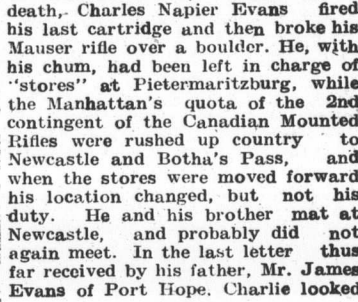
J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

LATE PTE. C. N. EVANS

PECULIAR HEROISM OF BRAVE PORT
HOPE MAN AT HART'S RIVER.

Alone Before the Onrushing Boers, Every Comrade Killed or Disabled and Himself Wounded Until Death, This Representative of Canada Fired His Last Shot and Broke His Rifle Over a Boulder.

Standing alone in the face of the onrushing Boers at the battle of Hart's River, every comrade dead or disabled and himself wounded to the death, Charles Napier Evans fired his last cartridge and then broke his Mauser rifle over a boulder. He, with his chum, had been left in charge of "stores" at Pietermaritzburg, while the Manhattan's quota of the 2nd contingent of the Canadian Mounted Rifles were rushed up country to Newcastle and Botha's Pass, and when the stores were moved forward his location changed, but not his duty. He and his brother met at Newcastle, and probably did not again meet. In the last letter thus far received by his father, Mr. James Evans of Port Hope, Charlie looked



PTE. C. N. EVANS, PORT HOPE.

Killed at Hart's River battle, March 31, 1902 without foreboding into the future.

In it he said: "Before this reaches you we will probably be after Devet. We can only hope for a safe and victorious trip. Many a good man has died for the old flag, and why should not I? If parents had not given their sons and sons not given themselves for the British Empire, it would not to-day be the proud dictator of the world. So if one or both of us should die, there will be no vain regrets, for we will have done what thousands have done before us—given our lives for a good cause."

It would appear that Carruthers and fifty Canadians joined Private Evans and his chum, and the stores were conveyed to a laager near the old Waterloo of the British—Majuba Hill. On the fatal March 31st the battle waged on the west and north when the location of the stores was discovered by the Boers, six hundred of whom thought it but an easy thing to go and take them. For two hours the gallant band held them at bay, and just as the British forces, attracted by the din of musketry, rushed to their relief the end came. He died, as he lived, nobly. He had for years been a devoted Christian and for him death had no sting, and neither grave nor Boer can boast victory; and "the Boers did not get those stores."

Age of the Brass Band.
As antiquaries go nowadays," says Harvey Sutherland in *Ainslie's*, "the brass band is a very ancient institution. That is to say, its inventor died in 1894 at the age of eighty. There were horns before Adolphe Sax, to be sure, but not such horns as we have now, for they could not play every tune in every key. They could not even play a scale in any key. The very first band entirely of brass was organized in 1835, and I doubt if any of the instruments then used could be played upon by modern musicians without special practice. It is only back to 1783 when a full regimental band of the British army consisted of two oboes, two clarinets, two horns and two bassoons. It must have sounded even funnier than Tennyson's famous combination of 'fute, violin and bassoon.'

"How long a way we have come since 1783 may be learned from the ensemble of a first class modern band. The modern band of forty-two pieces has half as many oboes and bassoons as the ancient band of eight pieces, seven times as many clarinets and nine times as many horns, to say nothing of the saxophones, which are part clarinet and part horn."

The People's Column.

Adverts of 6 lines and under in this column, 25c for first insertion and 10c each subsequent insertion.

Seed Corn For Sale.

I have for sale a quantity of the old fashioned Yellow Corn, carefully gathered and chaffed, which can be obtained at the stores of

JOSEPH THOMPSON,
or G. A. McCLARY,
Athens.
Or at the farm,
ED. C. BULFORD.

COURT OF REVISION.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Court of Revision for Hear of Lords and Landsdowne will be held in the Town Hall, LYNDHURST, on SATURDAY, MAY 31st, at 2 o'clock p.m. The Assessment Roll for 1902 is now in my hands for inspection.

W. F. BRACKEN,
Township Clerk.
Seely's Bay, May 6, 1902.

Court of Revision.

The Court of Revision for Rear Young & Escott will be held at the town hall, Athens, on Monday, May 26, 1902, at one o'clock in the afternoon.

R. E. CORNELL, Clerk.

Yorkshire and Berkshire
Boars.

Good pure-bred animals of the above named breeds for service.

F. B. BLANCHARD,
Addison, Ont.

Tenders Wanted

FOR
Town Hall Site.

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to NOON, on MAY 20th, for furnishing a suitable lot for new Town Hall Site. Tenders to contain size of lot, price, location, etc.

H. K. KNOWLTON,
Athens, May 6, 1902.
3-19 Revue.

Before After Wood's Phosphorine.
The Great English Remedy.
Sold and recommended by all druggists in Canada. Only reliable medicine discovered. Its packages guaranteed to cure all forms of Sexual Weakness, all effects of abuse or excess, Mental Worry, Excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants. Keiled on receipt of price, one package \$1, six \$5. One will please, six will cure. Pamphlets free to any address. The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont.

Wood's Phosphorine is sold in Athens by Jns. P. Lamb & Son, Druggists.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The undersigned having been restored to health by simple means, after suffering for several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease Consumption, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To those who desire it, he will cheerfully send (free of charge) a copy of the prescription used, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all throat and lung Maladies. He hopes all sufferers will try this remedy, as it is invaluable. Those desiring the prescription, which costs nothing and may prove a blessing, will please address:

Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON, Brooklyn New York. 48-Gmo.

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Eyestrain.



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We examine eyes free of charge and guarantee satisfaction.

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SCIENTIFIC OPTICIANS
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Reporter

\$1.00 a Year.

—Egin Street, south, has been greatly benefited by a liberal supply of stone from Warren's stone crusher. Main street, east, has been repaired and several bad spots in the sidewalks are also being attended to.