

Poorly?

"For two years I suffered terribly from dyspepsia, with great depression, and was always feeling poorly. I then tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and in one week I was a new man."—John McDonald, Philadelphia, Pa.

Don't forget that it's "Ayer's" Sarsaparilla that will make you strong and hopeful. Don't waste your time and money by trying some other kind. Use the old, tested, tried, and true Ayer's Sarsaparilla. \$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

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

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

DISTRICT NEWS

FRONT OF YONGE.

Mr. J. Ferguson and Mr. Geo. Sinton, of Canton, on Saturday last while walking in their field picked a fine ripe strawberry. This is extraordinary at this time of year.

R. R. Phillips has, for some time, been confined to his house from the effects of a lame back, caused by exposure to the cold. He is slowly recovering and in a short time will be able to perform his official business.

We can plainly hear the no uncertain sound of Long Tom, of Lincoln, which has lately been placed in the steeple of the Anglican church, at Ballycanoe.

Will the Glen Buell scribe or the Reporter inform its readers as to the health and movements of Mr. Joseph Hays and his family?

Mrs. Jas. Dickey is visiting her mother, Mrs. J. Ferguson, of Caintown.

Mr. David Tennant and wife have returned home, after spending a pleasant summer at Union Park camping ground.

The McNish hog pen does not cover 12 acres. It is the large pen in Chicago the Blue Mountain correspondent means.

UNION VALLEY.

It is reported on good authority that wedding bells will soon ring in this vicinity.

Miss A. Hickey has returned to the valley, after her long sojourn with Uncle Sam.

Ed. Keyes and lady have recently returned from the Pan-American Exposition and express themselves as delighted with the trip.

Messrs G. Hickey and B. Hayes took in the fair at Prescott and report a good time.

John Flood of McIntosh mills drove through here last Sunday and surprised some of the boys with his celebrated pacing mare "Nellie Gray." Keep off the track boys, she's a flyer.

Messrs. Jas. and Nicholas Ronan express themselves as being highly pleased with the great Pan-Am.

Sand Bay was well represented here on Sunday by the arrival of Jas. Lapan and his sister Rose.

Tom Foser has realized that the "Valley" is a favored spot. He has come to stay.

Some of our local sports attended Rockport picnic last Thursday.

A very pleasant time was spent at the home of Mr. Jas. Ronan on Monday last, it being the occasion of the birthday of Mrs. Ronan. Preparations had been duly made for the reception of the guests who began to arrive about eleven o'clock. A sumptuous dinner was waiting them upon their arrival, after which the friends and relatives were entertained by songs, speeches and recitations. Music was furnished by an orchestra secured for the occasion and those who took pleasure in dancing were satisfied to their heart's content. Among the guests from a distance were Mrs. McNamee, Mrs. N. Ronan, Mrs. P. Flood of Trevelyan, Mrs. N. Ronan, Mrs. T. Ronan and daughters Winnie and Eulalia and Mr. Mark McNamee of Toledo. During the afternoon Miss Ronan and Miss L. Shinnick furnished the visitors with selections upon the piano, which were well enjoyed by the audience. Mr. McNamee handled the violin in his usual masterly style and was assisted by Jas. Coby on the piccolo. Shortly after supper the guests began to depart, each and all pleased with the very pleasant time spent, and wishing the genial hostess many happy returns of the occasion.

CHANTRY

Mr. and Mrs. Casserley and Mr. Wiggins, of North Carolina, who have been visiting at M. Sherwood's, have returned to their Southern home.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Sheldon, Miss Addie Gorman and Mr. Amherst A. Ford took in the Ottawa Fair last week.

Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Alford were in town Sunday.

Mr. S. L. Knowlton has been under the weather these last few days.

Mr. Willie Miller, Emma Miller and Bertha Cross spent Sunday in Athens. Silo filling is the order of the day and one of our farmers has demonstrated the fact that it does not take a dozen men to fill a silo as he has filled his alone with the assistance of a man and a small boy.

A painful accident occurred this morning by which Mr. Oliver Patterson more had the misfortune to lose his left arm. This morning as the men were starting to work cutting corn at Mr. H. E. Eyrre's, Mr. Patterson in lifting a jack of the machine got his left arm so badly crushed as to necessitate amputation at the elbow.

TOLEDO

Miss Nina Coel of Brockville, is the guest of Miss Carrie Williams.

T. J. Rapp, who enjoyed a few months' holidays under the parental roof has returned to Utica, where he secured a position as clerk in a grocery store.

Sam Seymour, who has been confined to his bed for the past two weeks with pneumonia, is able to be about again.

An up-to-date millinery is to be found in connection with the Jordan & Co. firm.

Mr. Geo. Lee, who for the past three years has carried on a large dry goods establishment here, has severed his connection and intends setting up business in Lyndhurst. We hope to see Geo. Lee, as the attraction is strong.

The man's corn that is 14 feet high would be completely hidden in some of the corn fields in Toledo especially in one, where "John" says the corn is 16 feet high and the turkeys roost on the ears thereof.

Tennison says "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." This quotation is applicable to the present season for we see it verified every evening when the chivalrous youths with their fair ones by their sides, are seen strolling and driving out, dinking in the fragrance of rhododendron, and with a glow of gladness on their countenance which bespeaks an appreciation of the season now and now together with a longing for the sweet bye and by.

A Lost Chance.

"It was when I was new on the Stock Exchange," said an old broker, "and I was newly married, too, that I indulged in an occasional slier for pin money. One morning I saw a chance to make a good turn on Erie, and I plunged. Before the day was over I had cleaned up \$15,000. It was like finding it. When I reached home, I asked my wife to come down town with me the next morning and purchase as handsome a diamond necklace as my \$15,000 would buy. She said that such a purchase would be extravagant and that she really didn't care for such a necklace.

"I knew my own weakness for blowing in money that was velvet, but I could not resist her that it was wise to buy the necklace. The next morning when the exchange opened that \$15,000 bothered me. I plunged again, not on my judgment, but because I happened to have that money, and this time I not only lost it all, but half as much more. I have never felt flush enough since that time to indulge in diamond necklaces. My wife has always said that it was her fault and that if I ever offer to buy jewelry for her again she will accept even if we have no bread in the house."

Bottled Tear Cure.

A physician who has recently returned from Paris says that the natives all believe that human tears are a remedy for certain chronic diseases. At every funeral the bottling of mourners' tears is one of the chief features of the ceremony. Each of the mourners is presented with a sponge with which to mop his face and eyes, and after the burial these sponges are presented to the priest, who squeezes the tears into bottles, which he keeps.—London Family Doctor.

The Rising Generation.

A youngster of 7, describing to his father how a lady caller (childless herself) had foisted upon him the purchase of the little fellow, the father replied: "But I'm afraid they couldn't afford it, sonny. They couldn't possibly raise sufficient money to buy you."

To his astonishment the 7-year-old promptly responded:

"They might get up a company."—London Fun.

Extreme Reluctance.

"Young man," the rising statesman said to the reporter, "newspaper notoriety is exceedingly distasteful to me, but since you have asked me to give you some of the particulars of the leading events in my life I will comply. I do so, however, with great reluctance."

Here he took a typewritten sheet from a drawer in his desk and handed it to the reporter.

"I suppose, of course," he added, "you will want my portrait, and, although I dislike anything that savors of undue publicity, I can do no less than comply with your wish."

Here he took a photograph from a large pile in another drawer and gave it to the reporter.

"When this appears in print," he said, "you may send me 250 copies of the paper."

The Same Williams.

"Now, sir," began the attorney for the defense, knitting his brows and preparing to annihilate the witness whom he was about to cross examine, "you say your name is Williams. Can you prove that to be your real name? Is there anybody in the courtroom who can swear that you haven't assumed it for the purpose of fraud and deceit?"

"I think you can identify me yourself," answered the witness.

"Where did I ever see you before, my friend?"

"I put that scar over your right eye 25 years ago when you were stealing peaches out of my father's orchard. I'm the same Williams."—Pearson's.

HANDLE THE WHEELS

THE CUP RACING SKIPPER OF THE BIG 90-FOOT YACHTS.

Upon Them Much of the Performance of Their Craft Depends—Pen Sketches of Captain Edward Sycamore, of Shamrock II., and of Captain Urias Rhodes, of the Constitution—Their Records.

Of equal interest with the big 90 foot yachts that are soon to race for the America's cup, "the blue ribbon of the seas," are the men who will handle the wheels of the vessels. The racing of yachts, especially of the larger sloops, is not a matter of build alone, as most persons think. Seamanship plays a very large and important part in the contests. A yacht needs a skipper who knows how to handle her much as she needs the best of sails and spurs.

Captain Edward Sycamore swings the wheel on the Shamrock II., while Captain Urias Rhodes does similar service for the Constitution, and each of these men is a past master of his craft.

"Sycamore? He's a good skipper and knows his business. Besides, he's been in American waters before and ought to know how to sail his boat in them," is the manner in which American yachtsmen refer to the captain of Shamrock II. Their



CAPTAIN EDWARD SYCAMORE.

good opinion is based on Captain Sycamore's record. The present is not his first experience in racing for the America's cup. In 1895 he was assistant skipper of Lord Dunraven's Valkyrie, acting in conjunction with Captain Cranfield. In 1899 Captain Sycamore held the wheel on August Belmont's 90 footer Minola. Captain Sycamore is 45 years old and a product of the Wivenhoe district, Essex, England, that sends out the very best of English yachting sailors. Captain Sycamore chose following the sea as a profession very early. His first experience in yachting was on board the Marquis of Ailsa's yacht, the Lady Evelyn. He remained in the employ of the marquis for a number of years, leaving him in 1878. In 1884 Sycamore first earned the title of captain as skipper of the yawl Amberwitch, and in 1885 he commanded the Amelia, owned by an Englishman named Beauclerc. Captain Sycamore remained in Mr. Beauclerc's pay until 1892 and sailed for him two of the crack small boats of the season of 1890-1. He won 36 first and 2 second prizes for this owner.

Since then Captain Sycamore has had chief authority on a number of yachts and has won about 100 prizes. Pitted against Captain Sycamore and handling the helm of the New York Yacht Club's defender, the Constitution, is silent and reserved Captain Urias Rhodes. Captain Rhodes is noted among yachting sailors for his lack of words and for the good results that usually follow his handling of a wheel. Rhodes is the product of the south shore of Long Island and has been a sailor from his earliest years. Before entering upon sailing for prizes Captain Rhodes was engaged in the West Indian freighting trade. From that to yachting was a natural transition for the young man.

Captain Rhodes' first experience in America's cup racing was service be-



CAPTAIN URIAS RHODES.

fore the mast on the ship Atlantic in 1886, when that vessel contended for the honor of defending the "mug." He was later mate of the Volunteer and afterward sailed the Sea Fox and the Montauk famous vessels of their day. He built up for himself a reputation as an alert, cool headed man and a thorough sailor.

In 1898 Captain Rhodes was called on to command the Defender, succeeding Captain Had. Rhodes held her wheel during the races that were sailed to "try out" the Columbia. At the time of Captain Rhodes' selection to command the Constitution, an appointment that met with the hearty approval of yachtsmen, he was chief on William Iselin's Emerald. Captain Rhodes is about 45 years old, of splendid proportions and commanding appearance.

WHAT TWO BELLS MEANT.

The Irish Woman Learned After a Short and Stormy Experience.

On three successive days she had crooked her forefinger at the conductor to let him know that she wanted to get off at the next corner, and on three successive days he had smiled amiably back at her, with his hands in his pockets, and straightway proceeded to allow her to be carried two blocks beyond her destination. On the fourth day the woman made up her mind to be self reliant. She had depended too long upon insufficient public servants who caring disregarded her wishes, and she refused to depend upon them longer. Accordingly, when the car neared the corner where she wished to alight, she did not even look toward the conductor, but stood up and rang the bell herself.

For an irate passenger to ring the bell when conductors fail to do their duty is no crime nowadays, but the woman in her zeal overshot the mark. She rang the bell twice, and the motorman, after looking half a way round and grumbling under his breath, "What all that fellow anyhow?" turned on an extra current, and the car went spurring along to the next corner. The woman grew even redder than the temperature warranted and jerked the rope twice again. Again the motorman turned his head and muttered, and again the car went shooting past the crossing on toward the third corner.

The conductor was awake to the situation, and he stood on the rear platform with his arms folded, smiling and saying nothing. A third time was this little comedy of the two bells enacted, and finally the woman found herself four blocks beyond her home. Then she turned and shook her fist at the conductor.

"Do you want to get off, madam?" he said suavely.

"Do I?" she stormed. "What do you suppose I have been jerking this rope that way for all this time?"

"That is what I was wondering about," he said innocently. "To ring twice means to go on, and I'm sure we were already going as fast as the law allows, even without all that extra urging. I guess the motorman must have thought I had lost my senses."

The car stopped there, and the woman was obliged to get off without taking time to make a reply, which, judging by her looks, was probably just as well for all concerned.

PEN AND BRUSH.

Edwin Westcott, the author of "David Harum," had an exceptionally rich and mobile baritone voice and might have attained eminence as a singer.

Sarah Grand, the novelist, was born in Ireland. Her father was Edward J. Clarke, a lieutenant in the navy, and her mother the granddaughter of Robert Bell of Humbleton House, Yorkshire.

Baron Imbert de Saint Armand was buried almost to the day of his death and explained his great number of books to a critical friend by the naive justification, "Well, I have a horror of idleness."

Marie Corelli once said, "I have never written anything in my life with a desire to be praised for it, and I never, though often accused of doing so, advertise myself."

Mr. Frith, the Royal academician, once painted two pictures for Charles Dickens. The subjects were selected by the novelist and were Dolly Varden and Kate Nickleby. Dickens paid him £40 for the two, and after the novelist's death the former was sold for £1,000.

Marcus Clark, the author of "His Natural Life," related to a friend that he had once discovered a French novel that he considered a work of genius. He translated it into English, and when a Melbourne firm brought it out publisher and translator were astounded at discovering that he had merely Englished a French translation of one of George Eliot's works.

Nature's Destiny in Niagara Falls.

The waterfall at Niagara opened an economic drama by damming up the main waterway of the northern states. But for the inevitable rapids and whirlpools of the Niagara and but for the falls Governor Clinton would doubtless have ended his ditch digging originally planned to connect New York city with the fur yielding red man's lands of the upper lakes Oswego and saved a hundred miles and more of costly construction. In that case Oswego and not Buffalo would have become the sixth commercial city in the world. But the falls were long of vision, they had set their hearts on higher things than even DeWitt Clinton dared fancy; they foresaw the growth of the west and resolved upon seizing for their own purpose the swollen bulk of traffic which must soon be tided eastward. Shrewd strategy, was it not?

Reason For Growling.

The farmer had told the tramp to search the shed for some cold biscuit.

"But don't strike a light," warned the farmer. "I won't risk having the place burned down."

"Then I can't look for de biscuit, boss," said the tramp.

"Why not?"

"Well, de last time I searched in de dark I ate a lot of dog biscuits an got de hydrophobia from hearin' meself bark."

A Good Breakfast.

A good breakfast is the physical basis of a day's work, says The Medical Brief. The American breakfast, regarded with so much horror on the European continent, has contributed largely to make the nation what it is today. It enabled our forefathers to do an amount of work which it appalls foreigners to contemplate.

The Worm Turned.

Dentist patient from Wayback—Did you ever take gas before?

Patient—Look, here, smarty! That joke's gone far enough! Ye bin talkin' to thet fresh hotel clerk, ain't ye?

An Erratic Temperament.

"A man of artistic temperament never worries about the money he owes."

"No; but it nearly kills him when he doesn't get money that is owing to him."

An English authority has discovered that the average age at which Englishmen marry is 28 years and 5 months and that of women 26 years and 5 months.

THE BEST SIX BOOKS.

WHICH ARE THE WORKS THAT WOULD FILL THIS PRESCRIPTION?

Professor Harry Thurston Peck's Solution of This Interesting Limited Library Problem From Five Different Points of View.

I have been requested to answer the following inquiry, which comes from a clergyman in Fayetteville, N. C., wrote Professor Harry Thurston Peck, editor of The Bookman, in the New York Journal:

"What are the best six books, supposing that an intelligent and fairly educated person could have but six books?" This limitation in the number of books makes the selection difficult because the list is not intended for some particular individual whose tastes and interests are supposed to be familiar with, but a list which could confidently recommend to any person whatever who is "intelligent and fairly educated." What, then, are the best six books?

If we take very high ground in this matter and select the six books which have in all probability done the most to influence human thought and, therefore, human action throughout the centuries and of which the power seems destined to endure, the books of selection, perhaps, is not so very difficult.

In choosing them, however, one must obviously restrict himself to those books which have had the greatest effect upon western civilization, excluding those which belong altogether, or nearly so, to the east. Thus, the sayings of Confucius and the sacred books of India, while they are of immense interest and importance, lie outside the concern of an occidental reader.

So, too, the Koran, in spite of all that it means to the millions who still follow the teachings of the prophet, has no appropriate place here. The following are, I think, the books which, in one way or another, have most profoundly affected the development of western civilization in its different phases:

1. The Bible. 2. Homer's "Odyssey." 3. Aristotle's "Ethics and Politics." 4. Bacon's "Organum." 5. Rousseau's "Social and Political Treatises." 6. Darwin's "Origin of Species."

In the foregoing list I fancy that nothing requires explanation, except, perhaps, Homer's "Odyssey." Many persons would say at once that the "Odyssey" hardly deserves inclusion in such a list, since from the point of literature alone it is supposed to be inferior to the "Iliad," while from any other point of view it would seem to be altogether out of place.

These assertions, however, would be incorrect. In the first place, the "Odyssey" is in reality a finer piece of literature than the "Iliad," and, in the second place, from rather than from the "Iliad" comes the great stream of literary and semiphilosophical tradition which is traceable in Virgil and the later Latin poets, in Dante, in Spenser and in Milton.

The six books named above, however, represent a sort of council of perfection. They are the most remarkable six books that can be gathered together. Yet I doubt whether any person, if he were restricted to six books for the rest of his life, would wish the six just named. I know, for one, that I should not.

To make any other list, however, is like firing a gun in the dark or like prescribing for a patient whom you have never seen. You may possibly hit the target with the gun, and you may possibly cure the patient with the prescription, but the chances in either case are very much against you.

So, if you recommend six books as representing supreme excellence, each after its own kind, very likely half the persons who happen to read the list will admit the excellence, but will say that they want excellence of a different sort. For even the casual person has generally some sort of mental bias, or other. One has a taste for history, another for science, another for religious reading, another for fiction. Here is the sort of list that wise and good men usually make up when they are recommending books to other people:

1. The Bible. 2. Dante's "Divine Comedy." 3. Shakespeare's plays. 4. Milton's "Paradise Lost." 5. Plutarch's "Lives." 6. "Pliny's Progress."

This list, of course, a perfectly preposterous list, and if a man had only these six books there would be at least three of them whose covers he would never open, except, perhaps, in pressing wild flowers. Suppose, however, we attempt to make a selection of six books all of which would be well worth any man's reading, no matter what his individual tastes might be. Here they are:

1. The Bible. 2. Shakespeare's plays. 3. Bacon's "History of Civilization." 4. J. J. R. Green's "History of the English People." 5. Matthew Arnold's Essays. 6. Taine's "English Literature."

That, I think, is a pretty good list. Yet, as all the personal equation comes in so strongly as to make one very cautious and the reverse of dogmatic in his selection. One thing, perhaps, is well worth noting.

I doubt whether any work of fiction should properly be included among the six books that might be chosen to last one all his life, for, while many works of fiction can be read and reread with interest perhaps a score of times, they would almost certainly be exhausted sooner than books that are either religious, historical or philosophical.

Nevertheless, assuming that a person cared for nothing except fiction and wished to take into exile six volumes only, I should recommend the following:

1. Scott's "Ivanhoe." 2. Balzac's "Woman of Thirty." 3. Thackeray's "Pendennis." 4. Flaubert's "Madame Bovary." 5. Dickens' "Martin Chuzzlewit." 6. Kipling's "Plain Tales From the Hills."

Personally, if I were myself to be imprisoned and to be required to select six books which would have to be my only rest for the rest of my life, I should select the following:

1. The Bible. 2. Bacon's Essays. 3. J. J. R. Green's "History of the English People." 4. Tennyson's Poems. 5. Buckle's "History of Civilization." 6. George Moore's "Confessions of a Young Man."

How It Worked.

"Yes," said the old inhabitant, "old man Jinks climbed a pine tree to get rid of the life insurance agent, an the harness came 'long an blowed the tree down, an the agent was the first to pue Jinks from after it, an he was head palbearer an the uncertainty o' life an insured the whole town an went his way rejoicin'."—Atlanta Constitution.

Never Concealed.

"Harry, here's a good article on 'The Secret of Baldness.'"

"Huh! Baldness is no secret."—Chicago Herald.

Dyspepsia

From foreign words meaning bad cook, has come rather to signify bad stomach; for the most common cause of the disease is a predisposing want of vigor and tone in that organ.

No disease makes life more miserable. Its sufferers certainly do not live to eat; they sometimes wonder if they should eat at all.

W. A. Nugent, Belleville, Ont., was greatly troubled with it for years; and Peter H. Sears, East Claire, Wis., who was so afflicted with it that he was nervous, sleepless, and actually sick most of the time, obtained no relief from medicines professionally prescribed.

They were completely cured, as others have been, by

Hood's Sarsaparilla according to their own statement voluntarily made. This great medicine strengthens the stomach and the whole digestive system. Be sure to get Hood's.

C. E. Pickrell & Sons

ATHENS, ONT.

General - Blacksmiths

Horseshoeing and Repairing

We return thanks for the liberal patronage we have received, and assure our customers that in the future, as in the past, their orders will receive personal attention and be executed promptly.

C. E. Pickrell & Sons
ELGIN STREET, ATHENS.

The People's Column.

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

Boy Wanted.

WANTED—A good strong boy to learn something. Apply at once to R. H. SMART, Brockville.

Valuable Lots For Sale in the Village of Charleston

The vacant lots between Bullie's boat house and W. G. Parlin's lot fronting the lake. Suitable for residences or boat houses. Will be sold cheap. Apply to MISS H. S. GREEN, Charleston, P. O. 32-5

Farm For Sale.

[That beautiful farm situated one mile west of the village of Athens known as "Maple Row Farm," the property of Frank Cornell, consisting of forty acres of choice land: Good buildings. This farm is in the Athens School Section and is a very desirable property for any man of limited means, who may wish to give his children the advantages of a High or Model School without expense. Terms liberal. Apply to I. C. ALGUTHIE, Athens or JAMES HANNA, (at farm.)

SHOP TO RENT.

The shop now occupied by H. R. Knowlton on Main St., Athens. Good stand for watchmaking or fancy goods. Possession given about Dec. 1st. Apply to MRS. GREEN, ELGIN STREET, Athens.

NOTICE

Having sold out my time-serving business in Athens, it is necessary that all accounts be settled at once. As I am leaving the village, all accounts have been placed in the hands of Mr. W. A. Lewis, where parties can call and settle. All accounts not settled promptly will be placed in court for collection. H. W. KINGAID.

BUGGIES FOR SALE

We have for sale, cheap, one new buggy and one second hand Spring Wagon. We have no use for any of the above and they will be sold at a bargain. Apply to E. A. Pickrell, Athens, or W. C. Pickrell at Agricultural Works, Lyn.