

WELL KNOWN VIOLINIST
Traveled Extensively Throughout the
Provinces - Interesting Statements
Concerning His Experiences.

STELLARTON, N.B. - James R. Murray,
a well known violinist, of this place, who
has traveled extensively throughout the
Provinces, makes this statement:

"I was running down a hill and my
weight fell off from 175 to 150 pounds.
Prescriptions did me but little good. My
trouble was called nervous dyspepsia. I
resorted to Hood's Sarsaparilla and after
taking five bottles was completely cured. I
feel as well now as ever in my life, and
have increased in flesh so that I now
weigh 177 pounds. I am well known in
this part of the country, having followed
my profession, that of a violin musician
for the last 28 years. I gladly tell my
friends what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done
for me. Before I began taking the medi-
cine I did not have any ambition, but now
it has all changed and my dyspeptic trouble
perfectly cured." JAMES R. MURRAY.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's
Sarsaparilla, do not be deceived by any
substitute. Be sure to get Hood's.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take
with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

I. O. F.
Court Glen Hill, No. 878, Independent
Order of Foresters, having followed
my profession, that of a violin musician
for the last 28 years. I gladly tell my
friends what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done
for me. Before I began taking the medi-
cine I did not have any ambition, but now
it has all changed and my dyspeptic trouble
perfectly cured." JAMES R. MURRAY.

Farm for Sale or to Let.
Lot 5 in 8th concession of Yonge, in County
of Leeds, containing 600 acres, well watered,
with a fine view of the city of Toronto,
and a fine view of the city of Toronto,
and a fine view of the city of Toronto.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
If you are contemplating a trip
EAST OR WEST

It will pay you to patronize "The Old Reliable
Grand Trunk Railway" for your next
trip. The Grand Trunk Railway System
is the most complete and comfortable
railroad system in the world.

Canada Pacific Railway
Tourist Sleeping Cars
are intended for the
comfortable and
economical
travel of
passengers.

Geo. E. McLeod, Agent
City Ticket and Telegraph Office
One King and Court House
Avenues, Brockville, Ont.

THE KINETOSCOPE.
Anticipation movements do not
"take." - New Orleans Picayune.

The persistent winter will soon
reduce us to the single standard - Mendels-
sohn's "Winter." - Boston Herald.

The United States supreme court has
laid down a new bankruptcy rule. If
it could only lay down some new rules
that would keep men from going into
bankruptcy! - Boston Globe.

The latest theory is that the Bah-
r-el-Ghazal is the original garden of Eden.
French are so anxious about that part of
Africa. - New York Evening Sun.

There is still a demand for about 25,
000,000 paper collars in the United States
each year. The paper collar is the connect-
ing link between civilization. - Boston
Transcript.

Even Emperor William, the German
emperor, has been without a collar for
some time. The emperor's collar was
made of paper. - Boston Transcript.

The Canby (Wash.) Independent says
that a resident of that place was found
dead and cold the other day merely for
loving a girl. He snored very loudly.

A father under such circumstances
is said to be a "collared" man. - Boston
Transcript.

CURTAIN RAISERS.
Ella Ellsler will return to the stage
early next year.

During his starring career of 15 years
Roland Reed has produced 16 plays.

Caro Urquhart Potter has recovered
from her serious illness in London.

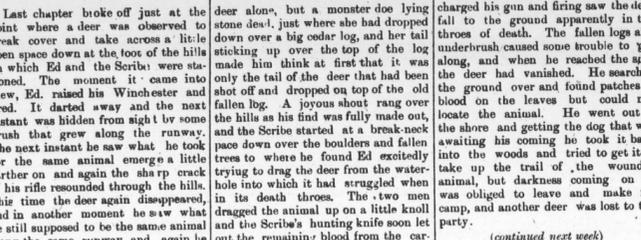
Dr. Marshall has won a little behind,
but has already started back toward Paris.

The English humorist, Jerome K. Jer-
ome, has written a play for John Drew.

Joseph Jefferson has definitely decid-
ed not to return to the stage until next April.

Victorian Sardou has recently decid-
ed that he has finished "The Will" and
is sentored for life. - Chicago Times-Her-
ald.

STORY OF THE HUNT
IN MUSKOKA'S WILDS
BY THE
Reporter Hunt Club
As told by The Scribe of The Athens Reporter



Last chapter broke off just at the
point where a deer was observed to
break cover and take across a little
open space down at the foot of the hills
on which Ed and the Scribe were sta-
tioned. The moment it came into
view, Ed raised his Winchester and
fired. It darted away and the next
instant was hidden from sight by some
brush that grew along the runway.

The next instant he saw what he took
for the same animal emerge a little
farther on and again the sharp crack
of his rifle resounded through the hills.
This time the deer again disappeared,
and in another moment he saw what
he still supposed to be the same animal
along the same runway, and again he
fired. The Scribe had been an interest-
ed spectator, but he was too far away
to take a hand in the fusillade.

His whole attention was taken up in
watching the game appear and then
disappear the same as they did to the
hunter on the opposite hill. Imagine
the surprise of both the hunters, when
right up the gully, between where they
stood, bounded a large doe. When
directly in line between the two men
she stopped on a little mound and gas-
ped, first at one and then at the other,
and not more than fifteen or twenty

yards from either. Here was a dilemma
not provided for. The deer stood out
in full view of the Scribe, but it was
directly in range of Ed, and prudence
forbade the risk of a shot that might
endanger the life of his comrade. For
fully a minute the three stood motion-
less, and the scene might have been
repeated indefinitely had not the
hounds, which were following up the
trail, came into the open a quarter
of a mile or so down the runway, and
the deer hearing the sound gave a
bound down into the gully and on to
the river a hundred rods or so
farther on. As it bounded from crag
to crag the sharp ring of old silver-
paw helped to accelerate its speed, but
the pace was too rapid on the dis-
tance too great to get in any fine bead-
work, and the animal bounded on and
away to freedom. Our artist has given
us a rough pen sketch of the position
of the hunters on the hill and the
doers as they were bounding past, and
gives a very good reproduction of the
work and looks of the different par-
ticipants in the scene above described.
One thing that surprised both the men,
however, was that when the bounds
came along to where the deer that ran
between them was supposed to be,
they turned off and taken up the gully
they continued right on up the edge of
the swamp and on to the shore of the
lake, where they stopped, and all was
quiet.

Ed left his position and came over
to where the Scribe had started a little
rod, and the two sat and talked over
the morning's ill-luck. Ed could not
understand why he had made a miss in
bringing down the game, the distance
presented a fair mark every time he
fired. They came to the conclusion
that there must have been two deer in
close company and that the one Ed had
shot at so many times was the one
that had passed up the gully, and the
other, being a little behind, had con-
tinued up the regular runway on to
the lake. They must have sat their
for fully half an hour when the sound
of other dogs in the distance caused Ed
to take back to his old position. The
hound however, led off in an opposite
direction and all was again quiet in
the vicinity of the two hunters, Ed,
stood and pondered over the morning's
ill-luck, chagrined at his lack of
skill in bringing down his game. He
thought himself on his marksmanship
and could not satisfy himself of the
cause of his failure. To thoroughly
satisfy himself as to the distance and
the ground over which the deer had
been shot at, he went down to the
ground and being and saw blood on
a fancy shot that had carried away the
deer's body had been brushed
against some bushes that it had bound
a fancy shot that had carried away the
deer's body had been brushed
against some bushes that it had bound

and where it had been started. An
open space between the trees revealed
the deer coming at a rapid pace and
he found only a few yards in the rear
(see illustration). A deer on the run
through thick timber is a very small
target to shoot at, but the merriness
of the agent was equal to the occasion,
and the dog's drop to the ground made
a clear sign. The hound had had the
scent of another deer for it passed
within a few feet but never halted.
The Agent walked leisurely down
towards where the deer lay, not
thinking for an instant that there
was any occasion to be in readiness for
a quick shot, and had neglected to
replace the exploded shell with a
fresh cartridge. Imagine his surprise
when within fifty feet of the animal
to see it spring to its feet and make
off into the underbrush. He ran on
a few rods and raised his gun but the
cartridge was not in place and an
explosion followed. He hastily re-

loaded his gun and firing saw the deer
fall to the ground apparently in the
throes of death. The fallen log and
underbrush caused some trouble to get
along, and when he reached the spot
the deer had vanished. He searched
the ground over and found patches of
blood on the leaves, but could not
locate the animal. He went out to
the shore and getting the dog that was
awaiting his coming he took it back
into the woods and tried to get it to
take up the trail of the wounded
animal, but darkness coming on he
was obliged to leave and make for
camp, and another deer was lost to the
party.

(continued next week)

THE "ALL-GRIT COUNCIL."

ATHENS, Jan. 26th, '99
To the Athens Reporter:
I do not know that I should have
anything to say in regard to this "sky-
parlor" matter, but as a member of
that seemingly effeminate body called
the "gri council," I would like to
briefly state my views.

Scarcely had the present council been
sworn in, when they were attacked by
the Athens correspondent of the
Brookville Times, Mr. S. Fowler, and
may I ask the question, why? I
appeal to the Conservative people of
the village and ask them what is
right on the part of any respectable
citizen to do so, and when making
decisions of this nature was he de-
termining himself? Let me say here,
that the party to which the great
Fowler belongs was offered representa-
tion at the council board by almost
unanimous vote of the Reform caucus.
You may call it generous or otherwise,
but I call it generous, and it is a fact.
He (Fowler) says that they were not
officially offered the seats. What does
he mean by that? Does he mean that
the Reform party should appoint
members to the council (all gri) to wait
him or a few of the lesser lights
of the once great Conservative
party and coax and beg of them to sit
with the grits in the "sky-parlor" at
the council board? If he waits that,
the Reform party will never be
represented at the council board at
Athens—that's where the gri comes in.

As for myself, and I think that I
can speak for the other members of
the present council, I would rather
have a non-political body working in
harmony for the welfare of the
village; but the Conservatives are
declining to bear their share of the
burden of municipal government, we
will try to get along, somehow, without
them.

Now, a word about the editor of the
Reporter. He seems to be a
thorn in the flesh of a few people and
they cry "pick him up" and they
have this cry, it is a union affair. They
say that he gets boodie, that his name
appears too often on the accounts. For
every dollar that B. Loverin,
clerk of the village council, gets, he
gives his equivalent amount as a
contribution to the union. I would
rather have a man who has failed to find
anything crooked or misleading in his
dealings. Where has he been a
union, or where has he hoodled? Speak
out publicly and demonstrate that
fact. He is a good capable officer,
an enterprising citizen with the
interests of the village at heart. I am
not desirous to court the favor of the
Reporter press (for which probably
I may be censured), but only with the
desire to do justice to the man in
question. I do not court the favor
of anyone so long as I am able to
help myself. If I did, I would expect
to have to pay interest at the highest
possible per cent.

Let me say a word to the "chronic
kickers" of our good citizens,
perhaps, do not know that there is a
body or society by that name in
Athens, but they are here, and in this
case they are not all gri, but mixed,
and badly mixed at that. There are:

Kickers gri and kickers toxy,
Kickers young and kickers hoary,
Kickers golly and kickers worldly,
Kickers great and kickers small,
But a chronic kicker beats them all.
The chronic kickers kick at every-
thing. They are generally the ones
that do the least and find the most
fault. You will find them ideal
councilmen (in their own estimation),
but most of our much honored
councilmen do not allow them to attend to municipal
affairs, and besides it would not give
them the same opportunity to kick.
I might say to this class of people
that I am not in the council either by
their vote or my influence and do not
solicit their advice as to how I shall
conduct myself while I remain in
this honorable body.

In conclusion, a word to that
esteemed worthy, Mr. S. Fowler.
I am a member of the "all-gri" council,
and I do not know what the cause is
that I do. I changed his position a
little so as to command the ridge on
which he stood as well as a gully that
would afford an excellent runway for
game on their way to the lake. On and
on the sounds came, and he decid-
ed from the direction of the sounds
that the animal had taken to the
gully instead of keeping on the high-

land where it had been started. An
open space between the trees revealed
the deer coming at a rapid pace and
he found only a few yards in the rear
(see illustration). A deer on the run
through thick timber is a very small
target to shoot at, but the merriness
of the agent was equal to the occasion,
and the dog's drop to the ground made
a clear sign. The hound had had the
scent of another deer for it passed
within a few feet but never halted.
The Agent walked leisurely down
towards where the deer lay, not
thinking for an instant that there
was any occasion to be in readiness for
a quick shot, and had neglected to
replace the exploded shell with a
fresh cartridge. Imagine his surprise
when within fifty feet of the animal
to see it spring to its feet and make
off into the underbrush. He ran on
a few rods and raised his gun but the
cartridge was not in place and an
explosion followed. He hastily re-

loaded his gun and firing saw the deer
fall to the ground apparently in the
throes of death. The fallen log and
underbrush caused some trouble to get
along, and when he reached the spot
the deer had vanished. He searched
the ground over and found patches of
blood on the leaves, but could not
locate the animal. He went out to
the shore and getting the dog that was
awaiting his coming he took it back
into the woods and tried to get it to
take up the trail of the wounded
animal, but darkness coming on he
was obliged to leave and make for
camp, and another deer was lost to the
party.

(continued next week)

James Morton, a former slave, who for
years had been a resident of Stratford, is
dead. He was in Richmond, Va., in
1800 and sold away from his master
when a new child. He died in Penn-
sylvania, where he had lived for 70 years,
and came to Canada 35 years ago.

FURBELL PERSONAL.
Mr. W. W. Ogilvie of Montreal has
been appointed to the position of
General Hospital.

The funeral of the late Thomas Todd
on Friday was one of the largest
ever witnessed in this city.

Baron von Engel, who fell on St. Cath-
arines street, Montreal, on Tuesday and
died on Friday, was a native of
Germany.

Mr. Archibald Biss returned on Thurs-
day to Toronto from a trip in the
St. Lawrence region. The weather was decidedly
cool, reaching below zero.

Mrs. Elsie M. Kiraly is suing her
husband, Bolony Kiraly, the great specu-
lator, for a divorce. The case is
now on for trial.

Mr. W. T. Preston, late provincial
attorney, entered upon his duties as
attorney general on Friday. He is in charge
of the Dominion immigration agencies in
Europe, and will sail for England shortly.

A bomb was thrown at the house of E.
S. Knapp, Elliott street, Buffalo, on
Thursday and the explosion shook several
buildings, but no one was hurt. The
explosion was caused by a package
sent by mail.

As a result of an old feud there was
a street fight in Cleveland, Ohio, on Wed-
nesday. Dr. Harris, of Mr. Allen
was killed, and Mr. Donaherty fatally
injured. John, Hake and Frank Williams,
were also injured.

Lillian Peter, a 19-year-old girl,
attends No. 4 Tulligan school, two miles
north of Woodstock. William Goodger,
her teacher, Lillian Peter, is a
multiplication table one day last week
and the teacher handed her a copy of
the table. She was very angry.

A society for the prevention of tubercu-
losis is being formed in Chicago. It is
a combination of safe manufacturers.

New York's Board of Trade will de-
mand a restriction in the height of sky-
scrapers in that city.

Smallpox is reported from North Col-
chester, Essex County. The patient is
a young man who has been in the
country for some time.

A salmon trust is now being formed in
the United States. The Pacific Coast
Salmon Trust is going into a combination to
raise prices.

It is stated that the Canadian bicycle
manufacturers will not exhibit at the
World's Fair, to be held shortly in
Montreal.

Exports of gold will soon be made
from London to India, which is taken to
forward a loan on the question of the
gold standard in India.

The newspaper publishers of Germany
are petitioning for a reduction in the
tariff on press rates. They now pay 15c
a word on all despatches.

Owen Sound is to have big works for
the manufacture of Portland cement. It
is estimated that the company will ex-
pend \$100,000 in labor within the first
year.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has offered to
give \$500,000 to erect a building for a
public library in London. The building
will be a model of modern architecture.

First Phylaxian.
Snooks—I paid this bill before. There's
some mistake.
Inchcape—Can't be a mistake. My
books are carefully kept, double entry
system.

Not in the Carriage.
Library Assistant (to a young man who
is wandering about in a puzzled manner)—
Can I help you? Are you looking for any-
thing special?

Parliamentary.
The vicar's sermon—that I do!
Vicar's Wife—I'm so glad! I am
really understanding them.

Starting His Business.
First Phylaxian—That's the last time
I'll leave my practice in your hands.—
New York World.

Good Advice.
"Ma," said Mrs. Kindheart's youngest,
"I do hate bread with holes in it."
Parliamentary—No, mum? Oh, no! I
wonder I presume to understand them!

The Absent One.
"They do say that Lawyer Broggs is
nothing but a corporal's son."
"Or he is any kind of fool, he must be
a well-acted, I never knew a bigger bore."

THE DEATH.
Francis Craig, for 10 years a resident
of Hungerford Township, has passed
away, aged 80. He came to Canada from
Ayr, Ireland, in 1840.

At Hancock, Mich., Mrs. Thomas Uren
and her little daughter and son, aged 4
and 3 respectively, when returning home
last Thursday, were frozen to death.

James V. Wright, president of the Grip
Printing & Publishing Company, died
at Toronto on Friday. Grip attacked him
six days ago and developed into heart
failure.

Flaming Rowland, aged 61, who had
spent 20 years in the Inland Revenue
Department at Kingston, 30 being an
collector, died there on Saturday. He was
superannuated a year ago.

J. T. Conaway, who was found dead
in his home at Southampton,
Ont., was one of the best known men
in Bruce County, where he had lived for
30 years. He was 77 years of age.

Dr. Edward Ross, one of the best
known homoeopathic physicians in the
country and author of a number of medi-
cal works, died at Chicago on Sunday.

THE LISTENER.
Lord Kelvin, now more than 75 years
of age, has just taken out a patent on an
improved device for making soundings at sea.

Admiral Walker's walking stick, which
was stolen from the admiral, and is
said to go down at last before the barber's
shears.

Governor Robert L. Taylor of Tennes-
see, has returned to his duties some-
what later than he had expected to be
received.

Francis W. Cushman, of Tacoma, who
has been elected to congress against J.
Hamilton Lewis, is called by his friends
the Abraham Lincoln of the Pacific coast.

It is true that you are now an en-
thusiastic golfer? Speaker Reed was
heard to say the other day, "No, I am
not. I am only an enthusiastic pupil."

Joseph V. Babcock, chairman of the
Republican congressional campaign com-
mittee, although he went west early in
life, is a native of Vermont, where he
was born in 1850.

The Hans Advertiser is the name of
a weekly paper in English which has
just been started in Havana. Its editor
and proprietor is George Eugene Bryson,
an American newspaper man.

THE TRAGEDY OF AN EMPEROR.
True Story of the Death of Prince
Rudolph of Austria.

Edward A. Steiner contributes to The
Woman's Home Companion this interest-
ing fragment of Austrian history which is
a prohibited topic in this country:
"The carnival was in its height. In
Vienna. The noisy masquerades were
turning from their revelry and were
making the old city ring with shouts
of laughter. The sun was struggling through
the mist of the January morning, but the
most before it had been almost enough to
touch the golden crown of St. Stephen's
cathedral. All Vienna knew that there
would be no more dancing, no more
laughter. The word had gone round that
the crown prince was dead; murdered,
some declared; fallen in a duel, others
asserted; accidentally killed, said the papers.

Six years prior to this unhappy night
Crown Prince Rudolph was fopped by the
circumstances of his station to marry
Stophania, the daughter of the king of
Belgium, who he did not love, while his
heart was given to the Baroness Vetsera,
the most beautiful woman in Vienna.
What her character was I do not pretend
to know, but the favor of a crown prince
is enough to turn the heads of almost any
woman. Stophania, however, was a
Austrian woman, particularly if she has
been reared in Vienna, under the demoral-
izing influence of the court. His dis-
content drove him to desperation, the
crown prince went and soiled, the city
was maintained in the emperor's palace.
He sought a way out of the difficulty. Count
Hoyos, an officer in the Austrian army
and one of the numerous admirers of the
princess, it is said, was the first to suggest
it. Then came the deed. The count and his
finances were invited to spend the evening
of Jan. 30, 1889, with the crown
prince in his hunting lodge at Mayerling.
Was Rudolph fresh, and the hours were
long, and the count, who was a
warning, Rudolph drew a revolver, shot
the count, then the baroness and at last
drove a bullet through his own breast."

TWO NEWSPAPER EDITORS.
Young Men Who Were Ready to Do
Anything For Fame.

Over in Vincennes, Ind., there lived a
young man, on the evening of the destruc-
tion of the battleship Maine, became filled
with a desire to invade Cuba with the
first boat he could get. His name was
J. Willoughby Wood, and he is said
to have written to Bob Faine, managing
editor of the Cleveland Press, as follows:
"For \$100 per week I want to go to Cuba
with the Cuban army with the Cuban
and, if necessary, fight by the side of
General Gomez."

The client of the letter is a wit, and
in a caustic reply to Mr. Wood inquired
what sum would be demanded to go and
die with the Cuban. He came over the
days later to be handed a letter from Vin-
cennes in which the would be war
correspondent made this answer:
"Fifteen dollars per week and expenses."

It goes without saying that Mr. Wood
was employed, and the best man to re-
cord, he was one of the best men in the
field. He is now numbered with the regu-
lar writers for the Cleveland Press at
more than \$15 per week and expenses."

About the same time Managing Editor
Paine was surprised to reach his desk one
afternoon and find a telegram awaiting
his arrival on which \$1.80 was due. It
was a carefully worded application for a
job from a young man who resided in
Zanesville, O. Such assurance appalled
Paine, and he set down to write an
answer in keeping with a popular song he
had heard the night previous:
"Read your answer in the stars," read
the dispatch, and it was sent "collect."

But on the following day he tore open
a second telegram from the same source.
It was:
"Read your answer in the stars, within 24 hours
the application was on hand in Cleveland,
and the stars gave the young man a position
on the paper."

Flower of the Family.
Mr. Watson, the postmaster of Willow-
by, has four sons who inherit their fa-
ther's reputation, but are wanting in
"faculty," that characteristic of the
successful New Englander.

"What are your sons doing, Mr. Wat-
son?" inquired a former resident of Wil-
lowby, who had not seen the postmaster
before for 12 years.

"Well," was the answer, "Jack, my
oldest boy, he's a minister without a pul-
pit, and in the next town he's a lawyer
without a client, and William, the third
one, he's a teacher without any school."

"But I've got hopes for Sam, the
youngest of the lot," said the head of the
Watson family, with commendable cheer-
fulness. "He's set out to be a farmer
without any land, but he's hired out a
piece and worked it to halves, and we eat
vegetables off all summer."

"I paid him for supplying our family,
and when he settled his bill for what he
put into the ground but the money was
within 50 cents of what he owed the
bill that had helped him hoe and so on all
summer."

"And I handed him over and told him
he needn't ever think of it again. You
know, I feel to be encouraged about Sam;
we think in the course of time he'll
make a likely farmer."—Youth's Com-
panion.

Tested and Tried
For 25 Years
Would you feel perfectly
safe to put all your money
in a new bank? You
have just heard of?
But how about an old
bank? One that has done
business for over a quarter
of a century? One that has
always kept its promises?
One that never failed; never
mistaken you in any way?
You could trust such a bank,
couldn't you?

SCOTT'S EMULSION
OF GOD-LIVER OIL WITH
HYPOPHOSPHITES is just
like such a bank. It has never
disappointed you, never fail-
ed. It has never failed; never
mistaken you in any way.
Look out that someone
does not try to make you
invest your health in a new
tonic, some new medicine
you know nothing of.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.