LOVERIN

IMPRESSIONIST

PHOTOGRAPHS.

TUNETAKING THEM.

And Photographs Them While Angr

There is a photographer in New York city, who is making a fortune taking impressionist photographs. These aw, as their name signifies, "impressions." When you have been photographed by this man you will see yourselves as others see you. Not a line is removed from the natural countenance, not an expression simulated, not a pose given. You are photographed as you are.

One day about a month ago, Mrs. William D. Sleane walked into the studio of this photographer, who, by the way, is not located in an excremely fashiomable neighborhood, neither has he one of she ultra-luxerious studios of the Fifth avenue photographers. "It want to be taken," said she, "in twelve different puses. I am going to have a portratt puses. I am going to have a contract "What is your name!" asked the photographer, fingering the pisteboard. "Ah, yes, I see, Mrs. William Douglas Sloane! You are a sister of Cornelius Vanderbilt, sron't you? Your daughter married James A. Burden, Jr., at Lenox last spring?"
"Yes-yes," assented Mrs. Sloane, "Well, Til take a picture of you, but you'll have to pay cash. I've had experience with your family. Cornelius Vanderbilt owes me 500."
"My brother has been in Rurope," murmured the lady, fumbling in her purse, "and I am not sure I have money enough with me."
"Ges it, then!" snapped the artist. Mrs. Sloan's maid made a trip to the waiting carriage and gave an order to the footman. Meanwhile the artist was adjusting the lenses.
"I've taken your picture," announced.

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Pushing the Siberian Railway.

The following information respecting the progress of the work of the Great Siberian Railway has been given me by an official occupying an important position, who has just arrived here from Siberia. The northern portion is almost 40 per cent, finished, and the work of laying the rails between Station Grafsky and Khabarovski is advancing with such rapidity that it will be completed by the end of next year, and the Amour district—about 900 versts—will be commenced next January. The clearing of the land between Irkut-1-nd Sreeney was composed in the complete of the standard of the standar

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a brush and proceeded to give what proved to be Yank's shoats a frosh ocat of paint.

"By this time Yank seen through the whole game, I know, for he stooped down and picked up a rock about the size of a washtub, and had it not been for my timely interference, he would have swiped Prof. Swinegoober's light out there and then, but he finally concluded to let Squire Nimrod deal with him according to the law of Kentucky. The trial, which came off the next day in Yank's barn, showed that it was Prof. Swinegoober's intention to dye the shoat's hair, so that he could carry them off without suspicion, seil them, and, in all probability, spend the money in riotous living. This, I say, was all proved beyond the merest existing shadow of a doubt, and he was accordingly offered a lucrative position in the State Pen, which he, after some useless hesitation, deedled to accept. "The morning Prof. Swinegoober left for his new abode I was the only man that would shake hands with him, and bid him godspeed; and after he got there I was the only man that would write to him and tell him how sorry I was for him, and when he got sick I was the only man that would go to see him. After he had served about four years of his time I circulated a pstition for his pardon, and was the only man to sign it. This all may seem very strange, but somehow or other I felt as though he had stolen Yank's hogs in the sudden heat of passion; therefore, I looked forward to the day of his liberation with some little degree of pleasure, but I didn't have long to wait, for one day the train rolled into

GOSPEL DEBA

"Mose, has you seen anything of my two black shoats a running round your place lately?"

"No," any L. Yank, I hain't seen 'em."
"Then Yank said something about as how he didn't see what had become of them, and went off home. That night being Sunday night, I went over to chat with Yank for a few hours, and, while we were out at the lot doing up the night work, there came up to the fence two sandy-haired shoats and grunted around as though they were used to being fed there every day. They had a crop off the right ear and a swallow fork and underbit on the lofs, which was a hog mark that had been in Lumkins' family so long that everybotly knaw it. Of course, Yank knew that he mark coverbustited with his hog mark, but they had sandy hair, while his logs away year in Polo Cat Heller, about a mile away. The shoats stuck their cars straight up and made a bee line in the direction of the calling, and Yank and I followed cress behind them, for we were anxious to know who they belonged to. The shoats would run awhile and then they would stop and listen; then they would storp off as though they were going to the call of some one who had been feeding them. "All at once they plunged over the hill, then down into the hollow where they went straight into a rail pen that had been but for the occasion. The gap wes closed after them, and Prof. Swissgoober, our school teacher, threw over some corn, and, looking over the fence shalt. Now, my bright little swine peta, you are in prison again and you will have to get an extra hump on you if you get out the second time. Then he picked up a bucket of what proved next day in Squire Nimrod's court to be some sort of ye or paint; from this he had taken a brush and proceeded to give what proved to be Yank's shoats a frosh coat of paint. "By this time Yank seen through the whole gaine, I know, for he stooped down where they would gain and you or paint." By this time Yank seen through the whole gaine, I know, for he stooped down the whole gaine, I know, for he stooped down the whole gaine,

After he had served about four years of his time I circulated a petition for his pardon, and was the only man to sign it. This all may seem very strange, but somehow or other I felt as though he had stolen Yank's hogs in the sudden heat of passion; therefore, I looked forward to the day of his liberation with some little degree of pleasure, but I didn't have long to wait, for one day the train rolled into Calvort City and Prof. Swinegoober was on it, and I was the only man to meet him at the station and welcome him back to liberty. When he said something one day afterwards about another sart in the world, I gave him enough scads to buy a sorzhum mill. Six months passed and Prof. Swinegoober made molasses, and said nothing that would lead me to think that he was going to pay me back; but on the contrary, he came to me one day, and says: 'I say, Mose, you're my friend yet, ain't you?'

'Yeh,' says I.

'' Well,' says he, 'I want you to do me another favor; you won't mind doing it, will you?'

'Noe,' says I 'Mr. Swinegoober, I

amply demonstrated by the following littie story which is not two days old.

A young New Yorker was clerking for
a clear desier doing business within a
few blocks of the post-office. The desier
assigned and best his employe out of 57.
This happened about three months ago.
The employe went back to New York
and devised a plan to ges paid. He
secured a large-sized cigar box, filled it
with shavings, on top of which be laid
his receipted bill for 67, plus \$1 for his
trouble. Then he made a nice package
which he sent C. O. D. to his old employer who had resumed business. The
latter thinking that the box was filled
with an extra fine brand of cigare paid
file \$2 and now he swears that it is the
worst trick ever played on him.

He will not swear out a warrant, however, against the clerk, who had given a
flottlous name to the express company
to avoid suspicion.

uled time to certain points along the line, and it will thus be easy for the collectors to meet it at these points and turn their mail into it instead of into the several sub-stations. The mail will be cancelled and assorted on the čar, and left for immediate dispatch at the central office or some railway station. The car has straight sides, like a regular railway post-office, which gives plenty of flore space and room for hanging pouches. It will have a full complement of tables, cases and racks, but its most important feature will be a canceling machine. The current which drives and lights the car will feed the electric motor to run the canceling machine, which will have a capacity of 40,000 cancellations per hour. By this plant it sexpected that letters will be delivered on an average an hour concertaint if they were taken to the sub-stations and handled in the old way.

of full down the hole, which It is



trip.
"Does he have any special tackle?"
"No, indeed. He just finds a nice shady spot, and throws his line into the water and lies down with his hat over his eyes, and just dreams."—Washing-his eyes, and just dreams."—Washing-

The dear, sweet young thing cast a represented the lock out of her bewitching eyes upon her in ended husband and said: "Oh, Charley; I know I am from the country I know that I am what you city people call 'green,' but, really, I am not that green. I have watched Mr. Jefferson carefully all the evening, and I know that old man there on the stage is not he. Oh, no, I'm not that green."

Then the curtain fell and they went out.—Cincinnati Tribune.



vest all over with a Jacket of clied at If this cannot be procured use cil-tellany kind. The reason why a poul needs covering is to keep it warm; moist. The only way to accomplish is by placing over the poultice a substawhich is both impervious to air and mo ure. No matter what the poultice is to used to relieve, nor where it is to be plied, it must be kept warm all the tor it does no possible good. If one is strated that even oil-cloth is bey reach, either fill a bottle with hot wand place it on the poultice, or hear iron and place against it if a pendant like the hand or foot is poulticed.

A Champagne Wake.

The dead man had been a great champagne drinker all his life, and, having a comfortable fortune, determined that hidmise should be baptized in when. A week before his death he telegraphed to demise should be baptized in which week before his death he telegraphed for two of his most intimate friends, one in Cleveland and the other in Chodmath & Rural Ragges.—"It's no use, Tatts;
I've got tor work."
Tramping Tatters.— 'Land o' labor, Roory, me boy! What's de matter wild yer? Are yer losin' yer intellec'?'
Rural Ragges.—"No; but I swallered a relative with the departed. It is said that they sat for three days, with a dozen cases of the finest wine close at hand, and when yensteen to the work of the first house of the the wat observe where she is an opinion well advanced by frommongery, unraing the or reparted the man from Oil City.

"You observe this plain gold ring on my little finger," said the man from Chicago, turning the circlet off as if it were a brass nut on a screw, "it has my wife's full name engraved on the inside. Woll, it is our engagement and wedding ring. My wife lost to once when we lived near San Francisco, and, though we searched high and low, we couldn't find it. One day, nearly two years after, a friend of ours insisted on presenting me with a small cherry tree.—"

"I'll take a cigar this time, please," remarked the man from Oil City.

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"I'll take a cigar this time, please," remarked the man from the insided, was declined at first, but my wife insided, you a true story. Well, this offer of my friend was declined at first, but my wife insided, you a true story. Well, this offer of my friend was declined at first, but my wife insided, you at the story. Well, this offer of my friend was declined at first, but my wife insided, you at the story. Well, this offer of my friend was declined at first, but my wife insided, you at the story. Well, this offer of my friend was declined at first, but my wife insided, you at the story. Well, this offer of my friend was declined at first, but my wife insided, you at the story. Well, this offer of my friend was declined at first, but my wife insided, you are a master of the art of but my was a so color. A good shop, a bright shop, and a well-arranged shop are

marked the man from Oil City

"I said cherry tree," centinued the man from Chicago, "and I'm giving you a true story. Well, this offer of my friend was declined at first, but my wife insisted, saying we could set it out in a particular place in the lawn. She marked the spot and I sent for the little tree. I dug down about fourteen inches, where she designated, and, so help me! I turned up that ring! How it got there we never could guess."

The Art of Selling.

That goods will not sell themselves is an opinion well advanced by Ironmongery. You may be the best of burger—and that is half the accomplishment of a good man of business—but that will not be sufficient unless you are a master of the art of selling goods. A good-shop, a bright shop, and a well-arranged shop are also necessary in the making up of a good business. They help the selling, but they, will not of it all. Goods well bought, and these other desiderata, are like the paints and trushes in a studio. They are necessary to

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ails to nourish them. It supplies in a concentrated, easily orm, just the nourishment they need to build them up and greath and strength. It is Cod-liver Oil made palatable an assimilate, combined with the Hypophosphites, both of w

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LYN AGRICULTURAL WORKS

FARMERS LOOK HERE

newed work on that hole the next day and got first sand in six hours!"
"I hadn't finished about my ring," put in the Chicago man. "We had moved to lowa, and my wife lost it again. I offered \$100 reward for it, but no use. We came to Chicago, and seven years after I had left the lowa place I received the ring through the mail from the man we had sold out to. He said he was pulling cabbage in the garden and found it solidly grown on the root of a cabbage!"
We began to move away before the Oil City man could recover. The Lady and the Train.

Uncle.—"I hear you take dancing lessons; how do you like waltzing?"

Nephew.—"Oh, very much. But the lady is always in my way. Assisted Through. "You were a poor boy in college, weren't you?"
"Yes, I had to work my way through by teaching."
"What tild you teach?"
"Poker, principally."—Puck.

"Your Hat Stretched" For a Chaser. Tanks. "Doing a rushing trade at the Last Chance Saloon now?"

Banks: "What's the inducement?"— Tanks. "Stretch your hat on the premises."—Town Topics.

Gabriel,-"I had to put Methuselah the guard-house this morning."
St. Peter. --"What for?"
Gabriel. --"He began agitating to pu witte duck suits on the angels wh sweep the golden streets."

A QUEER PROPOSAL.

such a good fellow that I haven's got the heart to take you in. I'll go to somebody else. You know, if you'd made the wig you'd never have been paid for it."—
London Telegraph.

"Do you understand French, Jack?" asked an Allegheny young man of his chum.

"A little."

"Then perhaps you can Relp me. Miss Northeide told me last night that I was non persons grata, and I would like to know what sort of a compliment she meant to bestow upon me."

"His String.

"How does your father manage to catch such big lish as he talks about?"

"Oh, it's easy enough," replied the boy, who was with him on the vaca.ion trip.

"Does he have any special tackle?"

"No, indeed. He just finds a nice shady spot, and throws his line into the water and lies down with his hat over his eyes, and just dreams."—Washington Star.

Saved by Sup Tailor—"Why don't you Customer—"How much is your bill?" Tailor—"Thirteen dollars." Customer—"Great Caesar man, that' unlucky. I can't pay it."

State of the Market.
"How's coffee futures?" asked one stockbroker of auother.
"Worse and worse, since my wife insisted on making it herself every morning."

A SMART WOMAN.

A SMART WOMAN.

How She Frightened away a Persistent Tramp.

While a woman in New Brunswick was alone in her house recently, a tramp knocked insolently at the door and demanded refreshments.

"I'm looking for work," he said, "and I want something to eat at once or there will be some trouble."

"I have fed three big, strong fellews like you to-day, and I think that is sufficient," she answered.

"Well, if you don't give me something

like you to-day, and I think that is sufficient," she answered.

"Well, if you don't give me something I will stay here all day," and the hobo coolly sat on the stoop.

The lady got an alarm clock and wound it up. Then she, went into the front room where her voice could be heard by the tramp. Causing the alarm to ring, she shouted:

"Hello, central! Give me police station, please."

The tramp was all attention. Then he heard the following counterfeit conversation:

"Is this the police station? Please send an officer to my house at once. There is a tramp here who refuses to leave the yard. What? Yes, he ought to be in prison. All right."

The tramp started for the street in double quick time.—Joweler's Review.



Miss Peterson.—Am dat doah locked? Mr. Johnsing (excitedly).—Xas, but wah to yo ax, house? Miss Peterson.—I'se done afraid de

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