Athens Reporter

TUESDAY AFTERNOON

B. LOVERIN

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"He looks very till," Edith said; "what is the matter with him?"
"Heart disease—brought on by mental suffering. No words can tell what he has undergone since his most miserable wedding-day. It is known only to Heaven and himself, but it has taken his life. As surely as ever human heart broke, his broke on the day he left you. And you, my poor child—you have suffered too."
"Of that we will not speak," the girl answered proudly; "what is done, is done. For me, I hope the worst is over—I am safe and well, and in good health as you see. I am glad Sir Victor Catheron had not met his death in my service. I have only one wish regarding him, and that is that he will keep away from me. And now, Lady Lolena. before it grows any later, I will go home."
"Go home! At this hour! Most certainly you will not. You will remain here all night. Oh. Edith, you must indeed. A room has been prepared for you, adjoining mine. Inez and Jamison with Victor until morning, and—you ought to see him before you go."
She shrank in a sort of horror.

Edith went back to the work-room in Onford Street, to the old treadmill life of ceaseless sewing, and once more, a bull greeding the last-ending of this strange mystery that had wrecked two lives A hundred times a day that pallid, tortured face, rose before her, that last agonized cry of a strong heart in strong agony rang in her ears. All her hatred, all her revengeful thoughts in were gone—she understood him no better than before, but she pitted him from the depths of her heart.

They disturbed her no more, neither by letters or visits. Only as the weeks went by she noticed this—that as surely as evening came, a shadowy figure hovering aloof, followed her home. She knew who it was —at first see felt inclined to resent it, but as he never came near, never spoke, only followed her from that as afed distance, she grew reconciled and accustomed to it at last. CHAPTER XXV.

Once or twice she caught a fleeting glimpse of his face on these occasions.

What a corpse-like face it was—how utterly weak and worn-out he seemed—more fitted for a sick-bed than the role of a

protector.

July—August passed—the middle of September came. All this time, whatever the weather, she never once missed her "shadow" from his post. As we grow accustomed to all things, she grew accustomed to this watchful care, grew to look for him when the day's work was done. But in the middle of September she missed him. Evening after evening came, and she returned home unfollowed and alone. Some thing had happened.

tweethouse unfollowed and alone. Some thing had happened.
Yes, something had happened. He had never really held up his head after that second parting with Edith, For days he had lain prostrate, so near to death that they thought death must surely come. But by the end of a week he, was betteras much better at least as he would be in this world.
But Nature, defied long, claimed her penalty at last. There came a day when Sir Victor could rise from his bed no more, when the heart spasms, in their anguish, grew even more than his resolute will could bear. A day when in dire alarm Lady Helena and Inez were once more summoned by faithful Jamison, and when at last—at last the infallible German doctor was sent for.

summoned by faithful Jamison, and when at last—at last the infallible German doctor was sent for.

The interview between physician and patient was long and strictly private. When Herr Von Werter went away at last his phlegmatic Teuton face was set with an unwouted expression of pity and pain. After an interval of almost unendurable suspense, Lady Helena was sent for by her nephew to be told the result. He lay upon a low sofa, wheeled near the window. The last light of the September day streamed in and fell full upon his face—perhaps that was what glorified it and gave it such a radiant look. A faint smile lingered on his lips, his eyes had a far-off, dreamy look, and were fixed on the rosy evening sky. A strange, unearthly, exalted look altogether, that made his aunt's heart sink like stone.

"Well?" She said it in a tense sort of whisper, longing for, yet dreading the reply. He turned to her, that smile still on his lips, still in his eyes. He had not looked so well for months. He took her hand.

"Aunt" he said. "you have heard of

"You have suffered," he said, tendarly looking at her. "I thought to shield you from every case, to make your life one long deam of plasaure and happineas, and she happineas, and happineas, and the happineas, and well as the said of the beat. It is more any not be able to forgive me, and yet, Hawane knows, I did that all for the beat. It is were all to come over again, I could not accordenize that it hought all one had the said of the pear. It is were all to come over again, I could not accordenize that it hand, "you beak my heart!"

If the were all to come over again, I could not accordenize that the hand it is not a suffered consequent to the said of the beat. I show that the said of the beat is a suffered consequent to the said their dying attenuth—that faint, happy a suffice the said of the said their dying attenuth—that faint, happy a suffice the said of the said without that. Edith, I feel wonderfully happy to night—it seems to me I have no wish left—as though I were sure of your forgiveness beforehand. It is joy enough to see you here—to all an at liberty to tell you the truth at last. Draw up that has sook, Edith, and ait here by my side, and listen. No, you must let go my hand, if my the then appared to the servet that has been succeed in the said of the servet that has been succeed to the servet that has been succeed to pity you when the succeed to the servet that has been been succeed to the servet that the ser

An hour later, when Lady Helena softly opened the door and came in, she found them still so, his weak head resting in her arms as she knelt, her bowed face hidden, her fallen tears hardly yet dried. One look into his radiant eyes, into the unspeakable joy and peace of his face, told her the story. All had been revealed, all had been forgiven. On the anniversary of their most method wedding-day husband and wife were reunited at last.

There was no need of words. She stooped over and silently kissed both.

"It is growing late, Edith," she said, gently, "and you must be tired after your journey. You will go up to your room now. I will watch with Victor to-night."

But Edith only drew him closer, and looked up with dark, imploring eyes.

"No," she said, "no, no! I will never leave him again. I am not in the least tired, Lady Helena; I will stay and share your watch."

"But, my dear—"
"O, Lady Helena—aunt—don't you see—I must do something—make reparation in

but sharks in a set of herore. The start of herore is the sharks of the start of herore is a start of herore. The start of herore is a start of herore is a start of herore is a start of herore. The start of herore is a start of herore is a

From the Coaticook, Que., Observer.

The readers of the Observer have become familiar with the remarkable cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People through their recital in these columns, as taken from other reputable newspapers. It is now our purpose to tell them of a cure, hardly short of miraculous, which was effected on a person with whom many of our readers are acquainted. We refer to Mr. Eli Joyce, formerly of Dixville, but now living at Averil, Vt. A few days ago we saw Mr. Joyce and asked him about his recovery. He stated that for four or five years he had been afflicted with rheumatism and dyspepsia He was laid up and unable to do anything on an average four months in a year, and was constantly growing worse, although treated by good phyworse, although treated by good physicians and trying numerous remedies recommended. A year ago last Aug ust he was taken seriously ill while his sister's Mrs. Dolloff of Dixville He could not retain anything on his stomach and the physicians who at-tended him were powerless in improving his condition. One of them stated that he had cancer of the stom ach and could not live long. It was while in this precarious condition that he determined to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and before long was able to retain food on his st mach. His pain gradually became less and in six

weeks time he was back to his home in Averil, feeling that he had obtained a new losse of life. He continued taking the Pink Pills for some time longer and gained so much in health and strength that he is now able to do the hardest kind of a day's work, and he frankly gives Dr. Williams' Pink Pills all the credit for his rejuvenated condition, and says he believes their timely use saved his life. The Observer has verified his story through several of his neighbors, who say that it was thought that he was at the point of death when he began the use of Pink Pills; in fact when we men-tioned his case to one of the doctors who had attended him he said he sup posed he was dead long ago. When such strong tributes as these can be had to the wonderful merit of Pink Pills it is little wonder that their sales reach such enormous proportions, and that they are the favorite remedy with a l classes. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the They are an unfailing specific for locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after

heart, nervous prostration, all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic ery sipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all troubles arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are

factured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and hundred and the public are cautioned druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, at either



Young Wife—I am afraid Henry sick. He says he has no appetite as won't come down to dinner. Her Mother—Hump! Is this the fir strawberry shortcake you've made him Young Wife—No; I made one last week and he ate quite heartily of it.—



(Kleinchmidt



She-The city has brnished the coun try with two girl burglars.

He—That's nothing. Every summer girl is a burglar, and she steals a man's heart in the meanest kind of a way.



A Suggestive Fact. Irate Old Gentleman (to snoring ine-briate)—Don't you know if you kept your mouth shut you would make less Sporing Inebriate (drowsily) - Sc

A "PRACTICAL" COSTUME.









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TESTIMONIALS:

BROCKVILLE, Sept. 18, 1894.

G. P. McNISH, Lyn Ag'l Works. SIR,—I purchased one of your Little Giant Root Cutters over a year ago and find it a first class article and would recommend it to all parties feed ng roots to stock. J. J. HENDERSON, Butcher (Signed)

LYN, August, 1894

P. McNISH, Lyn Ag'l Works. G. P. McNISH, Lyn Ag'l Works.

DEAR SIR,—I consider the Little Giant Rot Cutter one of the best labor-saving to ils on the mark t. As to durability, I have cut hundreds of sushels of turnips when they were frezen solid and it stood it all right.

JAMES H. MARSHALL.

PAT DONOVAN, of Esco t Front, said at Lansdowne fair that he had cut five busnels of turnips in five minutes, and did it easily with a Little Giant

G. P. McNish, Lyn, Ont.

THRESHERS

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