

Local Notes.

Ames Holden's shoes wear well. T. S. Kendrick is their agent in Athens and is offering a large range of Oxford Shoes at \$1.75, 1.50, 1.45, 1.25, 1.00 and 75c.

Mr. John Mulvena has his residence, a mile west of Athens, connected with the village by telephone. This will prove a great convenience to stock-raisers and others having business with Mr. Mulvena.

Rev. G. W. Swaine's many friends will congratulate him on his promotion to the Parish of Kitley, a parish which has been without an incumbent since the death of the late rector, Rev. Mr. Harvey. He is now rector at Selby a parish in which he has done successful work for five years.

In his remarks to the grand jury at the opening of the Perth assizes, Judge McMahon suggested that where at a certain time, say five days before the opening day of court, it appears that no criminal business is likely to be brought before the grand jury, notice be given the jurors summoned that attendance at court is unnecessary.

A few days ago, at Delta, Mr. Geo. Connors, a graduate of Athens high school, was ordained a minister of the Baptist church. At the same time, Mr. J. P. McLennan was ordained and inducted into the pastorate of the church in that village. Mr. McLennan is a pleasing speaker, an earnest, logical, forceful sermonizer, and the Baptist cause in Delta should prosper under his pastoral care.

Mrs. Mary Hayes and three daughters were arrested at Delta for keeping a disorderly house. They were tried at Brookville on Tuesday last, convicted, and will be sentenced on the 21st inst. The children will be cared for by the Children's Aid Society. The Recorder says two of the girls carried infants in their arms, while Mrs. Hayes had charge of another child of very tender years. They are the same family which was driven out of Brookville and Elizabethtown on several occasions for disorderly conduct.

Empire Day in the public schools should be an especially interesting day this year. By the act which set it apart—the last school day before May 24th for special exercises under that title, it is to be perpetuated, though the Queen has passed away. It has been suggested that appropriate subjects for this year would be talks to the children and visitors on the important events of Victoria's reign, the progress of the empire, and some of the great men. The maintenance by the Dominion government of the 24th of May as a holiday is another tribute to England's greatest Queen.

It has always been a difficult thing to establish the age at which a man has the right to be looked upon as an old bachelor. Under a bill just introduced into the Pennsylvania State Legislature every male person over 21 and under 40 is to be entitled to marry on payment of the ordinary license fee, but if over 40 he will have to pay \$100 in addition. This fixes 40 years as the age at which a man becomes, in the eyes of the law, an old bachelor. To make matters worse, it is provided that if a bachelor over 40 goes to another state to get a wife he shall pay \$100 fine. This is protecting the native spinsters with a vengeance.

They have the sugar beet fever bad up Alveston way. Joshua Siler, who distributed the Government beet seed at Alveston, says, in a letter to the Alymer Express, that the farmers in that section are thoroughly alive to the importance of securing a sugar factory at that place, and are not going after it in any half-hearted way. They are contracting this year for several hundred acres of beets for a Michigan factory at \$3 per ton, and are taking from five to seventeen acres each. The farmers are signing contracts for a factory to be built at Alveston just as fast possible, and a number of business men of the town are renting from 100 to 200 acres of land and will raise beets on a speculation, hiring every bit of the work done.

The battleship "Maine" if all goes well may soon be hobbling back to the United States on crutches, so to speak. A Chicago firm has signed a contract with the government and begun the work of raising the vessel. The plan is to build a coffer dam around the ship, pump her out, repair her sufficiently to float her, then bring her to New York. The expense is estimated at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars; but as the contractors consider her worth two million dollars if in suitable condition to be repaired, and one million if broken up, the speculation is an attractive one. The temporary use of the vessel for exhibition purposes if repaired, and the manufacture of souvenirs from her material if broken up, are probably items that enter into the estimates. One cannot help hoping that the famous vessel may be saved.

THE VOTERS LISTS

Globe: Beginning now and continuing for some weeks, the municipal Courts of Revision will be held throughout the Province, and it will be well to remind those who are interested of an important amendment of the voters' lists act at the recent session of the Legislature. By this amendment it is enacted that "anyone who will be of the age of

twenty-one years within thirty days from the day fixed for hearing appeals from the County Judge, and who possesses the other necessary qualifications to be entered on the voters' list, shall have the right to apply to the Judge to have his name entered and inserted in the voter's list as entitled to vote at municipal elections and elections to the Legislative Assembly."

The most convenient opportunity to add names that have been omitted from the assessment roll is at the municipal Court of Revision. It is not necessary to wait until the fall, when the Judges' courts are held. Due notice in writing must be given to the municipal Clerk of any appeals against the assessment roll, and it is well to bear in mind that by the assessment act the Assessor is required to return his roll to the Clerk of the municipality not later than April 30. He may return it as soon as he has completed his work. Appeals may be made any time not later than May 14, by giving a written notice to the Clerk of the municipality of the matter complained of. If for any reason the Assessor does not return his roll until after April 30, then there are fourteen days after the actual return in which to serve written notice of appeal.

LAKE ELOIDA

MAY 12—The recent rains are delaying seeding. Mr. Samuel Brown is pleased these days. It is a girl.

Sheldon Holmes is confined to his home with muscular rheumatism.

Mr. Henry Crammy has replaced his old chimneys with new tiled chimneys.

WASHBURNS

MAY 14—John Loverin has rented his farm to Archib Hudson for a term of years. We understand John has secured a position on the Brookville asylum staff.

On Wednesday night last the dogs of Alex Judd and Mr. Shire chased and killed one sheep and several lambs belonging to Wesley Davis. George Bulford treated himself to a new top buggy this month.

Assist Nature.

You have been told to "hitch your wagon to a star"—that nature will assist you. That's all right. There are times, however, when you should assist nature, and the spring is one of these times.

Nature is now undertaking to cleanse your system—if you take Hood's Sarsaparilla the undertaking will be successful, and your complexion bright and clear.

Explicit Details.

A rural correspondent of the Portsmouth, New Hampshire, Times sent to his paper this intelligible account of a local episode:

"A man killed a dog belonging to another man. The son of the man whose dog was killed proceeded to whip the man who killed the dog of the man he was the son of. The man who was the son of the man whose dog was killed, was arrested on complaint of the man who was assaulted by the son of the man whose dog the man who was assaulted had killed."

Points On Potato Planting.

Experiments carried on by the Ontario Experimental Union show that there is a decided advantage in planting potatoes as soon after cutting as possible. Those planted the day after cutting as a rule give about 18 bushels per acre more than those planted four to six days after cutting. Not only should potatoes be planted as soon as possible after cutting, but they should be covered directly after dropping. Exposure of the cuttings to the hot sun for a few hours will cause a very heavy reduction in yield. Experiments carried on by the Experimental Union show, too, that by throwing land plaster over the cuttings the yield may be increased several bushels per acre; the increase last year was put at nearly 16 1/2 bushels.

Picturesque Pan American Route.

A handsome publication, dealing with the great attractions of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, May 1 to Nov. 1, 1901, has been issued by the Grand Trunk Railway System. The book is beautifully printed and contains a fund of information to those planning a trip to this great event.

The publication tells how to reach Buffalo, gives reference to whom to apply for accurate information as to hotel accommodation. It suggests to the traveler many side trips and gives a complete list of hotels and boarding houses in the several districts reached by these side trips. A map of the Grand Trunk Railway system is embodied, as well as a map of the city of Buffalo, showing the several railway stations and street car lines running to and from the exposition grounds, a valuable feature for the guidance of strangers in Buffalo. There is also an accurate plan of the exposition grounds, which gives a splendid idea of the layout of the undertaking with the names of the buildings clearly inserted for the information of the sightseer.

A copy of the publication will be sent free, postpaid, to any address on receipt of a two-cent stamp by D. O. Poase, District Passenger Agent, Grand Trunk Railway system, Montreal.

TOO APT A PUPIL

Ram Bukah Followed Orders and Brought Misery to His Master. Sydney Smith has immortalized the disfigurement of a would-be aristocratic English lady who, thinking it time to appear to look nothing of household matters, tried to impress her guests at luncheon one day by asking her page, with a condescending air, "John, what are these tarts?" Whereupon the boy who had just been sent out in a hurry to buy them imprudently answered, "Fourpence apiece, ma'am."

The unconscious rebuke was certainly well merited, but a parallel instance of "giving away," even more complete and crushing, occurred not many years ago in the East Indies, the victim in that case being an up country English resident, who, being fool enough to be heartily ashamed of his somewhat narrow means, did his best to conceal them by making as great a show as possible with what he had and boasting of possessing a good deal that he had not.

One day Mr. B. was entertaining several friends at tiffin (luncheon) and making his usual parade of elegance and luxury when his stock of fine damask napkins—which he never lost a chance of producing at table—suddenly ran short.

"Why are there not enough napkins?" asked he unwarily of his native attendant, a bright young lad from Madras. "Sahib got no more left," blurted out Ram Bukah in perfect sincerity.

A visible smile ran around the circle of guests at this palpable exposure of their swaggering friend. The host himself turned as red as fire, but made no comment till the company had departed, when he scolded poor Ram Bukah severely for his unlicked confession and gave him strict orders (an edifying lesson in morality from a Christian to a heathen) that if anything of the sort happened again he was to be sure to say that the missing articles had "gone to the wash."

About a week later the same party happened to be again assembled at Mr. B.'s house when an sudden deficit made itself apparent in the supply of silver tablespoons.

"Bring two more silver spoons, Ram Bukah!" cried the master of the house, with a grand air.

"Sahib forgot," answered the boy, eager to show how well he had understood his master's instructions; "spoons gone to be wash."

The story had an unexampled run, and the ostentatious gentleman (as he deserved to be) fairly laughed out of the station.

BLAINE AND THE CHEROKEES.

The Indians Believe the Statesman's Spirit Haunts Them.

The hatred of the Cherokee Indians toward an American statesman was ever more bitter than that they entertained toward James G. Blaine during his life. The Indians, who are very superstitious, now believe that his spirit haunts the old log house in which he lived for a few weeks years ago when he visited his son-in-law, Colonel Coppinger, who was on duty at Fort Gibson.

While visiting his daughter there the Maine statesman made no attempt to conceal his dislike for the Indians. He was on speaking terms with but one Indian in the tribe, Chief Ross. He and Ross spent a great deal of time together, but any attempt on the part of the Indian to arrange a meeting between Mr. Blaine and any of the other members of the tribe was met with a plea of illness or some other excuse.

These excuses became so common that the Indians came to understand that the distinguished visitor did not care for their company. As a result of his manner of treating their friendly advances the Indians came to cordially hate the statesman. This hatred was particularly manifested when James G. Blaine was defeated for the presidency by Grover Cleveland. On this occasion the Indians gathered at Talequah and celebrated the defeat of their enemy by firing off rockets and by the liberal use of all sorts of noise producing instruments.

When Mr. Blaine died a few years after-

ward, the Indians began to fear that his spirit would reappear to punish them for their actions toward him when he was alive. Within a month after his death the Indian family which had been living in the house which he occupied while at Fort Gibson moved out.

The next Indian family which occupied the place staid less than two weeks. Since that time it has remained unoccupied, as the Indians believe James G. Blaine's spirit has taken up its abode there with the intention of punishing his Indian enemies.

Business Made to Order.

There is hardly anything in the way of altering the face of the earth that the landscape gardener cannot carry out successfully, and any one who cares for a section of the Alps in his back garden has only to order it. The much admired ruins at Virginia Water, which many people think are genuine, were all carefully placed in position by a firm of landscape gardeners, and there is in Shropshire a model of the world renowned falls of Gelsbach, water and all, which owes its presence to the same art, while in Hertfordshire is a Norman castle in a most orthodox state of ruin, but built by a Sussex firm. Cliffs can be and have been made, and a lake with a few islands or a babbling stream are quite easy tasks.—London Mail.

Coughing.

A proxym of coughing may often be prevented or cured by using a little dry salt as a gargle. For sore throat one of the best gargles is tannin dissolved in water. The stronger the solution the better usually. In fact, in severe cases the tannin is sometimes used almost as a paste. For a cough a good remedy is lemon and sugar. Roast a lemon very carefully without burning it. When it is thoroughly hot, cut and squeeze it into a cup upon three ounces of finely powdered sugar. A spoonful taken when a cough is troublesome usually brings relief.

Wearing the Web.

"You say you are wearing a web for the fugitive, but in the next breath you declare that you do not know where he is," commented the carping critic.

"Fug!" retorted the police official. "Fug!" the spider doesn't know where the fly is, either, when he weaves his web, does he?"

Something should be added here about "fly cops," but there seems to be no way to work it in.

The oldest fort in America is at St. Augustine, Fla. It was built by the Spanish over three centuries ago. It was for a long time used as a prison.

Notables Oblige.

"What are you staring at, Nellie?" "Oh, please, ma'am, with your hair like that and your diamonds, you do look so like Lady Plantagenet Gingham that I was own maid to! Are you any relation, ma'am?"

"No—at least, no near relation. But you can have that pink silk shirt waist of mine, Nellie."—Life.

The Wrong Word.

Mr. Frost (looking up from his paper)—What are you chuckling at, Maria? Mrs. Frost—I was thinking of the time when you proposed. You told me to say one little word that would make you happy for life.

Mr. Frost—Yes, I remember. And you went and said the wrong word.—London Fun.

The Gentle Martyr.

She suffered all the weary day, Yet never made complaint; She bore her pain as if she'd been Some good, old fashioned saint.

But with the night came rest for her, Untroubled rest and sweet; She peeled her number four shoes from Her number seven feet.

A Peculiarity of His.

"Did you hear what Gazzam did when he was hunting in the Adirondacks?" "No, what was it?"

"Shot his guide, mistaking him for a deer." "That's just like Gazzam. He's always making game of some one."

JINGLES AND JESTS.

His Fellow Man.

I try to love my fellow man, I always do the best I can, 'E'en though he wickets right and mean Some fiercely execrable tune; 'E'en though he be the motorman Who grins when'er he balks my plan To board his swifly speeding car Which I had heralded afar; Though he be one of those who say Just what the plot is at the play And taps his foot against my chair Until he drives me to despair; Though he be up at early dawn To shovel snow or mow the lawn, I love him still. I do my best, But, oh, it is a fearful test!

Wasted.

Stepping up to the fruit stand, Rivers bought a pound of grapes and a bunch of bananas.

Whereupon the smiling proprietor tendered him an orange for good measure. "I don't know about taking that," gravely observed Rivers. "We are told to beware of Greeks bearing gifts."

But the classical quotation was lost upon Demetrius Golloppolis, the degenerate son of Athens who presided over the fruit stand.

Marked Difference.

Willie—Pa, what's meant by the "prime of life?"

Pa—Well, when a man reaches 40 or so, he is said to be in the prime of life.

Willie—And is it the same with a woman?

Pa—Why, son, you would insult a woman by telling her she was in the prime of life. She's always younger.

Idle Speculation.

"Think of it!" said the man who takes an interest in science. "There may be millions and billions of people on those distant points of light up there that we call stars."

"Oh, what's the use?" answered the practical politician. "It'll never be possible for any of us to control their votes anyway."

Her Ideal.

She wouldn't marry one who smoked; She wouldn't wed with one who swore; She wouldn't have a man whose heart Had ever leaped for love before.

She wouldn't marry one whose height Was less than five feet nine or ten; The man who came to win her heart Must have command o'er other men.

The man that she was looking for Came by one day and claimed her hand. She spent her honeymoon in tears; The fellow swore to beat the band.

—Chicago Times-Herald.

Side Tracking the Sleuths.

First Burglar (in kitchen)—Wouldn't I sail into that grub if I wasn't under treatment for me dyspepsy!

Second Burglar—That's just why you'd order do it, Bill. All the detectives knows about yer dyspepsy, and if we clean out the provisions they'll never suspect you of bein in this job.

Called Down.

Mrs. Jason—What is that you are trying to sing, for the lander's sake? Mr. Jason—"The Lighthouse by the Sea."

Mrs. Jason—Well, if you expect me to get the washin ever done, you'd better be thinkin of the woodhouse by the saw.

The Very Latest.

Customer—Here's a piece of goods that should make nice trousers, but the stripes don't appear to be straight. They're curved slightly, aren't they?

Tailor—Yes, they curve outward, you notice. That cloth is designed especially for bowlegged gents.

Adjusting Matters.

The urchin yelled, "Oh, father, do Not come so confounded hard!" The parent said: "I'm giving you A striking proof of my regard."

"Then do not ask me to refrain. But stand it, since you may not sit. I find you have been raising Cain; I must proceed to lower it."

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 to live.

W. A. Nugent, Belleville, Ont., was greatly troubled with it for years; and Peter E. Gaare, Eau Claire, Wis., who was so afflicted with it that he was nervous, sleepless, and actually sick most of the time, obtained no relief from medicine 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.

In Self Defense.

Towne—I'm surprised at you trying to borrow a dollar from that fellow Harduppe. You're surely not in such awful need of money?

Browne—No, but I felt sure Harduppe was, and I merely anticipated him.

Military Zoology.

"It isn't the dogs of war I dread," was the bitter comment of the peaceable agriculturist whose farm had been stripped of everything eatable and portable by a scouting party from the invading army. "It's the hogs of war!"

From Bad to Worse.

Man used to stand in awe Of his awful mother-in-law And shrink away beneath her searching look, But another lady now Makes him reverently bow— He's beneath the domination of the cook.

Her Valuation.

Ida—My! I don't see how you can marry such a poor man. Clare—Poor? Why, he's worth a million.

Ida—What! Clare—Ordinary men.

Why He Returned.

"Back again!" exclaimed the housewife. "Why, I gave you some soup yesterday." "Dat's all right, lady," said the hobo. "One good tureen deserves another."

Paradoxical.

Oh, the "beautiful" snow is deceitful; The poet but moves us to scoff! 'Tis light when it falls, but so heavy When you find you must shovel it off!

Not Hard to Believe.

Bibbs—Mrs. Homeligh says her husband is a great sufferer. Gibbs—I'm not surprised. How long has he been married to her?

As to Some Handwriting.

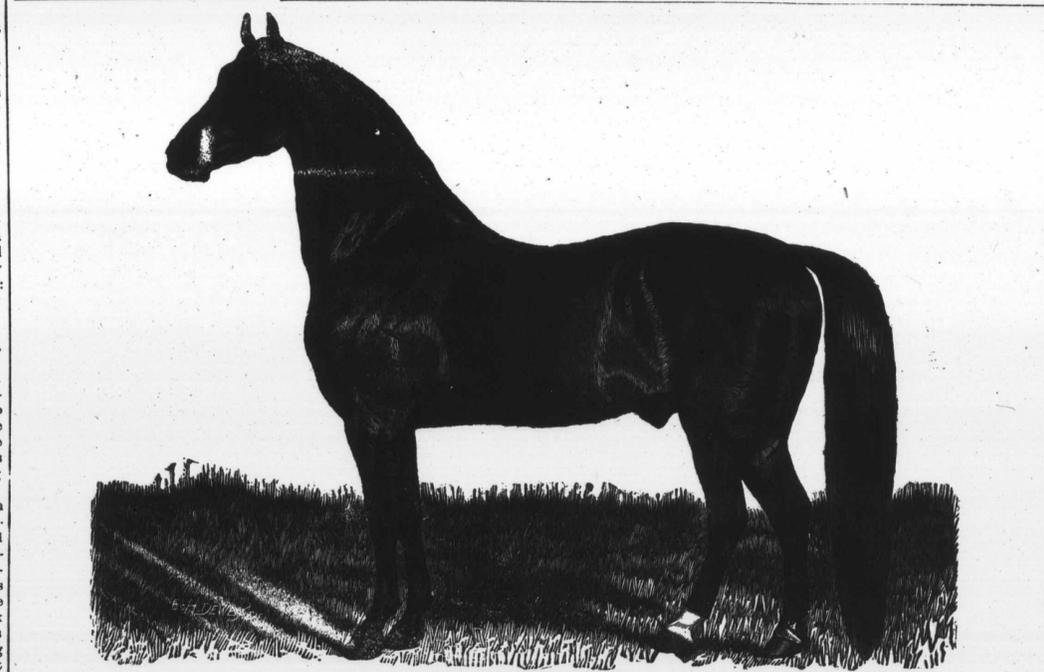
Fred—Do you think a man's character is shown in his handwriting? Kate—If it is, some of them must be perfectly dreadful.

At a Late Hour.

"I guess it's time to go," he said, And started. "You've guessed it," she replied, and so They parted. —Detroit Free Press.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound

Is essentially used monthly by over 10,000 Ladies. Safe, effective. Ladies ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other, as all mixtures, pills and imitations are dangerous. Price, No. 1, \$1 per box; No. 2, 50 cents stronger, \$1 per box. No. 3 or 4, mailed on receipt of price and two 3-cent stamps. The Cook Company, Windsor, Ont. No. 1 and No. 2 sold by J. P. J. Lamb & Son, Athens.



ROUTE BILLS

HORSEMEN desire route bills printed should call at the Reporter office and see the display of cuts, which include Clyde, Hackney, General Purpose, and Trotting Horses.

B. LOVERIN, Athens.