Star Wardrobe

MICHAEL J. KEHOE

Fashionable Tailor,

All Cutting will receive my personal attention

Brockville, Ont.

THE ATHENS REPORTER & COUNTY OF LEEDS ADVERTISER.

SHINGLES, SHINGLES

ATHENS

LUMBER * YARD

LARGE STOCK JUST ARRIVED

W. G. PARISH

VOL. VI. NO. 29. Athens, Leeds County, Ontario, Tuesday, July 22nd, 1890. ($1.00 a year in advance. $1.25if not paid within 6 months B. Loverin Proprietor.)

GEO. G. HUTCHESON & CO.

TELEPHONE 149.

CHAMBRAYS.

Nice line of Chambrays in stock, with Embroideries to match. Best washing goods, all qualities. Colors—Pink, Sky, Navy, Grey, Brown, Strawberry.

LACE COLLARS AND SETS.

Pretty Lace Collars and Collars and Cuffs to match, in all white and in black and white; also a variety of the new Handkerchief Collars. Come in and look them through.

BOATING SHIRTS.

We always carry a good assortment of them in both Men and Boys' sizes, in Grey, Navy, White, and in assorted fancy patterns. The coolest and most comfortable shirt one can wear in summer, and very stylish. Prices the lowest for the quality. Also Youths and men's Navy Blue Jerseys.

SUMMER UNDERWEAR.

One of the best ranges of Gentlemens Ladies and Children's light and medium weight Underwear that you ever saw, and all at Low Prices. We ask you to come and see this stock.

LOW PRICE.

When we say "Low Prices," we mean it. Our stock is Cheap, as cheap as any you can see, and a much larger selection. We ask you to prove this by trying us for what you want and comparing prices. We are not making a fortune out of the public, but are trying to make a living and a little to lay by for a rainy day. We spend a great deal of time and thought in buying our goods to the best advantage and we sell at the lowest possible figures, cheaper in many cases than elsewhere. Prove this by calling.

GEO. HUTCHESON & CO.

KING STREET, BROCKVILLE.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Dr. C. M. B. CORNELL,
BUELL STREET, . . BROCKVILLE.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR.

Dr. Stanley S. Cornell
MAIN STREET. - - - ATHENS
SPECIALTY: DISEASES OF WOMEN.
Office Days:—the afternoons of Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

J. F. Harte, M.D., C.M.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHER. Graduate Royal College (Queen's University.) Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ont. Office: Main st., opposite Gamble House Athens. 23-52

J. P. Lamb, L.D.S.,
DENTIST. After more than 20 years experience Mr. Lamb is prepared to render the best services in both mechanical and surgical dentistry.

Chipman & Saunders,
CIVIL ENGINEERS, Dominion and Provincial Land Surveyors. Office, King Street, opposite Victoria Hall, Brockville, Ont.
W. CHIPMAN, B.A.SC. | B. J. SAUNDERS, B.A.SC.

Geo. F. Ackland, V.S.,
LICENTIATE of the Ontario College of Veterinary Surgeons. Office—Gallagher Block, Brummond st., Newboro. 26-52

HOTELS.

The Gamble House,
ATHENS.
THIS FINE NEW BRICK HOTEL HAS been elegantly furnished throughout in the latest styles. Every attention given to the wants of guests. Good yards and stables.
22-1y FRED. PIERCE, Prop'r.

Dominion Hotel,
NEWBORO.
THE new proprietors of this hotel will spare no pains in making this one of the best hostelries in this section. The house has been refurnished throughout. The stables and sheds are new and large.
15 GEORGE & HENRY BOLTON.

MONEY TO LOAN

WE HAVE instructions to place a large sum of private funds at current rates of interest on first mortgage on improved farm Term to suit borrowers Apply to HUTCHESON & FISHER Barristers &c. Brockvill

Allan Turner & Co.,

CHEMISTS & DRUGGISTS

King Street, - - Brockville

CAN SUPPLY

GARDEN, FIELD, AND FLOWER

SEEDS

Fresh and Reliable at the Lowest Prices.

Orders by mail will have prompt attention.

CASH!

WANTED

40,000 DEACON AND CALF SKINS

HIGHEST CASH PRICE AT THE BROCKVILLE TANNERY.

A. G. McCRADY SONS.

JOS. LANE,

Main St. opposite Maley's Boot and Shoe Store,

BROCKVILLE,

Carries the LARGEST STOCK OF WATCHES of any house in town.

His stock of Clocks, Jewellry, Diamonds, spectacles, &c. is complete in every Department and

Will be Sold Right.

Repairing by Skilled Workmen our Specialty.

Give us a call when wantin ganything in our line. 49.

PUBLIC SENTIMENT, NO HEARSAY

MOFFATT and SCOTT

GENERAL MERCHANTS

Gives Highest Price for Buttar, Eggs, Deocon Skins, and all saleable produce and sells as low as the lowest.

Spring Goods in large quantities bought from leading houses, marked at close profits, now on exhibition. Mark the following prices and make your deposits in the Addison and Rockspring Savings Banks:—

6 lbs. fair Tea for	$1 00
5 lbs uncolored Japan	1 00
3 lbs choice Japan	1 00
Women's fine buttoned Boots	1 25
Women's Boots worth $1.10 for	90
Men & Boys' Boots from $1.40 to	3 50
Gents' Undersaits for	1 00

Coal Oil, Flour, and our 25c. Tea take the lead.

See the additional line of Spring Goods, consisting of Fancy Prints, Dress Goods, Ladies' Slippers, Shoes, Lustre Caps, Flannel Jockeys, Stiff and Felts in colors. Mackinaws, Parasols, Umbrellas, Tinware, etc. exhibited.

We excel in Grey Cottons, Cambrics, Shirtings, Tweeds and Cottonades.

Choice Oils, Ready-mixed Paints, Leads and Glass.

OUR MOTTO: Small Profits and Quick Returns.

Thanking my customers for their liberal patronage in the past and soliciting a continuance of the same, we remain

Your obd't servants,

MOFFATT & SCOTT

A.M. CHASSELS

The Old Reliable

TAILORING HOUSE.

Gentlemen who wish to have their suits made up in

THE LATEST STYLE AND PERFECT IN FIT AND WORKMANSHIP,

SHOULD PATRONIZE

A. M. CHASSLS, - ATHENS.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

BROCKVILLE

VARIETY WORKS

Removed from the Sheppard Mill to the OLD STAND, Mill Street.

THOS. McCRUM,

MANUFACTURER AND REPAIRER OF

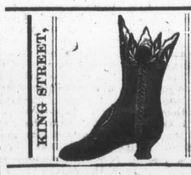
SMALL MACHINERY, ENGINES, GUNS, SEWING MACHINES, &C.

PATTERNS AND MODELS MADE.

BRASS AND COMPOSITION CASTINGS TO ORDER. 44-1yr

The Leading

SHOE HOUSE



KING STREET, BROCKVILLE.

Geo. S. Young

BANK OF MONTREAL

ESTABLISHED 1818.

Incorporated by Act of Parliament.

Capital, all Paid-up	$12,000,000
Rest	6,000,000

Head Office, MONTREAL.

Board of Directors.

Sir D. A. Smith, K.C.M.G., President.
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E. S. Clouston, Assistant General Manager and Manager of Montreal Branch.
A. Macnider, Assistant General Manager and Inspector.
R. Y. Hebden, Assistant Inspector.

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Almonte, Ont.	Moncton, N. B.
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Goderich, "	Sarnia, Ont.
Guelph, "	Stratford, Ont.
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London, Eng., 22 Abchurch Lane.
New York, 59 Wall Street.
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Collections made at all Banking Towns. Drafts issued on all parts of the world. Interest allowed on deposits.

BARGAINS BARGAINS

Additional lines are now daily being added to our Bargain list.

MILLINERY MILLINERY

Still a few Stylish Trimmed Hats and Bonnets left, which can now be secured at mere nominal prices.

REMNANTS REMNANTS

Hundreds of useful Remnants now laid out for inspection. Look in and see them.

RIVER COTTAGE REQUIREMENTS

Bargain Prices in Curtain Poles and Chains, Spring Curtain Rollers, Window Shades, Turkish Red Prints, Art Muslins Etc. Bargains in Turkish Bath Towels.

Giving away reliable premiums to our purchasers.

BUY D. & A CORSETS

Light in weight, Perfection in fit, and very durable.

R. WRIGHT & CO.

The West End One Price Dry Goods House

Hot Weather Goods.

Black and Cream Fish Nets.

Black Silk and Cream Lace and neat Flouncings and Skirtings.

Pure Silk Gloves put up in Kid Glove sizes.

See our Lisle Gloves, Embroidered Backs, 12½c and 15c.

REMNANTS

Heaps of useful Remnants from every department. All must now be disposed of.

Giving away valuable premiums to purchasers.

H. Y. FARR.

MUST BE SOLD

We continue marking down additional lines, which must be sold off.

Big mark down of new and Stylish Dress Goods, wide double fold, new colorings in plain and brocaded Lustreens reduced from 55c to 40c per yd.

Fine German Wool Opera and Boating Shawls at HALF PRICE, in shades of Apricot, Cream, White, Cardinal, Black &c., at half price.

Try our absolutely Black Cotton Hose for Ladies and Girls.

See our womens Cotton Hose, 3 pair for 25c.

Fall assortment, sizes in boys ribbeh Cotton Hose, long lengths.

Bring your Premium Purchase Ticket.

D. & A. CORSETS.

take the lead. Every pair guaranteed satisfactory in particular or money cheerfully refunded.

R. WRIGHT & CO.

The West End One Price Dry Goods House

Marking Down Marking Down Bargains from Every Department.

PARASOLS PARASOLS

Every Parasol marked down regardless of cost.

Special low prices in Colored Shirtings Cottonades, Towels, Towelings, Table Linen, White Quilts, &c., &c.

Bring your Premium Ticket.

Giving away Valuable Premiums.

H. Y. FARR.

A WORD.

Ladies, won't you buy Prints?

Won't you buy our Prints.
You want them.
We don't.
Besides look at the saving.
Why, its cheaper to buy almost than not to buy.
Shakespeare says: "To buy or not to buy that is the question."
There will be no question here.
When you ascertain the prices you will buy at once.

LEWIS & PATTERSON.

SPECIAL—We have just received 12 shades of Table Felt which we offer at low prices.

205 KING STREET.

Don't You Forget It.

All our Prints, Chambrays and Sateens are to be sold this month, and the first comers get the best choice.

Don't You Forget It.

Black Lace Cloths, Grenadines, Lace Flouncings, Embroidery Flouncings etc., are almost indispensable this warm weather.

Parasols.

This assortment of Long Handle Parasols is big. Prices on the down grade as the summer advances. Prove this.

LEWIS & PATTERSON.

BROCKVILLE.

"In conclusion," said the orator, "we must stand shoulder to shoulder, put forth every effort, call up all our energies and enthusiasm, let nothing dampen and discourage us, feel that we will sacrifice our very lives, if necessary, to—to—to—"

"To what?" asked a voice.

"To compel our wives to get up first and shake down the fire in the coal stove."

WALL PAPER

Just received, our first shipment of American Wall Paper. We are to the front again with the newest styles and the best patterns. Everyone admits that we have the best and finest assortment. Gold papers at 15c. Our papers at 5, 6, 7 and 8c. are the best we have ever had.

REMEMBER—We sell 10 rolls of good paper and border to match for 59c. Come in and look through our line of American papers at 10c.—borders to match. No trouble to show goods. Don't buy Wall Paper until you see our stock and prices.

WINDOW SHADES

Just received—New Colors. In these goods we keep the best cloth made and we keep only the best make of Rollers. Just think, we sell you a handsome Dodo Blind. Roller complete for 49c.

Don't forget the place,

ODELL'S

(LATE NEILSON'S)

BROCKVILLE

FARMERS—REMEMBER

THAT THE

Agricultural Insurance Co.

OF WATERTOWN, N. Y.

Is the only Company doing business in Canada that insures farm buildings against Wind, Fire or Lightning; also farm stock from loss by lightning.

DEWEY & BUCKMAN, AGENTS

OFFICES - - COMSTOCK'S NEW BLOCK, BROCKVILLE, ONT.

COUNTY NEWS.

INTERESTING LETTERS FROM OUR STAFF OF CORRESPONDENTS.

A Budget of News and Gossip.—Personal Intelligence.—A Little of Everything well Mixed up.

CHANTRY.

MONDAY, July 14.—Mr. Stephen Seaman has lately treated himself to a new patent fence which makes an improvement to Chantry.

The other night a gentleman came along with his fine instrument, which we call Italian bag-pipe, and gave us a very lively tune.

The people around here are starting haying and we all hope it will be a good crop.

Many from Chantry are attending campmeeting now-days.

CHARLESTON LAKE.

SATURDAY, July 19.—Wanted, at Charleston, 500 visitors at the hotels. Board from one dollar up.

R. B. Alguire and wife, Dr. Chas. Cornell and family, Dr. Frank Koyl and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Cornwell, of Ingersoll, Norm Dowsley and family, Case Phillips and family, W. G. Parish and family, H. H. Arnold and family, are staying at the lake.

Mr. Giles, on Long island, received sad news this morning (Saturday) that his neice in Brockville was dead.

Mrs. A. L. Taggart, of Westport, has been visiting for the past few days at A. Robeson's.

Haying has commenced and the crop is good.

Huckleberries are a failure this year.

Phil Wiltse has rented his house to Mr. Oliver, of Addison, for a few weeks.

BALLYCANOE.

SATURDAY, July 19.—We have a horrible road here, the worst in the Township. Our statute laborers placed piles of rocks on it large enough to trip a horse.

Bob Tennant is domiciling with a certain rancher in Holland. Bob finds the place very dull, especially on Sundays, when he cannot attend church. He crosses the St. Lawrence twice a week to pay his addresses to a beautiful colleen in Uncle Sam's land.

Stevens Bros., of Athens, sold a load of beautiful and useful furniture to Mr. Walter Purvis last week.

His Grace Archbishop Cleary, of Kingston, will be at St. James' church on Sunday, July 27, on parochial business. It is expected that the distinguished prelate will preach at the 10.30 a. m. service.

Mr. John Flood treated a number of young ladies and gentlemen to a delicious fruit festival last Tuesday p. m. Sweet music was on hand to enhance the joyous occasion.

Bobbie Dixie attended the 12th. He wore his colors, looked well, and by many Brockville girls was admired for his deportment, rose-colored phiz and white moustache.

LYN.

MONDAY, July 14.—The strawberry crop is not up to the average in this section, this year. The open winter killed out large areas of the vines and the excessive rains when the remaining plants were in blossom seems to have had a bad effect. Ten cents a box was ruling price.

Fred Coleman, of Toronto, who was called east to attend the funeral of the late Wm. Chaffey (his step-father), spent several days at his old home and birthplace. Although twenty winters has frosted his brow a little since he left he is the same Fred of old.

Dr. Judson and wife (*nee* Miss E. Williamson) left early on Tuesday last by boat for Montreal amid showers of rice and other evidences of good wishes from their many friends here.

O. L. Potter having ceased to fill the position of foreman of the Eyre Mfg. Co. Works, has removed back to his old quarters in Mallorytown.

It is some time since the 12th of July struck this village as hard as it did on Saturday last.

Mr. Dan Armstrong is paying his annual visit at his home here. He is engaged as miller at Rathbun's Mills, Deseronto.

A bonnie lassie has come to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. C. Brown at "Blink Bonnie," near Lyn.

The W. C. T. U. are making a success of their ice cream enterprise. Their parlor, which is open on Saturday evenings and on special occasions, is a favorite resort for old and young.

Another old resident, Edw'd Booth, passed away last evening after a long illness. Mr. Booth was well known throughout a large section of the country.

MONDAY, July 21.—An improvised band serenaded the Dr. and wife on their return from their wedding tour, but as the music was not very harmonious, a compromise was effected and an adjournment made to the hotel which was found closed, so that the fun was of very short duration.

Halloo! Halloo! Lyn is now connected with the Brockville telephone exchange. J. Cummings has one at his office and one at his residence and there is one at the office of the Eyre Mfg. Co. It is hoped that they will put in a public office, as there are many who would use it frequently but have not business to pay full rent for an instrument.

The funeral of the late Mr. C. Booth was very largely attended.

Mrs. Richards, of Newboro, is spending a few days here and at Brockville. She has erected a beautiful Nova Scotia granite monument to the memory of her late husband, Rev. J. J. Richards, at the Stone Church cemetery. A. E. McLean, Athens, was the contractor.

MALLORYTOWN.

MONDAY, July 21.—Miss Hattie Avery and Miss Ella Judd are visiting friends in Kingston.

The young people were very much pleased to see Rev. H. H. Coates among them again. He preached in the Methodist church on Sunday evening. The church was well filled and on Thursday evening he led the young people's prayer meeting. It was a meeting that will long be remembered by the young people. He leaves for Japan as a missionary on Monday, July 28th. He carries with him the best wishes of a large circle of friends.

Miss Ethel Thrall, of Almonte, is spending a week with friends here.

Mr. E. Herbison is learning blacksmithing here with Mr. J. Tackaberry.

Miss Lou Rotters has been staying at Mr. R. W. Tennant's for a couple of weeks. She went to Lansdowne on Saturday where she will spend the remainder of her holidays.

FRONT OF YONGE.

MONDAY, July 21.—Mr. James White, of Caintown, is having his beautiful residence painted.

Mr. L. Griffin is doing a good trade in farming implements.

Mr. W. T. Dickie spent last Thursday fishing and caught with troll some splendid pike.

We would advise excursionists to be careful in taking passage on overcrowded boats.

Mr. James Herbison, of Junetown, has some of the finest apples in the country.

A damaging frost would have been the result of last Saturday night's cold wave, had there not been a good wind during the night.

Tramps have become weary of travelling through the country on foot and in the future will ride on horseback when an animal of burden can be picked up in some farmer's pasture or stable.

The horse that was supposed to have been stolen last week from Mr. Thos. Williams, of Ballycanoe, turned up all right in a farmer's field near Lyn. It is reported that boys had been out to Charleston that day fishing, and returning late at night, well stocked with tangle-leg, stepped into the stable of Mr. Williams and played the trick on said gentleman for a lark, leaving the animal as aforesaid near Lyn.

QUABIN.

MONDAY, July 14.—The aristocratic portion of our burg celebrated the glorious 12th at Brockville.

Mr. T. H. Powell was busily engaged last week blasting rock for A. McDonald.

Quabin has three correspondents, I wonder who they are.

Mr. R. Poole's popular summer resort is filling with guests. Mr. Poole is the right man in the right place.

We are having very fine hay weather. Farmers report a good crop.

Miss Libbie E. Thompson, who has returned from Athens high school, will spend her holidays at Poole's resort.

Quabin needs a barber shop.

Miss Minnie McDonald is spending a few days in Holland with friends.

From another correspondent.

MONDAY, July 14.—Mr. A. McDonald has purchased a new binder from our agent, C. Grippin.

A cure for quinsy—clean your face, send your mustash to the dye shop. When it returns it will be as black as a sloe. How do you feel. I'm as good as when sixteen.

On Sunday evening Mr. C. G. paid us a flying visit.

Mr. Jonas Hagerman has been repairing his house.

Mr. M. T. intends purchasing a new top buggy. Look out, girls, I'm just sixteen.

MONDAY, July 21.—Mr. R. Leeder has just completed a fine building to be devoted to a horse stable and drive house. Rob is doing well and we wish him further success.

The Cosgrove brothers have greatly beautified their residence by thoroughly painting it a rich maroon color. Their home looks very comfortable and convenient.

Thos. Gavin will soon, if he continues, have a sort of village like that of Mallorytown around him. Tom is putting up a monster barn. He promised the boys a lively dance at its completion.

WARBURTON.

SATURDAY, July 19.—Hay—fine quality, heavy crop.

Berry pickers report raspberry crop, good; blueberry crop, poor.

The electric lights of the Str. St. Lawrence are again visible.

Halloo Allen! Whoa there! pull in that horse's feet.

Our cheese factory is booming; another assistant has been added to the staff. Cong's Rich.

Mr Willard Weeks is erecting a new boat house.

Our genial blacksmith is doing a rushing business and has a heavy run—when the dinner horn toots.

Mr. G. H. Austin is visiting at the home of his father, Mr. Harvey Austin.

We would advise the Rev. Mr. Cross to start a revival here, as some of our young men have discarded the religious belief of their parents and have taken up that of the Jews. Two young men in particular, keep Saturday holy—go to see their darlings on Saturday evening, &c. No danger of meeting the other fellow and getting left; is there, Griff?

One night recently one of our young men dressed in his best and with Billy prancing at the end of the ribbons started out to see his best girl. He arrived in due time and they went for a drive. On returning the young man concealed himself, lady, and Billy beneath the green foliage of and over hanging grape vine. Seated in this beautiful spot the lovers allowed the hours to fly; she thinking how lovely it was to sit beside such a manly boy and to feel the tightening pressure of his encircling ligature; while he, deeply meditating on their future was enjoying the extreme pleasure of sipping nectar from her heavenly bedewed lips. But alas! their seemingly infinite bliss was suddenly terminated. They were aroused from their languidness by the sound of a heavy footstep—tramp, tramp, tramp,—nearer, nearer, yet nearer it sounded. What could it be? Whence came the noise? Suddenly a light hove in sight and the lovers beheld a tall figure arrayed in white apparel, a bright light shone from his side, his right hand clasped the hilt of a bowie knife, and with measured tread he approached the terrified lovers. The young man thought it was some evil genius come to betray his flirting ways to the young lady. His first impulse was to fly, but, alas! Billy had entangled his bridle in the drooping grape vine and the attempt to fly was fruitless. The young man shook with fear, his dexter sought his pistol pocket. The spectre was fast nearing their favorite spot, the young lady's arms sought the young man's neck, and as their lips met she murmured, "We will die together." The figure in white reached the buggy and raising his right hand he described a circle ever his head and plunged the bowie deep into—well—into the pie that mamma had given Will to take out to "Those dear children in the buggy."

Messrs. Pierce and Holbrook have completed the brickwork of Mr. Wm. Steacy's new cottage. It is indeed an excellent job, surpassing anything in this locality, both in fine workmanship and substantiality, and reflects great credit on the said builders. Messrs. Pierce and Holbrook, during their short stay in Lansdowne Front, have built for themselves a high reputation as stone-masons, brick-layers and gentlemen, and may rest assured of the patronage of intending builders in Warburton and vicinity.

The other evening a young man drove down to see his "sweet heart." He hitched his horse to the milk-stand and proceeded to the parlor, where, seated on the sofa, he soon forgot horse, buggy, and all other frivolous matters. In the meantime his horse, a skittish young colt began to "cut up" and act in such a manner that Holbrook, fearing that the colt would hurt himself, began to yell "Whoa! Whoa!" His howl was equal to that of a camp meeting preacher. He was instantly joined by all the bystanders. It is reported on good authority that the cries of "Whoa! Whoa!" could be heard, very distinctly, at Lansdowne village, five miles away. The young man, however, heard nothing of this, and the colt becoming pacified was unharnessed and hid in the vault under the barn. The time he was taken out only the robin knows. Boy! leave that colt at home at night.

Some time ago, if all be true,
To a nice young girl Lute did propose;
But now he's gone and bid adieu,
To all his friends and old La Rose.

ELGIN.

MONDAY, July 21.—Camping is all the rage now. A large number of our villagers are in their cottages enjoying themselves.

All Church members are attending the camp meeting held by Mr. Horner at Singleton's Corners. We believe there is a great amount of good being done there.

Out of six candidates who tried the entrance examination four were successful, for which credit is due to their teacher, J. H. Sexton.

Much excitement is going on in town over the wedding.

A Free Trip to Europe.

The Publisher of THE CANADIAN QUEEN will give a free trip to Europe to the person sending them the largest number of words constructed from letters contained in the name of their well known Magazine, "THE CANADIAN QUEEN." Additional Prizes consisting of Silver Tea Sets, Gold Watches, China Dinner Sets, Portiere Curtains, Silk Dresses, Mantel Clocks, and many other useful and valuable articles will also be awarded in order of merit.

Webster's Unabridged Dictionary to be used as authority in deciding the contest.

This is a popular plan of introducing a popular publication. Every one sending a list of not less than ten words shall receive a present. Enclose thirteen 2c stamps for Illustrated Catalogues of presents and three month's trial subscription to THE QUEEN. Address—THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Toronto, Ont.

A commencement orator in a Western college was delivering an eloquent speech on Washington. "What name," he asked, in one of his lofty rhetorical flights; "What name is heard wherever men congregate, in the forum, the mart or the King's highway?" This was a well turned sentence and he knew it. But all its effect was irretrievably spoiled by a conscienceless little boy in the audience, who remarked in a loud whisper; "Little Annie Rooney."

A difficult operation was performed by Mr. Geo. Ackland, Vet. surgeon, of Newboro, on a colt belonging to Mr. John Donohue, of North Crosby. The colt when born had an opening in its belly through which the bowels were exposed. The animal was two years old when the operation was performed and in ten days he was perfectly recovered. Mr. Donohue thinks the operation so difficult that it is nothing but right that the people of Leeds and Grenville should know that we have men of experience in our midst.

SELLING - OFF

BRADFORD WAREHOUSE

ANNUAL JULY SALE

$20,000
$20,000
$20,000
$20,000

Stock Placed on the Market

Regardless of Cost
Regardless of Cost
Regardless of Cost
Regardless of Cost

To Rush off the Goods Quickly

Great Reductions
Great Reductions
Great Reductions
Great Reductions

Has been made in all departments

No Reserve
No Reserve
No Reserve
No Reserve

The entire stock must be sold

Money We Want
Money We Want
Money We Want
Money We Want

For which we give best value

Ever Offered in Brockville
Ever Offered in Brockville
Ever Offered in Brockville
Ever Offered in Brockville

This is a grand opportunity for the people to secure

Genuine Bargains
Genuine Bargains
Genuine Bargains
Genuine Bargains

Wednesday, July 2nd, 8 a. m.

Selling Begins
Selling Begins
Selling Begins
Selling Begins

And Continues every Business Day for July

Remember the Place
Remember the Place
Remember the Place
Remember the Place

Bradford -:- Warehouse

Opposite Central Hotel.

KING STREET - BROCKVILLE

WANTED

A good second-hand Sunday School Library. Address all communications to pastor,
22-tf D. D. MUNRO, Athens.

CLEARING SALE!

—OF—

All Spring and Summer Goods at greatly

Reduced Prices

A grand opportunity for buyers as the goods must be sold to make room for large fall purchases.

H. H. ARNOLD.

Gen'l Merchant - Athens

R. D. Judson & Son,

Undertakers

ATHENS.

Cabinet-making in all its Branches.

Charges Moderate.

Wedding —o— o——o Stationery.

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Athens.

THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION

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...Might Kind of a Fellow,

...not a fellow to mislead and mellow, ...and have had times. ...apparent, and plain and trade, ...gentle reader and mine.

...perfectly, no longer fortunately, ...never so beautiful and loud; ...ttle and quiet and plain in his diet, ...and never gets mad in a crowd.

...not unjustly, yet meek and domestic, ...never outlays at Gentz; ...a catcher for all kinds of virtue, ...the perpetrator of this "poem."

...to play the fiddle, part his hair in the ...like an angelic dude; ...he goes to a party with Midge or McCarty ...he never is noisy and rude.

...lives with frugality and sweet hospitality, ...he pays his but two times a day; ...he never eats onions nor treads on your bunions, ...nor growls when you get in his way.

...he is nice and he's witty, persevering and pretty ...And he's magnificent (sotto voce); ...he's all right and everyone knows, he's thorough completeness, ...He's perfection, in short—but he's dead!

—Orchard Lake Howitzer.

ADOPTED BY THE DEAN.

A TALE OF TWO COUNTRIES.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The days passed by with terrible swiftness, and when the Sunday was over, Esperance found it hard so make the most of her present happiness—her thoughts tended more to the parting which was in store for her on the Wednesday. Gaspard had arranged to meet Mr. Seymour in town on Wednesday evening, and they were to travel down to Southampton together, their ship sailing the next day.

Unfortunately, Tuesday was the evening of the militia ball, and Esperance foresaw a time of hurry and bustle, when she would most have wished for quiet. Sorrow was making her very patient, however, and though she was busy upon finishing Gaspard's mendings in time to pack for him that afternoon, she bore her ceaseless interruptions quietly.

Never had Cornelia's room been invaded so ruthlessly. First, Bertha appeared, with cheeks flushed rosy red, and a happy light in her usually languid eyes.

"Esperance, you must help me just for a moment. See! George has given me these beautiful pink azaleas for to-night, so I must wear white not instead of the blue, and here is the kilting all in ribbons."

Esperance looked in dismay at the torn skirt, which had been very roughly treated at some dance.

"No one will mend it so beautifully as you," said Bertha, persuasively, "and, indeed, all the servants are so busy this morning; can you spare just half an hour for me?"

Esperance could not refuse; she put down Gaspard's sock with a stifled sigh, and submitted to being half smothered by the folds of white net. Her dainty little fingers soon set matters right, and as she worked she could not help wondering when the very obvious attachment between George Palgrave and Bertha would be declared. Perhaps it might be that very night; Bertha would look very beautiful in the white dress and the azaleas, and there would be music, and bright lights, and excitement. Ah, well! it was a good thing that some people could enjoy such things, and the little French girl knew well enough that they were enjoyable, but she was too ill and sorrowful even to wish for "distractions" just now.

She had just finished Bertha's dress when Mrs. Mortlake came in.

"You are always out of the way when you are wanted," she said, crossly. "The idea of emptying yourself up here when every one is busy! I want you to come and see to Bella."

Esperance folded up her work with a heavy heart, and hastened away to the drawing-room, where she found Bella making herself a general nuisance.

"There, just hear her reading, will you," said Mrs. Mortlake, handing over her troublesome charge willingly enough. "She must be here because the other rooms are engaged—keep her quiet."

This was more easily said than done, as Bella was in high spirits, and much more inclined to torment good-natured Mrs. Lowdell, with rough, teasing play, than to attend to her lessons. For at least half an hour such a battle as the following went on:

"Now, Bella, c—a—t; you know quite well what spells!"

"C—a—t," growled Bella, stupidly. "The light is in my eyes, cousin."

"Then move; now then!"

"C—a—what is Miss Lowdell singing for?"

"Don't talk; go on!"

"C—a—t. Oh! there's a wasp on the window."

"Bella, go on!"

"Will you give me a chocolate if I say it right?"

"No, certainly not; now quickly!"

"Mamma always does," said Bella, with an ominous drooping at the corners of her mouth.

"Are you going to read this word or not?"

"No; you're only French, and you don't know a bit how to teach me," whined Bella.

Whereupon Esperance shut the book and carried her provoking little pupil to the corner, where she coaxed with all her might.

"A very difficult child to manage, I should think," said Mrs. Lowdell, with a commiserating glance, as she hastily left the room to be out of the sound of Bella's screams.

Esperance, heartily ashamed that her pupil should be driving people away by her naughtiness, begged to take her up to the nursery; but this was against Mrs. Mortlake's rules, and Miss Bella's two hours down-stairs were apt to make visitors beat a hasty retreat to their bedrooms.

She screamed on without the smallest diminuendo for some minutes, and Esperance sat down despairingly with her hands clasped over her forehead, half distractedly by the double noise of crying and singing.

On and on it went like some frightful nightmare.

"But men must work and women must weep"—from Miss Lowdell.

Roar, roar—from Bella.

"Though storms be sudden and waters deep."

"She was very inattentive and rude said poor Esperance, looking down.

"Rude, indeed! it is your ridiculous pride which is so ready to take offence; she is never rude to any one else, and I'm not going to have your French system of punishment brought in; so please remember, no one punishes Bella but myself. Nothing tends more to make a child resentful than unfair punishment; your national character is quite accounted for."

Then, as Esperance would have begun an indignant remonstrance—

"No, no, I will not have arguing before Bella; you have wasted quite enough of my time already; the best think you can do now is to leave the room, for the child can't hear the sight of you. I wish, instead of sitting up all night burning other people's candles, you would learn to make yourself useful by day! You think so much of French manners; but for my part—"

Mrs. Mortlake broke off in dismay, for looking round she saw Gaspard standing in the doorway, and from the expression of his face, she knew he must have heard most of her angry speech.

Esperance turned, too, and with a cry of relief ran to him.

"Gaspard! Gaspard!" and she clung to him as if for protection.

He put his arms around her holding her closely, deaf to all Mrs. Mortlake's greetings, and only growing more and more angry as he felt how Esperance was trembling. As soon as he could trust himself to speak he turned upon Mrs. Mortlake, but Christabel with an instinctive dread of what was coming, tried to intercept his speech.

"Good-morning; you are later than usual to-day; have you come to take Esperance for a walk?"

Her cool, clear voice so angered him that he dared not speak to her. He just bowed an assent.

Christabel fairly trembled before that calm, disdainful glance, and she never forgot Gaspard's look—the clear, unflinching eyes, the proud, sensitive mouth, and the whole face rigid with repressed indignation. She gave a sigh of relief when he turned away, and led Esperance from the room.

When they had reached Cornelia's study, however, Esperance had recovered herself; and, indeed, though unable to help a feeling of relief in letting Gaspard for a protector, she was very sorry that he had heard one of Mrs. Mortlake's scoldings; and tired out as she was she turned herself, trying to talk lightly of the morning occurrence, and to laugh him out of his anger.

"You see, mon cœur, it is a busy day people can't help being a little cross; there is to be a ball to-night, you know."

"It was not crossness, it was downright insolence," said Gaspard, angrily. "You may be patient for yourself, mon cœur, but I can't be patient for you. It is unbearable to think of leaving you with such people."

She stooped down and kissed his forehead.

"I think it can be borne, when we believe that in three or four years it may perhaps be all over."

"Three or four years! yes. But till then?"

Esperance could not answer; she turned away to hide her quivering lips, till Gaspard ashamed of his despondency, hastily rose and drew her toward him once more.

"Cherie, I have been a wretch! you who have the heavier burden to bear are preaching courage to me. We must, we will endure, darling, and the waiting may not be so hard as we think."

Esperance was soon at work again, in spite of Gaspard's entreaties that she would spare herself.

"And by the bye," he said, suddenly, "what did Mrs. Mortlake mean by that reference to the burning of candles?"

"I am sorry you heard that," said Esperance, coloring. "It was only that I used to sit up sometimes at night, and she thought it extravagant, and was vexed."

"You sat up over my outfit? You naughty child; that accounts for your white cheeks, and you mean that that woman grudged you the candles?"

"Yes; she puts little half-hour candles in my room now," said Esperance, laughing at Gaspard's indignant scorn.

"I only wish she were a man, and that I could have it out with her," he said, between his teeth. "But there, we will not waste any more of our time over such a disagreeable subject."

By the afternoon most of Gaspard's things were ready, and Esperance was much relieved at receiving from Cornelia a dispensation from the cathedral service, so that she had time to pack for him. This seemed to make her realize things much more fully, and she began to feel that she could not keep up much longer.

"Is there anything I can do to help you, Cornelia?" asked Esperance in her tired way.

"No, I am ready, thank you. I hope you were with your brother; Christabel has not been hindering you, has she?"

"There were several things to do; but we shall have a little time after you are gone," said Esperance.

"Very well, go to my study then, and you will not be interrupted. Ah! I hear the carriage," and Cornelia reluctantly closed her book, and took off her spectacles.

After some trouble, Esperance gathered up the last of the dresses, and the party set off, Bertha turning back once more to wish her cousins good-night.

The footman closed the front door, and then turned to Esperance.

"If you please, miss, the dean wished me to tell you that he is engaged in watching an eclipse of the moon, and there will be no family prayers to-night."

Gaspard, who had arrived, stroked his mustache to hide a smile.

"Well, cherie, where shall we go? I must have a few minutes with you."

Esperance led the way to Cornelia's study, but when the door was shut, her strength all at once deserted her; she turned suddenly faint and giddy, and clung sobbing to Gaspard.

"*Bien aimee*, what is it? You are ill, Esperance."

"I don't know," she sobbed. "I wish it would all stop, I am so tired!"

Her ears were ringing with the words of Miss Lowdell's song:

"For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner 'tis over, the sooner to sleep."

Gaspard did not quite understand her, but he saw that she was quite worn out.

"You are tired, darling, and overdone," he said, gently. "There, come to your old place, and be a baby once more."

He took her on his knee, and made her rest her head on his shoulder; but the quivering, tearless sobs alarmed him.

"Where are your tears gone to, cherie—you used to have no lack?"

"I am better," she faltered, still struggling bravely to conquer herself; and Gaspard, relieved, did not question her further, but began to talk of other things.

There were still many matters to be discussed, and on this last evening they both instinctively dwelt on old times. The clock had just struck one when he was startled by approaching footsteps, and the door was opened by Cornelia. She was of course surprised to find her cousin still up. Gaspard made a low-toned explanation, and Cornelia, touched by the very unwonted sight before her, was unusually gracious.

"One of the Misses Lowdell turned faint, and I came home early with her. I am sorry you and Esperance had an interrupted evening."

"I am afraid she is overtired, she has been slaving over my outfit," said Gaspard, anxiously. "I wish I could have left her better. You will know, Miss Collinson, surely she is very hot and feverish! I wish I knew what was wrong with her."

Cornelia felt her hand in a hesitating way, painfully conscious of her own ignorance.

"I know nothing about illness," she said, but certainly she is very hot. I think, as you say, she has overtired herself."

Gaspard's face only grew more troubled, and Cornelia would have given worlds for that womanly skill and wisdom which she felt the need of so much. Their voices were making Esperance restless, she moved her arms uneasily, and talked in her sleep, at first unintelligibly, but afterward with terrible distinctness, though always in French. Cornelia and Gaspard each received some wounds from the unconscious tongue. Now it was in relation to Gaspard's journey.

"To-morrow, to-morrow! How shall I bear it? And yet it will be good for you, Gaspard."

Then again, with little convulsive sobs between the words, "It is so far away, so very far, and I am so lonely. If only they would love me a little!"

By degrees she grew a little more quiet, and Gaspard looked up at Cornelia, great tears in his eyes.

"Miss Collinson," he said, earnestly, "she is all I have left; you will take care of her."

"Indeed I will," said Cornelia, with real sympathy, and Gaspard trusted those three words more than he would have done countless protestations from Mrs. Mortlake. He turned once more to his sister, while Cornelia watched them sadly, yet with a sort of envy.

At last Esperance woke, wearied and confused, and Gaspard proposed that she should go up to her room.

"Yes, come," urged Cornelia, "you will never rest down here; I will help you."

She lighted a candle, and would have offered to help her up the stairs, but Gaspard was before her.

"Now, cherie, hold tight round my neck, and you shall feel as if you were going up the old *pigeonnier* at home."

Esperance obeyed, and was carried up stairs in his arms. Cornelia staying to see her safely in bed.

The next morning dawned brightly, too brightly for poor Esperance. It reminded her of that fatal 30th of November, when the sun had shone down so cruelly upon their desolation. She was too much worn out now to feel more than a dull, aching pain at her heart, as she remembered what day it was; she dressed wearily and went down to the breakfast room, with only one idea strongly impressed on her mind—that for Gaspard's sake she must keep up.

As if in a dream, she went through the usual routine, walked to the cathedral, meeting Gaspard at the door, stood, sat, and knelt mechanically through the service, went back to the deanery, and talked with Gaspard still dreamily, in Cornelia's room. At lunch she was pale and quiet; only when in the afternoon the time for Gaspard's departure really came, and the omnibus drove up with his luggage, a glow of intense color rose to her cheeks, and the composure which all the morning had been her aid, forsook her. She could hardly see or stand, but true to her resolution she struggled on, talking still, though she could scarcely hear her voice because of a strange ringing in her ears.

Gaspard was much more visibly agitated. He hurried through his good-byes in the drawing-room, and came out into the hall where Esperance and Cornelia were waiting, looking so haggard and miserable that Cornelia's heart ached for him.

The sight seemed to give new courage to Esperance, she clung to him with whispered words of hope and comfort, and soft caresses. He turned for one moment to Cornelia.

"Your promise—you will remember?"

"Yes, always," replied Cornelia, earnestly, pressing his hand.

Then, with one long embrace, the brother and sister parted, and Gaspard with bowed head passed down the steps, and gave directions to the driver in French.

Esperance with a great effort still stood at the door; the floor seemed rocking beneath her, a black mist was gathering before her eyes, but she smiled and waved her hand bravely. Gaspard looked back relieved, and when the omnibus turned the corner of the Vicar's Court, he saw her standing on the steps still watching him, while Cornelia had come forward, too, and was holding her hand.

The sound of the wheels died away in the quiet court, and Cornelia turned to Esperance, speaking kindly.

"My dear, you will come upstairs and rest."

But rest had already come to Esperance, and she sunk back senseless in Cornelia's arms.

Every one came flocking out of the drawing-room at Cornelia's call, and crowded round the white, still figure, with exclamations of pity. The dean was greatly distressed, and bent over her with more anxiety and earnestness than he had ever shown before to a body that was not "heavenly."

"Some one should go for a doctor, surely, my dears, she is very cold, poor child, poor child! I'm afraid this has been a grief to her."

"My dear father," said Mrs. Mortlake, impatiently, "she has only fainted. French people always do faint when they think it becoming, they like to make a scene."

The Misses Lowdell looked on wonderingly, Bertha made playing remarks in an undertone to George Palgrave, Cornelia knelt on the ground supporting Esperance's head, and looking at the faces around her with angry impatience.

"Will no one do anything? Why do you all stand staring like this; can't you fetch some water?"

Just then Mrs. Lowdell came down-stairs.

"Some one fainting? Dear me? poor child!" and she began to chafe Esperance's hands in a capable sort of way, which relieved Cornelia.

"What ought we to do with her?" she asked, turning with confidence to the motherly old lady.

"I should carry her up to bed," said Mrs. Lowdell, "she can't breathe with every one standing round her here."

Cornelia did not hesitate for a moment but to the surprise of all, suddenly rose, took Esperance's inanimate form in her strong arms, and quietly walked upstairs. Mrs. Lowdell followed, bringing various restoratives, and together they did all in their power for the poor child; but it seemed as if nothing would bring her to life again, and Cornelia growing frightened, was just proposing to send for a doctor, when faint signs of returning consciousness began to show themselves.

The eyelids quivered at last and slowly opened, Esperance looked up half hopefully, then remembering all with a swift pang turned her face away and relapsed into semi-consciousness. But Mrs. Lowdell insisted on her taking some sal volatile, and then a terrible idea crossed her mind and roused her fully.

"Cornelia," she said, in a weak yet eager voice, "Gaspard did not see me faint, did he?"

"No; he was quite out of sight," said Cornelia, reassuringly.

"You are quite certain?"

"Perfectly."

And with that Esperance was satisfied; she had kept up to the last; for a moment she was quite soothed by the relief of knowing it, then the reaction set in, he desolation broke upon her, and she burst into a passionate fit of sobbing.

The tearless sobs which had so alarmed Gaspard on the previous evening were even more alarming to Cornelia. Was it possible that her stern words had really checked Esperance's tears? Good Mrs. Lowdell's remarks made her feel she more miserable. "Cry, my dear, have a good cry, and you will be better." But still there were only those heart-rending sobs, and a gasping, quivering agony, terrible to witness.

CHAPTER XXV.

The deanery was all in commotion the next day, for before long it was known that Esperance was ill with typhoid fever. Mrs. Mortlake was, as usual, sure that she could have helped it.

"I do think it is very inconsiderate of people to be ill in other people's houses," she grumbled; "just think of the expense, it will be, and there's my father being persuaded by Mrs. Lowdell to have a trained nurse, who will eat dreadfully, those nurses are always regular cormorants."

"My dear Christabel, the money does not come out of your pockets," said Cornelia, impatiently.

"It's all very well to say so," replied Mrs. Mortlake. "But you know it comes to the same thing, it will be cure some day, and why should poor little Bella be defrauded of her own rights? And besides, it's very awkward to have illness in the house, and there's no knowing that it isn't infectious; perhaps the water is poisoned or something wrong with the drainage."

"Probably," said Cornelia, with much coolness. "We shall have everything looked to, and in any case you and Bella had better go away, for that child is unbearably noisy."

This was more true than polite and Mrs. Mortlake colored angrily.

"It is all very well for you to talk, but I do feel being turned out of my own father's house by a foreigner. If you had been left a widow with one little child, I think you would have been rather more considerate, Cornelia."

"Should I?" said Cornelia, with sarcasm, "well, all I ask is that you will consider somebody but yourself, Christabel; perhaps you would have the goodness to order the carriage in time for the 8.35; the Lowdells are going this evening."

With this, Cornelia swept out of the room, to be waylaid on the stairs by George with a telegram form in his hand.

"I am just going to the office with this," he said, showing it to her; "my mother will be delighted to have Bertha, I am sure and she ought not to stay here, ought she?"

(To be continued).

Musical and Dramatic Notes.

Mr. Julian Sturgis is Sir Arthur Sullivan's collaborateur.

Pauline L'Allemand will head an English opera company next season.

Mme. Minnie Hauk is engaged to sing with the German Opera Company in New York for a part of next season.

Mrs. Gilmore, wife of the famous bandmaster, arranges most of the music for the band, and in many ways assists her husband in his professional work.

The Agnes Huntington Opera Company will fill the engagement held for Mme. Sara Bernhardt in this country next season, as the latter named artist does not come.

It is said that the subject chosen by Mascagni for the opera he has been commissioned to write by Sonzogno will be taken from Alexander Dumas' well known drama, "The Danicheffs."

Advice to Husbands.

Married men do not consult their wives as much as they should. There is nothing more than justice in this view of matrimonial obligation, especially in the case of poor, or only moderately well-to-do families, and these comprise an overwhelmingly large proportion of the families of this country, where a slight increase or diminution in the annual earnings is felt alike by every member. The wife, who has labored in the house to earn or save, while the husband has labored in she field, the shop or the counting-room is justly a partner in his earnings and savings and should share in all plans for disposing of their small accumulations, so as to make them more productive if all goes well.—*Waterloo Observer.*

Salisbury as an Auctioneer.

The main cartoon in a late issue of the *Pall Mall Gazette* has for its subject the Anglo-German Territorial Convention. Lord Salisbury is represented as an auctioneer conducting a sale, the gathering of intending purchasers including faces typical of France, Germany, Russia, Spain, Italy and the United States. Behind the auctioneer's desk are bills announcing that "Messrs. Salisbury & Co. will sell by auction the British Empire, in lots, including Gibraltar, Malta, the Channel Islands, the Isle of Man, also Canada, Newfoundland, Heligoland, Ceylon. No reasonable offer refused."

A Girl's Best Charm.

My dear girls, keep yourselves looking as sweet and dainty as possible. Never underrate the charm of an agreeable appearance. It is the most delightful letter of introduction that can be given to a stranger, and there is no reason in the world why every woman should not be pleasant to look upon. A famous woman once said: "There are no ugly women; there are only women who do not understand how to make themselves beautiful." This is absolutely true. So the right thing for you to do is to sit down, think it over and make yourself the charming example that points the moral of this.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Making Him Hear.

Scene, a Swiss Cafe.—I say, waitress, why did you shout so loud at the gentleman sitting at the other table? Is the poor fellow deaf?

"He's not deaf, but he's an Englishman and doesn't understand a word of German.

A FERRY BRIDGE SINKS,

And Six Hundred People are Thrown Into the Water.

RECOVERING THE BODIES.

A Halifax despatch of Friday night says: A terrible accident occurred in Dartmouth to-night, by which a number of people were drowned, but the exact number of victims will not be known till to-morrow. The disaster happened by a chain attached to a ferry float slipping out of place, allowing the front of the bridge to sink and precipitating a crowd of six or seven hundred men, women and children into the water. The people were crowded there waiting for the new ferry steamer Annex, just arrived from New York, to dock. When the steamer got within two feet of the landing a number jumped on board, and at that moment the accident occurred. The outer end of the bridge went down suddenly, and the horror-stricken crowd slipped off into the harbor as though they were descending a slide, piling on top of each other.

SHRIEKING FOR HELP

and scrambling for means of safety. For some minutes there was a confused crowd of men, women and children struggling in the water, but the accident had hardly happened before a dozen brave youths and men leaped to the rescue without waiting to throw aside their clothes. The drowning people were rapidly passed up to men standing above on the wharves, and the rapidity with which the rescuers performed their work resulted in the great majority of those who fell in being saved from death. There were many able swimmers in the party, and these worked till exhausted, helping people to land until there were no more in sight on the surface, and those who could not be saved had sunk out of sight. When the crowd slipped off the landing stage the people around, numbering some hundreds, crowded to the sides of the wharf and threw sticks and boards to the struggling mass, while a number of life-preservers were thrown to them from the steamer. Many people were struck and injured by the flying boards, and all the bodies recovered bear cuts and bruises.

EFFORTS TO SAVE LIFE.

The statements of spectators show that most of those who fell in were women and children, and the scenes immediately following the disaster were frightful. Several men and their wives were thrown in, and the former struggled heroically to save their loved ones, succeeding in every instance, so far as known. Harry Silver was thrown in with his wife and managed to get her out safely. A man named Brecke saw his wife struggling in the dock and leaping in, managed to save her life. A woman named Logan was thrown in with a young child in her arms, and her efforts to preserve the life of the infant were distressing. Both were finally brought safely ashore. An elderly man named Edward Foster and his daughter fell in together, and the former was saved in the nick of time, but was so frantic over the loss of his daughter that he could hardly be dragged ashore. He was persuaded that his daughter was safe, but the poor girl was a corpse when taken out. When all those in sight had been brought to land the work of grappling for the drowned ones was commenced.

HOW MANY WERE DROWNED?

Within two hours four bodies had been recovered, but up to midnight no other victims had been found. It is believed that at least three or four others were lost, but the exact number cannot be told at present. Intense excitement prevailed in Dartmouth and Halifax when the news of the disaster spread, and thousands flocked to the scene, where they remained till a late hour watching those working in the water. Owing to the confusion it is impossible to tell who are missing, but the number cannot be large. Divers are now searching under the water for further victims.

BODIES RECOVERED.

The names of those whose bodies have been recovered are: Miss Rosie Foster, daughter of Edward Foster; Peter Boyle, a Crimea veteran; Miss Allie Synott, daughter of Michael Synott; John Bundy, a colored boy.

SALISBURY WEAKENING.

The Postponement Measure to Stand—An Autumn Session.

A London cable says: In the House of Commons to-day W. H. Smith stated that in view of the late period of the session the Government had decided not to proceed with the standing order relating to the postponement of the consideration of bills from one session to another. It had also decided to drop the Irish Land Purchase Bill and the Tithes Bill during the present session, but to again introduce them at the next session, which would open in November. In conclusion, Mr. Smith said he trusted that before the House was prorogued it would pass the Bill providing for the cession of Heligoland to Germany, the Local Taxation Bill, the Bill providing for the housing of the working classes, and the Census Bill.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt said he hoped the Government would consult the House about holding a meeting of Parliament in November. Mr. Gladstone expressed a similar wish. Mr. Smith said the Government was satisfied as to the convenience of a session in November. The Opposition will resist to the utmost any proposal for the reassembling of Parliament before January.

Scotch Notes.

Mr. William McEwen, M. P., has given £5,000 to purchase pictures for the Scottish National Gallery in Edinburgh.

Mr. Mungo Campbell Gibson, senior partner of George Gibson & Co., shipowners, Leith, died on the 25th ult., at his residence at Abercromby Place, Edinburgh.

Dulwich Park, London, was opened on the 26th ult., by the Earl of Rosebery, as chairman of the London County Council. It contains 72 acres, and has been presented to the public by the Governors of Dulwich College.

Mr. R. M. McKerrell, of Hillhouse, Irvine, has been selected as the Unionist candidate for the representation of Paisley at the next election. It will be remembered that he led the forlorn hope there on a former occasion.

The Lord Mayor of London was entertained to a banquet in Edinburgh on June 21st by the Lord Provosts and Provosts of of Scotland, and was presented with an address of welcome from the Convention of Royal and Parliamentary Burghs.

Lochore estate, in Fifeshire, was offered for sale at Edinburgh the other day, the reserve price being £50,000, but is did not change hands. The eldest son of Sir Walter Scott married the heiress of Lochore, but the property passed out of the family.

Mr. Gladstone will probably visit Ayrshire when he is in Scotland in October, in which case he is to stay at Dalquharran Castle, near Maybole, as the guest of Sir Andrew Clark, who has arranged to rent that beautiful place for the autumn months.

As intimated recently in our Scotch news, the Dowager Lady Howard De Walden, lady of the manor, is presently staying at Kilmarnock the first owner of the manor who has taken up residence there for a great number of years. She has intimated her intention of commemorating her visit by presenting £1,300 to the Kilmarnock Infirmary for the erection of a children's ward in the infirmary.

Sir Samuel Gowans, Lord Dean of Guild of Edinburgh, who was so prominently associated with the exhibition there in 1886, died on the 26th ult., aged 70 years. He was an architect and contractor, and laid many stamping lines in various cities and towns, besides constructing numerous lines of railways.

A Clinging Creature.

"When I asked her to marry she began to shrink like—like a flannel shirt."

"That's an odd comparison; what do you mean?"

"Just what I say. She got up around my neck."—*Philadelphia Times.*

—During the absence in Europe this summer of his Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Alexander Campbell, the Hon. Justice Sir Thomas Galt will be the Administrator of the Province.

Mrs. Carl Dimble, of Cincinnati, who had some children in instalments the other day, was much surprised to learn that one of them had two lower front teeth as large as an 8-year-old child ought to have.

"He was awful," said Chappie, indignantly. "He said if I opened my mouth again he'd put a head on me." "Why didn't you accept his offer."

LORNE'S AWFUL DAD.

The Duke of Argyll, the Noblest of the British Nobility, Proves a Grasping, Heartless and Tyrannical Landlord.

For many years the Duke of Argyll has posed as the patern Highland laird. If any one ventured to say a word about the poverty of the crofters, the duke was ever ready to declare that they were a lazy lot, and that their miserable condition was due to their own improvidence. As to their being rack-rented, there were no bounds to his indignation at such a suggestion. Had he not bestowed upon them all sorts of benefits, and made all kinds of improvements for their advantage? He conveyed the impression that he was the "father of his people," presiding over their interests in quite a patriarchal fashion, and, indeed, acting the part of a benevolent providence.

The defenders of Highland landlordism have kept the Duke of Argyll upon a pedestal as an object of veneration. But the idol has fallen, and it proves to be one not only of the common clay of which most of the Highland lairds are made. Fair rents have been fixed by the Crofters' Commission in Iona and the Ross of Mull. It was of the crofters in the Ross of Mull that the Duke complained in a letter to the Napier Commission, that he could not get them to make "a garden or even a kailyard." The lighthouse keepers there had "most excellent gardens," yet, said the Duke, "within sight of these gardens, the crofters, who often possess naturally much richer soil, have in no one instance, so far as I know, attempted to imitate so excellent an example." Stones were "abundant for the building of inclosures," and the crofters had "often plenty of time on hand," but they would not expend the "very moderate amount of exertion" which was required to make and maintain a kitchen garden. That was evidently why they were poor—in the Duke's opinion—because, he said, the possession of a garden "would often make all the difference to a family between scarcity and comfort."

It appears, however, from the decisions of the crofters' commission, that all the difference between comfort and scarcity has been made by the duke. He has kept the crofters in poverty by exacting excessive rents. The reductions of rent made in Iona show that their rackrenting has been bad enough, for the rents of the sixteen crofters who made applications have been reduced on the average by 27½ per cent., and of the amount of arrears claimed by the duke, upward of 70 per cent. has been cancelled. But his rackrenting has been still worse in the Ross of Mull. There, in 47 cases, the commissioners have made an average reduction of no less than 39 per cent. in the rents, and have cancelled the arrears claimed to the extent of over 65 per cent. High as the averages are, they give but a faint idea of some of the duke's exactions. We give below a list of new cases, showing the old rent hitherto charged by the duke, the fair rent fixed by the crofters' commission, and the percentage of reduction:

Old rent.	Fair rent.	Reduction.
£ 8 0 0	£ 4 10 0	44
22 10 0	12 10 0	44
10 0 0	5 10 0	45½
20 0 0	10 15 0	46
3 15 0	2 0 0	47
3 15 0	2 0 0	47
3 14 0	2 0 0	47
5 19 0	3 0 0	49½
4 0 0	2 0 0	50
15 13 0	6 10 0	58½

Do not these figures show where the hard earnings of the crofters have gone, and how these people are poverty stricken? Let us have no more cant about kitchen gardens, but judgment of the crofters' commission puts an end to a long sustained hypocrisy. What did the supposed pattern of all that was good in Highland landlordism mean by claiming £1,221 in name of arrears when only £430 was justly due? The duke would have liked to drag from these sixty-three crofters no less than £791 which they did not owe him, and of which they have now been relieved by the commission. Has he not got enough out of his wretched tenants?

From the evidence given before the crofters' commission it appeared that by successive increases of rent, the last of which was in 1876, he raised the rental of his Ross of Mull property by 70 per cent. In 1884, on the report of the Napier commission being published, he made a reduction of 19 per cent. and this was paraded as an example of his generosity. Had that reduction not been made the crofters' commission would have had to reduce the crofters' rents by an average, not of 39, but of 58, per cent. His treatment of his tenants has been most arbitrary and oppressive. One instance, with regard to rent, will suffice. It was stated before the crofters' commission in Iona that in 1863 on a croft becoming vacant the factor insisted that the crofters in the township should share the pasture of the vacant croft, the arable part being added to the farm. The crofters, with two exceptions, petitioned the duke to grant them the arable portion as well. At the next term they were served with notices of removal, which were only withdrawn on the unfortunate petitioners agreeing each to pay £5 additional rent, 15s. for the pasture, and £4 4s. as a fine for objecting to the factor's arrangement. The rents of the two crofters who did not petition were increased but 15s. each.

Woe to the poor crofter who dared to cross the duke. But he is mastered at last. His power has been broken by the crofters' commission. One other instance of the duke's arbitrary conduct may be given—this time with regard to the political rights of his tenants. During the hearing of the cases on the Ross of Mull estate the Chairman of the Crofters' Commission expressed surprise at the number of applicants whose names had been kept off the rent roll, although their right to be there could not be disputed. The agent for the crofters explained, stating it as a fact within his knowledge, that this was done to deprive the crofters of the parliamentary franchise, and that year after year the ground officer attended the registration court to object to their claims. Such is the meanness of one who has lectured at large on morality, and particularly on political morality. The crofters who have appealed to the commission must now be put upon the rent roll, and will be registered as parliamentary electors. They will know how to exercise the constitutional rights so long intercepted by the Duke of Argyll, and it is not for any candidate supported by him that they are likely to vote.—*Dundee (Scotland) People's Journal.*

Won't Touch Money.

The Franciscan monks have recently opened their first Canadian monastery in Montreal. These monks live entirely by alms and are allowed to touch no money. If victuals are not supplied they go forth and beg. They preach penance and conversion, and their principal occupation is prayer, meditation and penance. Their doors are always open to the poor, and with them the monks share such as they have themselves.

Stanley's Book.

It was stated at the banquet given to Mr. Stanley by his publishers that the paper used to print the various edisions—Continental, American and English—would, laid out in sheets, make a white carpet for a footpath from Zanzibar to the Congo; and that, piled one upon another, they would reach to the height of the Eiffel Tower.

A Watch for the Blind.

A useful invention, accredited to Swiss watchmakers, is a watch for the blind. A small peg is set in the middle of each figure. When the hour hand is moving towards a given hour, the peg for that hour drops. The owner, when he wants to know the time, finds which peg is down and then counts back to twelve.

Thought She Used Both Feet.

Thump-rattlety-bang went the piano.

"What are you trying to play, Jane?" called out her father from the next room.

"It's an exercise—'First steps in music,' she answered.

"Well, is there nothing you can play with your hands?" he asked.

T——, a little boy of 9, handed in the following composition on George Washington: "George Washington was the father of his country one day he went into his father's yard and cut down a tree. What are you doing asked his father I am trying to tell a lie and cannot when he grew up he was president and was killed by a man named gotto who was jellish of him and the no 9 engine house was draped in black."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Williamson—Did Bragg say anything when Colonel Shooter threatened to kill him? Henderson—Yes, he said his prayers.

Now the swagger girl has adopted the dude silk sash, and with her blazer, shirt and four-in-hand looks too sweet for anything.

—The farmer's lot does not seem to be as productive as of yore.

THE WHIPPING POST.

A Bad Montrealler Gets His Second Dose of the Cat.

The St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary was the scene on Friday night of an unusual occurrence. A couple of weeks ago one Joseph Donnols, alias Curson, who has been wandering round the country in the guise of a priest, was sentenced, in virtue of the new Dominion law to two years in the penitentiary and to receive thirty lashes for assaulting little girls. Curson is an old offender, having received twenty lashes in the Montreal jail a couple of years ago for a similar offence. The flogging was given with the greatest precision and despatch. After the day's work was over and the other convicts had returned to their cells, the prison physician, accompanied by guards, went to Curson's cell and, after examining him, made a written report that the prisoner was in fit condition to receive the punishment. Curson maintained a stolid indifference as he was led forth to the basement where the flogging was to take place. Immediately after his arrival the guards, keepers and officers to the number of forty, marched down to the basement, where they formed three sides of a square. Within the square stood Warden Guimet and the chief keeper. The triangle to which Curson was to be tied stood in the middle. After having divested himself of his coat Curson stripped to the waist, walked with firm step to the triangle, to which he was strapped by four guards. A stuffed leather strap was then put around his neck to protect it. As a signal from Deputy Warden Mc Carthy the officer who was appointed to inflict the punishment stepped forward, and taking up the cat-o'-nine-tails waited for the word. In a minute there was a sound, and immediately afterwards the nine knotted ends lashed the white flesh. Curson never winced, but at the third blow he groaned piteously and kept it up till the end. When the end was reached half of the back from between the shoulders down was one mass of lacerated flesh. When he was unfastened from the triangle Curson walked over to the bench where his clothes lay, and his back was covered with a cloth saturated with salt and water. Curson then dressed himself, and accompanied by two guards walked firmly upstairs to his cell.

POSTMEN AND POLICE.

The Cabinet Considers the Matter—Portsmouth Police Disaffected.

A London cable says: The Cabinet Council held yesterday devoted much of its time to discussion of the postal situation, and it was decided that the action of Sir Edward Bradford and Postmaster-General Raikes. The Cabinet authorized Mr. Raikes to resort to any means he thought fit to crush a strike of the postmen, which it was agreed must be put down at all hazards. The imperative necessity of dealing summarily with any outbreak on the part of the public employees was shown, by information in the possession of the Ministry, that the postal crisis is a part of a concerted scheme encouraged by political enemies to embarrass the Government in all its departments. It is asserted by the postmen, and not denied by the authorities, that the Postmen's Union is full of official spies, who keep the Government posted on all the plans of the men, and have also obtained a large amount of information connecting many prominent politicians with the agitation. The blacklegs employed by Mr. Raikes assumed the duties of the dismissed, suspended and disaffected men with the facility of veterans, and their work has dismayed the old hands as much as it has surprised and pleased the officials.

The police of Portsmouth, not daunted by the ill-success of their London brethren in their attempts to bring about a general strike, have petitioned for an increase of pay, and accompanied the petition with a threat to strike unless their demand is complied with. They also demand a monthly holiday without loss of pay. The police authorities have not yet acted upon the petition, but it is understood that they are not disposed to consider it favorably.

Another meeting of postmen was held in Clerkenwell Green to-night, attended by 3,000 men. The speakers still talked about a general strike, and their remarks were enthusiastically applauded. There is no doubt, however, that the leaders are convinced that a strike would not be successful, and the probability of such a movement is very remote. The Secretary of the Postmen's Union stated that there had been between 300 and 400 dismissals by the Postmaster-General.

The Favorite Figure of Speech.

Probably there is nothing under the sun which is the basis of so large a number of figures of speech as water. A poor argument "won't hold water," a babbler is "a leaky vessel," a half drunken man is "half seas over," "fishing in troubled waters" is another name for getting into difficulty, "still waters run deep" is a him that your quiet and demure person has more in him than the world supposes; if a man is in a bad predicament he is in "hot water," disappointment is "a wet blanket"; when a lover "gets the mitten" "cold water is thrown on his hopes"; the strongest man's "mouth waters," the strengthless man is "weak as water"; sometimes it "rains" blessing; when an orator begins to be tedious we say he has "run dry"; news is always "afloat"; speculators are often "swamped"; many people find it impossible to "keep their heads above water," and very often, in the absence of data for conjecture, we are "all at s

THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION

THE VILLAIN OF FICTION.

A Once Familiar Character Who Has Vanished from the Modern Novel.

Amid the universal grayness that has settled mistily down upon English fiction, amid the fading drab-colored shadings and half lights which require, we are told, no fine skill in handling, the old-fashioned reader misses, now and then, the vivid coloring of his youth. He misses the slow unfolding of quite impossible plots, the thrilling incidents that were wont pleasantly to arouse his apprehension, and, most of all, two characters once deemed essential to every novel—the hero and the villain. The heroine is left us still, says a writer in the *Atlantic*, and her functions are far more complicated than in the simple days of yore, when little was required of her save to be beautiful as the stars. She faces now the most intricate problems of life; and she faces them with conscious self-importance, a dismal power of analysis, and a robust candor in discussing their equivocal aspects that would have sent her buried sister blushing to the wall. There was sometimes a lamentable lack of solid virtue in this fair dead sister, a pitiful human weakness that led to her undoing; but she never talked so glibly about sin. As for the hero, he owes his banishment to the riotous manner in which his masters handled him. Bulwer strained our endurance and our credulity to the utmost; Disraeli took a step further, and Lothair, the last of his race, perished amid the cruel laughter of mankind. But the villain! Remember what we owe to him in the past. Think how dear he has become to every rightly constituted mind. And now we are told, soberly and coldly, by the thin-blooded novelists of the day that his absence is one of the crowning triumphs of modern genius. We have all grown too discriminating to tolerate in fiction a character whom we feel does not exist in life. Man, we are reminded, is complex, subtle, unfathomable, made up of good and evil so dexterously intermingled that no one element predominates coarsely over the rest. He is to be studied warily and with misgivings, not classified with brutal ease into the virtuous and bad. It is useless to explain to these analysts that the pleasure we take in meeting a character in a book does not always depend on our having known him in the family circle or encountered him in our morning paper, though, judged even by this stringent law, the villain holds his own. Accept Balzac's rule and exclude from fiction not only all which might not really happen, but all which has not really happened in truth, and we should still have studies enough in total depravity to darken all the novels in christendom.

THE DARING ROBBERY.

A Clerk Bound and Gagged and a Jewelry Store Plundered.

A Danbury, Conn., despatch says: The most daring robbery ever committed in this town took place this evening while on the streets hundreds of people were surring. Just after 6 o'clock two men entered Larnes' jewelry store on Main street and inquired for a monogram which was ordered a few days before. The only clerk in the store at the time was Clarence Knox, 18 years of age. As he turned to get the monogram one of the men grabbed him from behind and choked him almost to insensibility; the other man forced a gag made of stone, covered with a handkerchief, into Knox's mouth, and threw him to the floor. The robbers then bound his hands and feet tightly with ropes, and proceeded to ransack the store. Knox, lying helpless on the floor, could hear them as they went through the show case and selected such goods as they could take away. They carefully picked out solid ware, leaving the plated untouched. They secured diamonds, watches and other jewelry, valued at between $9,000 and $10,000, from the safe, which was unlocked, and also $700 in money. It took but a few minutes to do the work, after which the robbers departed, making their exit through the rear windows, climbing a fence bordering on Dayley street. A cabman was standing near by. One of the men approached him with the story that they were medical students, and wanted to be driven to Mill Plain, a small town a few miles distant, in all haste, as they had to perform a surgical operation. On arriving at Mill Plain they paid the cabman and started away.

Ontario Fishery Regulations

Salmon trout and whitefish shall not be caught between the 1st and 30th of November.

Fresh-water herring shall not be caught between the 15th October and 1st December.

Speckled trout, brook trout, river trout, shall not be caught between the 15th September and the 1st May.

Bass and Maskinonge shall not be caught between 15th April and 15th June.

Pickerel shall not be caught between April 15th and May 15th.

No one shall buy, sell or possess any of the above named fish which have been caught or killed during the closed seasons nor shall they have in their possession fish which have been caught by unlawful means at any time.

It is not lawful to catch or kill any of the above named fish by means of spears, grapple hooks, negogs or nishigans at any time.

No one shall fish for, catch, kill, buy, sell or possess the young of any fish above named.

Fishing by means of nets or other apparatus is prohibited.

Fines—Every offender against the above provisions is liable for each offence to incur a fine of not more than $20, besides all costs, or in default of payment to be imprisoned, and the fine may be collected by distress; one half of the fines goes to the prosecutor, all materials, implements and appliances used and all fish had in contravention of Fisheries Act may be seized and confiscated on view by any personbydelivery to any magistrate.

Kicked Again.

It is just as well that the Carnival held in Toronto last week turned out a farce—an expensive farce certainly but all the same a farce. Had the thing succeeded the authorities might have been tempted to repeat the performance. As matters stand we think every rational citizen, except perhaps the hotel keepers and a few others who made money out of the affair, is quite willing to go out of the carnival business. Supposing it had succeeded of what use would the display have been to any human being except the few who were interested in it financially. To speak of such somfoolery as advertising the city is pure nonsense. There were not twenty people in Toronto last week who do not know as much about the city as they care to know. Perhaps some of them now know a good deal more about the Ontario Capital than they wanted to know. Supposing Toronto had shown to the world that the city can get up a carnival what good would that have done Toronto? The thing shown is that the city can't get up a carnival. Perhaps that is about as creditable a thing to show as that it can. What is a carnival anyway?—*Canada Presbyterian.*

Guarding Newfoundland's Shores.

A St. John's, Newfoundland, despatch says: Sir Baldwin Walker, captain of the British warship Emerald, speaking in reference to the closing of Baird's lobster factories, said to a reporter: "I have my instructions to carry out on the French shore, and have no alternative but to do so when glaring breaches of the law are pointed out to me by the French commander. To all intents I ignore the existence of all past treaties on the French shore question this year. I am carrying out the *modus vivendi*, and shall do my duty regardless of consequences." Regarding the changes for a final settlement of the French shore questions Sir Baldwin said: "The whole story has been exaggerated. The less said on the French shore matter pending negotiations the better for Newfoundlanders, and the more likely to restore to them the sole control of their own coast."

Marks of Civilization

Telegraph poles are getting to be so close together in cities that there is no longer much excuse for a drunken man falling down.

—I can tell you one thing, boys in this land are able to do something that you cannot, that is, make kites that sing and fly with their tails upward. The latter fact is a standing puzzle to me. I can understand the noise for they tie pieces of wire or something of the kind crosswise on the kite making it often several feet long. This makes a sound similar to that of the telegraph wires in winter, but a great deal louder, but why their tails fly upward, I cannot see, can you?—*From a letter by Maude Fairbank, of the China Island Mission, to the Guelph boys.*

THE QUEEN'S GREETING

To the Duke and Duchess of Connaught on Their Arrival Home.

The London *Times* of June 23rd, thus describes the meeting between the Queen and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught: "The Queen, directly the approach of the train had been signalled, walked out upon the certpeted platform and awaited the coming of the Duke and Duchess, whose saloon paused a few minutes later opposite the waiting-room. Advancing towards the Duke and Duchess immediately after they had alighted, the Queen kissed them. The same affectionate welcome was accorded by the other members of the Royal Family, while the children, from whom the Duke and Duchess have been separated for a short time, displayed a very natural eagerness to receive the caresses of their parents. The Duke of Connaught looked bronzed, but otherwise unchanged in appearance; and the Duchess, who wore a grey felt hat, brown grey jacket, and light gray costume, had apparently benefited by the change of scene and climate which she has experienced during her absence from England. The Queen entered her carriage with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their children, and drove through the Datchet-road and up Thames street to the Castle, the spectators along the route loyally saluting the Royal party as they passed. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Louise followed to the Castle. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught lunched with the Queen, and are expected to remain with Her Majesty for the present. The Prince and Princess of Wales drove to the Cavalry Barracks and took luncheon with Colonel the Hon. Oliver Montagu, of the Royal Horse Guards. Upon quitting the barracks, they drove to Windsor Castle before returning to Sunningdale.

PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES;

To Pay a Visit to Canada and the States This Fall.

A London cable says: A representative of the house of Guelph will visit Canada very soon. It is Prince George, second son of the Prince of Wales, the present commander of the Thrush, and altogether a very lively young fellow. It is his intention to sail for Canada some time this month, and, after visiting Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto, to continue his journey through the Eastern States and perhaps see a bit of the far West before returning home. If he follows his present programme he will be seen at several fashionable watering places during the season, and he may be counted upon to make the hearts of the young maidens go pit-a-pat, for he is a superb tennis player, a good man at the oar and as the Marlborough House set say, "a divine waltzer." He is acquainted with many Americans, whom he has met in London, and while not "fast" in the larger sense of that word, he is a very lively young man, who finds a great deal of amusement in hunting the elephant in the big cities and in the most exclusive country resorts. It will interest the young men of America to know that he is the proud owner of almost as many suits of clothing as his distinguished father. He affects loud jewellery, is fond of neckwear rich and radiant, and, in a word, is what would be termed "horsey" in your country. He looks very well in his uniform, and the London shop windows are filled with his photographs, taken in all conceivable attitudes. He is bound to create a stir.

THE CONGO FREE STATE.

Belgium Makes Ample Financial Provision for It.

A Brussels cable says: Premier Beernaert introduced the Congo State bill in the Chamber of Representatives to-day. Belgium will aid the Congo State 25,000,000f., of which 5,000,000f. will be advanced immediately, and 2,000,000f. will be advanced annually for ten years. The loan to be free from interest. Six months from the expiration of the ten years, Belgium can annex the Congo State and all its properties and rights in conformity with the Acts signed in Berlin Feb. 26th, 1885, and in Brussels on July 1st, 1890, Belgium assuming all responsibility toward other parties, and King Leopold renouncing his claims for indemnity for sacrifices made by him. If, on the expiration of the term, Belgium does not desire to annex the Congo State, the loan will bear interest at 3½ per cent., and repayment can be demanded on the expiration of a further ten years. The bill was referred to a committee. King Leopold's to-proshal of his entire rights in the Congo State to Belgium, dated August 11th, 1889, was read and was greeted with great applause.

CATASTROPHE AT A LAUNCH.

Fifty-Five Bodies Recovered and Many People Maimed.

A San Francisco despatch says: At Osaka, Japan, 55 people were drowned June 15th, during the launching of a new sailing vessel. The launching excited considerable interest, and about 250 people crowded on board the boat. The owner, Mr. King, however, became apprehensive and ordered 100 of them ashore. When the launch began it was ebb tide, and, as the ropes used in securing her were too short, the vessel keeled. The people on board immediately rushed to the other side, which had the effect of turning the vessel completely over, and those on board were thrown into the water. A terrible scene followed. Those on shore gave every assistance possible, but their efforts were generally unavailing. Fifty-five bodies were recovered. About twenty persons were more or less injured.

CHEAPER SACQUES.

Competition in Sealing Likely to Bring Down the Prices.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* states that the Alaska Commercial Company, which, until recently, had the exclusive right to capture seals in American waters of Behring Sea, has now secured a contract with the Russian Government granting them the exclusive right to capture seals on the Siberian coast. The number of seal to be taken yearly is not known, but is believed to be very large. The steamer Karluk, owned by the company, has recently sailed for Petroffsky to capture seals there. The competition of the Alaskan Commercial Company will be very severe for the North American Commercial Company, which was recently awarded by the United States the sealing privilege in Behring Sea, and it is believed the effect will be to greatly reduce the price of seal skins.

A Pretty Theory Spoiled.

Some workmen in Canada the other day exhumed a lot of big bones, which the savants declared to be the bones of an extinct mastodon. But an old settler knocked their theory endwise by declaring that they were the bones of a worn-out circus elephant that had died a few years before. All of which suggests Bret Harte's poem, "Truthful James":

Till Brown, of Calaveras, brought a lot of fossil bones
That he found within a tunnel near the tenement of Jones.
Then Brown he read a paper, and he reconstructed there,
From those same bones, an animal that was extremely rare;
And Jones then asked the chair for a suspension of the rules,
Till he could prove that those same bones was one of his lost mules.
Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile and said he was at fault
It seems he had been trespassing on Jones' family vault.

New York Tribune.

Value of a Passenger Train.

But few persons who view a passenger train as it goes thundering past have any idea that it represents a cash value of from $75,000 to $120,000, but such is the case. The ordinary express train represents from $85,000 to $90,000. The engine and tender are valued at $10,500; the baggage car, $1,000; the postal car, $2,000; the smoking car, $5,000; two ordinary passenger cars, $10,000 each; three palace cars, $15,000 each.

Mrs. Thrifty—Young Mr. Moneymaker has been paying some attention to Ella. I do wish he would marry her. Mr. Thrifty—That would be a good catch. I'll kick him out of the house two or three times and tell him to keep away from here. That will surely accomplish the object, and without the expense of a long courtship, too.

—He who invests one dollar in business should invest one dollar in advertising that business.—*A. T. Stewart.*

A man at Brownfield, Me., who has been married sixteen years and has moved thirty-five times during that period, thinks he has beaten the record as a rolling stone.

—During a marriage ceremony in a Christianburg, Va., church recently a goat walked up the main aisle and charged upon the bridegroom. The bride was forced to flee into the pulpit for safety.

THEY WERE AFTER BARGAINS.

Three Women in Counsel Over the Merits of a Bath Towel.

One is bad enough; two are worse, but three women in counsel over the merits of a bath towel are enough to make a poor, worn-out clerk wish he might depart from earth by the electricity method, says the St. Louis *Chronicle.*

"It seems like quite a good one for the money, doesn't it," says the intending purchaser.

"Well, I don't know," says the other, holding the towel up at full length and eyeing it critically. "I got one quite as good for 37½ cents at White's.

"You did?"

"Yes, but it was eight or nine weeks ago, and I don't s'pose they've any more like it."

"I may be mistaken, but I've an idea it would shrink," says number three, taking the towel from number two and wrapping a corner of it over her finger. "See, it's a little thin."

"Well, I wouldn't mind if it did shrink a little, because—oh, look at this one! Isn't it lovely?"

"Beautiful! How much is it?"

"A dollar and a half."

"Mercy! I'd never pay that for a bath towel."

"Nor I."

"These colors would fade."

"Of course they would."

"Do you know I like good plain crash as well as anything for towels."

"I don't know, but—see these towels for 15 cents. I paid 25 cents for some last week not a bit better."

"Let's see; they are full length? Yes. They are cheap. I've a notion to—but I guess I won't. I have so many towels now."

"They're a bargain if one only really needed them."

"How do you like towels used as tidies?"

"Horrid."

"I think so, too."

"So do I—oh, let me tell you, I saw a woman on the street one day with an apron made out of a red and white fringed towel."

"Mercy! Looked like fury, didn't it? How was it made?"

"Oh, one end was simply gathered to a band, and—there, the towel was just like this one—and she'd taken it so and gathered it in so, and—really it didn't look so bad, after all."

"Do you suppose the colors would run in this border?"

"Well, I hardly know. I had one very much like it once, and the colors in it ran dreadfully the very first time I washed it."

"Then I'll not take this, for I—why, if it isn't 4 o'clock, and"——

"I must go."

"So must I."

"And I—no, I'll not take the towel today."

A MONTENEGRIN TRAGEDY.

An Officer Mortally Wounded Shoots His Assassin Dead.

A Cettinje despatch says: In the month of October last, during the burial service of a minister, an inhabitant of the village of Dolnjikraj, on account of his conduct, was imprisoned by order of his superior officer, who was a relative of Colonel Bosko Martinovics. Savo Pocek, a townsman of the culprit, who happened to be present, protested energetically against the arrest. A slight quarrel ensued, during which he received a blow from the butt end of one of the soldiers' rifles. Savo Pocek swore to be avenged. Last Monday at 6 o'clock in the morning, as Colonel Bosko was passing along the principal street of Cettinje, Savo, thirsting to avenge himself on the whole Martinovics family by killing that member of the house who, with reason, was considered its bravest and most worthy representative, in a cowardly manner shot at Colonel Bosko from behind with a revolver. The bullet passed clean through the colonel's body. Though mortally wounded, the officer struggled painfully to his knees. With one hand holding his head the better to take aim, with the other he seized his revolver, which had as he fell dropped from his belt, and fired at Savo, hitting him in the forehead and abdomen, and stretching him dead at fifteen paces from where the colonel knelt. None of the persons who had been attracted by the firing were wounded. Colonel Bosko Martinovics was attended by the Prince's physician and the doctors of the town, who found that he had a dreadful lesion in his liver and intestines. He died two hours later. The funeral of the colonel took place on Tuesday amid a great concourse of mourning Montenegrins.

FRACAS AT A WEDDING.

An Interloper Marries the Bride and is Soundly Thrashed Afterward.

A decidedly sensational wedding occurred at Odessa the other day. Marc Pogorezky led his blushing bride to the altar. While the Russian priest, or pope, as he is called, was preparing to perform the ceremony, Marc went out to get a drink, saying that he would return in a few moments. In his absence, however, a handsome young stranger approached the bride and offered himself as a substitute. She immediately accepted him, and the pope, who was half drunk, never noticed the change. The ceremony was performed. Just then Marc reappeared, refreshed and ready for matrimony. But when he found out what had happened he proceeded at once to make things lively. He thrashed the brikegroom, slapped the bride, knocked down the father-in-law, punched the pope, and kicked the mother-in-law. He was arrested, but as the case involves a question of ecclesiastical law, it was referred to the Czar, the head of the Church.

Grandmother vs. Mother-in-Law.

There are quarrelsome mothers-in-law and meddlesome mothers-in-law, but most of them are devoted, self-sacrificing women, whose coming is a joy to the homes of the sons and daughters-in-law. It is a curious thing, by-the-way, how different is the place in popular estimation of the grandmother and the mother-in-law. The grandmother is a gentle, soft-hearted, motherly old lady, the embodiment of every virtue, the idol of the children and the joy of the home. The mother-in-law is a fierce, meddlesome, aggressive individual, a mischief maker, a scold and a deceiver. Yet as a matter of fact the grandmother and the mother-in-law are generally the same person, only by the time she wins the name of grandmother her children have learned to appreciate her. Treat your mother-in-law, young husbands and wives, as you would wish your own mother to be treated, and you need not fear that her coming will bring anything but peace and gladness to your home. Don't begin by regarding her as an interloper and an enemy.—*Brooklyn Times*

Queen Victoria's First Trouble.

One of the earliest troubles—perhaps the first crumpled rosebud in the she queen's royal couch—was the proposed dismissal of her bed chamber ladies on the fall of the Melbourne ministry. Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington tried to persuade Her Majesty that her ladies were on the same level as her lords, but the Queen would have none of it, and wrote the famous letter to Lord Melbourne, in which she said: "They wanted to deprive me of my ladies, and I suppose they would deprive me next of my dressers and housemaids; they wished to treat me like a girl, but I will show them I am Queen of England." The Elizabethan ring about these words has echoed down the years until to day, and Her Majesty has never failed to remember, and to make others remember, that above and before all else she is "Queen of England."—*Lady's Pictorial.*

A Missionary Murdered.

A Rockford, Ind., despatch says: Letters received here from Persia give details of the murder of Mrs. John L. Wright, an American Presbyterian missionary, at Salmas, Western Persia, in April. A native school teacher, half American and half Syrian, killed her with a dagger in her own home in revenge for her discharge from her employer. Mrs. Wright was a historian, and was beautiful, well educated and accomplished. Her father was a teacher of Ancient Syriac in American colleges. She was married to Mr. Wright four years ago. They were in this country last year. Wright was a native of Ohio. The murderess is in custody.

The dude doesn't say "Good day." He says "Run along, Chawlie."

—We are all content to be called sinners so long as the parson does not descend to particulars.—*Terre Haute Express.*

—It appears that Albani's mother was a Scotchwoman, and the prima donna is therefore very fond of Scotland, where she is now taking a holiday. It was generally understood in Montreal, the *Herald* says, that she was entirely French-Canadian.

FROM REAL LIFE.

A Woman's Story That Would Rejoice Hymen-hating Tolstoi.

ONLY A BLIGHTED LIFE.

Just a faded little old woman on the shady side of 50, living with a little 10-year-old girl in a single upstairs room in a Hamilton tenement, and eking out a precarious subsistence by selling odds and ends of smallwares, which she carries in a pack or hauls in a child's waggon. Her husband is doing time in the city jail, and circumstances, never too encouraging, have by reason of his profligacy and her misfortunes, forced her to give up the little house she was wont to call their home and seek lodgement at a rental that she could meet. Maybe you have seen her?

Oh, no! there's nothing peculiar about her story. Unfortunately it is one of a class too common in real life. A young girl's error in marrying a sloth, a drunkard and a brute; a wife's love that survives long years of poverty, wretchedness, gaunt starvation and cruel blows, and would even in blighted old age shield from the consequences of his crimes against herself the lover of her fondly remembered youth. Tell me, ye unco guid, what chance either as to heredity or training have the children of such ill-assorted unions!

Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail
Right on ye scud your sea-way;
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
It makes an unco lee-way.

But the story. To a lady who has shown her repeated acts of kindness she thus related is: My father was a packman in the city of Cork, Ireland, and ever since I left school, when I was 16 years of age, at which time my father died, I have carried a pack. My mother also carried a pack. We had our regular routes; people were kind and wealthy patrons favored us so that we made a good living and were very comfortable. Ah, it was a bad day for me when I married a pensioner! Of course I only saw happiness ahead, but how differently it resulted! Instead of him being a bread-winner for me I found I had taken another to support, and sick or well, as long as I was able to trudge, I have had to tramp with my pack and earn a living for myself and him too. Even when my children were born I had but brief exemption from the work. His pension of £20 was but a means of furnishing him with drink, and when he was drunk I lived in constant terror. Amused me? He beat me before we were married a month; he has almost been the death of me at critical periods of my life, and in twenty-three years I have become so accustomed to curses and blows that they do not hurt me as they once did.

Well, my husband had been in America and would come again. I did not resist; I thought from what I heard that we could make a good living (and we could if he would work) and that my three girls would have a better chance. My husband sold his pension good-will for £80, and we came to Hamilton about eighteen months ago. We did not find it what I expected. My business is not what it was when I was born and raised; but if we had the little money for the pension and my husband would work and save his earnings we might be happy. It cost us quite a bit to get here, and when we came to the country we had $200 in cash. My husband took $25 out of that, and for a while played the lord among fellow passengers. He gave me $10, but afterwards got it away again, and—well, I and the girls had a hard time of it. When we reached Hamilton he gave me $70 to furnish our house, out of which I saved $20, but that, too, disappeared from my purse. The last $100 he also drew from the bank and got drunk and was arrested and fined. I had no money, but I knew he had $85 of this sum somewhere, so I went and told him to tell me where it was that I might get enough to pay his fine and save him from going to jail. He refused. Soon after he came to the house with a policeman, and while he went into the bedroom she policeman kept me out. I knew my husband took the money away; I knew if he got drunk I would never get a cent of it for the family, and I followed him to a grocery store and found him there with the policeman. I reproached him with his conduct and asked him for money. I suppose the policeman thought he did right, but I never was so humiliated before or since; he grabbed me and shoved me out doors. Only 15 cents of that money ever came into the house. My husband insisted I had it, but not a penny of it did I handle. Where did it go? Who knows? And so it has gone on. Then my oldest girl married a man who turned out a bigamist, fled, and as if to make it all the harder she sticks to him and has left the country to follow him. When he is tired of her what will become of the poor girl! I thought a while ago that my husband was going to supplement my scanty earnings, but the second week he worked he was paid at a hotel. He came home with a few cents in small change. Rent was behind, fuel and food were scarce; my daughter who worked out gave all she could to help us, but times were hard enough with it all, and whenever it took it in his head we had to send for liquor for him to avoid being beaten. At last he came home drunk, and because he did not get supper as soon as he wanted it, he threw a butcher's knife at me. Yes, an ugly cut. The doctor said if it had been a little further back on the neck it would have killed me. Well, my girl said that was the last straw, and if I did not prefer a charge she would stand by me no longer. He got sixty days. I was laid up and got further behind with my rent, and had to give up the little house and get a room. I am tired of the struggle and will try to support myself and the little girl and let him care for himself.

Only an every day tale, of course; but it is a home one, and in real life. Perhaps thousands of women in comfortable circumstances in this fair city will treat it lightly. But, mothers, your daughters are not all comfortably married. What if one of your girls made such a match? What if your son-in-law led his wife such a life? Oh, yes; heroism is cheap when the hero or heroine is somebody else and is poor and modest. And you, fathers and brothers, don't you think the laws give such a man too much control over the woman who has made the mistake of marrying him? Isn't it paying too dear for an error of judgment? Isn't it unfortunate that children must be reared in such a household?

But this is aside from the story. It has been briefly told; the details imagination will scarcely paint too vividly. When she victim comes along treat her kindly. You don't know her? Well, it matters not; any poor old woman striving to earn an honest living and not be a burden on the public deserves kind treatment, so that your Samaritanism will not be wasted.

MASQUETTE.

STANLEY—TENNANT.

Celebration of the Explorer's Nuptials in Westminster Abbey.

A CEREMONIAL OF DAZZLING SPLENDOR.

A London cable says: The marriage of Mr. Henry M. Stanley and Miss Dorothy Tennant took place in Westminster Abbey Saturday afternoon. The ceremony was performed by the Very Rev. George Granville Bradley, D.D., Dean of Westminster; the Very Rev. Frederick William Farrar, D.D., F.R.S., Archdeacon of Westminster, and the Right Rev. William Boyd Carpenter, D.D., Lord Bishop of Ripon. A large crowd gathered about the abbey and loudly cheered Mr. Stanley and Miss Tennant and the wedding guests on their arrival. Mr. Stanley entered the abbey at 1.50 o'clock. He walked with a firm step up the transept, showing no signs of his illness, and took a seat near the altar. He wore a frock coat, with a white flower in the buttonhole, and white kid gloves. Five minutes later Miss Tennant, accompanied by her brother, Mr. Charles Coombe Tennant, entered the abbey and walked with stately grace along the aisle. Her train was born by two of her nephews dressed as pages. Their costumes were of the time of Charles I., and consisted of white satin cavalier suits, with large white hats, ornamented with ostrich plumes.

THE BRIDEMAIDS

were Miss Sylvia Myers, the bride's niece, and Miss Finlay, both of whom are very pretty. Their dresses were white satin sacks and overskirts of crepe lisse, and they wore wreaths of jessamine and carried bouquets of white roses. The bride's costume was a petticoat and long court train of white duchess satin and corded silk, and a bodice of white satin trimmed with lace. The front of the skirt and the corsage were embroidered with white silk and pearls, and the edge of the petticoat and train was trimmed with garlands of orange blossoms. The bodice was set off with a high Medici collar embroidered with pearls. A tulle veil was fastened in her hair with diamond stars, and this was surmounted by a wreath of orange blossoms. Her shoes were of silver leather with diamond buckles. Around her neck was a superb diamond necklace, the gift of Sir William W. Mackinnon, chief of the English East African Company, from which depended the diamond-set miniature of the Queen, presented by Her Majesty as a wedding gift. Miss Tennant also wore a diamond aigrette and diamond brooch, the gifts of Mr. Stanley. Her bouquet was made up of white cape jessamine, gardenias and tuberoses, and in its centre was a pancratium lily. While moving towards the altar the bride stopped, broke the line of procession and walked slowly to the tablet under which lies the

DUST OF LIVINGSTONE

and placed thereon a wreath of white flowers, in the centre of which was a scarlet letter "L." Then resuming her place, she walked to the altar with head erect and flushed cheeks. Mr. Stanley rose to receive her and both took their places at the altar. The service was begun by Canon Farrar and was taken up by the Bishop of Ripon on the plighting of the troth. Then followed a full choral service, after which Dr. Butler made an address of congratulation, and the ceremony was concluded by the rendering of the marriage hymn. Mr. Stanley's voice was almost inaudable as he repeated the service, but Miss Tennant's was clear and steady, and only faltered as she repeated the words, "In sickness and in health." After the service the party proceeded to the residence of the bride's mother in Richmond terrace, where a reception was held in two large marquees, which were crowded. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Sir Garnet Wolseley and Lady Wolseley, Sir Lyon Playfair and Lady Playfair, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Sir William Vernon Harcourt, Mr. John Morley, Sir John Millais, and a host of other well-known persons were present.

LIVINGSTONE'S FAVORITE DAUGHTER.

Mrs. Tennant came early. She carried an immense bouquet. She sat in one of the seats next to the entrance to the chancel. In the next seat was Baroness Burdett-Coutts and Sir Wm. Mackinnon. Mr. Burdett-Coutts was satisfied to walk back and chat with his friends. With Mrs. Tennant were Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Bruce, of Edinburgh. Mrs. Bruce was the favorite daughter of Dr. Livingstone. Within a few seats of them sat the widow of Dr. Livingstone's son, who died only recently. Near their mother sat Mrs. Tennant's two daughters and Mr. and Mrs. M. French Sheldon, and not far from them sat Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone.

WEDDING PRESENTS.

At 4 o'clock, when Stanley first saw the wedding presents, he walked about the rooms slowly, leaning heavily on his cane, yet tired and weak as he evidently was he could not avoid showing strong interest in the magnificent mementos that had been lavished upon him and his bride. How much space all the presents received by Mr. and Mrs. Stanley would occupy it would be difficult to say, but some of them filled two rooms of Mrs. Tennant's residence. As wonderful an array as these made, and as marvellous as it may seem, nearly all, if not all of them, were useful as well as ornamental and there presents received by that it seemed as if everybody must have known the choice of everybody else. These presents came from almost every quarter of the globe. America, Mr. Stanley's old home, and Africa, his latest acquisition, were, of course largely represented. From Africa one present indicated the discoveries of great explorers in the Dark Continent, and it also indicated Mr. Stanley's latest and most fortunate discovery. A No. 2 Richmond terrace, the home of his bride, the temporary tables which had been erected groaned beneath the weight of every imaginable article that cunning artificers can contrive. There wer, gold, silver, diamonds, rubies, sapphiree fragile vases, rich stuffs, precious glass articles for the toilet, articles for the dinner table, traveling bags, cigar cabinets, library of books, fans by the dozens, spoons, forks, decanters, scent bottles, whips, pictures, china, statuary, Bibles, note books, bearskin rugs, umbrellas, inkstands, pen wipers, towels. The ordinary mind staggers under this extraordinary display. The oddest present is a bottle of water from Lake Nyanza, carefully packed up in a tin case. The most valuable is the miniature of the Queen, which is set in diamonds. The Prince of Wales sent an inkstand, and the Duke of Fife a diamond cross.

After the ceremony in the abbey had been concluded, a platform which had been erected for the convenience of guests collapsed, and several persons who were sitting or standing upon it were bruised more or less severely.

The Town of Denbigh, Wales, the birthplace of Mr. Stanley, was gaily decorated with flags in honor of the explorer, and at the hour set for his marriage all the church bells rang out merrily. The mayor sent a congratulatory message to Mr. Stanley on behalf of the citizens.

RIOTOUS STRIKERS

Attack Workers and Beat a Contractor—One Man Shot.

A West Superior, Wis., despatch of Wednesday says: It was expected the strike among the street laborers here would be ended here to-day by the men accepting the old wages of $1.75 a day. But 200 of the strikers this morning proceeded to the work or 12th street, where 40 men were employed. The strikers rushed upon them and a fight ensued. Contractor Sutton cut one man on the arm with a shovel. The strikers then chased Sutton to his house, three blocks away, beating him with clubs. Later in the day the mob arrived at the American steel barge works, where they were kept at a distance with revolvers. After dinner another attempt was made to force the works. Contractor Anderson shot one man in the head, the bullet glancing and hitting John Fosen in the arm. The strikers then charged, but Anderson held his ground. When Mayor Patterson and a force of special police arrived the strikers were wild for Anderson's life. They were eventually pacified and Anderson was arrested. To-night 50 well-known citizens have been sworn in as special policemen.

Was Glad She Told Him.

"William, said Mrs Bixby from the head of the stairs to her husband, who had come home at an early hour in the morning "there is some angel cake in the pantry, a new kind that I made to day. I put it where you can easily get at it."

"All right, dear," responded Mr. Bixby. "How considerate of you. I might have eaten some of it without thinking." And the grateful husband made a lunch on cold corned beef.—*Boston Herald.*

THE SUNDAY NEWSPAPER.

Denounced by a Former Galt Clergyman as an Enemy to the Church.

The San Francisco *Examiner* thus reports a recent sermon or address of Dr. J. K. Smith, formerly pastor of Knox Church, Galt, the largest congregation in Canada:

"Many empty pews and a very small congregation greeted the Rev. J. K. Smith, when he slowly climbed the steps into his pulpit yesterday morning in St. John's Presbyterian Church. For some time past the size of the congregations in the various churches has been gradually diminishing, and in looking about for the cause the reverend gentleman decided that it was, in his opinion, largely due to the presence of the Sunday newspapers in the homes of those directly under his pastorate. The small number of people in attendance was evidently a sore spot to the pastor, for he became very vehement in his denunciation of the practice of remaining away from church and the habit of reading the newspapers on Sunday. The subject of the sermon was an exhortation to those who were present to do more to aid in the work of Christianity, and especially to lend their assistance in filling up the church on a Sabbath morning. He began to surprise his hearers by declaring that he might be able to fill the church all by himself if he would condescend to preach sensational sermons or deal in the various topics of the day, but this was a species of progress with which he did not sympathize and emphatically declined to adopt, branding it as un-Christian-like.

"One of the principal reasons people do not come to church," said he, "is that every Sunday morning the carrier delivers a monster Sunday newspaper to each family, and you sit down to read it and you find it more interesting than the church. The Sunday newspaper is too large—in fact, a Sunday newspaper should not be printed at all, and those printed should be suppressed

"God's day should not be desecrated by reading the newspapers. I do not believe in them and I will do all I can to suppress them. I would never let an advertisement of mine go in a Sunday paper, and you should not. To place the great Sunday newspaper in the hands of the people on the day when all should worship is directly against the cause of Christianity."

The worshippers straightened up and listened with unaccustomed interest to the pastor who would not preach in a sensational way. Raising his voice, the speaker made an appeal to those present to assist him. He said:

"You should all of you refuse to read these newspapers. You should all of you refuse to have those newspapers delivered at your homes. A determined effort should be made to try and put them down so the pews of the churches may no longer remain empty and one of the greatest enemies of Christian application be removed from your homes and your lives, for the competition between the church and the Sunday newspaper is growing dangerous."

Having thus denounced in a loud tone of voice the alleged enemy of a full church Mr. Smith turned his attention to what he called the enemy of the prayer-meeting—the theatre. On this head he dropped his emphasis and took up sarcasm. He was strongly enough, while he did not denounce the theatre, he intimated that church members who went to the theatre on prayer-meeting nights might be in better business

The sermon created quite a flutter among the listeners, and after the sermon was over comments were freely exchanged as to the boycott which the preacher declared is to be a Christian duty to start against the Sunday newspaper."

FORT WORTH'S WICKED MAYOR.

How his Divorce and Marriage to a Telephone Girl has Made a Stir.

A Fort Worth, Texas, despatch says: A citizens' meeting, called to take action on Mayor Pendleton's marriage to an attractive telephone girl, was largely attended last night by a number of indignant citizens. The resolutions adopted state that: Whereas Mayor Pendleton lived with his wife for nearly a year after he had obtained, as it would seem to us, a secret divorce from her, of which she knew nothing; and whereas he married another while professing his loyalty to her, he is resolved, that he, by such act, brought the name of our fair city into contumely and disrepute, proved neglectful to his friends and unworthy of the trust imposed in him; that he has broken the most sacred vows, and helped to bring disgrace upon his family and friends.

Be it further resolved, that this city condemn and hold as unlawful and disgraceful such action, and that he be requested to tender his resignation.

(Signed) Frank W. Maples, W. P. Wilson, J. N. Holland, J. B. Davis, S. R. Levy, Oscar Lynch, Thomas P. Martin, H. W. Williams and C. W. Crane, Committee.

It was further resolved at this meeting that Mayor Pendleton be communicated with by telegraph and asked whether the divorce from his wife was secretly obtained, and whether his wife was in ignorance of it; and it was determined that in case he answered in the affirmative or refused to answer, that steps be taken to bring about his resignation from the Mayoralty. At a late hour last evening a telegram was received from Mrs. Pendleton stating that she knew nothing of her husband's divorce at the time it occurred.

Largest Leather Belt in the World.

The Leather Trades Circular and Review of London, by publishing a paragraph from the *Sun* describing, as supposed, the largest leather belt in the world—160 feet long and 72 inches wide—now being made by Charles Schieren & Co., of New York, of two thicknesses of hide and to contain the hides of 175 animals, induces Sampson & Co., of Stroud, England, to write to the *Sun* that in December, 1881, they supplied a leather belt 75 inches wide and 158½ feet long, of double thickness, without cross joints, cut out of 200 selected hides. The work was done by hand and the belt is now transmitting 600 horse-power.—*New York Sun.*

Freight and Passenger Trains Collide.

A Birmingham, Ala, despatch says: A collision between a freight and passenger train on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad occurred this morning, 40 miles south of here, in which it is reported five persons were killed and one injured fatally. None of the passengers were killed or seriously injured. The passenger train had orders to take the siding at Clear Cut station for the extra freight, but the order was not obeyed, and a mile beyond the station the trains came together in a deep cut. Both engines were smashed to pieces.

"Ah!" exclaimed Fangle, "I begin to smell a rat!" "Where?" screamed his wife, jumping on a chair.

"I acknowledge the corn," said the hen, "but it sticks in my crop."

When its too hot for a fanfaronade, take a fan for an aid to keep cool.

"How did you enjoy your vacation?" "Oh, I had a great time. Couldn't go to work when I got back, I was so broke up."

The Queen has withdrawn her prohibition of Sunday music at Windsor Castle, where the strains of the band have not been heard, on that day, for more than twenty-nine years. Princess Beatrice has been importuning for this boon for years.

The best shot of her sex must be the Countess Maria von Hensky, of Bohemia, who in one day last winter, on her estate

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Black " "	20 per	cent. off.
Black Silk	20 per	cent. off.
Colored Silk	20 per	cent. off.
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Cottonades	5 per	cent. off.
Prints and Sateens ...	5 per	cent. off.

We have more Dry Goods now than we will have next week, a better range to choose from, and the prices can't be lower, so please see before buying elsewhere.

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J. E. KENNEDY, Manager. **BROCKVILLE**

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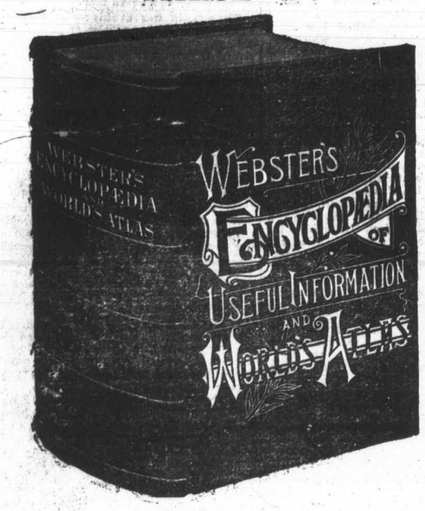

IT affords us much pleasure to announce to the people that we are about to give them a great benefit. We have always been known as one of the most enterprising firms in this section, and we have sold the best goods in nearly every case lower than others. We believe it is right to do the best we can by our patrons, thereby securing not only the largest amount of trade but also the greatest number of friends.

We want everybody to see that we are not trying to see how *few* goods we can give you for a dollar, but how *many*.

Please call and receive card, and as purchases are made at our store the card will be punched, and when goods to the amount called for by the card have been bought we will give you a magnificent book entitled, *Webster's Encyclopædia of Useful Information and World's Atlas*, or your choice of three pieces of Silverware. You are not required to trade the whole amount at once, but can take six months, one year or two years.

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In order to ge the right to distribute this valuable book, we were obliged to order enough to supply one to every family for miles around. Visit us at once, examine our stock and prices, and be convinced that you can do better with us than anywhere else.

PHIL. WILTSE & CO., ATHENS

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SUCCESSORS TO A. JAMES

Are selling all kinds of

GROCERIES,

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At lowest prices,

All kinds of Farm Produce

taken in exchange,

W. J. Earl & Son

T. G. Stevens & Bro.

Have just received a very fancy lot of Rattan and Red Chairs of the latest style, and various other fancy articles too numerous to mention. We also keep a full line of Parlor Suits, Stuffed Chairs, Model Rockers and Fancy Tables. Something new in Bedroom Suits and Baby Carriages,

All of which will be sold at moderate prices.

DON'T FORGET that we keep everythiny complete in the

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We want to say a word or two about how cheap we can sell goods.

We have a splendid line of

BABY CARRIAGES

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The weather has been so unfavorable for the quick sale of these goods that we have concluded to *slaughter* them, although our regular price was considerably lower than you could purchase the same goods elsewhere. But we need the room, so here they go—

Our $ 7.50 Carriage @	$ 6.50
Our $10.00 Carrirge @	$ 8.50
Our $11.50 Carriage @	$10.00
Our $12.50 Carriage @	$11.00

☞ Be sure and see these carriages, before purchasing elsewhere.

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D. W. DOWNEY

The One Price Bargain Shoe House

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We are ready with our new spring stock of Boots, Shoes, Slippers, Trunks and Valises. We have long enjoyed the reputation of being the leading house in those lines and we intend to keep it.

Ladies' fine French Kid Button Boots, over-lapped quarters	$2 00
" " Dongola " " " " "	2 00
" India " " " " "	1 00
" " " Lace Shoes, nicely finished	75
" Polished Calf " " " "	1 00

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One Price Bargain Shoe House, 184 King Street, Brockville

THE REPORTER'S CIRCULATION

The number of Reporters Circulated last week was 816.

THE REPORTER

ATHENS, ONT. JULY 22, 1890.

LOCAL SUMMARY.

ATHENS AND NEIGHBORING LOCALITIES BRIEFLY WRITTEN UP.

Events as Seen by Our Knight of the Pencil. Local Announcements Boiled Right Down.

Mr. A. R. Brown and wife visited friends in Fairfield last week.

Screen doors and windows at G. W. Beach's, Athens.

Mr. and Mrs. A. James spent a few days last week at the T. I. Park.

Miss Nellie Butterworth, of Ottawa, is in town, the guest of Miss Ella Merrick.

The Athens telephone system has been extended to the office of Dr. S. S. Cornell.

New stock of Silk Gloves, Ladies, Misses and Childrens Cashmere Hose at G. W. Beach's Athens.

Come to the REPORTER Office for all kinds of Posters, Hand-bills and Circulars. Work done cheap.

Another lot of those cheap Dinner Sets, just opened, at China Hall, Brockville.—T. W. DENNIS.

Mrs. W. H. Giles was called to Brockville on Saturday by the death of her neice, Miss Laura Giles.

Mrs. Alva Brown (*nee* Miss Barnes), returned to Athens on Thursday, after an absence of twenty-five years.

The subject for next Sabbath's discourse by Rev. D. D. Monro, in the Baptist Church, will be "Liberty."

Last week the clerk of Athens received an official notification of the appointment of R. B. Alguire as Police Magistrate for the village.

A large party from Brockville and other points, arrived at Charleston on Saturday and in the evening the hotels were unusually gay.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Halladay and Miss Bertha Loverin are guests of Mr. Phil. Halladay at his island home ("Sylva Lodge") at Jones' Falls.

The number of Athens high school for examination purposes this year is 93. By remembering this when looking for results, considerable trouble will be saved.

Dr. C. M. B. and Mrs. Cornell, of Brockville, are occupying their island cottage at the lake this week, having as guests Dr. Koyle, of Lowell, Mass., and Miss E. Koyle, of Brockville.

Rev. Jos. Cornell and family of Lancaster, Ont., are paying their annual visit to relatives and friends in this vicinity, and last week made a tour of the Thousand Islands.

Dr. Washington, owing to unforeseen circumstances, was unable to be here as per advertisement on Tuesday last, but writes us that he will certainly be here on the 18th August. See advertisement in another column.

Mr, H. C. Phillips is preparing for an illumination of "Idle While" cottage some evening in the near future. If possible, we will announce the date, so that villagers may have an opportunity of witnessing the display of fireworks.

On Thursday evening a horse attached to a dog-cart, in which were seated Mrs. Wm. Moulton and daughter, became unmanageable when near the toll-gate and wrecked the cart. The occupants of the cart, though badly shaken up, were not seriously injured.

Still they come. Messrs. Gordon & Halladay, proprietors of the Athens woolen mill, have authorized the Secretary of Unionville fair to announce that they will offer one pair of factory made blankets, worth $6.00, in competition for the best ram and four ewes, any age or breed.

The Prize Lists of the Unionville fair have been sent out to all members of the Society. Any menber not receiving a copy may have one sent by return mail on notifying B. Loverin, Secretary, Athens, who will also be pleased to forward a copy to any person not a member on application.

The annual pic-nic of Christ Church Sunday School was held on Friday last. The proceedings were opened by a short service and address by the Rector, Rev. Wm. Wright, in the Church. After which a most bountiful dinner was served in the basement. The afternoon was devoted to ball playing, croquet and swinging in the grove.

The Rev. Mr. Horner is expected to arrive in Athens on Thursday, July 24th, and pitch his tent in Albert Wiltse's grove. The meetings at Singleton's Corners have been a great success. It is reported by those that attended that fully 200 souls were at the altar seeking pardon during the meetings, which lasted about three weeks. Fully 40 persons from the Athens circuit attended the meetings, and some remained there most of the time, as they had tents of their own. There are several active and effective workers with Mr. Horner.

Wm. Langstaff has an ordinary mixed hen that dropped an egg measuring 9 inches in circumference the long way, 6¾ inches around the centre and tips the scales quickly at 4 oz. No wonder the Americans wish to impose a duty of 4c. per dozen on Canadian eggs, as they no doubt fear that if their citizens should hatch any of the Canadian eggs they might raise a hybrid fowl that would knock their great American eagle silly.

During the next few weeks we will send out sample copies of the REPORTER to parties not on our subscription books, with the request that those receiving them will look them over carefully and, if they are pleased with the paper, send us 40c. for balance of 1890. If after receiving three copies, they do not wish the paper continued, they have only to hand it back to the postmaster who will inform us of the fact. We employ no canvassing or travelling agents, having found that this plan has worked well in the past and is a far less expensive way of introducing our paper to new readers. Parties who have not the money to spare just at present will be given credit on signifying that they wish the paper continued. Postage stamps taken on subscriptions.

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc.

An interesting boat race will take place on Charleston lake at 6 p. m. on Wednesday, in which the oarsmen and others will take part. A good purse has been subscribed and the race will be rowed on its merits. The course will be from a point near Cedar Park to and around a boat anchored near the main shore at the point of Loon Island. From start to finish (two miles) the rowers will be in full view of those on shore. Justus is the favorite at Charleston, but fears are entertained for the success of an oarsman from away down the lake.

Minard's Liniment is the best.

The veteran David Dowsley, president of the Frankville fair, was in town last week, and says that the prospects of the Frankville Fair Association were never brighter than at present. They are out of debt, have largely increased the prize list for 1890, and have purchased an interest in a gravel pit and will make a substantial track on which to show the splendid lot of horses that they confidently expect will be on hand at the fair. The committee on sports are at work and will be prepared to offer the largest prizes ever given for trials of speed, in this section. Don't forget the date of Frankville fair.—Oct. 1st and 2nd.

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria.

Careless campers caused quite a sensation on one of the islands in Charleston Lake last week. Apparently they had built a fire for the purpose of cooking dinner and had not entirely extinguished it on leaving. The wind fanned the embers into a blaze, which soon assumed alarming proportions, threatening the summer cottage of Mr. Bulford, which the Judson-Hill party were occupying. The Kelsey brothers and others at the lake did their utmost to stay the progress of the flames and were at length successful after a hard fight. It is perhaps useless for us to moralize on the duties of campers in respect to setting out fires. A very stringent law is on our statute books which provides for the infliction of a severe penalty upon those who are careless with their camp-fires and its application to such cases as this would be the best way of impressing upon the public the necessity of taking every precaution to ensure the safety of the property upon which they may trespass.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

The Dagg's Outdone.

It is hard to believe that there are people in the county of Leeds who have faith in the power of witch-craft to work them evil, but the article which we publish elsewhere, and which is from a most reliable source, leaves no room to doubt that such is the case. On first reading it one might be excused for thinking that in it lay an opportunity for the *Recorder's* destroying angel, who achieved undying fame by overcoming the Demon of the Daggs, to exercise his peculiar gifts; but more mature consideration will convince to the contrary. Had the scene of this alleged witchery been in a remote, sparsely settled district, Percy could have got in some of his fine work, but here such allegations and superstition serve only to excite contempt among intelligent people, which, happily, are largely in the majority in the neighbourhood. The fakir from Westport will no doubt be properly dealt with should he attempt to repeat his unholy act of endeavoring to sow discord in a quiet neighborhood. As for his all too credulous victims, the position which this matter has put them in is not by any means an enviable one. The highly respectable family accused of perpetrating the witchery should regard with perfect indifference the preferment of such a baseless and utterly ridiculous charge.

Ducked and Dipped.

A new aquatic game was played at Charleston last week that was intensely amusing to observers and was apparently much enjoyed by the participants. For brevity we will call them M. and D. They were on the wharf at Cedar Park when D., taking advantage of a favoring gale, pushed the burly form of M. into the lake. In falling he came down *a la* clothes-pin on the painter of a boat that was snubbed to the wharf. His weight, of course, drew the boat against him and there he hung powerless to help himself, looking like a great protoplasm that wiggled without knowing why. From his painful state of suspense he was released by a couple of oarsmen. Meantime D. had taken refuge in a tree and from his leafy covert hugely enjoyed his friend's predicament. M's search for the author of his dampness was in vain and he repaired to the kitchen where the kind-hearted cook hung him up to dry. D. then descended from the tree and gathering an armful of rocks fortified himself in the reading room, occasionally sallying forth to exercise his muscle on the presiding genius of the hotel, in which conflict, Harry says, honors were easy. After being properly laundried, M., afraid to attack the fortification of his companion, again started for the landing followed at a little distance by D., who presented the appearance of a walking arsenal. But despite all his precautions, D. was captured and was obliged to submit to the ignominy of being dipped. M. caught him by the foundation of his bifurcated garments and the collar of his coat and plunged his head under water, repeating the dose as often as occasion required until the patient said "enough." During this scuffle, M. lost a valuable ornament from his fob and was obliged to dive into the lake to secure it. The game will be repeated with new scenery at an early date.

NEWBORO.

MONDAY, July 21.—Strange though it may appear, the item in the last issue seems to have excited the ire of the Police Force to a wonderful extent. It had the audacity to say "It's a ——— lie; I never had a bottle in my pocket."

A young man who recently arrived from over the border to visit his friends was dining with his lady love the other eve, and naturally enough the conversation was on the United States. One of his brilliant efforts was an attempt to convince her that Washington was in the state of New York. She, although possessing only a "normal" education, could not see through it.

The prevalent sentiment of the general public concerning the recent case of reported scrip robbery is that the whole affair is a scheme premeditated by the ex-railroad man and his accomplice, as being the cheapest way of providing the latter with a suitable wardrobe. This opinion is, no doubt, contrary to the anticipation of the wily individual whose story at the outset would lead to the belief that he, instead of conspiring against others, was the victim of a conspiracy. The ruse, if such it was, was partially successful, inasmuch as one of our merchants, who received some of the scrip in exchange for goods, was induced by dint of threatening and execration to restore it to the alleged owner. Another of our merchants who had received some of the alleged stolen property, was found, however, to be made of different material and was not to be frightened by the empty threats of any pettifoger. This fact being revealed, the matter dropped, and notwithstanding the vain boasting that has since been done, the chains have not yet been placed upon the person of the merchant. Why have these threats not been executed?

It certainly seems strange that a man who is reported to have been the victim of theft would knowingly keep the reputed thief in his house and love and cherish that thief more than anything under the light of the sun, unless it be that relic of antiquity, the old white hat, which, after much bantering with Graham & Foster, was knocked down to him for 15c., and is at the present day the only reminder of the head-dress worn by the ancient Puritans in the days of Stuart despotism. Being a devout christian, his method of dealing with the thief is probably a "Pointer" to his neighbors that he is obeying the divine command—"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink." The reputed loser of the debenture is, of course, well known to all the inhabitants of the surrounding country. His genuine philosophy and cunning in stratagem, and the prowess and skill that has always secured him defeat, have all combined to make him a very conspicuous personage in the Provincial law courts.

MILK BEWITCHED.

In Depths of Deepest Ignorance a Newsy Nugget found and Exploited for Reporter Readers.

From a private rumor it appears that another case of milk bewitched is coming to the front. If it is as easy to dispose of as the case at the Munroe toll-gate, it will not be serious or lasting.

That case manifested itself something in this way. The party had two cows. About the first of July they began to lessen in the lacteal fluid. A council of the family was called and after much deliberation it was decided that a malign spirit had taken possession of the animals. Therefore, their proprietor no longer called them cows, but devils. This decision was arrived at by a vast amount of learned hocus pocus. This state of things was not to be borne by the spirited owner. The next step was to learn whom the man might be who had power to make the milk pass from these two cows, or rather bewitched it, into his own pail. This piece of difficult work required the services of one high up in the Black Art. After a little delay and a diligent search, a resident professor was found in Westport. To make the work effectual, at first a certain round sum of money was to be placed in his hand. In due time the Knight of Hades came on the scene. The milk of the "devils" of the accuser and of the cows of the accused must mingle in one vessel at the awful hour of midnight—"over blazes blue," said the "Doctor." Bluer and bluer burned the fire. The lids of the stove rattled, the doors opened and shut with ominous bang, the house rocked to and fro in empty air, unearthly screams were heard far out in the black gloom, then a roar and a shock as if all things had gone to eternal smash, then a dead silence. Suddenly day began to dawn. The professor arose and declared that the devils were cast out. All this work was done at a single sitting with the afflicted party.

A few days rolled on, but we regret to relate that the cows in question, in common with the rest of the cows in Elbe factory, not only refused to increase their flow of milk, but, since the advent of the "doctor," have steadily diminished the quantity, except as checked by the genial influences of a shower of rain.

If the witch-doctor accuses the best friends you have of witching away your cows' milk, you must turn on them as bitter enemies, no matter how many times you have been befriended in trouble by them, trample all in the dust and spurn them, and that forever, or your cows can't be cured. If the accused has an article of yours, no matter what its value, don't receive it back, or your cows can't be cured. Twenty other similar details mind or your cows can't be cured. Serve them in writing with a notice forever and forever and never set foot on your premises, or your cows can't be cured.

I write this for the benefit of everyone concerned who needs counsel, for, as I said before, there is a similar case coming up near me in the Palace factory at Addison. On learning this I thought I would go over to Elbe and learn the truth of the case in the Elbe factory. Everyone, far and near, who has expressed an opinion has said the absurdity of the matter was so apparent that comment was useless, and many of the patrons of Elbe factory say they will give one hundred dollars and their season's milk to any man who will prove to them that he can witch one quart of milk from his own cows into their own pail. In addition, I found the disgust about the matter so intense that a vigilance committee is about forming and if the Westport "doctor" is ever discovered in this locality again they will make it so hot for him that he will think there is a branch league of the White-caps somewhere around.

I append for the use of others the form of notice used on this occasion—

July 4th, 1890.

Mr. ———

SIR,—I herein notify you not to bring or send by any other person or persons anything you may have there that formerly belonged to me, no matter what it may be, nor put it on our land, as I charged you with them when I settled up with Johnny yesterday for work, and, as I said before, let the line fence divide us forever.

MRS. ———

Hay is selling cheap in Kingston and along the St. Lawerence. Old hay is being sold in Kingston at $4 a ton, and in Prince Edward county it is being pressed and shipped to Montreal for $6 a ton.

A Great Clearing Sale of

C. M. BABCOCK'S

LARGE STOCK OF

Staple & Fancy Dry Goods

Will commence on Tuesday, June 24th and continue until further notice.

The greatest bargains will be given in Dress Goods of every description, and no house in Central Canada has a reputation of carrying a finer stock to choose from than C. M. BABCOCK.

A tremendous slaughter in the prices of all Millinery Goods. They must go at a price. Do not miss the big discount.

All Ready-made Mantles, Jet Capes, Visites, and Parasols reduced.

I prefer giving you a big cash discount rather than worthless goods to induce you to buy.

C. M. BABCOCK,

MERRILL BLOCK, - - BROCKVILLE.

Athens Harness Emporium

ACLEY R. BROWN
ATHENS

Spring and Summer Stock received. Just what you want. Call and get prices.

IT'S NO SECRET

THAT THOMPSON has one of the best equipped Grocery and Provision establishments in the County. Everything in our line as low as the lowest. A large stock to select from.

LARDINE - OIL

Is yet unequalled in quality and price for Reapers and Mowers, Threshers and all kinds of Machinery. **Bolt Cutting and Cylinder Oils** at the lowest market prices.

All oils guaranteed to suit or no sale. Try sample barrel.

McCOLL BROS. & CO., Toronto

FOR SALE AT G. W. BEACH'S ATHENS.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Gents,—I sprained my leg so badly that I had to be driven home in a carriage. I immediately applied MINARD'S LINIMENT freely and in 48 hours could use my leg again as well as ever.

JOSHUA WYNAUGHT.

Bridgewater, N. S.

BIRTH.

JACOB—In Athens on Thursday last, the wife of W. H. Jacob, of a son.

FOR SALE.—A 12 gallon keg of McColl's celebrated machine oil, at 60 cts. per gal. Apply at REPORTER office.

The owners of cows in this village are cautioned against letting them run at large during the night. Several gardens have been partially destroyed already this season, and the owners of the cattle who allow them to roam at large will wake up some fine morning to find themselves in for heavy damages through their careless in not looking after the proper securing of their cattle. A word to the wise should be sufficient.

Dr. WASHINGTON,

D. L. C. P. S. & T. L. S. &c.

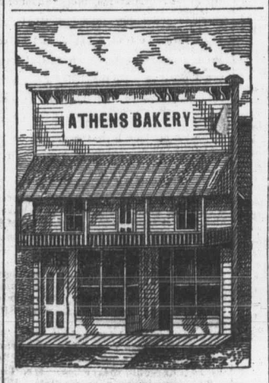
Of Toronto,

Will be at the ARMSTRONG HOUSE

ATHENS,

Aug. 18.

☞ See Local Notice in another col'm.



ALL KINDS OF

CAKES and PASTRY

On hand or made on short notice.

FLOUR, FEED & OATMEAL FOR SALE

CANDIES & BISCUITS

Bread Delivered in the Village.

SYDNEY MOORE

Athens, June 25th.

FOR SALE.

A good Covered Buggy, used but little also a set of double Work Harness.

H. H. ARNOLD.

Athens, July, 21. 1890.

FARM FOR SALE

The undersigned offers for sale that portion of his farm north of the railroad, containing about 100 acres of land, nearly square, all good and in a good state of cultivation, with first-class dwelling, barns, &c. Never-failing water at the house and living spring easy of access for cattle and horses in winter and summer.

Dwelling is only a few rods from the station and Athens Public and High Schools.

25-tf J. A. TAPLIN, Athens.

LAKE VIEW COTTAGES

The undersigned having leased for the season of 1890 the two cottages on Bertha (King's) Island, Charleston Lake, now offer them for rent by the day or week. The cottages are well finished and contain eight bedrooms, dining room, dancing hall, etc. There is a well filled ice-house on the Island. Dancing parties can be accommodated with a good orchestra on the shortest notice.

AARON LAPOINTE } Charleston.
24-2mo. WM. DEWOLFE }

GO TO

JOHN WARSHAVSKY

—FOR—

Watch, Clock and Jewelry Repairing.

Shop in Wm. Parish Block, lately occupied by A. C. Barnett, opposite the Gamble House

ATHENS

FOLEY

IS A FRIEND TO THE

Farmer & Builder

He has the best assortment of Hardware, Tinware, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Calcimines, Glass, Silverware Fishing Tackle, &c., in town and prices to suit the times. The Daisy Churns "best in the market" always in stock and at lowest prices.

KARLEY BLOCK
ATHENS