

Seeds
Plants
Bulbs
Flowers

Catalogue for the asking.



The Athens Reporter

—AND—

COUNTY OF LEEDS ADVERTISER.

**MONEY
Given
Away**

for old Postage Stamps.
Boys and Girls, hunt up
all you can find and I
will send their value by
return mail. Stamps re-
turned if not satisfactory.

A. NORTON BUELL
Box 213
Brockville, Ont.

Vol. XVII. No. 13.

Athens, Leeds County, Ontario, Wednesday, Mar. 27, 1901.

B. Loverin, Prop'r

"Brockville's Greatest Store"

Thinking of New Carpets?

Of course there's a lot of carpet calculating going on just now—many a housewife is planning for new floor coverings at house-cleaning time. This store has made unusual preparations for spring in the housefurnishing section. No such carpet show has before been attempted in Brockville. You'll not be confined to a few patterns here; we will show you dozens where you usually see one. Every good kind and quality is represented. Velvets, Axminsters and Brussels. To-day's mention is only of Unions and Tapestries. You know the way we buy—direct of the mill in large quantities for cash—this helps keep prices down to the lowest possible notch.

UNIONS

Two good patterns in green and crimson colorings, excellent quality—1 yard wide—a good carpet for per yard.....	.25
Many new patterns in better grades at 50c, 40c, 35c, and.....	.30
All-wool Ingrains—high grade goods—very large range of colorings and patterns; per yard 50c, 35c, and.....	.75
We have the best 3-ply all-wool Carpet to be had—great wearers—heavy body, per yard.....	1.00

TAPESTRIES

A good Tapestry Carpet—extra quality—in green, brown and crimson mixtures, at per yard.....	.45
These 50c Tapestries are not like the ordinary kind you see—we think you'll say so when you see them—heavy close top—select patterns—	.50
A select Tapestry—in large assortment of colors and patterns—stair and hall to match, also border—per yard.....	.65

ROBT. WRIGHT & CO.

"Importers"

LEWIS & PATTERSON BROCKVILLE

Linen Towel Sale! Linen Towels that are good!

Goodness of quality—that's the first thing we make sure of in this store—and after we're certain the quality is as it should be, we make prices low enough to bring you here past all inferior qualities. Towels are always needed and your opportunity is here and now.

Just a few prices:

Very special, Linen Towel, size 36x19, fringed.....	10c	Special, Huck Towel, 36x19, all pure linen, 2 for.....	25c
Special, Huck Towel, good linen, 36x19, hemmed ends.....	15c	Special, Huck Towel, size 38 x22, large size, only.....	18c

Four Special Prices for your consideration. You had better see the balance of our Towel Stock.

EXTRA SPECIAL QUILT BARGAIN—Have you seen the line of Quilts we're selling at \$1.00? They're 72x90 in size, and hemmed, ready for use. Just the thing you should have to spare a better one. Their value is one third more than we're asking. Come and get one at \$1.00.

LEWIS & PATTERSON

DUNN & Co.

BROCKVILLE'S LEADING PHOTOGRAPHERS

CORNER KING ST. AND COURT HOUSE AVENUE.

Our studio is the most complete and up-to-date in Brockville.

Latest American ideas at lowest prices.

Satisfaction guaranteed

OBIT—THE BROCKVILLE FAIR.

The Reporter does not take to itself any particular credit for having correctly forecasted the result of the agitation for the removal of the Unionville Fair to Brockville; for there are many interested in the prosperity of the fair who also saw the end from the beginning and but waited opportunity of placing the stamp of their disapproval upon the scheme.

Changes in the regulations under which fairs are held are now being considered and when brought into effect promise to be a great benefit, securing for agriculture due prominence in every department of the township and county society's work. This, of course, will seriously militate against town fairs at which agriculture is made to play the part of a menagerie to a circus; so, for the future as well as for the present, it is just as well that Unionville fair is to continue doing business at the same old stand.

The Brockville papers naturally supported the proposal to change the location of the fair, which promised to be of some general benefit to the town and of substantial particular benefit to certain citizens thereof, and just how dead the proposal now is may be inferred from the following paragraph which appeared in the Times last week:

The Brockville Fair scheme appears to have gone into cold storage where many another abortive Brockville scheme has gone. If some of the capitalists and men with a few dollars to spare had supported their advocacy of the scheme to remove the Unionville Fair to Brockville with a little cold cash, the removal might have been accomplished. But the needed coin will be kept for some enterprise a thousand miles away.

ROASTED A NEGRO.

Are we in an age of freedom and enlightenment? A man living in Texas who witnessed the human brutality enacted there lately, would have to answer in the negative. In that state a negro recently brutally assaulted and murdered a farmer's wife. For this crime the offender was burned to death. In the town where the roasting took place business was practically suspended, and thousands witnessed the lacerating scene. While the man deserved severe punishment for the crime he committed, there ought to be some other way of treating him.

A railroad rail was driven into the ground in the corner of the court house square. Boxes and dry timber were piled around it and saturated with oil. Just before noon forty men rushed from the jail across the square to the place where the rail had been planted. In their midst was Henderson handcuffed. The men formed a circle, holding to a chain, which surrounded the prisoner, to prevent them from tearing him away. The negro was fastened to the rail with wire and chains.

Cans of oil were emptied over his clothing and dozens of lighted matches touched the inflammable material. Just as the pile was fired Conway Younger, husband of the murdered woman, jumped at Henderson and slashed him across the face with a knife. Henderson gave no indication of suffering. He rolled his eyes to get a glimpse of the angry faces which surrounded him and there was a slight movement of the hands.

Henderson's struggles were fearful, but his screams were drowned by the frenzied mob. After ten minutes in the roaring flames Henderson's head dropped and he was to all appearances dead.

This was done by men living in a Christian country, which does a great deal towards sending missionaries to heathen lands. Is there much difference between the infuriated Texans and the Boxers? A movement that would have for its object christianizing the State that permits the public burning of its criminals ought to meet with much encouragement.—News.

Prominent citizens of Gouverneur, N. Y., a year ago formed a society with a creed founded on the golden rule, and since then have listened to religious instructions from one of their number. The society grew, it was decided to erect a place of worship, funds were subscribed, a church erected. The creed consists of belief in "one God, one devil, sixteen ounces to the pound and 100 cents to the dollar." The public installation of the Rev. C. A. Livingston took place recently.

ARCHBISHOP'S RESIGNATION.

The house of bishops of the Anglican church in the ecclesiastical province of Canada, consisting of Archbishop Lewis, of Ontario; Bishop Bond of Montreal; Bishop Sweetman, Toronto; Bishop Hamilton, of Ottawa; Bishop Baldwin, of Huron; Bishop Courtenay of Halifax; Bishop Kingston, of Fredericton; Bishop Dunn of Quebec; Bishop Dumoulin, of Niagara; Bishop Thorneol, of Algoma, and Bishop Mills of Kingston, has been called by the Metropolitan of Canada, to for considering of his (the metropolitan's) resignation as chairman of the house of bishops.

Archbishop Lewis, the present metropolitan, and who has been in very poor health for some years past, is desirous of relinquishing the somewhat onerous duties connected with that office, as they are becoming far too heavy for a man in his condition of health to carry. At the consecration of Bishop Mills in Kingston, in November last, he notified the Canadian prelates there present that it was his earnest desire to relinquish the metropolitanacy at once and return to England, where the climate was less rigorous than that in Canada, and where he hoped to gain some of his former strength. His brother prelates, however were anxious that he should continue in the office and His Grace, therefore, instead of going to England, went to Atlantic City, where he has been spending the winter months. He is now in New York and it is said his condition is critical in the extreme, his ordinary physical weakness having been accentuated by a severe attack of heart trouble.

It is probable that when the Archbishop's resignation goes into effect Bishop Bond of Montreal will be elevated to the metropolitan's chair, which now carries with it the dignity of Archbishop. The appointment now goes to the senior bishop in the ecclesiastical province in point of consecration and as Bishop Bond is next to Archbishop Lewis in seniority, the chances are that he will be elected.

GREENBUSH.

SATURDAY, March 23rd.—Death has again entered our neighborhood and taken one of our most respected residents in the person of Mrs. George Dixon. By her death the family loses a devoted wife and a loving mother, the neighborhood an obliging neighbor. She was always foremost in every good word and deed, and in her last days she could look back upon a well spent life. She had been a consistent Christian from her childhood to her death. The Methodist church, of which she was a life long member, has lost one of its warmest supporters. During her life she set an example well worthy of imitation.

The leaves to mourn her loss a husband and seven children—Benjamin of Washington, Terr.; M. J., Cambridge Mass.; Dr. E. Dixon of Copenhagen, Denmark; Dr. Wesley of Burlington, Iowa; Mrs. Stowell of Brockville, Iowa; Mrs. McGrath of New York city, and Miss Helen at home. In their bereavement the family have the sympathy of the entire vicinity. At the funeral on the 22nd, the esteem in which she was held was shown by the large number that assembled, filling the large church and many having to stand during the service. Many were present from Brockville, Lansdowne, Kempsville, Athens, and Toledo. The religious services were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Lawson of Addison.

The pall bearers were Almeron Blanchard, W. W. Miller, Richard Kerr, Abel Godkin, and T. J. Tackaberry. The remains were interred in the family burying ground at Dixon's corner.

MORTON.

SATURDAY, March 25th.—Mr. A. E. Slicer left for Hamilton to-day in the interests of the Chosen Friends.

Mr. and Mrs. John Crawford, with Miss Pearl and Master Arthur, are spending a few days with friends here. Mr. Alf Jacobs will soon be moved into his new premises.

Little Charlie Simpson had the misfortune to cut the ends off two of his fingers one day last week. Dr. Gardner of Seely's Bay dressed the wounds.

Dr. McGhie of Elgin called to see Mrs. Simpson, who is very ill. Kingston grocers will prepare a "black list"—a list of all customers who will not pay their just debts.

BROCKVILLE

CUTTING SCHOOL

ORDER to meet the demand for first-class cutters, which is steadily increasing, I have opened up in connection with my tailoring establishment a Cutting School, to be known as the Brockville Cutting School, where the latest up-to-date systems of cutting will be taught, also instructions on the practical work of the tailor shop, which is most essential for a young man to become a first class cutter, and which will enable him to command a salary of from One Thousand Dollars to Fifteen Hundred Dollars per year in this country and from Fifteen Hundred Dollars to Two Thousand Five Hundred Dollars per year in the United States. This is a rare chance for young men to fit themselves for a lucrative position in a short time. Persons attending this school will receive a thorough training in everything connected with Garment Cutting, and after graduating are competent of filling a position as cutter at once.



Pupils will be taught individually and may commence their instructions at any time convenient to themselves. For all information, see catalogue, which will be mailed to you upon application.

Yours truly,
M. J. KEHOE
Brockville, Ont.

LYN AGRICULTURAL WORKS

LAND ROLLERS

The New Century Steel Roller. Heavy steel drums, steel axle, chilled bearings, balanced centre draft.



Also the old reliable Paragon—wood drum roller, steel axle, chilled bearings—improved since last season.

The Economic Sap Evaporator—Fire box of heavy sheet steel and cast iron. Pan furnished with either plain or corrugated bottom. A first-class article at a moderate price.

STEEL TRUCK WHEELS

We are also prepared to make steel truck wheels. They have steel rims and spokes and cast iron hubs. The best and cheapest wheels on the market.



For further particulars and prices, address

A. A. McNISH,

BOX 52. LYN, ONT.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

DAIRY VERSION.

1st. Thou shalt not slumber late in the morning, but shall arise and deliver thy milk to the factory, for he that goeth late causeth the cheesemaker to use much profane language.

2nd. Thou shalt not cast all the dirt thou canst brush off the cow into the milk pail.

3rd. Thou shalt not take any cream for thy porridge or coffee, for when thou gettest thy dividends, one shalt say to another, why taketh it more milk here for a pound of cheese than at any other factory, then shall the cheesemaker arise and hold thee up to ridicule with the Babcock rotary test.

4th. Thou shalt not mix water with thy milk, thou, nor thy man servant, nor thy hired girl, for so sure as thou doest, thy name shall be skimmed over the whole milk route.

5th. Thou shalt not feed thy cows too much turnips, onions, mustard, horse radish or bad cabbage, for these feeds, tho' they may be cheap, cause the cheesemaker to gnash his teeth, and the cheese buyers to say off flavor, sell your cheese some place else or lose on them.

6th. Thou shalt not set thy can of night milk with the cover off, an order to use it as a trap to catch rats and mice therein; neither in the woodshed as a temptation to thy neighbor's cats.

7th. Thou shalt not take more whey than thy share, lest some shall say concerning thee, for a wonder one hog carrieth food to another.

8th. Thou shalt not use unclean cans, but shalt cause thy cans to be cleaned every day and the seams and crevices thereof; for a filthy can is abominable in the cheesemaker's sight, and he will visit his wrath upon him who bringeth it.

9th. Thou shalt not trouble the cheesemaker, saying, When shall I receive my pay, for verily I say unto you he knoweth not.

10th. Thou shalt not say one to another, behold hath not the cheesemaker a soft snap, receives big pay and

don't have to work much, for verily I say unto you this is a whopper, they rise early and toil much, sometimes have to work on Sundays while other people are fanning themselves within the gates of the synagogue.—Russell Leader.

LAKE ELOIDA

SATURDAY, March 25th.—Dr. Kenny visited our school on Wednesday last. It looks as if sugar-making was on the tapis.

Cole Kilborne has got settled on the Knapp farm.

The Henderson Bros. have been improving their factory by putting in a large milk-vat, made by Mr. Harrison of Brockville. Their factory opens on Monday, March 25th.

Mr. and Mrs. Job James visited friends in Perth and vicinity.

DAYTOWN

Sylvester Stevens has a new farm hand in the person of Ab Nixon of Lyndhurst.

J. Huffman sold 4 pigs, six months old, which averaged 202 pounds each. He has rented Arden Huffman's place for another year.

Crows are very numerous this spring but sugarmaking hangs off well.

Melvin Day, who has been sick nearly all winter is again able to be around.

J. H. Wood has rented the old Wood farm again and has pasture for a few more yearling or two-year-old colts.

Hay and all kinds of coarse grain are high this spring in this section.

H. S. Simpson, the Brockville mail, clerk who was charged with appropriating \$1000 package sent from the Union Bank at Carleton Place to the branch at Montreal, came up for trial at Perth before his Honor Judge Sankler and was honorably acquitted. There were a number of witnesses, but no evidence could be produced to show that he was guilty. Among those who testified to his previous good character was Geo. Graham M. P. P. of Brockville.

THIS CONTAINS DOCUMENT INFORMATION

WISDOM OF THE PIKER.

A Fable by George Ade.

Once there was a man who wore a six and three-quarters hat and had been so busy staving off the people who needed it right away because they had some bills to meet that he never found time to sit down and absorb culture.

This man was a pin-head in a good many respects, but he was as wise as a serpent. A man does not have to be stocked up with information in order to be wise. This man was what Edmund Clarence Steadman would call a piker. A piker is one who gets into the game on small capital and lets on to be holding hands with the big boys.

When it came to music, the piker did not know the difference between a fugue and a cantata. His knowledge of literature as such consisted of a few lines of poetry which he had picked up in front of book stores.

The piker knew the value of the stock phrase. And the way he could raise a dust and dodge out of a tight place was a little bit of all right.

One evening the piker went to call on Mrs. Ezzam, author of the many unpublished poems, and the boss Diana of the Tuft-Hunters. At the Kazam Home, which is rigged up with red blankets and green lamps as usual to be Oriental, he bumped into Henrietta Hunter Haw, who will be remembered as the young lady who poured at the afternoon reception to F. Hopkinson Smith.

Miss Haw reclined at half length in the Turkish corner and asked the piker what he thought of Sienkiewicz.

The piker knew that he had heard that name sprung somewhere before, but if he had tried to pronounce it he would have gone to the floor. He didn't know whether Sienkiewicz was the author of "The Golem" or "Strangers Now" or "The Gentleman From Arkansas." However, he was not to be fazed. He knew the kind of conversational parsley that is needed to garnish a full-blown intellectual vacuum, and he passed some of it to Henrietta.

He said he liked Sienkiewicz so far as the ethnological part of his work concerned, but if he liked it more so because there was a lack of insight and broad artistic grasp.

This is the style of vapor called the "style of vapor" and is a little more of the same kind. He said that the elaboration of incident showed a certain modicum of skill, but there was not enough plus-human sympathy in the coloring of the subtle motives. When the piker got rid of this he was always believed, for it is an awful thing to memorize and carry round with you.

Afterward Miss Haw went out and sold her girl friends that the piker was terrible deep.

When they brought up music, that was where the piker lied. He would get in early and stay late and never trip himself up. He had attended a couple of concerts and at one time boarded with a lady who played the alto saxophone.

One evening when he was out with a few people who were such thorough musicians that they seemed sour about something all the time, a tall man with a low collar asked him if he had heard that latest thing by Tschakowsky.

If he had heard that Charles K. Harris, the piker might have been with him. But he never turned a hair.

"Impressive, isn't it?" he said, having learned how to spar for wind, without leaving an opening.

"Yes, but it didn't get into me the way Vogner does," replied the tall party.

This was the cue for the piker to insert his stock phrase of Vogner.

He said he preferred Vogner any day in the week on account of the distinct appeal to the intellectual side and the atmosphere of mysticism, whatever that was. He said he couldn't listen to Vogner without going into a cold sweat and chewing the buttons off his gloves, particularly if the interpretation was made with a broad and comprehensive virtuosity and such mastery of technique as to abolish all suggestion of the intermediary and bring one direct communion with the soul-moods.

Then the tall man would know just as much about it as the piker did. He said he had met the piker once as a lady named Wigley, who was crazy about art. In her parlor she had one of her own works entitled "Sunset on the Little Miami River," with a frame that cost \$23. It was Miss Wigley who read the paper before the Raphael Suburbanites, setting forth that the highest effects could not be obtained by the use of crayon. She loved to hear the piker cut loose about art. Even when he got in over his head, she was right there swimming along after him and taking chances.

Mrs. Wigley was stuck on his conversation because he said so many things that could be thought about later on. Nearly everyone who heard him went home and thought about what he had said and wondered what he had been driving at.

Mrs. Wigley had a theory that an artist who is any good at all should suggest through the medium of colors all that he or she

felt and suffered during the Throes of Execution, so she called in the piker to size up her picture of the Little Miami River at Sundown and asked him what Emotion, if any, was stirred up within him as he gazed at the effort. The piker said it gave him a touch of sadness. Then she knew he was a real critic all right.

The piker kept it up until after a while he began to think that possibly he was something of a Sassy Savant. He was elected Director of a Museum, and was invited to sit on the Platform at Lectures. At last he departed this life with only a few relatives and intimate friends being on to him.

MORAL—For parlor use the vague generality is a life saver.

A FATHER'S STORY.

He Tells How His Son Regained Health and Strength.

Had His Spine Injured, and for Two Years was Unable to do Any Work, and for Most of the Time was Confined to the House.

Mr. M. D'Entremont, a well-known farmer living at West Pubnico, N.S., writes: "I believe it is only right that I should let you know the benefit your medicine—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—has been to my son, Constant, sixteen years of age. For several years he was almost a constant invalid, the result of an injury to his spine while working with his brothers on the farm. He grew weak and listless, had no appetite, and for two years was unable to work and was for the most of the time confined to the house, and for a part of the time to his bed. He suffered considerably from pains in the back; his legs were weak; and he had frequent headaches. At different times he was attended by two doctors, but got no benefit from the treatment. Then I procured an electric belt for him, but it was simply money wasted as it did not do him a particle of good. One day while my son was reading a newspaper, he came across an article telling of a cure in a somewhat similar case through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and he then decided to give them a trial. After the second box was taken there was a marked improvement in his condition. He continued the use of the pills until he had taken eight boxes, and they have restored him to health. His appetite has returned; the pain in his back has been gained; he is able to ride a bicycle, enjoys life and is able to do a day's work as well as any one of his age. This letter is given gladly so that others may learn the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and find a cure if ailing."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure such cases as the one noted above because they create new, rich, red blood, thus strengthening weak and shattered nerves. They do not purge and weaken like other medicines, but strengthen from the first dose to the last. Sold by all dealers in medicine, or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Condensed Eggs. The condensing or crystallization of eggs has grown into an industry. They are broken and emptied, thousands at a time, into a machine, where they are churned. When they are thoroughly mixed the liquid is dropped slowly on to stone cylinders, over which currents of warm, dry air are passed. This evaporates the moisture, and when the mixture is thoroughly dry it is scraped off as "crystals" and packed in air-tight cans. To prepare the "crystals" for use they are simply soaked in water. They are much used on ships and to some extent by bakers.

ARE YOU GOING WEST? If so, send a letter or postal card to the undersigned, answering the following questions: Where are you going? When are you going? Where do you start from? How many are in your party? Will you take your household goods?

Special low rate settlers' tickets on sale during March and April to points in Manitoba, British Columbia, Oregon, California and all Western States. Full particulars from B. H. Bennett, General Agent, Chicago & Northwestern Railway, 2 King street east, Toronto, Ont.

His Faith. In a story called "The Goblin," recently published in England, two boys, Archie and Willie, are discussing large questions with the bishop: "God can do anything, can't He?" "Yes, Archie."

Emboldened by the bishop's confirmation of his own unshakable faith, Archie continued: "If God said a pig was to jump out of the window, a pig would, wouldn't it?"

And Willie, who walked by faith and not by sight, chimed in: "Even if there wasn't a pig?"

If You Suffer Pains Don't Wait A moment, go to the nearest drug store and get a bottle of Nerviline. Five times stronger than any other—it penetrates to the remotest fibres—soothes the irritated nerves and carries with it almost instant relief. Good for pain on the outside, and if possible even better for all internal agonies. Nerviline is sold under guarantee. If you are not benefited your money cheerfully back. Druggists and medicine dealers sell it everywhere.

CHILDREN'S MEMORIES LONG.

Parents Should be Careful What They Say Before the Little Ones.

That the mind of a child is easily impressed was demonstrated last week, when a 3-year-old son of a well-known south side spoke of a foolish remark that had been made by his father more than a week before, and which had been forgotten by all who heard it except little Raymond, who said he was the first to forget what he had heard.

The family was seated at dinner several weeks ago, and after the father had lighted his cigar he said that he did not feel well and the mother jokingly said that she hoped he was not getting ready to die. Then the father asked her what she would do if he should die, and before she had time to answer he told her that he wanted her to forget him after he was dead.

The conversation drifted to other subjects and all who heard the advice of the father forgot it long before they retired that night, but it developed later that for little 3-year-old Raymond it was not so easy to forget what he had heard his father say.

More than a week after the father had made the joking remark the mother and her little son were at dinner, as the father had been detained at his office. Just before they were ready to leave the table Raymond toddled across to his mother and standing at her side he said: "Mamma, will you forgive papa?" "No, dear, of course, mamma won't forgive papa. Why do you ask me such a question?" answered the astonished mother.

"Papa told us to forgive him," "No, papa didn't tell us to forgive him, Raymond."

By this time tears were glistening in the child's eyes, and he finally burst into pitiful weeping. The mother could not understand what it all meant. Suddenly Raymond raised his head from her lap, and looking her in the face, he said: "Mamma, I know you will forgive papa when he's dead, but I won't. I'll love him more'n I do now."

Then the mother asked the little weeping child what he was talking about and between his sobs he reminded her that his mother had told them to forget him after he was dead. The father got a good lecture from his wife that night and he will never again jest about dying.—Ex.

Catarrhose Cures Bronchitis.

One Spring Wedding. At one of the Easter weddings the bride will adopt the fashion which is coming more and more into vogue of wearing a few orange flowers and mingling them with white roses and myrtle. Orange blossoms alone are still and lack individuality.

The bridesmaids will wear white muslin gowns made with yokes of Valenciennes insertion bordered with ruffles, on which the insertion is arranged on an undulated pattern. The sleeves are short puffed and insertion, finished with two ruffles at the elbow and tied there with pink baby ribbon. They will wear tulle hats trimmed with pink baby roses veiled with tulle.

They will carry parasols of silk and mousseline—presented by the bride; on the handle of each will be tied a bouquet of white roses and myrtle.—Buffalo News.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in cows.

That imbecille "Kss." With regard to the use of what is termed this imbecille "kss," a writer in an exchange says: "Can a woman really have strength of mind and permit herself to be called a foundress, a proprietress, a directress? Why imbecille has any woman to excel in these things, no sooner writes a great book, a fine biography, history or work of fiction than some idiot dubs her a 'foundress' or 'directress' or 'proprietress' if she goes in for military strategy and leads her army to victory she a 'general'."

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refer to the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

Effect of Too Much Food. Much of the sinking, tired and empty feeling from which business men who work their brains alone so often suffer is due to this accumulation of food in the system which want "working off." Two meals a day and active exercise are the preventive, and there is no exercise which can be got at any time and by anybody to the extent that walking can. But to do good it must not be sauntering. Really "smart" walking is what is wanted.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc. A Queen's Whim. Queen Helena of Italy, in anticipation of an interesting event expected in June, has purchased 100 cradles and has ordered an equal number of layettes to be got in readiness. The baby clothes and the cradles Her Majesty intends to bestow on the first hundred babies of her husband's realm whose birthday is the same as that of the waited heir to the throne of Italy.

Catarrhose Cures Bronchitis. Perfectly Honest. "They say that the girl you broke your engagement with was engaged to several other men." "I guess she was; when I requested her to return the ring she asked me to call and identify it."—Brooklyn Life.

Catarrhose Cures Bronchitis. Was Not Afraid. Employer (to clerk who has been sent to collect some money)—Well, what did he say? Clerk—That he would break every bone in my body and pitch me out of the window if I showed my face there again!

Employer—Did he? Then go back at once and tell him that he is vastly mistaken if he thinks he will intimidate me by his violence.—The King.

Catarrhose Cures Bronchitis. Every human being uses up, on an average, 30 ounces of oxygen a day.

FIVE DOCTORS FAILED.

In a Severe Case of Kidney Disease and Lame Back.

Dodd's Kidney Pills Cure Mr. Anderson, of Waterville, N. B., After Five Medical Men have Pronounced His Case Absolutely Incurable.

Waterville, N. B., March 21. (Special).—I have been so often induced to try patent medicines by the reading of the wonderful cures said to have been effected in similar cases, that now, when I feel it my duty to write the story of my own cure by the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills, I am carefully avoiding any comment of my own or any complimentary words. I simply state the absolute facts of my case as follows: "I have been treated by five different doctors, and have taken a large amount of patent medicine for the last four years for Kidney Trouble and Lame Back, from which I have been suffering. I was very bad. My life at times seemed a burden. I got no relief until I was persuaded to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I cheerfully give this unsolicited testimonial, that I have received more benefit from six boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, than from any and all other sources."

Mr. Anderson is in earnest. His straightforward statement of facts carries conviction. Lame Back, and Kidney Disease do not seem able to exist where this wonderful remedy is used. It has been made very popular in this community by the early endorsement of Mr. Anderson, who is a well-known and a very highly respected citizen. The success of Dodd's Kidney Pills in cases like those of Mr. Anderson, when the very best medical men have failed, has created a demand which the local druggists have reported as unprecedented.

Found Competent. He wanted a position in a bank. The manager was satisfied with his credentials, but before engaging him put him through a little civil service examination.

"Suppose now, a man was to come in here and deposit 500 in £5 notes, how would you count them?" "I'd wet my fingers and lift up each note until I got to the last one."

"Why would you not lift up the last one?" "Because there might possibly be one more under it, and if the position were to see it he would want it back, but if the tenth note is not lifted up and there should be another one hidden under the pile, the bank makes it, don't you see?"

"You will do," said the bank manager. "You have been in the business before, but I didn't suppose you knew that trick."—London Tit-Bits.

Deafness Cannot be Cured. By local applications as they cannot reach the diseased part of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional treatment. Deafness is caused by an inflammation of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, it swells and shuts off the passage, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; and unless the cause be removed, it will be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, etc. Hall's Catarrh Pills are the best.

Overheard in the Greenroom. The "Southeastern" sympathize with the White Rats. Miss Wattleigh (understudy)—How could she be expected to, the old cat! —Chicago Times-Herald.

Catarrhose Cures Bronchitis. Forge—Our Congressman made the speech of his life. He got two columns in the papers. Du Braun—That is nothing. Why, our Congressman used a nerve remedy and got four columns and his picture.

A Peculiar Game. A peculiar dice game is indulged in by the gambling element of Lithuanians in Baltimore, says the Baltimore Sun.

Gathering about the dice tables in the saloons kept by their fellow-countrymen, they quickly lose all interest in everything outside of that which is transpiring upon the cloth before them. As they sit or stand about the tables the careworn features of the men contrast strongly with the ruddy faces of the youths. The eagerness with which they seek the numbers upon the falling pieces is wolfish in its intensity. Comparatively small sums are placed upon the game, and side bets run from five cents to a dollar.

Although resembling in the manner in which it is operated, the high dice game, as played by the Anglo-Saxon races, the dice of the Lithuanians, instead of numbering from one to six, run from one to ten, the numbering of the six sides being 1, 2, 3, 4, 8, 10. The game is played with four pieces, and a possible forty is the point striven for instead of 24, which is high mark in the similar American game.

"A Stock Holder" For holding stock the "Page" is the only reliable kind. It is used on the largest Stock Farms in Canada; equally suitable for small or large stock. We make our own wire. Could not get good enough before. It is twice as strong as that in other fences and better galvanized. Our Fencing is shipped from our factory ready-made, and our local representative can put up a string of it for you in short order. Prices lower this year.

The PAGE WIRE FENCE CO. (Ltd.) WALKERVILLE, ONT.

His Own Free Will. Dear Sirs,—I cannot speak too strongly of the excellence of MINARD'S LINIMENT. It is THE remedy in my household for burns, sprains, etc., and we would not be without it. It is truly a wonderful medicine. John A. Macdonald, Publisher Arnprior Chronicle.

Italain Exposition in Berlin. Berlin is to have an Italian exposition in the Zoological Gardens. There will be imitation streets of Naples, Rome, Florence, Pompeii, Venice (with canals), etc.

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria. Our opportunities to do good are our talents.—C. Mather.

AN OLD TRIAL.

Case in Which Killing Was Not Murder.

THE LAW YET UNCHANGED. The Review has had the privilege of seeing an old file of the Port Hope Guide, the property of G. M. Furby, Esq., of Port Hope, containing an extended account of the famous Brogden murder trial, recalled now by the approaching Sharpe murder trial. Thomas Henderson, a lawyer of Port Hope, won the affection of George Brogden's wife, and when their guilty relations were discovered they ran away together. Young Brogden was a rising lawyer, also practising in Port Hope. He pursued the pair with the intention of shooting Henderson, but could not find him. Over two months elapsed, when, hearing that Henderson was passing through Port Hope by steamer, Brogden armed himself with a revolver, and going to the steamer's wharf, he chatted with friends until her arrival, when, on seeing Henderson, he immediately shot him. Brogden then delivered himself up. The trial, which took place in 1857, was possibly the most famous of its kind in the country, as, owing to the high social standing of the parties, it attracted public attention to a very great extent. The evidence for the Crown was given by Thos. O'Reilly, George Hughes, John Burnham, Dr. Evans, Gunnar Brown, Walker, and David Marshall, well known as chief constable of Port Hope for many years. The most prominent witnesses for the defence were N. Kirchoffer, barrister, Port Hope, and G. N. Clarke, now Judge Clarke, C. P. R. solicitor. Chief Justice Robinson presided, and he charged strongly against the prisoner. The defence was conducted by Messrs. Galt, Philpot, Kirchoffer, Weller and Clarke, the speech of Mr. Galt, now Sir Thomas Galt, being described as "one of extraordinary eloquence." The Crown was ably represented by Solicitor-General Smith. The evidence was strongly against the prisoner, but the jury returned a verdict of not guilty. There will be few of our readers, especially among the old timers, who will not have heard mention of this very famous case. The Brogden trial brought out the peculiar state of Canadian law, which provided no punishment whatever for adultery, although, under the Moslem law, among the Jews, it was punishable with death. The grand jury strongly recommended that the criminal law should be amended by providing punishment for men who wrecked the homes, and destroyed the happiness of others. Still the law remains exactly as it was, and it seems high time that the Canadian Legislature enact legislation providing for the punishment of adultery as a crime.—Peterboro' Review.

Deafness Cannot be Cured. By local applications as they cannot reach the diseased part of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional treatment. Deafness is caused by an inflammation of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, it swells and shuts off the passage, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; and unless the cause be removed, it will be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, etc. Hall's Catarrh Pills are the best.

Overheard in the Greenroom. The "Southeastern" sympathize with the White Rats. Miss Wattleigh (understudy)—How could she be expected to, the old cat! —Chicago Times-Herald.

Catarrhose Cures Bronchitis. Forge—Our Congressman made the speech of his life. He got two columns in the papers. Du Braun—That is nothing. Why, our Congressman used a nerve remedy and got four columns and his picture.

A Peculiar Game. A peculiar dice game is indulged in by the gambling element of Lithuanians in Baltimore, says the Baltimore Sun.

Gathering about the dice tables in the saloons kept by their fellow-countrymen, they quickly lose all interest in everything outside of that which is transpiring upon the cloth before them. As they sit or stand about the tables the careworn features of the men contrast strongly with the ruddy faces of the youths. The eagerness with which they seek the numbers upon the falling pieces is wolfish in its intensity. Comparatively small sums are placed upon the game, and side bets run from five cents to a dollar.

Although resembling in the manner in which it is operated, the high dice game, as played by the Anglo-Saxon races, the dice of the Lithuanians, instead of numbering from one to six, run from one to ten, the numbering of the six sides being 1, 2, 3, 4, 8, 10. The game is played with four pieces, and a possible forty is the point striven for instead of 24, which is high mark in the similar American game.

"A Stock Holder" For holding stock the "Page" is the only reliable kind. It is used on the largest Stock Farms in Canada; equally suitable for small or large stock. We make our own wire. Could not get good enough before. It is twice as strong as that in other fences and better galvanized. Our Fencing is shipped from our factory ready-made, and our local representative can put up a string of it for you in short order. Prices lower this year.

The PAGE WIRE FENCE CO. (Ltd.) WALKERVILLE, ONT.

His Own Free Will. Dear Sirs,—I cannot speak too strongly of the excellence of MINARD'S LINIMENT. It is THE remedy in my household for burns, sprains, etc., and we would not be without it. It is truly a wonderful medicine. John A. Macdonald, Publisher Arnprior Chronicle.

Italain Exposition in Berlin. Berlin is to have an Italian exposition in the Zoological Gardens. There will be imitation streets of Naples, Rome, Florence, Pompeii, Venice (with canals), etc.

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria. Our opportunities to do good are our talents.—C. Mather.

ISSUE NO 13 1901.

Why

SCOTT'S

EMULSION OF Cod Liver Oil?

There are others; why SCOTT'S?

The good one is SCOTT'S. It's nearly 30 years old; it is used by intelligent people all over the world; and approved by physicians all over the world.

When anyone says "Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil," he means SCOTT'S. No other is famous.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is made in a certain way; of certain things; it keeps; it is always alike; it does what it does.

The others—nobody knows what they are or do. There wouldn't be any others but for the goodness of SCOTT'S—there wouldn't be any counterfeit money but for the true.

The genuine has this picture on it, take no other. If you have not tried it, send for free sample, its agreeable taste will surprise you.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto. 50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

Hadn't Sampled It. She—Don't you think I have a good mouth? He—It looks all right. —March Smart Set.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper. If a man is a particular friend of yours he may not be so very particular after all.

DROPSY Treated Free. We have a special and complete specialty for twenty years. Quick relief. Cures worst cases. Book of TESTIMONIALS and 10 DAYS' TREATMENT FREE. DR. H. F. GREENBERGSON, Box 9 ATLANTA, GA.

NO USE TALKING. The Frost Fence Co. Ltd., Walkerville, Ont.

FOR SALE—FRUIT FARMS IN THE famous Niagara district. "The best of Canada" sale or exchange, for productive town or city property. Give full description of your property for exchange, and say what you want. Catalogue free on application. McNeil & Morden, brokers, St. Catharines, Ont.

BARAINS IN BELTING AND HOSE. Garden Hose at 6¢ per foot. N. Smith, 153 York street, Toronto.

WANTED—AGENTS TO SELL A HOUSE. Bold article used in every family. Live agents can make money. Give full description of your property for exchange, and say what you want. Catalogue free on application. McNeil & Morden, brokers, St. Catharines, Ont.

FOR SALE—STOCK FARM, 125 ACRES, good soil, brick house, good barn; market school, churches convenient; railroad 3 miles; price less than value. For particulars address Mrs. L. North, Tilsonburg, Ont.

100 ACRES IN COUNTY OF SIMCOE. New Lowland, limestone, hot-cold springs. Possession at once. J. G. Freeman, Box 670, Toronto.

BLACKSMITH WANTED—TO BUY OR REPAIR. Free shop and house in Markham Town. J. G. Freeman, Box 670, Toronto.

A BOX OF CIGARS FREE. For getting in club members. Address Lewis Cigar Club, 527 Richmond street, London, Ont.

FOR SALE—OLD ESTABLISHED FRUIT and fish business; one of the best business locations in the largest and most prosperous town in Ontario; present owner has accepted position which requires an extended sojourn in Great Britain; personal inspection invited. Address Box 221, Peterborough, Ont.

BIG STRAWBERRIES. 150 plants post paid for \$1.00. Send for list. N. E. MALLORY, Blenheim, Ont.

FRUIT FARM FOR SALE—ONE OF THE finest in the Niagara Peninsula, at Winona, 10 miles from Hamilton on two railways, 120 acres in all, 35 of which is in fruit, mostly peaches. Will be sold in one parcel or divided into lots of 15 to 20 acres to suit purchasers. This is a decided bargain. Address Jonathan Carpenter, P. O. box 409, Winona, Ontario.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for Children's Teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty five cents a bottle.

HOUSEKEEPERS. Full size much larger than illustration. This elegant Sugar Shell can be had free by sending your address. We adopt this way to introduce our Silverware manufactured from a new and precious metal—Yukon Silver. It is superior in every respect to any other silver known to the 20th century. Any responsible person sending their name shall receive one of these by mail—FREE—postage prepaid. Write today; don't put it off; remember procrastination is the thief of time, and our liberality may waste. Our object in making this remarkable offer is to get a sample of Yukon Silverware into every home in the land. YUKON SILVER CO., 144 King St. East, Toronto, Ont.

WORTH ASKING FOR? This elegant Sugar Shell can be had free by sending your address. We adopt this way to introduce our Silverware manufactured from a new and precious metal—Yukon Silver. It is superior in every respect to any other silver known to the 20th century. Any responsible person sending their name shall receive one of these by mail—FREE—postage prepaid. Write today; don't put it off; remember procrastination is the thief of time, and our liberality may waste. Our object in making this remarkable offer is to get a sample of Yukon Silverware into every home in the land. YUKON SILVER CO., 144 King St. East, Toronto, Ont.

The Ministry of Tears

One Design of Trouble Is To Keep This World From Being Too Attractive.

New York report: A vast audience crowded the Academy of Music in this city to-day to hear Dr. Talmage. Discouraging on the Ministry of Tears, he put the misadventures of life in a cheerful light, showing that if they were borne in the right spirit they might prove to be advantages. His text was Rev. vii, 17: "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

What a spectacle a few weeks ago when the nation were in tears! Queen Victoria ascended from the highest throne on earth to a throne in heaven. The prayer more often offered than any prayer for the last 64 years had been answered, and God did save the queen. All round the world, bells were tolling, and the minute guns were booming at the obsequies of the most honored woman of many centuries. As near four years ago the English and American nations shook hands in congratulation at the death of the Queen, in these times two nations shook hands in mournful sympathy at the Queen's departure. No people outside Great Britain so deeply felt that mighty grief as our people. The cries of many of our ancestors were rocked in Great Britain. Those ancestors played in childhood on the banks of the Tweed or the Thames or the Shannon. Take from our veins the English blood, and you have the Irish blood or the Scotch blood and the stream of our life would be a mere shallow. They are over there bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. It is our Wilberforce, our Coleridge, our De Quincy, our Robert Burns, our John Wesley, our John Knox, our Thomas Chambers, our Walter Scott, our Bishop Charnock, our Latimer, our Ridley, our Robert Emmet, our Daniel O'Connell, our Haycock, our Ruskin, our countrymen, our good and great and glorious Victoria.

The language in which we offered the English nation our condolence is the same language in which John Bunyan dreamed and Milton sang and Baxter prayed and George Whitefield thundered. The Prince of Wales, now King, paid reverential visit to Washington's tomb at Mount Vernon, and Longfellow's statue adorned Westminster Abbey, and Abraham Lincoln in bronze looks down upon Scotland's capital. It was natural that these two nations be in tears. But I am not going to speak of national tears, but of individual tears, and of the tears of the soul. Riding across a western prairie, wild flowers up to the hub of the carriage wheel, and while a long distance from any shelter, there came a sudden shower, and while the rain was falling in torrents, the carriage window glared brightly as I ever saw it shine, and I thought, What a beautiful spectacle is this! So the tears of the Bible are not midnight storm, but rain on paradisaic prairies in God's sweet and golden sunlight.

You remember that bottle which David labeled as containing tears, and Mary's tears and Paul's tears and Christ's tears, and the harvest of joy that is to spring from the sowing of these tears. God shows them where to fall; God exhales them. A census is taken of them, and there is a record as to the moment when they were born and as to the place of their grave. Tears of bad men are bitter. Alexander in his sorrow had the hair clipped from his horses and mules and made a great ado about his grief, but in all the vases of heaven there is not one of Alexander's tears. I speak of the tears of God's children. Alas, me, there are falling all the time! In summer you sometimes hear the growling thunder, and you see there is a storm miles away, but you know from the drift of the wind that it will not come anywhere near you. So, though it may be all bright around about you, there is a shower of trouble somewhere all the time. Tears, tears!

What is the use of them, tears? Why not substitute laughter? Why have a perpetual war between the people and aches? What is the use of an eastern storm when we might have a family in Kent? Why, when we have them all stay, or if they must be transplanted to make other homes, then have them all live, the family record telling a story of marriages and births, but of no deaths? Why not have the harvest chase each other without fatiguing toil? Why the hard pillow, the hard crust, the hard struggle? It is easy enough to explain a smile or a success or a congratulation, but come now and bring all your dictionaries and all your philosophies and all your religions and help me explain a tear. A chemist will tell you that it is made up of salt and lime and other component parts, but he misses the chief ingredients—the salt of a sour life, the vinegar sting of a bitter memory, the fragments of a broken heart. I will tell you what a tear is. It is agony in solution. Hear, then, while I discourse of the ministry of tears, or of the practical uses of sorrow.

First, it is the design of trouble to keep this world from being too attractive. Something must be done to make us willing to quit this existence. If it were not for trouble this world would be a good enough heaven for us. You and I would be willing to take a myriads of millions for a hundred million years if there were no trouble. The earth, cushioned and upholstered and pillared and chandeliered as such expense, no story of other worlds could enchant us. We would say, "Let me rest here. Let me stay here. Let me die and have my body disintegrated in the dust and your soul go out on a celestial adventure, then you can go, but this world is good enough for me." You have entered the Louvre at Paris and tell him to hasten off to the picture galleries of Venice or Florence. "Why," he would say, "what is the use of my going there and Titians here that I have not looked at yet?" No man wants to go out of this world or out

of any house until he has a better house. It is trouble, my friends, that makes us feel our dependence upon God. We do not know our own weakness or God's strength until the last plank breaks. It is contemptible in us that only when there is nothing else to take hold of we catch hold of God. Why do you know who the Lord is? He is not an autocrat, seated far up in a palace, from which he emerges once a year, preceded by heralds swinging swords to clear the way. No, He is a father willing at our call to stand by us in every crisis and predicament of life. I tell you what some of you business men make me think of. He has to raise a good deal of money, and raise it quickly. He borrows on word and note all he can borrow. After a while he puts a mortgage on his house. After a while he puts a second mortgage on his house. Then he puts a lien on his furniture. Then he makes over his life insurance. Then he assigns all his property. Then he goes to his father-in-law and asks for help. Well, having failed everywhere, completely failed, he gets down on his knees and says: "Oh, Lord, I have tried everybody and everything; now help me out of this financial trouble." He makes God the last resort instead of the first resort.

A young man goes off from home to earn his fortune. He goes with his mother's consent and benediction. She has large wealth, but he wants to make his own fortune. He goes far away, falls sick, gets out of money. He sends for the hotelkeeper where he is

staying, asking for lenience, and the answer he gets is: "If you do not pay up Saturday night, you'll be removed from the drift of the wind that will not come anywhere near you. So, though it may be all bright around about you, there is a shower of trouble somewhere all the time. Tears, tears!

What is the use of them, tears? Why not substitute laughter? Why have a perpetual war between the people and aches? What is the use of an eastern storm when we might have a family in Kent? Why, when we have them all stay, or if they must be transplanted to make other homes, then have them all live, the family record telling a story of marriages and births, but of no deaths? Why not have the harvest chase each other without fatiguing toil? Why the hard pillow, the hard crust, the hard struggle? It is easy enough to explain a smile or a success or a congratulation, but come now and bring all your dictionaries and all your philosophies and all your religions and help me explain a tear. A chemist will tell you that it is made up of salt and lime and other component parts, but he misses the chief ingredients—the salt of a sour life, the vinegar sting of a bitter memory, the fragments of a broken heart. I will tell you what a tear is. It is agony in solution. Hear, then, while I discourse of the ministry of tears, or of the practical uses of sorrow.

First, it is the design of trouble to keep this world from being too attractive. Something must be done to make us willing to quit this existence. If it were not for trouble this world would be a good enough heaven for us. You and I would be willing to take a myriads of millions for a hundred million years if there were no trouble. The earth, cushioned and upholstered and pillared and chandeliered as such expense, no story of other worlds could enchant us. We would say, "Let me rest here. Let me stay here. Let me die and have my body disintegrated in the dust and your soul go out on a celestial adventure, then you can go, but this world is good enough for me." You have entered the Louvre at Paris and tell him to hasten off to the picture galleries of Venice or Florence. "Why," he would say, "what is the use of my going there and Titians here that I have not looked at yet?" No man wants to go out of this world or out

ground, without form or comeliness. Then I put in the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley. Then I put into the cauldron some of the leaves from the tree of life and the branch that was thrown into the wilderness Marah. Then I pour in the tears of Bethany and Golgotha. Then I stir them up. Then I kindle under the cauldron a fire made out of the wood of the cross, and one drop of that potion will cure the worst sickness that ever afflicted a human soul. Mary and Martha shall receive their Lazarus from the tomb. The damsel shall rise. And in the darkness shall break the morning, and God will wipe away all tears from their eyes. Jesus had enough trial to make Him sympathetic with all trials. The shortest verse in the Bible tells the story. "Jesus wept." The scar on the back of His either hand, the scar on the arch of either foot, the row of scars along the line of the hair, will keep all heaven thinking. Oh, that Great Weeper is just the one to silence all earthly trouble, wipe out all stains of earthly grief! Gentle! Why His step is softer than the step of the dew. It will not be a tyrant bidding you hush your crying. It will be a Father who will take you on His left arm, His face beaming into yours, while with the soft tips of the fingers of the right hand He shall wipe away all tears from your eyes. Methinks it will take us some time to get used to heaven, the fruits of God without one speck, the fresh pastures without one nettle, the orchestra without one snapped string, the river of gladness without one torn bank, the sofferino and the saffron of the sunrise of the eternal day that beams from God's face.

Friends, if we could get any appreciation of what God has in reserve for us it would make us so homesick we would be unfit for our every day work. Prof. Leonard, formerly of Iowa university, put in my hands a meteoric stone—a stone thrown off some other world to this. How suggestive it was to me! And I have to tell you the best representations we have of heaven are only aerolites flung off from that world which rolls on, bearing the multitude of the redeemed. We analyze these aerolites and find them crystallizations of tears. No wonder, flung off from heaven! "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Have you any appreciation of the good and glorious lives your friends

are having in heaven? How different it is when they get news there of a Christian's death from what it is here! It is the difference between embarking and coming into port. Everything depends upon which side of the river you stand on when you hear of a Christian's death. If you stand on this side of the river, you mourn that they go. If you stand on the other side of the river, you rejoice that they come. Oh, the difference between a funeral on earth and a jubilee in heaven—between requiem here and triumph there; parting here and reunion there! Together! Have you ever thought of that? They are together. Not one of your departed friends in one land and another in another land, but together in different rooms of the same house—the house of many mansions! Together!

Take this good cheer home with you. These tears of bereavement that course your cheeks of persecution and of trial are not always to be wiped. The motherly hand of God will wipe them all away. What is the use on the way to such a consummation—what is the use of fretting about anything? Oh, what an exhilaration it ought to be to a Christian work! See you the pinnacles against the sky? It is the city of our God, and we are approaching it. Oh, let us be busy in the days that remain for us!

I put this balm on the wounds of your heart: Rejoice at the thought of what your departed friends have got rid of and that you have a prospect of soon making your own escape. Bear cheerfully the ministry of tears and exult at the thought that soon it is to be ended.

There we shall march up the heavenly street
And ground our arms at Jesus' feet.
Do you not think this moment catch a glimpse of the towers? Do you not hear a note of the eternal harmony? Some of you may remember the old Crystal Palace in this city of New York. I came in from my country home a verdant lad and heard in that Crystal palace the first great music I had ever heard. Just before a concert there, and there were 3,000 voices and 3,000 players upon instruments, and I was mightily impressed with the fact that Jullien controlled the harmony with the motion of his hand and foot and the beating of one and emphasizing with the other. To me it was overwhelming. But all that was tame compared with the scene and the sound when the ransomed shall come from the east and the west and the north and the south and sit down in the kingdom of God, myriads above myriads, galleries above galleries, and Christ will rise, and all heaven will rise with Him, and with His wounded hand and wounded foot He will conduct that harmony. "Like unto the voice of many waters, like the voice of mighty thunders, worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive riches and honor and glory and power, world without end."

Where did Paul get the ink with which to write his comforting epistles? Where did David get the ink to write his comforting psalms? Where did John get the ink to write his comforting Revelation? They got it out of their own tears. When a man has gone through the curriculum and has taken a course of dungeons and imprisonment, he is qualified for the work of sympathy.

I am an herb doctor. I put into the cauldron the root out of dry

are having in heaven? How different it is when they get news there of a Christian's death from what it is here! It is the difference between embarking and coming into port. Everything depends upon which side of the river you stand on when you hear of a Christian's death. If you stand on this side of the river, you mourn that they go. If you stand on the other side of the river, you rejoice that they come. Oh, the difference between a funeral on earth and a jubilee in heaven—between requiem here and triumph there; parting here and reunion there! Together! Have you ever thought of that? They are together. Not one of your departed friends in one land and another in another land, but together in different rooms of the same house—the house of many mansions! Together!

Take this good cheer home with you. These tears of bereavement that course your cheeks of persecution and of trial are not always to be wiped. The motherly hand of God will wipe them all away. What is the use on the way to such a consummation—what is the use of fretting about anything? Oh, what an exhilaration it ought to be to a Christian work! See you the pinnacles against the sky? It is the city of our God, and we are approaching it. Oh, let us be busy in the days that remain for us!

I put this balm on the wounds of your heart: Rejoice at the thought of what your departed friends have got rid of and that you have a prospect of soon making your own escape. Bear cheerfully the ministry of tears and exult at the thought that soon it is to be ended.

There we shall march up the heavenly street
And ground our arms at Jesus' feet.

Do you not think this moment catch a glimpse of the towers? Do you not hear a note of the eternal harmony? Some of you may remember the old Crystal Palace in this city of New York. I came in from my country home a verdant lad and heard in that Crystal palace the first great music I had ever heard. Just before a concert there, and there were 3,000 voices and 3,000 players upon instruments, and I was mightily impressed with the fact that Jullien controlled the harmony with the motion of his hand and foot and the beating of one and emphasizing with the other. To me it was overwhelming. But all that was tame compared with the scene and the sound when the ransomed shall come from the east and the west and the north and the south and sit down in the kingdom of God, myriads above myriads, galleries above galleries, and Christ will rise, and all heaven will rise with Him, and with His wounded hand and wounded foot He will conduct that harmony. "Like unto the voice of many waters, like the voice of mighty thunders, worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive riches and honor and glory and power, world without end."

Where did Paul get the ink with which to write his comforting epistles? Where did David get the ink to write his comforting psalms? Where did John get the ink to write his comforting Revelation? They got it out of their own tears. When a man has gone through the curriculum and has taken a course of dungeons and imprisonment, he is qualified for the work of sympathy.

I am an herb doctor. I put into the cauldron the root out of dry

are having in heaven? How different it is when they get news there of a Christian's death from what it is here! It is the difference between embarking and coming into port. Everything depends upon which side of the river you stand on when you hear of a Christian's death. If you stand on this side of the river, you mourn that they go. If you stand on the other side of the river, you rejoice that they come. Oh, the difference between a funeral on earth and a jubilee in heaven—between requiem here and triumph there; parting here and reunion there! Together! Have you ever thought of that? They are together. Not one of your departed friends in one land and another in another land, but together in different rooms of the same house—the house of many mansions! Together!

Take this good cheer home with you. These tears of bereavement that course your cheeks of persecution and of trial are not always to be wiped. The motherly hand of God will wipe them all away. What is the use on the way to such a consummation—what is the use of fretting about anything? Oh, what an exhilaration it ought to be to a Christian work! See you the pinnacles against the sky? It is the city of our God, and we are approaching it. Oh, let us be busy in the days that remain for us!

I put this balm on the wounds of your heart: Rejoice at the thought of what your departed friends have got rid of and that you have a prospect of soon making your own escape. Bear cheerfully the ministry of tears and exult at the thought that soon it is to be ended.

There we shall march up the heavenly street
And ground our arms at Jesus' feet.

Do you not think this moment catch a glimpse of the towers? Do you not hear a note of the eternal harmony? Some of you may remember the old Crystal Palace in this city of New York. I came in from my country home a verdant lad and heard in that Crystal palace the first great music I had ever heard. Just before a concert there, and there were 3,000 voices and 3,000 players upon instruments, and I was mightily impressed with the fact that Jullien controlled the harmony with the motion of his hand and foot and the beating of one and emphasizing with the other. To me it was overwhelming. But all that was tame compared with the scene and the sound when the ransomed shall come from the east and the west and the north and the south and sit down in the kingdom of God, myriads above myriads, galleries above galleries, and Christ will rise, and all heaven will rise with Him, and with His wounded hand and wounded foot He will conduct that harmony. "Like unto the voice of many waters, like the voice of mighty thunders, worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive riches and honor and glory and power, world without end."

Where did Paul get the ink with which to write his comforting epistles? Where did David get the ink to write his comforting psalms? Where did John get the ink to write his comforting Revelation? They got it out of their own tears. When a man has gone through the curriculum and has taken a course of dungeons and imprisonment, he is qualified for the work of sympathy.

I am an herb doctor. I put into the cauldron the root out of dry

are having in heaven? How different it is when they get news there of a Christian's death from what it is here! It is the difference between embarking and coming into port. Everything depends upon which side of the river you stand on when you hear of a Christian's death. If you stand on this side of the river, you mourn that they go. If you stand on the other side of the river, you rejoice that they come. Oh, the difference between a funeral on earth and a jubilee in heaven—between requiem here and triumph there; parting here and reunion there! Together! Have you ever thought of that? They are together. Not one of your departed friends in one land and another in another land, but together in different rooms of the same house—the house of many mansions! Together!

Take this good cheer home with you. These tears of bereavement that course your cheeks of persecution and of trial are not always to be wiped. The motherly hand of God will wipe them all away. What is the use on the way to such a consummation—what is the use of fretting about anything? Oh, what an exhilaration it ought to be to a Christian work! See you the pinnacles against the sky? It is the city of our God, and we are approaching it. Oh, let us be busy in the days that remain for us!

I put this balm on the wounds of your heart: Rejoice at the thought of what your departed friends have got rid of and that you have a prospect of soon making your own escape. Bear cheerfully the ministry of tears and exult at the thought that soon it is to be ended.

There we shall march up the heavenly street
And ground our arms at Jesus' feet.

Do you not think this moment catch a glimpse of the towers? Do you not hear a note of the eternal harmony? Some of you may remember the old Crystal Palace in this city of New York. I came in from my country home a verdant lad and heard in that Crystal palace the first great music I had ever heard. Just before a concert there, and there were 3,000 voices and 3,000 players upon instruments, and I was mightily impressed with the fact that Jullien controlled the harmony with the motion of his hand and foot and the beating of one and emphasizing with the other. To me it was overwhelming. But all that was tame compared with the scene and the sound when the ransomed shall come from the east and the west and the north and the south and sit down in the kingdom of God, myriads above myriads, galleries above galleries, and Christ will rise, and all heaven will rise with Him, and with His wounded hand and wounded foot He will conduct that harmony. "Like unto the voice of many waters, like the voice of mighty thunders, worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive riches and honor and glory and power, world without end."

Where did Paul get the ink with which to write his comforting epistles? Where did David get the ink to write his comforting psalms? Where did John get the ink to write his comforting Revelation? They got it out of their own tears. When a man has gone through the curriculum and has taken a course of dungeons and imprisonment, he is qualified for the work of sympathy.

I am an herb doctor. I put into the cauldron the root out of dry

are having in heaven? How different it is when they get news there of a Christian's death from what it is here! It is the difference between embarking and coming into port. Everything depends upon which side of the river you stand on when you hear of a Christian's death. If you stand on this side of the river, you mourn that they go. If you stand on the other side of the river, you rejoice that they come. Oh, the difference between a funeral on earth and a jubilee in heaven—between requiem here and triumph there; parting here and reunion there! Together! Have you ever thought of that? They are together. Not one of your departed friends in one land and another in another land, but together in different rooms of the same house—the house of many mansions! Together!

Take this good cheer home with you. These tears of bereavement that course your cheeks of persecution and of trial are not always to be wiped. The motherly hand of God will wipe them all away. What is the use on the way to such a consummation—what is the use of fretting about anything? Oh, what an exhilaration it ought to be to a Christian work! See you the pinnacles against the sky? It is the city of our God, and we are approaching it. Oh, let us be busy in the days that remain for us!

I put this balm on the wounds of your heart: Rejoice at the thought of what your departed friends have got rid of and that you have a prospect of soon making your own escape. Bear cheerfully the ministry of tears and exult at the thought that soon it is to be ended.

There we shall march up the heavenly street
And ground our arms at Jesus' feet.

Do you not think this moment catch a glimpse of the towers? Do you not hear a note of the eternal harmony? Some of you may remember the old Crystal Palace in this city of New York. I came in from my country home a verdant lad and heard in that Crystal palace the first great music I had ever heard. Just before a concert there, and there were 3,000 voices and 3,000 players upon instruments, and I was mightily impressed with the fact that Jullien controlled the harmony with the motion of his hand and foot and the beating of one and emphasizing with the other. To me it was overwhelming. But all that was tame compared with the scene and the sound when the ransomed shall come from the east and the west and the north and the south and sit down in the kingdom of God, myriads above myriads, galleries above galleries, and Christ will rise, and all heaven will rise with Him, and with His wounded hand and wounded foot He will conduct that harmony. "Like unto the voice of many waters, like the voice of mighty thunders, worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive riches and honor and glory and power, world without end."

Where did Paul get the ink with which to write his comforting epistles? Where did David get the ink to write his comforting psalms? Where did John get the ink to write his comforting Revelation? They got it out of their own tears. When a man has gone through the curriculum and has taken a course of dungeons and imprisonment, he is qualified for the work of sympathy.

I am an herb doctor. I put into the cauldron the root out of dry

are having in heaven? How different it is when they get news there of a Christian's death from what it is here! It is the difference between embarking and coming into port. Everything depends upon which side of the river you stand on when you hear of a Christian's death. If you stand on this side of the river, you mourn that they go. If you stand on the other side of the river, you rejoice that they come. Oh, the difference between a funeral on earth and a jubilee in heaven—between requiem here and triumph there; parting here and reunion there! Together! Have you ever thought of that? They are together. Not one of your departed friends in one land and another in another land, but together in different rooms of the same house—the house of many mansions! Together!

Take this good cheer home with you. These tears of bereavement that course your cheeks of persecution and of trial are not always to be wiped. The motherly hand of God will wipe them all away. What is the use on the way to such a consummation—what is the use of fretting about anything? Oh, what an exhilaration it ought to be to a Christian work! See you the pinnacles against the sky? It is the city of our God, and we are approaching it. Oh, let us be busy in the days that remain for us!

I put this balm on the wounds of your heart: Rejoice at the thought of what your departed friends have got rid of and that you have a prospect of soon making your own escape. Bear cheerfully the ministry of tears and exult at the thought that soon it is to be ended.

There we shall march up the heavenly street
And ground our arms at Jesus' feet.

Do you not think this moment catch a glimpse of the towers? Do you not hear a note of the eternal harmony? Some of you may remember the old Crystal Palace in this city of New York. I came in from my country home a verdant lad and heard in that Crystal palace the first great music I had ever heard. Just before a concert there, and there were 3,000 voices and 3,000 players upon instruments, and I was mightily impressed with the fact that Jullien controlled the harmony with the motion of his hand and foot and the beating of one and emphasizing with the other. To me it was overwhelming. But all that was tame compared with the scene and the sound when the ransomed shall come from the east and the west and the north and the south and sit down in the kingdom of God, myriads above myriads, galleries above galleries, and Christ will rise, and all heaven will rise with Him, and with His wounded hand and wounded foot He will conduct that harmony. "Like unto the voice of many waters, like the voice of mighty thunders, worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive riches and honor and glory and power, world without end."

Where did Paul get the ink with which to write his comforting epistles? Where did David get the ink to write his comforting psalms? Where did John get the ink to write his comforting Revelation? They got it out of their own tears. When a man has gone through the curriculum and has taken a course of dungeons and imprisonment, he is qualified for the work of sympathy.

I am an herb doctor. I put into the cauldron the root out of dry

are having in heaven? How different it is when they get news there of a Christian's death from what it is here! It is the difference between embarking and coming into port. Everything depends upon which side of the river you stand on when you hear of a Christian's death. If you stand on this side of the river, you mourn that they go. If you stand on the other side of the river, you rejoice that they come. Oh, the difference between a funeral on earth and a jubilee in heaven—between requiem here and triumph there; parting here and reunion there! Together! Have you ever thought of that? They are together. Not one of your departed friends in one land and another in another land, but together in different rooms of the same house—the house of many mansions! Together!

Take this good cheer home with you. These tears of bereavement that course your cheeks of persecution and of trial are not always to be wiped. The motherly hand of God will wipe them all away. What is the use on the way to such a consummation—what is the use of fretting about anything? Oh, what an exhilaration it ought to be to a Christian work! See you the pinnacles against the sky? It is the city of our God, and we are approaching it. Oh, let us be busy in the days that remain for us!

I put this balm on the wounds of your heart: Rejoice at the thought of what your departed friends have got rid of and that you have a prospect of soon making your own escape. Bear cheerfully the ministry of tears and exult at the thought that soon it is to be ended.

There we shall march up the heavenly street
And ground our arms at Jesus' feet.

Do you not think this moment catch a glimpse of the towers? Do you not hear a note of the eternal harmony? Some of you may remember the old Crystal Palace in this city of New York. I came in from my country home a verdant lad and heard in that Crystal palace the first great music I had ever heard. Just before a concert there, and there were 3,000 voices and 3,000 players upon instruments, and I was mightily impressed with the fact that Jullien controlled the harmony with the motion of his hand and foot and the beating of one and emphasizing with the other. To me it was overwhelming. But all that was tame compared with the scene and the sound when the ransomed shall come from the east and the west and the north and the south and sit down in the kingdom of God, myriads above myriads, galleries above galleries, and Christ will rise, and all heaven will rise with Him, and with His wounded hand and wounded foot He will conduct that harmony. "Like unto the voice of many waters, like the voice of mighty thunders, worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive riches and honor and glory and power, world without end."

Where did Paul get the ink with which to write his comforting epistles? Where did David get the ink to write his comforting psalms? Where did John get the ink to write his comforting Revelation? They got it out of their own tears. When a man has gone through the curriculum and has taken a course of dungeons and imprisonment, he is qualified for the work of sympathy.

I am an herb doctor. I put into the cauldron the root out of dry

are having in heaven? How different it is when they get news there of a Christian's death from what it is here! It is the difference between embarking and coming into port. Everything depends upon which side of the river you stand on when you hear of a Christian's death. If you stand on this side of the river, you mourn that they go. If you stand on the other side of the river, you rejoice that they come. Oh, the difference between a funeral on earth and a jubilee in heaven—between requiem here and triumph there; parting here and reunion there! Together! Have you ever thought of that? They are together. Not one of your departed friends in one land and another in another land, but together in different rooms of the same house—the house of many mansions! Together!

Take this good cheer home with you. These tears of bereavement that course your cheeks of persecution and of trial are not always to be wiped. The motherly hand of God will wipe them all away. What is the use on the way to such a consummation—what is the use of fretting about anything? Oh, what an exhilaration it ought to be to a Christian work! See you the pinnacles against the sky? It is the city of our God, and we are approaching it. Oh, let us be busy in the days that remain for us!

I put this balm on the wounds of your heart: Rejoice at the thought of what your departed friends have got rid of and that you have a prospect of soon making your own escape. Bear cheerfully the ministry of tears and exult at the thought that soon it is to be ended.

are having in heaven? How different it is when they get news there of a Christian's death from what it is here! It is the difference between embarking and coming into port. Everything depends upon which side of the river you stand on when you hear of a Christian's death. If you stand on this side of the river, you mourn that they go. If you stand on the other side of the river, you rejoice that they come. Oh, the difference between a funeral on earth and a jubilee in heaven—between requiem here and triumph there; parting here and reunion there! Together! Have you ever thought of that? They are together. Not one of your departed friends in one land and another in another land, but together in different rooms of the same house—the house of many mansions! Together!

Take this good cheer home with you. These tears of bereavement that course your cheeks of persecution and of trial are not always to be wiped. The motherly hand of God will wipe them all away. What is the use on the way to such a consummation—what is the use of fretting about anything? Oh, what an exhilaration it ought to be to a Christian work! See you the pinnacles against the sky? It is the city of our God, and we are approaching it. Oh, let us be busy in the days that remain for us!

I put this balm on the wounds of your heart: Rejoice at the thought of what your departed friends have got rid of and that you have a prospect of soon making your own escape. Bear cheerfully the ministry of tears and exult at the thought that soon it is to be ended.

There we shall march up the heavenly street
And ground our arms at Jesus' feet.
Do you not think this moment catch a glimpse of the towers? Do you not hear a note of the eternal harmony? Some of you may remember the old Crystal Palace in this city of New York. I came in from my country home a verdant lad and heard in that Crystal palace the first great music I had ever heard. Just before a concert there, and there were 3,000 voices and 3,000 players upon instruments, and I was mightily impressed with the fact that Jullien controlled the harmony with the motion of his hand and foot and the beating of one and emphasizing with the other. To me it was overwhelming. But all that was tame compared with the scene and the sound when the ransomed shall come from the east and the west and the north and the south and sit down in the kingdom of God, myriads above myriads, galleries above galleries, and Christ will rise, and all heaven will rise with Him, and with His wounded hand and wounded foot He will conduct that harmony. "Like unto the voice of many waters, like the voice of mighty thunders, worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive riches and honor and glory and power, world without end."

Where did Paul get the ink with which to write his comforting epistles? Where did David get the ink to write his comforting psalms? Where did John get the ink to write his comforting Revelation? They got it out of their own tears. When a man has gone through the curriculum and has taken a course of dungeons and imprisonment, he is qualified for the work of sympathy.

I am an herb doctor. I put into the cauldron the root out of dry

are having in heaven? How different it is when they get news there of a Christian's death from what it is here! It is the difference between embarking and coming into port. Everything depends upon which side of the river you stand on when you hear of a Christian's death. If you stand on this side of the river, you mourn that they go. If you stand on the other side of the river, you rejoice that they come. Oh, the difference between a funeral on earth and a jubilee in heaven—between requiem here and triumph there; parting here and reunion there! Together! Have you ever thought of that? They are together. Not one of your departed friends in one land and another in another land, but together in different rooms of the same house—the house of many mansions! Together!

Take this good cheer home with you. These tears of bereavement that course your cheeks of persecution and of trial are not always to be wiped. The motherly hand of God will wipe them all away. What is the use on the way to such a consummation—what is the use of fretting about anything? Oh, what an exhilaration it ought to be to a Christian work! See you the pinnacles against the sky? It is the city of our God, and we are approaching it. Oh, let us be busy in the days that remain for us!

I put this balm on the wounds of your heart: Rejoice at the thought of what your departed friends have got rid of and that you have a prospect of soon making your own escape. Bear cheerfully the ministry of tears and exult at the thought that soon it is to be ended.

There we shall march up the heavenly street
And ground our arms at Jesus' feet.

Do you not think this moment catch a glimpse of the towers? Do you not hear a note of the eternal harmony? Some of you may remember the old Crystal Palace in this city of New York. I came in from my country home a verdant lad and heard in that Crystal palace the first great music I had ever heard. Just before a concert there, and there were 3,000 voices and 3,000 players upon instruments, and I was mightily impressed with the fact that Jullien controlled the harmony with the motion of his hand and foot and the beating of one and emphasizing with the other. To me it was overwhelming. But all that was tame compared with the scene and the sound when the ransomed shall come from the east and the west and the north and the south and sit down in the kingdom of God, myriads above myriads, galleries above galleries, and Christ will rise, and all heaven will rise with Him, and with His wounded hand and wounded foot He will conduct that harmony. "Like unto the voice of many waters, like the voice of mighty thunders, worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive riches and honor and glory and power, world without end."

Where did Paul get the ink with which to write his comforting epistles? Where did David get the ink to write his comforting psalms? Where did John get the ink to write his comforting Revelation? They got it out of their own tears. When a man has gone through the curriculum and has taken a course of dungeons and imprisonment, he is qualified for the work of sympathy.

I am an herb doctor. I put into the cauldron the root out of dry

are having in heaven? How different it is when they get news there of a Christian's death from what it is here! It is the difference between embarking and coming into port. Everything depends upon which side of the river you stand on when you hear of a Christian's death. If you stand on this side of the river, you mourn that they go. If you stand on the other side of the river, you rejoice that they come. Oh, the difference between a funeral on earth and a jubilee in heaven—between requiem here and triumph there; parting here and reunion there! Together! Have you ever thought of that? They are together. Not one of your departed friends in one land and another in another land, but together in different rooms of the same house—the house of many mansions! Together!

Take this good cheer home with you. These tears of bereavement that course your cheeks of persecution and of trial are not always to be wiped. The motherly hand of God will wipe them all away

WIPED OUT THE GANG

THE BATTLE THAT EXTERMINATED THE EXELBY OUTLAWS.

A Close Quarters Fight With Guns That Won For Captain Bartlett, Who Was in the Thick of the Fight, the Sioux Name of "Wounded Knee."

"How we wiped the famous Exelby gang of outlaws out of existence has never been told except in official government reports," said Captain Charles E. Bartlett, who used to be a government scout and deputy United States marshal at Deadwood, to a group of friends.

"The gang, had struck terror to every Indian on the reservation who had any property and to every ranchman in Dakota. I was at that time, in 1881, in charge of the Pine Ridge and Rosebud agencies. I had been placed there because of my familiarity with the Sioux country. Only a short time after my arrival I was ordered to exterminate the Exelbys at any cost.

"Matters reached a crisis when the gang got away with 50 of the ponies belonging to a friendly chief who had been hunting just east of the Black Hills in company with a party of his friends. A severe winter was just coming on. A severe winter was just coming on. A severe winter was just coming on.

"By means of a posse to meet him near Stone's ranch at the crossing of the Little Missouri. I took the Williams brothers, Jack O'Hara, Al Raymond, Doc Babcock and, in a blinding snowstorm, headed the next morning for Stone's ranch. Not often in the history of fights on the frontier has so well known a set of scouts been gathered as rode on that campaign.

"The snow was a foot deep, and we were so cold that before we had finished the 60 mile ride the blood on our spurs was frozen. In fact, we were obliged to use our spurs cruelly to reach there at all.

"We arrived at the ranch about 10 o'clock at night and told old man Stone to care for our horses. He told us all we dared hope to find out about the Exelbys. At Shuster's, as the old man called it, there were three habitations, forming a triangle, each about 200 yards from the other. First came Stone's ranch, then the saloon and third the cabin where Shuster lived. Stone had told us that Exelby and five of his men had arrived at the saloon in the middle of the day and had been drinking and carousing ever since. This accounted for their being off their guard.

"We decided to wait till the next morning. About 11 o'clock we saw six of them with their packs and animals for the road. They put their packs miles ahead as they approached the crossing which bridged the river a quarter of a mile distant. We trapped them in a ravine back of Stone's ranch, calling a halt as soon as we thought that we had them dead to rights. Exelby yelled out something about a warmer climate, but we had no intention of taking his advice and leaving where we were. We were seven to six, anyway, and when he snapped back his retort to our call to halt we opened fire.

"We had hardly pulled a trigger when the bullets began to whistle around us from the other side of the gulch, and we woke to the fact that Billy the Kid, who had staid behind in the saloon to fix his saddle, had arrived just in time to join the exchange of shots. His first bullet killed Jack O'Hara, one of the most famous scouts who ever crossed the plains. The second tore through Jack Williams' shoulder and the third shattered my right knee.

"On the other side Exelby was killed. Tilly, another noted desperado, crawled with a shattered arm and broken ankle to Shuster's and begged for mercy. When I was hit I fell, but managed to crawl to the top of the ravine and put an extra hole in Campbell's nose. It generally took years to rid the frontier of two such outlaws as these, and I felt that we were working fast. As Campbell fell from the saddle his spur left a deep cut in the leather, which I often show with interest. I have the saddle, the belt and his side arms. The battle was turning in our favor, and after another volley we saw that not another live outlaw was visible. Even the Kid had given up his resist attack and had disappeared. We ran across him alone a few weeks later, and Fred Williams had no scruples about ending his life.

"Doc Babcock bandaged my knee, and we rigged a sled with which we managed to carry Jack O'Hara's body back to Spearfish. Tuttle, one of the worst characters of Exelby's gang, we found only slightly wounded. We took him to Spearfish also, but his lifeless body was found frozen stiff the next morning hanging from a tree. My wound was not painful, and I rode my horse as far as Spearfish. There the doctor said I would have to have my leg amputated. I objected and still have two legs, if one is a little weak."

"From the date of the battle with the Exelbys Captain Bartlett was known as 'Wounded Knee' among the Sioux.

"They All Came Back. "Tall a dozen of us fellows," said the struggling young author, "held a competition in short story writing. My story won the prize."

"Conceded to be the best, eh?" "Well, we sent them all to the same magazine, and the editor kept mine longer than any of the others."

"Boston Common Incident. Mr. Goodbody—Ab, little man! Want to see the whole go on?" "Waldo Byrnes—Thank you, sir, but I'm perfectly familiar with the mechanism of the modern chronometer."

"Nelson was 39 when he won the victory of the Nile. Wellington was only 40 when he opened the Peninsular war. Cromwell was 46 when he won at Naseby."

HIS NEW SILK HAT.

A Joke That Made the Sporty Man Hot and Cold by Burns.

The young man who prides himself upon his swell and dapper appearance had just bought a new silk hat, and it had been sent to the office from the hat store. It arrived while he was at luncheon, and one of the boys received for it and after the messenger was gone hauled out the prize for general inspection. It was certainly a beauty, but a man who cannot afford to wear a silk hat never can see any sense in any other person wearing one. Therefore the gang got up a little plot to have joy with the sporty purchaser.

The new hat was stowed away in the clothes closet, and the office boy was sent to the county Democracy headquarters to borrow the worst old plug that could be found in the rooms, one that had been through all the parades for years and had been kicked from pillar to post. The boy got it all right, and it was carefully stowed in the hatbox and placed on the swell youth's desk. He came bustling in soon afterward and jumped toward the package.

"Oh, my new hat came, did it?" he asked, beginning to unwrap the package. "Well, say, you fellows can 'kid' a silk hat all you want, but here's one that's a—"

"He got that far before he opened the box and took out the ancient plug which looked like a vain regret. Then he made some remarks which are unfit for publication.

"I'll show 'em!" he shouted, while the crowd kept up the roar of laughter to indicate that they were listening to his story. "I'll let 'em know who they're playing jokes on!" And he jammed the old hat back into the box preparatory to going back to the hat store with it. It was time to make the switch again, and one of the boys called him into the private office a moment or something very imperative, while another shifted the hats and put the new one back in the box.

"Retiring from the momentary conference, the indignant young man tied up the hatbox and stamped away to the hat store.

"What do you mean," he demanded, slamming the box down and nervously pulling at the string, "by sending me the old wreck of a hat like this?" And he pulled out the shining new tile he had bought a few hours before.

"What the salesman said and thought and what the young man said and realized are not necessary to the story. It ought to end right there."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Even When a Little Boy His Genius Was Extraordinary.

I last night, Nov. 15, 1777, supped in Mr. Walter Scott's. He has the most extraordinary genius of a boy I ever saw. He was reading a poem to his mother when I went in. I made him read on. It was the description of a shipwreck. His passion rose with the storm. He lifted his eyes and hands. "There's the mast gone," says he. "Crash it goes. They will all perish." After his agitation he turns to me. "That is too melancholy," says he. "I had better read you something more amusing."

I preferred a little chat and asked his opinion of Milton and other books he was reading, which he gave me. Wonderful indeed was his observation, for in the middle of the conversation he said, "I have just now come into the world, should know everything!" "That must be the poet's fancy," said he, but when he was told he was created perfect by God himself he was struck with the idea. When he was taken to bed last night he told his aunt he liked that lady. "What lady?" says she. "Why, Mrs. Cockburne, for I think she is a virtuoso like myself." "Dear Walter," says his aunt, "what is a virtuoso?" "Don't ye know? Why, it's one who wishes and will know everything."

Now, sir, you will think this a very silly story. Pray, what age do you suppose this boy to be? Name it now before I tell you. Why, 12 or 14? No such thing. He is not quite 6 years old. He has a lame leg, for which he was a year in Bath, and has acquired the perfect English accent which he has not lost since he came, and he reads like a Garrick.—"Letters and Memoirs of Her Own Life," by Mrs. Alison Rutherford or Cockburne.

Live on the installment plan. "One of the curious business customs here," says a City of Mexico correspondent of the Boston Herald, "is that of paying for things on the 'abono,' or installment plan. The great shops carry tens of thousands of accounts, which are being added to by fresh charges and as continually being decreased by the payment of the monthly 'abonos.' From your cradle to your coffin you can, if you have any sort of credit, go through life on the installment plan. This is a city full of government employes, like Washington, and they live, move and have their being on the installment principle. They pay their rent or board monthly and hand in a certain amount to their tailor, shoemaker, haberdasher, jeweler, etc. If they are married men, their wives call around to the dry goods shops monthly and make a payment. It is a custom so universal that women of the highest social rank have passbooks at the big dry goods shops and send their installments in every 30 days."

Stationery and Foot. Benjamin Harrison, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was fond of the good things of this life and a high liver. While a member of the First congress, which met in Philadelphia, on one occasion he was joined by a friend as he left the congressional hall. Wishing to ask his friend to join him in a bumper, he took him to a certain place and called for two glasses of brandy and water. The man in charge replied that liquors were not included in the supplies furnished to congressmen.

"What is it, then, that I see the New England members come here and drink?" "Molasses and water, which they have charged to stationery," was the reply.

"Very well," said Harrison, "give me brandy and water, and charge it as fuel."

The Present. He was gazing with dreamy eyes into the far off ahead.

"Ah, my darling," he murmured, "what matters it that sorrow and trouble must of necessity be lurking in the unknown future? While I am with you I think of night and the present—the beautiful, agreeable present."

"So do I, dearest," she replied. "But you'll take me when you buy it, won't you? Men have such queer tastes in things."

A PEARL FROM A KING.

The Bunko Game That Was Played by a Fiji Monarch.

The King—You African, you, you? I—yes, your majesty, I am glad to say that I am an American citizen. "Ya, halajaa ku Fiji?" (How do you like Fiji?) "Yes, your majesty, I am most pleased with this beautiful island. Like the other islands of the south sea, it is an earthly paradise."

"You ketch him baccoc?" (tobacco). "Yes, your majesty (deferentially), I have plenty of tobacco—some fine old Virginia leaf. Maybe your majesty would like some?" "You give me baccoc, I give you my pearl."

A pearl from a king! The deal was closed. Immediately I dispatch a man to the hut where my trunk reposed and told him to bring me all the tobacco he could find. But surely there was not sufficient for a king's pearl, a priceless jewel! I tried to demur—to change his majesty's mind—but he would not have it otherwise. Presently the man returned with three large boxes of long cut and a bunch of Manila cigars which I had bought for my own consumption. The lot would have brought about \$4 in the Fiji market, and I reluctantly passed it over to his majesty, who took it with that cry of delight that comes only from the breast of the man who has found gold after years of poverty. Then he muttered some unintelligible words in the Fiji dialect and from the deep confines of his coat brought forth a thin ball of cotton. He unrolled it with a particular caution and picked up the pearl—white, dainty, supreme. He held it between his thumb and forefinger for a moment of admiration and then, with uncovered head, placed it in my outstretched hand.

I shall never forget how, many months later, when I landed in London, I went to the purser and got my cherished pearl from his strong box. I was going to have it mounted as a pin. I shall never, never forget how the jeweler listened to my story, clasped a magnifying glass to his eye, looked at it closer and closer and closer, and then said in a tone that pierced my heart:

"My boy, this isn't a pearl. It's a fish's eye!"—Robert Mackay in Success.

THE "PIGTAIL" IN CHINA.

Certain Sects Believe It Is Essential to Salvation. Every one knows how sacred a cue or "pigtail" is to John Chinaman. To lose his cue is almost as bad as to lose life itself. Should a Chinaman return to China without his cue he would become an object of scorn and derision.

Dress, like other things, undergoes its change in China, but the style of the pigtail has remained the same for centuries and is handed down from parent to child without fear of change. In 1902, for many years prior to 1644 the native emperors of the Chinese dynasty compelled their subjects to wear long hair over the whole head and to twist it into a tuft or coil. The first emperor of the Manchoo dynasty, who ascended the throne in 1644, determined to make the custom of Manchuria the token of the submission of the Chinese of the entire country to his authority.

Shortly after his accession to the throne he ordered his subjects to shave all the hair from their heads except on the crown and to allow the hair on that particular part to grow long and dress it according to the traditional custom of Manchuria. This proclamation was received with universal disapproval, except in Manchuria. But it had to be obeyed. Finally, the custom prevailed throughout the length and breadth of China, and the style then adopted as a duty is worn now by choice. "So much a long communion tends to make us what we are."

As a reward for punctuality and obedience those who were first to conform with the new capillary rule were awarded a tael of silver. In such reverence has the pigtail come to be held that certain sects believe that they cannot be saved without the aid of the pigtail. They believe that after death Confucius will lift them by their pigtails into the regions of celestial bliss. Consequently no pigtail, no salvation. Is it any wonder, then, that John Chinaman sticks to his cue? It is the Jacob's ladder by which he will make his ascent into heaven.

She Understood. When they came on the car the other day, everybody wondered what made the small girl look so queer. A nice looking man was leading her by the hand, and she would have been nice looking, too, if it hadn't been for her bonnet. It was the strangest bonnet seen in many a day. A deep and full ruffle fell into the child's eyes, while a stiff, shell-like projection stretched out over her neck. She was uncomfortable, and the man was oblivious. After awhile a plump and comfortable mother of two could endure it no longer. She leaned across the car and said something to the man, who began to smile. He turned to the girl and put it on the other side up. The ruffle developed into a little cape and the shell into a poke bonnet, and the transformation was complete.

"You see, her mother wasn't around, and I—" he began. "Of course you did," smiled back the mother of two.

She Made It She Knew. An old colored mammy o'er in Fairfax county brought me a bottle of blackberry brandy last fall. Two whiffs of it, I venture to say, would make one want to tell the story of one's life, but mammy assured me the liquor was harmless of the "Delectable I know what's in it, chile; I does," she said. "It ain't safe to drink none of this yere store brandy. They's alcohol in it, and alcohol's certainly poison. I done brose it you, honey, for they's nothin' in it but jes' pure juice. They's not a drop of alcohol in it. I made it myself, and I knows."

Both Drove. First Boy—Your folks ain't as rich as ours. My father and mother go driving every day.

Second Boy—My father drives every day too.

First Boy—I don't believe it. What does he drive?

Second Boy—Nails.—London Fun.

There is no canning industry among the Chinese. All of their sauces and composites are preserved in earthenware jars or in old wine and beer bottles.

BILL OF THE PLAY.

James A. Herne will take "Shore Acres" to London next summer.

A West African gold mine has yielded \$700,000 for Mrs. James Brown Potter. Frank Bangs is shortly to celebrate his fiftieth year of stage life by a family reunion. Eugene Presbury has disposed of a play of rural life, called "New England Folks," for next season.

The Earl of Yarmouth is to star in "The Councilor's Wife," a play that has been used by Henry Miller. Mme. Bernhardt is the only actress speaking a foreign language who ever made money for her managers in this country.

Eleanora Duse, the great Italian tragedienne, is having Mrs. Fiske's version of "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" translated into Italian. Joseph Jefferson's fortune has mainly been accumulated from a version of "Rip Van Winkle" for which he paid \$500 to Dion Boucicault. It is said that Sothern has denounced as ungentlemanly the conduct of a Chicago professor of literature who spoke of his Hamlet as resembling the work of a "vanville contortionist."

W. H. West takes credit for giving the twentieth century. The performance took place shortly after 12 o'clock on Jan. 1 at the Auditorium in Philadelphia. Gerhart Hauptmann's latest play, "Michael Kramer," was produced recently at the Deutsches theater, Berlin. It was a failure. It is a somber story, and the great feature is a funeral oration. Eleanor Robson, who has scored a hit in "Arizona," and who is to be put into support of Mrs. Le Moyne in the latter's forthcoming tour in a repertory of Browning plays, is the daughter of Madge Carr Cook.

GLEANINGS.

France has 22 organ manufactories. There is larger than France, Germany and Spain combined and has a population of 6,000,000. In Bohemia 63 nobles own the bulk of the country. None of their estates are less than 12,000 acres. According to recent statistics, there is one man in about 500 in the United States who receives a college training. The Nile is noted for the variety of its fish. An expedition sent by the British museum brought home 2,200 specimens. Eighteen states and one territory now have laws which prohibit the sale of life saving fire insurance companies to pay the face of the policy, no matter what may be the actual value of the property burned.

The lowest bidder for the contract of furnishing seeds for congressional districts during the fiscal year 1902 received by the agricultural department was the New York Market Garden association at \$160,155. A man charged at a London police court the other day with being drunk and disorderly pleaded in his defense that his real intention when he bought the whisky was to poison himself in the pleasantest possible manner. The daily population of the Equitable building in New York is 3,100, and the mail averages about 18,000 pieces a day. Every 45 minutes mail wagons run over from the postoffice and carry back with them 75 pounds of outgoing mail.

PEN, CHISEL AND BRUSH.

The death is announced at the age of 83 of Mr. Herminford, the world famous historian of the reformation, his book on this subject having been translated into every civilized language. The parents of Paul Laurence Dunbar, the negro poet, were both slaves in the antebellum days. The father escaped to Canada, and during the war of the rebellion he fought with the Fifty-fifth Massachusetts infantry. Charles L. Hutchinson, the president of the Chicago Art Institute, was the first American to secure a Rossetti picture. This was the great preaphaelite's "Beata Beatrix," which Mr. Hutchinson has virtually given to the institute.

Frank Simmons, the American sculptor, long resident in Rome, has returned to New York for a visit. He says that he doubts whether the American public is not well enough supplied with free art, and adds that, therefore, we should give more thought to the establishment of free art galleries. The Catastrophe. Fidgety Bridget E. Ann MacSwigget-y went for a row when her bean named Will, Loo-ly, moonily. Not to say spoon-ly. On the great river he rowed her until, Musically, faintly. Freeling his muscle, he splashed her and acted so clumsily that Fidgety Bridget E. Ann MacSwigget-y fell in the water and spoiled her new hat. —James O'Dea in "Daddy Long Legs Fun Songs."

Takes Meals Whole. "Is there any danger of the boa constrictor's biting me?" asked a lady visitor at the zoological garden. "Not the least, ma'am," cried the keeper. "He never bites; he swallows his wittles whole."—Tit-Bits. Journalism Is Terribly Exact. "No," said the society reporter, "it is not so hard to get descriptions of the costumes. The hard part is to write the descriptions so that each lady will consider herself the best dressed woman present."

The Budding Century. Another thing the new century ought to bring out is a fireproof hay bale.—Boston Herald. The new century has opened with terrific gales at sea, violent inland storms, severe earthquake shocks and 40 legislative sessions.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The new century may mean all right, but it will have created a better impression if it had not upholstered its beginning so lavishly with smallpox and cholera.

LAW POINTS.

A lawyer is not a necessity in making a will; witnesses are, however. Where a principal ratifies an unauthorized act of his agent he can afterward avoid the effect of such ratification by showing that he was not acquainted with all the facts of the transaction where he was in possession of the means of learning them.

NGLES AND JESTS.

When the Price Is Paid. A big indemnity is what John Chinaman must pay. The price assures that he will not forget the proper way. Which he in future years should walk. His tendencies so rash. The nations now propose to talk by gathering in his cash.

And who will pay this mighty price? The empress? Not at all. She'll have her rice and garments also. Whatever may befall. Some Chinaman must feel the touch of force privation's pang. But we are certain of this much: It won't be Li Hung Chang. It won't be any mandarin. Who life's enjoyment lacks. When the authorities begin. To clamor for the tax. But, oh, ye coolies, sore dismayed, Ye and suffering slaves, When that indemnity is paid, Prepare to hump yourselves!

A Foolish Young Man. Mother—Why, dear, what's the matter? Daughter—Geo-George asked me if he could—ki-iss me. Snappy—What's that, Jane me. Snappy—Oh, some people are never satisfied to take things as they are, but always want to know the why and wherefore. Snappy—That's so. I wonder why it is!

A Social Blunder. They said that he was coming to faint. The proper caper must be chosen. Because he always dressed just so. His trousers bagged not at the knees. He never could feel quite at ease! If he'd not done the proper dress; He feared the censure of the squeeze. And suffered deep and dire distress. It would have struck him in a swoon. If he had been compelled to wear A morning coat for afternoon; He would be as always them. He'd suits that suited everything. For shooting, tennis, golf and boating. For winter, summer, fall and spring. Ashore or in his yacht a-floating. But still his record was not clean; His 'scutcheon bore an ugly stain. One certain morning he was seen Out walking in a driving rain.

The Strenuous Weed. Jones—You don't mean to say you have already got away with all the cigars your wife gave you for Christmas? Smith—That's what I used my bicycle pump about getting the smoke through them and in that way worked them off quite readily and without tiring myself much. Called Down. Mrs. Jason—What is that you are trying to sing, for the land's sake? Mr. Jason—The Lighthouse by the Sea. Mrs. Jason—Well, if you expect me to get the washin ever done, you'd better be thinkin of the woodhouse by the saw.

Moth and the Flame. [Revised version.] The candle glows and sputters, Its deep flame gleaming white; The moth wings near, With naught of fear, For her dainty plidons white. Alas, the moth veers nearer, The while she softly sings, Then plunges into The flame and through, For she has asbestos wings.

For Use in the Future. Mrs. Henpeck—if you marry Dick, you need never expect me to come to see you. Daughter—Just say that into the graphophone, won't you, please? Mrs. Henpeck—What for? Daughter—I want to give it to Dick as a wedding present. Same Ring. Tess—Jack proposed last night, and I accepted him. Jess—Did you, dear? By the way, don't attempt to cut glass with that diamond, as I did, or you'll make another nick in the stone.

Perfect. If you would be perfect, Dear sisters and brothers, Just follow the company, You give unto others. A Great Scheme. "Dobbs made a lot of money this season." "How?" "He got out road maps for all the floors in our big department stores."

A Practical Girl. He—Your life shall be filled with sunshine. She—Yes, but how about lamplight? Can you undertake to keep the oil can filled? Got Him This Time. Made patent net ascender. Oh, she's a girl of art! For all the decorations are Just hearts and hearts and hearts. —Chicago Record.

Ups and Downs. "Really your face is very familiar, sir, but you are not the advantage of me in names." And she looked at the distinguished stranger with a puzzled air. "I fancied," he said, "that you would know me. I name is Bangs, and four years ago I had the honor to be your coachman." "The face of the lady blazed." "Sir" she fairly snarled. "But a remarkably lucky series of stock investments in my way on, "has enabled me to become your next door neighbor." The lady's face softened. "So pleased to renew our acquaintance, Mr. Bangs," she smilingly said.

Looking Backward. "By George," said the big man with the heavy, dark mustache, who had just got back from Australia, "how time flies. Just think! I used to be the smart kid who tried to scare you out when you came to see my sister. What a little runt I was in those days." "Yes, wearily replied the one he addressed, "you were a little runt, indeed. If you had only been a big and strong like you are now!"

Out of His Lane. Crawford—Say, if you air so all fired good at problems, tell me how far off thunder is when you hear the first roll. Calculator—I can't do that, sir. Crawford—You can't? Calculator—No; I'm the lightning calculator. A Distraction. He was a youth of cellow age; His love for ladies of the stage Had this to say to it: His heart sang to a happy rhyme, That with an actress for a time He'd been a favorite.

Though she was thirty years or more, And he'd but rounded out a score, His introspection Decided him that he had won A place on every girl's eye and upon In her affection. Alas, said she, in artless way: "Tis a boy's part in the new play; And, since I knew you, I've constantly been watching you And studying all you say and do. You don't mind, do you?"—Exchange. Foresight. She—Is that friend of yours whom you are expecting a tall man? He—About 6 feet 2 inches. Why do you ask? She—Because in that case I shall have to dust the ornaments on the top shelf.—Exchange. Things Will Go Wrong. "The organist didn't see the bride and groom come in." "Well?" "I used my bicycle pump about getting the smoke through them and in that way worked them off quite readily and without tiring myself much."

The Bachelor's Idea. Mr. Newpump—You haven't seen our baby yet. He's only 3 months old, but I tell you he's bright. Jack Bachelor—That so? Can he—sit up on his hind legs and beg? A Literary Lass. She got a cut glass inkstand And a cute pearl handled pen And some dainty tinted paper; You have seen it now and then. She thought she'd write a poem about The "whittier and the whittier," A work to make the playgoat Resemble "thirty cents."

And so within the crystal shell Her jeweled pen she dipped, But inspiration from her grasp, Alack, had somehow slipped. But soon undisturbed, over the page She bent with studious gloze; She straightway wrote to all her friends And asked them to a tea. Impervious. She—There isn't one man in a million who would be so mean to his wife and children as you are! He—Now, that's what I admire in you, dear. You have such a head for figures!—Life. Plenty of Hot Air. "I cannot live on wind," bitterly spake the tragedian. "But I always serve it to you nice and hot, don't I?" retorted the manager, with spirit.

Paradoxical. Towne—Isn't it strange that a man of loose habits frequently gets right. Browne—Yes, and that a man who is close seldom gets tight. "Necessity Knows No Law." But a law of Nature bows to the necessity of keeping the blood pure so that the entire system shall be strong, healthy and vigorous.

To take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, is therefore a law of health and it is a necessary way in nearly every household. It never disappoints. Erysipelas.—Had a severe attack of erysipelas, suffering from dizziness and nervousness so that I could not rest at night. Tired Hood's Sarsaparilla with good results, and now recommend it to others."—CHALMERS, Toronto, Ont. Tired Feeling.—"Was all run down and had no appetite. Was tired all the time. Hood's Sarsaparilla was suggested, and a trial benefited me so much that now I would not do without the medicine."—Mrs. G. D. BURWELL, Central Norton, N. B.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints. Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound. 10,000 Ladies. Safe, effectual. Ladies ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Make no other, as all mixtures, pills and imitations are dangerous. Price, No. 1, 50¢ per box; No. 2, 10¢ per box. Stronger, 25¢ per box. No. 1 or 2, mailed on receipt of price and two 3-cent stamps. The Cook Company, Windsor, Ont. Nos. 1 and 2 sold and recommended by all responsible Druggists in Canada.

No 1 and no 2 sold Lamb & Son.

A Striking Figure

Not every man expects to be

Immortalized in Stone

but there is another way of attracting favorable public attention, and that is by being

Well Dressed.

Our clothing makes a striking figure of any man; for it is stylish, comfortable and economical.

M. SILVER,

West Corner King and Buell Sts., BROCKVILLE

P. S.—You'll find our Boots and Shoes always at the top for quality and style. And our prices the lowest.

THE
Athens
Hardware
Store



We keep constantly on hand full lines of the following goods: Paints, Sherwin & Williams and all the best makes, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, Window Glass, Putty, Coal Oil, Machine Oil, Rope (all sizes), Builders' Hardware in endless variety, Blacksmith Supplies and Tools, Nails, Forks, Shovels, Drain Tile, and Drain Tools, Spades and Scoops, Iron Piping (all sizes with couplings), Tinware, Agateware, Lamps and Lanterns, Chimneys, &c., Pressed Nickel Tea Kettles and Tea Pots, Fence Wire, (all grades), Building Paper, Guns and Ammunition, Shells for all Guns (loaded and unloaded), Shot and Powder, &c., &c.

Agent for the Dominion Express Company. The cheapest and best way to send money to all parts of the world.

Give me a call when wanting anything in my line.

Wm. Karley,

Main St., Athens.



Perfection Cement Roofing

THE TWO GREAT RAIN EXCLUDERS

THESE GOODS are rapidly winning their way in popular favor because of their cheapness, durability, and general excellence. Does your house or any of your outbuildings require repairing or a new roof? Are you going to erect a new building? If so, you should send for circular describing these goods or apply to

W. G. McLAUGHLIN

Athens - - - - - Ontario

The practical side of science is reflected in



A monthly publication of inestimable value to the student of every day scientific problems, the mechanic, the industrial expert, the manufacturer, the inventor—in fact, to every wide-awake person who hopes to better his condition by using his brains. The inventor, especially, will find in The Patent Record a guide, philosopher and friend. Nothing of importance escapes the vigilant eyes of its corps of expert editors. Everything is presented in clean, concise fashion, so that the busiest may take time to read and comprehend. The scientific and industrial progress of the age is accurately mirrored in the columns of The Patent Record, and it is the only publication in the country that prints the official news of the U. S. Patent Office and the latest developments in the field of invention without fear or favor.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

THE PATENT RECORD, Baltimore, Md.

THE Athens Reporter

ISSUED EVERY

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON;

—BY—

B. LOVERIN

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

SUBSCRIPTION

\$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE OR

\$1.25 IF NOT PAID IN THREE MONTHS

No paper will be stopped until all arrears are paid except at the option of the publisher. A post office notice of discontinuance is not sufficient unless a settlement to date has been made.

ADVERTISING.

Business notices in local or news columns 10c per line for first insertion and 5c per line for each subsequent insertion.

Professional Cards, 5 lines or under, per year, \$5.00; over 5 and under 12 lines, \$4.00.

Legal advertisements, 8c per line for first insertion and 3c per line for each subsequent insertion.

A liberal discount for contract advertisement.

Advertisements sent without written instructions will be inserted until forbidden and charged full time.

All advertisements measured by a scale of solid nonpareil—12 lines to the inch.

Local Notes

Miss Eva and Mr. Clarence Halladay of Elgin were in Athens on Saturday last.

Mr. Isaac Robinson was taken ill about ten days ago and is still confined to his house.

Mr. and Mrs. Almeron Wilson and family return to Delta this week for the summer months.

James A. Earl, general merchant, Portland, has made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors.

Miss Bolton of Brockville spent Sunday in Athens, the guest of her sister, Mrs. W. Wilkes.

Mr. W. W. Purvis of Junetown, divinity student, has been appointed to a mission station in Manitoba for the summer months.

The acquirement of the telegraph lines by the government is regarded as a foregone conclusion. Thus one result long contemplated by the labor element is really coming to pass.

Any one intending buying wall paper this spring will find it to their advantage to call at the residence of C. C. Slack, Elgin st., and inspect his samples of some 200 designs with ceiling, border, and moulding to match.

Attention is directed to the advt of Stephen Robinson, Smith's Falls, to be found in the people's column on last page. Mr. Robinson is leaving town and wishes to dispose of his steamer or trade before the 10th of April. There is a bargain in it for some one.

Rev. W. P. Reeve, of Sydenham, who it was reported had been appointed to the mission of Kitley, has decided not to accept the incumbency at the existing salary. The people subscribed \$525, and the mission grant is \$150, but the latter is likely to be reduced.

The sugar-beet industry is still engaging the attention of a large number of the agriculturists of the province. In the Legislature last week, Hon. John Dryden said that seeds were being distributed and tests were being made under the direction of officials of the department at all localities where boards of trade, agricultural societies, or other responsible bodies undertook to provide facilities for a fair test.

The taking of the census will begin on Monday next. The enumerators for Athens are Messrs. George Nash and Zachariah Derbyshire and for Rear Yonge & Escott Messrs. A. W. Kelly, J. K. Redmond, S. Coon. All persons in doors at 12 o'clock on Sunday night will be counted. There is an unusually long list of subjects upon which information is required, and householders are requested to answer questions fully and freely, so as to facilitate the work of the enumerators.

Enumerators in this part of the county have been called to meet at Delta on Friday next at 9 a. m.

COME TO THINK OF IT.

Montreal Herald
Who bought the claims for mines of our prospectors in British Columbia? The Americans!
Who sold them to the Canadians afterwards, pocketing fat profits? The Americans!
Who have developed our wood pulp trade? The Americans!
Who sold us the wonderful Stanley mine? The Americans!
Who started the iron industry in Sydney, Cape Breton? The Americans.
Who pockets the millions therefrom? The Americans!
Who is the moving spirit in Sault Ste. Marie? An American!
Who has obtained elevator privileges from our labor commissioners? Americans!
Who fails to build elevators and therefore helps Buffalo? Americans!
Who will gobble our most export trade? Quite likely the Americans!
Who have bought all our petroleum wells? The Americans!
Who was called to reorganize our Grand Trunk railway? An American!
What architects get the work for our largest and finest buildings? Americans!
Who are the quickest to appreciate and employ our smartest young men? Americans!

JESTS AND JINGLES.

The Constant Lover.

O Mar, I remember yet
The blissful moment when we met
Each trundled in a basket,
By muskies each attended;
You came, you saw, you conquered,
Your slave remained still, passing by,
The laughing Madge I chanced to spy,
And then your reign was ended.

The laughing Madge I did adore
For full six months, then fell before
The eyes of sad Anita.
She was my senior by a score
Of maiden years, or haply more.
But what of that? So sweet a
Divinity ne'er blessed the ways
Of mortal men. I loved to gaze
Upon her eyes and sing her praise
Until I chanced to meet a
Still fairer star,
More radiant far—
I mean my Mar-
guerita.

The golden ringlets that she shook
Seemed meant for soft caresses.
I worshipped them until I took
A sudden fancy for a
Then raven Kate was my delight,
Who walks in beauty like the night;
She ruled me till I caught a sight
Of azure Angelina's
For whom my passion still increased—
I loved her for a month at least,
In short, until
I met with Wil-
helmina.

With Woman's Own Weapon.
"Is this Mrs. Sadleigh?" asked the young man at the front door.
"Yes, sir," said the woman of the house.

"I am sent here, Mrs. Sadleigh, by the editor of The Daily Keyhole to ask you if it is true that you and your husband have quarreled and are about to separate?"
"You infamous wretch!" interrupted the woman, grabbing a broom that stood behind the door and making at him with flashing eye and furious gesture.

"Well, what did you learn?" asked the editor.
"She made a sweeping denial," replied the reporter, wiping his forehead and gasping for breath.

One Instance.
"Thomas," said the teacher of the class in physiology, "can you give a familiar instance of the power of the human system to adapt itself to changed conditions?"
"Yes'm," responded Tommy Tucker.

"My aunt Abigail gained a hundred pounds in flesh in less 'n a year, an her skin didn't crack a particle."—Exchange.

Secure in His Record.
"So ye are goin to marry Garrity's widdy, are ye?"
"And what will ye do twain she takes to tellin ye how much the better mon her first mon was?"
"She won't. Didn't Oi used to be lickin Garrity—God rest 'im—about once a fortnight fer 'tree years?"

A Literary Lass.
She got a cute glass instant
And a cute pearl handled pen
And some dainty tinted paper—
You have seen it now and then.
She thought she'd write a poem about
The "whither and the whence"—
A work to make the Rubaiyat
Resemble "thirty cents."

And so within the crystal font
Her jeweled pen she dipped,
But inspiration from her grasp,
Alack, had somehow slipped!
But soon, undaunted, o'er the page
She bent with studious eye,
She straightway wrote all her friends
And asked them to a tea.

Time's Changes.
Tess—I thought you said May Nagger married a good natured man.
Jees—So she did.
Tess—Nonsense! I met him last evening and I thought he was cross as a bear.
Jees—Well, he's been married to May nearly four months now, you know.

Making Love Under Difficulties.
"This comes from making love to the daughter of a genius."
"What is the trouble, Tom?"
"Well, her father has just invented a parlor clock that sounds an alarm at 10 o'clock, turns out the gas, and opens the front door by a wire spring."

Hard Lines For Brown.
Here is a suggestive obituary notice from a rural exchange:
"Upon the gods love die young"—
A saying old and weighty;
But where up there will Brown appear,
Who went away at eighty?

A Philosopher.
Where purple heather crowns the rocky height
And Spey's broad waters lave the silv'ry sand
The pawky wraiths of the glen delight
To sing the praises of their northern land,
And there the birch tree droops its graceful head
To kiss the foam that dances on the rills,
Underneath its grateful summer shade
I sat and sketch the rugged Scottish hills.

I see an old man lead his speckled cow
Unto the hillside pasture, scorched and bare,
And as he turns away to tend his plow
He thus comments upon her scanty fare:
"My situation, bonny Bess, is mesn,
For such a grave and philosophic cow."
"Is true there isn't very much to eat,
But, then, ye'll have a most superior view."

A Money Maker Once.
Hungry Henry—Yes, kind lady, I used to make lots of money before the money power crushed my trade.
Kind Lady—Oh, them octopuses! What did you work at?
Hungry Henry—I was a counterfeiter, mum.

Robbery.
Citizen—My house at 4916718 Uneasy street was robbed last night.
Police Captain (to clerk)—Mr. Smith, please look in your books and see if a permit was issued to anybody to rob the premises at 4916718 Uneasy street last night.—Puck.

Felt No Fear.
"It would be better if you'd hold still, sir," suggested the barber. "Ain't you afraid of me cutting your throat?"
"No," answered the victim, with another lurch, "not as long as you use that razor."

Her Method.
When cheeks and chin are hid from sight
North hat and box, still Prue's wise—
She works great damage left and right
With pretty witchery of her eye.

Pe'lme Altrufam.

I once had a cat which alw. sat up to the dinner table with me and had his napkin round his neck and his plate and some fish. He used his paw, of course, but he was very particular and behaved with extraordinary decorum. When he had finished his fish, I sometimes gave him a piece of mine. One day he was not to be found when the dinner bell rang, so we began without him. Just as the plates were being put around for the entree puss came rushing up stairs and sprang into his chair, with two mice in his mouth. Before he could be stopped he dropped a mouse on to his own plate and then one on to mine. He divided his dinner with me, as I divided mine with him.—St. James Gazette.

An Important Role.

McJigger—How did you like the new play?
Thingumbob—I thought Miss Sadie Bigmore had entirely too much to say.
McJigger—Was she in it? Why, I didn't even know she had gone on the stage.
Thingumbob—She was in one of the boxes with a party the night I was there.

An Imitative Woman.

Mrs. Wig—That odious widow, the hateful thing, has gone and got a dress made exactly like mine.
Mrs. Wag—That's nothing. She's trying to marry my husband's twin brother.—Philadelphia Record.

Laundry

We have opened a laundry in Athens and are prepared to do first-class work. All work will be promptly looked after. Parcels may be left at Geo. Gairford's or J. R. Taylor's store. Satisfaction guaranteed.
9-11 C. F. CHANT, Prop.

VALUABLE

Mill Property

FOR SALE.

That valuable property known as the Saunders Steam Mill, situated within half a mile of the
VILLAGE OF ATHENS
is offered for sale on terms to suit purchasers.
The grist mill has 2 run of 4 1/2 foot burr stones and a 14 inch plate grinder, all in complete running order. The saw mill is one of the best in central Ontario, driven by Watrous engine 14x22. Two boilers 4x12, with automatic sawdust feeder, furnish the motive power. The saw mill has a lumber track and truck and saw carriage will cut up to 35 feet and has power log canter. The shingle mill is one of the best made. Log and lumber yard contains over three acres.
There is also a 42-inch turbine water-wheel, 14 foot head, which has water from 4 to 6 months during the year, and will drive everything except the saw mill.
Also for sale, a 14x16 ft. engine, good as new, can be seen running.
Also the farm of 23 acres adjoining the mill property, with first class private residence, two orchards, garden, and all outbuildings in first-class order. Also two tenement houses convenient to mill.
The property will be sold altogether or separately, to suit purchasers.
Come and examine the premises and see the mill in operation.
For further particulars, apply to
J. B. SAUNDERS
or
MRS. B. J. SAUNDERS
Athens, Leeds Co., Ont.

Coming In!

If you are a fisherman, bird shooter, or big-game hunter, send 25 cents for a FOREST AND STREAM 4 weeks' trial trip. It is now printing chapters on Duck Shooting, describing with portraits all the American wild fowl; chapters telling how to train dogs for field trial work; and practical instructions to boys in shooting, fishing and camping out; shooting stories, fishing stories, and game and fish news. Illustrated, weekly. For sale by all news-dealers. Neither you nor your family can afford to be without it. It is the best reading, and has the largest circulation, of any paper of its class in America. It is the SPORTSMAN'S FAVORITE JOURNAL of shooting, fishing and yachting. Per year, \$4. With any one of the Forest and Stream large artotypes of big game and field scenes, \$5.50. Send for illustrated catalogue of books.

FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO.,
346 Broadway, New York.

Coated

Look at your tongue. Is it coated?

Then you have a bad taste in your mouth every morning. Your appetite is poor, and food distresses you. You have frequent headaches and are often dizzy. Your stomach is weak and your bowels are always constipated. There's an old and reliable cure:



Don't take a cathartic dose and then stop. Better take a laxative dose each night, just enough to cause one good free movement the day following. You feel better the very next day. Your appetite returns, your dyspepsia is cured, your headaches pass away, your tongue clears up, your liver acts well, and your bowels no longer give you trouble.
Price, 25 cents. All druggists.

"I have taken Ayer's Pills for 35 years, and I consider them the best made. One pill does me more good than half a box of any other kind I have ever tried."
Mrs. W. E. TALBOT,
March 26, 1888. Arrington, Kans.

WANTED.—Capable, reliable person in every county to represent large company of solid financial reputation; \$300 salary per year, payable weekly; \$3 per day absolutely sure and all expenses; straight, bona fide definite salary, no commission; salary paid each Saturday and expense money advanced each week. STANDARD HOUSE, 384 Dearborn St., Chicago.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. C. M. B. CORNELL.
BUELL STREET - - - BROCKVILLE
PHYSICIAN, UROLOGIST & ACCOUCHEUR.

W. A. LEWIS.
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY
Public &c. Money to loan on easy terms.
Office in Kincaid Block Athens

T. R. BEALE
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, Etc. Office
Second flat of Mansell building, next door to the Armstrong House, Main street, Athol.

M. M. BROWN.
COUNTY Crown Attorney, Barrister, Soli-
citor, etc. Offices: Court House, west
wing, Brockville. Money to loan on real
estate.

C. G. FULFORD.
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR and NOTARY
Public, etc. for the province of Ontario. Main
ada, Dunham Block entrance King or Main
street, Brockville, Ont.
MONEY TO LOAN at lowest rates and on
easiest terms.

MIRIAM GREEN, A. T. C. M.
In class honor graduate of Toronto Conservatory of Music and 3rd year undergraduate of Trinity University. Piano, Singing, Theory, Harmon, Counterpoint, Canon, Fugue, His-
tory of Music, Instrumentation, Acoustics, etc.
Furnish prepared for exams of Toronto Con-
servatory of Music and Trinity University or
Residence—Greene block 2nd flat, ove
Chasco's store Main St. Athens.

MONEY TO LOAN

THE undersigned has a large sum of mon-
ey to loan on real estate security at low-
est rates.
W. S. BUELL,
Barrister, etc.
Office: Dunham Block, Brockville, Ont.

MONEY TO LOAN

We have instructions to place large sums of
private funds at current rates of interest on
first mortgage on improved farms. Terms to
suit borrower. Apply to
HUTCHINSON & FISHER,
Barristers &c., Brockville

C. O. C. F.

Addison Council No 156 Canadian Order of
Chosen Friends meets the 1st and 3rd Satur-
days of each month in Ashwood Hall, Addi-
son, Ont. Motto, Friendship, Aid and Protec-
tion.
B. V. LOVERIN, C. C.
R. HERBERT FIELD Recorder

THE GAMBLE HOUSE.

ATHENS.

THIS FINE NEW BRICK HOTEL HAS
been elegantly furnished throughout in the
latest styles. Every attention to the wants of
guests. Good yards and stables.
FRED PIERCE, Prop.

WANTED.—Capable, reliable person in
every county to represent a large company of
solid financial reputation; \$300 salary per
year; payable weekly; \$3 per day absolutely
sure and all expenses; straight, bona fide,
definite salary, no commission; salary paid
each Saturday and expense money advanced
each week. STANDARD HOUSE, 384 Dear-
born St., Chicago.

THIS DOCUMENT IS HEREBY RECORDED

FORTY-FIVE BOERS KILLED.

Boers Now on the War Path for Grub.

FOURIE HAS BROKEN AWAY.

But Left Behind Many Prisoners, Horses and Sheep—Positions of the Three Boer Generals—Why the Peace Negotiations Failed—Too Much Charity in It.

Cape Town, March 22.—The Prime Minister reports Col. Scoble engaged Commandants Fourie and Molin near Blaauwkrantz last Wednesday. The enemy broke and scattered to the northeast. The British casualties were three killed and four wounded. The Boers lost four killed and 28 captured. They also lost 148 horses, which were captured.

Commandant Kritzinger crossed the railway at Henning station yesterday, moving to the northeast. The British columns are in vigorous pursuit.

Clearing the Colony.

Bloemfontein, Orange River Colony, March 22.—Military operations in the southern part of the Orange River Colony are progressing. Major Julian Byng has brought in 300 refugees, 16,000 cattle, and 40,000 sheep from the Wepener and Smithfield districts. Col. Bethune has sent in seventeen prisoners from Thabaneu. Three hundred prisoners are now camped here.

Jingo Press Irritated.

London, March 23.—It is significant that the overtures Gen. Kitchener was disposed to offer to the Boers contained greater concessions than Sir Alfred Milner and Mr. Chamberlain would permit, and this has caused a pessimistic feeling as suggesting that the British military position is not really equal to ending the war and the English will have to buy peace. The jingo press is particularly irritated. The Daily Mail, under the headline of "War on East Terms," says it is painfully surprised that the British Government should capitulate on so many vital points. The Government, it adds, is willing to concede as much as any Little Englander Administration would dare grant.

Canadian Dies of His Wounds.

Ottawa, Ont., March 22.—The Military Department announces that No. 186, F. C. Douglas, a member of the Scouts, formerly of Strathcona's Horse, has died from wounds received in action on the 16th of February.

No Cohesion Among Boer Forces.

Cape Town, March 22.—An official Government bulletin says the Boers in the eastern and midland districts of Cape Colony are apparently making for the Orange River Colony. They are being steadily pushed by the British. The small parties remaining in the south, in the vicinity of Adelaide and Fort Beaufort, are being energetically dealt with. There are apparently no organized bodies of the invaders against which the troops can operate. A small commando appears to be still in the neighborhood of Kakamas. "Namaqualand" Boers are watching the town of Bell.

It is evident, in spite of constant rumors of the presence of commandos, that there is no coherence among the Boers in the Orange River Colony. None of the English who are strong enough to withstand any considerable British advance.

The result of the combined movements against General Fourie, near Thaba N'Chu, was the capture of 200 Boers, 140,000 sheep, 5,000 horses and a host of cattle.

The Boers broke southward to the right and left.

Cape Town, March 24.—The fight between the British and Scheepers' commando of Boer invaders in the Jansenville district, about 125 miles north of Port Elizabeth, proved most disastrous to the burghers, according to reports received here.

Forty-five dead Boers were found on the field, in addition to some twenty wounded. The Boers were constantly under a hot rifle and gun fire.

Through British Lines.

London, March 24.—A despatch from Bloemfontein, Orange River Colony, says that Boer Commandant Fourie, who was last reported as surrounded near Thaba N'Chu, has broken through to the south. He left 200 prisoners, 5,000 horses and 140,000 sheep behind him.

A large number of remounts, horses and mules, arrived at Pretoria from Naamposort on Wednesday.

The Boer Commandant Delarey is now operating against Col. Cunningham in the Western Transvaal. There is continual skirmishing. It is evident that Delarey is pressed for foodstuffs, as he is constantly attacking convoys with supplies for the British. Col. Plumer's men are now camped in Pretoria. They will take part in a series of operations to the northward.

Convoys Attacked.

Standerton, Transvaal, March 22.—Four hundred Boers under the Boer commander Buys, have wrecked a supply train on Wednesday. They overpowered the escort and carried off several wagon loads of provisions.

A convoy destined to join Gen. French's column has been attacked between Blood river and Scheepers' creek, Transvaal colony. The British

had one man killed, and three wounded. The bridge at Blood river was burned.

No Specific Objections.

London, March 24.—In the House of Commons yesterday afternoon Mr. Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonies, stated that the Boer commander-in-chief, Gen. Botha, gave no specific objections to the peace terms offered by Lord Kitchener.

The Three Boer Generals.

London, March 24.—The great mining companies seem to have grasped the situation. They are paying salaries to English social leaders to do their entertaining throughout the year at Pretoria and Johannesburg. The Consolidated Gold Fields Company has secured a former Ambassador and the Eksteens have secured a prominent member of cosmopolitan society to do this sort of work. Down through all ranks and all districts the Boers see this social project, which they identify with a continuance of military domination, and which they are not likely to accept while they have a cartridge left.

Each of their three generals has a strong position left in a great triangle whose base is above Pretoria, and the apex east of Bloemfontein. Each occupies a territory he knows best. Delarey's army is in the West Lichtenburg district on his own estate; Botha is in the Eastern Transvaal, and De Wet is still free to lead a column around Middelburg. It is impossible to contend that any of these can be reduced to a condition of despair where they must desert their Dutch comrades from Cape Colony or accept crushing and giving, which is all the farm restoration offer amounts to.

Fighting Near Clerksdorp.

Cape Town, March 24.—Severe fighting occurred Friday, March 22nd, between the British and Boers at Hartbeestfontein, east of Klerksdorp, Transvaal.

Did Not Tempt the Boers.

London, March 24.—The different positions of Colonial Secretary Chamberlain, Governor Sir Alfred Milner, and Lord Kitchener, revealed by the Botha correspondence, point to a likelihood of a renewal of the war for an indefinite period rather than an early settlement on any lines approaching the conditions just rejected.

It is the opinion of the present writer, who for eight months was with Lord Roberts' army, that the elements of the south African problem are still completely misjudged here. Another correspondent who returned last week, having left Pretoria after Kitchener took his troops to Botha's headquarters, told the writer that nobody wearing a British uniform there believed that Gen. Botha meant surrender. It is clear that Gen. Kitchener alone among the three English negotiators understands the ultimate necessities of the situation.

Two things will guide the Boers' leaders. They will not accept terms which will involve the abandonment of their kinsmen in Cape Colony, who have been fighting on their side, and they will not accept a scheme for the return of their arms, which in its present shape will mean that they must compete with each other for charity dispensed by Governor Sir Alfred Milner, acting on the official advice of anti-Boer residents of Johannesburg, who were active in provoking the war, and who now hold office under him. It is estimated that 300,000 cattle have been killed in the Orange River Colony and the Transvaal during the course of the war, and all the best of the breed is being lost. A million pounds sterling will not nearly suffice to rebuild and restock the farms, and the Boers will not compete against the British before some English official in order to secure their fractional shares of this amount. This, however, is a personal question.

HE DRANK POISON.

Bowmanville Druggist Mistook It for Stimulant.

Bowmanville, Ont., March 24.—Wm. C. Toole, a young druggist of this village, last night swallowed some hydro-cyanic acid in mistake for a stimulant, and died from the effects of the poison before medical assistance could be summoned. About half-past six deceased left the store with his father, but went back for the purpose of getting some soap from the cellar. Mr. Toole, on finding that his son did not return, followed him to the cellar, and found him standing in a dazed condition. Before he could reach him the young man fell down, and expired in a few minutes.

Deceased had been in poor health for several days, and kept a bottle of stimulant in the store. It is supposed that while on his way to the cellar he picked up the bottle of poison by mistake and drank some of it. He started in business about a year ago, and was very successful.

WANT TOLSTOI IN ENGLAND

Urged to Leave Russia, But It is Not Probable That He Will Do So.

London, March 25.—Count Tolstois reported to be making preparations for quitting Russia forever in disgust and despair, and his English friends are urging him to settle in this country. It is said, the report is scarcely credible, but it comes from a quarter that justifies its mention.

The latest direct advices from the great writer indicate that while he is justly indignant at the monstrous action of orthodox church bigots in procuring his excommunication, and not without apprehension that that action foreshadows political persecution, he believes that a consideration of personal dignity and devotion to duty require that he should remain at his post. He feels that external world will seriously diminish his opportunities and power for usefulness to his country.

OFFICIAL STATEMENT OF PEACE NEGOTIATIONS.

Terms Offered the Boers Were Liberal To Last Degree.

£1,000,000 FOR BOER LOSSES.

The Demand for Amnesty for Cape Colony Rebels Would Not be Considered—Botha's Refusal to Recommend Acceptance of Terms—His Letter to Gen. Kitchener—Independence Question Barred from the Discussion at the Outset—The Refusal Cancels the Offers Made by the British and None So Favorable May Again be Made.

London, March 22.—The Parliamentary papers giving details of the negotiations between Commander-in-Chief Gen. Botha and Lord Kitchener, commanding the British forces in South Africa, were issued this morning, beginning with the item from Sir Alfred Milner to Colonial Secretary Chamberlain. The despatch is dated Pretoria, Feb. 22nd, and states that Mrs. Botha had returned from a meeting with her husband, bringing a letter in reply to Sir Alfred Milner's verbal message offering to meet Gen. Botha as a means of ending the war on the express understanding that he would not discuss the question of the independence of the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony. Mrs. Botha assured Sir Alfred Milner that the letter had been written with that point clearly understood, Gen. Botha referred the matter to his generals, and it was stated that the meeting would probably take place at Middleburg.

Chamberlain Replies.

Mr. Chamberlain replied that he was glad to hear of Gen. Botha's desire to treat, and hoped it was genuine. "He will find us," said the Colonial Secretary, "anxious to meet him on all points affecting his individual position."

On Feb. 27th Sir Alfred Milner cabled Lord Kitchener, informing him that Gen. Botha had written that he would be in Pretoria at 10 o'clock a.m. on Feb. 28th.

Kitchener's Report.

A despatch from Lord Kitchener to the War Office, dated Pretoria, Feb. 28th, reports a long interview with Gen. Botha, who showed very good feeling and seemed to give the impression that he would submit to his general, the generals and the people. If they agreed he would visit the Orange River Colony and the Transvaal, there to agree should all then hand in their arms it would finish the war. He said they could go on for some time, and he was not sure he would be able to bring about peace without independence. "I declined to discuss such a point," said Lord Kitchener, "and said a modified form of independence would be most dangerous and would lead to war in the future."

For Civil Government.

"Replying to Gen. Botha's inquiries I informed him that when hostilities ceased the military would be replaced by a civil government, consisting of a nominated executive and an elected Assembly to advise and to grant amnesty in the hands of the representative Government. It may be licensed to have rifles to protect themselves against the natives; the Dutch and the English languages were to have equal status; Kaffirs would not have the franchise until after representative Government had been granted; the Orange Free State laws for Kaffirs would be considered good; church, public trusts and orphan funds would not be touched; no war tax would be imposed on farmers; assistance would be given to farmers; land would be given to enable the farmers to start afresh, and colonists who had judged the republics should be disfranchised."

Questions Not Touched.

Among the questions to which Lord Kitchener apparently did not reply were: What the Boers would be returned, and regarding the taking over of debts of the republics, including those legally contracted since the beginning of the war.

Gen. Botha succeeded in making a strong point of this. He referred to notes which had been issued, amounting to less than a million pounds. Lord Kitchener arranged to communicate Botha's views to his Government.

Milner's Cable.

On March 2 Sir Alfred Milner cabled Lord Kitchener, suggesting the following replies to Gen. Botha: "I beg to inform you that on the cessation of hostilities and the complete surrender of arms, ammunition, cannon and munition in the hands of the burghers in the field, at Government depots or elsewhere, His Majesty's Government is prepared at once to grant amnesty in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony, and all bona fide acts of war during the hostilities, as well as to move the Government of Cape Colony and Natal to similar action, qualified by the disfranchisement of any British subjects implicated in the war. The military prisoners in St. Helena, Ceylon and elsewhere, on complete surrender, shall be brought back to their country."

A Very Liberal Offer.

"Military law shall at once be replaced by a civil administration, that is the desire of His Majesty's Government as soon as circumstances will permit to establish a representative government. On the cessation of hostilities a high court, independent of the Executive, shall be established to administer the laws. Land, church property, trusts, and orphan funds shall be respected. The English and the Dutch languages shall be taught in the Public Schools, and allowed in the law courts. The legal debts of the State to the amount of £1,000,000 shall be paid, even if contracted during hostilities, to the

extent a creditor proves he has given value. The Government does not intend to extend the franchise to Kaffirs in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony before a representative government is granted.

No Amnesty for Traitors.

The conditions regarding assistance to the farmers, fire arms, etc., were the same as those in Lord Kitchener's despatch to Gen. Botha. Sir Alfred Milner adds that he agrees to the above except as to the desires for modification regarding British subjects in Cape Colony, and Natal in the Boer army who, if they returned to these colonies, would be liable to be dealt with under the laws of those colonies, passed to meet circumstances arising in war.

He added: "While I am willing to concede much in order to strengthen Gen. Botha in inducing the people to submit to amnesty for the rebels is not, in my opinion, a point which His Majesty's Government can afford to concede. I think it would be unwise to submit upon Cape Colony and Natal to obtain peace by such a concession."

Chamberlain's Suggestions.

Mr. Chamberlain, in a reply dated March 6, directs Lord Kitchener to modify the terms on a number of points. Eventually Lord Kitchener reported to the War Office the date of Pretoria, March 20, that he had written Gen. Botha the terms the Government was prepared to adopt.

Won't Pay Boer Debts.

These were the same as already given except in the following particulars: "The Government cannot undertake any liabilities regarding the debts of the late republics, but is prepared, as an act of grace, to assist a million pounds to repay the inhabitants for goods requisitioned by the republican governments, if the claim under adjustment exceed £1,000,000 they are liable to receive the sum of £100,000. I may add, when given, shall be so limited as to secure a just predominance of the white races. The legal position of the colored inhabitants will be similar to that now held by them in Cape Colony."

The letter concludes: "I must inform your honor that if the terms offered are not accepted after a reasonable delay your consideration they must be regarded as cancelled."

Botha's Reply.

On March 16 Lord Kitchener received General Botha's acknowledgment of the receipt of the letter. "I had advised my Government," wrote Gen. Botha, "of your excellency's letter, but after the mutual exchange of views on the subject at Middleburg, February 28, it will certainly not surprise Your Excellency to know that I do not feel disposed to re-consider the terms of said letter; but that my Government, in consideration of my Government and my chief officers here entirely agree with my views."

ROUGH ON BACHELORS.

A Bill Intended to Extinguish the Species.

FOR TAXATION AFTER FORTY.

Harrisburg, Pa., March 23.—One of the most unique bills ever introduced into the Legislature of Pennsylvania was read in the House today by Representative Jeremiah Roth, of Allentown. He explained that he introduced it at the request of a tax upon bachelors, and provides, in the first section, that "any male citizen of the Commonwealth who is 21 years old and desires the office of husband, may procure a license as prescribed by existing laws, provided he is under 40 years old, but if the applicant is over 40 years he shall, before securing the license, pay into the office of the clerk of the court \$100 as a license fee, which this bill imposes on all bachelors over 40 years old."

The bill provides that all the fees shall be turned into the State Treasury for the purpose of maintaining three homes for women over 40 years of age, and for the purpose of providing, in the event of their death, a pension or offer of marriage, and have not means sufficient to keep themselves in clothes and spending money."

To Protect Home Girls.

Any bachelor over 40 years old who shall go to another State and procure a wife and shall return to this State shall pay into the State Treasury the sum of \$100. Otherwise the marriage contract shall be declared null and void, or any such bachelor coming from another State who shall be married after the age of 40 years shall come under the same laws as a resident.

The State must be divided into three districts. It is provided in the last section that the act is irrevocable and can never be repealed without the consent of a majority of the old women who have been regularly admitted to the home.

LOST CHARLIE ROSS AGAIN.

A Michigan Convict Says He Still Lives,

AND WAS IN THIS CITY

Within the past few days enquiries have been made in this city regarding a strange tale told by Edward Hart, a burglar, who is serving time in the Ionia (Mich.) House of Correction. This man claims to throw new light on the mystery of the disappearance of Charlie Ross from Gormantown, Pa., in 1874. If Hart's story is true Charlie Ross is still alive and has been in Hamilton, Ontario, within the last decade. The story was given exclusively to the Detroit News-Tribune, and reads like a novel. The details take up three ordinary newspaper columns. In part it is as follows:

So many false statements have been published concerning the long-lost Charlie Ross that even if to-day one told the gospel truth it is doubtful if he were believed.

"If I happen to be in the secret, and have known it for the past 15 years, it is my hope that this article will be spread broadcast and that, in a short time, the last vestiges of mystery surrounding the long-lost child shall have disappeared forever.

"Ross is alive and well, and if need be I can communicate with him in a few hours. He is my dearest friend, and I have talked over the old days and have laughed when some unsophisticated fellow filled the newspapers with what he didn't know of Charlie Ross."

After telling of the kidnapping of Ross by Douglas and Moshier, the New York thugs, he referred to the fact when Douglas and Moshier were trying, as the result of wounds in a bad job, the police asked Douglas on his death bed, before the God whom he was about to meet, to tell what had become of Charlie Ross. The dying man replied:

"If you ask Moshier he'll be able to tell you just where he is." They turned to Moshier and repeated the query, but to the horror of the onlookers his spirit fled before he could frame his lips to reply.

So the great secret remained unspoken—until at this time I throw the light.

One day there was a wreck on the Vermont Central and among those on the train was a bright little boy, Jimmie Blanchard, who was to be polished off for the missing Charlie Ross. The press gave the story to the four winds, and queries sent to the boy's father seemed to make the identification complete.

"To guard the boy from possible harm the conductor had him placed in the St. Albans jail. I was locked up there at that time, and met Jimmie."

I knew Jimmie to be of "egg-dom," or highest class of thieves, in a pretence way, but the police did not drop to this important fact.

When I looked Jimmie over, I must confess it was no surprise that he passed as the lost Charlie. He was almost identical in face and form, and it would have mystified a wizard to tell the difference between the boys. Blanchard was a fine criminal apprentice. I studied the result of the boy's face, and decided to seek the long-lost father for his double. Moshier's widow and mother were watched for years, but gave no clue to the police. I had to enter at the bottom of the mystery and develop the case as I went along.

The fraudulent character of Jimmie Blanchard was eventually discovered by the police, and he was dismissed in disgrace.

During the next 12 years, as I roamed the country with "yeggs," I always kept a weather eye open for the missing face, which had made such a vivid impression on my brain.

One night in March I was sitting in a hotel in Syracuse thinking of my last job. I was at peace with the world, had plenty by me, and had reason to be cozy and comfortable that night. Looking up, there before me I saw the long-lost face of my memory. There, in all the realism of life, was the face and form I had seen twelve years before in the St. Albans jail. I passed a remark about the weather, but his answer came in such a way I "dropped" at once that this boy was as smart as a steel trap and kept up the conversation. That boy, as wary as a wild fox, had to be lured to tell his own tale; and it was only with infinite tact, if I do say so myself, that I was finally able to learn the story of his mysterious past.

Before we parted that night he had entered into partnership with me to do criminal work. We withdrew to Hamilton, Ont., where we had an easy time for weeks. One night my chance came, and I touched him in a tender spot and gazed the story of his childhood.

The young man said he had had many names, and that when a boy he was in St. John's Home, in Brooklyn, and later was in a House of Detention on Randall's Island.

Hart claims to have found that the records of these places tallied with the young man's story, and his search came to a sudden end, he writes, by locating the mother of Moshier and Willie Moshier, son of the dead kidnapper. He and the young man visited the former's place, and his story ends as follows: "We three went to her house, and I heard young Moshier call the old lady 'grandmother.'"

The old lady looked inquiringly at Charlie, now grown to manhood. He was only a little boy when she had hidden him away, after the famous kidnapping, 20 years gone by.

"I had not long to wait," "Grandmother," said Willie Moshier, "coming close to the old lady, 'do you know this man here with us?' She advised her spectacles and gave a close look.

In the early days, I am satisfied that he, himself, supplied all the missing links, and that, in effect, he established his own identity."

The long-lost Charlie's father spent his fortune—over \$100,000, looking for his boy, and he died in an insane asylum. The large rewards offered for the capture of the kidnapers of the boy attracted detectives from all parts of the world, and Charlie Ross was the subject of long newspaper articles for years.

A picture of Hart, whose number in the rogues' gallery of the head office of the Bertillon system of identification of criminals, is 3,836, was shown Police Chief Smith, and the detectives, but none of them could recollect seeing him here.

SHOTS FIRED AT PROCURATOR

Attempts to Kill Russian Holy Synod Official.

HIS ASSAILANT IDENTIFIED.

Russia Checked for the Time by the Rejection of the Manchurian Treaty by China—Powers Watching the Play—Uncle Sam and Morocco's Sultan.

St. Petersburg, March 23.—Privy Councillor Pobidonetz, chief procurator of the Holy Synod, narrowly escaped assassination early Friday morning. While writing in his study shortly after midnight, two bullets shattered a window and passed close to the procurator and buried themselves in the ceiling. Two other shots were fired, but did not enter the room.

The would-be assassin was identified as one, Lagowski, a provincial official. An investigation into the causes of the attack is proceeding.

Russia Checked.

New York, March 23.—The Russo-Chinese treaty has been rejected by China, according to a special from Washington. The powers opposed the Russian acquisition of Manchuria have won the first round, and there is every reason to believe that notes are now passing between the United States and Russia, with a view to preventing any further efforts on Russia's part to secure a convention with China.

The sudden face about in part is the result of work done by other powers. The way in which it was done is a secret that is being closely guarded, but it is certain that the Russian and European capitals was the cause of China's rejection of the treaty.

(This is, of course, only a temporary check to Russia. She can now insist that China accept the treaty, making, if necessary, some differences in it which give ground for re-opening the subject.)

It is to prevent this that, according to reliable information, negotiations are going on now between the powers.

Embassy to Fes.

London, March 23.—A despatch to the Exchange Telegraph Company, from Gibraltar, says the United States armored cruiser New York will sail for Tangier, March 26th, to convey the embassy to Mazagan. Thence the embassy will proceed to Fes under a strong escort of the Sultan's soldiers.

TO KILL THE CZAR.

Student Who Drew the Lot Told His Father.

London, March 23.—The Daily Mail publishes the following, dated March 24, from its St. Petersburg correspondent: "Yesterday (Saturday) five hundred workmen from the Obukhov metal works paraded on the Nevskoi Prospekt. On the way thither they demolished the State brandy booths. Eight hundred Cossacks, drawn swords, met the workmen, and a sanguinary encounter ensued. The number of killed and wounded is kept secret. The police discovered a plot against the life of the Czar. It appears that a group of students drew lots, and that the fatal choice fell to the son of a prominent General. The student told his father, and the latter informed the Czar, imploring him to leave St. Petersburg."

HOOLEY STILL ENJOYS LIFE.

Bankrupt Promoter Living at the Rate of £15,000 a Year.

London, March 24.—An interview published in the Standard by the Chairman of Promoter Hooley's committee of creditors reveals an astonishing condition of affairs. The creditors hitherto have received two shillings in the pound with the prospect of two shillings more.

Meanwhile the chairman of the committee living like a millionaire. He still runs three country seats, paying £150 a week to his servants in wages, and keeping horses, carriages, gardeners, gamekeepers, etc., and the former also has a palatial set of business chambers in London, which an unending stream of speculators still visit to consult the great promoter. Everything, however, done in the name of Hooley, the bankrupt continues to live at the rate of at least £15,000 annually.

Ex-Premier Suicides.

Berlin, March 24.—A despatch to the Lokal Anzeiger from Stuttgart, says that Baron Schott von Schottensheim, the Wurtemberg Premier, whose suicide was being implicated in a pending trial, caused a sensation, has committed suicide at Ulm.

Lord Salisbury III.

London, March 25.—The Chronicle says that Lord Salisbury is ill, and that a physician is attending him.

A PLOT FOR EMPIRE.

A THRILLING STORY OF CONTINENTAL CONSPIRACY AGAINST BRITAIN.

"You will owe Germany nothing, for she will be paid and overpaid for all she does. Russia has made terms with the Republic of France. Politically, she has nothing to gain by a rupture; but with Germany it is different. She and France are ready at this moment to fly at one another's throats. The military popularity of such a war would be immense. The cry of arms would ring from the Mediterranean to the Rhine."

"Oh, I hope that it may not be war," she said. "I had hoped always that diplomacy, backed by a waiting army, would be sufficient. France at heart is true. I know. But, after all, it sounds like a fairy tale. You are a wonderful man, but how can you hope to move nations? What can you offer Germany to exact so tremendous a price?"

"I can offer," Mr. Sabin said calmly, "what Germany desires more than anything else in the world—the keys to the world. It has taken me six years to perfect my schemes. As you know, I was in America part of the time I was supposed to be in China. It was there, in the laboratory of Allinson that I commenced the work. Step by step I moved on—link by link I have forged the chain. I may say, without falsehood or exaggeration that my work would be the work of another man's lifetime. With me it has been a labor of love. Your part, my dear Helene, will be a glorious one; think of it, and shake off your depression. This hole and corner life is not for long—the time for which we have worked is at hand."

She did not look up, there was no answering fire of enthusiasm in her dark eyes. The color came into her cheeks, and faded away. Mr. Sabin was vaguely disturbed. Sabin said, "In what way," she said, without directly looking at him. "Is Lord Wolfenden likely to be useful to you?"

Mr. Sabin did not reply for some time, in fact, he did not reply at all. This new phase in the situation was suddenly revealed to him. When he spoke his tone was grave enough—grave with an undertone of contempt.

"Is it possible, Helene," he said, "that you have allowed yourself to think seriously of the love-making of this young man? I must confess that such a thing in connection with you would never have occurred to me in my wildest dreams."

"I am the mistress of my own affections," she said coldly. "I am not pledged to you in any way. If I were to say that I intended to listen seriously to Lord Wolfenden—even if I were to say that I intended to marry him—well, there is no one who would dare to interfere! But, on the other hand, I have refused him. That should be enough for you. I am not going to discuss the matter at all; you would not understand it."

"I must admit," Mr. Sabin said, "that I probably should not. Of love, as you young people conceive it, I know nothing. But of that greater affection, the passionate love of a man for his race and his kind and his country—well, that has always seemed to me a thing worth living and working and dying for! I had fancied Helene, that some spark of that same fire had warmed your blood, or you would not be here to-day."

"I think," she answered more gently, "that I know. I too believe in love, my country and my people, and my order. If I do not find these all-engrossing, you must remember that I am a woman, and I do not pretend to be capable of impersonal and patriotic love."

"Ay, you are a woman, and the blood of some of your ancestors will make itself felt," he added, looking at her thoughtfully. "I ought to have considered the influence of the sex and heredity. By the bye, have you heard from Henri lately?"

She shook her head.

"Not since he has been in France. We thought that whilst he was there it would be better for him not to write."

Mr. Sabin nodded.

"Most discreet," he remarked satirically. "I wonder what Henri would say if he knew?"

"The girl's lip curled a little."

"If even," she said, "there was really something serious for him to know, Henri would survive it. He is not the temperate of a man. For twenty minutes he would be in a paroxysm. He would probably send out for poison, which he would be careful not to take; and play with a pistol if he were sure that it was not loaded. By dinner time he would be calm, the opera would soothe him more, and by the next time it was over he would be quite ready to take Mademoiselle Somebody out to supper. With the first glass of champagne his sorrow would be drowned for ever. If any wound remained at all, it would be the wound of his vanity."

"You have considered, then, the possibility of upsetting my schemes and withdrawing your part?" Mr. Sabin said quietly. "You understand that your marriage with Henri would be an absolute necessity—that without it all would be chaos?"

"I do not say that I have considered any such possibility," she answered. "If I make up my mind to withdraw, I shall give you notice. But I will admit that I like Lord Wolfenden, and I detest Henri. Ah! I know of what you would remind me; you need not fear. I shall not forget it will not be today, nor to-morrow, that I shall decide."

A servant entered the room and announced Lord Wolfenden. Mr. Sabin looked up.

"Where have you shown him?" he asked.

"Into the library, sir," the girl answered.

Mr. Sabin swore softly between his teeth, and sprang to his feet. "Excuse me, Helene," he exclaimed. "I will bring Lord Wolfenden

into the drawing-room. That girl is an idiot! I might as well have had the one room in the house which I would like to see her enter for anything in the world!"

CHAPTER XXIV.
The Way of the Woman.

Wolfenden had been shown, as he supposed, into an empty room by the servant of whom he had inquired for Mr. Sabin. But the door was scarcely closed before a familiar sound from a distant corner warned him that he was not alone. He stopped short and looked fixedly at the slight, feminine figure whose white fingers were flashing over the keyboard of a typewriter. There was something very familiar about the curve of her neck and the waving of her brown hair; her back was to him, and she did not turn round.

"Do leave me some cigarettes," she said, without lifting her head. "This is frightfully monotonous work. How much more of it is there for me to do?"

"I really don't know," Wolfenden answered, hesitatingly. "Why, Blanche?"

"Lord Wolfenden!" she exclaimed; "why, what are you doing here?"

"I might ask you," he said gravely, "the same question."

She stood up.

"You have not come to see me?" He shook his head.

"I had not the least idea that you were here," he assured her.

Her face hardened.

"Of course not. I was an idiot to imagine that you would care enough to come, even if you had known."

"I do not know," he remarked, "why you should say that. On the contrary she interrupted him.

"Oh! I know what you are going to say. I ran away from Mrs. Selby's dark eyes. The color came into her cheeks, and faded away. Mr. Sabin was vaguely disturbed. Sabin said, "In what way," she said, without directly looking at him. "Is Lord Wolfenden likely to be useful to you?"

Mr. Sabin did not reply for some time, in fact, he did not reply at all. This new phase in the situation was suddenly revealed to him. When he spoke his tone was grave enough—grave with an undertone of contempt.

"Is it possible, Helene," he said, "that you have allowed yourself to think seriously of the love-making of this young man? I must confess that such a thing in connection with you would never have occurred to me in my wildest dreams."

"I am the mistress of my own affections," she said coldly. "I am not pledged to you in any way. If I were to say that I intended to listen seriously to Lord Wolfenden—even if I were to say that I intended to marry him—well, there is no one who would dare to interfere! But, on the other hand, I have refused him. That should be enough for you. I am not going to discuss the matter at all; you would not understand it."

"I must admit," Mr. Sabin said, "that I probably should not. Of love, as you young people conceive it, I know nothing. But of that greater affection, the passionate love of a man for his race and his kind and his country—well, that has always seemed to me a thing worth living and working and dying for! I had fancied Helene, that some spark of that same fire had warmed your blood, or you would not be here to-day."

"I think," she answered more gently, "that I know. I too believe in love, my country and my people, and my order. If I do not find these all-engrossing, you must remember that I am a woman, and I do not pretend to be capable of impersonal and patriotic love."

"Ay, you are a woman, and the blood of some of your ancestors will make itself felt," he added, looking at her thoughtfully. "I ought to have considered the influence of the sex and heredity. By the bye, have you heard from Henri lately?"

She shook her head.

"Not since he has been in France. We thought that whilst he was there it would be better for him not to write."

Mr. Sabin nodded.

"Most discreet," he remarked satirically. "I wonder what Henri would say if he knew?"

"The girl's lip curled a little."

"If even," she said, "there was really something serious for him to know, Henri would survive it. He is not the temperate of a man. For twenty minutes he would be in a paroxysm. He would probably send out for poison, which he would be careful not to take; and play with a pistol if he were sure that it was not loaded. By dinner time he would be calm, the opera would soothe him more, and by the next time it was over he would be quite ready to take Mademoiselle Somebody out to supper. With the first glass of champagne his sorrow would be drowned for ever. If any wound remained at all, it would be the wound of his vanity."

"You have considered, then, the possibility of upsetting my schemes and withdrawing your part?" Mr. Sabin said quietly. "You understand that your marriage with Henri would be an absolute necessity—that without it all would be chaos?"

"I do not say that I have considered any such possibility," she answered. "If I make up my mind to withdraw, I shall give you notice. But I will admit that I like Lord Wolfenden, and I detest Henri. Ah! I know of what you would remind me; you need not fear. I shall not forget it will not be today, nor to-morrow, that I shall decide."

A servant entered the room and announced Lord Wolfenden. Mr. Sabin looked up.

"Where have you shown him?" he asked.

"Into the library, sir," the girl answered.

Mr. Sabin swore softly between his teeth, and sprang to his feet. "Excuse me, Helene," he exclaimed. "I will bring Lord Wolfenden

served, with a smile, 'a remarkable disregard for all precedents and conventions. You ought to be already on your way to foreign parts with your guns and servants. It is Englishmen like it not, who go always to the Rocky Mountains to shoot bears when their love affairs are over.'

He was watching her closely, and he saw that she was less at her ease than she would have had him believe. He saw, too, or fancied that he saw, a softening in her face, a kindness gleaming out of her lustrous eyes which suggested new things to him. "The Rocky Mountains," he said, slowly, "mean despatch. A man does not go so far whilst he has hope. She did not answer him; he gathered courage from her silence.

"Perhaps," he said, "I might not have been on my way there but for a somewhat sanguine disposition—a very strong determination, and," he added more softly, "a very intense love."

"It takes," she remarked, "a very great deal to discourage an Englishman."

"Speaking for myself," he answered, "I defy discouragement; I am proof against it. I love you so dearly, Helene, that I simply decline to give you up; I want you that I am not a lover to be shut off."

His voice was very tender; his words sounded to her simple but strong. He was so sure of himself and his love, truly, that she was an Englishman this was no indifferent wooer; his confidence thrilled her. She felt her heart beat quickly under the smother of drooping black lace and roses.

"I am giving you," she said, quietly, "no hope. Remember that; but I do not want you to go away."

"The hope which you so steadfastly refused to speak, he gathered from her eyes, her face, from that indefinable softening which seems to pervade at the moment of yielding to a woman's very personality. He was wonderfully happy, although he had the wit to keep it to himself.

"You need not fear," he whispered, "I shall not go away."

Outside they heard the sound of Mr. Sabin's stick. She leaned over towards him.

"I want you," she said, "to—kiss me."

His heart gave a great leap, but he controlled himself. Intuitively, he knew how much was permitted to him; he seemed to have even some faint perception of the cause for her strange request. He bent over and kissed her forehead for a moment between his hands; her lips touched his—she had kissed him!

He stood away from her, breathless with the excitement of the moment. The perfume of her hair, the soft touch of her lips, the gentle movement with which she had thrust him away, these things were like the drinking of strong love-making, which these girls were so expert at. Outside the door, the sound of Mr. Sabin's stick grew more and more distinct; she smoothed her hair, and laughed softly up at him.

"At least," she said, "there is that to remember always."

CHAPTER XXV.
A Handful of Ashes.

The Countess of Deringham was sitting alone in her smaller drawing-room, gazing steadily at a certain spot in the blazing fire before her. A little pile of gray ashes was all that remained of the sealed packet which she had placed within the bars of the grate. Her own cheeks were slowly growing shapeless—piece after piece went fluttering up the broad chimney. A gentle, yet melancholy smile was parting her lips. A chapter of her life trembled before her with the little trembling strips lighter than the air, already hopelessly destroyed. Their disintegration brought with it a sense of freedom which she had lacked for many years. Yet it was only the folly of a girl, the story of a little foolish love-making, which these girls were so expert at, that had brought her to this point. Outside the door, the sound of Mr. Sabin's stick grew more and more distinct; she smoothed her hair, and laughed softly up at him.

"At least," she said, "there is that to remember always."

CHAPTER XXV.
A Handful of Ashes.

The Countess of Deringham was sitting alone in her smaller drawing-room, gazing steadily at a certain spot in the blazing fire before her. A little pile of gray ashes was all that remained of the sealed packet which she had placed within the bars of the grate. Her own cheeks were slowly growing shapeless—piece after piece went fluttering up the broad chimney. A gentle, yet melancholy smile was parting her lips. A chapter of her life trembled before her with the little trembling strips lighter than the air, already hopelessly destroyed. Their disintegration brought with it a sense of freedom which she had lacked for many years. Yet it was only the folly of a girl, the story of a little foolish love-making, which these girls were so expert at, that had brought her to this point.

At precisely four o'clock there was the sound of wheels in the drive, the slow movement of feet in the hall, and a servant announced a visitor.

"Mr. Sabin."

Lady Deringham smiled and greeted him graciously. Mr. Sabin leaned upon his wonderful stick for a moment, and then bent low over Lady Deringham's hand, she pointed to an easy chair close to her own, and he sank into it with some appearance of weariness. He was looking a little old and tired, and he carried himself without any of his usual buoyancy.

"Only a few minutes ago," she said, "I burnt my fingers. I was thinking of those days in Paris when the man announced to me: 'How did it make one feel?'"

"I am beginning to arrive at the conclusion," he said, "that the poets and the novelists are wrong. It is the man who suffers. Look at my grey hairs!"

"It is only the art of my maid," she said, smiling, "which conceals mine. Do not let me talk of the past at all; think that we lived so long ago is positively appalling!"

He shook his head gently.

"Not so appalling," he answered, "as the thought of how long we still have to live! One regrets one's youth as a matter of course, but the prospect of old age is more terrible still! Lucky those men and those women who live and then die. It is that interregnum—the level, the monotony of plain advancement, when one is no longer a waiter at Carlsbad and looks askance at the entries—that is what one has to dread. To watch our own degeneration, the dropping away of our energies, the decline of our faculties, the tortures of the liquidation were trifles to us."

She shuddered a little.

"You paint old age in dreary colors," she said.

"I paint it as it must seem to men who have kept the kernel of life between their teeth," he answered carelessly. "To the others—well, one cares little about them. Most men are like you, they are contented so long as they are fed. To that I dare say old age may seem something of a relief. But neither you nor I are akin to them."

"You talk as you always talked," she said. "Mr. Sabin is very like—"

He stopped her.

"Mr. Sabin, if you please," he exclaimed, "I am particularly anxious to preserve my incognito just now. Ever

since we met yesterday I have been regretting that I did not mention it to you—I do not wish it to be known that I am in England."

"Mr. Sabin," she said, "I have chosen a more musical name."

"I wonder—have you by chance spoken of me to your son?" he asked.

"It is only by chance that I have not," she admitted. "I have scarcely seen him alone to-day, and he was out last evening. Do you wish to remain Mr. Sabin to him also?"

"To him particularly," Mr. Sabin declared; "young men are seldom discreet."

Lady Deringham smiled.

"Wolfenden is not a gossip," she remarked; "in fact, I believe he is generally considered too reserved."

"For the present, nevertheless," he said, "let me remain Mr. Sabin to him also. I do not ask you this without a purpose."

Lady Deringham bowed her head. This man had a right to ask her more than such slight favors.

"You are still," she said, "a man of mystery and enigmas. You are still, I suppose, a plotter of schemes. In the old days you used to terrify me almost; are you still as daring?"

"No," he answered. "Time is a rapidly flowing stream, it flows to the borderland, and when my foot is once planted there I shall carry out my theories and make my bow to the world. I have been long a student of whose life has been one long chorus of disappointments. No! I have retired from the great stage; mine is now a private occupation. One returns always, you know, and in a cold way I have returned to the literary ambitions of my youth. It is in connection with this that I arrive at the favor which you so kindly promised to grant me."

"If you knew, Victor," she said, "how great a favor towards you, you would not hesitate to ask for anything within my power to grant."

Mr. Sabin toyed with his stick and gazed steadily into the fire. He was pensive for several minutes. Then, with the air of a man who suddenly detaches himself from a not unpleasant train of thought, he looked up at her.

"I am not going to tax you very severely," he said. "I am writing a critical paper on the armaments of the world for the *Contemporary Review*. I had heard of your introduction to the subject, and I have a great deal of valuable information. There were one or two points, however, on which he was scarcely clear. In the course of the conversation he mentioned your husband's name as being the greatest living authority upon those points. He asked me to call on him, and I thought it would perhaps scarcely be wise. I fancied, too, you might be inclined, for reasons which I need not enlarge upon, to be a little suspicious of my motives. For a simple request, Lady Deringham's manner of receiving it was certainly strange; she was suddenly silent to the lips. A look of positive fear came into her eyes, a frank cordiality, the absolute kindness with which she had welcomed her with new eyes, the mist was washed away. Once more he was the man to be feared and dreaded above all other men; yet she would not give up her own idea as to the value of his own researches, and he is always haunted by a fear lest someone should break in and steal his papers. Mr. Sabin glanced at her with a look of guarded for me to take you there without his knowledge. He is never away himself, and one of the keepers said, 'The wit of a woman,' Mr. Sabin said, softly, 'is all-conquering.'

"Providing always," Lady Deringham said, "that the woman is willing. I do not understand what it all means. Do you know this? Perhaps you do. There have been efforts made by strangers to break into my husband's room. Only few days ago a stranger came here with a form letter of introduction, and obtained access to the Admiral's library. He did not come to steal. He came to study my husband's work. He came in fact, for the very purpose which you avow. Only yesterday my son began to take the same interest in the same thing. The whole of this morning he spent with his father, under the pretence of helping him; really he was studying and examining for himself. He has not told me what it is, but he has a reason for this; he too, has some suspicion. Now you come, and your mission is the same. What does it all mean? I will write to Mr. C. myself; he will come down and advise me."

"I would not do that if I were you," Mr. Sabin said, quietly. "Mr. C. would not thank you to be dragged down here on such an idle errand."

"But, would it be so idle an errand?" she said, slowly. "Victor, be frank with me. I should hate to refuse anything you asked me. Tell me what it means. Is my husband's work of any real value, and, if so, to whom and for what purpose?"

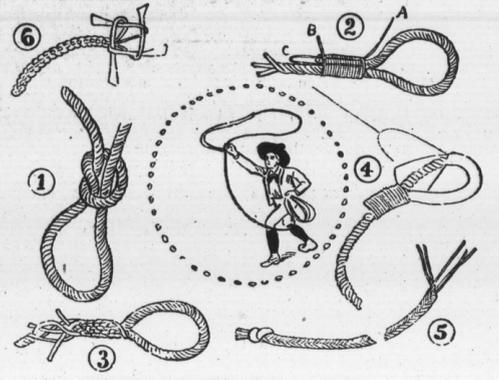
Mr. Sabin was gently distressed.

"My dear Lady," he said, "I have told you the exact truth. I want to get some statistics for my paper. Mr. C. himself recommended me to try and get them from your husband; he is absolutely all right. This attempted robbery of which you were telling me, believe me when I assure you that I know nothing whatever about it. Your son's interest is, after all, only natural. The study of the papers on which your husband has been engaged is the only reasonable test of his sanity. Frankly, I cannot believe that anyone in Lord Deringham's mental state could produce any work likely to be of the slightest permanent value."

The Countess sighed.

"I suppose that I must believe you, Victor," she said; "yet, notwithstanding all that you say, I do not know how to help you—my husband

How to Braid and Throw a Lasso



BRADING AND THROWING A LASSO.

A good rawhide lariat costs from eight to twenty-five dollars and is therefore rather too expensive for a beginner. To make the loop in a braided rope fasten the end back by means of the endless tie shown in figure 2. When the winding is completed put the end (B) through the loop (C) and pull the end (A) until the loop and end have entirely disappeared beneath the coil. Then cut off the end (A) and the endless tie is complete. In order to have the rope run smoothly cover the loop with canvas or some other strong cloth, as shown in figure 4.

Real rawhide ropes are buried underground for some two weeks and afterwards greased with mutton tallow to make them pliable. Two weeks underground will not improve a linen or hemp rope, but the greasing I would strongly advise; only be careful where you hang up your lasso when not using it, for grease has a very penetrating quality.

The art of throwing a lariat cannot be reduced to rule. No two men do it alike, or you ask a cowboy to teach you he will say that every man must learn to do it for himself, by practice. He will be quite willing to show you how he throws the rope, but his style will be quite different from the very next cowboy you meet, and is certain to be entirely different from the method you finally adopt. The illustration shows the characteristic position assumed at the moment of delivery; but it can only suggest; practice is the only master who can teach lasso throwing.

scarcely ever leaves the room. He works there with a revolver by his side. If he were to find a stranger near his work, I believe that he would shoot him without hesitation."

"At night time he usually sleeps there in an anteroom, and outside there is a man always watching."

Mr. Sabin looked thoughtful.

"It is only necessary," he said, "for me to be in the room for about ten minutes, and I do not need to carry anything away; my memory will serve me for all I require. By some means or other I must have that ten minutes."

"You must risk your life," Lady Deringham said. "For I cannot suggest any plan; it would help you if I could, but I am powerless."

"I must have that ten minutes," Mr. Sabin said slowly.

"Must!" Lady Deringham raised her eyebrows. "There was a subtle change in the tone of the man, a note of authority, perhaps even the shadow of a threat; he noted the effect and followed it up."

"I mean what I say, Constance," he declared, "I am not asking you a great thing; you have your full share of woman's wit, and you can arrange this if you like."

"But, Victor, be reasonable," she protested; "suggest a way yourself if you think it so easy. I tell you that he never leaves the room!"

"He must be made to leave it."

"By force?"

"If necessary," Mr. Sabin answered coolly.

Lady Deringham raised her hand to her forehead and sat thinking. The man's growing earnestness bewildered her. What was to be done—what could she say? After all he was not interfering. "There is some thing behind all this! Victor, I cannot help you; I am powerless. I will take no part in anything which I cannot understand."

He stood up, leaning a little upon his stick, the dull green stone of which flashed brightly in the firelight.

"You will help me," he said slowly. "You will let me into that room at night, and you will see that your husband is not there, or that he does not interfere. And as to that magazine article, you are right! What if it were a lie! I do not fly at small game. Now, do you understand?"

(To be Continued.)

PROFIT IN OSTRICH FARMS.

New Zealand is entering upon the industry on a large scale.

Very remunerative is ostrich farming, which, for a considerable time followed in California, has now been introduced into New Zealand. Five hundred of the birds are now on the farm of the Messrs. Nathan, at Whitford Park, a short distance from Auckland. All the steps in the industry, from the nesting of the birds to the dressing, dyeing and mounting of the plumes, are carried on at this establishment.

The manager states that an adult bird requires about the same amount of attention as a sheep, and that the ostrich consumes about twice the quantity of grass needed by a sheep. The birds become dividend paying investments when they are about 10 months old, after which age they are clipped every eight months. The feathers are worth from \$3.75 to \$6.25 per pound, the after dressing increasing the value enormously.

The male and female birds manage the incubation of the eggs between themselves, taking four-hour watches each. To his share of this duty the male ostrich adds the labor of turning the eggs. The chicks are hand fed, as with those of the ordinary farm-sars, and are reared without serious loss.

A well known educator considers the ability to decipher obscure handwriting promptly and accurately as an excellent test of general intelligence.

Rollabone Nomoss—Did she give you a good meal?

Hungry Hurray—Yes; but she got kind of huffy when I got through an asked for a finger bowl.

THIS CRIMINAL DOCUMENT IS CONTAINED IN THE RECORDS OF THE CONDITIO

1901 SPRING 1901

We make our first Spring Announcement one of deep gratitude to our friends for their liberal patronage during the past few seasons.

We will open in a few days our spring season with the choicest stock of Men's, Boys' and Children's Up-to-date Ready to wear Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

We shall continue to furnish our old and new customers with the best results of the tailoring art, which is made in our own factory by skilled workmanship, while our Gents' Furnishings are the product of the best makers.

GLOBE CLOTHING HOUSE

The Up-to-date Clothiers and Gents' Furnishers

COR. KING & BUELL STS. - BROCKVILLE

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Easter Holiday Rates

Return Tickets will be issued at first class Single Fare

Between all stations in Canada, also to Detroit and Port Huron, Mich., Niagara Falls and Buffalo, N. Y., Massena Springs, Rouses Point, N. Y., and Island Pond, Vt.

Tickets good going April 4th to 8th inclusive. Return limit, April 9th, 1901.

SCHOOL VACATIONS First-class Single Fare and One Third, on surrender of Standard Certificate signed by Principal.

For Certificate Blanks, Tickets at above low rates, and all information, apply to G. T. FULFORD, G.T.R. City Passenger Agent

C. E. Pickrell & Sons

ATHENS, ONT. General - Blacksmiths Horseshoeing and Repairing

We return thanks for the liberal patronage we have received, and assure our customers that in the future, as in the past, their orders will receive personal attention and be executed promptly.

C. E. Pickrell & Sons

Before After Wood's Phosphodine, The Great English Remedy. Sold and recommended by all druggists in Canada.

Wood's Phosphodine is sold in Athens by Jas. P. Lamb & Son, druggists.

PATENTS

PROMPTLY SECURED

Write for our interesting book "Investor's H-Id" or "How you are swindled." Send us a rough sketch or model of your invention or a description of it.

Specialty - Patent - Cases of Manufacturers and Engineers MARION & MARION Patent Experts and Solicitors.

ATHENS GROCERY

FISH.

FINNAN HADDIE SEA TROUT

Fine Syrup

IN PAILS OR BY POUND

DINNER SETS BEDROOM SETS GLASSWARE LAMP GOODS, &c

G. A. McCLARY Main St., Athens.

Local Notes

R. B. Rose, grocer, Elgin, has assigned to R. G. Murphy.

Levi S. Lewis has been appointed magistrate of the village of Newboro.

Mr. E. A. Geiger, superintendent of the B. & W., was in Athens last week.

Quite a number of fish are being taken at Charleston lake through holes cut in the ice.

Millinery Opening at Miss Falkner's on Saturday, March, 30th. You are invited to attend.

Samuel Chipman of North Crosby, will apply to parliament for a divorce from his wife, formerly Mary Ellen Pratt on the grounds of adultery.

Mr. R. Cartwright is in Athens looking up desirable families to work in the cotton mill at Kingston. Mr. Cartwright has all his girls and boys in the mill.

Sugar-making has commenced. There was a good run of sap in some sections on Saturday and Sunday, but many had not tapped early enough to profit by it.

An anonymous news-letter was received by the Reporter this week. To secure publication, where the subject matter is of public interest, the writer of any communication to the Reporter must attach his signature.

On the evening of Wednesday next Athens council of Chosen Friends will hold a social in their hall over Arnold's store. An excellent programme is being prepared, which will include vocal and instrumental music and short addresses. Tickets, 15c.

G. W. Brown will sell by public auction on Main Street in the village of Athens on Monday, April 1st, 1901, eight patent grinders—a perfect machine for grinding mowing & reaping machine knives, and other articles. Sale at 2 p. m. Terms cash.

Last week Mr. R. J. Tye attended the meeting of the grand lodge of the Loyal Orange Association of Ontario East, held at Belleville. At a session of the Black Chapter Knights of Ireland, Mr. Tye was elected Deputy Grand Registrar.

Dr. T. H. Crawford, late of Athens, now of Perrinton, Mich., was called recently to Middleton, a neighboring village to see a patient whom he found to be suffering from discrete form of small-pox. The Doctor immediately notified the health officer who is also a physician, but the health officer and business men laughed at the statement till an expert was called in who pronounced it a typical case of smallpox, this verifying Dr. Crawford's diagnosis who up to this time had never seen a case of this disease.

DRS. K. & K.

The Leading Specialists of America 20 YEARS IN DETROIT. 250,000 CURED.

WE CURE EMISSIONS Nothing can be more demoralizing to young or middle-aged men than the presence of these "highly toxic" secretions.

250,000 CURED You are Man—You are pale, feeble and haggard; nervous, irritable and excitable. You become forgetful, moose, and despondent; blotches and pimples, sunken eyes, wrinkled face, stooping form and downward countenance reveal the blight of your existence.

WE CURE VARICOCELE No matter how serious your case may be, or how long you may have had it, our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will cure it.

CURES GUARANTEED We treat and cure SYPHILIS, GLEET, EMISSIONS, IMPOTENCY, STRICTURE, GONORRHOEA, SEMINAL LOSSES, BLADDER AND KIDNEY DISEASES, CONSTITUTIONAL DEBILITY, BRUISES, CHLOROFORM, MODERATE. If unable to call, write for a QUESTION BLANK for HOME TREATMENT.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN 148 SHELBY STREET, DETROIT, MICH.

Ottawa is looking forward to having a great building boom this coming season.

A calico ball is to be held in Brockville, after Easter, in aid of the General Hospital.

"What is the most popular color for a bride?" Tastes differ but we would prefer a white one.

It cost Moses Elison of Kingston \$20 and costs for driving a horse that should have been dead.

Looks like old times at Fisher's carriage works with Crawford and Sim "a-paintin' and a-pushin'."

Salt rheum with its burning, stinging sensations, is due to poor blood and is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier.

As will be seen by adv't on first page of the Reporter Mr. A. Norton Buell of Brockville is offering cash for old postage stamps.

Kingston City Council has decided to grant the directors of the fair \$500, and has promised a further grant of \$400, in case of a deficit.

The first robin reached this section several days ago, and now every morning fresh voices join in the glad chorus of song with which our feathered friends welcome the spring.

The farm of the late Torrence C. Brown, 62 acres, was sold by auction by G. W. Brown on Saturday last for \$3500. Mr. Erastus Rowson was the purchaser.

The four prisoners in Brockville jail, charged with the Kempville murder, refuse to be comforted and take their position keenly. They weep more or less all the time and appear to be equally affected.

Jas. A. Johnston, Watertown, N. Y., spent Sunday in Athens, the guest of his cousin, Mrs. B. Loverin. He carries on an extensive business in wooden and earthen and is in Canada looking after orders.

Lord Roberts, presiding at an Army temperance meeting recently, said he had never heard a single complaint of a soldier being rude or improperly behaved towards beer women. The latter and their children went fearlessly up on the streets; the children constantly played and talked with the British soldiers.

John M. Davis and son, Master Frank, of Markdale, Grey County, are this week visiting friends and relatives. John spent five or six years in the employ of the Editor of the Athens Reporter, when on the farm at Addison, and has made it a practice to call round for a short visit every few years.

Dame Fortune has dealt kindly with him in the west, as he now owns several hundred acres of the best land in Grey county and has filled a number of important positions in the county, having been the patron candidate at the last Dominion election for his riding. At present, he is a member of the County Council of Grey.

Death of Mrs. Dixon.

On Wednesday morning last, at her home near Greenbush, Mrs. Geo. Dixon, a well known and highly esteemed lady, departed this life after an illness of several months. The Times says: She was a daughter of late Jno. McCullough, formerly of Brockville, but was born in the township of Kitley. After her marriage she moved to Dixon's Corners, where she spent the greater part of her long and useful life. Mrs. Dixon had been in failing health for the past year with paralysis. She spent several several months with her son, Dr. J. W. Dixon of Burlington, Iowa, in the hope that a change of climate would work a beneficial change. The trip had not the desired effect and about four weeks ago Mrs. Dixon returned home in very feeble health. The deceased was an influential member of the Methodist church and took an active part in every good work. Wherever Mrs. Dixon is known her memory is revered.

A Fatal Accident.

Westport Mirror:—The saddest accident that it has ever been our duty to report happened last Tuesday night (16th) at the Burgess Mica mine owned by H. W. McNally and which resulted so tragically in the death of the owner. He and A. E. Stevens had been down the shaft putting in steam piping to pump out the water, and had almost completed the work when a piece of plank that one of the workmen, Mr. Waffle, had been standing on, slid from under him and fell 20 ft. striking H. W. McNally on the back of the head, smashing his skull. He was taken to the camp but lived only three hours. A. E. Stevens was also knocked senseless and his hand badly cut but is alright again. Wm. Waffle had a narrow escape, he grasping hold of the piping until rescued. The shaft is about 80 feet deep.

First and Foremost.

In the field of medicine is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It possesses actual and unequalled merit by which it cures all diseases caused or promoted by impure or impoverished blood. If you have rheumatism, dyspepsia, scrofula or catarrh you may take Hood's Sarsaparilla and be cured. If you are run down and feel weak and tired, you may be sure it will do you good. The favorite family cathartic is Hood's Pills.

The smallpox epidemic appears to be abating. The stringent measures taken by the health authorities throughout the province are having a good effect.

The British government will appoint a commission to consider the matter of the declaration on the subjects of transubstantiation and the Mass required of British Monarchs.

It is announced that Mackenzie and Mann will at once begin construction of their projected line from Parry Sound toward Sudbury and that from 30 to 50 miles would be built this season.

In Western Ontario there is an agitation on foot to depose a Methodist clergyman who smokes. Many a good man enjoys the weed and finds in it a solace. If smoking is the only fault to be found in the make up of the divine his congregation is singularly blessed. The fact remains, though, that when we are blocking out a pattern man we do not place the using of tobacco among his commendable characteristics.

On Friday evening an entertainment will be given in the high school under the auspices of the students and staff. The programme will consist of a choice selection of vocal and instrumental music and an address by Mr. William Johnston, M. A., LL. B., on "Some Defects in our Educational System." Miss Cora Denaut of Delta, whose clear, sweet voice Athenians remember with pleasure, will give two vocal selections. Admission—a collection of 10 cents and upwards at the door.

Last week, on order of Judge McDonald, Joseph Steacy of Marble Rock was lodged in Brockville jail to serve a term of forty days for failure to answer a judgment summons. From this it will be seen that a few thorns are now being placed in the flowery beds of ease upon which a certain class of debtors in this county so long reposed. In the old days, to be execution proof was to be happy; now a debtor must hustle around and pay what he owes or suffer the consequences of his laziness or dishonesty.

The People's Column.

Adv'ts of 6 lines and under in this column, 25c for first insertion and 10c each subsequent insertion.

For Sale or to Rent.

The undersigned offers for sale or rent that comfortable cottage on Joseph street, Athens, known as the Sherman homestead. A large garden and all conveniences. Apply to AMOS BLANCHARD, Mill Street, Athens.

Wanted.

A few families of boys and girls—from 14 years of age and upwards—to work in the cotton mill at Kingston. Good wages and special inducements offered. Apply to 15-14 Dominion Cotton Mills Co. Kingston, Ont.

Farm-hand Wanted.

The subscriber wishes to engage the services of a good man for the spring and summer of 1901. Married man preferred. Apply at once to 121. F. W. SCOVILL, Lake Elgin.

Look Here!

Any person wishing to buy a first-class home in Brockville would do well to apply to R. H. GAMBLE, Church Street, Brockville

MILLINERY

OPENING

Miss Falkner will exhibit the latest designs in Spring Millinery on Saturday, Mar. 30th. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Tinsmith Business

For Sale Cheap.

In a town of 1000 inhabitants; established and carried on by one firm for fifty years; stock greatly reduced at present; \$500 will buy stock and complete set of tools. Will also rent business stand. Am retiring from business. Possession given at once. Address H. W. KINCAID, Athens, Leeds Co., Ont.

Wanted.

To trade or sell, one, 3-horse-power yacht, coal or wood—in good condition—carry 13 persons—20 ft. long, 6 ft. wide—will sell cheap for cash or trade for good work team. Must deal before March 20th. Apply to this office or to Stephen Robinson Box 116, Smith's Falls Ont.

Farm Hand Wanted

The subscriber wishes to engage the services of a good all-round farm hand for the spring and summer of 1901. Single man preferred. Apply at once to BYRON W. LOVERIN, Greenbush

For Sale or to Let

A village lot at Charleston containing a dwelling house, grocery and barn. Good location for business. It is within 6 rods of the boat livery. Terms moderate. Also, a good dwelling house in Athens for sale or to let. ISAAC ROBESON, Athens

Farm For Sale

The undersigned offers his farm for sale, known as the Robert Tackaberry farm, and being composed of the south part of lot number seven in the tenth concession of the Township of Eastard, containing 101 1/2 acres of land. This is an excellent farm—soil good, well watered by springs, about thirty acres in timber, nearly all maple, about 1,500 sugar maples. Reasons for selling, ill health of self and family. Terms easy. For particulars apply to the undersigned on the premises or to Isaac C. Aiguire, Athens. 9-18 STEPHEN NIBLOCK.



IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

"Old Reliable."

Advertisement for A. M. Chassels, Merchant Tailor, offering Spring Goods now in stock.

SPRING GOODS

NOW IN STOCK.

A. M. Chassels,

Merchant Tailor

has received his Spring and Summer stock of Fancy Worsteds, Fine Tweeds, for Pants and Suits, also a fine line of Vesting Materials, including Fancy Corduroy, all of which will be made up in the latest styles at moderate prices.

Ready-to-Wear Clothing

Now in stock a fine line of stylish Light Overcoats, Pants, Bicycle Suits, etc. Be sure to see these goods and learn the prices.

Gents' Furnishings.

A full range of shirts, black and colored soft materials, finest qualities of laundered goods, Caps, Collars, Ties, Braces, Handkerchiefs, Caps, Woolen Underwear, etc. You can get just what you want in these lines here and at reasonable prices.

PRICES DEFFY COMPETITION

The undersigned returns thanks to the general public for their patronage during the last 16 years and will endeavor to so conduct his business as to receive their continued trade and sustain the reputation of his store as "The Old Reliable" Clothing House.

A. M. Chassels,

SPRING, 1901. - MAIN ST., ATHENS

The eyes at forty

require assistance

When you are this age, reading or near work becomes an exertion, and glasses of just enough strength to relieve all strain should be obtained. We are experts in this line. We examine eyes free of charge and guarantee satisfaction.

Wm. Coates & Son,

SCIENTIFIC OPTICIANS.

BROCKVILLE.

THIS GRIEVOUS DOCUMENT IS EVERYWHERE CONDITION