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M. J. KEHOE.

THE ATHENS REPORTER & COUNTY OF LEEDS ADVERTISER.

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W. G. PARISH,

VOL. VIII. NO 39. Athens, Leeds County, Ontario, Tuesday, Oct. 11th, 1892. $1.00 a year in advance. $1.25 if not paid within 6 months. B. Loverin, Proprietor.

IMPORTED MANTLES

We put into stock this morning forty-four Imported Capes, Jackets, Tweed Coats, etc. which for style and value we think you will say are the best you have seen yet. Every one a novelty and nearly all different. It is impossible to describe them in these columns; the only way to appreciate them is to come and see them. The fits are perfection, and if you have any thought of buying you cannot miss this lot. We show with pleasure. Five per cent cash discount off all prices. Call and see them.

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Garden, Field and Flower
A full stock just received—All
Fresh & Reliable
—ALSO—
LINSEED MEAL AND GROUND OIL CAKE
For Feeding purposes, at the
Lowest Market Price.
Parties requiring quantities of Seeds will find our prices RIGHT, and we invite enquiry.
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60,000 DEACON AND CALF SKINS
HIGHEST CASH PRICE AT THE BROCKVILLE TANNERY.
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Main St., opposite Maley's Boot & Shoe Store.
BROCKVILLE,
Carries the
LARGEST STOCK OF WATCHES
of any house in town.
His Stock of Clocks, Jewellery, Diamonds, Spectacles, Etc., is complete in every Department and
Will be Sold Right.
Repairing by Skilled Workmen our Specialty
Give us a call when wanting anything in our line.

We are Convinced that
MOFFATT & SCOTT
GENERAL MERCHANTS
Addison and Rocksprings
PAY HIGHEST PRICES FOR BUTTER, EGGS, DEACON SKINS, MAPLE SYRUP AND SUGAR. ETC., AND SELL AT BOTTOM PRICES

Our Spring Goods
Have just arrived and for Quality, Quantity and Prices we defy competition. Our Prints, Ginghams, Shirtings, Cattonades, Gray Cottons, and Tweeds are very attractive and cheap, whilst our Wall Paper. Boots and Shoes, Ready Mixed Paints, Leads, Oils, Glass, Crockery, Etc., are far Superior in Quality than ever before shown.

OUR TEAS at 25c., 30c., 35c, and 40c. per lb. are unequalled for flavor and for stren th.

Remember we always give as many lbs. of SUGAR for $1 as any "House" in the Trade.

Ladies you should examine our stock of Fine Shoes, Slippers, All-Wool Cashmeres and Prints. Gents our Hats, Furnishings, Tweeds, and Kid Gloves are exactly what you want.

SUITS MADE TO ORDER AND FITS GUARANTEED
Highest Market Price for Produce; 5 per cent off for Cash small profits and quick returns
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THE WESTERN CANADA LOAN AND SAVINGS CO.
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THE HON. GEORGE W. ALLAN, PRESIDENT
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FAVORABLE TERMS FOR REPAYMENT.
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SAXON WASHBURN, ATHENS, ONT.

NEXT!

The subscriber has got settled in his new Shaving and Hair-cutting rooms in the Armstrong House, and is now on hand at all reasonable hours to attend to all work in his line.
☞ Razors and Scissors ground, honed and sharpened at reasonable prices.
W. G. McLAUGHLIN

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R. Wright & Co
BROCKVILLE'S BARGAIN ONE PRICE
Dry Goods House
BLANKETS BLANKETS
UNDERWEAR UNDERWEAR
Cold nights are here and colds in the head are all the rage, the best preventative, as well as the best cure is Warm Blankets and Warm Underwear. We are now showing an immense range of Wool Underwear for Ladies, Underwear for Girls, Underwear for Boys, Underwear for Men, in all the different improved makes and qualities all marked at popular good value prices. Plain Wool Dress goods and Tweed suitings in great variety. Special purchase of the fashionable 42 inch wide all Wool popular Dress Goods at 50 cents yard in Navy, Grey and Black. 55 cents pair. Ask to see our bargain quality in Ladies' Black and colored 4 buttoned Kid Gloves at 55c pair.
Robert Wright and Co.

Busy, Busy
Fall Business Booming, every department displays the activity of a
BEE HIVE
Shelves and counters filled to overflowing with fresh desirable New Goods, all marked at quick selling prices. Headquarters for Stylish Millinery, Show Rooms of Robert Wright & Co. Now filled with the very latest novelties in Trimmed Hats and Bonnets. You are invited to call and inspect. Materials for Art Needlework, etc., Rope Silks, Quill Silks, Knitting Silks, Colored Linen Embroidery. Floss, Macrame Cord Embroidery Ornaments, Tinsel Embroidery, Cord, 40 inch wide Scorched Canvas for Table Covers, etc, Stamped Table Covers, Scarfs and Drapes, Sponge Racks, Towel racks, Photo Holders, etc., too numerous to mention. Call and see them. Telephone 138.
Robert Wright and Co.

Judge Them Yourself
The Dress Goods business has fairly begun.
The new Dress Stuffs get lots of attention.
To-day we make special mention of a line of English Dress Serges, finished almost like Henriettas but much better to wear. The price is 50c per yard full 46 inches wide—a bargain. Actually, it spoils the sale of everything near it. Black of the same width and quality at 55c per yard. All through our stock the values are exceptionally good.
If you only know it, there's quite a saving when you buy here.—205 KING STREET.

New Goods
Art Silks, Art Cretonnes, Art Muslins, Fancy Moire Silks, Fancy Frillings, Ribbons—direct importations, no middleman's profit. See our stock as soon as possible.
Telephone 161
LEWIS & PATTERSON
BROCKVILLE

C. M. BABCOCK'S
Fall and Winter Stock of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods is now Complete.
Over Three Hundred Styles to choose from, and no two alike. In Cheviots, Serges, Stanley Suitings, &c., patterns strictly confined to myself for Brockville.
The finest Navy and Black Serges and Estemines.
All the new Mantles are in all the new styles and cut.
THE PLACE FOR HOSIERY.
Sole agent for FERD ROUILLON'S French Kid Gloves, for Brockville.
The place to buy Erskine & Beveridge's Linens of all kinds—said to be the best makers of these goods in the world.
A big lot of new Silks, Bengalines, and Shot Silks and Velvets, just in. See the goods—none like them in Brockville.
C. M. BABCOCK,
TELEPHONE 197. BROCKVILLE

A Word About Stogas
It may be possible during dry weather for a farmer to get along with a pair of laced boots, or a cheap long boot, but for wet fall weather you want a good long boot, one that will wear and keep out water. We have such a boot, it is the best stoga boot in Canada, hand bottomed, outside counters and extra long legs, for $3 a pr. This season we can give you the same boot, only a shorter leg for $2.50. Knowing these to be the best long boots made we contracted for a large quantity of them and have sole control of them. We guarantee every pair. If you want a good boot and want dry feet you will go direct to
Brockville's Cheap Shoe Store,
Brockville, Sept. 9 1892. W. L. MALEY

MURDER and ARSON

Triple Tragedy and a Horrible Deed of Incendiarism.

Strong Circumstantial Evidence Points to a Son of the Murdered Farmer as the Perpetrator.

The little hamlet of Newbliss is situated about four miles in a northeastery direction from Toledo, on the main traveled road leading to Smith's Falls. On a concession road about half a mile west of Newbliss, is the farm of John J Luckey, sr. Here, on Saturday last, was enacted a triple tragedy, surpassing in revolting enormity anything ever before committed in this part of Canada.

The following brief account was gathered by a Reporter representative who visited the scene on Monday. The Luckey family consisted of Jas. J. Luckey, his wife (a second marriage), and a daughter of some twenty-five years. On Saturday morning Mr. Luckey drove to Irish Creek and from there to Smith's Falls, while his daughter went across the fields, a distance of half a mile, to her brother's, leaving Mrs. Luckey alone in the house. About one o'clock Mr. Luckey was observed driving in through the gate towards the house, and in less than half an hour thereafter a daughter of Mr. A Parker, who lives directly on the opposite side of the road, and about forty rods distant, observed a dense column of smoke arising from the house of the Luckeys. She called her father and mother and they all ran over to the place and found the inside of the building enveloped in flames and the doors all fastened. Just previous to this, some men who were threshing at another farm house in the vicinity heard screams in the direction of the Luckeys, but supposing it was some children at play, paid no attention to it until they saw smoke issuing from the building, when they all ran over, reaching the house about the same time as the Parkers. The sight that met their gaze was one that might well appal the stoutest heart. Just inside the door could be seen the nearly consumed body of Mrs. Luckey, while the body of Mr. Luckey and the girl could be discerned in a like condition in the cellar, having gone down with the burning floor. Every effort was made to drag the bodies from the burning debris, but it was not until the building was totally consumed and water had been thrown on the bodies that parties could venture near enough to extricate them. This was finally done by means of a wire attached to a long pole. The bodies presented a horrible appearance, being burned beyond recognition. The remains were all placed in a box about a foot wide and four feet long.

Those present began to speculate on the cause of the fire and the death of all three persons in the middle of the day, and the unanimous verdict of all was that murder most foul had been committed and the building fired in order to conceal evidence of the crime. A neighboring farmer named John Polk was amongst those who got to the scene while this speculation was going on and he remembered that while going to and returning from the Falls he had seen a stranger whose actions now seemed suspicious to him, and he at once drove to Smith's Falls and began making enquiries. He soon learned that a stranger answering the description he gave was at the Palace Hotel, and enquiry elicited the fact that he had come to the house in the evening and seemed very much agitated. So much so that he could not write his own name on the register, but requested the proprietor to sign the name of Charles Kingston, and had then gone to a room assigned him, where he then was. Chief of Police McGowan was sent for and the man was placed under arrest. He at first stoutly maintained that his name was Kingston, or Kingsley, but on being told of the murder and arson he admitted that his name was Charles Luckey, that he was a son of the murdered man; that he had been out to the neighborhood of his father's place, but said he did not go there as he did not wish any one to know that he was in the neighborhood. He was taken to the lock-up and McGowan started early on Sunday morning for the scene of the tragedy. The ground was carefully gone over and in a clump of trees, south of the house, tracks were found that showed some person had been on the watch at that place. Between there and the house a lot of small burr bushes were noticed and the prisoner's pants had a number of the same kind of burrs on when he was arrested.

The generally accepted theory is that the murderer must have gone to the house and despatched the old lady first, and then lay in wait for the old man. The team that Luckey drove were put in the stable and unharnessed, showing that he could have had no idea of anything being wrong about the place. He must have been killed in or near the house and his body placed in the room near where his wife was lying. Then the daughter must have appeared on the scene and been attacked outside the house, as her false teeth were found about forty feet from the door, and it was likely her screams that were heard by the neighbors. When she arrived and saw her dead parents, and probably the murderer himself, she no doubt started to return by the way she had just come. The murderer, it is thought, pursued her and either struck her down or choked off her screams and then dragged her back to the house and throw her alongside of her dead parents. Then to cover up his awful day's work he set fire to the building in several places and fled.

The suspected man Charles Luckey has not lived at home for some four years, and, it is said, left on account of a difficulty he had with his father, threatening that when he did return it would not be well for the old man. About a year ago he stole a coat from a hotel in Ottawa and was sent to the Central Prison, and was only liberated on Friday last. He is a young man of about 26 years, and is rather prepossessing in appearance. He is said to be very little concerned over his arrest on a charge of committing one of the most heinous crimes that ever blotted the criminal annals of Canada. Dr. Vaux, coroner, arrived on the scene on Monday morning and after empannelling a jury and viewing the remains and the scene of the tragedy, adjourned the inquest until Wednesday morning at 9 a.m., at the village of Irish Creek. The funeral of the three murdered Luckey's takes place at the Presbyterian church, Toledo, of which church Mr. Luckey was an elder.

A Reporter representative obtained three good photographs of the ruins and surroundings, which will be exposed in the window of the Reporter office when finished.

COUNTY NEWS.

INTERESTING LETTERS FROM OUR STAFF OF CORRESPONDENTS.

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

FRONT OF YONGE.

MONDAY, Oct. 10.—The Junetown race course was well represented on last Saturday. There were no takers when Mr. Z. Purvis offered to trot his Lady Comstock against all comers for $20.

A large quantity of apples has been purchased in this locality this fall by speculators at one dollar per barrel. This is surely a great sacrifice for good, sound winter fruit, such as Baxters, Snows, and such kinds.

Lansdowne fair was a regular old fashioned Donnybrook. Several sore heads resulted therefrom on the following day.

The John Forth fair passes off very quietly. No broken heads or money chests broken open at said fair.

A Mr. Hillis of Caintown, formerly of Athens, has taken more prizes at the different fairs this fall than any other farmer in the township.

Mr. Arthur Arnold will deliver a temperance lecture on next Sabbath morning to the Sabbath school scholars in the Methodist church, Caintown.

The wife of Mr. Henry Powell is at present very ill with catarrhal affections of the lungs.

The leaves are falling fast,
The trees will soon be bare,
Summer days have gone at last—
Have gone, O, where? O, where?

DELTA.

MONDAY, Oct. 10.—Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Percival have the sympathy of Delta people in the loss of their child.

Coal-burners are getting in their coal.

We were pleased to hear about J. H. Madden, B. A., having been so successful in passing his final examination for barrister at Osgoode Hall, Toronto.

Thomas Doyle, a hard-working man of Philipsville, died at his home on the 7th and was placed in the vault yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. S. J. Russell went to Winchester Springs as delegate to the W. F. M. S. convention, and returned last week.

M. A. Evertts of Athens was here visiting yesterday.

C. P. Lambert's horse Marshall France was successful in beating W. Lyons' horse Bayonet at Newboro fair.

M. H. Eyre will go to Guelph next week to attend the S. S. convention as a delegate from Delta.

Mr. Butler of Perth has returned home after his visit to his uncle, W. R. Singleton.

Go to Hazelton & Son for fall boots—cheap.

NEWBORO

SATURDAY, Oct. 8.—A new railway station is to be erected here shortly on the site of the old one, which was struck by lightning and burned last summer.

Bresee Bros. of Syracuse have returned home after enjoying a short visit with their mother.

Henry Dier has moved into the village and intends driving stage during the winter months.

The millinery display at Whaley's on Friday and Saturday of last week was the finest ever shown in the village.

A great many enterprising citizens of this village and locality are talking strongly of moving to the N. W. T. next spring. This shows considerable good judgment, as this locality, including our village, is thoroughly dead in all branches of business, and no prospects of it being any better.

A. Johnson of Westport is pointing and penciling the stonework of the Episcopal church. It needed repairing very much, and it will, of course, improve the looks of the old building considerably.

If the different societies of the village do not amalgamate in the near future, some of our most prominent citizens threaten emigration, probably to Tarvtown or some other large city in the U. S. Jack may be as good as his master, but he will have to do his own barking wherever he goes.

WESTPORT.

FRIDAY, Oct. 7.—The funeral service of the late Mrs. A. Taggart, of the village, was conducted in the Methodist church on Wednesday by the Rev. James Pletts. The deceased was an old and respected resident. She had reached the advanced age of 77 years.

Messrs. Connelly & Wing are improving the appearance of their furniture shop by clap-boarding it.

Mr. Earl, late of Brockville, has opened up a new grocery in the premises on Bedford street lately occupied by Mr. Hazelton.

Miss Ethel Webster left per str. Lideau Belle on Monday night on a visit to friends in Port Hope.

Miss Ethel Reynolds left on Tuesday night for Ottawa to take a course in Coligny college.

A duck hunting party, consisting of Messrs. Cumming and Neilson of Lyn and others, passed through here this week on their way to the upper lakes.

Dr. Leavitt, of Detroit, formerly of this place, paid us a visit this week. He made many calls both social and professional.

Married, in the Presbyterian church on Tuesday, by Rev. J. B. Huff, Miss Norris to Mr. McMunn, both of Sherbrooke.

Messrs. W. H. Fredenburgh and J H. Whelan have been to Watertown to try to make the final arrangements for starting a paper mill here in the near future. We wish them unbounded success. The industry would involve an outlay of about $40,000 and would furnish labor to quite a large number of men.

Another one of those quiet marriages, for which our village has become noted of late, occurred a short time ago in the marriage of Miss V. A. Tryon to Mr. C. E. McGuire. If it is not too late we wish the young couple much joy, and a happy voyage "o'er the sea of life."

While the 'bus of the Wardrobe House was going to the train on Thursday night, the horse was frightened by a dog and became unmanageable. Wheeling, the horse ran down Church street, and fell near the Methodist church where it was caught.

The partridge in this section are either very abundant, or else they are becoming very bold. Several have been shot in the trees near the village, but one was shot on Friday evening, by Harry Arnold, in front of Mrs. Kelly's on Spring street, in the heart of the village.

The funeral of Mrs. Maurice Tain, Sr., was held in the R C Church on Saturday.

We had a few flakes of snow on Wednesday.

Mrs. McCormack and wife, of Ogdensburgh, are visiting their friends, the Misses Taggart.

W. J. Rhine, familiarly called "Willie John" is back from Uncle Sam's dominions on a visit to his native town, Westport. From appearances we would judge that a warmer climate agrees with him well.

The hop picking on the farm of James Hughes, Bathurst, was done by five Indians and twenty-seven squaws, Cornwall, and it took them two weeks to do the work. They picked 645 boxes, about 8,000 pounds.

The matron of the Mercer Reformatory for women at Toronto told the grand jurors last week that the reason there were not more inmates in the institution was because the Salvation Army was making its beneficial influence felt.

There is not and there cannot be, any smoking tobacco superior to the "Myrtle Navy brand." A wrapper of brighter appearance and higher price it is possible to get, but all wrappers are very poor smoking tobacco and but a single leaf is wrapped round a plug. The stock used in the body of the "Myrtle Navy" plug is the very best which money can purchase. The powers of the Virginia soil can produce nothing better, and no other soil in the world can produce as fine tobacco as that of Virginia.

Attention has again been called to the old trick of unscrupulous cheese exporters who have American cheese sent to England through Montreal and passed off as Canadian cheese, by a somewhat peculiar incident related by The New York Commercial Bulletin. A note reading as follows was found enclosed in a bottle placed in a cheese which the purchaser in England had bought for Canadian:—"The receiver of this cheese will please do the favor and answer this, and write us home and address, what he paid for it and how it is." The epistle was signed by a factoryman of a town in Wisconsin. The Wisconsin dealer when he sold the cheese doubtless had no knowledge of the intention of the exporter to ship it by way of Montreal. This matter of mixing Canadian and American cheese for export from Montreal should receive attention.

A Monster Cheese.

An enormous cheese mould was shipped from Ottawa to Perth on Tuesday, where it will be used under the direction of Prof. Robertson, Dominion dairy commissioner, for manufacturing the monster Canadian cheese intended for the Chicago World's Fair. The mould stands seven feet high and is nine feet in diameter. In order to make the cheese, arrangements are being made for securing three days' milk of six hundred cows. The weight of the cheese when made will be something enormous, running into thousands of pounds. This triumph of dairy work will form a part of the experimental farm exhibit at Chicago next year.

F. W. LORD
A New Lot of Those $15.00 Bedroom Suites Just in.
F. W. LORD

New Paint Shop!
The undersigned having leased the flat over N. C. Williams' Livery Stable, and put in a stock of first-class paints and varnishes, is now prepared to do all kinds of carriage painting on short notice and very reasonable prices.
A specialty made of re-painting partly worn carriages and cutters. Having had considerable experience under some of the best painters in this section, he feels confident that he can give entire satisfaction to those favoring him with their orders.
WM. BROWN.
Athens, June 21st, 1892.

HATS!

The largest and best assorted of Hats ever shewn in Brockville is now on view at
THOMAS MILLS & CO'S
THE HATTERS
Men's stiff hats from 75c. up.
Boys " " " "
Boys' caps from 15c. up
Boys' soft hats from 40c. up.
Don't fail to see our stock of goods when in town.

Money to Loan.
On real estate at lowest current rates of interest and on favorable terms of repayment. Mortgages and debentures purchased. All kinds of legal papers, such as deeds, mortgages chattel mortgages, wills, leases, &c., drawn at reasonable rates. I also represent the Lancashire Fire Insurance Co.
Office in connection with H. J. Johnston's Veterinary Surgeon, in the Parish Block Athens.
JOHN CAWLEY.

CAUTION
EACH PLUG OF THE
Myrtle Navy
IS MARKED
T & B
IN BRONZE LETTERS
None Other Genuine

LOOK - HERE!
A Valuable Watch for only $7.00
Elgin movement, fully warranted in a 3 oz. Nickel Silver case. Call and examine and be convinced that you get extra value for your money.
My stock of Roll Plate Jewelry is new and well selected.
See my assortment of Bracelets, Chains, and Necklets. The patterns are of the latest design and the goods will be sold right.
Gem Rings, Keeper Rings and Wedding Rings in Solid Gold only kept in stock.
Clock, Silverware and Optical goods at rockbottom prices. Now is the time to secure bargains.
Repairing receives special attention. Satisfaction guaranteed. Give me a call in the Parish block opposite the Gamble House, Athens.
Respectfully yours,
☞ I have added a full line of School Books and Stationery which will be sold cheap.
H. R. KNOWLTON
ATHENS

ISSUE NO 41. 1892.

The Summer Girl.

The summer girl is coming home,
All browned and plump and rosy,
Prepared to make the winter seem
Extremely nice and cosy.

She's bathed, and danced, and walked, and sailed,
And read a book, and flirted,
Till to the young men she has left
The whole world seems deserted.

The flush of health is in her cheeks,
With fun her eyes are dancing;
The flush of conquest in her heart
Makes life seem most entrancing.

Ah! soon she'll be the winter girl,
And we shall sew before her,
For she was made to be adored,
And therefore—we adore her.

Whatever Is—Is Best.

I know as my life grows older,
And mine eyes have clearer sight,
That under each rank wrong somewhere
There lies the root of Right;
That such sorrow has its purpose,
By the sorrowing oft unguessed,
But as sure as the sun brings morning,
Whatever is—is best.

I know that each sinful action,
As sure as the night brings shade,
Is somewhere, sometime punished,
Tho' the hour be long delayed.
I know that the soul is aided
Sometimes by the heart's unrest,
And to grow means often to suffer—
But whatever is—is best.

I know there are no errors
In the great eternal plan,
And all things work together
For the final good of man.
And I know when my soul speeds onward
In its grand eternal quest,
I shall say as I look back earthward,
Whatever is—is best.

A SUMMER EPISODE.

The Story of a Flirtation and its Tragic Termination.

(By Horace Beekman.)

EVERY young man has time and time again heard of the Summer girl, and lucky indeed is he who has been able to withstand her wiles and enchantments. We hear her mentioned in poetry and prose, until at last the fortunate ones (by those I mean those who have thus far only had the pleasure of reading about and hearing her spoken of) begin to think that to look for angels we need not leave this earth but only to look for the Summer girl.

In dealing with a question of importance we must always look on two sides, not always the one we think brightest; it is so with this question we must look at now.

To define the model summer girl with all her peculiarities I must leave to some one who may be interested enough to study closely her ways and manners. I have lost interest in everything connected with her; the reason I am about to relate.

The summer of 1890 had gone; vacation days, which we always look forward to with such fond hopes and dreams, had left us with nothing but the sweet memories that invariably cling to good times past.

When at college together five of my comrades and myself made an agreement that when our college life had ended and we parted, each to fight life's battle alone, we would, if we were spared, meet at least once a year to tell each other's successes or failures, as the case might be. The year 1890 was no exception to the rule, and the first night in October, the evening of our annual meeting, came around.

The evening proved to be cold and stormy, yet notwithstanding, on this our fifteenth meeting, we were all accounted for in our usual places; among the last, but not least, to arrive was Franklin Nelson, one of the youngest, but more thought of by us than any other one. I can still remember how he used to look at college—tall, well built, with dark brown hair and eyes, the latter especially calling attention to him if his manners and bearing, that were almost perfect, had not; to look at him it would seem as if trouble and care were entirely unknown to him. He had a way of looking at you while talking, as if he was reading your very thoughts, but to hear him laugh, which he did frequently, was a pleasure indeed. It seemed as if his soul was in it, which added to his rare conversational powers, made him so popular wherever he happened to be; but to return to our narrative. As I said, he entered rather late; we greeted his entrance with three cheers. We intended to give them with a will, but they almost died on our lips as we noticed his appearance. Could this be our Franklin of olden times? No! But, yes, we had to realize that it was. How changed! Pale, thin, all the life seemed to have been taken from him; even his old step had gone. He greeted each one of us personally, and then, with what seemed to be, to us, a heavy sigh, sank into the nearest chair. We started the evening's sport at once. Some cracked jokes, others sang, but through it all we felt as if something had gone wrong, yet we could have hardly said what it was. Frank laughed and joked with the rest, but the dullest one in the party could see he was playing a part, especially as his old laugh that we had so much admired had left him. The part of the evening we always looked forward to with the greatest pleasure was after we had seen that our inner man had been well satisfied, and the cigars had been passed around, we settled down to hear each one relate his experience. To-night we applauded every one and everything. It needed something to keep our spirits up. Frank's time to speak (we always reserved him to the end, believing that the best should be kept until the last) was eagerly awaited. At last it came—would that we had never called on him! He slowly arose as his name was called, and advancing to the centle of the room, so that the light fell full on his colorless face, and leaning heavily on the table, as if too weak to support himself, began: "Dear friends and comrades, we have met again to-night for the fifteenth time. As we look back on each meeting we think what joyous times they were, bright spots on the pathway of life, like some bright oasis in the desert where the weary traveller has time to stop a moment and drink the cooling waters, and rest, before resuming his burden and starting forth on the weary road once more. I have not the time to-night to say all I would like to but will come to what I have to say at once: You may all have noticed a change in my appearance and manner, and of that my story to-night has to deal. You all know that from the cradle I was reared in luxury and how my life, previous to this year, has been spent, after college, doing nothing but living, enjoying it as if it was some bright dream. But now!" He drew his hand over his brow, his large brown eyes sent in a marble face, burned like coals of fire; not one of us dared breathe, so afraid we were of interrupting him. "Now!" he resumed, "all has changed. Last spring I awoke to the fact that my health was failing. My parents were soon aware of the fact, and so, urged on by them and my doctor, I found myself at the beginning of the summer at a small hotel in a pretty village situated near one of our largest and most fashionable watering places; the hotel being convenient to both ocean and river, the place being quiet, away from all noise and excitement, it suited a person in my position very well. Things went quietly for a few weeks, and then I noticed a gradual improvement in my health, and the color came back to my cheek. At last I was myself once more. One day a friend and myself started for a day's fishing. We went to our usual fishing grounds, but luck seemed against us; we could not tempt the fish to bite. We waited later than usual, hoping our luck would change, but we did not succeed, so we started for home. The row homeward was very pleasant, we being treated on our way to a beautiful sunset. When nearing our destination my friend called my attention to a small sailboat containing two young ladies, in the centre of the stream, where the current was both swift and deep; we were gradually approaching each other when we noticed a sudden squall of wind strike the boat that immediately overturned it. Without a moment's hesitation I leaped overboard, triving to reach the spot where I had seen one of the young ladies sink. I reached it as she came up and grasped her by the hair, trying to keep her afloat, but the severe exertion I had undergone to reach the spot was too severe for me; my head swam around, lights appeared before my eyes, and I lost consciousness. Just as I was sinking I was seized and drawn into the boat by my friend. A week passed before I was able to leave my room, the shock losing for me what I had gained. One afternoon my friend, who had been a constant companion at my bedside, asked me to take a drive. I felt able to go and consented. We were just about to enter a carriage when a young lady met us. My friend introduced her to me as the one I had saved. She thanked me over and over again. I myself could only say something about my not wishing it spoken about. My whole heart seemed to have left me in an instant. I could hardly look into her eyes, so confused was I. I may say here, during my life I had very little to do with the ladies; so to suddenly find myself deeply in love was very strange to me at first. I managed to call on her almost every day. She encouraged me in many different ways, and by and bye I could always be found in her company. With sailing, driving, rowing, and all kinds of pleasures, time sped swiftly along, and before I could realize it the time for our departure was at hand. The last night of our stay at B. had arrived. I had walked with her to our favorite retreat on the cliff overlooking the sea. The moon had just risen and everything was covered with its silvery light. I took her hand in mine. She did not resist. I spoke to her of the happy times we had together, and growing bolder, at last declared my love and asked her to be mine. At that moment the moon was covered by a dark cloud. I think, since then, it must have been an evil omen, but I scarcely heeded it as I waited anxiously for her answer, which she at last gave me. Looking at me, with her face covered with blushes she could not hide, she told me she would be mine. The cloud that had covered the moon vanished in the distance and things were brighter to me than ever they had been since, or will be again. We sat and talked of our future, and our plans we laid, as all lovers do. Oh! those moments were full of bliss indeed, but as all things must come to an end we were obliged to go; with promises to meet soon we parted, I to go to my home and friends, she to her's. I called to see her at her home in the city; she always appeared so glad to see me, at all times greeting me with that fascinating manner that had so endeared her to me. One morning last week I arose late. After breakfast I sat down by the fire to read the paper and smoke. I had about completed the paper when a note attracted my eye. I read it. The walls and furniture seemed to dance before my eyes. I pinched myself to see if I was not asleep, but it was too true. I was wide awake. I read it over and over again, the words burning themselves into my brain like red-hot irons. I seized my hat and rushed from the house. It seemed ages before I reached her home. I was obliged to wait before I could see her. Each moment to me seemed a year. She greeted me in her old manner, just as if nothing had happened. I could not speak, but, holding the paper before her, I awaited her denial, as I could not expect anything else, but she gave me a cold little laugh, and forgetting how much I loved her, how my whole life depended on her, she told me that she had only kept my acquaintance as a Summer one, making out of the whole thing a fine joke. The notice of her marriage in the paper was but too true. At that moment my heart seemed to break. I have been walking in a dream ever since. Friends, every moment to me is one of agony." He stopped to catch his breath, at the same time passing his handkerchief to his lips. There was not a dry eye in the room. We thought he had finished, but he continued: "Let my life be a lesson. Trust not a young woman not well known to you, especially the Summer acquaintances, which are more to be feared than any others. I have done my best, boys. I will now bid my last good-bye." We arose as one man to offer him words of cheer and comfort, but without a word he fell to the floor. We raised his head to give him air, but the life, for which he cared so little, had left him forever. A small, empty vial, labelled poison, concealed in his handkerchief, told us all. A more sorrowful gathering than that one of '90 ne'er met before. We, I do not think, will ever meet together again; but, wherever I go in life, I will never have erased from my memory poor Frank and his shattered life.

You now have my reason for not caring to joke about this topic. Frank might have been with us now if someone had warned him in time; but laugh as we all may we might be in a like position, and then each one is supposed to be his own master. But few, indeed, can stand against the enchantments of the Summer girl.

Good Ventilation.

Upon no other subject connected with sanitary science has it seemed a task so herculean as to diffuse information among the masses about ventilation. The effects of want of good ventilation are so subtile in their character, certain retribution for sins in this regard is so slow in coming, and when it comes is to uninformed people so seemingly unconnected with the sins, that it is almost impossible to bring such people to see the relation between cause and effect. At most only a languid assent can be extorted from their minds to the proposition that good ventilation is essential to perfect health; and when they are told by some petty heating contractor, possibly as ignorant as themselves, that the ventilation in a building is good, they accept the statement without question, unless the facts to the contrary are so plain as to be detected by that most unreliable of organs, the human olfactory apparatus. In either of the other two phases of the business good work may be expected, although when the special expert is called upon to make a plan, specification and estimate for a contractor on some important job, he will often require all his firmness to hold up under the pressure for cheapness that will be brought to bear upon him. The most satisfactory of all ways in which to get designs for heating and ventilating apparatus is for the owner or architect to employ the expert under instructions that, while needless expense is deprecated, nothing the usefulness of which can be demonstrated, no feature for the introduction of which intelligent and satisfactory reasons can be assigned is to be omitted. To get a good job the cost must not control but must depend upon what is needful. A good job must be the first aim; to get this as cheaply as possible the subordinate end. Probably as good an example of a well designed heating and ventilating apparatus as this country affords is that designed for and erected in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. Here the best results were reached—and only could have been reached—by putting cost in the background. —*Engineering Magazine.*

An Aroused Bear.

In the Parc de la Eete d'Or at Lyons a shocking accident has recently occurred. A party of boys were amusing themselves at the cages reserved for the bears, and, after throwing in some rolls, began pelting the animals with stones. The lads were keeping up a tolerably hot fire, when one of their number picked up some bread which had been left near the cages by some quieter visitors and presented it to the largest bear. The beast put its paw through the bars of the cage, and, seizing the lad, drew him toward it, breaking his leg with a single bite. It then proceeded to devour the limb as far as the thigh. If the bear could have succeeded in pulling the boy right into the cage there is little doubt that it would have eaten him up, but it could not get him through the bars. The noise made by the savage brute as it crunched the bones was appalling, and the children all ran away in terror. Their comrade had fainted. Fortunately two men, attracted by the screams, rushed to the spot and succeeded in wresting the boy at considerable risk to their own lives from the grasp of the bear. The poor lad was at once removed to the Hotel Dieu, where the terrible wound which he had sustained was carefully attended. Horrible to relate, as they bore him away from the scene of the accident, the bear turned its attention to his foot, which had dropped into the cage, and devoured it, boot and all. The hope is entertained that the boy, who is 15 years of age, may recover; but the whole of his leg has been amputated. The bear, which is named "Michat," was presented to the park by M. Chantre, the director of the local museum. It is about 10 years old, and had always been fed with bread, of which at the time when it attacked the lad it had already had a fair allowance.—*Boston Herald.*

Little Johnny on Teachers.

Whenever teacher takes chewin' gum away from anybody she keeps it, but if she takes knives, she gives 'em back after school. I'm glad she can't chew knives.

The boy had been passed on the conductor at half fare rates, and later the official saw him in a seat by himself and began to talk to him. "How old are you, sonny?" he asked. "Ten years old," said the boy. "Aren't you rather large for your age?" "Maybe I am on a train, but I ain't on shore," was the ambiguous answer, and the conductor let him alone.

Foggs—Why don't you get up and give your seat to the lady? Boggs—The way she looks because I haven't makes me so tired I can't.

Miss Gasket (at 11.30 p. m.)—Do you know, Mr. Sappy, I am sure you would make an excellent editor of a rural newspaper. Sappy (pleased)—Weally, now, Miss Gasket? Miss Gasket—Indeed, I do. Your motto seems to be, "I have come to stay."

LAUGH AND LEARN.

Poor Beelzebub!

Sir Randal had a scolding wife,
A regular Xantippe,
Who led him such an awful life,
No wonder he was hippy,
But as he did not wish to be
The butt of all the city,
He hid his feelings skillfully
In this dissembling ditty:
"Oh, what were man without a wife?
Mine is the blessing of my life!"

Beelzebub was passing near,
O'erheard his fond laudation,
Quoth he, "A wife so sweet and dear,
Would be a consolation!"
And so he stole Sir Randal's wife
By temptings sharp and shady,
As Mother Eve he did deceive,
So he deceived My Lady!
For women still (ay—there's the rub!)
Will listen to Beelzebub.

When she was gone, of course, you know,
It made a dreadful scandal;
The neighbors said, "We told you so!"
And pitied "poor Sir Randal!"
Sir Randal only winked his eye
(Appropriate solution!)
"My friends," quoth he, "I shall not try
The courts for 'restitution,'
For though I have to cook and scrub,
I pity poor Beelzebub!"

Coffin manufacturers will not be allowed o exhibit at the World's Fair.

Darwin may have been wrong, but the boy never lived who did not envy a monkey's agility.

He—So you refuse me, fickle one! You love another? She (demurely)—Only two others.

Clara—I want something to match my head to-night. What would you wear? Maude—Something light.

He—I am not worthy of you darling. She—I know it, Henry, but no other man is either, so I will accept you.

Bragg—I am a self-made man, sir. I began life as a barefoot boy. Cooley—Indeed! Well, I wasn't born with shoes on either.

"So this is Castle Garden, is it?" asked the immigrant from England. "Yes." "Can you point out the gardener to me?"

"My!" shrieked the saw. "This sets all my teeth on edge." "It might mine," answered the file, "were I not hardened to it."

She—Whar did yo' git yo' new tennis coat, Mr. Armstrong? Mr. Armstrong (late of Sing Sing)—Hit's de one dat I broke out wif.

The when-I-was-in-Europe nuisance will have to take a back seat if Lieutenant Peary's wife ever starts off with "When I was at the North Pole."

Rev. Mr. Tyke (at the christening, forgetful of the date)—Let me see, this is the thirteenth. Proud father—Good heavens! no! It is only the eleventh.

Wool—Wasn't that a quiet place where you spent the summer? Van Pelt—No, always something going on; just before I left my sister's baby cut four teeth.

"Sue made a bad break to-day, didn't she?" asked Miss Bleecker. "Yes," replied Miss Emerson, of Boston; "she manufactured a serious fracture."

A lady recently advertised for "a girl to do light housework." One of the answers contained an inquiry as to "how often boats ran from the lighthouse to the city."

In the old-fashioned days the business man used to take his pen in hand. Now he has to take his typewriter in hand, when she is saucy or neglectful of her work.

Mrs. Kidd—Why, Willy, what are you doing to Horace? Willy—Playing doctor. Mrs. Kidd—But you are frightening him awfully. Willy—Yes, I'm the doctor.

"What makes you so moody?" asked Mrs. Larkin of her husband. "There is no chance for me to get my picture in the papers. I haven't an ailment to cure."

Her Sweetheart.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a-shopping, sir," she said;
"I'm going to buy me a coach and four,
A house with a 'scutcheon over the door,
Some diamonds and laces, and oh! lots more;
I'm going a-shopping, sir," she said.
Have you a sweetheart, my pretty maid?'
Oh, yes! I've a sweetheart, sir," she said;
"I've a sweetheart who's worth a million,
Another who was somewhere near a billion,
And still a third with about a trillion:
Oh, yes! I've a sweetheart, sir," she said.
"Where do you find them, my pretty maid?"
"Oh, here's where I find them, sir," she said;
"In father's back room when the day is done
I hunt through a queer book called R. G. Dun
And choose my friends marked A and A1,
And that's where I find them, sir," she said.

Tom—What nationality do you take Miss Snuggle to be? Jack—The first time I called I thought she was French, but lately I've been convinced that she is a Laplander.

"It must be very expensive to drive about in a carriage all the time?" "Oh, no, not at all expensive; you see I always charge it."

In a recent divorce case a husband is accused of helping a pretty girl wash dishes. It may be true, but if a man were credited with helping his wife wash dishes no one would believe it.

"He doesn't seem to have much energy." "No; but he did one good for his country during the war." "Why, he wasn't a soldier." "That's it. He didn't get in the men's way when they were fighting.

The Boston girl never hollers "hullo" at the mouth of the telephone. She simply says, as she puts the receiver to her ear: "I take the liberty of addressing you via a wire surcharged with electricity."

Wiggs—We have a skirt dancer now who is going to make us some money. Futlites—Isn't it too early yet to judge? Wiggs—You bet it isn't; just listen to this bass viol; he isn't playing over half the time.

"Why, hello, old man! I thought you intended to make your European trip last a year." "*I did*, but my wife found a new fashion in gowns in Paris and hurried home to be the first to wear it."

A quaint writer says: "I have seen women so delicate that they were afraid to ride for fear of the horses running away; afraid to sail for fear the boat should overset, and afraid to walk for fear the dew might fall, but I never saw one afraid to get married.

An irreverent Englishman asserts that, whatever theological differences of opinion there may be between his brethren and sisters north of the Tweed, they are united on the broad basis of eating peppermints during divine service.

Clerk (of sporting proclivities)—Here's Bilson's "Famous Prize Fights," ma'am; how'll that suit you? Old lady—What do you mean by handing me such a book? Clerk—Excuse me, ma'am, I thought you said you wanted a good scrap book.

Digby is the latest town in Nova Scotia to establish a daily newspaper. Nova Scotia has now eight dailies, five in Halifax and one each in Amherst, Truro and Digby. New Brunswick has seven, four in St. John, two in Moncton and one in Fredericton.

"Captain, there's a lady standing on the dock who wishes to speak to you before the boat pulls out." The captain of the lake steamer hurriedly ran up on deck and looked in the direction indicated. "Lady be hanged!" he exclaimed. "That's my wife!"

The following excellent defence was made to an action by a lawyer: "There are three points in the case, may it please Your Honor," said the defendant's counsel. "In the first place, we contend that the kettle was cracked when we borrowed it; secondly, that it was whole when we returned it, and thirdly, that we never had it."

Lady Patient—Yes, doctor, the water here is really excellent. I find, however, that after taking the first glass I generally become slightly ill—just an annoying gastric attack, you know. Physician—There is a very simple remedy for that, madam. All you have to do is to stop drinking the first glass and begin with the second.

Mother—Tommy, I hear you got a thrashing at school to-day. Tommy—Yes, ma; the teacher whipped me, but he is getting old and weak, so that he didn't hurt much. "Did you cry?" "Oh, yes! I bawled so you could have heard it on the next block." "Why did you do that?" "I wanted to make the old man feel happy."

He—Miss Emma, I love you. May I ask your parents for their permission to lead you to the altar? She—Certainly. "And do you think they will give their consent?" "Of course they will. I have trained them from my youth up."

There is a hint to the ladies in the announcement that, in the new English Cabinet, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Minister of Home Affairs and the Lord Secretary for Ireland are widowers.

The everlasting hired girl question is a thorn in the side of queens as well as of commoners. For some time past Victoria, of England, has been much troubled to find a satisfactory Mistress of the Robes for her household; but she has at last succeeded in engaging two, the Dowager Duchess of Athlone and the Dowager Duchess of Roxburgh.

"Be careful!" whispered the clock as it ticked away on the marble mantle. But he did not heed. His arm was around her waist, and—"Be careful!" she whispered. But he knew that her mother was deaf and that her father was away at the club, so his cheek stole near to hers. "Be careful!" said his good genius, "the first thing you know, young man, you'll be married." Then he desisted.

A Revised Version.

Once on a time I wrote a book—
By my few friends 'twas said
To be a wondrous work. And yet
By no one was it read.

So then I changed my hero bold
Into a baseball crank,
And sprinkled some detectivesin
And made my language rank.

I wrote a lot of lovesick rot
Of maids with wealth untold,
And shed whole lakes of blood. Great Scott
Then how that volume sold!

The Gilbertian idea of an attractive gentleman putting himself up to be raffled for among the fair, has been translated into an actual fact by a French viscount, who proposes to be a prize in a new lottery. There are to be five thousand tickets at twenty francs each, and the lucky winner can take her choice of the viscount and twenty thousand pounds or ten thousand pounds and no viscount. If he is successful, no one will be able to taunt him as living upon his wife's money, though he will acquire a respectable fortune by means of an offer of marriage.

The Combination.

There was a young woman in our town
Who aspired to be a poet,
As her mind was a garden of beautiful thoughts
And she wanted the world to know it.

She read every poem that she could find,
Its style and figures dissected;
She studied its rythm, its metre and feet,
To learn how they were constructed.

But all she saw was letters and points—
So few indeed 'twas surprising—
That she thought in them she had found at last
The secret of improvising.

She began at once to try her hand,
But found, to her aggravation,
She never, no matter how much she tried,
Could hit the combination.

Says a New England housekeeper: "Do you know the secret of not having winter clothing moth eaten? Get a whiskey barrel and have the top taken off and drive a large peg in the top for a handle to the cover, so that you can easily take it off. Then put in the bottom of the barrel a small, open vial of chloroform. Put in your woolen things and shut it up. If there are eggs innumerable ready to hatch, the insects will die and do no harm. If you want a garment for an evening drive or a chilly day, take it out and use it, fold it and lay it back again and nothing in the moth line will disturb it."

The wife of a young electrician, we known in New York, has just returned home after a protracted sojourn in Buffalo, where natural gas is almost as much of a household necessity and convenience as is running water. She has many stories to tell about the labor-saving uses to which natural gas, combined with electricity, is put. The one that interests her husband most is her description of an arrangement which she saw in the house of a Buffalo friend whereby the master or mistress of the house can, upon awakening on a frosty morning, touch an electric button in the headboard of the bedstead and light the fires in the dressing-room, dining-room and kitchen. Another electric signal arouses the cook, and by the time that she reaches the kitchen she finds a hot fire awaiting her. The house meanwhile becomes comfortably warm while the members of the family are dressing.—*New York Times.*

It is remarkable to observe how a man will discover that his peculiar vice, be it tobacco or the cup that cheers, is the best possible means of fighting the particular epidemic at hand.

The Emperor of China has just passed is 21st birthday.

Charlie—I've forgotten something. Chappie—Indeed; what is it? Charlie—That's just what I've forgotten, dear boy. Chappie—Then, old man, how do you know you've forgotten it?

Jonson—She is very fair. Clare—Yes; she gives every man she meets a good chance to propose.

Lynx—In China they have a fine idea. They kill all the female babies and give them to the hogs. Sybil—Ah, in our country they don't go to the hogs till they're grown up. (One for Sybil.

Capt. Dash—Do you know, Miss Priscilla, I think that pretty girls never have good tempers. Priscilla—Indeed, captain—and pray which am I, plain or ill-tempered!

Typo—What is the boss so crazy mad about? Reporter (in awe stricken tone)—The name of a man who doesn't advertise accidentally got into the paper this morning.

If you are going to a picnic and know a hatchet will be needed to chop wood, don't tell anybody you have a sharp one at home and will bring it. Lizzie Borden did that. Now look at her.

The white horse has been taken out of the German cavalry, it having been proven that it can be seen at such a distance as to make it a special mark for the enemy. The red-headed vivandiere goes with it.

Proprietor of Store—So you want a position as porter. Do you think you are strong enough? Porter—Don't worry about that. I caved in three ribs of the last boss I had, and he was three weeks in the hospital.

"Genevieve, I am getting only $1,000 a year. Do you think your affection strong enough for you to become my wife on that income?" "I am afraid not, Mr. Snippy, but it is quite enough to become engaged on."

Judge (to prisoner)—You are charged with having seriously injured your wife by enclosing her in a folding-bed. What have you to say for yourself? Prisoner—Your Honor, I wished to see if it was possible to shut her up.

Making Matrimony Harmless.

In the old world they are making matrimony as sugar-coated and seductive as human ingenuity can go in that direction. All kinds of societies abound for the amelioration of domestic woe and the extension of conjugal happiness, and now comes a new association with a novel aim. It insures young married couples against twins and triplets. The couple pay $25 for membership in the association, and in case of twins they receive $250, while for three of a kind they are given $375. This is an extraordinary application of the principles of insurance. It is possible that after a while there will be insurance against the interference of mothers-in-law, although that remarkable feature of creation has held a mass-meeting in London and organized a protective club, whose purpose is to set wives' mothers right before the world and increase and strengthen their jurisdiction over sons-in-law. Then there can be insurance against the hired girls' leaving too suddenly and against the landlords' raising the rent the day after you've put in five or six tons of winter coal.

Indeed, much variety can be given the family phase of insurance. But the bulging browed individual who invents a plan whereby the lord and master of the shebang will be protected against spring and fall sand-baggings for new bonnets and new dresses and the customary ante-Christmas demands for diamond ear-rings and seal-skin sacques has a crown of glory waiting or him to which every married man in the and will be a willing and liberal subscriber. —*New York World.*

It Made a Difference.

"No, Mr. Dearborn," said Miss Eastlake, and there was a world of sympathy for the young man she was rejecting in the tones of her voice and in the expression of her face as she spoke—"no, Mr. Dearborn, it cannot be. As a man I respect you, but I feel that we are utterly unsuited to each other. I do not wish to pain you, and I trust I have helped to make your disappointment easy to bear. We can always be friends, I trust—so bear up and be content."

"I can't say that it is much of a disappointment, Miss Eastlake," the young man replied, frankly. "The fact is that Miss Ethel Chapman, exercising her leap-year privilege, has asked me to marry her. I didn't like to refuse her. So I begged for a week in which to consider it, hoping that in that time I might—"

"Say no more, Mr. Dearborn," interrupted the maiden, as a deep expression of scorn overspread her lovely features. "If Ethel Chapman thinks she can snap you up right under my very nose, she's decidedly cut, let me tell you. Willie, love, I am yours."—*William Henry Siviter, in Harper's Bazar.*

The Hour of Need

Is at hand, for with aching corns a prompt, safe and painless remedy is required. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor exactly fills the bill. Sure, safe and painless.

It is related of the author of "Home, Sweet Home," that he came to be in want of a home himself, and as he walked the streets had the melancholy satisfaction of hearing the strains of his own song wafted from abodes in which it could appropriately be sung.

A LONDON MIRACLE.

An Important Statement by a Well Known Citizen.

Mr. E. J. Powell, of 33 Alma Street, Relates His Remarkable Experience to an Advertiser Representative—Tortured by Malignant Rheumatism From Boyhood, He at Last Escapes From Agony—A Story Full of Hope for Other Sufferers.

(London Advertiser.)

At No. 33 Alma street, South London, lives Mr. E. J. Powell, a gentleman who has resided in London and vicinity for about six years, and who enjoys the esteem of a large circle of friends here and elsewhere throughout the Province. Those who know him are doubtless aware that he has been a sufferer since his youth from rheumatism in its worst from. His acquaintances in the city, who remember the long siege of the illness he stood a year ago last winter, and who had come to look upon him as almost a confirmed invalid, have been surprised of late to see the remarkable change for the better that has taken place. The haggard face and almost crippled form of a year ago have given way to an appearance of robustness, vigor and agility that certainly seem the result of miraculous agency.

Hearing of this a reporter called on Mr. Powell in order to ascertain by what magic means this transformation had been wrought. The scribe first asked if the reports concerning his wonderful restoration to health were true. "I am thankful to say they are," said Mr. Powell. "My case is pretty well known around here."

"To what do you owe your recovery?" was asked.

"I owe it to the use of a certain remedy," he replied; "but I would prefer saying nothing at present. I have suffered nearly all my life with a malady I had begun to regard as incurable, and the fact that I am permanently relieved appears incredible. In common parlance, it seems too good to last. I want to be sure that I am permanently cured before anything is made public, so that when I do give a testimonial it will have some weight. You may call again later on and I will let you know."

About two months later the reporter knocked at Mr. Powell's door, and was admitted by that gentleman himself. The latter said he was now absolutely convinced of the permanency of his cure, but being a man who did not care for publicity, he had hesitated long before he could make up his mind to allow his name to be used. Coming from one of his conscientiousness and probity of character, his words cannot fail to have the weight they deserve.

"The primary cause of my rheumatism," said Mr. Powell, "I attribute to a severe thrashing administered to me by a school teacher when I was 13 or 14 years of age. I received injuries then which subsequently brought me years of suffering. The first time I really felt any rheumatic trouble was one day when carrying an armful of wood up a flight of stairs in Victoria College, Cobourg, which institution I was attending as a student. This was in 1872. A twinge of pain caught me, but passed away in an instant. I did not know what it was. Again, when playing football, I experienced a like sensation, and that marked the commencement. After that I was attacked at various periods, though it was not until 1876 that I began to grow alarmed. I was living then in Toronto, keeping books for my brother, who was in the wholesale tea business, and as I resided on Noth Pembroke street and had to walk to Wellington street every day, I found that my rheumatism was getting pretty bad. I did not consult a doctor, but took different patent medicines advertised to cure complaints of my nature. I was not benefited, however. The rheumatism passed away only to return in the fall and spring. In 1878 I engaged in mercantile business in Essex county. From that out I was at indoor work, but the pain returned at intervals. I suffered from sciatica in the left leg; it was very acute at times. In taking stock one day I became severe that I was hardly able to move around. This was the first acute symptom—that is, where the effects remained for any length of time. I suffered the most intense pain for days. That was about the year 1880.

"For a number of years afterwards I continued to grow worse and worse. In 1884 I went into the real estate business in Toronto, and finding a good deal of walking to do, I experienced the pain constantly that summer. It was all day and at all times, frequently so bad that I would have to stand on the street, relax the muscles of my left leg and let it swing until the spasm was over. At most, I could walk but three or four blocks and would then have to halt. I consulted medical men, who advised me to try electricity. I took the treatment steadily for several weeks, getting sometimes two or three charges a day on the hands and feet from an electric battery. But it did me not the slightest good. At last my health became so bad that I decided to quit the real estate business and enter upon rural life, thinking that the change of air and occupation might have a beneficial effect. So I exchanged some property for the old Dr. Woodruff fruit farm near the city. I worked it one year, but found it was too laorious for my complaint, which was fast rendering my life a burden. I reluctantly left the farm and came into London three years ago last May. I did some building here, but my malady prevented me from actively engaging in business.

"A year ago last winter the first snow fell on December 1st; I went out to shovel the snow, and before I got through I was seized with a pain and had to go into the house. For fourteen weeks I never left it. The only way in which I could be moved was by being wheeled around in an easy chair. What I suffered during that period no one but myself can ever realize. I was attended by the best physician in the city of London. Possibly his treatment was not without temporary effect; at any rate, I gradually recovered until I was able to be on my feet once more. I decided to try country life again, and went back to my farm last year, but I still found I had it as bad as ever. I was living in dread of having to go through another ordeal, when I read in the papers about this Marshall miracle in Hamilton. I had then as much faith in Pink Pills as I had in other patent medicines—and that wasn't very great. I did not bother with them nor did I think of the matter again until last September. I saw Mr. Marshall at the Western Fair and he advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I told him I did not think the remedy claimed to cure rheumatism, and that although I had certainly ocular proof that his own was bona fide, my complaint was different to his. Mr. Marshall said he could not say whether it would cure rheumatism or not, but the pills were good for the blood anyway, and at least it would do me no harm to try half a dozen boxes. I neglected his advice; it would be useless to try a medicine, I thought. Many of my friends, who had probably read of the remarkable cures accomplished by Pink Pills, kept urging me to give them a trial.

"At last I yielded and bought six boxes as a sort of forlorn hope. I took four boxes and received no benefit that I could recognize, but while taking the fifth I noticed that for a period of three or four days I felt no pain. This was a novelty to me, as for three or four years I had not known what it was to have a moment's freedom from suffering, whether in bed or out of it. I supposed it was a temporary relaxation due to natural causes. However, it gave me some hope to finish the sixth box. Then I knew I was getting better—much better. The pain which had been constant became intermittent and less severe. My friends and family told me that I was beginning to look like another man. My face, which had begun to wear a drawn expression, common with people who are suffering, commenced to show a better color. My system was being toned up. Inspired with increased hope I purchased six more boxes from Mr. Mitchell, the druggist, and continued to take them, and with each box I realized more and more that it was a cure. I used up thirteen boxes in all, and when the thirteen was finished I had not had a symtom of pain for three months."

"At that time Mr. Mitchell spoke to me about it in the store. I told him what a blessed change had been wrought for me through the use of Pink Pills. He asked me if I would object to giving a testimonial to the firm—Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, of Brockville. I said I was not a man who cared for notoriety of any character, and did not relish the idea of having my name published broadcast over the land. That is one of the reasons why I have been so long in making this public. But I am so profoundly grateful for my rescue from a life of pain to one of health and strength that I feel I would be neglecting a duty I owe to suffering humanity if I allowed these scruples to interfere any longer with an avowal of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me. I discontinued taking Pink Pills the 1st of April last. I started again in June and have used six boxes, not because I have had any recurrence of my old complaint, but because I want to thoroughly drive it out of my system. I think the pills as good as a tonic."

"Now," concluded Mr. Powell, "you have my experience. I know what I was; I know what I am. I know that from boyhood I have been a victim of malignant rheumatism, which has been a torture the last few years. I know that I have tried every remedy and been treated by the best medical skill, but in vain; and I know that Pink Pills have succeeded where everything else has failed and that they have brought me back health and happiness. Therefore I ought to be thankful, and I am thankful." And Mr. Powell's intense earnestness of manner could admit of no doubt as to his gratitude and sincerity. The reporter shook hands and took his leave. "You may ask Rev. Mr. McIntyre, of the Askin Street Methodist Church, or Rev. G. A. Andrews, B. A., pastor of the Lambeth circuit, whether I was a sick man or not," were his parting words.

REV. MR. M'INTYRE'S TESTIMONY.

The reporter dropped in on Rev. C. E. McIntyre at the parsonage, No. 82 Askin street. "I know Mr. Powell well," said the reverend gentleman when questioned. "He was an esteemed parishoner of mine when he lived on Askin street. He afterwards moved into the country, but he has since returned and is attending the Askin Street Church again."

"Do you remember Mr. Powell's illness a year ago last winter?"

"Yes; I frequently called on him. He had a very bad attack of rheumatism which laid him up for a long time. He had to be wheeled around in a chair."

"You notice that he has recovered?"

"Yes; he appears to be a well man now. I heard he had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

"You know Mr. Powell to be a thoroughly honorable gentleman and that if he says these Pills cured him, he believes that to be the truth?"

"I do. Mr. Powell is, in my opinion, a most conscientious person, and any statement he would make would be perfectly reliable."

WHAT MR. MITCHELL SAYS.

"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best selling and most popular medicine in the store," said Mr. B. A. Mitchell, the well-known druggist, upon whom the reporter next called.

"Do you know of Mr. Powell's case?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, and I consider it a most remarkable one. I remember that Mr. Powell was a great sufferer from rheumatism. He was continually buying medicine of some sort, but seemed to get no better. Then he commenced to try Pink Pills. I saw he was beginning to look like a different man, so I asked him one day about it. He told me that he traced his cure to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. As I have already said, the demand for Pink Pills is something astonishing, and they invariably give the best satisfaction. I know this to be so from the voluntary statements of customers, and if necessary the proprietors could get scores of testimonials from people here who have been benefited by the use of Pink Pills. I have sold thousands of boxes, and have no hesitaxy in recommending them as a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after-effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature."

Mr. Hodgins, the head clerk, corroborated what Mr. Mitchell had said. The sale of Pink Pills was extraordinary and by general verdict was that it was a wonderful medicine. These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing our trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you, and should be avoided. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive, as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

What the Colors Mean.

White was the emblem of light, religious purity, innocence, faith, joy and life. In the judge it indicates integrity; in the

THE SCHOOL LUNCHEON.

Some Things the Children Should and Should Not Take to School.

MONEY SHOULD NOT BE GIVEN.

DAILY lunch problem revives itself and takes a new lease of life annually at this season. Two out of three of the children take lunches of some sort to school, and the third one takes bread and butter and cheese or ham wrapped in a bit of paper that gets greasy and disagreeable long before noontime, and after a while the youngster gets tired of taking a lunch and begs mother to give him 5 cents to buy a bun and an apple for lunch. He buys stale cake and candy, pickles or lemons, and lays the foundation for an unaccountably severe case of indigestion, which costs in doctor's bills and extra work and worry to the mother far more than a whole season's luncheons of the most delightful and varied sort.

Many of the cases of dyspepsia and anæmia so common among school children are due partly to the school lunch. The other causes are children's and parent's lamentable and astonishing ignorance of the use and abuse of that noblest organ of man—his stomach, the delicate engine that runs the machinery of life.

The best medical authorities declare that children should not have meat more than once a day, and then it should be hot, rare and juicy, impossible to the meat packed in a lunch.

Therefore, in preparing a lunch, omit the usual ham, corned beef or dried beef. Do not wrap up the lunch in a bit of newspaper or even brown paper. It is sure to become damp and greasy. There are more wholesome things than printers' ink taken internally, and there is absolutely nothing more unappetizing and disagreeable than the paper in which bread and butter has been carried for several hours. And, besides, think of all the disease germs that might be absorbed in that greasy, damp surface.

Don't fail to impress the cardinal doctrine of health and proper mastication upon the children, and then don't give them soft, mushy foods.

But, to leave the negative side of the question, in the first place, insist upon a box or basket. The tin abominations should be frowned upon indiscriminately.

If Johnny is careless and Mary forgetful, it would be a good idea to lay in a supply of pasteboard boxes. Seven by four inches long and wide and three inches deep is a handy size. These may be forgotten the first few days, but they are pretty sure to be remembered after that, for there is none too much desk room in the average school. Japanese napkins are more satisfactory than the linen ones, as their loss is not nearly as serious a matter, and, singularly enough, they are not so apt to disappear as the latter kind, besides, they keep the lunch from drying out better than the cloth.

Having got so far, the serious part of the question comes up again—what to put in the box. Fruit should be a part of every lunch; it is easily digested.

If it can be cooked, so much the better. A nicely baked apple or pear, baked in a syrup, is one of the most appetizing and healthful things. It must be remembered that a child's craving for sweets is not an idle whim, but one of nature's implanted desires, to be gratified. If it be an inordinate desire, of course there's something wrong. If the meat supply is insufficient, a child will be apt to crave more sweet stuff than usual. Candy, therefore, which so many mothers strive to prevent their children from eating, should not be forbidden them. The supply should by regulated, however, and the wise mother will divert the taste from the doubtful, dusty material of the street corner stand, by supplying in each day's lunch a few pieces of chocolate, a couple of caramels or squares of loaf sugar.

Milk should be given as a drink either in a tin flask or an ordinary glass bottle, the latter having the advantage on the score of cleanliness, the former on that of durability. Milk, a graham cracker and an apple are the ideal lunch, furnishing all the nutriment necessary to the human body. Pie should be sacredly and solemnly passed by. There is a difference of opinion about the banana. Some consider it a most indigestible fruit, while the late experimenters with it find that it contains more nutriment than a porterhouse steak.

Brown bread and butter, fruit, crackers, dates, an apple or orange, milk and a number of household edibles, daintily prepared, will suffice for any child's school luncheon.

LIGHT ON A GREAT CRIME.

Probability That the Facts of the Cronin Murder Will Now be Discovered.

A Chicago despatch says: The *Times* this morning says: Application will be made to Governor Fifer within the next ten days for a requisition for Tom Geoghegan, now nearing the close of a term of two years in the State prison at Salem, Oregon. In the requisition Geoghegan will be charged with a minor crime, but the real object of bringing him back to Chicago is to establish his identity as the man who butchered Dr. Cronin. Geoghegan is well known to the Chicago police. He lived many years in this city, and made a record as a dangerous and desperate criminal. He was an associate of "Major" Sampson, who testified at the Cronin murder trial that he was approach by certain parties with the proposition that he should murder Dr. Cronin for a consideration. Sampson weakened and told his story to the police. It is now claimed that the same parties made the same proposition to Geoghegan, who gladly accepted their offer and murdered Dr. Cronin in the Carlson cottage. The name of Geoghegan was whispered about at the time in connection with the murder, as he was known among a certain element as a man who would not hesitate to commit murder for money when he was guaranteed protection by such an influential combination as that which engineered the removal of Dr. Cronin. It is known that he was accused of the crime at the time by one of his associates, and that he shortly after left this city, going west, where he committed numerous burglaries and highway robberies, for one of which he is now doing time.

The Tomb of Behring.

During the cruise last year of the Aleut, a schooner attached to the Russian Siberian flotilla, the officers of that vessel landed on Behring Island in search of the grave of the discoverer of those straits. The bones of Behring and his companions in misfortune were found buried beneath a simple cairn of rough stones carelessly piled. The officers resolved to replace the cairn by a more worthy memorial, and on their return to Vladivostock a collection was set on foot among the officers of the Siberian squadron with the result that a handsome and durable granite tombstone, surmounted by an iron cross, has now been completed. The memorial will be transported from Vladivostock and placed over the lonely grave on Behring Island next month. Capt. Ditus Behring, as is well known, was a Dane by birth, but was in the Russian naval service when his important discovery was made in 1728. He died Dec. 4th, 1741 (O. S.), from scurvy, on Behring Island, where he and his companions had sought refuge after the foundering of their ship.—*London Daily News.*

Names for Oxen.

A Vermont farmer has a yoke of oxen which go by the names of Friday and Saturday—"because they are so slow," the owner explains. And here is another story, borrowed from *Puck*:

"Well, Uncle Reuben, that's a fine pair of oxen."

"Yaas."

"What do you call them?"

"Weigh one's Pilot and the off one's Rudder."

"Strange names, aren't they?"

"Not fur steers."

"Yes," said the young student, thoughtfully, "when I get interested in a subject I never stop until I have embraced it thoroughly." "That's nice," was the hesitating reply. "Do—do you think I am an interesting subject?"

"Ethel," said the young man, with a break in his voice, "it comes hard, but I think it best that we should part. I did not know the dread circumstances or I should never have proposed. Now that the terrible fact is out, now that I know that you play the piano and paint in water colors, let us part. Sadly, maybe, but not in wrath."

SHOT BY A LAD.

Was He Defending His Home and His Mother's Honor.

SENSATIONAL AFFAIR AT EGLINTON.

William Jones, a butcher, on Tuesday night visited the house of George Britton in Sherwood avenue and demanded admittance. When refused he fired several stones through the windows. Herbert Britton, a son of the occupant, remonstrated with him and asked him to go away, but he refused. Britton then took a double barreled shotgun and fired a shot over Jones' head to scare him away. The only effect was to enrage the man, who fired more stones through the windows and threatened to break the door in.

Then Britton fired another shot, but this time it was meant for the invader, and took effect in one of his legs. Thirty one No. 4 shot were distributed between his knee and ankle. Then his attack ceased, and when taken home by Messrs. Dunnett and McClelland, Drs. Jakes and Richardson ordered his removal to the General Hospital.

Young Britton surrendered himself at daylight yesterday morning and was promptly admitted to bail by Justice Ames.

The doctors at the hospital are of the opinion that if the man escapes with nothing worse than the loss of his leg he will be doing very well. His injuries are of a very serious nature.

Jones was brought to the hospital at 6 o'clock last night in a buggy by his wife.

Mrs. Jones gave this version of the affray: "My husband is a wholesale butcher, and on Tuesday visited the city. It was about 11.30 o'clock when he reached Eglinton. He was passing along the street, when he met young Herbert Britton, who lives with his mother at Eglinton, and young Britton shot him. I do not know what motive Britton had in shooting my husband unless was spite."

"What could he have had spite against your husband for; was there a woman in the case?" queried the reporter.

"I am sure there was no woman in the case, and as for spite I suppose it was because of some gossip going around. But I am sure there was no scandal."

Mrs. Jones states that the arrest of Britton was not brought about by her or her husband. "My husband," she continued, "did not think it necessary to take any proceedings until he got better."

The statement of the facts of the case as given by Mrs. Britton is as follows: The Brittons heard no more of him until Tuesday night, about 12 o'clock, when he drove up to the door and demanded admittance. No attention was paid to him, and in his rage he threw a stone, fully as large as a man's head, through the front bedroom window. Young Britton called to him saying that if he did not move on he would be shot. Jones, instead of going away, at this tried to batter the door down with a piece of rock. Young Britton fired his gun out of the window to frighten the man outside, but he was not so easily scared. He dared the boy to show himself, and when he did so he threw half a dozen stones into the window in rapid succession. Bert again fired his gun and the shot took effect in the calf of Jones' leg, lacerating it fearfully. He made no outcry but walked quietly away.

A Toronto report says: County Crown Attorney Dewart went to the General Hospital last night for the purpose of getting an ante-mortem statement from Wm. Jones, the wholesale butcher of Eglinton who was shot in the leg by a young man named Bert Britton. It appears that after Jones was admitted to the hospital blood poisoning set in and his life is despaired of. Mr. Dewart found the patient unconscious, and the house surgeons believed that he could not live more than twenty-four hours. During the afternoon Britton was taken into custody, but subsequently released on $2,000 bail.

TWO SCAFFOLD ACCIDENTS.

Several Torontonians Injured, Some Probably Fatally.

A Toronto report says: A few minutes before 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon a portion of a scaffold erected on the western side of the new addition to St. Clarens Avenue School, now under construction, suddenly gave way, and five workmen engaged upon it at the time, with a considerable quantity of brick, two mortar boards, a hod and the planks which composed the flooring of the scaffold, fell with a crash to the ground, a distance of thirty feet. A bricklayer named William Campbell saved himself by clinging to a window-sill, but all those who fell were injured, some possibly fatally. Their names are: Samuel Vokes, contractor, No. 47 Foxley avenue; Mark Gray, No. 5 Marshall avenue; David Curry, No. 75 Major street; Joseph Pickert, same address, and Benjamin Stacey, rear of No. 66 Denison avenue, an apprentice to Mr. Vokes. The men were quickly extricated from the fallen planks and laid upon the ground. Drs. Spence and Ray were summoned. Pickert is most seriously injured, and is now lying in the hospital. His leg is broken. Curry has sustained internal injuries which may prove fatal. The accident was caused by the breaking of the foot-block. All the men happened to be at one place on the scaffold, and near a heavy mass of brick. Curry arrived with another hod full and the scaffold broke. A little more than an hour after this accident another of a similar character occurred in another part of the city. James Hughes, No. 302 Wilton avenue, was engaged in shingling a mansard roof at the corner of Birch avenue and Queen street, when the scaffold collapsed and he fell to the ground. His injuries are severe, his jaw being broken and his back badly bruised.

A MANX TRAGEDY.

The Island Excited Over Its First Murder in Seven Years.

A London cable says: The inhabitants of the Isle of Man are in a state of great excitement over the first murder committed there in seven years. The victim was Mrs. Edith Ann Cooper. She and her husband, George B. Cooper, arrived in Douglass in August and took rooms at the Regent Hotel, where she was found one night brutally murdered. Cooper was arrested. The trial has been going on for several days. To-day the prisoner broke down and confessed that he had quarrelled with his wife, and that in the heat of passion he had stabbed her. Ten years ago Cooper was charged with shooting his first wife. The charge arose out of an intrigue in which Cooper had been engaged with another woman. He was acquitted of this crime. He claims that the last wife was drunk when he slew her, but his statement is refuted by several witnesses.

A BERLIN RIPPER.

A Fallen Woman Found Slain and Horribly Mutilated.

A Berlin cable says: The dead body of a woman of the town was found to-day in a sandpit near the Spandau dock brewery, near Charlottenburg. The woman had been strangled and then mutilated in the same manner as the victims of Jack-the-Ripper. This is the second crime of the kind committed in Berlin recently. In the other case, some months ago the dead body of a fallen woman was found tied in a bag in a backyard of the Wilhelm Strasse. This case has never been cleared up, and there is no trace of the murderer in the case of yesterday. The expertness shown in the work of mutilation has aroused the old apprehension that Jack-the-Ripper is in the city.

All of the Same Stock.

Mr. Ely—Do your freaks ever fall in love with each other?

Dime Museum Manager—Sometimes.

Mr. Ely—I suppose they act very queerly?

Dime Museum Manager—Yes, indeed just like other people.

Spangle—How do you think this full length photo of me looks? I don't like it so well as a vignetted face myself. Tangle—Why, I think it looks immense, especially the hands and feet.

Sympathizing friend—You really ought to marry again, my dear fellow, so that you may have somebody to close your eyes on your deathbed. Widower—No, my friend, I won't. I haven't been happy as a married man, and I've taken an oath never to marry again. Sympathizing friend—What! never? Widower—Well, at any rate not in this world.

If a child has swallowed anything that will not digest, particularly if it is sharp, let him eat immediately two or three pieces of dry bread. This is very apt to surround the object swallowed with a sort of coating. In addition let the food for several days be more solid than usual, and under no circumstances give purgative medicine. The chances are that the child will feel no trouble from the carelessness.

THE DEAD DUKE.

The Man the Shah Advised the Prince of Wales to Strangle

SUTHERLAND'S LONDON HOUSE.

George Granville William Sutherland Leveson Gower, Duke of Sutherland, who died the other day, bore a crowd of titles. He was the third Duke, the dukedom having been created in 1833. He succeeded to the title in 1861 on the death of his father. He was besides Marquis of Stafford, Earl Gower and Viscount Trentham, Baron Gower, Earl of Sutherland, Baron Strathnaver and a baronet.

To his English ancestors the antiquaries concede a long and distinguished line, but the peerage of Sutherland, through the Scotch earldom which he inherited through his grandmother and which dates back to 1228, is the most ancient in the kingdom.

The Duke was married in 1849 to Anna Mackenzie, who was, in 1861, created Countess of Cromartie in her own right, which title is settled on her second son, Viscount Tarbat, who spent some months in this country a few years since. The Duke was uncle to the Marquis of Lorne, Governor-General of Canada.

Trentham, the Duke of Sutherland's seat in Staffordshire, is a splendid residence, situated among the richest beauties of English scenery. His town residence, Stafford House, is known to all Americans from being the centre of the English anti-slavery movement, and it has been the scene of many memorable gatherings. Dunrobin Castle, in the midst of the Duke's Scotch estates, is the most celebrated and most romantic of the family residences.

In the pages of "Lothair" it was the Duke of Sutherland that the late Lord Beaconsfield portrayed when speaking of the magnificence of Corisande's father, and the gourmet. Hugo Bohun, is made to say in reference to the costly luxuries always to be found at the Stafford House banquets: "What a perfect family! How safe you were to have ortolans for supper!"

The Duke's town house is built on a portion of ground diverted from the Royal Park of St. James, and was purchased by the father of its present owner in 1841 for $360,000, and since that time over a million and a quarter dollars have been spent on improvements. It was erected for the late Duke of York, but the Prince died very much in debt when the mansion was only half finished, and his executors were only too pleased to sell the skeleton palace to the chief of the house of Leveson-Gower.

The internal appointments are on a style worthy of a fairy castle or an abode of Bagdad's mighty Caliph in the "Arabian Nights." One marvelous feature of the house is the great staircase, which fills the entire centre of the mass of building and in loftiness occupies the total height. From base to ceiling every portion is resplendent with gilding and carving, and a gallery, which runs round three sides, is supported by magnificent marble pillars, and in compartments, covering the entire walls, are copies by Lorenzi of several of Paul Veronese's colossal pictures. This corridor leads into a series of sumptuous apartments, one of which, the ball room, is unequalled for gorgeousness of decoration by any of the palaces or museums of England.

The ceiling of the central portion contains Guercino's celebrated picture of St. Grisogono borne to heaven by angels, and on the panels on each side of the fire place hang two famous Murillos depicting the Prodigal Son's return and Abraham and the Angels, formerly in the Hospital de la Caridiad at Seville, and obtained thence by Marshal Soult, who sold them to the Duke for £12,000. Everywhere are priceless works by Guido, Watteau, Teniers, Velasquez, Tintoretto, Raffaelle, Vandyke, Rubens, Etty, David Wilkie, Spagnoletto, Titian, Paul Delaroche, George Morland, Landseer and nearly every other prominent artist of the old school and many of the new. In a recess is a statue of Ganymede, by Thorwaldsen.

On the occasion of the Shah of Persia's visit to Europe he, as a matter of course, was entertained at Stafford House, and the Oriental splendor of the surroundings so surprised His Oriental Majesty that he gravely suggested to the Prince of Wales the advisability of privately strangling the Duke, as he appeared far too powerful for a subject, and besides, "the Queen could confiscate his estates!" The Duke was a warm personal friend of the heir apparent to the throne and accompanied him to India and on many other tours. He was an ardent admirer of the fire brigade and did good volunteer service when a young man at many a conflagration, notably at the Crystal Palace fire some years ago, when His Grace was said to have been instrumental in saving the life of a hippopotamus. Three of the Duke of Sutherland's sisters married Dukes—Their Graces of Argyll, Leinster and Westminster.

The Duchesses of Argyll and Westminster are both dead.

AN ARISTOCRATIC SCANDAL.

A Secret Marriage Leads to Trouble in the Vanderbilt Family.

A New York despatch says: Mary Vanderbilt brought an action in the Supreme Court yesterday to recover $100,000 from Capt. Jacob Vanderbilt, of Staten Island, and son of Commodore Vanderbilt, for the alienation of the affections of her husband and his son, Jacob H. Vanderbilt. She declares that she came from a small town in the interior of the State and met her husband in this city, where, at his request, they were married under assumed names in the spring of 1886. He requested that their marriage be kept a secret, as he was afraid his father would cut him off. In 1887 he said he would have to leave her as his father had learned of their marriage. At a meeting of counsel for them on June 27th, 1887, she declares his father agreed to give her $1,000 a year if she would consent to a separation and drop the name of Vanderbilt. She declined, and in 1888 sued her husband for separation on the ground of abandonment. Justice Barrett gave her $100 a week alimony and a counsel fee of $500. The action has not been brought to trial.

In the present case her counsel says she has letters of Capt. Vanderbilt which will show that he alienated the affections of her husband. Capt. Vanderbilt is 85 years old.

STEAMERS CRASH TOGETHER.

Three Lives Lost and a Vessel Sunk at Hamburg Yesterday.

A Hamburg cable says: The steamers Busy Bee and Daoiz were in collision today, and the latter vessel was so badly damaged that she went to the bottom. The steamers came together with great force, and a scene of death and ruin resulted. The Daoiz was nearly torn asunder by the sharp bow of the Busy Bee, and her captain, mate and pilot were killed. The wildest excitement prevailed among those of the Daoiz's crew who had escaped death, and as it was seen at a glance that the vessel had been so badly damaged that it was only a question of a short time when she would go down, they hastened to leave the steamer before she foundered. The Busy Bee rendered all the assistance possible, and all but the three men mentioned were safely rescued. The Daoiz was a Spanish steamer of 618 tons burden. She arrived at Hamburg on September 16th from Barcelona.

Oysters for Invalids.

In preparing oysters for an invalid, the eye, or tough white piece in each should be removed. A palatable and nutritious dish is creamed oysters, which, made for one person, calls for half a dozen oysters heated in their own liquor. Remove carefully any scum which rises. Boil half a cup of milk with a pinch of salt, a dust of cayenne and a scrap of mace. Thicken to a cream by stirring in a teaspoonful of flour wet with a little cold cream. When smooth, pour over the hot oysters and serve with squares of dry toast from which the crust has been cut.

He—I've been engaged in a flirtation, but I'm tired of it, and I wish the girl would gently drop me. She—Then, why don't you propose to her?—*Life.*

Squildig—Young Shingiss has some queer ideas about farming. McSwilligan—What has he done now? "You know he has a large garden?" "Yes." "Well, he confided to me yesterday his disappointment that some canary seed he planted in the spring failed to produce canaries."

A practical philanthropy which it is hardly to be expected will find many imitators is that of Lady Humphrey, an Englishwoman. She has in her service continually from twelve to fifteen young girls, whom when well trained she passes on to other households, renewing the supply to again train and move on.

Black silks of every description are much benefited by having the dust removed by rubbing with a clean towel, and then sponged on the wrong side with the following mixture; a teacupful of soft water, and seven or eight drops of liquid ammonia.

ONTARIO DOCTORS DIFFER.

Trouble in the College of Physicians and Surgeons.

SOME FEES ARE TOO HIGH.

A Toronto report says: For the past two years considerable friction has existed between the Council of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the Province and certain of its members, arising mainly from recent legislation secured by the council in the matter of annual fees. So acute had the situation become that the non-contents formed a Medical Defence Association for the purpose of offering an organized resistance to the action of the council and of securing repeal of the obnoxious legislation. In the hope of healing the breach and if possible arriving at some satisfactory compromise, a meeting was held yesterday afternoon at the Medical Hall, Bay and Richmond streets. Among those present was Dr. Cockburn, of Hamilton.

The meeting lasted several hours, and the discussion at times was very acrimonious and personal, nearly every one present taking part therein. Dr. McLaughlin stated the case of the non-contents, which briefly was that they protested most strongly against the imposition of fees by a council which was non-representative. Of 26 members, 9 were collegiate representatives, 5 homeopaths and only 12 the elected of the rank and file of the profession throughout the Province. If the profession were given control of the country they would gladly pay the fees, whatever they might be. Not only did the council take the fees from the members against their wish, but they compelled every boy or girl coming up for examination and registration to pay $100, whereas the cost of the same services in New York was only $25 and in England $35. Lawyers paid but $17 for examinations, all reports, use of Osgoode Hall library and a voice in the election of benchers. The council was extravagant, too. They had illegally spent $96,000 on the building they were occupying, and had $60,000 of a mortgage, whereas the $36,000 difference would have put up all that was needed. Dr. McLaughlin insinuated much else which he claimed was unsatisfactory, but these were the main points.

Dr. Bergin, M. P., thought it was very unfortunate that there had been so much washing of dirty linen in public. Dr. McLaughlin presented the following as a basis for a compromise: (1) The repeal of the clause in the act empowering the levying of an annual certificate on payment of a $2 fee. (2) The suspension of section 27, which provides for the payment of the said fee, until after the next election of council. (3) The election of all the members of council by popular vote, except one each from Toronto, Queen's, Trinity and Western Universities and five homeopaths; and, lastly, the election of council every three instead of five years.

On behalf of the council, Dr. Bergin promised this proposal the most careful consideration, and the meeting adjourned on that understanding.

THE NIAGARA FALLS OBSERVATORY.

Three Buffalo Gentlemen Will Erect a Structure 250 Feet High at the Cataract City—It Will be Ready for Visitors by Spring.

Niagara Falls is to have an observatory that will be about twice as high as any structure in this section, with the exception of Brock's monument. It is to be a steel structure 250 feet high above the foundation, and will be travelled by elevators for the accommodation of sightseers. Buffalo capital will be used for its construction, Messrs. J. M. Brinker and R. W. Jones, of Brinker & Jones, and Mr. F. C. M. Lautz, of Lautz Brothers, being the movers thus far, although others may become interested financially later on. Yesterday these gentlemen purchased a lot near the corner of Falls and River streets, known as the Sarah A. Badgely property from William Sirret and are now prepared to go ahead with the project as fast as possible. The order for the steel work was placed some weeks ago, so that it is confidently expected that the Eiffel tower of the Cataract City will be completed by early spring.

A *Commercial* reporter called upon Capt. J. M. Brinker, at his office in the Coal and Iron Exchange this afternoon and learned from him the interesting details of the undertaking.

Mr. Brinker says that while visiting the Falls last summer he was impressed with the fact that an observatory from which could be seen the various points of interest in the vicinity would be a paying investment, even conducted at popular prices as it is proposed. From the top of the structure a distance of forty to fifty miles can be seen with a glass in a clear atmosphere, which will make it possible for the eye to span Lake Ontario and catch a glimpse of Toronto, under favorable circumstances.

But to the average sight-seer it will be of even greater interest to follow the course of the Niagara River from this city, through the rapids, the plunge over the Falls, and then through the whirlpool and the narrows, past Brock's monument and to its mouth at Niagara-on-the-Lake. An idea of the topographical outline of the country can thus be obtained as in no other way.

The plans and specifications call for a steel structure 70 feet at the base, 250 feet high tapering to 18 feet at the top. The frame will be built of four main columns 15 inches square, around which the covering will be placed. A platform eighty-eight feet in circumference will surround the top, furnishing room for 80 people to stand without looking over each other's shoulders. This platform will be covered with a tin roofing. Another lookout point will be provided at about mid-way up the tower for those who fear to ascend to a higher altitude.

Two elevators propelled by electric power will travel the vertical path leading to the top. They will have a capacity of 25 passengers each and compass the journey in half a minute. The entire structure will be brilliantly illuminated by electricity and will be descernible particularly at night.

A three story brick block 66 by 100 feet suitable for offices or other business purposes will be erected at the base of the tower. Mr. Brinker did not care to say what the estimated cost of the venture would be.—*Buffalo Commercial.*

Seeking Safety in a Lion's Den.

A serious disturbance took place on the Place de Jaude at Clermont Ferrand on Tuesday evening. A negro tamer of the American Circus named Jackers quarrelled with and stabbed a workman. He then took to flight, pursued by a large crowd, whose object was to lynch him. Saved from the crowd by the police, Jackers took refuge in a lion's cage in the circus. The tent was immediately surrounded by an exasperated multitude, who had a regular fight with the police and a number of soldiers. The authorities succeeded with great difficulty in preventing the rioters from cutting the ropes holding the scaffolding of the circus together. After several hours order was restored, and Jackers, who had been calmly awaiting the end of the disturbance under the guard of his lion Sultan, came out of the cage and gave himself up to the police.

Publishers say that the sale of Dickens' works at the present time is four times as great as during his last year. This is owing to the multiplication of cheap editions; but the rage for original copies is also on the increase. A few days ago at Christie & Manson's sale an original Pickwick sold for £29. At the same time a complete set of Hogarth brought £55.

Doctor—This taking your meals so irregularly is ruining your stomach. How long has it gone on? Slimpurse—Ever since the spring races.

Young Japanese girls gild their lips, a custom which has been overlooked in the rage for Japanese fashions.

Judge Stuffy—Have you any visible means of support? Dusty Rhodes—Ye-es; I am a professional searcher for work.

Guest—Why do you insist on payment in advance? I have baggage. Hotel Clerk—If the hotel should burn down the baggage would be destroyed. We understand our business, sir.

"Why does he go through such awful training?" "To make himself tough." "Then why does he go on such awful spurges?" "To show how tough he is, my dear."

Priscilla—I really think I should like to marry Will Winthrop. Prunella—Would you? Well, I expect that he will propose to me this evening, and to oblige you I'll refuse him.

Mrs. Bayview—Is the blue grass of Kentucky really blue? Col. Kaintuck—No, it's green—same color as your blue sea, you know.

She—Here is the hammock and there is a chair. Which do you prefer? He—I think the hammock would be more comfortable. She—Then I will have the chair taken away.

WOMAN'S WAYS AND WANTS.

Something That Will Take the Place of Whist and Euchre this Winter.

BRINGING THE SOCIETY GIRL OUT.

This Season's Children's Parties—Miss Gilmore as an Author—Hints to Stout and to Spare Women—The Trails—What Not to Wear.

Progressive Conversations.

CONVERSE and be happy! Several suburbs of New York, says the *World*, of that city, have found a substitute for progressive euchre in progressive conversation. The limit is six tables. Four persons at each. A daintily decorated card bearing on one side the number and on the other 12 questions is laid on each table. Four minutes' discussion of each question is allowed every guest. By the time the six tables have exchanged, every question will have been discussed by every guest. Each table votes upon the best conversationalist and the aggregate of votes declare the victor, to whom a prize is awarded.

Imagine a clever company discussing the following questions, which were propounded at a recent brilliantly successful progressive conversational party:

1. What girl, as a woman, would you prefer before all others?
2. What city is the most beautiful that you have seen?
3. Of all the works of fiction of the day, which has attracted you the most?
4. Jokes or bon-mots, which occur to you as good?
5. Ought not women to wear their best costumes to Sunday services? and if not, why not?
6. What sound in all your life has moved you most?
7. Whom do you wish elected for President?
8. Why do we prefer fast trains when we are in no haste?
9. What occupation would you prefer if compelled to seek employment?
10. What do you regard as the best way to "loaf and invite one's soul?"
11. The modern thraldom of women servants.
12. The pianoforte—do its tortures outweigh its pleasures?

The Typical Society Girl.

One is often ignorant of the existence of young girls in the houses of one's friends until by chance they are revealed at a matinee of the opera, sitting demurely in the family box, or at their summer homes, on horseback, or playing at tennis on the lawn, writes Mrs. Burton Harrison in the October *Ladies' Home Journal.* The dancing class, controlled by a bevy of matrons who carefully select the names sent out upon invitations to belong to it, is her training ground for polite society. At these classes, meeting in the afternoon or evening once a week, the mothers sit around the halls while the boys and girls go through the exact forms to be observed in the ball-room of the future. When the young girl is ready to be introduced into society, the mother, as often as not, issues cards for a general afternoon reception of her friends. Gowned in simplest home dress, high at the throat and of pure white, the debutante stands beyond her mother at the chief entrance of the drawing-room. Behind her, piled upon tables or the piano, is seen a veritable hecatomb of flowers sent in by friends to celebrate the hour. Each guest, after speaking to the mother or chaperone, is then mentioned by name to the debutante, who bows or curtesies as she has been taught to do. Later in the afternoon, when the crowd thins out, the girl, surrounded by her particular set of friends, displays her flowers, her gown, her new ring or the string of pearls presented by a good papa. A dinner follows, at which her mother presides, and around which the same young people assemble. Here she is queen of the feast, and amid flowers and lights and music and kind words, no wonder that the vista of society seems to her like fairy land. From that day on she is rarely seen in public without her parents, or one of them, or a fitting substitute.

Young and Literary.

Referring to the death of the famous musician, P. S. Gilmore, a writer in the New York *Sun* says: The "Son of Esau," which is attracting attention in the literary world just now, is the work of a young girl, Minnie Gilmore, only daughter of Mr. Gilmore. She is young almost to childishness, exceedingly beautiful and gentle in manner, and personally unsophisticated and inexperienced in the worldly wisdom which manifests itself in her book. Upon reading her book, upon which she spent two years in writing, and which was never seen by anyone until after it was transcribed by the typewriter, her father exclaimed, "I cannot understand how this little girl, kept by us in cloistered walk, has written this book." Miss Gilmore was educated at the convent of the Sacred Heart and Eden Hall, and has travelled much with her parents both in this country and abroad. Her ambition in life is to become a successful writer.

The Bridal Dress.

Oh, the rustle to it and the glisten to it!
Pray, then, listen to it.
It is white and bright, with a shimmer of light
Like the moon on the snow on a winter's night.
There are pearls sown over it,
And the laces which cover it—
Was there ever such lace!—like the dainty white grace
Of the frost on the pane, of such wonderful grace;
Was it ever woven by human hand,
Or was it the gift from a fairy's wand?
The orange blossoms so white and so sweet,
Fit to garland my lady from head to feet,
Oh, the whiteness of it!
Oh, the brightness of it!
Yet none too white
Or none too bright.
My bride is the daintiest maid I know,
The dearest and fairest and sweetest, I trow,
Ever told of in song or story,
Ever sung of in tales of glory.
Come weal and come woe,
Nothing fears me, my bride—
The world's before me
And I've you by my side.

Children's Parties and Fetes.

The acceptance of an invitation to a children's party or fete is a pledge to the hostess that by kindness and courtesy the invited child will do all in his or her power to assist in making the party a happy and successful one, writes Mrs. A. G. Lewis in a timely article on "Children's Parties, Fetes and Frolics" in the October "Ladies' Home Journal." Any lapse from this would mark a child as unamiable and ill-bred. Invitations to a child's fete, certainly if it is to be *en costume*, ought to be sent out at least two weeks in advance, and so worded that those invited may know the kind of fete intended. The hostess may also suggest the kind of costume desired. Small stationery, with suitable design in the corner, is preferred. If the party is not to be too large, and the child is able to write neatly and legibly, invitations written by the young host or hostess are best. The following invitation directs the costume of the guest:

Miss Belle Carter will receive her friends from Fairy Land on Wednesday evening, August the Tenth, from 4 to 8, at "The Lilacs," Lakeview Ave. Will you kindly costume as "Stella, the Star Fairy"

The guests shall decide what fashion of costume will suit the request of the hostess; or it is quite proper to consult her with reference to the matter. The mother's card should be sent in the same envelope with the invitation.

Things to be Avoided

Mauve, nile green, rose pink, clear white, steely gray, yellowish tan and sky blue, when of a sallow complexion.

Fluffy skirt trimming if under five feet four inches in height.

Hairline stripes, plain skirts and flat vests when thin and slender in person.

Turn-over collars when possessed of a long, thin neck.

Collars without a finish in the way of a white cord, plaited ribbon, folds, etc., when of a dark or sallow complexion.

Dirty white kid gloves on a rainy day or while travelling.

Over-trimmed dresses and hats for travelling, also trains on travelling or tailor-made gowns.

Skin-tight bell skirt fronts with a prominent abdomen; and basques very short on the sides with very large hips.

Round waists, square yokes, balloon sleeves and excessively tight collars when full in form.

Large hats for shopping and evening wear, and black hats, if a brunette skin, unless blessed with rosy cheeks.

Brick red, emerald green, orange and yellow tan with red hair. Electric blue unless possessed of a clear, rosy skin and light hair. Short-fingered gloves and too tight a fit.

Care of the Piano.

To keep a piano case in good order great care must be taken in the application of so-called "piano polish," which is constantly being offered for the purpose of making the instrument look bright. A very little polish should be used, and that must be rubbed off well with a soft woolen cloth. The best way to clean a piano is to use lukewarm water, and a fine oil chamois. Go over the case a little at a time and rub dry with your chamois skin. Bruises may be removed by the application of a little pumice stone. Always use a silk duster for a piano.

Cutting Bread at Table.

The notion of cutting bread from the loaf as it is served is somewhat revived and has been seen at some "Charlotte" teas, so called undoubtedly from Werther's heroine. It has necessitated the reappearance of the bread board and knife, and, of course, the historic pot of jam. It cannot be said that the operation of slicing bread is a specially graceful one, and its practice in public, even under the guise of a novelty, is not recommended.

Do You Want to be Plump?

If you are thin and want to put on flesh, for breakfast and supper have something nourishing and savory, plain brown bread for instance, the slices browned in fresh butter on a griddle, which makes an appetizer of the good old dainty. Demand good, lean baked potatoes to be eaten with undeniable cream or rich gravy, which is flesh-forming food, and you may indulge in made dishes as you please, provided they are well made.

All thin people wishing to grow plump should begin with simple, easily digested fare, almost as if they were invalids. Fresh raw eggs, beaten with port wine or sherry, or with orange juice, or two or three drops of oil of cinnamon in a teaspoonful of brandy are very nourishing, and give strength to the digestion, so that stronger food can be attacked. If care is taken to select very digestible food, it is true that the more one eats the more he can eat, and the system may thus be led into vigor and flesh.

A PANACEA FOR EVERY ILL.

An Owen Sound Friend of Humanity with a Great Head.

Editor Toronto *World*: By means of great astronomical discoveries—deep searches in the mystery of the heavens—I have at last discovered the secret of the universe, and through your columns would like to air my views. In one month I can drive cholera from the world and make smallpox a sneer and a jest. I can reveal the language of the people on Mars and can explain the mysterious lights which have so baffled astronomers on that planet. If the people of the United States wish, I can solve the silver question, and I predict that Gladstone will not be Premier three months from now. Ireland shall not be swayed by a Canadian. A mighty chief is arising in Dublin, who shall follow in Parnell's footsteps and add fuel to his brilliant light. I can do away with the danger of trolley cars and make their motion as noiseless as the moving of the spheres. I can prolong life for 200 years and keep the face of woman forever from wrinkles and let her go down to the grave as rosy as in youthful days. I am at present at work on an aerial ship which will go around the world in two days, or I will forfeit $1,000, provided the Hon. Frank Smith, Hugh Blain, Mayor Fleming, Dr. Oronyhatekha, or any other trustworthy Toronto citizen also places a $1,000 forfeit in the hands of the *World* by Oct. 6th.

I reveal these great mysteries—the outcome of lifelong research—in the interests of humanity. ALEXANDER WILCOX DEZEL.

Owen Sound, Sept. 27th.

P. S.—All these things are foretold in the Holy Prophets. A. W. D.

A Timely Suggestion.

Complaint was made to the *Tribune* this morning that so many nails projected from the sidewalk in the business part of Olympia, and especially on the way to the post office, that shoes were worn out with great rapidity. This bit of information will doubtless be relished by the shoe dealers, but it is quite evident that an indignation meeting will be held for the purpose of condemning the audacity of the foresaid nails. A bright young woman made a pertinent suggestion touching the subject:

"The ladies of Olympia ought to take the matter in hand like they did in Colfax," she said. "The nails came up through the sidewalk in such numbers in that city that the ladies could not go shopping. Of course, they would not stand that kind of an arrangement for any length of time, so they organized a banner brigade and went out on a crusade against the nails. One bright moonlight night, when the city fathers were holding high carnival over some trivial matter, they took in the town and drove all the ambitious nails back into their proper places. I would respectfully suggest that the Olympia ladies attend to the Olympia nails in like manner."—*Olympia Tribune.*

Sullivan's New Opera.

"Haddon Hall," a new opera by Sir Arthur Sullivan, libretto by Sidney Grundy, was tried on the Londoners at the Savoy Theatre, Saturday evening, with indifferent success. "Haddon Hall" is said to be a cross between "Ivanhoe" and "H. M. S., Pinafore." The story is laid in the days of Cromwell, *Sir George Vernon*, the master of the hall, having commanded his daughter to marry her cousin, a puritanical fellow, she elopes with another and is married. The Puritan retainers of the abandoned lover thereupon sing this lugubr

Leading, as Usual.

Our Goods for the Fall of 1892 are already in, and we are prepared to show our customers a larger range and better values than ever before.

Our Dress Goods and Mantle Cloths are simply marvels of beauty and cheapness, and in Dress Linings and Trimmings we are 15 per cent. below market values, an advantage obtained by buying in very large quantities for pot cas h.

We have given special attention, and with gratifying success, to the procuring of Men's, Ladies' and Children's underwear. Don't fail to see them; t means to you money saved.

In Boots & Shoes we are keeping our usual large stock well assorted, with a few special lines, or Snaps, added.

We are now keeping a large range of Hand-painted Window Shades (40 different designs) complete, with spring rollers; also Lace Curtains, Curtain Poles, Fancy Pole Ends and Fixtures, and all greatly reduced in price.

We make our Gent's furnishing department a speciality, and can give a better Suit, better Pants, better Hat, Boots, Shirt, Collar, or Tie, than can be got elsewhere for the same money. And why? because having a large trade in these lines we give special attention to the buying, dealing only with manufacturers, and getting closest cash prices.

Come and see us. Give us an opportunity to serve you, and you will realize the above statements as facts.

CENTRAL BLOCK ATHENS — H. H. ARNOLD

D. W. DOWNEY

THE ONE PRICE BARGAIN SHOE HOUSE

BOOTS AND SHOES

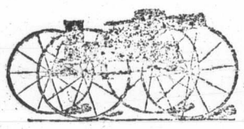
Thousands of pairs of Boots and Shoes in every conceivable Style and in every known kind of Leather.

The new goods coming along daily keep this house away in the lead as to assortment, style and prices. Webeg that you will kindly visit our store, note our prices, and, like hundreds who do so daily, you will be amazed at the special inducements. In Trunks and Valises we are fully prepared for the season's business, which promises to be greater with us than ever before.

D. W. DOWNEY

FLINT'S NEW BLOCK — BROCKVILLE.

ATHENS CARRIAGE WORKS



The subscriber is now ready to offer to the public a larger stock and a greater variety of fine Carriages than ever before, an of the latest styles.

My Carriages have been before the public for over thirty years and it will be unnecessary for me to say anything as to their merits. Suffice it to announce that it is my purpose to keep them in the front rank, as they have been in the past, and enjoy the good opinion of all who may use them.

My Wheels are the best A grade. Buy no other, as there is more deception in a wheel than in any other part of a carriage.

Axles are all steel fan-tailed and swedged.

Tires—Besemer steel, round edge, and protects rims of wheels.

Springs—All Cast Steel.

Painting—Strictly, pure lead and oil used, and best paints that can be purchased. Ample time given for painting. All work finished with English Varnish.

Trimming done with Leather, Moquette, Leather Cloth, and other materials.

All Tops made in my shop, and only best American rubber used.

Bows of second-growth key Ash.

Be sure and give me a call before purchasing elewhere. Terms made Satisfactory to all.

D. FISHER

THRESHERS.

USE McCOLL'S

Lardine Machine Oil

The Champion Gold Medal Oil for all Machinery.

McColl's Cylinder Oil is the best in the Dominion. Try it.

McColl Bros. & Co., Toronto.

Why We Laugh

We laugh because we have secured the agency for

Dominion and Bell Organs
Dominion and Bell Pianos
Brantford Pianos
Mendelsohn Pianos
Doherty Organs
Standard Sewing Machine

Because of my increased trade. I laugh because every instrument sold pleases the customer. I laugh because I have reason to laugh.

J. L. GALLAGHER

THE REPORTER OFFICE

Noted for Fine Poster Work

ESTIMATES FURNISHED

TIME-TABLE B. W. & S. S. M. R.

	GOING W.	GOING E.
Brockville	3 50 p.m.	10 20 a.m.
xLyn	4 10 "	10 00 "
xSeeley's	4 35 "	9 45 "
xLeo's	4 45 "	9 37 "
xForthton	55 "	9 25 "
xElbe	5 02 "	9 18 "
Athens	5 13 "	9 08 "
xSoperton	5 34 "	8 46 "
xLyndhurst	5 42 "	8 38 "
Delta	5 49 "	8 31 "
Elgin	6 07 "	8 13 "
xForfar	6 15 "	8 05 "
xCrosby	6 23 "	7 57 "
Newboro	6 35 "	7 45 "
Westport	6 50 "	7 30 "

☞ Flag stations are marked thus—x.

SPECIAL OFFER.

We will send the Reporter to a *bona fide* new subscriber, who is a member of the Unionville, Delta, Lyndhurst or Frankville fairs for 1892, from now until Jan. 1st, 1894, for one dollar in advance, provided the order and cash is sent in during the next two weeks. The prize list of all the above fairs will be published in the Reporter—which alone is worth the price for the paper a whole year, to members of the societies named.

THE REPORTER

ATHENS, OCT. 11th, 1892

☞ Business notices in local columns 10 cents per line each insertion.

LOCAL SUMMARY.

ATHENS AND NEIGHBORING LOCALITIES BRIEFLY WRITTEN UP.

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

A good second-hand buggy for sale at A. James.'

Mr. F. Williams goes to Ottawa this week on a business trip.

Save a few dollars by getting your fall supply of Boots & Rubbers at A. Parish & Son's.

Mrs. P. Halliday and Miss E. Halladay, of Elgin, spent a few days in Athens last week.

Tea Store and China Hall, Brockville—T. W. Dennis—has removed to the Merrill Block, next door to C. M. Babcock's.

The Columbus entertainment, announced for the 12th inst., has been postponed for a few days.

Carriages built to order, repairing and painting done in first class style at moderate prices.—A. James.

Mr. and Mrs. Greenwood Thomas, of Toronto, have been the guests of Mrs. R. D. Judson for the past few days.

A. Parish & Son have about $800 worth of Boots, Shoes and Rubbers, which must be disposed of at any price.

Itch of every kind, on human or animals, cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Warranted by J. P. Lamb.

The vote in Northumberland Co., N. B., to repeal the Canada Temperance Act, resulted in the act being sustained by 238 majority.

W. G. Parish will make cash contracts for white ash bolts, to be delivered this coming winter.

One evening lately a partridge dashed against a window of a house in Perth with such a force that it broke the glass, and became a prisoner in the domicile.

An examination of the pin at the outlet of Charleston, made on Saturday last, showed that the Water Power Co. are keeping the height of water well below the mark.

The energetic contractors, Messrs. Pierce and Holbrook, have deen awarded the contract for the erection of a brick building on main street for Mr. W. G. Parish, to be used for his rapidly extending banking business. It will be located next to Knowlton's jewelry store.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.—South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Warranted by J. P. Lamb.

Rebecca Wilkinson, of Brownsvalley, Ind., says: "I had been in a distressed condition for three years from Nervousness, Weakness of the Stomach, Dyspepsia and Indigestion until my health was gone. I bought one bottle of South Amerian Nervine, which done me more good than any $50 worth of doctoring I ever did in fny life. I would advise every weakly person to use this valuable and lovely remedy." A trial bottle will convince you. Warranted by J. P. Lamb.

The manufacturers of the "Myrtle Navy tobaccoi nvite the very closest scrutiny of its quality. The expert whose trained senses teach him to recognize the exact quality of tobacco, and the smoker who judges by his experience in smoking it, will both come to the same conclusion that it is of the very highest quality anywhere to be found. It is made of the very finest Virginia leaf and is manufactured with the greatest possible care.

Mr. E. A. Kennedy to Leave Athens.

Mr. Kennedy has tendered his resignation as principal of Athens high school, having accepted a position in the Collegiate Institute, Toronto. The position of principal was offered to Mr. Flach, but he preferred to retain his present position as Mathematical master. Mr. Flach will be engaged for another year.

The news of Mr. Kennedy's intended removal from Athens will be received with deep regret, not only by the students and graduates whose minds bear the imprint of his excellent manner and thorough methods, and the trustee board whom he has so faithfully and efficiently served, but as well by the people of Athens generally who had the pleasure of his intimate acquaintance, and by the people of the county who knew him only as an elocutionist of rare ability. Mr. Kennedy has made many warm friends during his residence in Athens, and his painstaking efforts to advance the intellectual and social interests of the village will be held in grateful remembrance. Both he and his estimable family have the best wishes of the people of Athens for their prosperity and happiness in the "Queen city of the West."

BEE-KEEPERS' CONVENTION.

A Number of Prominent Bee Men Meet and Form an Association.

On Saturday last, in the town hall, Athens, there was formed what is to be known as "The Bee-keepers Association of the United Counties of Leeds and Grenville." The need of such an association was recognized by bee-keepers generally throughout the counties, and it was in compliance with their expressed wish that Mr. M. B Holmes, of Athens, took the initiatory steps and brought the matter definitely before the bee men. The response, as far as numbers were concerned, was not so encouraging as was expected, but the men at Saturday's meeting included some of the most experienced honey-producers of the counties, and their presence and unanimous action at the convention are strong evidence that a prosperous and useful career awaits the association.

The convention opened at 11 a.m., when Mr. F. L. Moore, of Addison, was elected to preside. The work of organization was then proceeded with, and resulted in the election of the following officers:—

President, M. B. Holmes, Athens.

Vice-President, F. L. Moore, Addison.

Secretary, F. Wood.

On motion, it was decided that the names of Messrs. Lockwood, Howard and Earl be added to above officers to complete Executive Committee.

A draft of by-laws was then submitted to the meeting and adopted, the gist of which is as follows: 1 Bee-keepers may become members on payment of a fee of 35c. 2 A general meeting of the members shall be held once a year. 3 Time and place to be decided by open vote at previous meeting. 4 Three members shall constitute a quorum. 5 Vacancies by death or resignation to be filled by President. 6 President and Secretary shall have power to call special meetings when necessary. 7 Vice-President to preside in absence of President. 8 Duties and obligation of Secretary and Treasurer are defined. 9 Officers of association to be elected by ballot, except auditor, who shall be elected by open vote of members.

The following "charter members" were then enrolled: M. B. Holmes, Athens; R. Murchie, Wilstead; John Kendrick, New Dublin; A. E. Earl, Fairfield East; W. Howard, Delta; Henry Hunt, Rockport; M. Lockwood, Philipsville; W. D. Livingston, Frankville; F. L. Moore, Addison; Fred Wood, Athens; Joseph Cook, Rockport; Fred S. Hayes, Athens; Horace Brown, Athens; A. C. Johns, Fairfield East; J. P. Mott, Rockspring.

At the afternoon session the following letter of greeting from W. S. Hough, the well known apiarian, was read by G. F. Donnelley:

River Side, Oct. 4, 1892.

Mr. Chairman, Beekeepers and Gentlemen,—I am truly glad that after so long—in the final fitness of things—Leeds and Grenville may have a Beekeepers' Association. It is not convenient for me to meet with you this time. In the meantime I have endeavored to promote the meeting in many ways.

If present I would beg here to move that Mr. M. B. Holmes be president of the Association for the ensuing year. I would as cheerfully propose any other member as him—I certainly would object to no one qualified—only, I think Mr. Holmes entitled to it this time.

Besides the bee journal, we require the use of a local organ in which to express a score of items and views that do not properly belong to a bee journal. The Athens Reporter is taken by nearly all who may become members of the Association. It is central—non partizan—and has ever been heart and hand in the initiation of this matter. Therefore, I hope its past and prospective services may receive a recognition on this occasion.

On the fifth of June, in some localities, bees were starving—in a few cases, did starve—the owner little suspecting their want or the dearth in the field. On the ninth of June commenced an unprecedented flow of nectar, which continued with little or no interruption until the last of September. I have, during the past few years, induced many to sow Alsike clover. The result in the honey harvest this season was truly wonderful. It is by far the best general-purpose honey plant we have.

THE PROGRESS

of bee culture in Eastern Ontario is truly phenomenal. It is in full bloom, but the rich national fruitage is to come. I know by observation that it is fair to say that, not many years since, where one pound of honey was produced and consumed, now one hundred pounds are consumed. A few years since, 50 colonies might yield 500 lbs. of "top" honey. This season two girls, not yet very far from this, from 20 colonies (8-frame Langstrath) took 1,000 lbs. of pure white honey and 25 good standard swarms—the 45 colonies remaining in fine condition for winter. They took the honey from supers, or rather honey-hives, 5 inches deep, containing only 5 or 6 frames, holding combs 4 inches deep and 18 inches long. They took not one ounce from the brood chamber. It is wonderful how rapidly in this form honey may be transferred from the hive to the sealer. I give the girls' work as an illustration. From scores of similar cases, to show the difference between "now and then." Such cases do more than all other means combined to double—yes, treble—the annual number of beginners in beekeeping in any locality.

There are scores of recent devices for making short hand work of all the details of bee culture throughout this region.

Now, all this knowledge is very general and we must not expect that a B. K. A. will greatly accelerate the momentum already up, nor has it ever proved a panacea. Such an expectation would be followed by disappointment.

I have mentioned the foregoing also to prove that the Eastern Ontario is ripe for an intelligent B. K. A., and that it would be vain in ourselves to aggregate knowledge that is generally known. We have good reason to expect, however, that a finish and order will be imparted to our views by an interchange of experience and thought that cannot be as easily attained elsewhere. Our memories will be refreshed, the confidence of the timid made stronger, and we will be well compensated for all that we invest in the matter. But as to the impetus given by the Association—well, Mr. Chairman, you very well know that in nearly all bee localities there are extensive honey producers who wish the "impetus" in the bottom of the sea, or that it would dry up or vamose. They discourage bee culture all around them and think there are too many in the field now for their own good. The influence of the Association will, to a certain extent, remedy this disposition to monopolize. Can't very well help it now, gentlemen. I, as one, have worked long and hard to increase the production of honey in this region. Depend upon it, in a little while there will be three times as many honey-producers around us as there are now. In a short time every farmer, also others, will from their own bees furnish all the honey their families can use. That will be a glorious time for the little boys and girls who do not get any now. Besides, Doctor bills will always be lighter to honey-eaters.

Just here I might say that "Honey as Food and Medicine" (by T. G. Newm), containing twenty-five recipes for using honey, is a deserving little pamphlet. Also, a treatise on the same subject by Mr. Pringle is a work in which the author has done himself credit. It is excellent.

In this country honey is put up in as fine, tasty, saleable parcels as may be found in the world. We can produce a pound of white honey for the price of a pound of granulated sugar and if we get two or three cents more per lb. for the former than the latter, it will do. Eggs once in some localities got down to five or six cents; then they forced an outlet. When this country is thoroughly flooded with honey, it will break through the dam of stagnation, forcing its own natural channel, in which it will forever after flow, and the merchant who handles the most honey will get the beekeepers' trade.

Mr. Chairman, I would have sent you a copy of the by-laws and constitutions of the Canadian and American B. K. A.'s, but I supposed you had such documents.

Ontario contains so much that she is a great deal larger than her boundaries indicate. There is room for a great Western, a great Central, and we know there is material and room for a great Eastern B. K. A. There is a conditional independence which this new association should enjoy from the first, and which is almost absolutely necessary to develop the greatest usefulness. This would save us from participating in the local dissensions that have occasionally disturbed sections of the West. It was manifest that the Ontario was once on the eve of disruption. By conversing with a majority of apiarians in Eastern Ontario I conclude that scores would join this organization readily if it is independent. Remember, there are decidedly more things than doing without a charter. By the course I indicate, a great sister power in bee culture will rapidly grow up in the East, and when concerted action is desirable delegates will easily be found both willing and able to represent our interests in any apiarian convention. By standing independent in fifty localities in the East, our strength, our influence, our usefulness would ultimately be multiplied, because we have a centre all our own and near at hand. Independence will surely command as much respect to earth's remotest bounds as dependence.

Gentlemen, you who are this day elected to take charge of the Association for one year, are responsible for the future of that charge. Let it be said in the years to come, as you will then wish, that this day we formed the nucleus of the great, the prosperous, the useful Eastern Beekeepers' Association. We can make it useful, prosperous and great by cultivating mutual mind, by banishing selfishness, jealousy, vanity—by living in the spirit of that grand pentagon of words—words that should be emblazoned in diamonds and gold on the banners of all nations—that pentagon which by its gentle sweetness would make paradise of all the earth—"Love thy neighbor as thyself."

W. S. HOUGH.

Moved by John Kendrick, seconded by Miles Lockwood, that a vote of thanks be tendered Mr. W. S. Hough in return for his valuable paper read by Mr. Donnelley at the Leeds and Grenville Bee-keepers association; also that this vote of thanks be published in local journals and a copy of the same be sent to Mr. Hough.—Carried.

It is not, perhaps, too much to say that Mr. Hough's letter indicates the probable course that will be pursued by the association, and that his suggestions correctly define the aim and scope of the institution.

An excellent paper on the "Management of bees in spring" was read by F. L. Moore, and a letter containing practical hints on this subject, and expressing regret at his unavoidable absence, from F. P. Clare, of Rideau Centre, was read by Mr. Holmes. Valuable papers were then contributed by W W Howard, "Extracting Honey—How and When"; Dr. H. H. Reeve, of Toledo, "Why should Honey be Eaten?"; F. P. Clare (read by Mr. Holmes,) "Marketing Honey"; M B Holmes, "Success and Reverses."

Dr. Reeve was tendered a hearty vote of thanks for his admirable scientific treatment of his subject.

The President introduced the subject of sending an exhibit to the World's Fair, as requested by Mr. Awrey, and though several expressed their intention of doing so, no united action was taken. It is intended that the exhibit shall be shipped to Toronto in tin cans, thence to Chicago where the Canadian agent will transfer to glass jars and properly label. All expense, including the safe return of the honey, to be borne by the Ontario government.

The discussion that followed the reading of the different papers was perhaps the most profitable feature of the convention. Mr. Kendrick gave some valuable ideas, among which was that of making honey-vinegar. He produced a sample that had been submitted to the analysts of both governments and had by them been pronounced excellent. It was as yet largely an experiment, but he had at present about thirty barrels in process of making. Mr. Lockwood's method of hiving a swarm met with great favor, prrticulars of which, and of Mr. F. L. Moore's method, will be given next week.

The discussion on Mr. Howard's paper, respecting the time for extracting, was the most spirited of the day, and was taken part in by Messrs. Cook, Holmes, Kendrick, Lockwood, Livingston, and Brown, the preponderance of testimony being in favor of leaving the comb until the bees had capped a portion of it.

Several papers on the programme having failed to arrive, it was found that the whole business could be disposed of at the afternoon meeting, and as it was Saturday and many were anxious to get home, it was unanimously decided to complete the programme at that session. In consequence, many who calculated on attended the evening meeting were disappointed, but in this, as in all things, majorities rule, and they will probably be present at all the sessions next meeting.

By unanimous vote it was decided that the next annual meeting be held in the town of Brockville.

Through the kindness of the writers, the Reporter will be able to give the papers in full, as read at the meeting, the first instalment of which will appear next week.

An Interesting Trip.

We take the following extract from a letter written by Mr. Daniel Blanchard, formerly of Leeds Co., and now of Friend, Neb.:

The national encampment of the Grand Army had its annual meeting in the city of Washington. A number of our neighbors were going and I was persuaded to go along, and had a very nice time. Can't begin to tell you of the wonderful and beautiful city. Visited Mount Vernon, Washington's home; went to Fortress Monroe and the navy yard at Norfolk; saw some of the guns that were captured from John Bull in 1812. At Suffolk, Virginia, are the ruins of the forts that protected both Union and Confederate soldiers. The colored people are very numerous. There is not the same enterprise and, yim as in the North. I saw carts with a steer harnessed in the thills, peddling truck around the city. Petersburg, another city noted for its war record. Richmond, the capital of the old Dominion, is more like a northern city. Was at Gettysburg, Antietam, Chantella and Harper's Ferry. At Gettysburg there is a National Cemetery where thousands of Union soldiers are buried. On the return stopped at Chicago, saw our old friend E. A. Marshall and wife. Spent one day at the World's Fair building, one day at the stock yard, one day around the city, then westward toward home. Stopped at Colona, Illinois, to see Mr. and Mrs. George Pomeroy, old residents of Greenbush. They left Canada thirty years ago. Mr. Pomeroy is an invalid, and has been for a number of years. They are nicely situated, have all the comforts as well as many of the luxuries of life. Their friends were numerous in Canada and their enquiries about old friends were such you could see they were not forgotten. I spent four pleasant days with them and then came on home.

Dr. Washington.

(ARNPRIOR CHRONICLE)

Dr. Washington, the distingnished throat and lung surgeon of Toronto, has proved himself equal to the situation in his capacity. On Oct. 22nd last he operated on a Mrs. Shaw, of Castleford successfuly, in removing a very large tumor from the nose, without causing much pain. Mrs. Shaw speaks in the highest terms of Dr. Washington's skilful operation, and more especially does she feel grateful because it had frequently threatened her life by bleeding. Then again on the 5th of January, during his last visit, he operated on a Mrs. Piper, of Powassan, a lady who lives 250 miles from Arnprior, for the removal of a similar tumor, with equal success. Dr. Washington is building up a large practice in and around Arnprior, and in fact the whole country. All who are afflicted with any disease of the head, throat or lungs should not delay or allow such an opportunity to pass. Since the above appeared the Dr. was consulted by a Mrs. J. C. Mitchell, of Jefferson, Texas, over three thousand miles from Arnprior, having been recommended by her brother who had been cured of catarrh a number of years ago by the Dr. Dr. Washington advertises—his only sin is in letting the people know about the facts.

Dr. Washington will be at the following places as indicated below:—

Athens, Oct. 14, Gamble House, forenoon only.

Delta, DeBrown Hotel, Oct. 13, forenoon only.

Newboro, Wight's Hotel, Oct. 13, afternoon.

A Wonderful Almanac.

The publishers of the Montreal Daily and Weekly Star are getting out a magnificent almanac to be known as the Star Almanac, said to be the finest almanac in the world, containing nearly four hundred pages, with colored maps. It is looked forward to with great interest.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stifles, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted by J. P. Lamb.

Dr. Washington has just returned from his European trip where he has been visiting the principal throat and lung hospitals in London and elsewhere. "The Golden Square" throat hospital is considered the largest in the world, has a very eminent Dr. at its head, Dr. Frank Hovel, of Hosley St. the assistant of the late Sir Morrel McKenzie in treating the Royal patient, Frederick the I., of Germany. Dr. Hovel not only enabled Dr. Washington to visit all the wards and get an insight into important cases, but gave him a line to Kenneth Morrell McKenzie who is in charge of the largest ward in the London Hospital with its 800 beds and 113,000 out door patients that get treatment per annum.

Overcoat Found.

Between my home and Delta, via town line, on 20th Sept. Owner can have same by proving property and paying for this advt.

3i WM. G. LEE, Addison.

FALL

MILLINERY OPENING

AT

Mrs. Bristow's

ON

Thursday Ev'g, Oct. 13

AND FOLLOWING DAYS.

A full line of Fancy Goods. Stamping done to order. Feathers curled and dyed.

MRS. F. F. BRISTOW, Athens, Ont.

House and Lot to Rent.

A good house to rent on Henry St.; also a house for sale or to rent on Wiltse street. Possession immediately. Apply to

2 ISAAC ROBESON Wiltse St., Athens.

MILLINERY OPENING.

THURSDAY, OCT. 13

AND FOLLOWING DAYS.

To the Ladies:

It is with pleasure that I again announce to the people of Athens and vicinity my Millinery Opening on above date.

My stock, from the leading firms of Montreal and Toronto, consists of all the latest novelties, which will speak in display for themselves, and with such equipment I am more than ever prepared to give satisfaction.

Furthermore, I ampleased to say that having secured the services of two first-class milliners I shall be more prompt in filling orders in the future. Remember the old stand—over the post office.

Miss A. Hanna, Main St.

ATHENS

DR. WASHINGTON

Graduated in 1879 at the Victoria University with honors, the same year passed the examination of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ont.

Since 1880 Dr. W. has devoted his whole time to the speciality of the Throat and Lung diseases.

The cut represents a Porous Respirator and the patient in the act of breathing.

Throat and Lung Surgeon, of 77 McCaul St., Toronto, will be at the following places on the dates given:—

Athens, Oct. 14, forenoon, Gamble House.

Delta, Oct. 13, forenoon, DeBrown Hotel.

Newboro, Oct. 13, afternoon, Wight's Hotel.

The Dr. has been compelled to make more frequent visits owing to his largely increasing practice.

Diseases Treated: Catarrh of the head and throat, Catarrhal Deafness, Chronic Bronchitis, Asthma and Consumption; also loss of voice, Sore Throat, Enlarged Tonsils, Polypui of the Nose, or any other Nasal Obstruction, removed without the knife.

Symptoms of Catarrh.

Susceptibility to catch cold in the head. A feeling of tightness across the bridge of the nose, with sometimes pain. Snuffing of the nasal passage. Accumulation of mucus which is discharged by the nostrils, or drops back into the throat. A sense of pain or heaviness over the eyes, often in the back of the head. At times dizziness. Pain in the eyeballs. In severe cases a dull, drowsy, sleepy feeling in the head. Swelling of the nose and eyes. Sometimes a protruding and distorted appearance is given to the upper part of the face. A tendency to sneeze frequently; sometimes the secretions are collected together in hard masses or chunks which are with great difficulty removed. Sometimes the mucus membrane is broken and ulcerated and scabs form, which are discharged with mucus.

In some cases the secretions are very copious and are found in the back of the head and throat chiefly, and very little stuffing of the nasal passage, with a constant desire to clear the throat. Hawing or spitting for rising of tough phlegm, especially in the morning or after taking a warm drink. In other cases the amount of phlegm is very little, but it is extremely tough and almost impossible to remove it.

[Arnprior Chronicle]

Dr. Washington, the distinguished Throat and Lung Surgeon of Toronto, has proved himself equal to the situation in his specialty. On Oct. 28th last he operated on a Mrs. Shaw, of Castleford successfully in removing a very large tumor from the nose, without causing much pain. Mrs. Shaw speaks in the highest terms of Dr. Washington's skilful operation, and more especially does she feel grateful because it had frequently threatened her life by bleeding. Then again on the 15th of January, during his last visit, he operated on a Mrs. Piper, of Powassan, a lady who lives 250 miles Arnprior, for the removal of a similar tumor, with equal success. Dr. Washington is building up a large practice in and around Arnprior, and in fact the whole country. All who are afflicted with any disease of the head, throat or lungs should not delay or allow such an opportunity to pass. The Doctor has been visiting Guelph over four years, and to-day his rooms are simply thronged.

[Ottawa Free Press, Feb. 14, 1891]

The name of this eminent throat and lung specialist is now a household word in many homes in this as well as many other cities in the Dominion where he has visited in his professional capacity. At the solicitation of a number of our citizens who were suffering from diseases of the throat and lungs and whose cases were pronounced incurable, Dr. Washington was invited to come to this city and treat them. These visits were monthly and began about four years ago. His success since then has been phenomenal and his business has increased to such an extent that now he is obliged to make his visits tri-monthly instead of monthly as formerly. Among his many patients are to be found people who have sought and lived in other climes for the benefit of their health, and who have been treated by other specialists for throat and lung affections from which they suffered, but without success. Under the treatment of Dr. Washington their recovery in many cases has been rapid, and many who have consulted him have been entirely cured. This specialist has in his possession hundreds of testimonials from patients whom he has treated, eulogising his marvelous skill, returning him thanks for the unremitting attention he has given them when they were undergoing treatment from him, and recommending him to all who suffer from pulmonary affections.

Dr. Washington's great success as a specialist of the throat and lungs is fully demonstrated by the following extracts from letters received from patients in New York and Rochester: Mr. G. H. Cannon, 232 West One Hundred and Fourth street, New York, who was not only cured by Dr. Washington's new method, but writes the Dr. as follows: I would have written you sooner, but was waiting for a decided answer from my friend, Mr. Dawson, in reference to your treatment for his daughter for her lung troubles. I finally got his consent by telling him I would become responsible for his money if she was not cured. I now enclose you cheque for the full amount, etc. Miss Dawson after one month's treatment, is heard from. Mr. Dawson (of Dawson & Mason, builders, 236 East Thirty-fifth street, New York) writes, after one month's treatment, as follows: "I would say there is little or no smell from the head. This leads me to think that the diseased bones are healing up. Friend Cannon has confidence that you will cure her, and I now think you will make a complete cure." Mr. James Keilvin, of 63 Market street, Rochester, New York, writes as follows: "I do not cough any more and the dropping has almost ceased. I am very much pleased with your treatment, and hopefully look for a speedy cure." The above patient has taken treatment six weeks.

Lyn Woollen Mills

Have a good stock of genuine all-wool Yarn and Cloth, will be prepared to sell the same at moderate prices, and will at all times be prepared to pay the highest market price for wool in cash or trade.

R. WALKER

Lyn, May 20, 1892

[The Standard, Cornwall, March, 1892]

Dr. Washington has been visiting Cornwall regularly since 1882 and the large and steadily increasing number of patients who call on him for treatment is a proof of his success in the cure of the special line of diseases he has taken up.

[The Glengarian, Alexandria, Feb. 21, 1891.]

Dr. Washington has been visiting Alexandria about 2½ years, and this fact alone shows that many hereabouts have great faith in his treatment. It was a couple of weeks ago that we received a highly complimentary notice of the doctor's wonderful treatment from the pen of a subscriber of the Glengarian in Ottawa, who has been permanently cured of Catarrh and Asthma, and who feels grateful to the doctor for eradicating the distressing disease.

Bad Case of Asthma and Catarrh Cured.

Dr. Washington, Throat and Lung Surgeon, 78 McCaul street Toronto.

Dear Sir,—I have been afflicted with Catarrh and Asthma for nearly nine years and reduced to a mere skeleton, and given up by the local physicians, I had applied to you as being incurable. I can now state that I am entirely cured of those terrible maladies, under your timely treatment, for which accept my sincere thanks. I write this for those who may be similary afflicted, and I will cheerfully give any information to those who may write me at Casselman, Ont.

P. S.—I may here state that I knew nothing of Dr. Washington's treatment until I saw his advertisement in an Ottawa paper.

Present address—Archville, Ont.

ANNIE McCUAIG.

Can consumption be cured? Read what Mr. W. H. Story has to say about it. Ex-President of Mfr. Ass. of the Dominion Glove Mfg., Acton, Ont., in reply to a letter of enquiry.

Acton, Sept. 1st, 91.

John Cowan, Esq., Manitowaning:

Dear Sir,—Yours of the 2nd ult. is received and should have been replied to sooner had not absence prevented me. I can recommend you to Dr. Washington, McCaul St., Toronto, as the best person you can get to assist you, and I have no hesitation in affirming that if you take his treatment according to instructions (which is very easy and simple to take) you will get rid of your trouble. For some years I was troubled with Catarrh of the head and throat, until my life became a burden. In the afternoon I always became hoarse and throat painful, and in the morning the discharge from the throat was profuse. After trying everything, I heard of Dr. Washington, got his treatment, and was as well as ever in six weeks. This is now three or four years ago, and I am at present in excellent health and have had no trouble since of Catarrh.

Yours truly,
W. H. STOREY.

An extraordinary bad case of ulcerated Catarrh cured permanently, after all remedies failed and the patient was at the brink of death. Read it carefully over:

Moose Creek, Canada Atlantic Ry.
May 23, 1890.

Dr. Washington, Throat and Lung Surgeon, 78 McCaul street, Toronto.

Dear Sir,—I wish to let you know that your treatment has cured me of Catarrh of the throat of a very **SERIOUS NATURE**. I have been treating with as good local physicians as there is in this section far and near, for a good many months, without any good result, but was getting far worse all the time until it was impossible for me to swallow. The soft palate was ulcerating and eating away until that part which comes down on the root of the tongue came off. No one can tell how much I suffered, and with no hopes of ever getting better. They said it was impossible for me to recover, and I had given up all hopes myself, until I saw your advertisement in one of the newspapers. Under your treatment I have continued to improve steadily, until the throat is entirely healed and I am perfectly well and able to do my own work again. I hope the Ottawa doctors will read over what I have written, and they will see that your treatment does not cause suffering, but cures which they and others pronounce incurable. All afflicted should consult you at once. To any who may be desirous of hearing from me personally, I will be pleased to answer.

Yours thankfully,
MRS. D. MUNROE.

"A Falsehood Contradicted."

Mrs. Munroe, of Moose Creek, most emphatically contradicts the false reports that her disease has returned. She says it is false, etc. Read it! read it!

Moose Creek, Nov, 16th, 1891.

N. Washington, M. D., Toronto:

Dear Sir,—Yours of last night to hand and would say in reply about my being sick again is fearfully false. I never felt better in my life than at present. If you wish to repeat it to any one or publish it, you can do so as my health never was better in my life. Since cured by you three years ago, I have never had the slightest symptoms of a relapse.

Yours very truly,
MRS. D. D. MUNROE.

For Sale or to Rent.

Three houses to rent or for sale. Apply to H. C. PHILLIPS, Athens.

May, 2, 1892. tf

Rooms to Rent.

Next to Chassells' tailor shop, front rooms below and three rooms up stairs, entrance outside to the chamber, suitable both for millinery and dress making.

Aug. 23, 1892. S. A. TAPLIN. tf

Farm for Sale.

Being 210 acres of part of lots 21, 22 and 23 in the first and second concessions of Township of Front of Escott lying 2 miles west of the Village of Mallorytown, 150 acres cleared, running spring near the barn for stock, brick house nearly new, good barns and outbuildings of all kinds. Terms of payment easy. Apply to WM. A. GUILD, Escott P. O., Ontario.

Escott, Sept. 15th, 1892.

ARMY MEN — By joining our Army we can give you steady employment the year round, selling our choice Nursery stock, salary or commission paid every week. Write at once and secure territory.

ALLEN NURSERY CO., Rochester, N. Y.

THE HANES

Patent - Roof - Ladder

AND FIRE ESCAPE.

Manufactured and sold in Athens and vicinity by WM. HICKEY, Elgin St.

These ladders combine the qualities of safety, durability and cheapness. Being made by machinery specially adapted to the purpose, they are perfect in every part.

Samples always on hand. Price 16c. per foot at the shop.

WM. HICKEY

Athens, Sept. 26, 1892.

Lyn Ag'l Works

Money can be saved by purchasing your plows at the above works.

A first-class general purpose plow with best steel mould, steel beam, landside and colter—retail at usual wholesale prices (to cash buyers).

Plow Points of all popular patterns on hand or made to order. Old metal wanted at highest market price. Don't fail to give me a call before buying.

G. P. McNISH

UNMISTAKABLY
UNDOUBTEDLY
UNDENIABLY

MOTT & ROBESON

OF THE

ATHENS GROCERY

Are doing a big business.

It is important for the public to remember this, as it assures them that the groceries they buy at this store are fresh. We have a full stock of everything the prudent housekeeper requires, and purchasing in large quantities enables us to sell at a low price. We invite inspection. Our line of Teas is very popular. Obtain a sample package.

MOTT & ROBESON

THE TUXEDO JACKET.

A. M. CHASSELS

The Old Reliable

TAILORING HOUSE.

Gentlemen who wish to have their suits made up in

The Latest Style

AND

PERFECT IN FIT AND WORKMANSHIP,

SHOULD PATRONIZE

A. M. CHASSELS, - ATHENS.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

ROCKVILLE

Business College

SHORTHAND A SPECIALTY

Commercial Course Thorough

TERMS REASONABLE.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue before deciding where you will go.

GAY & McCORD, Principals

Karley & Seymour

ARE FRIENDS TO THE

Farmer and Builder

They have the best Assortment of Hardware, Tinware, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Calcimines, Glass, Silverware, Fishing Tackle, &