

SEEDS
THAT WILL GROW
 Our first consignment of choice fresh Vegetable and Flower Seeds are just arriving from the growers and specialists in various parts of the world.
 Our annual Seed Catalogue will be ready for distribution Feb. 1st. It will be mailed you free on request.
J. Hay & Sons
 FLOWERS
 Brockville Ontario
 Telephone No. 249

The Athens Reporter

—AND—

COUNTY OF LEEDS ADVERTISER.

Wedding Cakes
 WE ARE making a specialty of Artistic Wedding Cakes. If you want something really nice at a reasonable price write to or call on us and we will show you our work and quote prices. If you make your own cake we will ornament it for you and guarantee satisfaction.
C. H. BUELL & SON
 PHONE 289
 BROCKVILLE

Vol. XVII. No. 8.

Athens, Leeds County, Ontario, Wednesday, Feb. 20, 1901.

B. Loverin, Prop'r

"BROCKVILLE'S GREATEST STORE"

New spring dress goods

"But winter hasn't gone—spring hasn't come yet," you say. Hasn't come? Well, his charming fabric-out-fitters have come. They've just arrived—weeks and weeks ahead of the Mayflowers—and the handorgans. And their "coming out" is this week. You'll want to be among the first to see those handsome new things from over the sea—every piece bought direct of the maker—and that means a saving for you.

SICILIAN HOPSACKING	Very dainty and effective for a low priced goods—navy, buff or grey—priced only per yard.....	25
COLUMBIAN TWEEDS	Nice weight in light colored effects—extra good width and reasonable priced—per yard.....	45
ALBERTA TWEEDS	Blue, grey, Oxford, fawn, brown and green colorings—good weight—great value at.....	50
SPRING SERGES	Light colored mixtures—very dainty, desirable cloth—all wool—we consider these very low priced at.....	45
POPLINS	A most popular corded cloth in several shades (fawn, red, blue, brown and grey)—a firm, close fabric, worth more than our price.....	50
HOMESPUNS	15 pieces spring-weight hoespuns, 36 yd., 5 pieces fancy mottled hoespuns at \$1.10 yd.—7 pieces very nice hoespuns at per yd.....	75
BLENNHEIM CLOTHS	Handsome sail-finished goods—guaranteed not to spot or injure by water—thoroughly shrunk—32 in. wide—price per yd.....	1.25
SAMPLES	Out of town customers can have samples mailed to them at any time—we guarantee satisfaction for all mail orders.	

New Idea patterns are perfect. We sell them at..... 12 1/2c each.

ROBERT WRIGHT & CO.
 BROCKVILLE.
 MAIL ORDERS FILLED

A NOTABLE DINNER

Continued from last week.

Continuing our biographical sketches of the old residents of Athens who took part in the dinner at the Gamble House on the sixth inst., we notice next in order—

Isaac Robeson, aged 84 yrs, who was born near Haye's corners (now Glen Buell), Elizabethtown township, Leeds county. When a small boy his father removed the family to a farm near Greenbush. Here he received the first rudiments of his education under Daniel Hutchison, who taught in a log school house on the farm of Samuel Olds. The seats in this primitive school house were made out of a slab split from a pine tree with legs made out of small saplings, and the beds and other trifling clothing were hung on whooping pegs around the room. He lived at home with his father until after he was 17 years of age, when he was sent to a farm near Philip Wing with whom he remained for a year. He never had a pair of leather boots until he was well up in his teens, and he often went out into the door yard to cut wood for the fire in winter, barefooted, and would stand on big chips and chip as long as he could stand the cold, then run in and get warm and go out and continue his work. Until he commenced to work for Mr. Wing, he never had a dollar that he could call his own and never wore anything but homespun clothes until he was over 21. His first purchase of property was the lot now occupied by Karley's hardware store. There was a blacksmith shop on the lot kept by Lemuel Cornell. When 26 years old he married Jane Witte and shortly afterwards removed to South Crosby where he settled on a farm near Elgin. Wishing to get back amongst his own and wife's people, he sold and bought the farm owned by Abram Palmer, about half a mile west of Athens, (then Farmersville), and lived there for over forty years. The farm was originally a small one but he kept adding an adjoining piece until he was owner of a farm of 350 acres.

He was one of the pioneer bee keepers of the province, and often could not tell how many swarms he had. One season he took off 1500 lbs. of honey, and in those days it was considered necessary to kill the bees before taking the honey from the hive. He used to make large quantities of beeswax from the bee made combs, which sold for a good price in those days to farmers' wives to wax the thread used in making the homespun garments for their families. He has known people to drive 20 miles to his place to procure a small piece of beeswax for that purpose. He also used to let out bees on shares, or "to double" as it was called in those days.

After living on the Palmer farm 40 years he rented it and bought James Bates farm near Elbe. The following year his wife died and he sold the farm to Ira Harper and removed to Athens where he has since resided for about 12 years. A few years ago, he sold the farm and invested in village property, owning at one time five houses and lots in the village.

Uncle Isaac is known far and wide as a compounder of roots and herbs, good for the ailments of man and beast, which have attained more than a local reputation. Dr. Addison used frequently to carry his medicines and prescribe them for his patients.

Mr. Robeson has been three times married. First, as above related, to Jane Witte, by whom he had three children—Florida married to DeJornia Wiltse, resides in Athens; Eliza Jane to Alex Stevens, Delta, the well known carriage manufacturer of that village; and Almron who now resides in Smith's Falls. His second wife was a daughter of Ben Culbert of Elbe, and the third, Mrs. Dunham, nee Miss Shipman, with whom he resides at his cozy residence on Wiltse Street.

He has been a member of the Methodist church for over 50 years and was a trustee of the M. E. church for over 25 years.

We regret to have to announce that owing to the continued indisposition of Dr. Addison, we are unable to glean any items for this article from him. We called at his home on Monday and Tuesday and found that, while he was resting comfortably, he was not feeling well enough to converse.

At the time of going to press this (Wednesday) afternoon, the condition of Henry O. Gordon, while slightly improved, is such as to cause grave doubts as to his recovery. We hope to be able to report him as much improved by next week.

OAK LEAF

Owing to the recent storms, our roads are in a deplorable condition and a few of our young men find some difficulty in extricating themselves from the snow banks.

Our school has been closed on account of the serious illness of our teacher's mother. Many hopes are entertained for a speedy recovery.

The "party" held in the Oak Leaf Hall by Messrs. Frye and Green was a decided success, dancing being indulged in until a late hour, when all departed with the hope of having the pleasure of again returning in the future.

That unwelcome "grippe" has been paying rather a prolonged visit to this community, as a large number is still on the sick list.

Mr. John Jacques has moved to Plum Hollow where he intends to follow the pursuits of farming, and Mr. E. Stevens intends occupying the house vacated.

Mr. George Robinson, a hero of the South African war, was noticeable at the Oak Leaf party.

Mr. W. Smith is rushing the Oak Leaf cheese factory to a completion and when finished it will be second to none.

Three silverware agents passed through here last week, and we must say that any one should not be without a good supply, as "It was at your own price."

AN INVERARY WEDDING.

Miss A. Holmes and T. Arthur Join Hands and Hearts.

From the White.

On Wednesday evening, Feb. 6th, the cosy home of J. N. Holmes, Inverary, was the scene of a happy event, the marriage of his daughter, Miss Anna Cecilia, to Thomas Arthur, one of Storrington's most popular and prosperous young men. The house was brilliantly illuminated, which, with a profusion of floral decorations and evergreens, imparted a midsummer air as the happy assemblage awaited the hour.

At 8 o'clock, Mrs. J. Ferguson took her place at the piano and the sweet strains of the wedding march called "attention," when the bride entered the parlor, leaning upon the arm of her father, who escorted her to her place under the floral arch, where the groom awaited her. The bride certainly looked most charming, attired in cream silk, trimmed with chiffon applique and ornaments. The travelling suit was of oxblood broadcloth. The bridesmaid was Miss Dora McCrea, Merrickville, who was dressed in silk organdie and looked very attractive. The groom was supported by Richard Arthur, Rev. G. C. Wood, Methodist pastor, pronounced the magic words that made them one for life.

The guests, numbering about seventy-five, repaired to the dining room where a sumptuous repast awaited them, and, having done ample justice to the many courses of delicacies, a pleasant hour was spent in converse, after which the happy couple, amidst a shower of rice and best wishes of the large assembly, left on an extended trip to western points. On their return Mr. and Mrs. Arthur will take up their residence at their beautiful home, "Bay View Cottage," Storrington Township.

The toasts, "The Bride," "The Bride-room," and "The Bride's Parents," were drunk and responded to in a very happy manner by Dr. Freeman, Rev. G. E. Wood, Mr. Holmes, Capt. Ferguson, Mr. Metcalfe and others.

The popularity of the bride and groom, the very high esteem in which she is held by all was attested by the large and valuable list of presents, many being sent by parties who could not attend in person. That of her father was a substantial one, viz.: a draft that will materially increase the bride's already ample bank account. After the departure of the bride and groom, music, singing and games made the hours pass rapidly and merrily until a late hour, when the party broke up.

The Athens Reporter joins with the many admiring friends of the bride in this vicinity in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Arthur bon voyage.

Our word for it.

The man in a suit of our Custom-made Clothes is trim. That expresses the perfection, neatness and style to which all men of taste aspire. You won't find any trimmer men than the men wearing our suits.



We give Trading Stamps.
M. J. KEHOE,
 Tel. 182. BROCKVILLE

LYN AGRICULTURAL WORKS

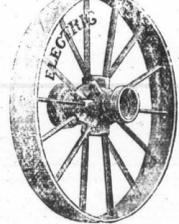
LAND ROLLERS
 The New Century Steel Roller. Heavy steel drums, steel axle, chilled bearings, balanced centre draft.
 Also the old reliable Paragon—wood drum roller, steel axle, chilled bearings—improved since last season.



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

STEEL TRUCK WHEELS

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



For further particulars and prices, address
A. A. McNish,
 BOX 52. LYN, ONT.

LEWIS & PATTERSON

BROCKVILLE

Linen Towel Sale!

Linen Towels that are good!

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

Just a few prices:

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

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

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

LEWIS & PATTERSON

DUNN & Co.

ROCKVILLES LEADING PHOTOGRAPHERS

CORNER KING AND COURT HOUSE AVENUE.

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

Latest American ideas at lowest prices.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

Just Arrived!

AT THE

MONTREAL - HOUSE

ATHENS

NEW DRESS GOODS,
 NEW PRINTS
 CARPETS
 SHAKER FLANNELS
 LACE CURTAINS
 BOOTS AND SHOES
 READY MADE CLOTHING

A choice lot of Chinaware at cost, to make room for spring goods. Silver Light Coal Oil at 20c per gallon. Best brooms in town for the money.

PHIL. WILTSE.

DELTA.

Mrs. (Rev.) Daniel Earl has returned from an extended visit with friends at Winchester.

Fred Wright is so far recovered from his attack of the grippe as to be around although not feeling himself yet.

Quite a number from here attended tea at W. H. Godkin's, Oak Leaf, last Tuesday night, and spent a very enjoyable evening.

E. A. Pierce, the tinsmith, has secured as apprentice Mr. Rob. Shaver of Brockville. We wish Rob good progress.

St. Valentine day was quiet here. Lots of people got valentines.

Robert Birch has returned home after visiting friends and reports dull business there.

Rufus I. Stevens has rented his farm to Geo. Burt, who had been occupying the Mattice farm, which will be run by Mr. William Thomas of Soperton.

If you want a good boot and durable boot, a stylish boot and cheap boot, go to Thomas Hazelton's, the old established shoe store. He has the largest and best stock in town to select from. No shoddy leather. He has all colors, all shapes, all sizes. Plough boots, \$1.00.

DAYTOWN.

The recent storms have made the roads almost impassable.

One day last week a hound of J. H. Wood's caught a fox. He would have got away but Leon Wood followed him and upon coming up with them found the dog and fox fighting. The fox having the best of it, as the dog was about tired out, but he soon dispatched him with a stick.

Geo. Hoffman has a hired man in the person of Jos. Russell.

Mrs. J. W. Jones of Frankville was the guest of her father and mother last week.

Mrs. Dorcas Day has gone on a visit to Jasper.

ELBE MILLS.

Wedding bells will soon ring.

Mrs. Charles Bates is on the sick list. Mr. and Mrs. Culbert are recovering from their recent illness.

Miss Ambra Jackson is visiting friends at Wiltstead.

Miss Grace Cornell is suffering from la grippe.

Miss Blanche Bates is spending a few weeks visiting friends in Lyn and Brockville.

THIS IS THE ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IN THE ORIGINAL COLLECTION

WHAT BECOMES OF ALL THE BIBLES?

The success of a widely read novel, such as "David Harum," invariably sets people talking about enormous sales, and paragraphs find their way into print recording the fact that so many thousands of copies have been sold. And we talk about it as though it were a nine days' wonder, totally unmindful of a book which has run through countless editions, and of which nearly 2,000,000 copies were printed in New York last year. That book is the Bible.

Of course everybody knows that more copies of the Bible have been printed and sold than of any other book, but few persons realize, or stop to think about it if they do, just to what extent the Bible is circulated. "What becomes of all the Bibles?" is a question that has never been satisfactorily solved. "What becomes of all the Bibles?" is one that is even more difficult of solution. A plain assumption infrequently mentioned compared with a bound book, and when one considers that the increased publication of Bibles is out of all proportion to the natural increase in population, one cannot help wondering what becomes of all of them.

It stands to reason that a great many copies find their way into the hands of foreign mission societies and are sent to the heathen of other lands. Possibly the proportion is one-half. But even then the balance for home consumption, if so purely mercantile a purchase may be permissible, is very considerable. One New York publishing house alone, the American Bible Society, issued during the last year 1,800,000 copies, of which a trifle more than half were sent abroad. And one year is very much like another in this respect. Times may be good or times may be bad, but the printing of the Scriptures goes on.

Now, what becomes of them all? One seldom discards a Bible, no matter how old or worn. The ordinary book, except to the bibliophile, is regarded as an article of commerce—something to buy and sell, something to read and enjoy, and then, if necessary demands, pass along to someone else may enjoy its benefits. If

LA GRIPPE'S RAVAGES.

A Campden Lady Cured of Its After Effects.

She Was Left Weak and Run Down, and Unable to Regain Her Strength Until She Used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

In the village of Campden, Ont., and throughout the surrounding country, there are few people better known or more highly esteemed than Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Albright. Mr. Albright has for many years filled the position of village postmaster, in addition to conducting a boot and shoe business. But it is with the postmaster's estimable wife that this article has chiefly to do, as it gives, practically in her own words, the particulars of her recovery from a severe illness through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. To a reporter who asked Mrs. Albright if she would consent to give the particulars of her illness and cure for publication, she said: "If you think my experiences will help some other sufferer, I am quite willing to give it, for I may tell you that I am a very enthusiastic admirer of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. For some years prior to the winter of 1898 I suffered with a lame back, which frequently prevented me from doing my household work. Later exposure to cold developed sciatica, and every movement of the body caused intense pain. In this way I passed several days and restless nights, until the winter of 1898, when my trouble was aggravated by an attack of la grippe. The first and most severe symptoms of this trouble, as you know, was that I was unable to get away, but it left me in a weak and depressed condition. I did not appear to be able to recover my strength; my appetite was very feeble; I was extremely nervous and my heart would palpitate painfully at the least exertion. I had been under a doctor's care, but did not recover my strength, and as a consequence I was much depressed in spirits. At this juncture a friend who called upon me advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I decided to follow the advice and procure a supply. To my gratification I felt an improvement in my condition almost from the outset, and after using the pills for a little over a month I was once more enjoying the best of health, every trace of the trouble that had afflicted me having disappeared. It is nearly three years since I used the pills and I have been well and strong ever since, and have the best of reason for ascribing my present good health to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a tonic and not a purgative medicine. They enrich the blood from the first dose—the last and thus bring health and strength to every organ in the body. The genuine pills are sold only in boxes with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," printed on the wrapper. If your dealer cannot supply you, send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

A friend should hear his friend's infirmities.—Julius Caesar, liv. 3. Dignity consists not in possessing things abundantly, but in not desiring them.—Aristotle.

Advertisement for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, highlighting its benefits for various ailments.

A QUARTETTE OF STORIES

Some years ago when the non-military side of the War Office was more powerful than it is at present, Gen. Buller was appointed quartermaster-general.

A small sum of under £20 was passed by him, the said sum to be expended in typewriters at a certain barracks. His order in due course came before a War Office clerk in some minor post, who marked it "F 17 considers this demand most unusual. Indeed he does not know what to say about it."

From vacillating F 17 the document passed to F 7, who in turn, expressed his disapproval and forwarded it to F 1, the Financial Secretary. Buller marched off to the Financial Secretary and gravely handed in his resignation.

"Dear me, this is most extraordinary," said the Financial Secretary. "You can't seriously mean, Sir, to resign because a clerk disapproves of a trifle like this?"

"Indeed, I do," answered the general. "And why?"

"Because I imagined that I was given the Q. M. G. as an experienced man, and if every little tuppenny-ha-penny clerk is going to be allowed to override me, I'm off."

WOMAN IN 100 YEARS.

This is what a writer in one of the English magazines predicts will be the state of affairs when another century rolls around.

"By that time women will be all six feet in height, many of them considerably over, while the average height of a man will be five feet nothing. Women will be strong and lusty; broad and heavy in build, and will be very proud of her large feet, thick wrists, powerful limbs and great muscular development, while men will have grown vain of their trimly-corseted waists, nice pink and white complexions and soft voices."

"Love will not have been completely done away with, though sentiment will have given way to common sense. Every woman will be required to marry and support two husbands, one of whom must be a useful, domesticated creature, capable of tending the children and looking after the household, while the other is away in the hunt for good money to keep the home together, and the other will be a better looking, and therefore, more ornamental creature (not a 'general utility' man like the 'housekeeper'), whose duties will be to act as companion or 'gentleman help' to the mistress and ruler of the mansion, and keep things up to the mark generally."

"Women a century hence will all wear 'bloomers,' both literally and figuratively speaking; any woman transgressing by appearing in a long-tailed skirt will be condemned to act as public street scavenger for as long a period as the local council shall determine. Women will also wear a monastic habit, the face of men will gradually become smooth. Cooks will no longer be at a premium, as tiny tabloids of food will take the place of the elaborate dishes of the past. We shall be able to get through a six-course dinner in about two minutes, a tabloid for each course, or, if we prefer it, we can have, instead, in part, a tabloid with everything compressed and condensed into one harmonious whole."

LOT OF THE TRAINED NURSE.

I Is Not One of Ease, But of Constant Toil and Vigilance.

The exacting demands made upon the trained nurse are little appreciated by the majority of people. While she receives good pay, she is fortunate enough to collect her bills—she earns every dollar of it, and more, too. A serious case, where great responsibility rests upon her, is a great drain upon the vital energies of the nurse, and at its ending she must often take an enforced rest of more or less duration. No woman, who is strong, can pursue so arduous a calling without now and again intervals of rest, and although her wages at first sight appear high (from \$20 to \$25 a week, often in a heavy drain on her employers), yet when one considers the many weeks in the year when the nurse must rest, it brings down the sum to a moderate weekly average. And she cannot, during her life, unless exceptionally strong, through a very long term of years, Twenty-five years of nursing will sap the vitality of most and leave them, in many cases, unable to do a complete breakdown, with but \$200 between herself and charity, and is therefore obliged to struggle on when she should be resting. It is the old story, so common in all lives, of relatives who needed her help and of her giving everything she could spare to them. Now they were all dead and she left with nothing but a ruined health. It was self-sacrificing to give, but she also had a duty toward herself, and had she constantly saved a little toward the time when she would need it sorely she would not have been left in such cruel poverty. The correspondent took it for a text which her fellow-nurses should take to heart, and for herself she suggested the "probable rainy day. There are safe investments, United States bonds, savings banks, life insurance endowment policies, etc., which you can avail yourself of, and it is her duty to do it. Better have fewer pleasures, plainer clothes now, with a blessed certainty of bread and butter by and by. One should not be mean, but should also save.—Chicago Chronicle.

Catarrah Philanthropy.

Which means, do good as well as get good. This is how it operates: Pearl Lake Mill, Que., August, 1900. "Enclosed find \$6.00; send six outfits to friends" as follows—"A short time ago I wrote you for an outfit for Mr. Liberge, but I forgot that now part with it for twice its value. I cured one in Montreal, having been informed of your remedy by my father. It has acted wonderfully in Nussal Catarrah of long standing. Thos. Sissons. Mr. Sissons says a great deal more, but when a man sends for six outfits of Catarrah, that means there is a bushel of words. Such need stand for conviction that he has discovered a remedy of superlative value. Druggists all sell Catarrah. Ask them to show it to you; ask them to let you try it. We will send it to you for \$1.00, or a sample for 10c. N. C. Tolson & Co., Kingston, Ont., Hartford, Conn.

Mrs. Gibbs—Your son is in college? Mrs. Malaprop—Oh, yes, yes; he's been there two years. His name is what they call the ayacomo class now."

A LITTLE RAPIDS SENSATION.

A Very Sick Man Made Very Well in a Very Short Time.

The Case of D. Haight is an Interesting Story of How a Despairing Invalid Finally Gained Health and Strength Through the Use of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Little Rapids, Algoma, Ont., Feb. 18.—(Special).—Most of the inhabitants of this district are constantly exposed to inclement weather and extremes of heat and cold, with a result that very many have contracts chronic kidney disease, lame back and rheumatism are to be found among our people. Mr. D. Haight is one of those who have been the victims of dread torture of chronic kidney disease.

For four years he has suffered. He has tried every prescription, patent medicine and home remedy that has been suggested to him or advertised, but all to no purpose. Mr. Haight enumerates at least a dozen disagreeable doses which he has forced down his throat in the hope of getting some relief, but all in vain. Some of these would help him for a time, but very soon the pain would return with renewed vigor to torture him.

At last some one suggested that he try Dodd's Kidney Pills. He had tried so many medicines that he had very little faith, but at the suggestion of his friends he bought and used a box. He commenced to improve from the first dose, and gained steadily as the treatment continued, till finally every vestige and symptom of his old enemy had disappeared, and he was as well man. This is over a year ago and Mr. Haight has had no return or sign of the old trouble.

COMEDY AT THE FRONT DOOR.

Amusing Inquiries Overheard by the Casual Wayfarer.

Some of the overheard colloquies on the doorsteps of New York mansions are very amusing, says the New York Tribune. "Is your mistress in?" asked a carriage footman of an indoor footman, with familiar familiarity, while his mistress sat in unsuspecting slumber in her vicarage. "No, she isn't," answered the other, with a grin. "Well, I'm glad, and you're glad, and missus in the carriage is glad," exclaimed the facetious footman.

"Miss B— at home?" inquired a man of the new butler. "Are you Mr. X—?" queried the servant, half opening the door. "No, my name is Smith," said the caller. "Then she isn't at home," was the unblinking answer.

67 Show

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

To be conquered by ignorant tongues in the rough trade that virtue must go through—Simpson. It cannot be too often repeated that it is not helps, but obstacles; not facilities, but difficulties, that make men.—W. Matthews. "Well, said the patient man, "all things come to him who waits." "Yes," replied the other; "but the trouble is that starvation is one of the first things to come." My work, however small, is God's special call. To me, a voice divine.—Antoinette Van Hoosen. Maude—He kissed me, the insulting creature! Esther—A kiss is not necessarily an insult. Maude—Oh, it wasn't the kiss I complained of. He had the insolence to say he didn't mean to do it.—Boston Transcript.

Establishing a Motive.

"I will ask you now," the attorney for the prosecution said to the witness, "if the defendant in this case confessed to you his motive in shooting the deceased?" "How on?" interrupted the attorney for the defence. "I object!" "I only want to find out whether—" "I object!" (Legal wrangle for half an hour.) "The witness may answer," ruled the judge. "Now, then, sir, I will ask you again. Did or did not the prisoner confess to you his motive in shooting the deceased?" "He did." "What was it?" "He wanted to kill him."—London King.

CONFIDENCE IN THE KING.

Nothing to Fear With Regard to the Future.

While we cannot estimate the life-work of Queen Victoria for humanity, we can, at any rate, come to this conclusion, and are justified in doing so. I think—that while great benefactors of the human race have arisen, and while great benefactors have passed her era have been full of prosperity and advancement, so far as the British people are concerned, at any rate, and while history furnishes many instances for the lives and work of men and women which have been of the greatest possible advantage to humanity, we can reasonably believe and believe that since the creation of the world no human being has lived upon this earth from whose acts and love and personality have come out so much of good to all the great Queen of the world, the great Monarch whose loss we so deeply deplore. I think respect all nations have joined together.

So we say, then, that while we sorrow, our sorrow is not without its silver lining. We say that while we sorrow for the remembrance of the great Victoria, who has gone, at while we realize that the great qualities which she brought to bear on the exercise of her public duty brought more clearly into view her virtues as a woman, a wife and a mother, we can face the future with equality. Therefore, we say we greet King Edward, offering him our condolences, as expressed by the motion, and we say that we have nothing to fear for the future under the reign of a man, like himself, of great heart, of great knowledge of the world, and with that infinite tact which was a remarkable attribute of his lamented mother. With a man possessed of these qualities coming to the throne, as he has come, all the circumstances point to a wise and prosperous reign.

One of the ablest men in the United States today, a man who occupies a high position in public life there, and one who has had many opportunities of gauging the qualities of the ruler of Great Britain and Ireland, has declared him to be one of the wisest, if not the wisest, of the public men of Europe. If that be true, then we believe it to be true, then we here, as his subjects, realize what the testimony means as coming from such a source, and also as given by His Majesty himself a few days ago, when he declared that he proposed to follow the example of his mother as long as breath remained in his body, and did not hesitate to express his determination for the future in his solemn Anglo-Saxon way. We then, may I say, feel confident that in looking forward to the future we shall have nothing to fear in a constitutional sense, and all signs may be considered as pointing to a wise and prosperous reign.—Mr. Whitney in the Legislature.

Quite Different.

She—Do you remember the first quarrel you had with your wife? He—Distinctly. "What was it about?" "Oh, about a kiss." "When?" "Yes." "But doesn't she like kissing?" "Oh, yes." "Why, then, did she object?" "It was kissing another woman."—Yonkers Statesman.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for anyone that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him. Great Western, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WARD, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting on the mucous surface of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c, per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Thatched Cottages Disappearing.

Gradually and too surely the old thatched cottages of England are going. Where the thatch exists slate is not substituted for it; it is replaced when necessary with straw or reeds, more commonly with the former. But where a thatched cottage tumbles to pieces or is burnt, the new one coming to its place is given a slate roof, writes an English correspondent. Large numbers of the old cottages, with the wooden beams amid their beams and the thatched roofs, are destroyed by fire. There is little chance of stopping a fire when it has laid hold of the wood or the thatch.

Nerviline a King of Pain.

Nerviline is a combination of the most potent pain curing substances known to medical science. It represents the latest discoveries in the healing art so concentrated that one drop of Nerviline is equal in pain-subduing power to five drops of any other. For Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Cramps, Pain in the Back, its action is rapid and certain. Sure to cure. Your money back if you do not find it so. Druggists sell it.

She—I see there was a girl married in New York recently who was only 13 years old. Don't you think it's wrong for girls to marry before they reach the age of discretion? He—Gracious, no. I wouldn't have them remain single all their lives.

ISSUE NO. 8, 1901.

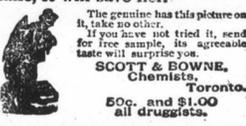
Pity and Beauty

The most beautiful thing in the world is the baby, all dimples and joy. The most pitiful thing is that same baby, thin and in pain. And the mother does not know that a little fat makes all the difference.

Dimples and joy have gone, and left hollows and fear, the fat, that was comfort and color and curve—all but pity and love—is gone.

The little one gets no fat from her food. There is something wrong; it is either her food or food-milk. She has had no fat for weeks; is living on what she had stored in that plump little body of hers; and that is gone. She is starving for fat; it is death, be quick!

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is the fat she can take; it will save her.



Men Make Money.

By devoting a part of their time handling FROST FENCE AND GATES. Agents wanted in all unoccupied territory. The FROST WIRE FENCE CO. Ltd., Westland, Ont.



CLOTHES WASHER

Sent on Trial at wholesale price. If not satisfactory money refunded. Guaranteed to run easier and do better work than any other machine on the market. Good machine for agents to handle. Big money made. Thousands in use. For terms and prices address STANDARD SUPPLY CO., Hamilton, Ont.

DROPSY

Treated Free. We have made dropsy and its complications a specialty for twenty years. Quick relief. Guaranteed. Complete stock of TESTIMONIALS and 10 DAYS treatment FREE. DR. H. H. GREEN'SONS, BOX 6 ATLANTA, GA.

BIG STRAWBERRIES.

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

WANTED-AGENTS IN EVERY TOWN

In Canada to sell made-to-measure clothing, good commissions, full particulars. Crown Clothing Co., McKinnon Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

AGENTS—THE QUEEN IS DEAD! EVERY

loyal Canadian will want a "Life of Queen Victoria." We will have the biggest, cheapest and best. A bright, authentic new book now being prepared by a distinguished Canadian author. Complete canvassing outfit mailed for 10c. Extra liberal terms. McLeod & Logan, London, Ont.

ENGINEERS, FIREMEN, MACHINISTS

and electricians—new 40-page pamphlet containing questions asked by Examining Board of Engineers sent free. Geo. A. Zeller, Publisher, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A. Please mention this paper.

ACTION SALE—FRUIT FARM, 100

acres; noon, Saturday, 18th March, 1901, 11, Hebecon street, Hamilton; farmhouse and cottage, bank barn, good water, Winona station G. T. R. Martin & Martin, Hamilton.

FRUIT FARM FOR SALE—ONE OF THE

finest in the Niagara Peninsula, at Winona, 10 miles from Hamilton on two rail-ways, 120 acres in all, 35 of which is in fruit, mostly peaches. Will be sold in one or divided into lots of 15 to 20 acres to suit purchasers. This is a decided bargain. Address Jonathan Carpenter, P. O. box 409, Winona, Ontario.

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

Advertisement for St. Lawrence Sugar Refinery, featuring granulated sugar and golden yellows.

How You Can Win Out

What Is Going to Happen to All Those People Who Are Truly Righteous.

Washington Report—There is great solace in this discourse of Dr. Talmage for those who live with many anxieties. Text, Isaiah III, 10: "Say ye to the righteous that it shall be well with him."

cannot fly so high as not to have it in the nostril or under wing. And what influence of sunlight! No one but the infinite God could dispense so much of it. The golden candlestick set on the blue mantle of the heavens! So great that the Almighty is compared to it, the psalmist crying out: "The Lord God is a sun."

SUNDAY SCHOOL INTERNATIONAL LESSON NO. VIII FEBRUARY 24, 1901.

Jesus in Gethsemane.—St. Matthew 26. Commentary—After they had left the upper room Matthew records that Jesus took them to the garden all that night he offered because of him, whereupon Peter, with great boldness, said: "Though all men shall be offended because of Thee, yet will I never be offended."

The Markets

Following are the closing quotations of important wheat centres today—

Tired of the Queen. New York Authoress Wants a Fresh Subject. SHE ADMIRE THE BOERS. The New York Herald says: Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, widow of Colonel Cruger, of this city, and known in the world of letters as "Julian Gordon," returned to New York yesterday, after a two years' absence.

World's Wheat Shipments. The local market for Manitoba wheat remains quiet for lack of supplies to trade in. Prices are kept high in comparison with outside markets and demand is extremely limited.

PRESENTS FOR HIS WIFE.

The Worm's Story of How He Finally Came to Turn.

"Hello, old man! What have you in all those bundles?" asked a gay, airy young bachelor of a careworn, solemn looking young man as they met in a suburban railway train.

"Presents for my wife," was the sentimental reply. "It's her birthday."

"Well, what are you bringing your wife in that package from your tailor's?" gayly pursued the bachelor. "Trousers," was the answer.

"What?" "Yes, I repeat—trousers. Just you listen. On my birthday my wife got me three or four beautiful lace handkerchiefs, such as women carry at afternoon teas and such places, and a black velvet hat with high feathers, one of the three story kind that obstruct your view of the stage in the theater. They looked mighty well on her, and she asked me if I wasn't having a nice birthday."

"Well, I didn't mind that very much, but when Christmas came I got another deal of the same sort. I gave my wife a pretty gold ring. She gave me a turquoise ring too small to go over any of my knuckles, and she wears it now next to the one I gave her. But that wasn't the worst of it. She got her sister to give me some after dinner coffee cups and my sister to make me a lot of lace dollies. That was all I got for Christmas."

"Tomorrow is my wife's birthday. In this package I am bringing her a pair of trousers which I had made to my measure and which I shall wear. In this parcel is a pair of the very best patent shoes, size 8 1/2, a good deal too big for my wife; in this package is a box of cigars, and in my pockets I have a new meerschaum pipe and a packet of tobacco. Now, I don't see how she can fail to have a happy birthday. Do you? I hope she'll enjoy it, for I want to get even for all the pretty things she has given me."—London Tit-Bits.

THEY WERE ALL SCARED.

A Case of Highway Robbery With a Peculiar Ending.

What the hero of this story kicks about is the fact that his wife forgot her sacred vow never to say anything regarding it. His business keeps him out late, and he frequently carries considerable money. When footpads are reported in evidence, he gets as near home as he can by street car and then takes the best lighted route to his house.

One night he had reached the front of his own place and had just drawn a long sigh of relief when the order "Hands up!" startled him into compliance. One man held a gun in the immediate neighborhood of his ear and another systematically robbed him of everything worth carrying off. The order then was about to walk around the block so as to defer the use of his telephone, and it was clearly stated that any attempt to turn back, run or call for help would result in his being assassinated.

Before he reached the corner it struck him that the voice of one of the men sounded familiar and then that its owner was a near neighbor greatly given to practical joking. Back he went on tiptoes, his revolver in his right hand, and surprised the footpads as they were dividing the spoils. He made them lay everything on the walk, and when they straightened up awaiting the next order he discovered that both were total strangers. His hand dropped from sheer terror, and then the robbers ran one way, while he sprinted the other. Half an hour later he, his wife and a lantern, a revolver and the hired girl went out and found his money, watch, papers and diamond pin. His wife simply ruined the story by telling it first.

A Clever Canary.

A lady who had lost a canary happened to be attracted by a bird that was hopping about in its cage in the front window of a house in New York. Thinking that it looked very like her own, she knocked at the house door and asked a few questions about it. She was told that it had been found one cold morning sitting on the window sill and was taken in and cared for. The lady said her bird could perform the pretty feat of picking up a pin and sticking it in the carpet. Being allowed to test this bird, the cage door was opened and a pin thrown on the floor. The canary at once flew down to it, picked it up in its bill and cleverly stuck it upright in the carpet, after which it burst into song, as if rejoicing at its success. The folk of the house, believing the lady had proved her ownership of the bird, permitted her, says Little Folks, to take the songster away to her home.

On the Edge.

A little boy fell out of the bed at his home in Idlewild some nights ago, and when his mother and some of the other members of the family teased him about it he felt very much as if he had done something disgraceful and cried as if his little heart would break. His mother saw that she was on the wrong tack, so she ceased to tease him and made the others quit doing so and made a show of sympathy by asking: "My child, how on earth did you come to fall out of bed?" "I don't know, mother," he replied, "unless I went to sleep right where I got in."

Pocketed the Inuit.

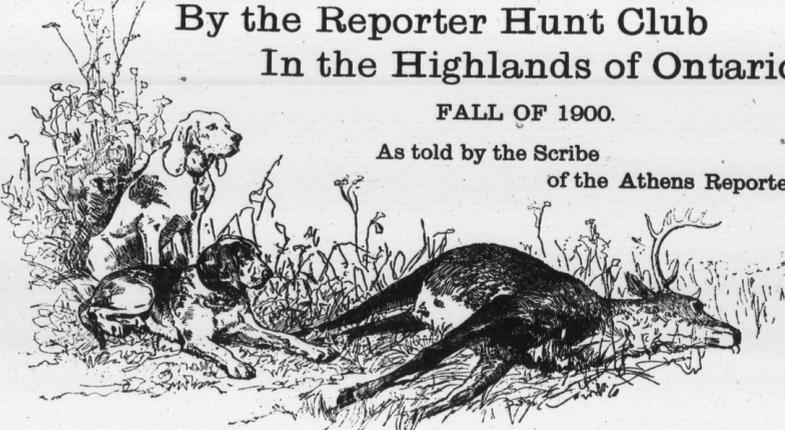
At the close of a performance given as a benefit to John Brougham, the actor and dramatist, one of the audience threw upon the stage a purse of gold. Brougham picked it up and after examining it said, "Ladies and gentlemen, circumstances compelled me to pocket the result of this evening's grift. But should like to see the man who would dare to pocket it."

STORY OF THE HUNT

By the Reporter Hunt Club In the Highlands of Ontario

FALL OF 1900.

As told by the Scribe of the Athens Reporter



The boys gathered at camp at an early hour that evening, the cook having secured a fine mess of fish, which he told them would be served up in his best style for supper. Len had a particular aversion to pike, suckers or cat fish, and the Scribe decided to work a practical joke at his expense. Amongst the catch of the morning was an immense mullet, and the two decided to cook up a good portion of it for Len's special benefit. The fish was nicely cleaned and cooked to a beautiful brown, and as Len always sat in a seat the most convenient to the cook, he was served with several large chunks from the first pan full. The Scribe was assisting the butler for the occasion

how scattered sage brush breaking the barrenness of the ground in the openings. The scene that met his gaze was a pretty one, as he stood and looked upon the many striking varieties of rock and foliage, and being a lover of the beautiful in nature he felt content to stand and enjoy it, and was in no hurry to hear the hounds on the trail. To heighten the effect, one of those big red headed wood peckers, peculiar to that locality, hammered away on the trunk of an old pine in front of him, while a busy little chick a dog bobbed from limb to limb and sang its pretty notes, and a red squirrel jumped from bough to bough and chattered a well come to his new and strange looking vis-

hunter, it seemed as if its eyes began to grow bigger and brighter. The hounds were still crying their melody, the chick a dees were singing their simple songs, and the wood pecker was hammering away on the stub in the distance. Fred says he did not tremble and that he could have raised his gun and killed the buck, but for the moment he had no desire to either shoot or kill. He was looking at a picture which filled him with a most delightful feeling, and why should he destroy it? He would drink as much of the beauty before and around him as he could, and when the scene should fade and the sounds die away, there would still be left a memory which



and handed the frying pan containing the bass to the others. Len was loud in praise of the savory suppy dished out to him and soon called for more. The boys managed to keep their faces straight until they thought Len had a sufficient quantity devoured, when Ed, innocently asked for a piece of mullet. "Just to try its flavor." The cook explained that Len had such a liking for that kind of fish that he had taken all he had cooked. The look on Len's face was a mingled one of disgust and anger, but when he saw the whole gang were in the plot he wisely curbed his anger, but pitched what remained to the dogs.

Early next morning the camp was astir. The hunt was again located

tor. There is an awful stillness in those northern woods on bright days in the verge of winter, and the smallest sound produces an effect that is startling. The wood pecker seemed to make more noise than a dozen men chopping wood, and the chick-a-dee to make as much fuss as an ocean company. Presently, Fred heard the hounds nearly a mile away and in a few minutes they opened into as grand a chorus as man ever listened to. The distance took the rough edges of the notes of the dogs, so that nothing except the expressive bugling, mellowed down by the reverberating hills, fell like a sweet lullaby on the ears of the expectant watcher. Fred stood and listened to the varied music of his surroundings,

would live. He would have a picture in the gallery of memory which would always be a pleasure, imprinted with more minuteness of detail than even the scene as above reproduced by the Reporter's artist. The truth of the matter was that Fred had a very severe attack of buck fever, and in confidence he asked the Scribe not to mention the matter to the boys until they were out of camp, at least. A big buck was passed to Geo. M's credit as the result of the day's work, and the men decided to have a hunt on the hills opposite the camp the next day, and then break camp and start for home. Ed, put out the dogs and got a start but the deer took off to another lake and the race was lost.

In the afternoon, while the boys were out on the hills in search of partridge, the Scribe and cook took a tramp out in the direction taken by "Ponto," a borrowed dog which had gone off a few days before and had not returned. They went across the lake and followed an old lumber road for several miles but got no trace of the lost dog. Charlie had taken a couple of dogs along with him and they soon started game but led off to the lake to which the lost dog was supposed to have gone, and the boys hoped that the two dogs might get together and return to camp. Along in the night the dogs returned to shore but no stray dog was with them.

The pen sketch out shows the camp and part of the game hung up. It was a beautiful location, but not near as easy and comfortable as the log cabin at Lah-no-o-tah lake where the party had hunted for the past three years.



down the lake and the men were assigned their old watches, with the exception of Fred, who, the president was anxious should have an opportunity to get his full quota of game. He was sent to the hills commanding a runaway before. His stand or watch was on a beautiful little plateau with high precipitous cliffs on two sides and an open space, over which the deer must come, directly in front. He was standing just on the edge of a small thicket and behind an immense pine stub, with a

leaning his weight on his trusty Winchester, totally oblivious of his duty as a watcher for game, when a large deer came out of the wood and moved along at a slow pace until near the centre of the plateau. The instant he suspected the presence of an enemy (either by sight or smell) he bounded into the air and struck the ground in the open, turning his head full upon Fred, and stood like a statue. It was the deer's startled leap that aroused Fred from his reverie, and when it turned its head and gazed full into the eyes of the

Scribe in bulk—direct from Baltimore—E. D. Wilson & Son.

Sneeze and Blow.

That is what you must do when you have catarrh in the head. The way to cure this disease is to purify the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine soothes and heals the inflamed surfaces, rebuilds the delicate tissues and permanently cures catarrh by expelling from the blood the scrofulous taints upon which it depends. Be sure to get Hood's. The non-irritating cathartic—Hood's Pills.

ZEB WAS IN A HOLE.

HE WENT AFTER WHISKY AND FOUND A BIG BEAR.

The Old Possum Hunter Tells How It Came to Pass That He Developed a Most Wonderful Interest in Noah and the Animals in the Ark.

[Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.]

"Jest befo' the revenue fellers captured the last moonshine still around yere," said the old possum hunter of Tennessee, "we had fo'teen kegs of whisky in the shaft of an old iron mine on the side of the mountain. That shaft was 20 feet deep and grown about by bushes. Arter the whisky had staid thar over two years it was planned fur me to take it out and sell it and divide up the money. The old woman knew of the plant, but I wasn't goin to say nuthin 'bout my gettin the kegs out. She was reckonin all along that some one else would do that. One afternoon I driv the mule and cart as nigh the place as I could, and along 'bout two hours arter nightfall I says to the old woman:

"'If yo' don't consider to object, I reckon I'll go over and see Dan Skinner this evenin. Dan is feelin peekish and lonesome, and likely we'll hev a game of checkers to brighten him up.' "But I do object," she says. 'I was reckonin to sing some hymns tonight



"THE BEAR WAS THAR."

while yo' played the fiddle. I also want to talk to yo' 'bout Noer and his ark."

"I've got a sore thumb and can't fiddle, and, as fur Noer, he will keep till some other time. Nuthin roushin 'bout Noer."

"With that she turns on me and looks me squar in the face, and arter a minit she says:

"Zeb White, don't yo' go to foolin with Noer and his ark or sunthin powerful bad will come out of it. Dan Skinner may feel peekish, or he may be dyin, but what we wants to know is how all them critters found their way into the ark. How did it happen that the hens didn't eat up the tater bugs while they was walkin together?"

"'Dunno.' "Why didn't the foxes eat all the hens?"

"'Dunno.' "Why didn't the b'ars eat the pigs?"

"'Dunno.' "Of co'se yo' don't, and that's why I want yo' to squat right down yere with me and try and figger it out. I shan't never be satisfied to die till I find out how the elephants and hosses and cattle managed to git into that ark without treadin on the sarprints and bugs."

"I seen that her jaw was sot fur a row," continued Zeb, "but I had sold that whisky and must git it out that night, and so I told her I'd go along over to Skinner's and put in the next two nights with her on Noer. She looked at me ag'in, but didn't say nuthin till I was on the doahstep. Then she p'inted her finger at me and said: 'Go right along, Zeb White, but if the Lawd don't dun git yo' into a heap of trouble over it then I don't know cheestnuts from punkins!'

"I hurried off without sayin anything back and half an hour later was bringin up the kegs. It was dod rotted b'ness. I had to slide down a rope, bitch on to a keg and then climb up and pull the keg arter me. Ought to had a nigger to help me, but thar wasn't one around to trust. I'd got up fo' kegs all right and was comin up to pull the fifth one up when sunthin happened. Jest as I was nearin the top of the hole I heard a growl and a 'whoof' and a big b'ar made a stroke at my head with his paw. I was thar durn skeered that I jest let go and drapped to the bottom of the shaft and got a jar that made my bones ache fur a week."

"What they calls the situashun was this: I was down in a hole and a b'ar was waitin fur me to come up and do bizness with him. Yo' kin see that the pesky varmint had all the advantage. He could smash my skull with one blow of his paw as my head come within reach. I yelled and hollered at him, thinkin to skeer him away, but he looked over the edge of the hole at me and growled and sniffed and seemed minded to fall on top of me. It wasn't five minits befo' I wished I was home talkin 'bout Noer, but wishin was no good. I kept quiet fur two or three hours and then started to climb up. The b'ar was thar. He was thar at midnight and sunrise, and I'm tellin yo' that he was thar at noon and at fo' o'clock in the arternoon. The shaft was as dry as a bone, and I was 'thirsty 'nuff to drink swamp water. The way things was fixed that b'ar could keep me down thar till I perished, and when he appeared as if he was like to do it I felt that I hadn't used my old woman right and wanted to ask her to forgive me. 'Bout fo' o'clock, while I was keepin mighty quiet, I hears a rifle shot above, and directly arterward a human face looks down

on me. It was the old woman's. She drew the rope up beyond my reach and then called down:

"'Is anybody down thar vlatin Dan Skinner who feels peekish and wants to play checkers?"

"'If yo'll lemme up, I'll ax yo'r pardon,' says I.

"'Mebbe that voice belongs to Zeb White?"

"'She do.' "And mebbe his sore thumb has got well so that he kin fiddle?"

"'She has.' "Then we'll hev some fiddlin and singin."

"And with that she lowers the fiddle by a string, and as soon as I got tuned up she began singin and kept it up fur an hour. Then she calls down:

"'Zeb, what about Noer and his ark?"

"'I'm willin to talk,' says I.

"'How long will yo' talk?"

"'All the rest of the fall and winter. 'Peared to me when yo' spoke of it last evenin that I didn't keer much 'bout Noer and his ark, but I'm findin out that I take a heap of interest in 'em. I'm willin to sit up all night and try to figger out 'bout the hens and tater bugs."

"'Then mebbe yo'd better come up,' says she, and she draps the rope fur me to climb by. I never felt so glad in my life as when I got out and seen a dead b'ar thar. I wanted to gin the old woman a kiss, but she waves me off and says:

"'Don't yo' be in sich a hurry, Mr. White. Arter yo' hev ate and drank and slept, and arter we've put in 'bout fo' weeks figgerin on Noer, we'll see 'bout the kissin bizness. Chuck them kegs back into the hole, load up the b'ar, and we'll go home.'" M. QUAD.

BET ON ALL THREE.

A Brilliant Scheme With Which to Beat the Shell Game.

When Herr Hopf and his little blue pitcher appeared in the corner exchange, there was quite a crowd. Among them was a man with three walnut shells and a pea.

"I've been losing at all the fairs," said the shell man, "but just to show my generosity I am willing to lose again. I bet any man a dollar that he can't pick out the shell that the pea is under."

Herr Hopf fished a bright silver dollar from his pocket.

"I bet voice too."

The shell man arranged the shells, and the Teuton lifted one. Of course it was empty.

"You lose!"

"Vonce again, yah!"

There was a quick movement, and Herr Hopf saw the pea slide under the shell. He lifted that one, but it was empty.

"Is der a limit?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I bet on each shell."

He placed a dollar on each of the three shells.

"Now, I can't lose."

"You are right!" And the dealer again arranged the shells. The Teuton picked up two empty shells and found the pea under the third.

"I vin."

"You win!" And the shell man took in the \$3 and handed the winner \$2.

"I vin vonce again."

There was a movement of shells, and again the dealer took in \$3 and gave Herr Hopf \$2. Then some one whistled, and the shell man vanished through the door.

"I vin steady. He vas blay no more," and even missing the dollars could not convince Herr Hopf that he had not been winning.

The Government's Building.

The Government buildings at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo are being built by Rasmussen & Strehlow of Omaha. The contract calls for a group of three buildings connected by curved arcades. The main structure is to be 400 by 150 feet, with a dome 250 feet high, and the smaller buildings each 150 feet square. All departments of the government will make up to date exhibits, which the members of the Government board are now busy collecting and getting into shape.

"A Word to the Wise is Sufficient."

But some stubborn people wait until "down sick" before trying to ward off illness or cure it. The wise recognize in the word "Hood's" assurance of health.

For all blood troubles, scrofula, pimples, as well as diseases of the kidneys, liver and bowels, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the effective and faultless cure.

Blood Purifier.—I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla, and find it beneficial for myself and baby. It purifies the blood and strengthens the system." Mrs. Henry Wall, Clinton, Ont.

Strength Builder.—"Myself, wife and children have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and it strengthened us. It relieved me of a lame back." David McGowan, caretaker, Cott Institute, Galt, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound

Is successfully used monthly by over 100,000 Ladies. Safe, effective. Ladies ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. It does it. I feel that I hadn't used my old woman right and wanted to ask her to forgive me. 'Bout fo' o'clock, while I was keepin mighty quiet, I hears a rifle shot above, and directly arterward a human face looks down

Wool's Phospholine is sold in Athens by J. P. Lamb & Son.

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WE HAVE NO ROOM FOR IDLERS.

We have no room also in our store for shop-worn goods. We please our customers in styles and prices.

M. SILVER,

West Corner King and Buell Sts., BROCKVILLE

P. S.—Your money will get you more style, comfort, and durability in Boots, Shoes and Rubbers here than elsewhere.

THE Athens Hardware Store



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

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\$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE OR \$1.25 NOT PAID IN THREE MONTHS. No paper will be stopped until all arrears are paid except at the option of the publisher. A post office notice of discontinuance is not sufficient unless a settlement to date has been made.

ADVERTISING.

Business notices in local or news columns 10c per line for first insertion and 5c per line for each subsequent insertion. Professional Cards, 5 lines or under, per year, \$3.00; over 5 and under 12 lines, \$4.00. Legal advertisements, 5c per line for first insertion and 3c per line for each subsequent insertion. A liberal discount for contract advertisement. Advertisements sent without written instructions will be inserted until forbidden and charged full time. All advertisements measured by a scale of solid nonpareil—12 lines to the inch.

Local Notes

Dyspepsia is difficult digestion due to the absence of the natural digestive fluids. Hood's Sarsaparilla restores the digestive powers.

Attention is directed to the new advertisement of Chas. Buell and son, bakers, confectioners, and fruit dealers, Main Street Brockville, which appears in top corner of first page. They are calling attention to their facilities for getting up bride and wedding cakes of all descriptions. They are a reliable firm and guarantee satisfaction on all orders.

The delegation appointed to wait on the shareholders of the Farmersville Plank Road met them on Friday last in the office of E. J. Reynolds, Brockville. The shareholders wanted \$3,000 and the delegation proposed \$2,500. The shareholders afterwards proposed a compromise of \$2,750, which offer will be submitted to the councils of the different municipalities at their meeting in March.

FRONT OF YONGE.

A very large funeral took place in Mallorytown on last Saturday, that of Joseph Calwell who was killed in Montreal while shunting cars in the yard of the G. T. R.

Mr. Flood, who carries the mail from Caintown, Ballycanoe, and Junetown, is having a pretty hard time climbing the snow banks, mountain high.

Parties sending us news for the paper should hand it in not later than Saturday, in order to secure its insertion.

Many of the farmers in Junetown will sell off all their fine stock of cows this spring, and sell their feed.

Mr. Charles Tennant supplies the wood for our factory for \$60.00.

We have not as yet heard who would be our lucky enumerator for this township in taking the census for 1901. Whoever he may be should be a smart, active man and of good ability.

PHILLIPSVILLE.

Mrs. A. Warren went to Mr. Albert Gile's on Sunday last to assist in waiting on Mr. Gile's mother, an aged woman who has been in poor health the most of the winter.

Very many people are down with the gripe. There is not a home that has not one or more and some of them very seriously gripped.

A load of friends from Plum Hollow were visiting at J. W. Halladay's last Sunday.

Mrs. Marshall has moved from Morris-town, N. Y., into Henry Beach's farm house.

P. A. Alford is practicing his trotting stock and breaking colts these days.

Elisha Stevens was obliged to kill that great trotting mare, Nellie Brook-er, she having put her hip out of joint.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Stevens opened their cozy home one evening last week to a party of young people. They report having a good time.

A. E. Whitmore who has been under the weather since Xmas time, is able to be down in the store again. The gripe got hold of him some two weeks ago and held him down for some time.

Chester Haskins is in poor health.

A. Denny is laid up with a lame back.

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kennedy, last Friday evening, a very pleasant time was spent in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of their wedded life. The children and the invited guests numbered about 40. The dining room was lit up by 50 tallow candles, one for each year of their life, also to show the light of other days before coal oil or gas came into use. Dinner was served at 8 o'clock and tea at 1 o'clock Saturday morning. The many and valuable presents were

received by the guests. Among them there was a heavy oak upholstered chair and ten dollars in gold, silver ware, china and earthen ware, fancy dishes, pair of gold-bowed glasses, and a pattern of dress goods for Mrs. Kennedy. The united ages of the old couple is one hundred and forty eight years. May they live long to enjoy their long wedded life.

MONTREAL, Dec. 1900. To the Public:—Your druggist is hereby authorized to refund the purchase price on a twenty five or fifty cent bottle of Green's Warranted Syrup of Tar, if it fails to cure your cough or cold. (Signed) THE LESTER H. GREENE CO.

Salt Rheum Cured Quick.—Dr. Agnew's Ointment cures salt rheum and all itching or burning skin diseases in a day. One application gives almost instant relief. For Itching, Blind, or Bleeding Piles it stands without a peer. Cures in three to six nights.—35 cents, 151

Miserable Folks could trace both state of mind and body to some one or other form of stomach disorder. Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablet is a "vest pocket" remedy that nature provides and that medical science has proved a wonder in preventing and curing stomach ailments. If you've a symptom of distress in your stomach test the Pineapple cure. 35 cents.—151

AFRAID OF BEING KISSED.

Clever Story of a Man, a Maid and an Iron Kettle.

Here is an ingenious Circassian story: A man was walking along one road and a woman along another. The roads finally united, and the man and the woman, reaching the junction at the same time, went on from there together. The man was carrying a large iron kettle on his back. In one hand he held by the leg a live chicken, in the other a cane, and he was leading a goat. Just as they were coming to a deep, dark ravine the woman said to the man: "If you are afraid of that," said the man, "you shouldn't have walked with me at all. How can I possibly overcome you and kiss you by force when I have this great iron kettle on my back, a cane in one hand and a live chicken in the other and am leading a goat? I might as well be tied hand and foot."

"Yes," replied the woman, "but if you should stick your cane in the ground and tie the goat to it and turn the kettle bottom side up and put the chicken under it, then you might wickedly kiss me in spite of my resistance."

"Success to thy ingenuity, O woman!" said the man to himself. "I should never have thought of this expedient." And when they came to the ravine he stuck his cane into the ground and tied the goat to it, gave the chicken to the woman, saying, "Hold it while I cut some grass for the goat," and then, lowering the kettle from his shoulders, he wickedly kissed the woman, as she was afraid he would.—Stray Stories.

THE UNTOLD.

Why Mrs. Cavil Failed to Be Informed by Her Husband.

"I didn't tell you, did I, Mildred," said Mr. Cavil to his wife, "that I saw your sister Jane down town this day week?"

"No, you didn't, Charles Augustus Cavil," replied Mrs. Cavil. "Why didn't you?"

"Well, you see—"

"Yes, I see. You meet the only sister I have in the world, and instead of coming straight home and telling me about it the same day, as any respectable husband would have done, you keep the matter secret a whole week and then ask carelessly if you have mentioned the fact that you saw her."

"But, my dear—"

"Don't but me, Charles Augustus Cavil, have no doubt that she sent me a message by you, and you not only failed to deliver it, but by this time you have forgotten what it was about. Tell me if this isn't the case."

"My dear, it was this way—"

"Don't tell me it was that way, Charles Augustus Cavil. I know exactly how it was. You simply didn't care a straw whether I knew that you had seen Sister Jane or not or you would not have waited a whole week to tell me you had seen her."

"But I didn't say I saw her," Mr. Cavil said at length.

"Then I'd like to know what you did say, Charles Augustus Cavil."

"I asked you if I told you that I saw her," explained Mr. Cavil.

"Well, why didn't you tell me?"

"The reason I didn't tell you was because I didn't see her; that's all."

Mrs. Cavil gasped and was speechless.

A Trick of Indian Thieves. In some of the thieves' schools in India a regular course of training is gone through in the art of "pouching," or concealing articles of value in the throat. The Englishman, a newspaper published in Calcutta, thus describes the process: "At first a small piece of lead, attached to a thread, is swallowed and guided by the action of the tongue to the office of the sac in the throat. As soon as this has been thoroughly learned the lead is coated with lime. This coats into the sac and enlarges it. The size of the article to be pouching is gradually increased until it is said that many of the Indian thieves can pouch 8 or 10 rupees at once."—Toronto Mail and Empire.

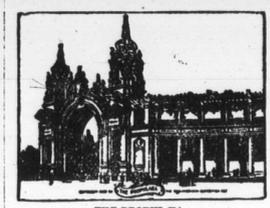
BAY STATE AT BUFFALO.

Fine Historical Exhibit Will Be Made by Massachusetts.

The historic commonwealth of Massachusetts will have a most interesting exhibit at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo.

It is being collected through the cooperation of various societies, such as the Sons of the Revolution, Daughters of the Revolution, Sons of the American Revolution, Daughters of the American Revolution, the Society of the War of 1812 and kindred organizations. The chairman of the Massachusetts Pan-American commission, Mr. Walter Gilman Page, is a leading writer in these societies and is anxious that the wealth of historic material possessed by Massachusetts should be adequately represented at the Pan-American Exposition.

The matter of a building has not yet been definitely decided, but it is probable that the old Providence House, which was one of the historic buildings of Boston, will be reproduced as a home for Massachusetts exhibits at the Exposition in Buffalo.



THE PROPYLEA.

position in Buffalo. This building was typical in its style of the old fashioned Boston architecture and, in addition, possessed a special interest from its historic associations. It formerly stood on the Washington street end of Providence court, partly on the site of what is now Clark's Tavern.

One of the members of the Massachusetts commission to the Paris Exposition, who recently returned from the French fair, secured there about 450 valuable exhibits, which will be transferred to the Pan-American at Buffalo. Ex-Mayor Frederick Fosdick of Fitchburg and City Treasurer E. T. Tift of Springfield returned recently from a visit of a few days in Buffalo very enthusiastic over the prospects for the success of the Exposition and are anxious to have the good old Bay State well represented there.

Buildings Going Up.

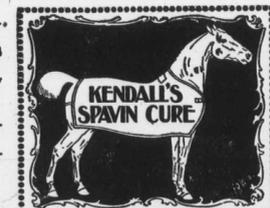
The magnificent buildings which are to house the exhibits of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo next summer are fast progressing toward completion and will soon be ready for the collections which are on the way from all quarters of the American continent. The scene upon the grounds of the Exposition, in the northern part of the city, including part of the famous Delaware Park, is a busy one, and every day sees some definite progress made in the construction work. Conditions have been very favorable to rapid work, and the Pan-American Exposition bids fair to break the record in the matter of swift construction of Exposition buildings and their entire completion before the time arrives to open the gates to the general public.

Connecticut at Pan-American.

The state of Connecticut is getting together a large display that will represent her farm, fruit and dairy interests at the Pan-American Exposition next year. Benjamin H. Lee of Hartford is the commissioner in charge of the work, and he is assisted by a committee composed of N. S. Platt, chairman, New Haven; Professor C. S. Phelps, secretary, agricultural station, Storrs; J. A. Dubon, Piquonock; Professor A. G. Guley, Agricultural college, Storrs; B. H. Jenkins, agricultural station, New Haven; J. B. Noble, dairy commissioner, Hartford; B. C. Patterson, master of state grange, Torrington.

Casting Metals.

As is well known, some metals are unsuitable for casting, while others, like iron, can readily be cast in any desired shape. The property of casting well is said to depend upon whether the metal contracts or expands on solidifying from the liquid form. Iron, like water, expands in solidifying, and hence the solid metal may be seen floating in the liquid iron about it. The expansion causes it to fill the die into which it is poured, and so it can be cast easily. Gold and silver contract in cooling and therefore are not suitable for casting.



WORTH \$50 A BOTTLE To This Man. It may cure a horse or cow more to you....
Dear Sir—Enclosed find a testimonial for your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it on my best horse, and I would not take \$25 for her, which I offered for \$15 before. I will be pleased to have your book and recipe for the best horse cure.
Very yours,
FRANK SMITH
Hartington, P. O., Ontario, Mar. 6, '98.
Dear Sir—Enclosed find a testimonial for your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I had one that I had. I have used your Kendall's Spavin Cure on my best horse, and I would not take \$25 for her, which I offered for \$15 before. I will be pleased to have your book and recipe for the best horse cure.
Please send me the book as you advise.
Very yours,
GEORGE BROWN
It is an absolutely reliable remedy for Spavin, Splints, Cuts, Bruises, etc. Removes the blemish and leaves no scar. Price, \$1, six for \$5. As a stimulant for fruit trees, it is equally good. Ask your druggist for KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE, also "A Treatise on the Horse," the book free, on order.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., ENOSBURG FALLS, VT.



HAIR

Slow growth of hair comes from lack of hair food. The hair has no life. It is starved. It keeps coming out, gets thinner and thinner, bald spots appear, then actual baldness. The only good hair food you can buy is—



It feeds the roots, stops starvation, and the hair grows thick and long. It cures dandruff also. Keep a bottle of it on your dressing table. It always restores color to faded or gray hair. Mind, we say "always."

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

"I have found your Hair Vigor to be the best remedy I have ever tried for the hair. My hair was falling out very bad, so I thought I would try a bottle of it. I had used only one bottle, and my hair stopped falling out, and it is now real black and long."
NANCY J. MOUNTCASTLE, Keokuk, N. Y. July 29, 1898.

Write the Doctor. He will send you his book on The Hair and Scalp. Ask him any question you wish about your hair. You will receive a prompt answer free. Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

WANTED.—Capable, reliable person in every county to represent large company of solid financial reputation; \$384 salary per year, payable weekly; \$4 per day absolutely sure and all expenses; straight bona fide definite salary, no commission; salary paid each week; STANDARD HOUSE, 331 Dearborn St., Chicago.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

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

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

M. M. BROWN.
COUNTY CROWN ATTORNEY, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, Etc. Office: Court House, west wing, Brockville.

C. C. FULFORD.
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR and NOTARY
Public, etc. for the province of Ontario, Canada. Dunham Block, entrance King or Main street, Brockville, Ont.

MIRIAM GREEN, A. T. C. M.
Is class honor graduate of Toronto Conservatory of Music and 3rd year undergraduate of Trinity University. Piano, Singing, Theory, Harmony, Counterpoint, Canon, Fugue, History of Music, Instrumentation, Acoustics, etc. Pupils prepared for exams of Toronto Conservatory of Music and Trinity University. Residence—Green block, 2nd flat, over Chassel's store Main St., Athens.

MONEY TO LOAN
THE undersigned has a large sum of money to loan on real estate security at low rates.
W. S. RUELL,
Barrister, etc.
Office: Dunham Block, Brockville, Ont.

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

C. O. C. F.
Addition Council No 141 Canadian Order of Chosen Friends meets the 1st and 3rd Saturdays of each month in Ashwood Hall, Addison, Ont. Motto, Friendship, Aid and Protection.

B. W. LOVERIN, C. C.
R. HERBERT FIELD, Recorder.

THE GAMBLE HOUSE.
ATHENS.

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

WANTED.—Capable, reliable person in every county to represent a large company of solid financial reputation; \$384 salary per year; payable weekly; \$4 per day absolutely sure and all expenses; straight bona fide definite salary, no commission; salary paid each Saturday; and expense money advanced each week; STANDARD HOUSE, 331 Dearborn St., Chicago.

THIS CONTAINS THE ENTIRE CONTENTS OF THE PAPER

DEWET WAS BADLY BEATEN.

Much Ammunition and 50 Prisoners Captured.

HE IS NOW IN A BAD FIX.

A Thousand Horses Captured by the British Near Standerton—Victoria Sends Another Contingent—Leyds' Papers Stolen—Kruiger Favors Destruction of the Mines.

London, Feb. 15.—A Cape Town despatch says—Gen. De Wet is rapidly descending into the Cape Colony to the southwest. He has crossed the railroad above De Aar, exploding two culverts. He has 1,200 men and several guns, Colours Pumer, Hendiker and Craibie, with separate columns, are pursuing him.

It is reported that Col. Pumer has captured a great part of DeWet's ammunition train. During a four days' fight he captured a Coloursburg despatch says—Pumer's column engaged De Wet between Colerberg and Philippstown, Feb. 13, and gradually pushed back the Boers.

The Pall Mall Gazette will publish Feb. 18th an interview with Mr. Kruger in part as follows:—"Will you not arbitrate? Will you not give us a chance of defending ourselves? We may have done wrongly. We have our faults and our weaknesses."

When asked why he came to Europe, he said to the interviewer:—"I could not go out with the commandos as Mr. Steyn said; I am too old, but I may be of some use here."

Regarding Mrs. Kruger he said:—"I am sorry for her, but I have a deep sorrow for her, but I have far more for my country. My wife has her children; six are still with her. They were left with her in her home. Two of my sons have died on the battlefield. Two were captured. I believe two more are dead also, as I have not heard from them for two months, and I know they were in the thick of the fight."

"Thirty-one sons and grandsons I have in the field yet, but I could not go on commando. I have not heard from my wife for sixteen days, but she has her children with her, and she is not to be pitied."

Brilliant Bayonet Charge.

Kimberley, Feb. 15.—The Boers fired on the scout of a company returning to Modder River from Koffyfontein, in the Winterhoek Hills. Three Cape boys were wounded. Denison's Scouts and a party of Imperial Yeomanry then charged the enemy, who lost 17 killed and a number wounded. The charge was covered by a 15-pounder and two pom-poms. The enemy broke and fled in two parties.

Kitchener's Fighting Scouts.

Clan William, Feb. 15.—Information has been received that Kitchener's Fighting Scouts had had an engagement with the Boers at Windhoek, after a forced march of 30 miles. Captain Clinton, who was scouting ahead, had two men and three horses wounded at a distance of 75 yards, but held his position until the main body arrived, when the Boers were driven out from some strong kopjes after smart skirmishing by our men.

Capture of Van Rhy's Corp.

Clan William, Feb. 15.—Clanbrander entered Van Rhy's drp at 10 o'clock on the morning of Sunday. The Boers had retired precipitately before our arrival, leaving behind a quantity of wagons, merchandise, and other loot. They had been aware of our coming, and had sent a force to oppose us at Doorn river. We reached the bridge first, however, and occupied their trenches. We were thus enabled to inflict considerable loss on the enemy, who fled. We then followed them up to Van Rhy's drp, where they again bolted.

Boers Repulsed Near Vryburg.

Vryburg, Feb. 15.—Shortly before dawn a large party of Boers made a sudden and daring attempt to carry off the stock on the town commando and adjoining farms. The Boer force, which was estimated at about 400 strong, was repulsed. Two of the enemy were killed and two captured. We lost one killed and three wounded.

Natives Fighting.

Durban, Natal, Feb. 15.—In an interview with some of the British residents of Zoutpanberg, in the Northern Transvaal, they declared that they had been well treated until they were ejected a fortnight ago.

terview with some of the British residents of Zoutpanberg, in the Northern Transvaal, they declared that they had been well treated until they were ejected a fortnight ago. The Boers in the district are apparently anxious to fight, but a majority of them have been compelled to bear arms against the British. Many who were sent to the front slipped back as soon as they were able, saying that they would be as well content to live under the British as under the Transvaal flag.

When the British were ejected a number of mercenaries from Komati-land visited Zoutpanberg, and behaved badly. The natives took advantage of the disturbed situation to settle a tribal feud. Several battles were fought, and Saachera, an important chief, and 20 of his followers were killed. The tribe commanded by Saccarona were chased across the Solati river, and all their kraals were burned. The country is full of armed men, and there is a considerable number of guns, which were sold to them by foreigners belonging to Boer commandos.

Germans Offer to Fight the Boers. Berlin, Feb. 14.—The Anglophobia which at present prevails in Germany is placed in a somewhat peculiar light by a despatch sent out by the Herald bureau, according to which the British Embassy and the British Consulates throughout Germany receive daily a large number of applications from German subjects, who desire to serve in South Africa against the Boers.

As neither the Embassy nor the Consulates can accept these offers, the officials have been forced to have circulars of declination printed, which are sent.

Women and Convoys.

Cape Town, Feb. 15.—For a month Lord Methuen has been scouring the country between Kuruman and the Transvaal bringing in women and children, cattle and food, from all the farms. Fifty women and one hundred children, together with a few men, he has sent to Vryburg. On one occasion, while he was pursuing a commando, the Boers sent off their wagons in charge of women and girls in one direction and went themselves in another. The women and girls expert drivers that the Boers had considerable difficulty in catching the convoys.

Boers Enter Zoutland.

London, Feb. 15.—A despatch from Durban says it is reported that the Boers have entered Zoutland and burned a hotel in the Nondweni gold fields.

Boers Again Defeated.

Pretoria, Feb. 15.—Sunt's and Meyer's commandos attacked the railway near Bank, and destroyed a culvert. Cunningham's force dispersed the Boers, inflicting a loss of three killed and twenty-three wounded. Other minor attacks have been made upon the railway in different directions.

220 Against 1,800.

London, Feb. 15.—Details have reached here of the capture by the Boers on Jan. 30th of the British post at Modderfontein, to the south of Krugersdorp.

The enemy were in strong force, their number being estimated at 1,800, while the post was held by only 220 British troops. The night was pitch dark, and when the Boers attacked torrents of rain were falling. Thus assisted, the advance of the Boers was unopposed, and the garrison had been practically taken by surprise, and when it was impossible to make special preparations for defence.

Although taken at a disadvantage, the British made a splendid defence. The Boers, however, made a series of desperate assaults, and being in overwhelming numbers, crushed the defence of the garrison.

In the short fight the garrison had lost 21 officers and men killed and wounded. The Boers also lost heavily. The enemy treated their prisoners well, and released them next day.

Had a Four Hours' Fight.

Kimberley, Feb. 15.—The column which arrived here recently consisted of Denison's Scouts, Irish Yeomanry, Somerset, Cape Police, and Royal Artillery.

was sent with an armored train to cut off Gen. De Wet's retreat at Hout Kraal. He captured 50 prisoners and twenty wagons containing practically all of Gen. De Wet's supplies. One 500,000 rounds of ammunition, 600 shells, and a Maxim gun. The Boers dispersed over the valley in the direction of Britstown, with the exception of Gen. De Wet's commando, which managed to break through the British lines and retreated westward.

Hardest Knock Yet.

London, Feb. 18.—According to some of the British correspondents in South Africa, Gen. De Wet's invasion of the Cape Colony has landed him in a bad predicament. They represent him as having lost nearly all his ammunition, and as having been turned into a district already denuded of horses and supplies. One correspondent has been so long accustomed to writing in this manner that perhaps their action has become mechanical. The most that can be said is that Gen. De Wet has had what is probably the hardest knock he has yet received. Nevertheless, he is still at liberty.

The prisoners captured by Col. Craibie are represented as having been in the most deplorable condition. Many of them were ragged and without shoes. Gen. De Wet, according to the correspondents, is obliged frequently to retreat to force to keep his men in hand. Many have deserted since they crossed the Orange river. His horses are exhausted and underfed.

It is reported from trustworthy sources that when entering the Cape Colony he forbade looting. Nevertheless, the Dutch farmers are said to be receiving him unwillingly, maintaining that his coming means their ruin. There is increasing evidence that the commandos in the Colony are hastening to join him. One correspondent says that the disposition of the British forces will prevent this.

Boers Retreating.

Cape Town, Feb. 17.—Port Elizabeth and King Williams Town are among the latest places in the Cape Colony to have trenches placed around them as a means of defence against a possible attack by the Boers.

Several Boer patrols have been seen retreating past Hout Kraal towards the Orange river.

Shot by the Boers.

Durban, Feb. 17.—A Boer named Rademan, who has arrived at Newcastle, says that he was driven out of the Transvaal after having been in jail since October, 1899. He escaped at some time, but was recaptured by one of his brothers, who refused to break his oath of neutrality, was shot, and the rest of the family were exiled.

Boer Convoys Captured.

Durban, Feb. 17.—A thousand horses and a number of convoys have been captured by the British near Standerton. Boer refugees are constantly arriving.

Leyds Loses His Papers.

Brussels, Feb. 17.—Dr. Leyds, the Transvaal agent, returned here last evening from The Hague. He has lost a number of papers, and for a moment in the vestibule of his residence, and shortly afterwards it was ascertained that thieves had entered the house by a false door, and stolen a box containing diplomatic papers. The police are investigating the matter.

Boer War Near an End?

New York, Feb. 17.—I. N. Ford cables to the Tribune:—"The Boer war is near an end. The British commanders in the Natal campaign assert with an air of confidence that hostilities will be at an end by July 1st, and that the final peace negotiations will occur in the Standerton district. This forecast may not be more trustworthy than scores of guesses which have preceded it, but among British officers here, and at the end of the war is currently believed to be in sight. They explained that General Kitchener has been massing his infantry along the lines of communication and organizing two large mounted forces, with a flying system of transport, for following up the Boers and De Wet. The latter has been required for the various concentrations and equipments, but mobile columns are now available for beating wide districts and driving the game before them. Gen. Buller is clearing the eastern district of the Transvaal, and forcing Botha's scattered commandos back upon the Swaziland frontier, and Gen. Buller is directing the series of large mounted columns in pursuit of De Wet.

French's operations, while not decisive, are most harassing, for he has captured a portion of an ammunition convoy and droves of cattle and many horses, and in clearing the country he has cut a wide swath from Belfast to Ermelo. De Wet, with Pumer's Australian bushmen close behind him, has struck the railway north of De Aar, and lost a portion of his ammunition and supplies. His object in invading Cape Colony has probably been to attempt to concentrate Hertzog's, Krugersdorp's and his own forces, and inaugurate a general uprising of the Dutch by the capture of some important stronghold on the lines of communication. Kitchener is where he can mass his mounted forces and the colonial police troops, and set one column after another in motion against De Wet.

Old soldiers here do not believe that the Boers will escape, but De Wet is a wily fox. As for the disaffected districts, they are converted from disloyalty by the looting of their property and the confiscation of their horses and cattle. The campaign has been ended prematurely by the military experts so many times that they are warned against expressing any opinion as to the result, but without doubt they have valid reasons for being greatly encouraged by the results of the last fortnight's work.

General Hunter, whose services in

South Africa has been brilliant and successful, has returned to England in impaired health, and received a warm welcome from his military friends. He divides honors with Lord Roberts, having never been beaten, and having compelled a large force of Boers to surrender.

About twelve hundred troops, including drafts of mounted infantry and yeomanry, embarked at Southampton yesterday for South Africa. The reinforcements from England and the colonies will number 30,000 by the end of April.

Want No Recruiting.

Sydney, N. S. W., Feb. 17.—Sir Alfred Miller, having notified the Government of New South Wales of his intention to send an officer to recruit in Australia for the South African Constabulary, the Government has replied that the colony objects to such a proceeding.

Broke Through the Cordon.

London, Feb. 18.—Despatches from Pretoria announce that the Carolina commando has broken through Gen. French's cordon westward.

Financial Assistant for Kitchener.

London, Feb. 17.—Gen. Kitchener has asked for financial assistance, in view of the heavy expenditure in South Africa. Mr. Brodick, Secretary of State for War, has appointed Mr. Fleetwood Wilson, an assistant private secretary in the War Office, as Gen. Kitchener's temporary financial assistant. Mr. Wilson will sail for South Africa on Feb. 23rd.

Toronto Man Killed.

Toronto, Feb. 18.—Sergt. Major Paterson, who was recently reported killed in action at Mariburg, Cape Colony, on Feb. 4th, according to later information, was John Alexander Paterson, sergeant-major in the Canadian Scouts. He went out the second contingent, having enlisted at Maple Creek, Assa., where his brother, Mr. D. Paterson, resides. He was son of the late John Paterson, of Toronto.

Victoria's New Contingent.

A contingent of 1,250 men sailed from Melbourne last week for South Africa, being the fifth contingent sent from the colony of Victoria.

THE SMASHING CAMPAIGN.

Masked Kansas Women Destroy Liquor IN RAILWAY STATION.

Philipo Sentenced for Life—Husband Shooting Case in Kansas City to Go On—Rev. Mr. Keller Finds Many Friends Who Will Defend Him in Court.

Goffs, Kas., Feb. 16.—Fifteen masked women broke into the Missouri Pacific freight depot here last night and destroyed fifteen jugs of whiskey and four kegs of beer. Breaking into a freight depot is a penitentiary offence, and the Missouri Pacific officials announce that detectives will be brought here to learn the identity of the women concerned in the affair, so they will be prosecuted. The destruction of the liquor, it is contended, was unlawful, as the depot is not a saloon and the liquor is from another State. It is believed that an example will be made of the raiders to prevent other such depredations in other parts of the State. The women raided all of the joints here, and several fights have been kept up since then.

A Life Sentence.

Washington, Feb. 16.—According to mail advices from the Philippines, Novico, the insurgent officer who commanded the band which captured Lieut. Gilmore and party, of the Yorktown, and held them captive for many months, has been sentenced to imprisonment at hard labor for life, on the charge of having permitted one of Lieut. Gilmore's party to be buried alive. The victim was a sailor named McDonald, who was a burden to the Filipinos because of his wounds.

Sensational Trial Ahead.

Kansas City, Mo., Feb. 16.—Mrs. Lulu Prince Kennedy, her father, Charles W. Prince, and her two brothers, William and Albert Prince, will be tried for the murder on the last January 1st, of Philip H. Kennedy, is at De Aar directing the series of large mounted columns in pursuit of De Wet.

Mrs. Kennedy, who shot and killed her husband, was indicted yesterday by the grand jury for murder in the first degree. Later warrants were issued against her father and brothers, charging them with being accomplices in the crime.

Kennedy's murder was the culmination of a sensational wedding which had brought suit to have set aside, asserting that it had been forced.

To defend Keller.

New York, Feb. 16.—The Herald says—Legal counsel of the highest order will be employed to defend the Rev. John Keller, of Arlington, N. J., who was recently shot and seriously wounded by Thomas G. Barker, the latter having been a gangster, was a wrong done to his wife. Funds for this purpose will be supplied by Dean Hoffman, of the General Theological Seminary.

Officials of the first rank will also be employed for the purpose of saving Mr. Keller's sight, which he is in danger of losing. These specialists will be referred to by the fact that post-mortems had revealed traces of lung diseases long healed over and cured. In his opinion the large corporations of Canada should share in the responsibility if they at all realized the benefits they would derive from the establishment of sanitariums for the treatment of the disease they would not be helped. The insurance companies if they only knew would save many lives and much money by the establishment of their own sanitariums. Furthermore, the Dominion Government, too, should do more than it does at present.

Prof. James Stewart, of McGill University, emphasized the fact that the public must be educated up to

TO FIGHT TUBERCULOSIS.

Important Congress Discusses the Disease.

IT IS NOT HEREDITARY,

But May be Easily Propagated—Germ in the Air—The Spitting Nuisance—The Awful Ravages of Consumption—Several Resolutions Offered.

A late Ottawa report of the tuberculosis congress yesterday, said that by public hygiene within the past 50 years a great change has taken place in the reduction of the death rate from such diseases as cholera and infectious disease. The white plague, or consumption, is without doubt the scourge of our present race, destroying more than 5,000,000 annually. The yearly death rate in Canada from consumption is now estimated at between 7,000 and 8,000. In the neighboring republic the fatality from this disease is by the best authorities rated at 150,000 annually. In Great Britain and the continent results from this malady are not encouraging. Do not such records touch the sensibilities of all concerned? Our ideas of this disease have changed from hereditary and incurability to communicability and curability, thanks to the marked progress of scientific investigation.

Sir Wm. Hingston, of Montreal, offered the following resolution: Whereas, in view of the general prevalence of tuberculosis in Canada, and of the very high mortality caused by the disease, in view of the communitarian character of the disease, and of the constant and continued dangers caused by its chronic and usually prolonged course, during which a patient may infect not only one house but many other places of congregate habitation, and especially in view of scientific facts going to show the curability as well as the moderately contagious character of the disease in its early stages; Resolved, that in the opinion of this conference, which represents the governments and people of every part of Canada, it is the duty of every government, municipally and individually, to adopt effective and practical methods for lessening the spread of a disease which is causing directly or indirectly probably one-fifth of the deaths in the Dominion.

Sir William said that it was well known that the disease was more prevalent in cities than in the country, and in certain localities. The disease flourished in crowded districts, under insanitary conditions, and in tenements where the sunlight failed to enter. It is also known that some trades where the men inhale dust into their lungs render men an easy prey to the tubercle. "The disease," said Sir William, "is not hereditary, man does not communicate it to his offspring, because if it were so we should find our arms and sit down made of the little object gains entrance to our systems in various ways. Tuberculosis is not confined to the lungs. We have found it in the liver, in the brain and in the knee joint, and on the lip of a patient, communicated by a lead pencil, and had great difficulty in removing the germ. It is transmitted upon the skin everywhere it enters the lungs through the nostrils, in the air. A prolific means of communication is by expectoration. When this becomes dry it may hold the contagion for six or eight months. Healthy people passing this run little risk. If one is already of diseased system, the attraction for consumption often follows. It gets into our houses. Expectoration is not always swept by the broom. But it is caught up in many ladies' coats, and on the skin everywhere it enters the lungs through the nostrils, in the air. A prolific means of communication is by expectoration. When this becomes dry it may hold the contagion for six or eight months. Healthy people passing this run little risk. If one is already of diseased system, the attraction for consumption often follows. It gets into our houses. Expectoration is not always swept by the broom. But it is caught up in many ladies' coats, and on the skin everywhere it enters the lungs through the nostrils, in the air. A prolific means of communication is by expectoration. When this becomes dry it may hold the contagion for six or eight months. 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A PLOT FOR EMPIRE.

A THRILLING STORY OF CONTINENTAL CONSPIRACY AGAINST BRITAIN.

"Not the least doubt about it, I should say," Dr. Wilnot replied carelessly.

The door opened and Lady Deringham reappeared.

"I have succeeded," she said. "I am upstairs now. I will try and keep him there for half an hour. Wolfenden, will you take Dr. Wilnot into the study?"

Dr. Wilnot rose with quiet alacrity. Wolfenden led the way down the long passage which led to the study. He himself was scarcely prepared for such signs of unusual labor as confronted them both when they opened the door. The round table in the centre of the room was piled with books and a loose heap of papers. A special rack was hung with a collection of maps and charts. There were nautical instruments upon the table, and compasses, as well as writing materials, and a number of small models of men-of-war. Mr. Blatherwick, who was sitting at the other side of the room busy with some copying, looked up in amazement at the entrance of Wolfenden and a stranger upon whom he was always considered forbidden ground.

Wolfenden stepped forward at once to the table. A sheet of paper lay there on which the ink was scarcely yet dry. Many others were scattered about, some on the floor, some on the marginal notes and corrections in his father's handwriting. He pushed some of them towards his companion.

"You can help yourself," he said. "This seems to be his most recent work."

Dr. Wilnot seemed scarcely to hear him. He had turned the lamp up with quick fingers, and was leaning over those freshly written pages. Decidedly he was interested in the case. He stood quite still reading with breathless haste—the papers seemed almost to fly through his fingers. Wolfenden was a little puzzled. Mr. Blatherwick, who had been watching the proceedings with blank amazement, rose and came over towards them.

"You will excuse me, Lord Wolfenden," he said, "but if the admiral should come back and find a stranger with you looking over his work, he will—"

"It's all right, Blatherwick," Wolfenden interrupted, the more impatiently since he was far from comfortable himself. "This gentleman is a physician."

The secretary resumed his seat. Dr. Wilnot was reading with lightning-like speed sheets after sheets, making frequent notes in a pocket-book which he had laid on the table before him. He was so absorbed that he did not seem to hear the sound of wheels coming up the avenue.

Wolfenden walked to the window, and raising the curtain, looked out. He gave vent to a faint exclamation of relief as he saw a familiar dogcart draw up at the hall door, and Dr. Whitlett's famous mare pulled steaming on to her harness.

"He has followed you up pretty soon," he said.

The sheet which the physician was reading fluttered through his fingers. There was a very curious look in his face as he walked up to the window and looked out.

"So it is," he remarked. "I should like to see him at once for half a minute—then I shall have finished. I wonder whether you would mind going yourself and asking him to step this way?"

Wolfenden turned immediately to leave the doctor, but he turned sharply round, attracted by a sudden noise, and an exclamation from Blatherwick. Dr. Wilnot had disappeared! Mr. Blatherwick was gazing at the window in amazement.

"He's gone, sir. Clean out of the window—jumped it like a cat!"

Wolfenden sprang to the curtains. The night air blew into the room through the open casement. Fainter and fainter down the long avenue came the sound of galloping horses. Dr. Franklin Wilnot had certainly gone!

Wolfenden turned from the window to find himself face to face with Dr. Whitlett.

"What on earth is the matter with your friend Wilnot?" he exclaimed. "He has just gone off through the window like a madman!"

"Wilnot!" the doctor exclaimed. "I never know anyone of that name in my life. The fellow is a rank impostor!"

pair of horses being driven very slowly. There was a man who looked like a gentleman's servant sitting by the side of the coachman, and as I passed them the latter asked a question, and I am almost certain that I heard my name mentioned. I was naturally a little curious, and I kept looking back all along the road to see which way they turned after passing my house. As a matter of fact, although I pulled up and waited in the middle of the road, I saw no more of the carriage. When at last I drove on, I found that one of the things must have happened. Either the carriage must have come to a standstill and remained stationary in the road, or it must have turned in at my gate. The hedge was down a little higher up the road, and I could see distinctly that they had not commenced to climb the hill. It seemed very odd to me, and I almost certainly saw the carriage and driver on my way up to the house. I had half a mind to run in then—I wish now that I had—but instead of doing so I drove quickly home. There I found that a gentleman had called a few minutes after I had left home, and finding me out had asked permission to leave a note. The girl had shown him into the study, and he had remained there about ten minutes. Afterwards he had let himself out and driven away. When I looked for the note for me there was none, but the writing materials had been used, and a sheet of notepaper was gone. I happened to remember that there was only one out. The whole thing seemed to me so singular that I ordered the dogcart out again and drove straight over here."

"For which," Wolfenden remarked, "we ought to feel remarkably grateful. So far the thing is plain enough. But what on earth did that man, whoever he was, expect to find in my father's study that he should make an elaborate attempt like this to enter it? He was no common thief!"

Dr. Whitlett shook his head. He had no elucidation to offer. The thing was absolutely mysterious.

"Your father himself," he said slowly, "sets a very high value upon the result of his researches!"

"And on the other hand," Wolfenden retorted promptly, "you and my mother, Mr. Blatherwick, and even the girl who has been copying for him, have each assured me that his work is rubbish! You four comprise all who have seen any part of it, and I understand that you have come to the conclusion that it is not insane. He is at least suffering from some sort of mania. Now, how are we to reconcile this with the fact of an attempted robbery this evening, and the further fact that a heavy bribe has been secretly offered to Blatherwick to copy only a few pages of his later manuscripts?"

Dr. Whitlett started.

"Indeed," he exclaimed. "When did you hear of this?"

"Only this afternoon," Wolfenden answered. "Blatherwick brought me the letter himself. What I cannot understand is, how these documents could ever become a marketable commodity. Yet we may look upon it now as an absolute fact, that there are persons—and no ordinary thieves either—conspiring to obtain possession of them?"

"Wolfenden!"

The two men started round. The Countess was standing in the doorway. She was pale as death, and her eyes were full of fear.

"Who was that man?" she cried.

"What has happened?"

"He was an impostor. I am afraid," Wolfenden answered.

"The letter from Dr. Whitlett was forged. He has bolted."

She looked towards the doctor.

"Thank God that you are here!" she cried. "I am frightened! There are some papers and models missing, and the admiral has found it out. I am afraid he is going to have a fit. Please come into the library. He must not be left alone!"

They both followed her down the passage and through the half-opened door. In the centre of the room Lord Deringham was standing, his pale cheeks scarlet with passion, his fists convulsively clenched. He turned sharply round to face them, and his eyes flashed with anger.

"Nothing shall make me believe that this room has not been entered, and my papers tampered with!" he stormed out. "Where is that rascal Blatherwick? If I find my morning work and two models on the desk there, less than half an hour ago; both the models are gone and one of the sheets! Either Blatherwick has stolen them, or the room has been entered during my absence. Where is that bound?"

"He is in his room," Lady Deringham answered. "He ran past me on the stairs trembling all over, and he has locked himself in and piled up the furniture against the door. You have frightened him to death!"

"It is scarcely possible"—Dr. Whitlett began.

"Don't lie, sir!" the admiral thundered out. "You are a pack of fools and old women! You are as ignorant as rabbits! You know no more than the kitchen maids what has been going on and growing within these walls. I tell you that my work of the last few years, placed in certain hands, would alter the whole face of Europe—aye, of Christendom! There are men in this country to-day whose object is to rob me, and you, my own household, seem to be crying them welcome, bidding them come and help themselves, as though the labor of my life was worth no more than so many sheets of waste paper. You have let a stranger into this room to-day, and if he had not been disturbed, God knows what he might not have carried away with him!"

"We have been very foolish," Lady Deringham said pleadingly. "We will set a watch now day and night. We will run no more risks! I swear it! You can believe me, Horace."

"Aye, but tell me the truth now," he cried. "Someone has been in this room and escaped through the window. I learned as much as that

from that blithering idiot, Blatherwick. I want to know who he was!"

She glanced towards the doctor. He nodded his head slightly. Then she went up to him and laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"Horace, you are right," she said. "It is no use trying to keep it from you. A man did impersonate us with a forged letter. He could not have been here more than five minutes, though. We found him out almost at once. It shall never happen again!"

The wisdom of telling him was at once apparent. His face positively shone with triumph! He became calm, and the fierce glare, which had alarmed them all so much, died out of his eyes. The confession was a triumph for him. He was gratified.

"I know it," he declared, with positive good humor. "I have warned you of this all the time. Now perhaps you will believe me! Thank God that it was not Duchesse himself. I should not be surprised, though, if it were not one of his emissaries! If Duchesse comes!" he muttered to himself, his face growing a shade paler. "God help us!"

"We will be more careful now," Lady Deringham said. "No one shall take us by surprise again. We will have special watchmen, and bars on all the windows!"

"From this moment," the admiral said slowly, "I shall never leave this room until my work is ended, and handed over to my care. If I am robbed, England is in danger! There must be no risks. I will have a sofa-bedstead down, and I shall sleep in the room, and there must be a watchman outside. Now will you please all go away? He added, with a little wave of his hand, "I have to reconstruct what has been stolen from me through your indiscretion. Send me in some coffee at eleven o'clock, and a box of cartridges you will find in my dressing-room."

They went away together. Wolfenden was grave and amazed. Nothing about his father's demeanor or language had suggested insanity. What if they were all wrong—if the work to which the best years of his life had gone was really of the immense importance he claimed for it? Other people thought so! The slight childishness, which was obvious in a great many of his words, was very different from insanity. Blatherwick might be deceived—Blanche was just as likely to have looked upon their technical work as rubbish, "hitler" was only a counter-pretention, even his mother might have exaggerated his undoubted eccentricities. At any rate, one thing was certain. There were people outside who were bold enough to secure the fruit of his father's labors. It was his duty to see that the attempt, if repeated, was still unsuccessful.

CHAPTER XVII.
The Scheming of Giants.

At very nearly the same moment as the man who had called himself Dr. Wilnot had left the library window of Deringham Hall, Mr. Sabin sat alone in his sanctum waiting for a visitor. The room was quite a small one on the ground floor of the house, but it was a room of the taste and evident originality in the Moorish fashion. Mr. Sabin himself was ensconced in an easy chair drawn close up to the fire, and a thick cloud of blue smoke was rising from a thick Egyptian cigarette which was burning away between his fingers. He was resting upon the delicate fingers of his left hand, and his eyes were fixed upon the flaming coals. He was deep in thought.

"A single mistake now," he murmured softly, and a shiver of labor of years. A single step, and good-bye to all our dreams! To-night will decide it! In a few minutes I must say Yes or No to Kigenstein. I think—I am almost sure I shall say Yes! Bah!"

The frown on his forehead grew more marked. The cigarette burned on between his fingers, and a long gray ash fell to the floor. He was contemplating himself the luxury of deep thought. All his life he had been a schemer; a builder of mighty plans, a great power in the eyes of the people. To-night he knew that he had reached the crisis of a career, in many respects marvellous. To-night he would take the first of those few final steps on to the desire of his life. It only rested with him to cast the die. He must make the decision and abide by it. His own life's ambition and his destiny of a mighty nation hung in the balance. Had he made up his mind which way to turn the scale? Scarcely even yet? There were so many things! He sat up with a start. There was a knock at the door. He caught up the evening paper, and the cigarette smoke circled about his head. He stepped to the door, and there stood a hard line in his face had relaxed. There was no longer any anxiety. He looked up and greeted pleasantly with a certain deference, too— "A gentleman, sir," the stolid-looking servant had announced briefly. No name had been mentioned. Mr. Sabin, when he rose and held out his hand, did not address his visitor directly. He was a tall, stout man, with an iron-gray moustache and the remains of a military bearing. When the servant had withdrawn, and the two men were alone, he unbuckled his coat. Underneath he wore a foreign uniform, ablaze with orders. Mr. Sabin glanced at them and smiled.

"You are going to Arlington street," he remarked.

"When I leave here," he said.

"Then there was a short silence. Each man seemed to be waiting for the other to open the negotiations. Eventually it was Mr. Sabin who did so.

"I have been carefully through the file of papers you sent me," he remarked.

"Yes?"

"There is no doubt but that to a certain extent, the anti-English feeling of which you speak exists! I have made other inquiries, and so far I am convinced!"

"So? The seed is sown! It has been sprinkled with a generous hand. Believe me, my friend, that for this country there are in store very great surprises. I speak as one who knows. I do know. So?"

Mr. Sabin was thoughtful. He looked into the fire and spoke musically.

"Yet the ties of kindred are strong. 'Tis

is hard to imagine an open rupture between the two great Saxon nations of the world!"

"The ties of kindred," said Mr. Sabin's visitor, are not worth the snap of a finger! So?"

He snapped his fingers with a report as sharp as a pistol-shot. Mr. Sabin started in his chair.

(To be continued.)

NEW COFFIN ATTACHMENT

To Avert Danger of Burial of the Living.

INVENTOR MAKES A TEST.

Emile Camis, once committed to the earth and willing to be again in order to show the efficacy of a device to save life in case of premature burial, arrived in New York yesterday on the French line steamer, the Champagne.

M. Camis is the associate of Count Michel de Karnice, who first evolved the idea of the device. The latter is the Chamberlain to the Czar of Russia. The nobleman's attention was several years ago called to the necessity of having some device to succor those who, by accident, had been committed to the tomb before actual death. It was found when the grave of a Belgian girl was opened that the body had turned. The Chamberlain was so impressed by an account which he read of the occurrence that he immediately gave his attention to devising some means for preventing such a tragedy. The result was the Karnice system, which already has a large following in France.

Device Described.

"The device," said he, "is far from intricate. It will not revolutionize the present methods of burial. It consists, broadly speaking, of a tube ten centimetres in diameter and a hermetically sealed box. The latter types of coffin may be used. As soon as the coffin is lowered into the grave the tube, which according to the English measurement, is about three and a half inches in diameter, is fitted over an aperture in it. At the top of this tube is the hermetically sealed box. On the breast of the suppositively dead body is placed a ball, which is attached to a rod. The least movement of the chest or of the body, in fact, will be communicated to the signal box above ground. The ball is placed upon the chest because of its weight to the resistance of the bony skeleton, that part of the body is not swelled by the gases of decomposition."

A Simple Affair.

"Exceedingly simple is the mechanism. Motion communicated by the movement of the body releases a spring which causes a door in the box to fall open, thus admitting light and air to the coffin. It would be possible to live for two or three days under such condition. The same motion causes a bell to ring half an hour. It also sets off a rocket, which in the night serves to call the house, but it is the duty of the person in charge of the cemetery.

"Should the one who is entombed cry aloud for help the contrivance greatly increases the volume of the voice. In addition to the movement of the body causes a ball to be lifted above the head of the grave. There are thus revealed signals any one of which would serve at any hour of the day or night to call attention to the plight of the person in the coffin. After sunset there is always a lamp burning in front of the box. The light from it is reflected into the tube, and thence to the interior of the coffin. During the day sufficient light is admitted to the coffin to enable one to read the writing on a slip of paper."

Cost of Apparatus Small.

"This method is entirely practical," M. Camis declared. "The cost of the appliance is less than that of a floral wreath or a broken casket. Any mechanic could put it in place. The price of the materials is comparatively small. The apparatus might cost ten or fifteen dollars in this country."

Buried to Test Worth.

"I am sure that it works," replied M. Camis with a smile. "For I was myself buried in order that I might speak for the efficacy of the device. It was at the exposition in Turin a year ago. In the presence of several hundred persons the experiment was conducted. I was placed in the coffin and lowered into the grave. The sensation was startling. I did not realize fully what it meant until I heard the cold, hard clods dropping on the coffin one, two, three. It was very strange. It was hardly comfortable. Indeed, it was some time before I recovered my equanimity. I was in the grave an hour and a quarter before I gave the signal that I wished to be disinterred. The apparatus worked to perfection. I heard the sounds of spades and shovels in the earth above me. It was with a feeling of relief, I confess, that I saw the coffin lid raised.

"I am willing to repeat the experiment in this country, so great is my confidence in this invention."

HERE IS HEALTH



For all who have Weak Lungs

This is a Positive Cure for all Throat and Lung Troubles, also CONSUMPTION

THESE FOUR REMEDIES

Represent a New system of treatment for the weak and for those suffering from Consumption, wasting diseases or inflammatory conditions of nose, throat and lungs.

The treatment is free. You have only to write to obtain it.

Its efficacy is explained as simply as possible below.

By the new system devised by DR. T. A. SLOCUM, the great specialist in pulmonary and kindred diseases, all the requirements of the sick body are supplied by his Four Remedies constituting his Special Treatment known as **The Slocum System.**

Whatever your disease one or more of these four preparations will be of benefit to you.

According to the needs of your case, fully explained in the Treatise given free with the free medicine, you may take one, or any two, or three, or all four, in combination.

A cure is certain if the simple directions are followed.

The Remedies are especially adapted for those who suffer from weak lungs, coughs, sore throat, bronchitis, catarrh, CONSUMPTION, and other pulmonary troubles.

But they are also of wonderful efficacy in the upbuilding of weak systems, in purifying the blood, making flesh, and restoring to

You or your sick friends can have a FREE course of Treatment. Simply write to THE T. A. SLOCUM CHEMICAL CO., Limited, 179 King Street West, Toronto, giving post office and express office address, and the free medicine (The Slocum Cure) will be promptly sent.

When writing for them always mention this paper.

Persons in Canada, seeing Slocum's name offer in American papers, will please send for samples to the Toronto laboratories.

CANADIAN CRIME AND ITS CLASSIFICATION.

Mr. George Johnson, Dominion Statistician, has prepared a statement giving the statistics of crime in Canada for the period 1897-99.

For the thirteen years there was an average of 37,250 convictions for offences of all kinds. In 1899 the convictions were 38,710. Both absolutely and relatively to population were very strange. The rate was higher than in 1898, as in 1898 it was higher than in 1897. Of the total number of 481,663 convictions for thirteen years 63,981 were for indictable offences, the charges numbering 88,523, so that convictions formed 68.9 per cent of the charges. According to occupations the statistics warrant the following conclusions:

1. That compared with their number the agricultural class contribute a very small percentage to the criminal class.
2. That the commercial class commit more than their proportionate numbers in the body politic warrant, in the way of crimes under the head of offences against the person, forgery and offences against the currency.
3. That the domestic class commit crimes, just about in proportion to their numbers.
4. That the industrial class have

less than their proportion in all the six divisions of crime except in offences against property with violence, where they slightly exceed their proportion.

5. That the professional class provide a low percentage of criminals.
6. That laborers contribute more than their share to every class of crime, their percentage being—Crime, 39 per cent; population, 12 per cent. About 60 per cent of the convicted were born in Canada.
7. As the Canadian-born population in 1891-2 per cent of the whole population, the criminals in the Dominion born outside of Canada are more numerous relatively than the Canadian-born, forming but 13.1-2 per cent of the population and supplying 40 per cent of the criminals.
8. Those unable to read and write formed about 13.8 per cent of the convicted in 1897-9 period, against 14.9 per cent in the 1897-9 period.
9. Those possessed of an elementary education were 74.5 per cent of the whole in 1897-9, against 76.6 per cent in 1897-9 period.
10. Those having a superior education formed in both periods somewhat over one per cent of the convicted.
11. Cities and towns furnish 76 per cent of the criminal class of Canada, and the urban population is about 30 per cent of the whole population.

UNITED AGES 155 YEARS.

Aged Toronto Couple Fall to a Stray Arrow of Cupid.

A wedding unique in the history of Toronto took place Saturday night at the residence of Mr. Robert J. Shipcott, 50 Bolton avenue.

The happy couple, who were united by Rev. Dr. Chambers, were Mrs. E. Shipcott and Mr. J. W. Andrews.

The blushing bride has twice been a widow, and she is 75 years old, but is a most remarkable woman for her age.

The bridegroom has reached four score years by the best calendar, and is now enjoying his 81st year. During the long lease of life so far allotted to him, he has remained a bachelor until he was captivated by the charms of Mrs. Shipcott.

The bride has children and grand-children who rejoice, but, of course, the bridegroom hasn't any.

The young couple will reside in the west end at the conclusion of their honeymoon and will be at home to their friends.

Godard—There must be something in him. He's got a good reputation. Simick—So? Perhaps if what's in him should ever get out his reputation wouldn't be so good.

THIS IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES, ALSO CONSUMPTION. THESE FOUR REMEDIES REPRESENT A NEW SYSTEM OF TREATMENT FOR THE WEAK AND FOR THOSE SUFFERING FROM CONSUMPTION, WASTING DISEASES OR INFLAMMATORY CONDITIONS OF NOSE, THROAT AND LUNGS. THE TREATMENT IS FREE. YOU HAVE ONLY TO WRITE TO OBTAIN IT. ITS EFFICACY IS EXPLAINED AS SIMPLY AS POSSIBLE BELOW. BY THE NEW SYSTEM DEVISED BY DR. T. A. SLOCUM, THE GREAT SPECIALIST IN PULMONARY AND KINDRED DISEASES, ALL THE REQUIREMENTS OF THE SICK BODY ARE SUPPLIED BY HIS FOUR REMEDIES CONSTITUTING HIS SPECIAL TREATMENT KNOWN AS THE SLOCUM SYSTEM. WHATEVER YOUR DISEASE ONE OR MORE OF THESE FOUR PREPARATIONS WILL BE OF BENEFIT TO YOU. ACCORDING TO THE NEEDS OF YOUR CASE, FULLY EXPLAINED IN THE TREATISE GIVEN FREE WITH THE FREE MEDICINE, YOU MAY TAKE ONE, OR ANY TWO, OR THREE, OR ALL FOUR, IN COMBINATION. A CURE IS CERTAIN IF THE SIMPLE DIRECTIONS ARE FOLLOWED. THE REMEDIES ARE ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR THOSE WHO SUFFER FROM WEAK LUNGS, COUGHS, SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, CATARRH, CONSUMPTION, AND OTHER PULMONARY TROUBLES. BUT THEY ARE ALSO OF WONDERFUL EFFICACY IN THE UPBUILDING OF WEAK SYSTEMS, IN PURIFYING THE BLOOD, MAKING FLESH, AND RESTORING TO YOU OR YOUR SICK FRIENDS CAN HAVE A FREE COURSE OF TREATMENT. SIMPLY WRITE TO THE T. A. SLOCUM CHEMICAL CO., LIMITED, 179 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO, GIVING POST OFFICE AND EXPRESS OFFICE ADDRESS, AND THE FREE MEDICINE (THE SLOCUM CURE) WILL BE PROMPTLY SENT. WHEN WRITING FOR THEM ALWAYS MENTION THIS PAPER. PERSONS IN CANADA, SEEING SLOCUM'S NAME OFFER IN AMERICAN PAPERS, WILL PLEASE SEND FOR SAMPLES TO THE TORONTO LABORATORIES.

Now for Stock-Taking

You know what that means. The pre-inventory tide is sweeping through our store and the power of its swell is in the prices. Many things will sell this month for less than value, and everything that we can let go without more harm than loss of money will go. You will reap the rich harvest during this great sale.

GLOBE CLOTHING HOUSE

The Up-to-date Clothiers and Gents' Furnishers

COR. KING & BUELL STS. - BROCKVILLE

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EAST OR WEST

Take advantage of the Fast Passenger Train service which now leaves Brockville as follows:

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Express-Daily except Monday, 3:35 a.m.
 Local Passenger-Daily, Sunday, 5:00 a.m.
 Express-Daily, except Sunday, 5:15 a.m.
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GOING WEST

Mail and Express-Daily, Sunday, 12:03 a.m.
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 Sunday, 10:00 a.m.
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G. T. FULFORD,
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General - Blacksmiths

Horseshoeing and Repairing

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

Your patrons,
C. E. Pickrell & Sons
 ELGIN STREET, ATHENS.

Wood's Peppermint Cure

The Great English Remedy for all kinds of Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all other Affections of the Throat and Lungs.

It is the only medicine that cures all these ailments, and is sold in every part of the world.

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The value of a business education depends upon the results that follow.

Do you know of any other college whose graduates are as successful as those of Brockville?

Send for catalogue and you will understand why.

C. W. GAY, Principal
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NERVOUS, WEAK, DISEASED MEN.

NO CURE - NO PAY

THE NEW METHOD TREATMENT, original with Dr. K. & K., will cure every case of Nervousness, Debility, and all other ailments of the system. It is the result of 30 years' experience in the treatment of these diseases.

WE CURE SYPHILIS

This terrible Blood Poison, the terror of mankind, is now cured by our SYPHILITIC TREATMENT. It is the only medicine that cures all these ailments, and is sold in every part of the world.

CURES GUARANTEED

Thousands of young and middle-aged men have their vigor and vitality restored by early advice, later exposure, mental worry, etc. No matter the cause, our New Method Treatment is the refuge.

WE CURE IMPOTENCY

And restore all parts to a normal condition. Ambition, life and energy are renewed, and one feels himself a man among men. Every case is treated individually - no cure-all - hence our wonderful success. No matter what ailment you suffer from, we can cure it. We can furnish bank bonds to guarantee to accomplish what we claim.

250,000 CURED

We treat and cure: EMISSIONS, VARICOCELE, SYPHILIS, GLEET, STRICTURE, IMPOTENCY, SEED, BRUISES, UNNATURAL DISCHARGE, etc. KIDNEY and BLADDER Diseases. CONSULTATION FREE. BOOKS FREE. If unable to call, write for QUERIES. Blank for HOME TREATMENT.

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ATHENS GROCERY

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FINNAN HADDIE
 SEA TROUT

Fine Syrup

IN PAILS OR BY POUND

DINNER SETS
 BEDROOM SETS
 GLASSWARE
 LAMP GOODS, &c

G. A. McCLARY
 Main St., Athens.

Local Notes

The Harlem hockeyists now wear a natty new uniform.

Mrs. Curzon Lamb is visiting friends in Smith's Falls.

Mrs. Eck Billings of Brockville is visiting friends in Athens.

Mr. G. W. Brown is this week visiting friends in Toronto and Hamilton.

A Cardinal family host of a baby that when two weeks old weighed 24 lbs.

Mrs. Merrick, accompanied by her little grand daughter, Miss Essie Owens, has gone to St. Catharines to visit her daughter, Mrs. O'Laughlin.

The Reporter is pleased to learn that Mrs. H. H. Arnold is recovering from the sudden and serious attack of grippe-pneumonia with which she has been prostrated.

On Thursday evening last Miss Helen Donovan gave a birthday party to her young friends and treated them to a ride around town. It was a merry gathering and marked the termination of Helen's first decade in a very pleasing way.

Mr. Geo. Holmes, arts student at Queen's university, Kingston, spent Saturday and Sunday at the home of his parents in order to renew his acquaintance with his former schoolmate Mr. C. A. Rappell.

Mr. Clarence Mott of North Augusta returned home a few days ago and is this week, accompanied by his sister, Miss Laura, visiting his sister, Mrs. S. H. McBratney in Athens. He has done well in the West and will return in a few days.

Mr. Gordon A. Rappell, after an absence of a year and a half in Salt Lake City, Utah, returned home last week for a brief visit. He has done well in the Mormon state, having been advanced to a responsible position in the head office of one of the railway companies. His coming home was a pleasant surprise to many of his Athenian friends. He returns to the West this week.

Jas. L. Scott of Gananoque was a caller at the Reporter office on Tuesday. He is on a collecting tour for the services of Corneracker and says that he is making arrangements to travel that horse in this section next season. Mr. Scott is also selling Gananoque route harness to the farmers along the route he takes and has averaged one set per day since he started out.

Amell - Foster.

A very quiet wedding was solemnized on Tuesday Feb. 12th, in St. Denis' church, Athens, when Rev. Father Crowley united in marriage William Amell, Cardinal, and Miss Julia Foster one of Charleston's most estimable young ladies. She was most becomingly attired in blue, trimmed with white, and needless to say, looked lovely. The groom was supported by Thomas Foster, brother of the bride, while Miss Bridget Ford was bridesmaid. After the ceremony the happy couple left for a short wedding trip to Montreal. They returned on Friday to the home of the bride's father, where they remained till Monday, when they left for Cardinal. The groom's gift to the bride was a sable collar. We extend our congratulations and best wishes for a long and prosperous wedded life.

The Iceman's Troubles.—"My business," says John Gray, ice dealer, of Wingham Ont., "is one of the most fertile fields for sowing the seeds of rheumatic suffering. For five years I was a great invalid, words cannot convey the faintest idea of my intense suffering and constant pain I endured. 6 bottles of South American Rheumatic Cure permanently cured me."

Apoplexy.—Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is effective in apoplectic symptoms. If you have unpleasant dizziness, lightness or sudden rush of blood to the head, take precautions against a recurrence. This great remedy will remove the cause. The press of the land has a daily list of sudden deaths which would not be chronicled if Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart were used.—147

Miss E. A. Ross of Cardinal is the guest of Mrs. N. L. Massey.

Miss Watson of the teaching staff of the public school is on the sick list.

Miss Lena Fair has been for several days seriously ill with inflammation of the lungs.

Mr. Robert McCrady, one of the most respected residents of Lyn, died on Sunday last.

Mr. Geo. Pickett, who has been employed for some time in Ottawa, returned home a few days ago.

On Sunday morning last, John B. Davis, the well-known hotel-keeper of North Augusta, was found dead in bed.

Carlton Place Canadian says:—Mrs. Brown is spending a couple of weeks visiting friends in Brockville and Athens.

Dr. Giles is numbered among the many in this section ill with the gripe. Miss Edith Giles of Brockville spent Sunday at home.

In New York City, it is estimated one out of every six has the gripe, and in a large percentage of the cases pneumonia accompanies the disease.

Rev. Rural Dean Wright is ill with the gripe at Flinton where, a few days ago, he went in company with Mrs. Wright to attend their son, Rev. J. DeP. Wright, who was sick.

The induction of Rev. Mr. Frizzell into the pastorate of St. Paul's Presbyterian church, Athens, which was to have taken place on Tuesday evening, has been postponed until after the meeting of the Presbytery next week.

There is a case of suspected small pox at Hallock's school house, near Lyn, John Davison, aged 70 years, being the victim. While the disease is being carefully diagnosed, the local and provincial authorities are carefully guarding the public interest.

On Monday last, February 18th, a quiet wedding took place at the English Church, Ballymore, between Egbert Avery, a prosperous young farmer of Caintown, and Miss Ray McClary of Ballymore. The Reporter extends congratulations.

The matched race takes place at Charleston Lake on the afternoon of Tuesday next. From the wide spread interest manifested in the event, it is evident that there will be a very large attendance of horsemen, and other "trials of speed" will probably result.

Are you going to have an auction sale this spring? If so, give George Young of Spring Valley post office a chance to sell for you. He is young and energetic, a good salesman, and works as cheap as the cheapest. See his notice under the auction sale heading in another column.

There is a grand opening for a man of push and moderate capital by purchasing the Saunders mill property, advertised in another column. This is one of the best mill properties anywhere in this section and the power and buildings are amply sufficient to run a large business on the lines formerly carried on, or could easily be converted into a roller mill or other important industry. The owners are anxious to dispose of the property and someone will get a snap, if they look after it at once.

The Annual meeting of the Athens Branch of the British and Foreign Bible Society was held in the Baptist church on Friday evening. The Rev. L. Bennett gave a very instructive address on "The Bible, Britain, and the nineteenth century." Short addresses were also made by Revs. Sammons and Gray and Messrs. Joseph and Robert Thompson. Sores by Misses Boyce and Witte added much to the programme. The officers elected for the year were: N. L. Massey, president; Miss Ada Lillie, secretary; collectors, Mesdames Dowsley, Jones, R. Thompson, Misses R. S. Boyce and Blanchard. The contributions for 1901 amounted to \$25.00.

Death of William Hicks.

There died at the House of Industry, Athens, on Tuesday morning last, a well-known resident of this section in the person of William Hicks, aged 80 years. Mr. Hicks resided for many years in Athens and on a farm near Charleston lake, and was for a number of years fishery overseer at Charleston lake.

About a year ago he had a paralytic stroke, and being in reduced circumstances he was taken in at the home for old people, where he has had the best of care and attention. His funeral will take place at the Argilian church at Pine Hill, at 2:30 p. m. on Wednesday (to-day), where the services will be conducted by the Rev. Mr. Forster of Lyndhurst.

For "Run down" People there's nothing known in medical treatment today so magical in its building up power as South American Nerve, because it strikes at the root of all nervous ailments, the digestive organs, makes rich red blood, drives away emaciation, puts on flesh and makes over physical wrecks generally.

Pill-Funk.—10 cents a vial for Dr. Agnew's Little Liver Pills would not make them the fame they enjoy to-day if the curative powers were not in them. Worth will get to the top and that accounts for the wonderful demand for these little gems. They positively cure Constipation, Bilioussness, sick-head-ache.—149

The People's Column.

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

Look Here!

Any person wishing to buy a first-class home in Brockville would do well to apply to

R. H. GAMBLE,
 Church Street, Brockville

Dog Found.

A black and tan hound. Owner can have same by proving property and paying for this adv't.

P. P. SLACK, Athens.

VALUABLE Mill Property FOR SALE.

Steam Grist, Saw, Shingle Mill and Cheese Box Factory.

That valuable property known as the Saunders Steam Mill, situated within half a mile of the

VILLAGE OF ATHENS

is offered for sale on terms to suit purchasers.

The grist mill has 2 run of 4 1/2 foot burr stones and a 14 inch plate grinder, all in complete running order. The saw mill is one of the best in central Ontario, driven by Watrous engine 14x22. Two boilers 4x12, with automatic sawdust feeder, furnish the motive power. The saw mill has a lumber track and truck and saw carriage will cut up to 35 feet and has power log center. The shingle mill is one of the best made. Log and lumber yard contains over three acres.

There is also a 42 inch turbine water-wheel, 14 foot head, which has water from 4 to 6 months during the year, and will drive everything except the saw mill.

Also for sale, a 14x16 ft. engine, good as new, can be seen running.

Also the farm of 23 acres adjoining the mill property, with first class private residence, two orchards, garden, and all outbuildings in first-class order. Also two tenement houses convenient to mill.

The property will be sold altogether or separately, to suit purchasers. Come and examine the premises and see the mill in operation.

For further particulars, apply to

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MRS. E. J. SAUNDERS
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Wm. Coates & Son,
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The People's Column.

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

Look Here!

Any person wishing to buy a first-class home in Brockville would do well to apply to

R. H. GAMBLE,
 Church Street, Brockville

Dog Found.

A black and tan hound. Owner can have same by proving property and paying for this adv't.

P. P. SLACK, Athens.

VALUABLE Mill Property FOR SALE.

Steam Grist, Saw, Shingle Mill and Cheese Box Factory.

That valuable property known as the Saunders Steam Mill, situated within half a mile of the

VILLAGE OF ATHENS

is offered for sale on terms to suit purchasers.

The grist mill has 2 run of 4 1/2 foot burr stones and a 14 inch plate grinder, all in complete running order. The saw mill is one of the best in central Ontario, driven by Watrous engine 14x22. Two boilers 4x12, with automatic sawdust feeder, furnish the motive power. The saw mill has a lumber track and truck and saw carriage will cut up to 35 feet and has power log center. The shingle mill is one of the best made. Log and lumber yard contains over three acres.

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WE have authority from Geo. N. Young, Spring Valley P. O., to arrange dates for sales by him, as well as fix price for same, without parties going to see him. All parties who employ him and get their sale bills printed at the Reporter office will be given the usual free notice in this column.

SALE REGISTER

Parties getting sale bills printed at the Athens Reporter office will receive a free notice of same under this heading.

On Thursday, Feb. 21st, at his premises, lots 16 and 17, con. 10, Kitley, Robert DeWolfe will offer for sale 4 horses, 9 milch c. w. s. 2 heifers, 2 calves, 10 pigs, brood sow, implements, vehicles, sugar and dairy utensils, household furniture, &c. Sale at 12 o'clock.

On Friday, Feb. 22nd, at his residence, one mile South of Athens, Wilson H. Witte will offer 2 horses, 6 cows 4 heifers, 2 yearlings, 2 calves, a lot of agricultural machinery, hay, straw, and grain. Sale at 1 p. m. D. Dowsley auctioneer.

On Wednesday, Feb. 27th, Thos. Henderson will sell by public auction at his farm, Lechy's corners, 7 cows, 2 heifers, vehicles, implements, sugar utensils, hay, grain, &c. Sale at 1 p. m. D. Dowsley, auctioneer.

On Thursday, Feb. 28th, Morton C. Knapp, Lake Elvida, will sell 4 horses, 21 heifers coming two years, 1 two year old heifer, 1 cow, 2 colts, implements, vehicles, sugar utensils, seed oats, 25 tons of hay, etc. D.C. Healy, auctioneer.

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A good looking horse and poor looking harness is the worst kind of a combination.

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I have also for sale a good house and lot on Church street, Athens, known as the Witherill property, and a vacant village lot between Dr. Cornell's residence and the Church of England Rectory, Main street, Athens. Will be sold cheap.—W. K.

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