THE
Star Wardrobe
....
is the Leading House in Brockville for
FASHIONABLE TAILORING,
Cutting will receive my personal attention
M. J. KEHOE.

# THE ATHENS REPORTER
## & COUNTY OF LEEDS ADVERTISER.

LU
Shingles, Lath, W
Clapboards, Pickets, Door
Flooring, Posts, Sash.
All Kinds of Building Lumber and Plani
W. G. PARIS

VOL. VIII. NO 43. Athens, Leeds County, Ontario, Tuesday. Nov. 8, 1892. { $1.00 a year in advance. 1.25 if not paid within 6 months. B. Lover proprietor. }


## IMPORTED MANTLES

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

## SHAWLS

The best lot of Shawls we have had in years—Scotch Shawls, Glencoe Shawls, Harris Wraps, Clan Shawls, Black Wool Shawls, Reversible Shawls—every kind of shawl you can ask for, and at reasonable prices.

Telephone 149. **GEO. G HUTCHESON & CO.**

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

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

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

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

**Farmersville Lodge**
**No. 177.**
**A. O. U. W.**
Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of each month, in Lamb's Hall, Central Block, Main St., Athens. VISITORS WELCOME.

**The Gamble House,**
ATHENS.
This fine new BRICK HOTEL has been elegantly furnished throughout in the latest style. Every attention given to the wants of guests. Good yards and stables. 23.1y FRED. PIERCE, Prop'r.

## MONEY TO LOAN

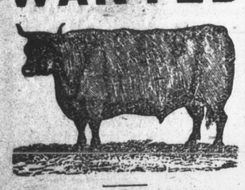
We have instructions to place a large sum of private funds at current rates of interest on first mortgage on improved farms. Terms to suit borrowers. Apply to
HUTCHESON & FISHER,
Barristers, &c., Brockville.

## SEEDS
**Garden, Field and Flower**
A full stock just received—All
**Fresh & Reliable**
—ALSO—
**LINSEED MEAL**
AND
**GROUND OIL CAKE**
For Feeding purposes, at the
**Lowest Market Price.**

Parties requiring quantities of Seeds will find our prices RIGHT, and we invite enquiry.

**ALLAN TURNER & CO.**
Chemists and Druggists
KING STREET, BROCKVILLE

## WANTED



**60,000 DEACON AND CALF SKINS**

HIGHEST CASH PRICE AT THE BROCKVILLE TANNERY.

A. G. McCRADY SONS.

**JOS. LANE,**
Main St., opposite Maley's Boot & Shoe Store.
BROCKVILLE,
Carries the
LARGEST STOCK OF WATCHES
of any house in town.
His Stock of Clocks, Jewellery, Diamonds, Spectacles, Etc., is complete in every Department and
**Will be Sold Right.**
Repairing by Skilled Workmen our Specialty
Give us a call when wanting anything in our line.

**Lyn Ag'l Works**

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

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

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

G. P. McNISH

**SEND to TheGlobe TORONTO,**
FOR AGENTS' OUTFIT FOR 1893, INCLUDING VALUABLE
**PRIZE LIST.**
Anybody Can Get Up a Club.
We want Young People to work for us. Write early. It Will Pay You.
THE GLOBE,
WEEKLY GLOBE, balance 1892 FREE.

**NEXT!**

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

**M. WHITE & CO.,**
Tailoring and Gents' Furnishing
KING STREET - BROCKVILLE.

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For information and free Handbook write to MUNN & CO., 361 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
Oldest bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the
**Scientific American**
Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, $3.00 a Year; $1.50 six months. Address MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, New York.

## Rob't Wright & Co.

Show Rooms Headquarters for the latest novelties in Millinery Goods. Alwayi on exhibition an immense display of Ready-trimmed Hats and Bonnets which render selections of becoming shapes easy.

Just a few dresses left of our 1000 yards purchase of Albert Twill Dress Goods, 1 yd. wide, worth 25c yd. which we are still selling at 13c per yd.

Remember our 55c quality of pretty patterns in fancy striped all wool, fine imported Flannels, which we are selling at 39c per yd.

Enormous variety of patterns in Flannelettes at bargain prices.

To arrive next week—a large assortment of one and two yard wide Flannel Sheeting direct from manufacturers, to be sold cheap. Also a special purchase of White Wool Blankets.

Great Bargains in Grey Flannels.

**REMEMBER**
ROBERT WRIGHT & CO.
now have a department for Materials for Art Needle Work and a general assortment of Fancy Goods. You are invited to call at their Show Rooms and look through the assortment now on exhibition.

The correct thing in French Wool Dress Goods, White Cords, all-Wool Poplins and Shot Wool Dress Goods. 4½ yards make a full dress pattern.

Extra value in Navy Blue Wool Serges and all-wool Poplins.

Bargains in Dress Tweed Suitings. Only one dress in each pattern.

Pretty Dress Gimps and Dress Ruchings, also black and colored Feather Trimmings.

Notwithstanding the very inclement weather of the past week business in our Mantle Department keeps booming. All cloths cut, fitted and basted together free of charge.

SPECIAL—We have a number of Black Cloth Mantles, former price of which was $5 to $7 each. They are not this season's goods, we have therefore marked the lot down to $2.50 each.

Try our letter order department. Samples mailed to any address.

**Robert Wright & Co.**
TELEPHONE 138.

## It's a Fact; Not a Theory

The wonderful progress of our Mantle Department is written in bright letters. Those who have been led to trade here have acted as advertisers for the business, so that every day, week and month our sales in this department are increasing.

The solution of this must be—proper service, excellent work, and facilities for finishing garments second to none. We have it on excellent authority that the Mantles turned out at 205 King Street are the best fitting and most stylish on the Brockville streets. Naturally, you will ask who contributes this authority. Some of the patrons who have been dissatisfied with the work done elsewhere and in consequence have left their orders with us this fall.

Now, we don't mean to say we are the only ones that know how to do this work properly; but we do state emphatically that your work can be done here as well as elsewhere—and probably better.

All our cloths are imported direct and we are in a position to offer them at very close prices. All cloths, cut, fitted and basted together free of charge.

Telephone 161 **LEWIS & PATTERSON**
BROCKVILLE

P. S.—Work done on the premises by an expert mantle-cutter.

## C. M. BABCOCK'S

Fall and Winter Stock of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods is now Complete.

Over Three Hundred Styles to choose from, and no two alike. In Cheviots, Serges, Stanley Suitings, &c., patterns strictly confined to myself for Brockville.

The finest Navy and Black Serges and Estemines.

All the new Mantleware in all the new styles and cut.

THE PLACE FOR HOSIERY.

Sole agent for FERD ROUILLON'S French Kid Gloves, for Brockville.

The place to buy Erskine & Beveridge's Linens of all kinds—said to be the best makers of these goods in the world.

A big lot of new Silks, Bengalines, and Shot Silks and Velvets, just in. See the goods—none like them in Brockville.

**C. M. BABCOCK,**
TELEPHONE 197. BROCKVILLE

## A Word About Stogas

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

Brockville's Cheap Shoe Store,
W. L. MALEY
Brockville, Sept. 9' 1892.


## COUNTY NEWS.

INTERESTING LETTERS FROM OUR STAFF OF CORRESPONDENTS.

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

### FRANKVILLE.

FRIDAY, Nov. 4.—Corn husking, are the order of the day.

Miss Earl, of Phillipsville, is the guest of Mrs. C. B. Telman.

We have a new operator in our village in the person of Mr. Chas. Wallace, of Newboro, who has taken the place of Mr. Dier, who has accepted a situation in Montreal.

Mr. Chas. Richards has been engaged to teach our school the remainder of the term.

The Hepburn Medicine Co., of Iroquois, are stopping in our village for a week, commencing on Monday last, advertising their celebrated medicines.

A party from here left on Saturday on a deer hunting expedition.

### FORFAR.

MONDAY, Nov. 14. — Quarterly meeting was held in Newboro on Sunday and as a result Sunday school was held here on Sunday afternoon.

We are glad to say that Mrs. P. Downey is recovering.

The roads are very muddy and the ground in some places too wet for ploughing on account of the recent rains.

The Forfar cheese factory has closed for the season, and many will miss the genial face of the cheese-maker, Mr. Hollingsworth.

G. P. Preston intends attending Guelph Agricultural College this winter.

There has been another addition to our choir in the person of Wilbert Ripley.

### DELTA.

MONDAY, Nov. 7.—The roads in the vicinity are very bad owing to the heavy rain and snow.

Edward and John Flynn returned home last week from Manitoba. They have been away since March.

The Division court was opened here last Wednesday. Judge Reynolds presided. There were some from Brockville and Toronto.

A wedding took place here last week. Mr. Alfred Snider and Miss Saddie Sawyer were the contracting parties. They treated their friends to a supper last week at Arthur Snider's house. Mrs. Snider received a cash donation as a wedding present from her friends. We wish them a happy and prosperous life.

Alex. Stevens has put a verandah addition to his house.

Mr. James Flynn has gone to Toronto. We wish him good success in the near future.

As usual on Halloween, the small boys were out on Monday night building fences, carrying away gates etc.

M. S. Denaut spent Sunday visiting relatives in Brockville.

R. I. Stevens and family went to Gananoque last Saturday and spent Sunday with Mr. DeWolfe of that place.

Lewis Brown, of Phillipsville, is clerking for J. E. Brown at the township office.

F. W. Singleton improved the new kitchen in addition to the house.

### WESTPORT.

SATURDAY, Nov, 5.—Some one has said:—"Every time a wife scolds her husband she adds a wrinkle to her face." We think that the announcement of this fact will have a salutary effect, especially as it is understood that every time a wife smiles on her husband it will remove one of the old wrinkles.

Hallowe'en passed off quite quietly. The only disturbance of the evening was caused by a number of small boys who endeavored to show Mr. J. H. Whelan and wife their appreciation of his marriage by a serenade. The boys made "night hideous" for quite a while. After they had exhausted their strength, cracked their voices, and nearly worn out their cow-bells, they retired. Then the larger boys appeared on the scene and Mr. J. H. readily responded and offered them the neat sum of $10. However, they let him off somewhat easier and left well satisfied, after wishing him a long and happy "journey o'er the sea of life."

The funeral of Miss Edith Jeacle, youngest daughter of Mr. Geo. Jeacle, was held in the English church on Tuesday. Miss Edith had a very kind and affectionate disposition and will be greatly missed by all who knew her. A very impressive sermon was preached to a large congregation by Rev. Mr. Jones.

A series of Temperance lectures are being delivered here this week and part of next, by the Temperance Crusaders, consisting of Mr. Rhine and his sister, Miss Rhine, and Mr. Moul. The lectures and the singing promise to be one of the treats of the season.

Mr. William Crozier has removed from the village to his farm, quite a distance west of Fermoy.

A shipment of hogs and cattle was made on Wednesday morning by Mr. Noah Whitmarsh.

Partridge hunting is reported excellent about five miles west of town. One party of two secured 17 one afternoon last week.

The disagreeable weather of the last few days has left the roads in a very muddy condition.

Mr. Herb Derbyshire has sold the machinery of his planing mill to Mr. W. C. Fredenburgh who will now dress his own lumber and clapboards.

Dr. James Parker, of Seattle, Washington Territory, formerly of Westport, is visiting his brother, Dr. Wm. Parker, of this place.

The annual missionary services were conducted in the Methodist church on Sunday. The missionary meeting on Monday evening is to be conducted in the Methodist church on Sunday. The missionary meeting on Monday evening is to be conducted by Rev. Jamieson, M. A., of Newboro, and Rev. Jackson, of Perth, chairman of the district.

### CHANTRY.

THURSDAY, Nov. 3.—A good many went from here to Delta to hear Mrs. Shepherd lecture on the Church of Rome, but as your scribe did not take much stock in the good such lectures would do he stayed at home.

Mr. Jesse Fulford, of Teeswater, visited his cousin, At J. Copeland.

Old Betty Grier is dead. Who was old Betty? some will say. Well she was a poor cripple who lived alone with her brother, who is also a cripple, (and a poor foolish boy they took to bring up). Neither old Betty nor Bill have been able to walk for some years. They lived in a poor old house about two miles from here. Poor Betty was sick for a long time, but had no one to care for her, only once in a while some of the neighbors would go in to see her. They lived in almost heathen darkness, spiritually, never having owned a bible. Some ladies from here went in some time ago and found her sick and no one to wait on her, only her crippled brother, and he could not lift her or make up her bed. They said it was enough to appal the stoutest heart (and stomach) to see the state she was in. They cleared up the house, and got her up and put clean clothes on and so fourth. It does not hardly seem possible that such a thing could be possible in a Christian neighborhood, where so many say they are willing to do anything or go anywhere the Lord wants them to. It seems as if there was some work needed right at home.

John Chant and Robert Rosebarker have bought a stone-lifter and are doing a rushing business.

Mrs. Elliott's house got fire one day last week and would most likely have burned down, only for the timely help of two young boys, sons of Stearns Knowlton and Goodson Alford. Well done, boys. Bravo!

H. Smith has bought out Mr. A. Derbyshire.

Mr. F. O. Knowlton's horse tried to run away with the milk wagon and the boy driving jumped off and let him have it all his own way.

Mrs. Wm. Gorman, jr., is quite sick.

Husking bees and prayer meetings fill up the evenings.

Mr. Percey Alford is home after a summer spent in Greenbush, cheese making. To beguile his lonely hours he brought home a pet in the shape of a large bull dog.

While Mr. Stephen Knowlton was driving along with a sewing machine in the wagon, his horses started up and threw the machine out and damaged it a good deal. Young Mr. Sirrell, son of Rev. Mr. Sirrell, was holding the machine in. He fell off first. No damage only a coat of paint.

On the 2nd inst. a young man by the name of Robert Levingston got badly gored by a cow that he was trying to bail up. He lives some two or three miles from here.

### OAK LEAF.

MONDAY. Nov. 7—For some time your scribe has noticed that quite a rivalry existed among "the boys," but the cause was hidden. At last, by thorough investigation, he is led to believe that it is on account of some beauty whose bewitching smiles they seem to covet. But taking all into consideration, we think that the gallant who calls on Sunday and gets the "two big eggs" will "git thar" in time to come.

Mr. R. J. Green is on a hunting expedition up north.

The vacancy of teacher in our school for '93 has not yet been filled. The trustees are in favor of a female teacher, as the attendance is so very small.

Messrs. La Pointe & Beadle, of the east end, have entered into a consolidated partnership to carry on manual labor during the winter. We think that stock in the above company can be had at par.

There is a rumor that a Delta swell is about to have an assembly in our hall.

The tax-collector has paid his unwelcome visits to this section.

Our farmers did not have time to show "ye Athenians" how to catch salmon this year.

The Ottawa police have stopped the Salvation Army from holding prayer meetings on the streets.

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

There is a very strong probability that Ottawa will grant $75,000 for the building of the Kingston, Smith's Falls & Ottawa railway. The newspapers and the leading citizens all favor the measure.

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

### LYN.

MONDAY, Nov. 7.—The tower of the Presbyterian church is nearing completion. Its progress has been slow but sure.

A sewer along Main street has been completed in a substantial manner, Robt. Eyer being contractor and H. E. McDonald, superintendent.

A practical tile maker from the west is here trying to make arrangements to open a tile and brick yard. It is hoped he may receive sufficient encouragement to warrant him in giving it a trial.

Our village was cast in gloom on Thursday last by the receipt of a telegram from Barraga, Michigan, that J. H. McDonald, son of H. E. McDonald, had died and would be brought here for interment. The remains, accompanied by his widow, arrived here at four yesterday morning. The funeral took place at 2.30 p.m. Jimmy McDonald was a general favorite here twenty odd years ago, when he left to make his home in northern Michigan in connection with a large lumbering concern, and his periodical visits to his parents and his native town were always looked forward to by his old associates with much pleasure. A large number of friends and acquaintances attended the funeral, and much sympathy is extended to his aged parents in this sadly sudden bereavement.

### ADDISON.

SATURDAY, Nov. 5.—The first snow for this season fell last night. Cold and winter like this morning in this section.

The oyster supper given in our hall on the 3rd inst., was fully up to the mark, the receipts amounting to $80.

Mr. John O'Connor has been spending a few days with friends in our village. John is a general favorite with the boys and his smiling countenance always brings good cheer.

Mr. William Wiltse, of Browntown, has moved to New Dublin, having engaged with Mr. Byron Cadwell to take charge of his mill in that noted city.

Our King street fowl fancier is diverging a little from his usual line of business, having purchased a celebrated trotting horse from one of our King street sports and will take dust from none in the future.

Mr. Levi Monroe, of Mt. Pleasant, has been engaged for some time repairing his dwelling house on King St. Mr. Thomas Matthews did the carpenter work and Mr. Hiram Stewart is putting on the finishing by giving it a fine coat of paint.

Our local sports attended the North Augusta fair on the 4th inst., and secured some very fine horses. They are ready now for business, whenever Jabez calls on them.

During the year ending Sept. 30th. 160 prisoners were admitted to the jail at Brockville—188 males and 22 females. Of these, 44 were charged with being drunk and disorderly, and no less than 107 males and 14 females acknowledged intemperance.

**The Chicago Ledger**

Is twenty years old and has a circulation of 140,000 copies a week. It is a combined story and family paper, fully up to the times in every particular, and handsomely illustrated. There is a Fashion Department, and also a Young People's Department either of which alone is worth the subscription price of $2.00 per year, $1.00 for six months, or 50 cents for three months. Send for free specimen copies and inducements for clubs. Boys and girls everywhere are making money selling the Ledger to regular customers. Write for particulars. Address the publisher, W. D. Boyce, 113, 115 and 117 Fifth avenue, Chicago.

**Practical Points for Farmers.**

Prof. Dean, of Ontario Agricultural College, in a bulletin just issued, respecting feeding for milk and butter, says: I would warn against feeding much more than 50 lb. ensilage per day to cows weighing under 1,000 lb. We have found the following ration to give good results: 50 lb. of corn ensilage, 6 lb. of hay, 4 lb. of bran, and 2 lb. of pea and oatmeal mixed in equal proportions. If these latter become too high priced, I would recommend the use of 2 lb. of cottonseed meal (in place of the bran or meals) per day to each cow, when it can be bought for about $30 per ton.

Feed liberally, though not wastefully, bearing in mind that although the per cent. of fat may not be increased by liberal feeding, the total amount of fat or butter may be largely increased by causing the cow to give a larger quantity of milk. Three things determine the value of a cow: the quality of her milk, the quantity she gives, and the economical use she makes of her food.

During the hot weather buttermakers are frequently troubled with soft butter. This is largely due, in most cases, to improper handling of the milk, cream and butter, but there is a tendency during hot spells for the butter to be soft no matter what the care taken. From experiments I am led to believe that the addition of a small quantity of meal, especially cottonseed meal, has a tendency to make the butter firmer. Last summer we fed about 1 lb. per day to each cow, while at pasture, and our buttermaker informs me that he did not have a churning of soft butter during the whole season. Whether this was due altogether to the cottonseed meal, I am not prepared to say, but I think it had something to do with it. In feeding cottonseed meal it should be mixed with bran, cut hay or some grain meal.


**Lord's Prices**

Are becoming a by-word in the community, especially in the rural districts, where high prices have so long prevailed in the furniture business.

Here are a few samples of goods he is selling every day:

Antique Oak Finished Sideboard with plate glass mirror, $8.
Carpet Lounge, $6.50.
Hair Cloth Parlor Suite, $30.00.
Chairs, 35 cents.
Ash Bedroom Suite with large, square plate mirror, $15.
New style Extension Table, $7.
Hall Rack with mirror, $6.
A magnificent Parlor Suite, which sells anywhere at $75, sold at $30. This latter is a special bargain, only three left.

LORD'S FURNITURE STORE
Next Morrison's Hotel. BROCKVILLE
P. S.—Some hardwood wanted.

**New Paint Shop!**

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

**HATS!**

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

**Money to Loan.**

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

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

**LOOK - HERE!**
**A Valuable Watch for only $7.00**

Elgin movement, fully warranted in a 3 oz. Nickel Silver case. Call and examine and be convinced that you get extra value for your money.

My stock of Roll Plate Jewelry is new and well selected.

See my assortment of Bracelets, Chains, and Necklets. The patterns are of the latest design and the goods will be sold right.

Gem Rings, Keeper Rings and Wedding Rings in Solid Gold only kept in stock.

Clock, Silverware and Optical goods at rockbottom prices. Now is the time to secure bargains.

**Repairing** receives special attention. Satisfaction guaranteed. Give me a call in the Parish block opposite the Gamble House, Athens.

Respectfully yours,
☞I have added a full line of School Books and Stationery which will be sold cheap.
**H. R. KNOWLTON**
ATHENS


THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION

shall choose for yourself,' he said

...hour the followed was the ...ptest Hildred had known since her ...arriage. At the Hotel Meurice, ...lthough he had been careful to show ...her every kindness, he had not thought ...of her or studied her. At Ravensmere ...it was quite different. The servants, he ...knew, would watch him closely, and ...would make their own comments on his ...behavior; and, if they saw that he slighted ...his wife, they would imitate his example ...quickly enough. That he would not allow. ...She was only a money-lender's daughter—a ...woman whom he could never like—but she ...had saved him from ruin; she should at ...least be protected.

So he talked to her, and showed her the ...various art-treasures, the costly pictures, ...the statues, the ancient armor. She was ...pleased and bright and interested in all he ...said. He showed her the library, where ...the accumulated treasures of so many ...scholars lay. When she had seen and ad-...mired all, he said to her—

"If all this were on the verge of de-...struction, and one woman came forward to ...save it, what would you call her?"

"I should call her the good angel of the ...house," she replied, not having the least ...idea that he was referring to her.

He bowed to her.

"That shall be my name for you, he said.

"You shall be the good angel of the ...house."

She had chosen her rooms in the eastern ...wing—rooms that opened on to a broad ...beautiful terrace—from the windows of ...which one saw pleasant glimpses of garden ...and distant landscape. The housekeeper, ...Mrs. Hampton, showed her over the whole ...suite. Lady Caraven preferred these.

"You will be lonely, my lady," she said; "most of the Ladies Caraven have pre-...ferred the eastern wing."

"Your ladyship has decided then on this suite?" said the housekeeper.

Lady Caraven did not even hear her; she was looking sadly round the rooms. How many years would this be her home? How many long, weary hours of suspense and pain would she pass here? Would she soon tire of the gilded splendor? She would be always alone—her rooms always silent and desolate; no loving face would brighten them; no glad voices cheer them.

The housekeeper looked curiously at the young face with the sad, sweet eyes.

"Do you have decided, my lady, upon these rooms?" she repeated.

"Yes," said the young Countess; "I prefer them to any others. And I will re-main here now while my boxes are unpacked. I will not go down again."

"Shall I take that message to the Earl?" she asked.

Lady Caraven looked up in some sur-prise.

"Oh, no!" she replied. "Lord Caraven will not expect me."

And the housekeeper, who was a shrewd woman in her way, thought that it seemed a strange kind of marriage where husband and wife preferred solitude to each other's society.

## CHAPTER XI.

"We have some visitors coming to-day," said the Earl of Caraven to his young wife.

"The dinner will be an hour later, and rooms must be prepared. Sir Charles and Lady Courtenay live at some little distance—they will not arrive until late."

"Do you mean," she said, "that I am to arrange for your guests—for their wants and comforts?"

"What terribly straightforward ques-tions you ask!" he replied, laughingly. "You are sole mistress of the house—you must give all orders in it."

"I have not learned to think of myself yet as mistress of this house," she rejoined with proud composure.

"Then I must ask you to begin," he said. "You are indeed sole mistress of this house; every one in it is bound to obey you—whatever you direct is to be done."

"But," returned Hildred, "yesterday, when I went into the housekeeper's room she did not seem inclined to submit to my authority at all. She said that the keys were mislaid when I wanted to look over the linen-press. I fancy that she thinks I am rather too young to hold much authority."

"I will soon settle that matter," said the Earl.

He rang the bell, and in answer to his summons a servant came. He sent for the housekeeper, who looked slightly troubled at the unexpected call.

"Mrs. Hampton," said the Earl, sternly, "I have sent for you to say that every or-der given by Lady Caraven is to be attended to instantly—that she is to be obeyed im-plicitly, as I am obeyed myself—that the least show of disrespect or disobedience will be punished by immediate dismissal. You will see that my commands are carried out."

"I will do so, my lord."

"You will go for the future to Lady Caraven for all your orders—you will take them only from her."

"Thank you, my lord," said the house-keeper, returing with a sense of relief.

Hildred turned to her husband.

"And I thank you, too," she said calmly. "I should not have spoken but that I saw there was a disposition in the house to ignore my authority—I knew that you would not like that."

"Certainly not—you have done quite right," he told her—and a sudden sense of her cruel position came over him. Was it likely that the servants would show much respect to one who they could plainly see was an unloved wife!

He quitted the breakfast room not quite satisfied with himself and not satisfied with her.

"Marriage is a mistake at the best of times," he said, "but marriage for money is the greatest mistake of all."

Evening came and brought the expected guests—Sir Charles Courtenay, a young baronet who had but one idea, and that was love for his wife, Lady Alice Courtenay, who was pretty, lively and accomplished. Hildred liked her at once. Her face was sunny and fair, her laughing eyes and sweet lips made a very attractive picture. Hildred looked at her with something like envy. She was charmingly dressed, and had a bright expression of countenance.

That evening when Lady Caraven was dressing for dinner, her faithful maid could hardly be satisfied; she brought out jewels, flowers, ornaments of all kinds.

"Do wear them, my lady," she said; "if you would but let me help you more in your toilets! Lady Courtenay is so beauti-fully dressed; do not let her have all the admiration."

The girl had grown so sorry for her young mistress that she sometimes ven-tured to speak familiarly to her. Hildred sat listlessly before the toilet-table; neither jewels, flowers, nor dresses had the least interest for her.

"I think it is very probable that all the admiration will fall to her lot whether I take pains with my dress or not," she said musingly.

"My lady," returned the girl, earnestly, "you do not know how beautiful you are—you do not indeed. If you would but take some little interest—you have a lovely figure and beautiful hair—if you would but care a little more!"

Lady Courtenay looked up in wonder as her lovely young hostess entered the draw-ing room. She turned to the Earl, with whom she was most intimate—they had played together when children.

"How falsely people speak!" she said. "I heard that you had married a great heiress, but that she was quite a plain little school-girl. I must congratulate you on the rare beauty of your wife."

"Little she certainly is not," returned the Earl laughingly; "my—my wife is tall, I consider."

"And she is beautiful," said Lady Courtenay. "She looks like a Spanish princess. You do not often see and like here in England—we are all regular white.

"So you ought to be," he replied; "I can as soon imagine a dark angel as admire a dark woman."

"Has any one told you that I do not love her?" he asked.

"No, certainly not; but, though she is so beautiful, she does not look happy. Her eyes ought to be filled with sunshine—they are sad and dreary. It is not a happy face, Lord Caravan."

"What can be wrong here?" thought Lady Courtenay. "There is plenty of money; they are both young, both hand-some—Saxon beauty and Spanish—why are they not happy?" for, amongst all other gossip, she had not heard the fact that Lord Caraven had married for money and not for love.

It was a pleasant evening. The Earl found out another accomplishment of his wife's—she was an almost perfect musician; she sang like one, inspired. The love, the passion, the tenderness, that found no vent in her ordinary life, found vent in song. The rich, low contralto voice was more beautiful than anything he had ever heard. She sang like one whose whole soul is toned to song. She had set to sweet, sad music the poet's passionate words:

"O cruel love'—she changed her tone—
'O cruel love, whose end is scorn!
Is death the end to be the end of all?
Or life love's martyrdom, and life forlorn?"

She sang them with such sweet pathos. It was of herself she was thinking. Who was more forlorn than she—she who more neglected!

"'O cruel love, whose end is scorn!'"

"What charming music!" said Lady Courtenay. "Whose is it? I do not re-member to have heard it before, and I am familiar with most modern songs—whose is it?"

"My own," replied Hildred. "When-ever words please me very much, they always set themselves to music in my own mind."

"The words are so sad—'To live forgot-ten, and die forlorn!' How can they please one so young as you?"

"It is the fate of many," said Hildred slowly.

"It may be, but it will never be yours—you, Countess of Caraven, young, gifted, beloved."

"There are many ways of dying," said Hildred. "It is more bitter than death to some to live without love; yet many live without it."

"You never told me," said Lord Caraven to his wife, "that you could sing so beauti-fully."

"Did I not? Perhaps; you never asked me if I could sing at all."

"Have you any more such surprises?" She looked up at him brightly.

"You seemed half horrified when I told you that I could speak German," she said.

"I was afraid that you considered accom-plishments something to be concealed. I shall never tell you of any of mine."

With a glance half laughing, half haughty, she took up the sheet of music and crossed the room. Lady Courtenay looked curiously into the face of the Earl.

"Had you never heard your wife sing, really?" she asked.

"No, I had not indeed," he replied.

"If I were a man and had wooed so sweet a songstress, I should have spent long hours over the piano," she said. "I thought you always liked music so much!"

"So I do. But I did not even know my wife could sing; she makes no parade of her talents."

"No," said Lady Caraven to herself; "nor do I think that you have made any great parade of your love." But she said no more—the subject was evidently not pleasing to the earl.

## CHAPTER XII.

A beautiful evening in October; it was as though some of the warmth and sweet-ness of summer had returned for a while. Lord Caraven had invited some friends to dinner; as they lived at some little dis-tance, and they could not remain for the night, dinner was ordered earlier than usual. It was only twilight when the guests drove away, and Lord Caraven, having no one to play at billiards with him, sauntered restlessly through the rooms, thinking to himself how foolish he had been not to provide himself with a companion for that most interesting of all games.

"I must not let this happen again," he said. "To live here alone requires more strength of mind than I am possessed of."

It did not occur to him that he was not alone—that he had a fair young wife near him. Her thought of her at all. He would not have remembered her existence but that, wandering aimlessly along the terrace, he saw her in the drawing-room.

He almost owned to himself that there could not have been a lovelier picture. Wish-ing to finish something she was reading, she and brought her book to the window and crouched down where the light fell. He saw a fair, flower-like face, a shining wealth of dark hair in which lay gleaming pearls, a flowing mass of purple velvet upon which the white arms shone like snow on a purple crocus; the lovely figure, the graceful atti-tude, the picturesque dress, cut square in the front, leaving the white neck bare, the wide hanging sleeves, the slender white hand—all made a picture that he must have admired had the subject been any other than the money-lender's daughter.

Seeing her, he thought it was possible she understood something of billiards, although "women never know anything useful." She saw him, and, fancying from his manner that he wished to speak to her, she opened the window and went out to him.

"You will be cold," he said with un-usual thoughtfulness.

She went back to the drawing-room in search of a silvery scarf that she used. She threw it carelessly over her head and shoulders, where it looked so picturesque and became her so well that he could not help noticing it.

"This is dull work, being here alone," he said.

"It is dull for both of us," she replied briefly.

"Ah, yes! Do you know, I had quite forgotten you were alone as well. You must find it dull too. We will ask some nice people down at once; this kind of thing will never do. I want to ask you, do you know anything of billiards?"

"Billiards?" she repeated wonderingly.

"Yes—many ladies play remarkably well. Lady Courtenay does. It is such a great resource."

"Do you want me to play with you?" she asked quickly.

"Yes; I am bored to death. I am tired of smoking. I never read much, and there is nothing to do."

"Extraordinary," she cried—"nothing to do!"

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean nothing. I am very sorry. I have seen a billiard table, but I have never played. I will try to learn, if you like."

"This is almost as good as a billiard-table," said Hildred, laughingly; but the Earl shook his head.

"It may be for you," he replied; "but it is not for me."

"Lord Caraven," said Hildred, "a thought has just struck me. We have been married—how long?—since the 3rd of August, and it is now October, and do you know that you have never once addressed me by name? My school-fellows used to call me 'Dreda,' my father calls me 'Hildred.' You have so contrived as never to give me any name at all. You do not say 'Lady Caraven,' 'Hildred,' 'wife,' or anything of the kind. How is it?"

"I cannot tell," he replied blankly. The question had evidently puzzled him.

"I do not expect you would ever care to use any pretty familiar, loving name; but do you not think you might learn to call me by my own? Lady Courtenay used to look at me, when you addressed me in that general kind of way as 'you.' Could you not say 'Hildred'"

"I—I really do not know," he replied, "it is an uncomfortable kind of name—'Hildred.'"

She raised her charming head with a haughty little gesture.

"Do you fancy so? I think you do not know what 'uncomfortable' means. I am rather proud of my name; it may be quaint, but it is not common. If you cannot say 'Hildred,' can you not call me 'Lady Caraven'? I am tired of being spoken to so vaguely."

"I will not do it again, Lady Caraven, if it annoys you," he said; and then there was silence between them, broken only by the soughing of the wind.

"Lord Caraven," she said, "will you be very angry with me if I ask you a ques-tion?"

"No; without knowing what the ques-tion may be, I predict that—certainly not."

"This question has troubled me very much; it has been the one thing which I have pondered night and day—a question that I cannot answer, one that I feel is the key to a secret."

"You alarm me with that long prologue. Briefly, what is your question, Lady Caraven?"

"Briefly, it is this: Why did you marry me, Lord Caraven?"

"Why did I marry you?" he echoed in astonishment.

"I ask the question," she went on, "be-cause I have watched you and studied you, and I am convinced at last that you did not marry me for love."

"Love!" he cried. "Why, what has that to do with it?"

"I thought," she continued, "that you had married me because you loved me. I knew that you were cold, undemonstrative, that you had no sympathy, little kindness; but I believed implicitly that you married me for love."

"I had never seen you—I saw you only once," he said in astonishment.

"I know, I remember. Still, I repeat what I have said to you; I—I fancied—I am quite ashamed to tell you the truth, but I will do so—I fancied that you had seen me somewhere and had liked me."

He laughed, but the laugh was not pleas-ant to hear.

"Did you really think that?" he asked musingly. "Poor child!" Then he turned to her with a sudden briskness. "Do you really mean to tell me, on your word of honor, that you do not know why I married you?"

She raised her fair proud face to his.

"I assure you most solemnly that I do not. It is the greatest puzzle I have ever had."

"Did your father tell you that I—I loved you?"

"No," she replied thoughtfully, "he did not; indeed he assured me that love was not needful for happiness. He never said that you loved me—he said you wanted to marry me."

"And what else? Go on. What else?"

"That it was a grand position, in which I should be extremely happy."

"What else?" asked the stern voice.

"I hardly remember. That if I con-sented his highest ambition would be gratified."

Lord Caraven murmured some terrible words between his closed lips.

"Then he never told you why this mar-riage was forced upon me?"

"Forced?" she interrogated gently.

Perhaps the sudden paling of her lovely face startled him, or the sharp quiver of pain in her voice touched him.

"He—your father—never told you that he insisted on the marriage?"

"No, never," she replied faintly.

"He never told you that he made it my only refuge from him—my only hope—my only alternative?"

"No; he never told me that."

"Then I will tell you now. He compelled me to to marry you—and I begin to perceive that he has sacrificed you as well as my-self."

"Sacrificed us!" she repeated. "You cannot mean the word!"

"I do mean it, both for myself and you," he replied. "I will tell you, Lady Caraven; it is right that you should know the truth. I have been a spendthrift and a prodigal. I have squandered a large for-tune, and was deeply in debt. I owed your father the sum of sixty thousand pounds—I had mortgaged Ravensmere to him. I was also deeply in debt to others. I had literally come to my last shilling; dis-grace, ruin, poverty and shame were all before me. Your father had the manage-ment of my affairs, and, when I asked him what I was to do, he told me that he had two hundred thousandpounds and a daugh-ter."

She was 35 at the lowest estimate, and she looked tenderly upon him as he slipped his arm around her waist. "You are the first man," she murmured, "who ever put his arm around me." He took it away swiftly. "Great guns," he whispered, hoarsely, "and I thought I knew a good thing when I saw it."

Officer Zermlomoski (who has come to the Bilkin's residence from the scene of a painful accident)—Is this Mrs. Bilkins, mum? Mrs. Bilkins—Yes. Officer Zermlomoski—Well, I've been sent to tell you that your husband's head has been bruk in, mum, and I'm to break it to you gently, mum.

She—Where were you last night so late that you couldn't get home until after mid-night? He—I was down at Jack Barney's office, helping him to make out some state-ments. She—Oh, you were, eh? Well, let me tell you this: If Mr. Barney's statements aren't any more reliable than the one you have just made, there will be some tall kicking among his customers.

The best way to preserve a gun from rust-ing is to have a ring of zinc soldered round the barrel, or, if it is not convenient to do this, to have a long strip of zinc soldered out of sight underneath the barrel. The galvanic action which is excited between the zinc and the iron effectually prevents the oxidation of either metal, and as long as the zinc remains in contact with the iron not a particle of rust will appear on either the inside or outside of the barrel.

In the first place, do not expect everlast-ing wear of any umbrella, no matter what you cost; and, in the second place, treat it well if you wish long service. It looks neater to carry it furled on the street, but it should be unfastened and shaken out when not in use, to prevent the folds from splitting. An occasional coat of varnish over the ferrule and will save it from look-ing shabby, as the stick will get marred there. When wet, dry partially with the umbrella closed and resting with the handle down. Clean a black umbrella, when spotted, with mud, with ammonia and water.

One of the most nutritious and healthful of foods is honey. It is the one sweet that never clogs and can be eaten with impunity at all times. Let your children eat all the bread and butter and honey they want. Give them great slices of bread covered with honey for their luncheon. It will do them good. From the time the new honey begins to come into the market until spring, I feed my children honey every day, says a mother. If they have a little cold or cough and trouble with their throats I give them strained honey mixed with a few drops of lemon juice, and it proves most effectual. When they are hungry I give them a gener-ous slice of bread and butter covered thick with honey, and they never get sick, as they would eating sweetmeats, jellies and jams. From long years of experience I feel justified in recommending honey as an ex-cellent and nutritive food, not only for children, but for grown people.

### Fully Explained.

The girl I knew as Mary Smith
Is now Marie de Smythe.
Her figure now is Junoesque,
That once was trim and lithe,
Her hair, which was a glossy black,
Is now the shade of gold,
And the Western girl is English since
She went abroad, I'm told.
She was twenty when I knew her first,
And now she's just eighteen,
She's married, yet they call her "Miss,"
Whatever can it mean.
I cannot understand the change;
My head is in a whirl.
They tell me it is all because
She is a curious girl.

After a jaunt into the country: Slowly fading from the wooded slopes and hillsides are the gold and the purple and the crimson, while in their place comes the cold gray of bared branches and withered leaves. Here and there in the open the wild raspberry bushes maintain a gloomy red, as if in sullen defiance of the coming winter. Summer is gone; but winter has not come. In the orchards heaps of apples, yellow, red and brown, give forth a rich perfume that mingles with smoky haze which sweeps down from the hills in the early morning and rises from the valleys at night, filling the very air with the spirit of autumn. In the forest and along the brookside beneath the leaves hide the hickory nuts and butter nuts, while all about lie the widowed nuts, sharp teeth and nimble feet, for these are Sir Squirrel's preserves; if you listen you will hear the rustle of his scampering feet in the dry leaves; and if very quiet and patient he will come to look at you and give you a glimpse of his bushy tail as he flashes along through the branches. The partridge has forsaken the withered fern bottoms for the warmer and now more secure hemlock cover of the hills; and as the sun sinks early westward and the shadow of the forest deepens there comes the sigh of the wind in the tree tops, whispering to the leaves on the branches, frightening them with news of November and snow time, coming all too soon, and sending them whirling downward to the ground.

The new Duchess of Sunderland, one of the youngest women to wear the ducal coronet in England, is a member of the Writers' Club and a contributor to the lit-erature of the day. The story of her romantic and early marriage, says the New York *Sun*, is being retold with interest now, how at a dinner given by her mother, Lady Rosslyn, the number of 13 guests, through some accident were present, when the Lady Millicent, a school-girl of 16, not yet presented to society, was called in to exorcise the fatality of the dreaded number. The present Duke fell promptly in love with the pretty maid, who thus became engaged before she had made her bow to the Queen or entered the lists of social beauties.

Loud talking or laughter on the street is always bad form and in poor taste as well, yet never more so than where they attract the attention of strangers. Remember this and control both voice and feelings, for no lady desires to make herself conspicuous. Don't turn to look after another woman, no matter how well or how hideously she may be gowned, and above all, dear, foolish little madams, don't flirt with the change passer-by of the opposite sex. One need not dilate on why these things are wrong. Your own good taste and judgment will tell you all that. Enjoy to the fullest all the fun to be had in this bright world; gaze your fill into the shop windows so replete with feminine attractions; go on your little soda and matinee sprees, but don't let your spirits run away with you and make you appear in a light that is sure to be detrimental. Lady like conduct is to be commended at all times, but never is it more appreciated than on the street, where daily there are given so many exhibitions of an entirely different character.

Keeping books in good condition is no small task. On this subject a furniture dealer, who happens to be a lover of books as well, is quoted by the New York *Times* as follows: "Low book shelves have an origin in a reason besides the caprice of fashion. Heat is injurious to the binding of choice books, drying out the natural oil of the leather and making them warp and get out of shape. Most rooms are very warm in the upper parts, and these five and six foot bookcases are a necessity rather than a notion. Cold is as hard on books as over-heating, and an atmos-phere that is too damp or too dry also injures them. The sun pearling is freely on the shelves fades the bindings. You can have a cheerful, sunny library, and yet keep the volumes out of the sun's full power. A real book lover is like a horse lover—the one will tend his library as the other will his stables. I can tell when a person takes up a book if he loves them or not by the way he handles it. An open fire is another necessity in a library; books require good air like a human being, and gas ought never to be used where valuable books are kept. Candles are hard on the eyes, though, and therefore should be avoided; oil or electricity are all better than gas, which acts as readily on bindings as it does on silver. In lieu of tarnishing, however, it affects their elasticity and pliable qualities."

### The Organ Grinder's Baby.

I wonder what he thinks,
As there he sits and blinks
His little black eyes on his mother's hip;
And calmly looks around
Yellow, stoop and ground,
And sucks his little candy-sticky lip.

I wonder if he cares
For all those stupid airs
The organ grinds out up and down the street,
"When Danny's by My Side,"
The merry dance and the glide,
And "Maggie Murphy's Home" and "Marguerite."

I wonder what he'd do
If he had a home like you,
With nurse and toys, and little shoes and socks;
And porridge and new milk,
And caps and cloaks of silk,
And picture books and gorgeous building blocks.

I guess he'd do the same
As you babies of higher name,
He'd kick the little heels up very high;
A lovely little lad,
Till something made him mad.
And then he'd yell and hold his breath, and cry.

The cattle yards in Chicago give employ-ment to 25,000 people.

Mosquito—I have just withdrawn my bill for the season. Coal merchant—Then it is about time for me to present mine.

The Archbishop of Canterbury refuses to read letters on Sunday. Nor will he permit them to be delivered to his house on that day.

Charlie (in raptures)—So you will marry me! Tell me, do you love me? Clara—No, I don't; but Agnes Murray does, and I hate her.

The slang expressions, "Out of sight" and "Off your base" will probably be for-gotten when the latest becomes the vogue. It is, "You're off your trolley."

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Drybird, that you don't carry a latch-key? I should think, of all men in the world, you would need one." "It's no use to me. I couldn't use one if I had it."

He—Well, darling, how have you been to-day? She—Oh, nervous, debilitated, sick and unhappy. He—Heavens! You've been reading those medicine advertisements again, I'll bet a hat.

Mrs. Trotter—I hear that all three of Mrs. Barlow's children have the measles. Mrs. Easter—Yes, so I understand. They're so poor that they have to economize on the doctor by all three getting sick at once.

Winks—Folks say you always leave im-mediately after the sermon so as to escape the contribution box. Jinks (hotly)—It's a mean slander! The only reason I start so early is simply to get first pick of the umbrellas!

Edward Kelly, a farmer living near Grif-fin's Corners, Delaware County, had no faith in banks. He put his surplus, amounting to $7,000, in an old box in his house, and when he went to look for it the other day it was gone. Mice had eaten it up.

"No sir," said the young man in the brown suit, "we are not quite in the same line of business. The company you work for insures. Mine assures. See? Yours is fire. Mine is life. You represent in-surance. I represent assurance." "Cer-tainly," assented the man in gray, "Any-body can see that."

A bread-making machine, which takes the dough in at one end and turns out perfectly baked loaves at the other, has been in-vented, and it is now possible for a young husband to have good home made bread without sending for his wife's mother. In time invention may give him old fashioned pumpkin pies without a visit from his wife's grandmother.

Smartalick was showing off his great knowledge to a girl the other evening. "To a person strike unless he has some-thing to strike with?" he asked. "Cer-tainly not," she said, without thinking. He gave a conquering snicker. "What do these laboring men strike with?" and he snickered again. "With unanimity," she replied promptly, and he pulled in his horns.

A correspondent of the New York *Re-corder* says: "I have a scheme for some woman who is wondering what she shall do to make a living. Let her get up a bust-ness card stating that she will do all kind of mending for gentlemen, work to be called for and returned, and leave the cards, with some self-addressed postals, with the land lady of every good house she knows of, to be distributed among the men whose laun dresses can neither darn, mend nor sew buttons on. If she does it in a business-like way, and at reasonable rates, she ought to get up enough trade to employ two or three girls."

### Why Limp About

With painful corns? Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor will remove them in a few days. Use the safe, sure and painless corn cure—Putnam's Corn Extractor. At druggists.

### A Tender-Hearted Woman.

"They say she is very tender hearted."

"Tender hearted! Why, that woman would rather die of ennui than try to kill time."

### "I Have Had

Rheumatism for years, and Nerviline is the only remedy that has done me any good." So writes Thomas McGlashan, North Pelham, July 24th, 1890, and his testimony is sup-ported by thousand of others who have experienced the wonderfully penetrating and pain subduing power of Nerviline—the great nerve pain cure. Nerviline is just as good to take as to rub on, and is the best family remedy in the world. Nerviline is sold by dealers everywhere.

### A Frank Admission.

"I tell you," exclaimed Mr. Blossom, of St. Louis, debating with a Chicago man, "I tell you that St. Louis is the banner town."

"Yes," admitted Mr. Livewayte, of Chicago, "I understand it is a flag station."

### Have You Asthma?

Dr. R. Schiffmann, St. Paul, Minn., will mail a trial package of Schiffmann's Asthma Cure *free* to any sufferer. Gives instant relief in worst cases, and cures where others fail. Name this paper and send address.

### A Genuine Fascinator.

That is what it is, a "fascinator." It is made of Liberty silk, in acorn white, pale blue, yellow, green, old rose or deep crim-son, and is edged with marabout in the same color. It is made the width of the silk, and from two to three yards in length, and the pretty girl uses it to throw about her shoulders and throat after she has been dancing, or whenever she feels a draught of air from which she wishes to protect herself. It is one of the novelties of the season.

### More Valuable Than Diamonds.

Cod liver oil from the cod fish when com-bined with hypophosphites of lime and soda, as in "Miller's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil," will build up the cellular tissues and create new blood. This is just what con-sumptive patients need. It has cured thousands of people who would otherwise have been at this time occupying narrow spaces in the graveyards of our country. Miller's Emulsion is worth a trial. In big bottles, 50c. and $1.00, at all Drug Stores.

### Decided a Bet.

To decide a bet, two young men, at Leb-anon, Pa., put a wasp and a black hornet under a glass tumbler to determine which could whip the other. No sooner had the vicious little beasts been imprisoned than the wasp attacked the hornet. They fought quietly, but valiantly, each using its stinger to the fullest extent. In less than ten minu-tes the wasp was a corpse, and two minutes later the hornet expired. The bodies of both were swollen to three times the normal size.

When suffering from toothache use Gibbons' Toothache Gum. Sold by all druggists.

Stout Lady—Does a bicycle reduce the flesh? Mr. Slimpurse (wearily)—If you buy it on the instalment plan it does.

## LAUGH AND LEARN.

### Sir Harry's Opinion.

"For once I will be in the fashion,
So, mother, please let me alone;
Miss Gussie cut it the latest style,
And I don't have yet a bone—
Sixteen or twenty it needed,
(They make one looks a fool!)
And fifteen yard was a Paris glove—
So take my measure quick.

"Oh, yes, exceedingly decollete,
And at the back the same;
Papa shan't see me till I am there—
Then won't he be sorry he came!
But I don't care; 'tis only for once;
I may win Sir Harry to-night,
He has never seen me in party dress,
And thinks me a child in white."

So Bessy went to the Lancers' ball,
And danced with Sir Harry twice,
Then sat in a draught on the hallway stair,
Chatting and eating an ice.
The old air blew on the dainty throat,
Till she shivered, and laughing said,
"If the old folks knew I was sitting here
They would nearly die of dread."

It was only a month from the Lancers' ball,
And Bessy, so still and white,
Lay under the glass of the coffin lid
In the dress she wore the night.
Harry looked on and heaved a sigh,
When they had buried her under the snow;
They're pretty," he said, "these American belles,
But a little too chic, don-cher-know!"

Cors—Is not Mr. Brainard something in Yale? Maud—I cannot say unless he is a tooter. I remember him blowing a fish horn when Yale won the boat race.

She—And are you sure you will like mar-ried life as well as you did your club? He—Oh, yes! She—And are you so awfully fond of your club? He—Not very.

Moody, the Evangelist, will begin next year the task of converting the West End of London, under the auspices of a committ-ee of rich and influential churchmen now being formed.

Freshleigh—Why do you call the groms-man at a wedding the best man? Benedict—Because he has the best of it. He has all the pleasure of the affair without having the bride saddled on him.

Officer Zermlomoski (who has come to the Bilkin's residence from the scene of a painful accident)—Is this Mrs. Bilkins, mum? Mrs. Bilkins—Yes. Officer Zermlomoski—Well, I've been sent to tell you that your husband's head has been bruk in, mum, and I'm to break it to you gently, mum.

She—Where were you last night so late that you couldn't get home until after mid-night? He—I was down at Jack Barney's office, helping him to make out some state-ments. She—Oh, you were, eh? Well, let me tell you this: If Mr. Barney's statements aren't any more reliable than the one you have just made, there will be some tall kicking among his customers.

The best way to preserve a gun from rust-ing is to have a ring of zinc soldered round the barrel, or, if it is not convenient to do this, to have a long strip of zinc soldered out of sight underneath the barrel. The galvanic action which is excited between the zinc and the iron effectually prevents the oxidation of either metal, and as long as the zinc remains in contact with the iron not a particle of rust will appear on either the inside or outside of the barrel.

In the first place, do not expect everlast-ing wear of any umbrella, no matter what you cost; and, in the second place, treat it well if you wish long service. It looks neater to carry it furled on the street, but it should be unfastened and shaken out when not in use, to prevent the folds from splitting. An occasional coat of varnish over the ferrule and will save it from look-ing shabby, as the stick will get marred there. When wet, dry partially with the umbrella closed and resting with the handle down. Clean a black umbrella, when spotted, with mud, with ammonia and water.

One of the most nutritious and healthful of foods is honey. It is the one sweet that never clogs and can be eaten with impunity at all times. Let your children eat all the bread and butter and honey they want. Give them great slices of bread covered with honey for their luncheon. It will do them good. From the time the new honey begins to come into the market until spring, I feed my children honey every day, says a mother. If they have a little cold or cough and trouble with their throats I give them strained honey mixed with a few drops of lemon juice, and it proves most effectual. When they are hungry I give them a gener-ous slice of bread and butter covered thick with honey, and they never get sick, as they would eating sweetmeats, jellies and jams. From long years of experience I feel justified in recommending honey as an ex-cellent and nutritive food, not only for children, but for grown people.

### Fully Explained.

The girl I knew as Mary Smith
Is now Marie de Smythe.
Her figure now is Junoesque,
That once was trim and lithe,
Her hair, which was a glossy black,
Is now the shade of gold,
And the Western girl is English since
She went abroad, I'm told.
She was twenty when I knew her first,
And now she's just eighteen,
She's married, yet they call her "Miss,"
Whatever can it mean.
I cannot understand the change;
My head is in a whirl.
They tell me it is all because
She is a curious girl.

After a jaunt into the country: Slowly fading from the wooded slopes and hillsides are the gold and the purple and the crimson, while in their place comes the cold gray of bared branches and withered leaves. Here and there in the open the wild raspberry bushes maintain a gloomy red, as if in sullen defiance of the coming winter. Summer is gone; but winter has not come. In the orchards heaps of apples, yellow, red and brown, give forth a rich perfume that mingles with smoky haze which sweeps down from the hills in the early morning and rises from the valleys at night, filling the very air with the spirit of autumn. In the forest and along the brookside beneath the leaves hide the hickory nuts and butter nuts, while all about lie the widowed nuts, sharp teeth and nimble feet, for these are Sir Squirrel's preserves; if you listen you will hear the rustle of his scampering feet in the dry leaves; and if very quiet and patient he will come to look at you and give you a glimpse of his bushy tail as he flashes along through the branches. The partridge has forsaken the withered fern bottoms for the warmer and now more secure hemlock cover of the hills; and as the sun sinks early westward and the shadow of the forest deepens there comes the sigh of the wind in the tree tops, whispering to the leaves on the branches, frightening them with news of November and snow time, coming all too soon, and sending them whirling downward to the ground.

The new Duchess of Sunderland, one of the youngest women to wear the ducal coronet in England, is a member of the Writers' Club and a contributor to the lit-erature of the day. The story of her romantic and early marriage, says the New York *Sun*, is being retold with interest now, how at a dinner given by her mother, Lady Rosslyn, the number of 13 guests, through some accident were present, when the Lady Millicent, a school-girl of 16, not yet presented to society, was called in to exorcise the fatality of the dreaded number. The present Duke fell promptly in love with the pretty maid, who thus became engaged before she had made her bow to the Queen or entered the lists of social beauties.

Loud talking or laughter on the street is always bad form and in poor taste as well, yet never more so than where they attract the attention of strangers. Remember this and control both voice and feelings, for no lady desires to make herself conspicuous. Don't turn to look after another woman, no matter how well or how hideously she may be gowned, and above all, dear, foolish little madams, don't flirt with the change passer-by of the opposite sex. One need not dilate on why these things are wrong. Your own good taste and judgment will tell you all that. Enjoy to the fullest all the fun to be had in this bright world; gaze your fill into the shop windows so replete with feminine attractions; go on your little soda and matinee sprees, but don't let your spirits run away with you and make you appear in a light that is sure to be detrimental. Lady like conduct is to be commended at all times, but never is it more appreciated than on the street, where daily there are given so many exhibitions of an entirely different character.

Keeping books in good condition is no small task. On this subject a furniture dealer, who happens to be a lover of books as well, is quoted by the New York *Times* as follows: "Low book shelves have an origin in a reason besides the caprice of fashion. Heat is injurious to the binding of choice books, drying out the natural oil of the leather and making them warp and get out of shape. Most rooms are very warm in the upper parts, and these five

## MISSOURIANS IN CLOVER.

### Brandy Punches Only Five Cents a Piece at Windsor.

"I was over in Canada several years ago," said Col. Child, "and for good whiskey and brandy at a low price I want to say that the Dominion takes the prize. I was in Windsor with a party of Missourians one day, and, with one of them I strolled about looking at the town. Becoming somewhat worn, we began to cast about for a place where to buy some brandy. We came upon it very soon. I told the man in charge to fix up two good pale Hennessey punches. In my travels I have tasted the decoctions of all lands, but I am sure a better mixture never tickled the palate of man than that pale Hennessey punch of Windsor make. I tossed a half dollar out in payment and with a last smack of my lips started to go, when the barman called me back.

"'Don't forget your change,' he said, and with that he handed 40 cents to me.

"'What's this?' I asked. 'What is the price of these punches?'

"'Five cents each,' responded the man behind the bar.

"I turned squarely around again, and bringing my two fists down hard on the counter, I called in stentorian tones:

"'Fill 'em up again!'

"When we got on the street again we met eighteen of our Missouri friends. I stopped them.

"'Come in here and do as I do,' I said.

"The party followed me into the place from which I had just emerged with my friend.

"'Give me a brandy punch,' I said.

"Each of the nineteen men who were with me made the same request. In five minutes the seductive mixtures were tossed off and my guests were wondering at my extravagance. I threw a dollar on the bar, at which the man behind nodded his thanks. My friends stared at me, and one of them asked what it all meant.

"'Hennessy brandy punches sell all at five cents apiece in Windsor,' I said with an air of triumph. For an instant there was not a sound. Then my nineteen friends hit the bar with their fists, and in tones that could be heard across the Detroit River they shouted:

"'Fill 'em up again!'"

(To be continued.)

The poet Morris denies that he has been offered the poet laureateship.


TEXAS BALSAM

CORNS, GALLS, SORE SHOULDERS, SCRATCHES, or any WOUNDS or HORSES or CATTLE Quickly Healed. Speedy Cure GUARANTEED. If you use TEXAS BALSAM. Sent by Mail on receipt of Price, 25 Cents. By C. E. SEGSWORTH TORONTO, CAN. AGENTS Wanted Everywhere. TESTIMONIALS.

AN ANGLO-CANADIAN MIRACLE.

An Interesting Letter From Across the Atlantic.

Mr. James Ingram Relates the Story of His Sufferings and Release—Rester After the best Doctors had Failed.

The fame of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is not confined to Canada and the United States, but extends also across the ocean, and from the mother land comes a letter from one who learned the value of this great remedy while in Canada and who now, although thousands of miles away, grate-fully acknowledges what Pink Pills have done for him after medical aid and all other remedies had failed. His letter cannot fail to bring hope to other sufferers, as it as-sures them that in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills they may look for a cure even in cases pro-nounced by the most eminent medical specialists as incurable.

Thirdereen, Monmouthshire, Eng.
Nov. 20th, 1891.

To the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brock-ville Canada.

Gentlemen,—It may surprise you to re-ceive this letter from across the Ocean, but I would not be doing my duty did I not write to thank you for the noble medic-ine called Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and to let you know what they had done for me after for years suffering, and when all other medical aid had failed. My trouble occurred while in Canada, and I was treated by several doctors and in the Montreal General Hospital by Drs. Smith, Molson and Macdonell. I first felt the effects of the disease, which the doctors pronounced diabetes, in Janu-ary, 1886. I used many reme-dies and tried numerous doctors, with the only result that I grew poorer in both health and pocket. At last in despair I went to the General Hospital for treatment, but the result was no better, and on the 30th of April, 1891, I left that institution a poor, broken-hearted, down-cast man, Dr. Macdonnell having informed me that they had done all they could for me. I continued to live on in misery until about the middle of August, when I saw in the Montreal *Star* an article telling the story of a man who, after spending hundreds of dollars, had tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and found a cure. Drowning men, they say, will catch at a straw, and it would be impossible for me to express the gratitude I feel for the hope that man's story gave me. I at once bought a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from Mr. R.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

It is stated that the Carmaux miners will go back to work on Thursday.

Buck, the murderer, sentenced to death at Moncton, N. B., will be hanged on December 1st.

Wm. Maclennan, the well-known Scotch dancer, died at Montreal General Hospital Sunday night.

It is said Attorney-General Martin will oppose Hon. Mr. Daly, the new Minister of the Interior, in Selkirk.

The schooner Grantham, bound for Toronto with coal, has sunk at Timber Island, 20 miles from Kingston.

By proclamation issued yesterday, President Harrison extended the benefits of the American Copyright Act to Italy.

A general meeting of the Bell Telephone Company will be held shortly in Montreal, to consider the issue of new stock by the shareholders.

The drought in Maryland has now been continued so long that wells are failing, streams are running dry, and the water supply of mills is giving out.

The general impression in Montreal political circles is that Mr. Mercier will be acquitted, and his friends talk of arranging a big reception in his honor.

There appears to be very little chance of settling the dispute between the Lancashire cotton masters and their operatives, and a long strike is almost inevitable.

The British Consul at Guatemala, in his annual report to the British Government, calls attention to the excellent field open to the dairy farmer in that republic.

As a result of a dispute in the congregation of St. Andrew's Church, Winnipeg, it is likely that another Presbyterian church will shortly be erected in that city.

The United States Government states that the delay in issuing the proclamation for reciprocity in wrecking is due to the failure of the Dominion Parliament to act.

The Central Chamber of Agriculture in London will to-day consider the advisability of holding a conference of delegates from all parts of the United Kingdom to discuss the prevailing agricultural distress.

Mr. Waters, solicitor for Thomas Neill, now under sentence of death for poisoning Matilda Clover, has received a despatch from Canada stating that affidavits showing that Neill is insane have been mailed to him.

Mrs. Bertha Titus, of Kalamazoo, Mich., whose husband died about a year ago, committed suicide by shooting herself in the head upon her return from the theatre on Saturday night. It is said that despondency prompted the deed.

The United States Secretary of State has instructed the U S. Legation in London to take steps to obtain from the Gladstonian Government the release of Dr. Gallagher, John Curtain and other Irish-American Fenians now serving life sentences in English prisons.

On Saturday Mr. R. Newell, Kingston, cleaned a revolver in Pugh's hat store, and did not think the weapon was loaded. Yesterday he picked up the same revolver and found the trigger partly open. He snapped it, and a bullet went through the palm of his left hand.

Mr. Alex. Moon, of Huntingdon, met with a serious accident yesterday. He was chopping a tree, and had a couple of dynamite cartridges in his pocket at the time. The axe handle struck his pocket, when one of the cartridges exploded and tore one of his hands off.

Mr. Tarte yesterday published in the *Canadien* an open letter to Sir Alexander Lacoste, Chief Justice of Quebec, calling his attention to what he claims to be the scandalous conduct of certain of the judges, and the danger of allowing the bench to become subservient to party politics.

The Nelson *Miner* says: Shookum Pete, a Siwash, was shot on Tuesday last by his brother. A quarrel took place between the two a short distance below Davies' ranch, when Pete's brother seized a Winchester rifle and shot Pete through the heart. The murderer has since given himself up.

Some of the papers interested in the British cattle trade are calling loudly for the scheduling of Canadian cattle on account of the recent suspected cases of pleuro-pneumonia. A despatch from London says it is feared that despite the Government's desire to treat Canada kindly its hand may be forced.

The fighting in the Province of Sphakia, arising out of the outrages perpetrated by the Turkish soldiery upon the inhabitants, was renewed yesterday. A number of the inhabitants of the province attacked the Turkish troops near Hora, but the result is not known. As soon as intelligence of the affair reached Candia two companies of soldiers were despatched on the steamer Ismail to reinforce the troops at Hora.

A fierce fight took place at Cannes, France, yesterday between Frenchmen and Germans. The disturbance was begun by a party of Frenchmen, who attempted to force an entrance into a German cafe. They encountered determined resistance. Everyone in the establishment rallied to the defence. The intruders were attacked with sticks and clubs, and some revolvers were drawn. The police were powerless to restore order. The combatants, however, finally dispersed of their own accord, but not until several persons had been injured.

### A WELLAND SENSATION.

**How a Practical Teacher Proposed to Give His Pupils a Lesson in Breach of Promise.**

A Welland despatch says: In the civil list at the assizes the principal attraction was the case of Williams vs. Hopkins, breach of promise, and the Court House was well filled with an audience desirous of hearing some spicy evidence. Principal Woodworth of the Model School marched the young modelites up in a body for the purpose of securing for them a practical lesson on "false love and its consequences." They were sadly disappointed, as the lawyers settled it out of court. Miss Williams sued Samuel Hopkins, of Port Colborne, for $10,000 as a balm to heal the wounds of blighted affections.

The case was settled out of court by Miss Williams accepting the modest sum of $1,250, each party to pay their own costs. It made a hole in Mr. Hopkins' fat purse, but those who know him well say he is able to stand it, and perhaps if it went to the jury they probably would have set a higher value upon the wasted cooings, hand squeezes and other things which only lovers know anything about. But Mr. Hopkins is married now, and having had one breach of promise experience will not likely have another.

A young lady said that she hated oranges because one had come between her and her lover. He had called on her one evening, and after sitting a while, had produced a couple of bright Florida oranges out of his pocket and suggested that each eat one. She now says that she cannot drive out of her mind the sight of his nose, cheeks and chin dripping with juice, and he has been whispering something horribly similar about her. Evidently you cannot love a girl and a circus aurantium at the same time. One of the best remedies of an orange—a sort of whipping the devil around a stump—is to use a spoon. The directions advise you to cut the orange carefully into halves, taking care to do so across the grain, so that a spoon can slip in readily. A gentleman who has lived for years in the American countries in which the orange grows, is waging a war against the slovenly manner of cutting the orange up and serving it on the table. In such a case he recommends that a very sharp knife, one as keen as a razor, be used, and the fruit cut into slices infinitesimally thin, and built, layer about, with pulverized sugar. Since the spoon has been relegated out of modern dinner civilization almost, a fork is used to eat it with. In southern Europe the peasants always eat fruit in its natural shape, and never think of treating it to doses of sugar, salt or other seasoning. Around Naples and in Malaga the people bite a hole in the orange, suck but the juice and then throw the orange away.

Little Annie—I don't like my new governess, mamma; she's so untidy Mother—What do you mean, my dear? Little Annie—Why, she goes to bed with her chignon on and never takes it off like you do.

Spurgeon's Tabernacle in London is fitted up with electric bells to ring in all parts of the house. Strangers are kept standing until five minutes before the service, when all the bells are rung simultaneously and a grand rush is made for seats.

A little close observation will enable the observer to put persons in the class to which they belong. The man whose eye is almond-shaped is almost always dishonest at heart, if not in overt act. The eyes of some of the most notorious thieves in the country are of this pattern, and the expression given the face by this sort of eye is very striking.

## MILWAUKEE'S GREAT FIRE.

### Thirteen Business Blocks Burned Down This Morning.

### THREE HUNDRED BUILDINGS DESTROYED,

**Including Wholesale Houses, Factories, Etc., Besides Hundreds of Cars—Oil and Alcohol Feed the Flames and a High Wind Fans Them—Fear and Rich Alike Driven From Their Homes—The Scenes of Chicago's Terrible Disaster Re-Enacted—Loss Estimated at Six Million Dollars—Insurance Companies Lose $3,000,000—Explosion of an Oil Barrel Starts the Fire—Firemen Helpless, But the Conflagration Now Under Control.**

MILWAUKEE, Wis., despatch of this forenoon says: At 20 minutes to 6 o'clock last night an oil barrel exploded from some unknown cause, in the store occupied by the Union Oil Company, at No. 275 East Water street, and the fire that ensued swept over thirteen blocks of business buildings and residences, over 300 buildings in all. The ruins in places are burning fiercely, and it will be several days before the last spark of the fire is extinguished. When the fire broke out in the store of the oil company, the majority of the engines of the fire department were at work in other parts of the city, there being at the time no fewer than three fires burning in different parts of the city. These fires were comparatively insignificant in themselves, but the part they played in the fiery tragedy which has desolated so large a portion of the city was highly important. The engines were delayed so long by these that it was fully 20 minutes after the first oil barrel had exploded that the first engine arrived.

When the firemen first gazed upon the store of the Union Oil Company it was a roaring furnace of flames, through which in rapid succession could be heard the noise of the exploding oil barrels within. Long tongues of fire were leaping across the street and licking the fronts of the buildings upon the opposite side. The firemen fought well, however, and within an hour had crowded the fire back and thought the day was their own. At 6.40, however, the roar of another explosion was heard and the fire leaped forth again and found its way once more to the east side of East Water street, and from that time on the curtain was fairly up for the tragedy.

Directly opposite the store of the Union Oil Company was that of Dahmeir & Co., who also carried a large stock of oil and alcohol. This was frolic for the flames and they roared through the large four-story building with a vigor that defied all efforts to check or control them. Close behind this store, and almost adjoining it in the rear, stood the five-story structure occupied by Budd & Kiep, upholsterers. The hungry flames reached out for this handsome building as they extended from the rear of Dahmeir's, and catching first a huge pile of excelsior in the alley, they had it building in their grasp and fanned as they were by the wind from the southwest, which was blowing at the rate of forty miles an hour, it was but a few minutes before the store was a mass of flames from cellar to roof. In just five minutes' more, Jacob Weller's grocery store on the east side of Bay street, directly opposite Budd & Kiep's, was in flames. It seemed as if a mountain of fire rolled across the sky. One instant not a building on the east side of Broadway was in flames, and the next the rolling waves of fire swept across the street and descended on the building opposite.

Four thousand streams of water could not stay such a conflagration in its march of destruction toward the lake. The walls of the three-story brick buildings on Broadway, formerly occupied by the Cracker Trust, but then vacant, began to totter, and warning voices urged the crowd back in time. The whole front of the building pitched into the street. A few minutes later the sides fell outward with a crash. The people who resided in that portion of the town were of the poorer classes. There were no fine residences there, and most of the buildings were small one story, and here and there two-story, frame houses. They were meat for the flames, and the fire rushed toward them with a velocity which left the occupants time to escape with nothing but their lives and what they could carry upon their backs.

After the fire had crossed Broadway many of the people fled from their houses to look at the beautiful sight of the rolling mountains of flames. These same people never went into their houses again. The fire was upon them before they could do it. Along Jefferson and Jackson streets the fire fiend flew, filling the streets from side to side and shooting later into all eyes in between the houses. In less time than it takes to tell it, the fire had swept down to Buffalo street, and left nothing behind but ashes. Nobody was given a chance to save anything. It was simply look and run, or stay and die.

While the fire was creating woe and desolation north as far as Detroit street, one block above Buffalo, it had also begun to eat backwards, south along East Water street. It did this for two whole squares and then, apparently having the background it wanted, it reached south to the river and then swept straight eastward for six squares. It only stopped when it reached Lake Michigan and could go no farther.

When the fire began its backward movement from the place of its origin it picked up the store of J. P. Kissinger & Co. and the Milwaukee Art Glass Works, both of which it had apparently missed. The Weller block, six stories in height, was soon in flames with the Milwaukee Chair Company's establishment, a vacant building, owned by the Pfister & Vogel Leather Company, and the wholesale grocery store of Roundy, Peckham & Co. A few minutes later the National Distilling Company's warehouse, the Whiskey Trust Supply of the State, at Nos. 79 to 83 Buffalo street, succumbed. The wind was still carrying the whirlwind of seething flame on toward Lake Michigan in a direct line with the starting point, and Chief of Police Jannson ordered his entire force to the fire and they assisted in getting out the furniture and household goods of the luckless families who were forced to flee from the path cut out by the flames. Dozens of frame buildings along Milwaukee and Jefferson streets, between Detroit and Chicago, as well as on Buffalo and Chicago streets, were licked up as if they had been outlines of paper. All these buildings were consumed within half an hour of the time when the flames leaped over Broadway.

Suddenly the wind turned around. Whereas it was northeast when the first alarm rang it was now almost due south, cutting cuts broad avenue of destruction toward the Milwaukee river and Lake Michigan. In its path lay the big freight sheds and the yards of the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad, with the round-house and its valuable contents of rolling stock. The east end of the freight sheds at the corner of Chicago and Jefferson streets, was the first to ignite, and the flames soon spread all over the yard, burning freight cars and everything before them. Fifteen long trains of freight cars stood on the Northwestern tracks. When a billow of fire leaped across Van Buren street and touched the south end of the freight house a million dollars' worth of railroad property was doomed. The south end of the freight house was filled with oil. Soon the smell of burning petroleum filled the air, and a volley of explosions shook the earth. The low brick freight house stayed the onward sweep of the flames, but only for a moment. Through the square windows the red glow could be seen, and an instant later a shower of burning cinders flowed away toward the lake, covering a thousand freight cars filled with merchandise. On and on the terrible resistless wave was spreading, consuming everything in its path, over to Jackson street and to Broadway. The fire was now following the south wind along Broadway, down Jefferson street and along Milwaukee street. Along Broadway it swept to the Weisel & Viller Manufacturing Company's plant at Chicago street, and to No. 10 engine-house on Broadway. When it reached the Weisel & Viller plant, the department had prepared an attempt to cut it off with dynamite. Three kegs were exploded in the building, having been stored there to await the coming of the flames. As each went off in close succession, the cry went up from the thousands who blocked the streets for a radius of a mile, that the gas works had exploded. But the plant was almost entirely saved.

Seeing that the fire must surely reach them, the men rapidly forced the oil into the tanks, diluting the gas so that it was weakened beyond the point of possible explosion. Then they let it out sufficiently to sink the tanks below the level and fled for their lives. As a result of this good management Milwaukee will have its usual gas supply within a day or two.

The Bethel Home, near the gas works, caught fire soon afterward. Worth & Hammel's livery stable, on Broddway, containing hundreds of horses, was in the path of the flaming cyclone. Some horses were safely taken away, while a number were stampeded. The Laura Cattin Kindergarten also succumbed, despite the dynamite.

Around on Erie street the Toepfer iron foundries and the Rideburg Vinegar Works were also destroyed, together with innumerable small buildings, saloons and residences. Hansen's malt house, within a few rods of the border of Lake Michigan, and an adjoining elevator made a brilliant display when they caught. The elevator, after smoking from the upper windows, suddenly burst into flames, and from the lower windows to the top of the high ventilating house it was all ablaze. As a howling blast of wind struck it the flames swept clear across the street, and in an instant the malt house proper, with its tall tower, broke out in spots of flickering fire. The elevator was so strongly built that it maintained its form long after the hottest period was passed, and from the lower floors the burning grain poured into the street like the downpour of Niagara. Then from the windows of the large malt house and from the eaves came jets of bright green flame gas from the heated malt. It was not long before the entire building was ablaze, and the roar was tremendous. A large ventilating wheel in the face of the upper story was burning, and whirling away like a huge Catharine-wheel. The heat was intense within a block of the malt house. It was a close call for the retort house of the gas works. Only the most vigorous work of the men with hydrant, hose and buckets of water saved the wooden building which adjoins the retort house.

Across the way from Budd & Kiepe' was the store of Roundy, Peckham & Co. It caught fire before the firemen were able to prevent it. Next to Roundy, Peckham & Co's., on Buffalo street, was a store belonging to the Pfister estate and occupied by H. Sheffels & Co., and west of this was the warehouse of the National Distilling Co. All three caught fire almost simultaneously, and the alcohol stored in the National Distilling Co's. warehouse caused the destruction of almost the entire block on East Water street, south of Buffalo street. The burning alcohol ran over into the basement under the large block occupied by Leidestorf, setting it all on fire. This building was four stories high. It looked solid and indestructible. The flames gradually worked their way up. After a while they came leaping out of the roof. Then the corner walls fell. They tottered for a while, as if trying to balance themselves; then they bent over and down, covering the whole street from corner to corner with splintered stone and brick. Fortunately the firemen withdrew in time and no one was hurt.

From the Liederstorf building, the fire spread to the buildings south of it. Inbusch Bros., the Mann Brewing Company and Delorme & Quentin's Soap Factory caught fire, one after another. There was a large vacant lot at the corner of Buffalo street and Broadway, north of the fire engine house, but that did not save it. South of the engine house, covering almost the entire south half of the block, was Reideburg & Bodden's Vinegar Factory, cooperage shops and warehouses. The plant could safely be valued at $500,000. From this factory the flames leaped across Milwaukee street to the Hansen Bros'. malt elevator. The abandoned Johnston Bros.' store on Broadway caught fire directly from the Budd & Kiep building. The Milwaukee Chair Company's works came next. Behind it the furniture factory of Seamans Bros. came down and from this point on the flames had full sway.

All they encountered on their way toward the lake were wooden dwellings, frame warehouses, freight cars and coaches. For a long time it was believed Fernekes' store could be saved. The fire department fairly deluged the building with water. Streams were poured in from every direction, but all in vain. The devouring flames roared madly, and once having gained a foothold in the building, it was a matter of hardly an hour before it was reduced to ashes. But with the Fernekes building the finding of the fire was broken, and the loss will standing grimly at East Water and Erie streets marks the point where the flames were stayed.

Following is an estimate of the losses, the insurance is said to be about half the amount: Kiep's furniture establishment, $300,000; J. Patton & Co., oils and paints, $250,000; J. P. Kissenger, liquors, $76,000: Milwaukee Mirror Co., $50,000; B. T. Ridersdorf, tobacco, $50,000; Roundy, Peckham & Co., grocers, $300,000; H. Sheffels & Co., grocers, $200,000; J. Welleur & Co., grocers, $200,000; Milwaukee Chair Co., $250,000; H. Reideburg & Co., vinegar works, $200,000; Hansen Malting Co., $600,000; Milwaukee Gas Works, $500,000; Johnston Cracker Works (old), $50,000; Union Oil Co., $50,000; Blockers & Co., wines, $50,000; National Distilling Co., $50,000; R. Doahm & Co., drugs, $1,250,000; Weissel & Viller, machinery, $100,000; Toepfer & Son, machinery, $40,000; Bayley & Sons, machinery, $50,000; Inbusch Bros., grocers, $250,000; Fernek & Bro., confectioners, $75,000; Delorme & Quentine, soaps, $35,000; Milwaukee Rag Co., $50,000; A. J. Hilbert & Co., flavoring extracts, $40,000; North Western freight house, car and contents, $50,000; Milwaukee, Lake Shore & Western freight house, $50,000; McLandon hotel, $50,000; Pfengot & Co., confectionery, $25,000; Sauer & Co., glove manufacturers, $10,000; fifty small business places, $50,000; five hundred dwelling houses, cottages and barns, $500,000. Total, $5,825,000.

Several insurance men state that the insurance companies will suffer a loss of at least three million dollars by the fire.

2.40 a.m.—The fire is now under control.

It is known that five lives were lost and many people were seriously injured. The dead are:

Henry Peddenbroch and Charles Stahl, firemen unknown woman, 60 years old; Mrs. Kalabin, died from effects of shock; unknown man, head smashed by falling walls.

### Typhus Fever.

Typhus fever, when not fatal, lasts about three weeks. For the first week the symptoms are not severe, and the patient may even keep about his work. Towards the end of that time the characteristic rash appears, the other symptoms are more pronounced, and the patient takes to his bed. During the second week all the symptoms—great prostration, frequency of the pulse and mental confusion—are rapidly intensified. By the beginning of the third week convalescence begins, and by the end of the week the fever has terminated.

When the disease proves fatal death occurs, as a rule, by about the tenth day. Relapses are rare. A person is seldom attacked more than once.

Typhus is not nearly so contagious as some other diseases. It originates in crowded conditions, and its spread is mainly confined to such conditions. It is almost unknown in the rural districts. It does not spread from house to house. A free circulation of the air arrests the infectious principle, so that a patient can be safely isolated in his own house.

While in typhoid fever the infection is mainly in the discharge, in typhus it is mainly in the breath and the emanations of the skin. It is believed that clothing does not convey the infection unless strongly impregnated with it; hence the fever is not likely to be communicated by an attendant.

Some English newspaper women who wanted to find out whether the people who sing in the London streets make a good living or not put on a disguise, and, taking a guitar, went out to try it for themselves. After singing and playing for an hour and a half they had collected 7s 4½d. And they were only amateurs at that, and with no previous experience in pleasing the people. —*New York Tribune.*

The Princess of Wale and her daughter, the Duchess of Fife, are excellent anglers, and recently landed some fine salmon in Scotland.

Grand Duke Paul, of Russia, is so tall that he has to carry his own bed along when he is travelling.

She—And you say you would die for me? Mr. Boresome—A thousand times. She—Would you mind doing it just once—right away? You know papa has just been elected coroner and he hasn't had any practice yet.

Some idea of the size of the multitude which will cross the Atlantic to visit the World's Fair next year may be gained from the fact mentioned in a *Sun* cablegram that nearly 3,500 members of the Regent street Polytechnic have already engaged passage.

## DEATH AND TAXATION.

### Tomocnions Massacred by the Troops of President Diaz,

### BUT AT A FEARFUL SACRIFICE.

**The Villagers Take Refuge in a Church and Fight to the Death—Hundreds of Soldiers Slain in the Struggle.**

Annihilation of the Tomocnions, a people who inhabit the village of Tomocnie, and who are nearly pure Aztecs, was received here last night. Tomocnie is situated on the direct road to Guerrero, and Jesus Maria, in the mountains of South Western Chihuahua, Mexico, and has been in open rebellion against the State and Federal Governments for more than a year on account of excessive taxation, extortion by Government officials and Government interference in their religious belief.

Two months ago the Government sent the Eleventh Battalion, in command of Gen. Renjel, to make the people pay the tax required of them and accept Government officials appointed to take charge, or to kill every one of them. This alternative was openly boasted of by officers in Chihuahua before the troops started for this town, and when the Tomocniens heard of it they decided to fight it out, as they knew that even should they receive the soldiers peacably they would be shot on the slightest provocation.

When the soldiers made their descent on the village they were met and driven off with twenty-two officers and fourteen men killed, and two officers and forty-five men taken prisoners.

The prisoners were confined on the top of the Adobe Church. Gen. Ranjel was the only officer who escaped.

When the news of this affair reached the ears of President Diaz, he decided to annihilate the village, and when the people were notified they answered: "God is with us and we will not be taken."

Soldiers left Chihuahua two weeks ago and formed a junction with others from Pinos Altos and Guerrorro, to the number of 1,200, and last Monday the attack was made on all sides. The Tomocniens, who only numbered 38, with their families took refuge in the church and awaited the attack, which took place at about 1 o'clock. The attack was made on all sides, and the slaughter was terrible. At dusk the soldiers gained an entrance to the church, and a terrible hand-to-hand fight took place, and the soldiers completed the massacre, with 368 of their number killed and many wounded.

The village the next day presented a terrible aspect. The streets of the little village leading to the church were filled with the bodies of the soldiers and blood seemed to have flowed in torrents. Not a man of the Tomocniens was left, except those who happened to be out in the mountains, but the Government has paid dearly for its victory.

The Tomocniens were some time ago a very wealthy people in cattle and farms, but the lack of rain and failure of their crops had brought them to poverty and they were unable to exist under the extortion of the Government and its petty officials, and were nearly brought to starvation.

### A DIABOLICAL CRIME.

**A Man Insures his Mistress' Life and then Suffocates Her.**

A Brussels cable says: A sensational trial began in this city, and is likely to last for several days. A Frenchman named Schmidt is accused of murder under peculiar circumstances. Schmidt, according to the evidence for the prosecution, paid devoted attention to a Belgian girl named Lucie Sossum, who lived in this city. He succeeded in winning the girl's affections, and they lived together on terms of the closest intimacy. While they were thus living together Schmidt devised a plan both to get rid of the girl, of whom he had grown tired, and to obtain a fortune of 40,000f. Under some pretext he induced Lucie, who appears to have had entire confidence in him, to allow him to insure her life for 40,000f., he being the beneficiary named in the policies. The next development in the case was the finding of the girl dead in a room, where she had been suffocated by charcoal fumes from the stove. The circumstances of her death were evidently intended on the part of Schmidt to convey the impression, not of suicide, but of accident. He so represented the case, and hastened to apply for the insurance money. Suspicion was, however, aroused by the fact of Schmidt being the beneficiary, whereas it was evident that he had nothing to lose by the death of the girl. The authorities made an investigation, and came to the conclusion that Schmidt had himself deliberately plotted to murder Lucie, and had laid his plans with fiendish cunning, but not with sufficient cunning to prevent the plot from being unravelled by the police. He had induced the unsuspecting girl to retire, and then deliberately started the fatal fumes, closing the apartment so as to make sure of the deadly effect. Schmidt was arrested. His crime was committed in December last, and the authorities have spared no effort meantime to strengthen the case against him, which has aroused intense interest.

### REMORSEFUL MURDERERS.

**Bribed to Crime Remorse Drives Them to Take Their Own Lives.**

A Berlin cable says: Another chapter has been added to the tragedy which began with the murder of Herr Gersonhers, a wealthy manufacturer of Baden, by his servant girl named Schemp, and the latter's brother, near Bilgheim. The Schemp girl had been bribed by Frau Gersonherz to put her master out of the way in order that the lady might be free to marry her lover, a bookkeeper in the manufacturer's employ. The girl induced her brother to help her to commit the crime. His guilt so preyed upon Schemp's mind that he afterwards committed suicide. Frau Gersonherz was also stricken with remorse and became insane. She has now committed suicide by hanging herself in her cell at the asylum. Her aged father, on learning of her death, became insane in turn and has been confined in an asylum.

### TWO HANGING BODIES.

**An Investigation of a Supposed Double Suicide Reveals a Great Crime.**

A Berlin cable says: A girl of about 17 and a youth of about 19 years were found hanging to a tree in the park wood near Dessau. It was at first supposed that they had both committed suicide, but the police have on further examination come to the conclusion that it is a case of double murder. The theory is that the couple were strolling in the wood when they were attacked and robbed, and the girl outraged. The youth, it is supposed, perished in endeavoring to defend his companion. His skull was crushed as if by a blow with a club. The murderers then, according to the theory, hanged the bodies in order to create an impression of suicide, and thus avert or delay an investigation, which would result in the pursuit of the guilty parties.

### Mistaken for the Flag.

Arthur—Chappie got into trouble on the race track yesterday.

Algie—How was that?

Arthur—Fell off the fence with his blas on and all the horses started.

When the riding contest between Vienna and Berlin was finished and some of our contemporaries were bellowing about the beneficial results of such a trial of endurance, we took occasion to say that those who rode the horses to death and disaster should have been sent to jail. The following verses will show that no less an authority than the London *Referee* held the same opinion as we did:

THE RIDE OF DEATH.

Hurrah, hurrah, for the soldiers brave,
Hurrah for the famous ride!
Alas for the horse with a broken heart
And the gashed and bleeding side!
No wonder the wide world stared aghast,
And the nations held their breath,
As the story was flashed from pole to pole
Of that merciless ride to death.

Hurrah for the heroes crowned with bay
Who gallantly rode the race!
Alas for the tortured steeds that fell,
Killed by the cruel pace!
Let the doughty deeds of those riders be
The theme of the foreign bard;
They'd probably get, if they tried it here,
A couple of months—with hard.

Chappie—How did Bertie, dash boy, happen to get intoxicated at the banquet last night? Algie—He weakly overwatched his strength and wead the wine list right through without stopping.

Plaintiff's Attorney—I've an expert who will swear he is insane. Defendant's Attorney—I have an expert who will swear he is of sound mind. Plaintiff's Attorney—Then let's pair off on experts and save that much money.

## A POKER PLAYER'S SUICIDE.

### George Roberts' Life Ruined by a Friendly Game of Cards.

**He Could Not Withstand the Allurements of Poker and Lost All—Despondent and Penniless, He Swallows Several Ounces of Laudanum and Dies in Agony at Orillia—A Pathetic Letter—He was a Commercial Traveller and Belonged to Woodburn.**

An Orillia despatch says: George Roberts, a commercial traveller, committed suicide here on Friday night. The story of his death is more than ordinarily pathetic, and shows to what lengths the fascinations of gambling will lead a man. For years Roberts travelled all through Ontario for Millburn & Co., and no harder working or more popular man was on the road. He was only 28 years of age, fine looking and of splendid physique, standing over six feet high and weighing 220 pounds. He was doing well with Millburn & Co., but a fascination for poker playing ruined him. He tried time and again to quit the game, only to find himself once more drawn to the table, till finally he had to give up his position, owing the firm, it is said, several hundred dollars. This was several months ago, and he foresworn poker playing for all time, but when in London a month ago he once more became its slave, and lost $50 at one sitting. He was jobbing in cigars for Breuer Bros., London, and came here on Friday, Oct. 21st. He had $100 in his pocket, and had no difficulty in getting into a little game of draw. It started in the afternoon, and wore along with varying successes till tea time, and it finally narrowed down till three others and deceased were the only players left. A few hours' play and Roberts arose from the table a ruined man.

He was around on Sunday and Monday, but afterwards kept to his room a good deal, and yesterday was not seen at all. About 7.30 James Young, one of his associates, went up to his room, tapped on the door and entered. He lit a match and the sight which met his gaze was a ghastly one. Stretched on the bed with his head to the foot was Roberts, covered only with a light guernsey. One foot was on the floor, his eyes were only partially closed, and his wide open mouth was covered with froth. On the dresser were a number of medicine bottles, and the chamber by the bedside gave evidence that deceased had been vomiting. Young at once gave the alarm and Dr. Ardagh was summoned. He examined the body and said that death had occurred about two hours previous. As three of the bottles on the dresser were labelled laudanum he locked the room and notified Dr. Beatton, coroner, of the circumstances in connection with deceased's death. This morning an inquest was held at the Orillia house. After the jury had been sworn in and had viewed the body the coroner informed them that deceased had left a letter to the proprietor of the hotel, which he thought would probably aid them in arriving at a decision, and accordingly the seal was broken. The letter was addressed to James Haw, and was dated October 27th, two days previous to his death. It read:

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry to cause you any trouble on account of my actions. The facts are I have been a confirmed gambler for years, to my ruin, and I have completed my destruction this trip. I started on the lowest rung of the ladder, and few young men stood the chance for success that I did, but the friendly game of poker ruined me at last. I see no way out of my difficulties, and if I did I know well that the fascination would lead me on again. Kindly post letters for me at once. The one to my brother may reach him in due time, but I have not been in communication with him for six months. Do not waste time and money in looking up my relations, as I have done nothing for them and they are ill able to bear expenses on my account. You have been my late with whom I associated here, and as they have won one way and another about $100 from me, probably they will be generous enough to bear the expense of providing for a corner six by two somewhere in the town. I do not mean any sarcasm at heart; they are a good lot of fellows. Let my so ion be as little notoriety as possible if it rests with you. Again asking your forgiveness for my trouble to you, I remain, yours truly. (Signed) GEO. ROBERTS.

When the letter was read a murmur of surprise and sympathy went through the room. Further evidence was taken showing that on Wednesday deceased had purchased two ounces of laudanum at one drug store. It is probable he took it that night, as the letter to Mr. Haw bore that date, and the dose was not sufficient to cause death. On Thursday he purchased at another drug store four ounces, which he must have taken some time Friday morning. In all he must have taken at least six ounces, while a fatal dose in ordinary cases is less than one ounce. He had left six letters altogether to be posted, one addressed to his brother in Montreal, the others probably relating to business. The jury simply returned a verdict that deceased came to his death from the effects of poison administered by his own hand.

The coroner reprimanded them for not alluding in some way to the evils of gambling, which is carried on extensively here as in other towns. Poker playing has been carried on in Orillia for years, and it is indulged in by men high up in the social scale. It is not likely the matter will rest here, however, as the feeling against it is strong just now.

Deceased's father is a blacksmith, residing at Woodburn, near Hamilton. His brother arrived to-night from Hamilton and will take the body away on Monday morning.

The body of the unfortunate young man arrived in the city by the 11 o'clock train this forenoon and was taken to Woodburn for interment. Mr. John Roberts, the father of deceased, is in the city, as is a brother who came on from Montreal on hearing of the shocking occurrence.

Deceased was a young man who had many friends in the county of Wentworth. He was not addicted to drink.

### THE CARE OF CLOTHES.

**A Few Practical Hints as to the Preservation of Garments.**

Every man knows that the proper care of clothes makes them last longer. The finest suit of clothes ever made looks dingy and old very soon if it does not receive the proper care and attention. Clothes are no exception to this common sense rule.

When the clothes are removed, the coat should be slipped over a bow hanger—the vest may be put on it first.

A coat that is worn quite steadily from day to day ought always to be hung on the back of a chair, the armholes being slipped over the back posts; the vest to be hung first, in like manner.

It is best to place the chair near an open window, as the exposure to the air will help to soften the wrinkles.

The trousers should be well shaken, to free them from dust, and then "pulled." This means that they are to be folded down where the front and back creases are, and then, holding them by the top band, the foot is placed on the bottoms on the floor and steady, pealty pressure exerted.

Lay the trousers out smoothly on the bed—still folded on the creases—and fold lengthwise at the knee line, smoothing out all possible wrinkles with the hand.

Put the trousers on the chair seat. In the morning the entire suit will look "rested," and the end will justify the means.

Mrs. Hithard—I am told that you were so drunk last night you were standing on your head. Mr. Hithard (penitently)—I don't doubt it. It feels as if half a dozen fellows had been standing on it.

Young Jayoox—Travel improves one so Miss Flyup. Miss Flyup—Indeed! Wh don't you travel, Mr. Jayoox?

The Critical Girl—That young Van Gilding has no sense whatever. The Modest Girl—Oh, he must have some, for the other day he said I was the best looking girl he knew.

A carriage bag is a pretty gift for carriage people. It is made of cloth lined and wadded, into which the feet are slipped and the mouth drawn up nearly to the knees, insuring comfort on a cold day

Dr. Parkhurst, of New York, resting from cleaning out the slums, is going for the swell churches. He says they are simply "religious clubs" and the church is "dragging her anchor." The doctor ought to know. He has one of the swell churches.

Mrs. Partington advises Ike, who is now of age, to vote with the party of superior mortality.

Jack—I would do anything for you, darling. Jess—Would you? Jack—Indeed I would. Jess—All right. Go and make love to that Allbright girl and then let me cut her out.

When, as sometimes happens, one is forced to wear an uncomfortably tight shoe, it may be of value to know tha olded cloth wet in hot water laid over the pinching point will often speedily afford relief. Change the cloth several times to keep up the heat, which shortly stretches the shoe and shapes it to the foot.

## GOSSIP OF PARIS.

### What the Chinese of the Gay Capital Find to Talk About.

**Death Claims Xavier Marmier, Another Parisian Celebrity—Lick's Telescope Licked at Last—A Maniac's Mania for Strangling Women—Touching Wish of the Dying Renan Realized—"Eat the Spout" for Forty-three Years.**

PARIS, Oct. 31.—Yet another vacancy in the Academie Francaise. Last week it was Ernest Renan who shuffled off his mortal coil; to-day it is the turn of Xavier Marmier. Although not a universal celebrity, he was a figure well worth noticing. He had at least one distinction—he was the member of the Academy who had travelled the most. He went through South America before railways were known there, and saw perhaps more of it than any other traveller of that epoch excepting Humboldt. He likewise explored Norway and Sweden in the days when steam was in its infancy, and pushed as far as Spitzbergen, where he managed to find the materials of a romance. He made several other voyages in distant parts, all of which he turned into interesting and instructive reading. He was a great book collector, and leaves behind him a colossal library. When he became too feeble to walk his bath-chair might have been seen daily on the Quai Voltaire and other bookworm resorts, whither he repaired to amuse himself by looking at the second-hand bookstalls. His strange figure, with his long white locks and ascetic cast of countenance was familiar to every body in the neighborhood. A more amiable man could not be found. Of rare simplicity, he was the sworn enemy of noise and puffing, and lived a secluded life, surrounded by his books, which he loved as a miser loves his hoard. For the last twenty years he was a vegetarian, feeding only on eggs and salad, washed down with a little wine and water. It was perhaps this sobriety which helped him to attain the ripe age of 84, for physically he was not a Hercules. Losing his wife and daughter at an early date, he lived alone.

One of his keenest sorrows was the demolition of the house in the Rue Saint Thomas d'Aquin, where he had resided 40 years, and when he was forced to remove to the Rue de Babylone it seemed to him as if he were removing into the world from which no traveller returns. And he was not far wrong, for death soon followed. That such a man should eschew all pomp and vanity was natural. Hence nobody is surprised that in his will he ordains that there shall be no official invitations, no military honors, no decorations, and no speeches at his funeral, which is to be that of the humblest pauper. After the church service his body will be conveyed to Pontalier, his native town, and buried with the same austere simplicity. He leaves many bequests to the poor. One of the most curious clauses in his testament is the following:

"In memory of the happy moments which I have passed in the midst of the second-hand booksellers on the quays of the Seine, to my ruin, and I have completed my destruction this trip. I started on the lowest rung of the ladder, and few young men stood the chance for success that I did, but the friendly game of poker ruined me at last. I see no way out of my difficulties, and if I did I know well that the fascination would lead me on again. Kindly post letters for me at once. The one to my brother may reach him in due time, but I have not been in communication with him for six months. Do not waste time and money in looking up my relations, as I have done nothing for them and they are ill able to bear expenses on my account. You have been my late with whom I associated here, and as they have won one way and another about $100 from me, probably they will be generous enough to bear the expense of providing for a corner six by two somewhere in the town. I do not mean any sarcasm at heart; they are a good lot of fellows. Let my so ion be as little notoriety as possible if it rests with you. Again asking your forgiveness for my trouble to you, I remain, yours truly. (Signed) GEO. ROBERTS.

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# NEWS OF THE WEEK.

It is stated that the Carmaux miners will go back to work on Thursday.

Beck, the murderer, sentenced to death at Moncton, N. B., will be hanged on December 1st.

Wm. Maclennan, the well-known Scotch dancer, died at Montreal General Hospital Sunday night.

It is said Attorney-General Martin will oppose Hon. Mr. Daly, the new Minister of the Interior, in Selkirk.

The schooner Grantham, bound for Toronto with coal, has sunk at Timber Island, 30 miles from Kingston.

By proclamation issued yesterday, President Harrison extended the benefits of the American Copyright Act to Italy.

A general meeting of the Bell Telephone Company will be held shortly in Montreal, to consider the issue of new stock by the shareholders.

The drought in Maryland has now been continued so long that wells are failing, streams are running dry, and the water supply of mills is giving out.

The general impression in Montreal political circles is that Mr. Mercier will be acquitted, and his friends talk of arranging a big reception in his honor.

There appears to be very little chance of settling the dispute between the Lancashire cotton masters and their operatives, and a long strike is almost inevitable.

The British Consul at Guatemala, in his annual report to the British Government, calls attention to the excellent field open to the dairy farmer in that republic.

As a result of a dispute in the congregation of St. Andrew's Church, Winnipeg, it is likely that another Presbyterian church will shortly be erected in that city.

The United States Government states that the delay in issuing the proclamation for reciprocity in wrecking is due to the failure of the Dominion Parliament to act.

The Central Chamber of Agriculture in London will to-day consider the advisability of holding a conference of delegates from all parts of the United Kingdom to discuss the prevailing agricultural distress.

Mr. Waters, solicitor for Thomas Neill, now under sentence of death for poisoning Matilda Clover, has received a despatch from Canada stating that affidavits showing that Neill is insane have been mailed to him.

Mrs. Bertha Titus, of Kalamazoo, Mich., whose husband died about a year ago, committed suicide by shooting herself in the head upon her return from the theatre on Saturday night. It is said that despondency prompted the deed.

The United States Secretary of State has instructed the U. S. Legation in London to take steps to obtain from the Gladstonian Government the release of Dr. Gallagher, John Curtain and other Irish-American Fenians now serving life sentences in English prisons.

On Saturday Mr. R. Newell, Kingston, cleaned a revolver in Pugh's hat store, and did not think the weapon was loaded. Yesterday he picked up the same revolver and found the trigger partly open. He snapped it, and a bullet went through the palm of his left hand.

Mr. Alex. Moon, of Huntingdon, met with a serious accident yesterday. He was chopping a tree, and had a couple of dynamite cartridges in his pocket at the time. The axe handle struck his pocket, when one of the cartridges exploded and tore one of his hands off.

Mr. Tarte yesterday published in the *Canadien* an open letter to Sir Alexander Lacoste, Chief Justice of Quebec, calling his attention to what he claims to be the scandalous conduct of certain of the judges, and the danger of allowing the bench to become subservient to party politics.

The Nelson *Miner* says: Shookum Pete, a Siwash, was shot on Tuesday last by his brother. A quarrel took place between the two a short distance below Davies' ranch, when Pete's brother seized a Winchester rifle and shot Pete through the heart. The murderer has since given himself up.

Some of the papers interested in the British cattle trade are calling loudly for the scheduling of Canadian cattle on account of the recent suspected cases of pleuro-pneumonia, despite Iron London. It is feared that despite the Government's desire to treat Canada kindly its hands may be forced.

The fighting in the Province of Sphakia, arising out of the outrages perpetrated by the Turkish soldiery upon the inhabitants, was renewed yesterday. A number of the inhabitants of the province attacked the Turkish troops near Hora, but the result is not known. As soon as intelligence of the affair reached Candia two companies of soldiers were despatched on the steamer Ismail to reinforce the troops at Hora.

A fierce fight took place at Cannes, France, yesterday between Frenchmen and Germans. The disturbance was begun by a party of Frenchmen, who attempted to force an entrance into a German cafe. They encountered determined resistance. Everyone in the establishment rallied to the defence. The intruders were attacked with sticks and clubs, and some revolvers were drawn. The police were powerless to restore order. The combatants, however, finally dispersed of their own accord, but not until several persons had been injured.

### A WELLAND SENSATION.

**How a Practical Teacher Proposed to Give His Pupils a Lesson in Breach or Promise.**

A Welland despatch says: In the civil list at the assizes the principal attraction was the case of William vs. Hopkins, breach of promise, and the Court House was well filled with an audience desirous of hearing some spicy evidence. Principal Woodworth of the Model School marched the young modelites up in a body for the purpose of securing for them a practical lesson on "false love and its consequences." They were sadly disappointed, as the lawyers settled it out of court. Miss Williams sued Samuel Hopkins, of Port Colborne, for $10,000 as a balm to heal the wounds of blighted affections.

The case was settled out of court by Miss Williams accepting the modest sum of $1,250, each party to pay their own costs. It made a hole in Mr. Hopkins' fat purse, but those who know him well say he is able to stand it, and perhaps if it went to the jury they probably would have set a higher value upon the wasted cooings, hand squeezes and other things which only lovers know anything about. But Mr. Hopkins is married now, and having had one breach of promise experience will not likely have another.

A young lady said that she hated oranges because one had come between her and her lover. He had called on her one evening, and after sitting a while, had produced a couple of bright Florida oranges out of his pocket and suggested that each eat one. She now says that she cannot drive out of her mind the sight of his nose, cheeks and chin dripping with juice, and he has been whispering something horribly similar about her. Evidently you cannot love a girl and a circus aurantium at the same time. One of the best remedies of an orange—a sort of whipping the devil around a stump—is to use a spoon. The directions advise you to cut the orange carefully into halves, taking care to do so across the grain, so that a spoon can slip in readily. A gentleman who has lived for years in the American countries in which the orange grows, is waging a war against the slovenly manner of cutting the orange up and serving it on the table. In such a case he recommends that a very sharp knife, one as keen as a razor, be used, and the fruit cut into slices infinitesimally thin, and built, layer about, with pulverized sugar. Since the spoon has been relegated out of modern dinner civilization almost, a fork is used to eat it with. In southern Europe the peasants always eat fruit in its natural shape, and never think of treating it to doses of sugar, salt or other seasoning. Around Naples and in Malaga the people bite a hole in the orange, suck but the juice and then throw the orange away.

Little Annie—I don't like my new governess, mamma; she's so untidy. Mother—What do you mean, my dear? Little Annie—Why, she goes to bed with her chignon on and never takes it off like you do.

Spurgeon's Tabernacle in London is fitted up with electric bells to ring in all parts of the house. Strangers are kept standing until five minutes before the service, when all the bells are rung simultaneously and a grand rush is made for seats.

A little close observation will enable the observer to put persons in the class to which they belong. The man whose eye is almond-shaped is almost always dishonest at heart, if not in overt act. The eyes of some of the most notorious thieves in the country are of this pattern, and the expression given the face by this sort of eye is very striking.

# MILWAUKEE'S GREAT FIRE.

## Thirteen Business Blocks Burned Down This Morning.

### THREE HUNDRED BUILDINGS DESTROYED,

**Including Wholesale Houses, Factories, Etc., Besides Hundreds of Cars—Oil and Alcohol Feed the Flames and a High Wind Fans Them—Poor and Sick Alike Driven From Their Homes—The Scenes of Chicago's Terrible Disaster Re-Enacted—Loss Estimated at Six Million Dollars—Insurance Companies Lose $2,000,000—Explosion of an Oil Barrel Starts the Fire—Firemen Helpless, But the Conflagration Now Under Control.**

MILWAUKEE, Wis., despatch of this forenoon says: At 20 minutes to 6 o'clock last night an oil barrel exploded from some unknown cause, in the store occupied by the Union Oil Company, at No. 275 East Water street, and the fire that ensued swept over thirteen blocks of business buildings and residences, over 300 buildings in all. The ruins in places are burning fiercely, and it will be several days before the last spark of the fire is extinguished. When the fire broke out in the store of the oil company, the majority of the engines of the fire department were at work in other parts of the city, there being at the time no fewer than three fires burning in different parts of the city. These fires were comparatively insignificant in themselves, but the part they played in the fiery tragedy which has desolated so large a portion of the city was highly important. The engines were delayed so long by these that it was fully 20 minutes after the first oil barrel had exploded that the first engine arrived.

When the firemen first gazed upon the store of the Union Oil Company it was a roaring furnace of flames, through which in rapid succession could be heard the noise of the exploding oil barrels within. Long tongues of fire were leaping across the street and licking the fronts of the buildings upon the opposite side. The firemen fought well, however, and within an hour had crowded the fire back and thought the day was their own. At 6.40, however, the roar of another explosion was heard and the fire leaped forth again and found its way once more to the east side of East Water street, and from that time on the curtain was fairly up for the tragedy.

Directly opposite the store of the Union Oil Company was that of Dahmeir & Co., who also carried a large stock of oil and alcohol. This was frolic for the flames and they roared through the large four-story building with a vigor that defied all efforts to check or control them. Close behind this store, and almost adjoining it in the rear, stood the five-story structure occupied by Budd & Kiep, upholsterers. The hungry flames reached out for this handsome building as they extended from the rear of Dahmeir's, and catching first a huge pile of excelsior in the alley, they had the building in their grasp and fanned as they were by the wind from the southwest, which was blowing at the rate of forty miles an hour, it was but a few minutes before the store was a mass of flames from cellar to roof. In just five minutes' more, Jacob Weiler's grocery store on the east side of Bay street, directly opposite Budd & Kiep's, was in flames. It seemed as if a mountain of fire rolled across the sky. One instant not a building on the east side of Broadway was in flames, and the next the rolling waves of fire swept across the street and descended on the building opposite.

Four thousand streams of water could not stay such a conflagration in its march of destruction toward the lake. The walls of the three-story brick buildings on Broadway, formerly occupied by Mee Cracker Trust, but then vacant, began to totter, and warning voices urged the crowd back in time. The whole front of the building pitched into the street. A few minutes later the sides fell outward with a crash. The people who resided in that portion of the town were of the poorer classes. There were no fine residences there, and most of the buildings were small one-story, and here and there two-story, frame houses. They were meat for the flames, and the fire rushed toward them with a velocity which left the occupants time to escape with nothing but their lives and what they could carry upon their backs.

After the fire had crossed Broadway many of the people fled from their houses to look at the beautiful sight of the rolling mountains of flames. These same people never went into their houses again. The fire was upon them before they could do it. Along Jefferson and Jackson streets the fire fiend flew, filling the streets from side to side and shooting later into all eyes in between the houses. In less time than it takes to tell it, the fire had swept down to Buffalo street, and left nothing behind but ashes. Nobody was given a chance to save anything. It was simply look and run, or stay and die.

While the fire was creating woe and desolation north as far as Detroit street, one block above Buffalo, it had also begun to eat backwards, south along East Water street. It did this for two whole squares and then, apparently having the background it wanted, it reached south to the river and then swept straight eastward for six squares. It only stopped when it reached Lake Michigan and could go no farther.

When the fire began its backward movement from the place of its origin it picked up the store of J. P. Kissinger & Co. and the Milwaukee Art Glass Works, both of which it had apparently missed. The Wellenr block, six stories in height, was soon in flames with the Milwaukee Chair Company's establishment, a vacant building, owned by the Pfister & Vogel Leather Company, and the wholesale grocery store of Roundy, Peckham & Co. A few minutes later the National Distilling Company's warehouse, the Whiskey Trust Supply of the State, at Nos. 79 to 83 Buffalo street, succumbed. The wind was still carrying the whirlwind of seething flame on toward Lake Michigan in a direct line with the starting point, and Chief of Police Jannson ordered his entire force to the fire and they assisted in getting out the furniture and household goods of the luckless families who were forced to flee from the path cut out by the flames. Dozens of frame buildings along Milwaukee and Jefferson streets, between Detroit and Chicago, as well as on Buffalo and Chicago streets, were licked up as if they had been outlines of paper. All these buildings were consumed within half an hour of the time when the flames leaped over Broadway.

Suddenly the wind turned around. Whereas it was northeast when the first alarm rang it was now almost due south, cutting a broad avenue of destruction toward the Milwaukee river and Lake Michigan. In its path lay the big freight sheds and the yards of the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad, with the round-house and its valuable contents of rolling stock. The east end of the freight sheds at the corner of Chicago and Jefferson streets, was the first to ignite, and the flames soon spread all over the yard, burning freight cars and everything before them. Fifteen long trains of freight cars stood on the Northwestern tracks. When a billow of fire leaped across Van Buren street and touched the south end of the freight house a million dollars' worth of railroad property was doomed. The south end of the freight house was filled with oil. Soon the smell of burning petroleum filled the air, and a volley of explosions shook the earth. The low brick freight house stayed the onward sweep of the flames, but only for a moment. Through the square windows the red glow could be seen, and an instant later a shower of burning cinders flowed away toward the lake, covering a thousand freight cars filled with merchandise. On and on the terrible resistless wave was spreading, consuming everything in its path, over to Jackson street and to Broadway. The fire was now following the south wind along Broadway, down Jefferson street and along Milwaukee street. Along Broadway it swept to the Weisel & Viller Manufacturing Company's plant at Chicago street, and to No. 10 engine-house on Broadway. When it reached the Weisel & Viller plant, the department had prepared an attempt to cut it off with dynamite. Three kegs were exploded in the building, having been stored there to await the coming of the flames. As each went off in close succession, the cry went up from the thousands who blocked the streets for a radius of a mile, that the gas works had exploded. But the plant was almost entirely saved.

Seeing that the fire must surely reach them, the men rapidly forced the air into the tanks, diluting the gas so much it was valueless by bringing it to a point of possible explosion. Then they let it out sufficiently to sink the tanks below the level and fled for their lives. As a result of this good management Milwaukee will have its usual gas supply within a day or two.

The Bethel Home, near the gas works, caught fire soon afterward. Worth & Hammel's livery stable, on Brodoway, containing hundreds of horses, was in the path of the flaming cyclone. Some horses were safely taken away, while a number were stampeded. The Laura Cattin Kindergarten also succumbed, despite the dynamite.

Around on Erie street the Toepfer iron foundries and the Rideburg Vinegar Works were also destroyed, together with innumerable small buildings, saloons and residences. Hansen's malt house, within a few rods of the border of Lake Michigan, and an adjoining elevator made a brilliant display when they caught. The elevator, after smoking from the upper windows, suddenly burst into flames, and from the lower windows to the top of the high ventilating house it was all ablaze. As a howling blast of wind struck it the flames swept clear across the street, and in an instant the malt house proper, with its tall tower, broke out in spots of flickering fire. The elevator was so strongly built that it maintained its form long after the hottest period was passed, and from the lower floors the burning grain poured into the street like the downpour of Niagara. Then from the windows of the large malt house and from the eaves came jets of bright green flame as gas from the heated malt. It was not long before the entire building was ablaze, and the roar was tremendous. A large ventilating wheel in the face of the upper story was burning, and whirling away like a huge Catharine-wheel. The heat was intense within a block of the malt house. It was a close call for the retort house of the gas works. Only the most vigorous work of the men with hydrant, hose and buckets of water saved the wooden building which adjoins the retort house.

Across the way from Budd & Kiep' was the store of Roundy, Peckham & Co. It caught fire before the firemen were able to prevent it. Next to Roundy, Peckham & Co's., on Buffalo street, was a store belonging to the Pfister estate and occupied by H. Sheftels & Co., and west of this was the warehouse of the National Distilling Co. All three caught fire almost simultaneously, and the alcohol stored in the National Distilling Co's. warehouse caused the destruction of almost the entire block on East Water street, south of Buffalo street. The burning alcohol ran over into the basement under the large block occupied by Leidestorf, setting it all on fire. This building was four stories high. It looked solid and indestructible. The flames gradually worked their way up. After a while they came leaping out of the roof. Then the corner walls fell. They tottered for a while, as if trying to balance themselves; then they bent over and down, covering the whole street from corner to corner with splintered stone and brick. Fortunately the firemen withdrew in time and no one was hurt.

From the Liederstorf building, the fire spread to the buildings south of it. Inbusch Bros., the Mann Brewing Company and Delorme & Quentine's Soap Factory caught fire, one after another. There was a large vacant lot at the corner of Buffalo street and Broadway, north of the fire engine house, but that did not save it. South of the engine house, covering almost the entire south half of the block, was Reideburg & Bodden's Vinegar Factory, cooperage shops and warehouses. The plant could safely be valued at $500,000. From this factory the flames leaped across Milwaukee street to the Hansen Bros'. malt elevator. The abandoned Johnston Bros.' store on Broadway caught fire directly from the Budd & Kiep building. The Milwaukee Chair Company's works came next. Behind it the furniture factory of Seamans Bros. came down and from this point on the flames had full sway.

All they encountered on their way toward the lake were wooden dwellings, frame warehouses, freight cars and coaches. For a long time it was believed Ferneks' store could be saved. The fire department fairly deluged the building with water. Streams were poured in from every direction, but all in vain. The devouring flames roared madly, and once having gained a foothold in the building, it was a matter of hardly an hour before it was reduced to ashes. But with the Ferneks building the backbone of the fire fiend was broken, and the lone wall standing grimly at East Water and Erie streets marks the point where the flames were stayed.

Following is an estimate of the losses, the insurance is said to be about half the amount: Kiep's furniture establishment, $300,000; J. Patton & Co., oils and paints, $250,000; J. P. Kissenger, liquors, $75,000; Milwaukee Mirror Co., $50,000; B. T. Riderdorf, tobacco, $50,000; Roundy, Peckham & Co., grocers, $300,000; H. Sheftells & Co., grocers, $200,000; J. Welleur & Co., grocers, $200,000; Milwaukee Chair Co., $250,000; H. Reideburg & Co., vinegar works, $200,000; Hansen Malting Co., $600,000; Milwaukee Gas Works, $500,000; Johnston Cracker Works (old), $50,000; Union Oil Co., $50,000; Blockers & Co., clothing, $50,000; National Distilling Co., $50,000; E. H. M. Doahm & Co., drugs, $150,000; Weissel & Viller, machinery, $100,000; Toepfer & Son, machinery, $40,000; Bayley & Sons, machinery, $50,000; Inbusch Bros., grocers, $250,000; Fernek & Bro., confectioners, $75,000; Delorme & Quentine, soaps, $35,000; Milwaukee Rag Co., $50,000; A. J. Hilbert & Co., flavoring extracts, $40,000; North Western freight house, sash and contents, $50,000; Milwaukee, Lake Shore & Western freight house, $50,000; McLanden hotel, $50,000; Pfeugot & Co., confectionery, $25,000; Sauer & Co., glove manufacturers, $10,000; fifty small business places, $50,000; five hundred dwelling houses, cottages and barns, $500,000. Total, $5,825,000.

Several insurance men state that the insurance companies will suffer a loss of at least three million dollars by the fire.

2.40 a.m.—The fire is now under control.

It is known that five lives were lost and many people were seriously injured. The dead are:

Henry Peddenbroch and Charles Stahl, firemen unknown woman, 60 years old; Mrs. Kalabja, died from effects of shock; unknown man, head smashed by falling walls.

### Typhus Fever.

Typhus fever, when not fatal, lasts about three weeks. For the first week the symptoms are not severe, and the patient may even keep about his work. Towards the end of that time the characteristic rash appears, the other symptoms are more pronounced, and the patient takes to his bed. During the second week all the symptoms—great prostration, frequency of the pulse and mental confusion—are rapidly intensified. By the beginning of the third week convalescence begins, and by the end of the week the fever has terminated.

When the disease proves fatal death occurs, as a rule, by about the tenth day. Relapses are rare. A person is seldom attacked more than once.

Typhus is not nearly so contagious as some other diseases. It originates in crowded conditions, and its spread is mainly confined to such conditions. It is almost unknown in the rural districts. It does not spread from house to house. A free circulation of the air arrests the infectious principle, so that a patient can be safely isolated in his own house.

While in typhoid fever the infection is mainly in the discharge, in typhus it is mainly in the breath and the emanations of the skin. It is believed that clothing does not convey the infection unless strongly impregnated with it; hence the fever is not likely to be communicated by an attendant.

Some English newspaper women who wanted to find out whether the people who sing in the London streets make a good living or not put on a disguise, and, taking a guitar, went out to try it for themselves. After singing and playing for an hour and a half they had collected 7s 4½d. And they were only amateurs at that, and with no previous experience in pleasing the people. —*New York Tribune.*

The Princess of Wale and her daughter, the Duchess of Fife, are excellent anglers, and recently landed some fine salmon in Scotland.

Grand Duke Paul, of Russia, is so tall that he has to carry his own bed along when he is travelling.

She—And you say you would die for me? Mr. Boresome—A thousand times. She—Would you mind doing it just once—right away? You know papa has just been elected coroner and he hasn't had any practice yet.

Some idea of the size of the multitude which will cross the Atlantic to visit the World's Fair next year may be gained from the fact mentioned in a *Sun* cablegram that nearly 3,500 members of the Regent street Polytechnic have already engaged passage.

# DEATH AND TAXATION.

## Tomoconiens Massacred by the Troops of President Diaz,

### BUT AT A FEARFUL SACRIFICE.

**The Villagers Take Refuge in a Church and Fight to the Death—Hundreds of Soldiers Slain in the Struggle.**

Annihilation of the Tomoconiens, a people who inhabit the village of Tomoconie, and who are nearly pure Aztecs, was received here last night. Tomoconie is situated on the direct road to Guerrero, and Jesus Maria, in the mountains of South Western Chihuahua, Mexico, and has been in open rebellion against the State and Federal Governments for more than a year on account of excessive taxation, extortion by Government officials and Government interference in their religious belief.

Two months ago the Government sent the Eleventh Battalion, in command of Gen. Renjel, to make the people pay the tax required of them and accept Government officials appointed to take charge, or to kill every one of them. This alternative was openly boasted of by officers in Chihuahua before the troops started for this town, and when the Tomoconiens heard of it they decided to fight it out, as they knew that even should they receive the soldiers peaceably they would be shot on the slightest provocation.

When the soldiers made their descent on the village they were met and driven off with twenty-two officers and fourteen men killed, and two officers and forty-five men taken prisoners.

The prisoners were confined on the top of the Adobe Church. Gen. Ranjel was the only officer who escaped.

When the news of this affair reached the ears of President Diaz, he decided to annihilate the village, and when the people were notified they answered: "God is with us and we will not be taken."

Soldiers left Chihuahua two weeks ago and formed a junction with others from Pinos Altos and Guerrorro, to the number of 1,200, and last Monday the attack was made on all sides. The Tomoconiens, who only numbered 38, with their families took refuge in the church and awaited the attack, which took place at about 1 o'clock. The attack was made on all sides, and the slaughter was terrible. At dusk the soldiers gained an entrance to the church, and a terrible hand-to-hand fight took place, and the soldiers completed the massacre, with 368 of their number killed and many wounded.

The village the next day presented a terrible aspect. The streets of the little village leading to the church were filled with the bodies of the soldiers and blood seemed to have flowed in torrents. Not a man of the Tomoconiens was left, except those who happened to be out in the mountains, out the Government has paid dearly for its victory.

The Tomoconiens were some time ago a very wealthy people in cattle and farms, but the lack of rain and failure of their crops had brought them to poverty and they were unable to exist under the extortion of the Government and its petty officials, and were nearly brought to starvation.

### A DIABOLICAL CRIME.

**A Man Insures his Mistress' Life and then Suffocates Her.**

A Brussels cable says: A sensational trial began in this city, and is likely to last for several days. A Frenchman named Schmidt is accused of murder under peculiar circumstances. Schmidt, according to the evidence for the prosecution, paid devoted attention to a Belgian girl named Lucie Sossum, who lived in this city. He succeeded in winning the girl's affections, and they lived together on terms of the closest intimacy. While they were thus living together Schmidt devised a plan both to get rid of the girl, of whom he had grown tired, and to obtain a fortune of 40,000f. Under some pretext he induced Lucie, who appears to have had entire confidence in him, to allow him to insure her life for 40,000f., he being the beneficiary named in the policies. The next development in the case was the finding of the girl dead in a room, where she had been suffocated by charcoal fumes from the stove. The circumstances of her death were evidently intended on the part of Schmidt to convey the impression, not of suicide, but of accident. He so represented the case, and hastened to apply for the insurance money. Suspicion was, however, aroused by the fact of Schmidt being the beneficiary, whereas it was evident that he had nothing to lose by the death of the girl. The authorities made an investigation, and came to the conclusion that Schmidt had himself deliberately plotted to murder Lucie, and had laid his plans with fiendish cunning, but not with sufficient cunning to prevent the plot from being unravelled by the police. He had induced the unsuspecting girl to retire, and then deliberately started the fatal fumes, closing the apartment so as to make sure of the deadly effect. Schmidt was arrested. His crime was committed in December last, and the authorities have spared no effort meantime to strengthen the case against him, which has aroused intense interest.

### REMORSEFUL MURDERERS.

**Bribed to Crime Remorse Drives Them to Take Their Own Lives.**

A Berlin cable says: Another chapter has been added to the tragedy which began with the murder of Herr Gersonherz, a wealthy manufacturer of Baden, by his servant girl named Schemp and the latter's brother, near Billigheim. The Schemp girl had been bribed by Frau Gersonherz to put her master out of the way in order that the lady might be free to marry her lover, a bookkeeper in the manufacturer's employ. The girl induced her brother to help her to commit the crime. His guilt so preyed upon Schemp's mind that he afterwards committed suicide. Frau Gersonherz was also stricken with remorse and became insane. She has now committed suicide by hanging herself in her cell at the asylum. Her aged father, on learning of her death, became insane in turn and has been confined in an asylum.

### TWO HANGING BODIES.

**An Investigation of a Supposed Double Suicide Reveals a Great Crime.**

A Berlin cable says: A girl of about 17 and a youth of about 19 years were found hanging to a tree in the park wood near Dessau. It was at first supposed that they had both committed suicide, but the police have on further examination come to the conclusion that it is a case of double murder. The theory is that the couple were strolling in the wood when they were attacked and robbed, and the girl outraged. The youth, it is supposed, perished in endeavoring to defend his companion. His skull was crushed as if by a blow with a club. The murderers then, according to the theory, hanged the bodies in order to create an impression of suicide, and thus avert or delay an investigation, which would result in the pursuit of the guilty parties.

### Mistaken for the Flag.

Arthur—Chappie got into trouble on the race track yesterday.

Algie—How was that?

Arthur—Fell off the fence with his bias on and all the horses started.

When the riding contest between Vienna and Berlin was finished and some of our contemporaries were bellowing about the beneficial results of such a trial of endurance, we took occasion to say that those who rode the horses to death and disaster should have been sent to jail. The following verses will show that no less an authority than the London *Referee* held the same opinion as we did:

THE RIDE OF DEATH.

Hurrah, hurrah, for the soldiers brave,
Hurrah for the famous ride!
Alas for the horse with a broken heart
And the gashed and bleeding side!
No wonder the wide world stared aghast,
And the nations held their breath,
As the story was flashed from pole to pole
Of that merciless ride to death.

Hurrah for the heroes crowned with bay
Who gallantly rode the race!
Alas for the tortured steeds that fell,
Killed by the cruel pace!
Let the doughty deeds of those riders be
The theme of the foreign bard;
They'd probably get, if they tried it here,
A couple of months—with hard.

Chappie—How did Bertie, dear boy, happen to get intoxicated at the banquet last night? Algie—He weally overwated his strength and wead the wine list right through without stopping.

Plaintiff's Attorney—I've an expert who will swear he is insane. Defendant's Attorney—I have an expert who will swear he is of sound mind. Plaintiff's Attorney—Then let's pair off on experts and save that much money.

# A POKER PLAYER'S SUICIDE.

## George Roberts' Life Ruined by a Friendly Game of Cards.

**He Could Not Withstand the Allurements of Poker and Lost All—Respectable and Prominent, He Swallows Several Ounces of Laudanum and Dies in Agony at Orillia—A Pathetic Letter—He was a Commercial Traveller and Belonged to Woodburn.**

An Orillia despatch says: George Roberts, a commercial traveller, committed suicide here on Friday night. The story of his death is more than ordinarily pathetic, and shows to what lengths the fascinations of gambling will lead a man. For years Roberts travelled all through Ontario for Millburn & Co., and no harder working or more popular man was on the road. He was only 29 years of age, fine looking and of splendid physique, standing over six feet high and weighing 230 pounds. He was doing well with Millburn & Co., but a fascination for poker playing ruined him. He tried time and again to quit the game, only to find himself once more drawn to the table, till finally he had to give up his position, owing the firm, it is said, several hundred dollars. This was several months ago, and he forswore poker playing for all time, but when in London a month ago he once more became its slave, and lost $50 at one sitting. He was jobbing in cigars for Brener Bros., London, and came here on Friday, Oct. 21st. He had $100 in his pocket, and had no difficulty in getting into a little game of draw. It started in the afternoon, and wore along with varying successes till ten time, and it finally narrowed down till three others and deceased were the only players left. A few hours' play and Roberts arose from the table a ruined man.

He was around on Sunday and Monday, but afterwards kept to his room a good deal, and yesterday was not seen at all. About 7.30 James Young, one of his associates, went up to his room, tapped on the door and entered. He lit a match and the sight which met his gaze was a ghastly one. Stretched on the bed with his head to the foot was Roberts, covered only with a light guernsey. One foot was on the floor, his eyes were only partially closed, and his wide open mouth was covered with froth. On the dresser were a number of medicine bottles, and the chamber by the bedside gave evidence that deceased had been vomiting. Young at once gave the alarm and Dr. Ardagh was summoned. He examined the body and said that death had occurred about two hours previous. As three of the bottles on the dresser were labelled laudanum he locked the room and notified Dr. Beatton, coroner, of the circumstances in connection with deceased's death. This morning an inquest was held at the Orillia house. After the jury had been sworn in and had viewed the body the coroner informed them that deceased had left a letter to the proprietor of the hotel, which he thought would probably aid them in arriving at a decision, and accordingly the seal was broken. The letter was addressed to James Haw, and was dated October 27th, two days previous to his death. It read:

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry to cause you any trouble on account of my actions. The facts are I have been a confirmed gambler for years, to my ruin, and I have completed my ruination this trip. I started on the lowest rung of the ladder, and few young men stood the chance for success that I did, but the friendly game of poker ruined me. I see no way out of my difficulties, and if I did I know well that the fascination would lead me on again. Kindness to my mother, I leave to you to my brother may reach him in due time, but I have not been in communication with him for six months. Do not waste time and money in looking up my relations, as I have done nothing for them and they are fill able to bear expenses on my account. You know the parties with whom I associated here, and as they have won one way and another, about $100 from me, probably they will be generous enough to bear the expense of providing for a coffee six by two somewhere in the town. I do not mean any sarcasm at heart; they are a good lot of fellows. Let my mother down as easy as possible if it rests with you. Again asking your forgiveness for my trouble to you, I remain, yours truly. (Signed) GEO. ROBERTS.

When the letter was read a murmur of surprise and sympathy went through the room. Further evidence was taken showing that on Wednesday deceased had purchased two ounces of laudanum at one drug store. It is probable he took it that night, as the letter to Mr. Haw bore that date, and the dose was not sufficient to cause death. On Thursday he purchased at another drug store four ounces, which he must have taken some time Friday morning. In all he must have taken at least six ounces, while a fatal dose in ordinary cases is less than one ounce. He had left six letters altogether to be posted, one addressed to his brother in Montreal, the others probably relating to business. The jury simply returned a verdict that deceased came to his death from the effects of poison administered by his own hand.

The coroner reprimanded them for not alluding in some way to the evils of gambling, which is carried on extensively here as in other towns. Poker playing has been carried on in Orillia for years, and it is indulged in by men high up in the social scale. It is not likely the matter will rest here, however, as the feeling against it is strong just now.

Deceased's father is a blacksmith, residing at Woodburn, near Hamilton. His brother arrived to-night from Hamilton and will take the body away on Monday morning.

The body of the unfortunate young man arrived in the city by the 11 o'clock train this forenoon and was taken to Woodburn for interment. Mr. John Roberts, the father of deceased, is in the city, as is a brother who came on from Montreal on hearing of the shocking occurrence.

Deceased was a young man who had many friends in the county of Wentworth. He was not addicted to drink.

### THE CARE OF CLOTHES.

**A Few Practical Hints as to the Preservation of Garments.**

Every man knows that the proper care of clothes makes them last longer. The finest suit of clothes ever made looks dingy and old very soon if it does not receive the proper care and attention. Clothes are no exception to the common sense rule.

When the clothes are removed, the coat should be slipped over a bow hanger—the vest may be put on it first.

A coat that is worn quite steadily from day to day ought always to be hung on the back of a chair, the armholes being slipped over the back posts; the vest to be hung first, in like manner.

It is best to place the chair near an open window, as the exposure to the air will help to soften the wrinkles.

The trousers should be well shaken, to free them from dust, and then "pulled." This means that they are to be folded down where the front and back creases are, and then, holding them by the top band, the foot is placed on the bottoms on the floor and steady, gently pressure exerted.

Lay the trousers out smoothly on the bed—still folded on the creases—and fold lengthwise at the knee line, smoothing out all possible wrinkles with the hand.

Put the trousers on the chair seat. In the morning the entire suit will look "rested," and the end will justify the means.

Mrs. Hithard—I am told that you were so drunk last night you were standing on your head. Mr. Hithard (penitently)—I don't doubt it. It feels as if half a dozen fellows had been standing on it.

Young Jayoox—Travel improves one so Miss Flyup. Miss Flyup—Indeed! Wh don't you travel, Mr. Jayoox?

The Critical Girl—That young Van Gilding has no sense whatever. The Modest Girl—Oh, he must have some, for the other day he said I was the best looking girl he knew.

A carriage bag is a pretty gift for carriage people. It is made of cloth lined and wadded, into which the feet are slipped and the mouth drawn up nearly to the knees, insuring comfort on a cold day.

Dr. Parkhurst, of New York, resting from cleaning out the slums, is going for the swell churches. He says they are simply "religious clubs" and the church is "dragging her anchor." The doctor ought to know. He has one of the swell churches.

Mrs. Partington advises Ike, who is now of age, to vote with the party of superior mortality.

Jack—I would do anything for you, darling. Jess—Would you? Jack—Indeed I would. Jess—All right. Go and make love to that Allbright girl and then let me cut her out.

When, as sometimes happens, one is forced to wear an uncomfortably tight shoe, it may be of value to know the oldest cloth wet in hot water laid over the pinching point will often speedily afford relief. Change the cloth several times to keep up the heat, which shortly stretches the shoe and shapes it to the foot.

# GOSSIP OF PARIS.

## What the Citizens of the Gay Capital Find to Talk About.

**Death Claims Xavier Marmier, Another Parisian Celebrity—Zola's Telescope Kicked at Last—A Montez's Mantle Now Strangling Women—Punching Walls at the Dying Wagner Realized—"Up the Spout" for Forty-three Years.**

PARIS, Oct. 31.—Yet another vacancy in the Academie Francaise. Last week it was Ernest Renan who shuffled off his mortal coil; to-day it is the turn of Xavier Marmier. Although not a universal celebrity, he was a figure well worth noticing. He had at least one distinction—he was the member of the Academy who had travelled the most. He went through South America before railways were known there, and saw perhaps more of it than any other traveller of that epoch excepting Humboldt. He likewise explored Norway and Sweden in the days when steam was in its infancy, and pushed as far as Spitzbergen, where he managed to find the materials of a romance. He made several other voyages in distant parts, all of which he turned into interesting and instructive reading. He was a great book collector, and leaves behind him a colossal library. When he became too feeble to walk his bath-chair might have been seen daily on the Quai Voltaire and other bookworm resorts, whither he repaired to amuse himself by looking at the second-hand bookstalls. His strange figure, with his long white locks and ascetic cast of countenance was familiar to every body in the neighborhood. A more amiable man could not be found. Of rare simplicity, he was the sworn enemy of noise and puffing, and lived a secluded life, surrounded by his books, which he loved as a miser loves his hoard. For the last twenty years he was a vegetarian, feeding only on eggs and salad, washed down with a little wine and water. It was perhaps this sobriety which helped him to attain the ripe age of 84, for physically he was not a Hercules. Losing his wife and daughter at an early date, he lived alone.

One of his keenest sorrows was the demolition of the house in the Rue Saint Thomas d'Aquin, where he had resided 40 years, and when he was forced to remove to the Rue de Babylone it seemed to him as if he were removing into the world from which no traveller returns. And he was not far wrong, for death soon followed. That such a man should eschew all pomp and vanity was natural. Hence nobody is surprised that in his will he ordains that there shall be no official invitations, no military honors, no decorations, and no speeches at his funeral, which is to be that of the humblest pauper. After the church service his body will be conveyed to Pontalier, his native town, and buried with the same austere simplicity. He leaves many bequests to the poor. One of the most curious clauses in his testament is the following:

"In memory of the happy moments which I have passed in the midst of the second-hand booksellers on the quays of the Seine, moments which I reckon among the most agreeable of my existence, I bequeath to these honest people a sum of one thousand francs. I desire that this money shall be spent by them in a jovial banquet during which they will be able to amuse themselves while thinking of me. It will be my thanks for the many hours which I have intellectually enjoyed in the course of my almost daily visits to the bookstalls which extend from the Pont-Royal to the Pont Saint-Michael."

M. Marmier was a good raconteur, and one of his favorite anecdotes was one in which the Marquis Libri-Carrucci figured as the hero. The two, on one of their walks on the boulevards, turned into a second-hand bookshop. Libri dipped at once into a box of musty volumes, turned over a few pages, and said to the bookseller, "What is the price of this box?" "Sixty francs." "Very well, send them home to me." He sold them at 30,000 francs, for they were first editions of some sixteenth century Italian chronicles.

BARON DE MACKAU, THE TURNCOAT MAN.

The latest political sensation is the conversion of Baron de Mackau to the Republic. These conversions—it would not be polite to call them coat-turnings—have become frequent during the past few months, but the present eclipses all the others. The Baron was for a long time the most active and unscrupulous enemy of the existing regime, and did all he could to upset it. It was he who put himself at the head of the Boulangist campaign, and until recently presided over the Union of Conservative Parliamentarians. It is not astonishing, therefore, that the capitulation of such a distinguished adversary should have set all tongues wagging. Forgetting all about the past, he now declares to the world that he and his party have been mistaken as to the real opinion of the country, that the great majority of the people are Republicans, and that therefore it behooves all honest men to rally to the Republic. The

# Leading, as Usual.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CENTRAL BLOCK
ATHENS

H. H. ARNOLD



Good Value | POLITE ATTENTION | Fair Dealing

The family who spend their money right will succeed. The family who spend their money wrong can not. When you want Groceries and Provisions go to the store and get our prices and see our goods. We claim to give you more value for your dollar than you can get elsewhere. The question will arise, how can this be? It only requires an explanation and you will admit that we can do all we claim. We have always had a large trade in Athens, but at the present we are closely connected with another store in Lyndhurst. This enables us to buy goods in almost car lots; in fact, for the last six months we have had car lots every month, besides nearly every day's train has goods for us. This we can prove by the freight agent. We say, and conscientiously, too, that there is no other store in Athens handling this amount of goods. Why is it?

We started business to sell goods, not to give them away. We cannot live without a little profit, but we cut that profit down to the lowest point. We prefer 5 per cent. profit on ten sales before 40 per cent. profit on one. When you want any and everything in Groceries and Provisions, go to Thompson's. Please note the following prices:

| | |
|---|---|
| Best granuluted sugar 20 lbs. for | $1 00 |
| Bright yellow sugar 25 lbs. for | 1 00 |
| Best Valencia Raisons, 5 lbs. for | 25 |

We have purchased this week a whole line of Tea, well worth 35c., which will be sold for 25c per pound. Don't fail to come and see for yourself. Faithfully Yours,

**Joseph Thompson.**

Athens, Nov. 1, 1892.



# D. W. DOWNEY

THE ONE PRICE BARGAIN SHOE HOUSE

**BOOTS AND SHOES**

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

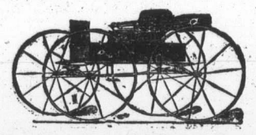
The new goods coming along daily keep this house away in the lead as to assortment, style and prices. We beg that you will kindly visit our store, note our prices, and, like hundreds who do so daily, you will be amazed at the special inducements. In Trunks and Valises we are fully prepared for the season's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

D. W. DOWNEY

FLINT'S NEW BLOCK BROCKVILLE.



# ATHENS CARRIAGE WORKS



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

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

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

**Axles** are all steel fan-tailed and swedged.

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

**Springs**—All Cast Steel.

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

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

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

**Bows** of second-growth key Ash.

Secure and give me a call before purchasing elsewhere. Terms made Satisfactory to all.

**D. FISHER**

# *Why We Laugh*

*We laugh because we have secured the agency for*

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

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

**J. L. GALLAGHER**


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

| | GOING W. | GOING E. |
|---|---|---|
| Brockville | 3 50 p.m. | 10 30 a.m. |
| xIva | 4 10 " | 10 00 " |
| xSeeley's | 4 35 " | 9 45 " |
| xLeck | 4 45 " | 9 37 " |
| xFoulston | 4 55 " | 9 25 " |
| xElbe | 5 03 " | 9 18 " |
| Athens | 5 12 " | 9 08 " |
| xSoperton | 5 24 " | 8 46 " |
| xLyndhurst | 5 42 " | 8 28 " |
| Delta | 5 49 " | 8 21 " |
| Elgin | 5 57 " | 8 13 " |
| xPorter | 6 15 " | 8 05 " |
| xCrosby | 6 23 " | 7 57 " |
| Newboro | 6 35 " | 7 45 " |
| Westport | 6 50 " | 7 30 " |

Flag stations are marked thus—x.


# *THE REPORTER*

ATHENS, NOV. 8, 1892

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


## LOCAL SUMMARY.

ATHENS AND NEIGHBORING LOCALITIES BRIEFLY WRITTEN UP.

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

Fresh Oysters, daily at Wilson & Son's.

The Reporter from now until Jan 1st 1894, to new subscribers, for $1.

A Prescott man is buying turkeys for the English market.

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

A two cents a mile rate on the Grand Trunk is talked of.

Trapping or killing of fur-bearing animals became legal on Nov. 1st.

The presidential fight between Cleveland and Harrison takes place to-day.

Nov. 9th is the last day for Collectors to demand taxes on lands omitted from the roll.

The first real snow storm of the season reached Athens on Friday evening.

A Kitley farmer was recently fined $18 for selling unwholesome pork on Smith's Falls market.

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

The W. C. T. U. will meet at the residence of Mrs. R. Arnold, Elma st., on Wednesday afternoon.

Last Wednesday was a dark day in Athens. In stores and offices lamps were kept burning all day.

Invitations are out for a private assembly to be held at Oak Leaf hall on Friday evening of this week.

News reaches us from Lavant that our hunters have slain their first deer. It fell before the rifle of Mr. Chas. Stagg.

There was only one case at the session of the Division Court here on Tuesday last and it was settled out of court.

It is probable that the A. F. B. C. will have a match with the Coll. Inst. club at Brockville on Thanksgiving Day.

We regret to state that on Friday last Mr. M. A. Evertts slipped on the icy sidewalk and fractured his right arm.

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

Brockville is suffering from a regular epidemic or typhoid fever. The Times says on Garden street there are cases in nearly every house.

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

The Allegheny, Pa., Presbytery has voted against the revision of the Confession of Faith and has decided to oppose the introduction of deaconesses.

Keep a look out for the counterfeit American five dollar note, which may find its way into Canada; it is of the 1880 series and is numbered A 224, 455,760.

The collector of municipal taxes in Athens, Mr. Joseph Kerr, started on his rounds last week. Be ready for him when he calls, for he is going to push the collection to a conclusion without any unnecessary delay.

The Toronto Evening News, which has long posed as a friend of the workingman, has locked out its printers. The men have formed a company and started an opposition paper, to be called The Star.

Mr. Palmer, manager of the Travelling Dairy, is credited by the Kingston News with stating at a meeting at Cataraqui that there was a farmer in Renfrew county who had told him that spotted butter came from spotted cows.

The local council of the R. T. of T. will meet in the vestry of St. Paul's church on Saturday evening next. The regular night and place of meeting have yet to be decided. The new society contains a number of members experienced in the conduct of lodge business and no doubt the Select Degree will soon be made a prominent feature.

The last of the series of Demorest Medal contests will be held next week, after which comes the gold medal. This will make the fifth contest held by the Athens W. C. T. U., and as Miss Carrie Grenfell is the holder of a silver medal, the number required for a gold medal contest will then be complete. The entertainments provided by these contests are really excellent and are deserving of a more liberal patronage from our adult citizens then they have received.

At the recent Anglican Sunday school Convention in Ottawa the Rev. J. F. Gorman (formerly of St. Paul,s, Renfrew), is reported as having referred in very strong terms to the great disability under which the Sunday school labored regarding the History of the Church of England as taught by the Church and that taught in the secular schools. He said that it was absurd to expect the Sunday school to eliminate in one hour what was taught in the public school five days. The erroneous teaching of secular history was that the Church of England originated with Henry VIII, while the Church taught that it had its birth with the time of our Saviour. He spoke of it as a most abominable practice, and urged that the convention should enter a formal protest against its continuance. In this he was supported by other speakers.

Snow fell all day in Ottawa on Nov. 3.

The Foresters in Athens are gaining rapidly in membership.

A meeting of the Mechanics' Institute is called for this (Tuesday) evening at 8.30 in the library room.

The cheapest place in town to buy goods—20 lbs. granulated sugar or 25 bright yellow for one dollar—at Thompson's.

Thursday of this week has been proclaimed Thanksgiving Day for the Dominion. Of course, it will be observed as a public holiday.

The members of the W. C. T. U. entertained the Royal Crusaders with a tea at the residence of Mrs. Stone, Elma street, on Wednesday evening.

At a meeting of the Independent Protestant Association, held in Brockville on Friday last, a Recorder representative was present but was ordered out.

On Nov. 24th the ratepayers of Brockville will vote upon a by-law granting $150,000 for the purchase of the water works. Water commissioners will be appointed.

We omitted to credit Mr. W. W. Howard, of Delta, with having written the excellent paper on extracting honey that appeared in last week's issue of the Reporter.

The suspected murderer, Charles Luckey conducts himself in a gentlemanly manner. He is assigned a day room by himself and is not allowed to associate with any of the other prisoners.

Those who are inclined to boast of having the biggest apple tree in the country will do well to note that Mr. Brock Davis, of Glen Buell, has an apple tree that measures in circumference 8 ft. 5 in.

A leading physician of Brockville has "broken out." The eruption is in the form of a 3-inch advertisement in the daily paper. He evidently believes in letting his light shine, but when the High Committee on Professional Ethics gets after him he'll wish that he had kept it under the medical bushel.

One evening last week, when the Royal Crusaders were exhibiting their sciopticon views, a picture of Grover Cleveland was flashed upon the canvas. The lecturer asked the boys whose likeness it was, and they at once replied "John L. Sullivan." Both of these gentlemen have been abused, but we thought the resemblance began and ended there.

The Elgin division of the Sons of Temperance are preparing a play to be introduced to the public in the near future. It is entitled "The Country School," and abounds with ludicrous incidents and comic dialogue. It is under the management of Mr. Jas. Sexton and is already advanced to such a stage as justifies the assumption that it will prove one of the best and most popular entertainments of the winter season.

Mrs. John Rockwell, in her report to the W. C. T.U. of Ontario, roundly assailed the royal commission appointed by the Dominion government, as being a mere farce to hoodwink the temperance people. The report emphatically condemned the Scott act, Dunkin act and local option and similar measures as being put forward in order to side track the real issue. What the W. C. T. U. wanted was total prohibition or nothing.

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

There is no secret or patent in the production of "Myrtle Navy" tobacco. It could be produced by any manufacturer, but no manufacturer could make it pay at that price, unless he could purchase on a large scale and sell on a large scale. He could not sell below the present price without a loss even if he could purchase on the lowest advantageous terms. To get a large market therefore, without which he would have no inducements to go on, would be the work of many years. That is the reason why Messrs. Tuckett & Son have the command of the market, and they can retain it only by keeping the price down to hard pan figures.

**A Business Education Pays.**

Any young woman or man can secure a free business education at one of the best colleges in Canada. It will only cost you one cent for particulars. Address The News, Kingston, Ont.

**The Saturday Blade**

Is the greatest newspaper wonder of the age. It is four years old and has a circulation of over a quarter of a million copies a week. The latest sensations and the most marvelous events are written up in the best style and fully illustrated. Subscriptions received at $2.00 per year, $1.00 for six months, or 50 cents for three months. Special inducements to clubs. Send for free specimen copies. Boys everywhere are making big money selling the Blade on the streets. Write for particulars. Address the publisher, W. D. Boyce, 113, 115 and 117 Fifth avenue, Chicago.

**Orange and Green at Lansdowne.**

H. C. Lynch, of Escott, has challenged Mrs. Shepherd to meet him on the public platform in the town hall, Lansdowne, at 7 p.m., on Nov. 14th, when, he says, "I will refute the false and scandalous statements made by Mrs. Shepherd against the doctrine of the Catholic church, her government and discipline." The subjects to be discussed on the 14th are Indulgence, The Holy Eucharist and Confession. The proceeds of the door to be applied as follows:—One half to the House of Providence in Brockville, and the other half to the Protestant Hospital there.

In a letter to the Times on Monday Mrs. Shepherd practically declines this challenge, but expresses her willingness to meet him on condition that the discussion takes place in Brockville, that no admission fee be charged, that the subject be confined to "indulgences," and that she be allowed to bring "a minister well versed in Latin, Hebrew and Greek to prove that her references to authorities are not incorrect." Mrs. Shepherd's method of meeting Mr. Lynch's challenge will be a surprise to her friends.

A few days ago at Berlin a bigamist was released because his second marriage was performed in the U. S.

At last Tuesday's meeting of the Association at Toronto a copy of the resolution passed at the last meeting of the association, condemning the holding of a sham fight on Thanksgiving Day was ordered to be sent to the Minister of Militia.

Sup't Mooney finds it necessary to announce through the Standard that he does not appreciate anonymous letters. The general public may just as well understand, first as last, that the B. & W. is an institution that is quite capable of protecting its own interests and that any attempt to trespass on its rights and privileges will be found very unprofitable.

The case of Amos Abbott, who was brought before P. M. Deacon on a charge of placing obstructions on the line of the B. & W. has excited considerable interest. The police magistrate before adjourning the case set forth in strong terms the very serious nature of the offence that had been committed, and which might be punished by a long term of imprisonment. In closing he said, "If however Mr. Abbott should repeat such an act, his best plea will be insanity if he is determined to escape the penitentiary or other prison."

Every season the northern lakes and woods are over-run with American sportsmen, a large percentage of whom kill great quantities of Canadian game and fish and pay nothing whatever for the privilege. This season no permits will be granted for deer shooting to residents of the United States. The Provincirl Secretary has wisely decided not to grant any owing to the fact that the demands for permits have this year been beyond all reasonable numbers. It is probable that a great many Ameicans will go shooting without permits, however, and save the $25, which is the price of a shooting permit.

So far as admission to the English market is concerned, Canadian cattle are now upon the same place as American; that is, they must be slaughtered immediately upon arrival. The announcement that Canadian cattle had been "scheduled," made last week, caused consternation among dealers in Montreal and elsewhere. No case of pleuro-pneumonia was known to exist in Canada, and at first the cable report was discredited, but later advices confirm the report. This was by far the most valuable trade Canada had with the mother land, and the new regulations will mean a serious loss to Canadian dealers.

Every municipal council should endeavor to have its financial business completed as near as possible during the present month. The Act requires a meeting of the council to be held on the 15th day of December for the purpose of preparing a financial statement for publication, showing a detailed statement of receipts and expenditures for the portion of the year ending on the date of such meeting, together with a statement of the assets, liabilities and uncollected taxes. A similar statement in detail respecting the last fifteen days of the preceding year, 1891, is now required to be attached thereto. Every effort should be made to have this statement show as clearly as possible the financial condition of the municipality. We know that to satisfy individual ambition, particulars that should be included are often kept back, so much so that members of councils have been placed in a very unenviable light when the auditors' report was published and compared with the statement required on the 15th December.

**R. T. of T.**

On Wednesday evening last, at a meeting held in the Presbyterian church, the Royal Crusaders organized a Council of the R. T. of T. with a charter membership of twenty-five. The following officers were elected to serve until 1893:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Select Councillor | G. Sharman |
| Vice Councillor | Miss M. L. Hillen |
| Past Councillor | N. K. Benedict |
| Chaplain | R. Arnold |
| Rec. Sec. | F. Wood |
| Ass't R. S. | Miss J. Hartwell |
| Fin. Sec. | Miss B. Loverin |
| Treas. | A. Wiltse |
| Herald | D. W. Hayes |
| Dep. Herald | Miss E. Hayes |
| Guard | W. Mott |
| Sentinel | H. Hagerman |
| Trustees | Messrs. Mott, Hagerman and Kerr. |

**Quarterly Meeting.**

*Editor Reporter:*

Sir,—Quarterly meeting in the Methodist church, Athens was well attended on Sunday last. In the fellowship meeting there were 78 females and 32 males spoke, and fully 250 partook of the sacrament, some for the first time.

In listening to the different testimonies that were given, I found some were given with a great assurance of their knowledge of full salvation, while others seemed to hesitate to speak of that assurance, but were trusting in God's goodness to save them at last.

I am aware that talk is very cheap, and wishes and desires are very numerous in all the churches, but genuine christianity is enjoyable and profitable to all that have it, and our neighbors will be benefitted by it. The Bible has only one standard of christianity and that is to "love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself." If this is our experience, I am satisfied that good will be accomplished in Athens. It's one thing to talk and another thing to live up to the Bible standard in all its teachings.

A Member.

**The Drain Award.**

Sir,—I presume our city fathers have a close watch as to the manner in which Engineer Phillips is seeing the award for the drain is being carried out. If so, I trust the drain business will be a thing of the past before the end of the present century. The whole award is a humbug, from end to end, as far as fair play and justice is concerned, and the way it is being done shows the great lack of ability of our engineer.

One Concerned.

**BIRTHS.**

Kincaid.—In Athens, on Tuesday, Nov'r 1, the wife of H. W. Kincaid, of a daughter.

**HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.**

Leaves of Learning, Little Laughs and Light Locals Blown Into the Reporter Office.

[Acting on a suggestion made by a friend of education, we offer a column of the Reporter to the high school students, and invite them to contribute poems, brief essays, and local notices. The first contribution appears today.—Ed.]

Our school is at present in a very prosperous condition, under the able management of Mr. U. J. Flach.

On account of the bad weather prevailing last Saturday, the B. C. I. foot-ball club were unable to meet the Athens club as arranged. But the match in Brockville for Thanksgiving is still on.

Moved by the boys, seconded by the girls, that we have a holiday on Friday next.

The pupils of the school extend their congratulations to the board in obtaining Mr. Passmore as first assistant.

Our juvenile drug compounder seems possessed of the idea that, on account of his once holding the position of goal umpire for the A. H. S. football team, he has a monopoly on the ball, which idea almost lead to bloodshed recently.

One of the modelites, ambitious to gain admiration in the eyes of the fair sex, had, while visiting our school in pursuance of this object, the misfortune, in making a hasty exit, to leave a portion of his wearing on the gate post. Moral—There is no place like home.

The issue of the Missionary Outlook for October contains the portrait of the late Mrs. Dr. Kilborn. The editor writes concerning the late Mrs. Kilborn that from earliest youth she was of studious habits, always giving her study the preference over all other engagements. "So eager," he says, "was she to acquire knowledge and so close was her application that her health suffered in consequence. Of an active, cheerful disposition, she was a favorite with her companions, and formed many friendships, which, we doubt not, will be renewed in the better land. Her sympathy and consideration for others was such that self was forgotten and sacrificed, and she preferred to endure pain rather than witness the sufferings of others. While a diligent student and faithful friend, she did not neglect the higher and more important duties of the Christian. From childhood until she left the parental roof she was an earnest worker in the Sabbath School, first as a scholar, then as a teacher; her, faith, as her husband expresses it, being simple but bright. We mourn the death of Sister Kilborn, and weep with the bereaved husband, but we shall be inspired by her unselfish and generous life to do and dare for the Master. Her grave will be a constant reminder to those in Chentu to work for the Master while it is day."

**They Want Prohibition.**

Lieut-governor Schultze, in speaking before the prohibition commission at Winnipeg, said: "I believe the vote cast in favor of prohibition at the recent general election in this province to have been the expression of the matured conviction of our people upon a subject which has been engaging their thoughtful attention for many years, and must, I think, be accepted as their final decision. In giving it, I think that our people are convinced that prohibition is, after all, the only radical cure for the evils which local option, and the earnest efforts individually, in private and in the pulpit as well, as banded societies, temperance workers have made to check or lessen the evil caused by intoxicants."

**An American Doctor.**

The Medical News (American) says: One of our physicians recently received the following letter from a country physician (?): "Dear dock I hav a pashunt whos phisicol sines shows that the wind pipe was ulcerated of, and his lung hav dropped intoo his stumick. he is unable to swollor and I fear hes stumick tube is gon. I hav giv him eveything without effeckt. his father is welthy Onerable and influenshial. he is an active member off the M. E. Chirsch and lord nos I dont want to loose hym. what shall I due. ans. buy returns male. yours in neele."

**Parents and School Complaints.**

A correspondent writing to the Whig says: A few words to parents, if carefully considered, might be a great aid in the enforcement of discipline in public schools. I refer to the thoughtless and presuming interference of some parents who exercise improper influences over their children at home, such as encourage them to disobey or otherwise disturb the dicipline and routine of the school and thus give the teacher uncalled for trouble. Parents would show far more common-sense and better judgment if they would not listen so readily and attentively to the stories which their children carry home from school, but would discuss matters with the teacher and thereby ascertain the true state of affairs. This course would save the teacher, themselves and their children many unpleasant experiences.

Send $1 in advance and have the Reporter sent until Jan. 1st 1894, to your friends. It will be the most acceptable Christmas present you can make them.


**For Sale.**

Shropshire and Southdown buck lambs; also will keep for service good Berkshire boar.

F. B. BLANCHER.

Addison, Nov. 1st. tf

# NEW! NEW!

EVERYTHING NEW

# New Grocery Store

NEW GOODS,
NEW PROPRIETOR,
NEW GROCERIES

New Canned Goods, Teas, Tobaccoes, Sugars, Spices, &c.

20 lbs. Best Granulated Sugar, $1.00
24 lbs. Best Brown Sugar ..... 1.00

CHOICE FAMILY FLOUR

From the Lyndhurst Roller Mills constantly on hand.

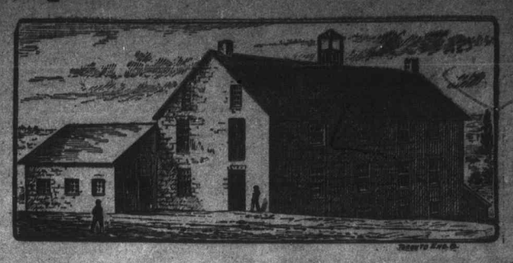
Soliciting a share of the public patronage and guaranteeing prompt and courteous attention.

**W. T. EARL**

Elgin Street, next to James' Blacksmith Shop, Athens.



# Lyn Woollen Mills



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

Lyn, May 20, 1892 **R. WALKER**



**Rooms to Rent**

Over Mott & Robeson's grocery. Application to be made at once to MOTT & ROBESON.

**Coal Stove For Sale.**

For sale at a great bargain, a large, first-class coal stove, nearly new.

tf. H. H. ARNOLD, Athens.

THE HANES

**Patent - Roof - Ladder**

AND FIRE ESCAPE.

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

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

Samples always on hand. Price 15c. per foot at the shop.

I have purchased the sole right for the manufacture and sale of these ladders in Lansdowne, Yonge, Elizabethtown, including the town of Brockville and all villages in these townships.

Agents wanted for the sale of this ladder; and shop rights and any information may be obtained on application to

**WM. HICKEY**

Athens, Sept. 26, 1892.

FALL

**MILLINERY OPENING**

AT

**Mrs. - Bristow's**

ON

**Thursday Ev'g, Oct. 13**

AND FOLLOWING DAYS.

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

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

**DR. WASHINGTON**

Graduated in 1872 at the Victoria University with honors, the same year passed the examination of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ont.

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

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

DR. WASHINGTON

will visit the following places about 10 days earlier, as he has some private business to look after in Newboro on Nov. 3. All patients must see the Doctor during his visit, as he will not return for six weeks:—

Athens, Nov. 2, forenoon, Gamble House, Delta, Nov. 2, DeBrown Hotel, from 2 to 6 p.m. Newboro, Wight's or Ottawa Hotel, Nov. 3, all day.

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

**For Sale or to Rent.**

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

May, 2, 1892.

**Rooms to Rent.**

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

S. A. TAPLIN. tf

Aug. 23, 1892.

**Farm for Sale.**

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

Escott, Sept. 15th, 1892.

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

ALLEN NURSERY CO., Rochester, N. Y.

SALE OF

# TEXAS JACK STOCK

Now is the time to purchase stock in this sale. 80 horses, shares $5 each, shares not to exceed 3,200 in number. Corn cracker, b. s., five yrs. old, record 2.20, heads the list. Texas Jack, jr., b. s., six yrs. old, record 2.27¼. Secord, the dam of four in the 2.30 list. Fanny Walker, a noted six year old trotting mare; about ten A1 pacing mares, a lot of young Texas Jack pacers, all in this sale This is not a matter of choice but of necessity to pay up an estate.

A catalogue giving description and pedigree of every horse, etc., in the sale goes with each share. Sale sure to take place whether shares are all sold or not.

Agents wanted everywhere to sell shares. If you don't see an agent send direct to the undersigned.

LEWIS WIGLE, Leamington, Ont.



# ATHENS GROCERY

LOOK HERE!

**Facts Worth Knowing**

The place to buy groceries to get them fresh and unequalled, from a fine selection, is at Mott & Robeson's, where they do by far the largest trade in fine Confectioner's Biscuits, Canned Goods of all kinds, in town.

Remember, it is the general opinion that our 25c., 35c. and Black Teas are taking the lead.

We have unequalled facilities for supplying in the warehouse goods such as sugar, flour, coal oil, salt, &c.

By buying from us you will show by your life that you are practicing economy and acting on your better judgment.

Your Grocers,

MOTT & ROBESON

THE TUXEDO JACKET.

# A.M. CHASSELS

**The Old Reliable**

**TAILORING HOUSE.**

Gentlemen who wish to have their suits made up in

**The Latest Style**

AND

*PERFECT IN FIT AND WORKMANSHIP,*

SHOULD PATRONIZE

A. M. CHASSELS, - ATHENS.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.



BOCKVILLE

**Business College**

SHORTHAND A SPECIALTY

*Commercial Course Thorough*

TERMS REASONABLE

Send for Illustrated Catalogue before deciding where you will go.

GAY & McCORD, Principals

# Karley & Seymour

ARE FRIENDS TO THE

**Farmer and Builder**

They have the best Assortment of Hardware, Tinware, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Calcimines, Glass, Silverware, Fishing Tackle, &c., in town, and prices to suit the times. The Daisy Churns—best in the market—always in stock and at lowest prices. Guns and ammunition of best quality. See them.

**BINDER TWINE**

Best Quality. Low Prices.

KARLEY BLOCK

ATHENS