

BEAUTIFUL  
PLANTS AND FLOWERS  
FOR...

**Xmas Gifts**

WE have a complete and up-to-date stock of everything in the **FLORISTS LINE** and your early orders will receive careful attention.

**J. Hay & Sons**  
FLORISTS  
Brockville, Ontario  
Telephone No. 249

# The Athens Reporter

—AND—

## COUNTY OF LEEDS ADVERTISER.

THE SUBSCRIBER  
I have received to send  
his remaining stock of  
**Top Duggies**  
at a sacrifice in order to  
make ready for his Custom-  
Trade. He also has a  
**New Singer Sewing  
Machine** . . . .  
—latest improved, at a  
very close figure. . . .  
Call early and get a  
snap when it is going.  
**D. FISHER,**  
ATHENS.

Vol. XVII No. 51.

Athens, Leeds County, Ontario, Wednesday, Jan. 2, 1901.

B. Loverin, Prop'r

"Brockville's Biggest Store."

### Our Annual White Goods and White Wear Sale

Commencing Wednesday morning, January 2nd—this noteworthy event—made possible by forethought. Months ago—before the rise in cottons—we placed large orders for ladies' white underwear—and their timely arrival enables us to sell these goods away under present market prices. Just think of a white cambric night gown, good quality, yoke front, neatly tucked in clusters, rolling collar and lonsdale frills for 65 cents. Drawers, corset covers, etc. at equal bargains.

#### YOUR LINEN CHANCE

Every year we import, direct from the manufacturer, a large case of linen seconds. These are the finest bleached damasks by yard—also cloths with borders all round. They contain slight imperfections which are easily repaired. We sell them at regular wholesale prices. 8-4 \$1.50 cloth for \$1.00; 8-10 \$2.00 cloths for \$1.35; Damark by yard—7-4 wide, 70c for 45c a yard; 80c for 55c a yard. Two yards wide, finest damask—\$1.25 for 75c; \$1.35 for 85c.

**ROBERT WRIGHT & CO.**  
BROCKVILLE.

### LEWIS & PATTERSON

If You are in Brockville Make  
Our Store Your Shopping Place

#### Buy Your Christmas Wants Now

- |                          |                          |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| Ladies' Kid Gloves       | Fancy Hdkf & Glove Cases |
| Ladies' Real Lace Hdkfs. | Men's Smoking Jackets    |
| Ladies' Purses           | Men's Dressing Gowns     |
| Ladies' Brass Belts      | Men's Silk Ties & Scarfs |
| Fancy Cushions           | Men's Kid Gloves         |
| Fancy Ebony Botts        |                          |

Do your shopping here and do it early.

**LEWIS & PATTERSON**  
BROCKVILLE

### DUNN & Co.

BROCKVILLE'S LEADING PHOTOGRAPHERS

CORNER KING AND COURT HOUSE AVENUE.

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

Latest American ideas at lowest prices.

Satisfaction guaranteed

#### REAR OF YONGE AND ESCOTT COUNCIL.

The council met at the town hall, Athens, on Saturday, Dec. 15th, at one o'clock. Members all present. The minutes of last meeting were read and adopted and signed by the reeve and clerk.

A by-law to appoint deputy returning officers and provide polling places for municipal elections received three readings and was passed.

The statute labor tax of Thomas Dixie was ordered to be refunded, and Jas. B. Saunders' statute labor tax was remitted. On account of sickness, the taxes of Thomas Ross were remitted.

The petition to submit a by-law relating to the purchase of the Farmersville plank road was laid over for the next council to deal with.

Orders were given on the treasurer as follows:—Edward Davis, for repairing two culverts in road division 13 \$2.00; The Brockville Times for blanks furnished the clerk \$1.50; B. Loverin for printing, \$50.05; H. C. Phillips, balance due for taking care of hall, \$12; Thomas Kavanagh, for 100 feet of plank for road division No. 2, \$1.00; John Dockrill, for work done on the 6th con. road, under him as commissioner, \$70.00; A. W. Kelly, serving notices for voters lists court, \$3.00; Joseph Moulton, salary as collector, \$4.00; The councillors each, as salary, \$12.00; The reeve's salary, \$12.00, salary as clerk, \$75.00, selecting jury, \$3.00, postage and stationery, \$3.00; Joseph M. Clow, selecting jury, \$3.00; Irwin Witte, salary as treasurer, \$30. Council adjourned until called by the reeve.

R. E. CORNELL, Clerk

#### GREENBUSH

Miss Whiting and Miss Billings of Brockville spent a short time with friends here lately.

Mr. and Mrs. Billings of Brockville were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Olds on Monday.

Messrs. T. W., and L. M. Smith of Smith's Falls spent Christmas with their mother, Mr. M. E. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Olds spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. T. N. Connor, North Augusta.

The annual school meeting took place to day. The business was done satisfactorily. Mr. Thomas Kerr was elected trustee.

A number from here attended the oyster supper at Rockspring last night and report having a good time.

The Sabbath School entertainment was a success, financially and socially. The dialogues, singing and recitations by the young people and children were very interesting.

Mrs. G. Cannon of Singleton is spending some time with her parents.

Wedding bells have been ringing. It is reported that one of our most respected young gentlemen in the person of Mr. Ephraim Miller has been joined in matrimony with Miss Deavitt of New York.

As Mr. and Mrs. Miller will make their home in this vicinity, they will be welcomed by a host of friends. We wish them the compliments of the season and the happiness of a long and useful life.

A very pleasing event occurred on Monday, 24th, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Almeron Blanchard, it being the marriage of their only daughter, Keitira, to Mr. W. Chalmers of New York city. Although wishing the young couple all the pleasure possible, yet we are forced to admit that Mrs. Chalmers' leaving causes a vacancy that will be difficult to fill. She is a of sterling value, having filled with great acceptance many important offices in the church, such as Sabbath School teacher, president of the Epworth League, member of the choir, and frequently acted as organist. To be acquainted with her was but to respect and love her.

The esteem in which she was held was shown by the large number of beautiful and useful presents which she received from the numerous friends.

The marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Lawson of Addison. Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers will reside in New York city, and have the best wishes of a host of friends.

**Sudden deaths on the increase.**—People apparently well and happy to-day, to-morrow are stricken down, and in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred the heart is the cause. The king of heart remedies, Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, is within reach of all. It relieves in 30 minutes, and cures most chronic cases.—91

#### FRONT OF YONGE.

R. R. Phillips has just returned from Tuscola county, Michigan, to which place he had been in search of heirs to the Towe estate.

William Andress has been working for his brother, George, in Gananoque, but on account of illness he was obliged to quit work and return to his home.

Mr. D. Ladd and daughter have left their summer quarters and will board and lodge with Mr. Nunn during the winter.

The Rev. Vassar of the Methodist church was the recipient of a fine Christmas turkey. It had been placed on the tree by the Sabbath school children.

Mr. Ormon Gibson lost by chicken thieves one night last week some fine hens, all taken in one night.

Mr. Edward Khan, the Caintown blacksmith is now recovering from a severe attack of rheumatism and has gone to work.

#### NEW DUBLIN.

WED., Dec. 26.—The concert held in the Town Hall on Friday night, under the auspices of the public school, passed off very pleasantly and was a decided success in every particular. A large number from Spring Valley, Glen Buell and Greenbush were in attendance, besides the friends and parents of the pupils, who filled the building to its capacity, even the window sills being utilized for seats. The part of the programme by the school, consisting of songs, recitations, Christmas carols, etc was carried out in an interesting manner, reflecting much credit upon the ability of the teacher, Miss Mackie, and Miss Vienna Kenrick, who took charge of the musical part of the programme. The dialogues were all that could be desired. The characters were taken by Misses Ethel Davis, Minnie Johnston, Susie Horton, Alma Gordon, and Messrs Aaron Sherman, Ira Moore, Ernest Kendrick and Victor Rowsom. The solos given by Miss Ethel and Lenna Davis and the recitations by Miss Gertie Forth were much appreciated by the audience, and each responded to an encore. The comic songs given by N. A. Horton elicited much applause. J. B. Barry, the township clerk, occupied the chair in a most efficient manner. Proceeds of concert, \$25.00.

#### CAINTOWN

For some time past the young people of this section have been seen wending their way to the school house where they have been busily engaged in preparing for an entertainment which was to take place Dec. 20th.

The evening at last arrived and by seven o'clock the room was comfortably filled. While these anxious people were waiting for the appointed hour for the beginning of the night's programme, Mr. Moulton of Landis-downe favored the waiting crowd that had by this time gathered with several selections from the gramophone.

At eight o'clock Mr. N. J. Leeder called the uncomfortably filled hall to order and began the proceedings for the evening, which consisted of songs, recitations, dialogues, stump speeches, and music by the orchestra and gramophone, all of which were heartily enjoyed by those present.

The evening's entertainment was brought to a close by a hearty unison of voices in the old familiar anthem, "God save the Queen."

But it was not all over. Just at this point order was called and our teacher, Miss Stevens, summoned to the platform where she was presented with a beautiful easel album and the following address, read by Maggie Ladd:

"Dear Teacher:—Hearing that you are about to leave us, we present you with this album as a slight token of our appreciation of your valuable services and the high regard in which you are held by the pupils of school section No. 10.

You have held the position of teacher for this last year, in which we think you have discharged your duties honorably and judiciously, and we hope the parting will be to your inexpressible advantage.

Wishing you a merry Xmas and a Happy New Year, we are the pupils of Ballycanoe school."

After the presentation of the album, Miss Stevens replied in words of thanks for the kindness both children and people of the section had shown her during the year.

Then the tree that was creaking beneath its load was relieved and the

#### Our word for it.

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

We give Trading Stamps.

**M. J. KEHOE,**

Tel. 182. BROCKVILLE



#### LYN AGRICULTURAL WORKS

#### THERE IS

#### MONEY IN

#### PORK . . . .

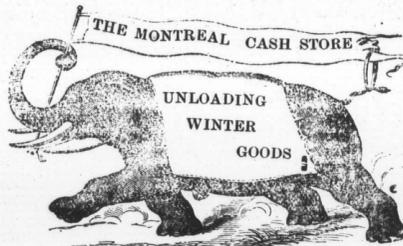


And it don't pay to feed frozen swill. Every farmer should have a Feed Cooker and heat up all the swill and other feed during the cold weather.

The Economic Feed Cooker, manufactured at Lyn Agricultural Works, is the cheapest and best Cooker on the market.

For description and prices, address

**A. A. McNISH, Box 52, Lyn.**



All our Winter Goods will be sold regardless of cost for the next thirty days to make room for Spring Goods, soon to arrive.

We have a first class Goat Robe, Ladies' Jackets, Tweeds, and a large stock of Dress Goods that we will exchange for wool.

### PHIL. WILTSE.

crowd dispersed, well pleased with the evening's entertainment.

The proceeds, which amounted to about \$14.00 will be donated for school purposes.

#### Kingston Business College Scholarship for Sale.

A scholarship in the above institution is always valuable, being one of the most popular and progressive business and shorthand colleges in Canada. During the past few months over fifty of its graduates have been placed in positions, personal mention of which has been made in this paper. In the recent civil service examinations over ninety per cent. of its candidates passed successfully and eclipsing all other colleges in Canada in book keeping and stenography. This is the third year for this college to lead in these examinations. For information regarding the scholarship address The Times Printing Co., Kingston, Ont.

**Cost 10 Cents**—But worth a dollar a year. This is the testimony of hundreds who use Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills. They are so sure, so pure, so pleasant, and easy acting. The demand for this popular Liver Regulator is so great it is taxing the makers to keep up with it.—93

**Rheumatism—What's the Cause?—Where's the Cure?**—The active irritative cause of this most painful of diseases is poisonous uric acid in the blood. South American Rheumatic Cure neutralizes the acid poison. Relieves in 6 hours and cures in 1 to 3 days.—90

**Eighty Years Old—Catarrh Fifty Years.** Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder cures him. Want any stronger evidence of the power of this wonderful remedy over this universal disease? Write George Lewis, Shamokin, Pa. He says:—"I look upon my cure as a miracle." It relieves in ten minutes.—89

The census which will take place in 1901 will give work to about 100 enumerators.

**Kidney Search Lights.**—Have you backache? Do you feel dragging pains in the loins? Have you dizzy spells? Have you a tired dragging feeling in the regions of the kidneys? Any one all of these indicates kidney trouble. South American Kidney Cure liquid kidney specific and works derful cures in most complicated cases.—94

THIS CONTAINS DOCUMENT INFORMATION



A PLOT FOR EMPIRE.

THRILLING STORY OF CONTINENTAL CONSPIRACY AGAINST BRITAIN.

CHAPTER VI. A Compact of Three.

Wolffenden, for an idler, was a young man of fairly precise habits. By 10 o'clock next morning he had breakfasted, and before 11 he was riding in the park. Perhaps he had some faint hope of seeing there something of the two people in whom he was now greatly interested. If so, he was already disappointed.

At 12 o'clock he returned to his rooms and exchanged his riding clothes for the ordinary garb of the West End. He even looked on his hall-table as he passed out again, to see if there were any notes or cards for him.

"He could scarcely look me up just yet, at any rate," he reflected, as he walked slowly along Piccadilly, for he did not even ask me for my address. He took the whole thing so coolly that perhaps he does not mean even to call.

Nevertheless, he was in a rack at his club to see if there was anything against his name, and tore into pieces the few unimportant notes he found there, with an impatience which they scarcely deserved. Of the few acquaintances whom he met there, he inquired casually whether they knew anything of a man named Sabin. No one seemed to have heard the name before.

"Here comes the hero," Denham remarked. "He will be able to tell us everything." Wolffenden began. "I came to gather information, not to impart it." Wolffenden answered, selecting a cigarette, and taking an easy chair. "I know precisely as much as I knew last night."

"Mr. Sabin has not been to pour out his gratitude yet, then?" Denham asked. Wolffenden shook his head. "Not yet. On the whole, I am inclined to think that he will not come at all. He doubts, I consider, that he has done all that is necessary in the way of thanks. He did not even ask for my card, and giving me his was only a matter of form, for there was no address upon it."

"But he knew your name," Harcourt reminded him. "I noticed that." "Yes, I suppose he could find me if he wished to," Wolffenden admitted. "If he had been very keen about it, though, I should think he would have said something more. He can't be so stupid as to get away before there was a row."

"I do not think," Harcourt said, "that you will find him overburdened with gratitude. He does not seem that sort of man." "I do not want any gratitude from him," Wolffenden answered deliberately. "So far as the man himself is concerned, I should rather prefer never to see him again. By the bye, did either of you fellows follow them home last night?"

Harcourt and Denham exchanged quick glances. Wolffenden had asked his question quietly, but it was evidently what he had come to know. "Yes," Harcourt said, "we both did. They are evidently people of some consequence. There is a note on the house of the Russian Ambassador, Prince Loboski."

Wolffenden swore to himself softly. He could have sworn that he had made a mental note to leave a card at the Embassy that afternoon. "Afterwards?" "Afterwards they drove to a house in Chilton Gardens, Kensington, where they remained."

fenden remarked equably. "I am surprised at you, Harcourt. I thought you went more in touch with the times. Don't you know that today nobody is cynical except school-boys and dyspeptics? Pessimism went out with sack overcoats. Your remarks remind me of the morning odor of patchouli and stale smoke in a cheap Quartier Latin dancing room. To be in the fashion of to-day, you must cultivate a gentle, amiable enthusiasm, you must wear rose-colored spectacles and pretend that you like them. Didn't you hear what Flasket said last week? There is an epidemic of morality in the air. We are all going to be very good."

"Some of us," Denham remarked, "are going to be very uncomfortable, then." "Great changes always bring small discomforts," Wolffenden rejoined. "But after all I didn't come here to talk nonsense. I want to know whether you fellows are bent upon seeing this thing through?"

Denham and Harcourt exchanged glances. There was a moment's silence. Denham became spokesman. "So far as finding out who they are and all about them," he said, "I shall not rest until I have done it."

"And you, Harcourt?" Harcourt nodded gravely. "I am with Denham," he said. At the same time I may as well tell you that I am quite as much, if not more, interested in the man than you are. The girl is beautiful, and of course I admire her, as everyone must. But that is all. The man appeals to my journalistic instincts. There is a copy in him. I am convinced that he is a personage. You may, in fact, regard me, both of you, as an ally, rather than a rival."

"If you had your choice, then, of an hour's conversation with either of them, to which would you prefer?" Denham pointed her picture was just at that moment the height of Mrs. Thorpe-Satchell's ambition. A flush of pleasure came into her cheeks, and her eyes were very bright.

"Do you really mean it?" she exclaimed, leaning over towards him. "Are you sure?" "If only I can do you justice, I think it ought to be the portrait of the year. I have been studying you for a long time in an indefinite manner, and I think that I have some good ideas."

Mrs. Thorpe-Satchell laughed softly. Denham, although not a great artist, was the most faithful portrait painter of the minute, and he had the knack of giving a chic touch to his women—of investing them with a certain style without the least touch of altitude. He refused quite as many commissions as he accepted, and he could scarcely have flattered Mrs. Thorpe-Satchell more than he did.

"You are a dear old thing," she said, beaming upon him. "What shall I wear? That yellow satin gown that you like, or say you like so much?" He discussed the question with her gravely. It was not until he rose to go that he actually broached the question which had been engrossing all his thoughts.

"By the bye," he said, "I wanted to ask you something. You know Harcourt?" She nodded. Of course she knew Harcourt. Were her first suspicions correct? Had he some other reason for his visit of his? Denham went on, "he is immensely interested in some people who were at that stupid reception last night. He tried to get an introduction, but he couldn't find any. He was greatly interested in the Princess, and he doesn't know the Princess well enough to ask her. He thought that he saw you speaking to the man, and I promised that when I saw you I would ask about them."

"I spoke to a good many men," she said. "What is his name?" "Sabin," Mr. Sabin; and there is a girl, his daughter, or niece, I suppose. Was it Denham's fancy, or had she indeed turned a shade paler? The little Jewelled hand, which he had held so close to his, suddenly buried itself in the cushions. Denham, who was watching her closely, was conscious of a hardness about her mouth which he had never noticed before. She was silent some time before she answered him.

dropped them, smiling softly. Denham looked steadily away into the fire, wondering how to broach the subject which had so suddenly taken the foremost place in his thoughts. He had not come to make even the slightest of love this afternoon. The time when he had been content to do so seemed very far away. Just now, somehow, this dainty little woman, with her Watteau-like grace and delicate mannerisms, had, for the present, at any rate, lost all her attractiveness for him, and he was able to meet the flash of her bright eyes and feel the touch of her soft fingers without any corresponding thrill.

"You are very good to me," he said, thoughtfully. "May I have some more tea?" Now Denham was no strategist. He had come to ask a question, and he was dying to ask it. He knew very well that it would not do to hurry matters—that he must put it as casually as possible to avoid the possibility of his visit. But at the same time, the period of probation, during which he should have been more than usually entertaining, was scarcely a success, and his manner was restless and constrained. Every now and then there were long and unusual pauses, and he continuously and with obvious effort kept bringing back the conversation to the reception last night, in the hope that some remark from her might make the way easier for him. But nothing of the sort happened. The reception had not interested her in the slightest, and she had nothing to say about it, and his pre-occupation at last became manifest. She resolved to ward pauses to which she was quite unaccustomed, and his thoughts were evidently far away. As a matter of fact, he was at that moment actually framing the question which he had come to ask.

"My dear Francis," she said, quietly, "why don't you tell me what is the matter with you. You are not amusing. You have something on your mind. Is it anything you wish to ask of me?" "Yes," he said, boldly. "I have come to ask you a favor."

She smiled at him encouragingly. "Well, do ask it," she said, "and get rid of your woe-begone face. You ought to know that if it is anything within my power I shall not hesitate."

"I want," he said, "to paint your portrait for next year's Academy." "That is a master stroke," she said. Denham pointed her picture was just at that moment the height of Mrs. Thorpe-Satchell's ambition. A flush of pleasure came into her cheeks, and her eyes were very bright.

"Do you really mean it?" she exclaimed, leaning over towards him. "Are you sure?" "If only I can do you justice, I think it ought to be the portrait of the year. I have been studying you for a long time in an indefinite manner, and I think that I have some good ideas."

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"I am sorry," she said, slowly, "but I can tell you something about them. I only met him once in India many years ago, and I have not the slightest idea as to who he is or where he came from. I am not sure that I should not have recognized him last night but for his deformity."

"A year with that man," she answered bitterly. "Is a liberal education in corruption. Don't misunderstand me. I have no personal grievance against him. He has just come together, thank God! But there were stories—I cannot remember them now—I do not wish to remember them, but the impression they made still remains. He is a little of what people said about him is true, he is a prince of wickedness."

"The girl herself?" "I know nothing of," she admitted. Denham determined upon a bold stroke. "Look here," he said, "do me this favor—you shall never regret it. You and the Princess are intimate. I know; order your carriage and go and see her. Ask her what she knows about that girl. Get her to tell you everything. Then let me know. Don't ask me to explain just now—simply remember that we are old friends and that I ask you to do this thing for me."

She rang the bell. "My victoria at once," she told the servant. "Then go to the Princess. I will do exactly what you ask," she said. "You can come with me and wait while I see the Princess if she is at home. You see I am doing for you what I can do for no one else in the world. Don't trouble about thanking me now. Do you mind waiting till I get my things on? I shall only be a minute or two."

Her minute or two was half an hour. Denham waited impatiently. He scarcely knew whether to be satisfied with the result of his mission or not. He was at that moment actually framing the question which he had come to ask.

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AN HONEST MAN'S THEFT

They were sitting in the cafe of a big hotel in London, and being Wall street men, were naturally discussing the Alford defalcation. One of them was commenting on the ease with which the note-teller stole so much money, when he was interrupted by another party.

"Do you see that man over there looking in at the door?" He pointed to a man with a commanding figure, keen eyes and an aristocratic bearing, who, as he spoke, turned away from the entrance to the cafe. "There goes a man who stole \$600,000 and never went to jail for it. Furthermore, he is a thoroughly honest man."

The paradoxical statement caused a general look of enquiry and a chorus of "How was that?" "Then this story was told—" "The man—call him Brown, because that's not his name—was a trifle more than a year ago, paying teller in one of the largest banks in the neighborhood of Wall street. He was to be married, and he had apparently had few friends and acquaintances. He seemed to live for business alone, and his co-workers in the bank dubbed him 'the sphynx.'"

Asks for Raise of Salary. "At the meeting of the bank directors, one of the secretaries read a letter from Mr. Brown. In it he apologized for intruding personal matters upon the august body, but he respectfully asked for a raise of salary. He was to be married, he said, and he felt that \$2,500 a year was inadequate to his needs. The usual formula followed, in which he spoke of his long and faithful services, and ended by requesting that he be raised to \$3,500 a year. No action was taken on the letter at the time.

It passed into the pile of unfinished business and was soon forgotten. "A week later the directors held another meeting. In the course of it Mr. Brown begged for a hearing and renewed his request for an advance of salary. The directors, some of them crusty old codgers, who had made their fortunes, did not take kindly to the proposition.

"Why Mr. Brown, I said one day, 'we think you are receiving a good salary for the position you occupy. Paying tellers at \$2,500 a year are plentiful. We know you have been a good and faithful servant, and in return we have paid you for your services. That's about even, isn't it?' " "Yes, sir, I admit that," said Brown, "but there are certain moral obligations to be considered. For instance, I have had free access to the enormous wealth of this bank. Millions of dollars have passed through my hands, and my accounts have been right to a penny. Had I desired—"

"Oh, that's absurd, you know," broke in another director. "Our system here is so perfect that it would be impossible for anyone to take a dollar and not be detected." "Brown smiled a bitter sort of smile and apologized for his familiarity, abruptly withdrew. It was noticed that on his way to his desk he passed a minute at the cavernous aperture that marked the entrance to the vault. A few minutes later he left the bank and did not return. That evening, as the accounts for the day were being balanced, it was found there was a shortage of \$600,000 in the funds. Instantly there was consternation. The President and directors were summoned to a conference. Quick action was necessary. In the middle of the news of the defalcation would be public, and practical ruin stared them in the face.

Brown Confesses. "Early next morning Brown was in his usual place. He looked calm and as important as ever. The directors came in to discuss the best course. Brown was sent for to see if he could throw any light upon the subject. "Mr. Brown, said one of the directors, 'this bank has been robbed of \$600,000.' " "Yes, sir, said Brown, 'I took it.' " His hearers started. "You," gasped one, "who prated to us of honesty! Why, what do you mean? Do you know—"

"Yes, sir, I know all about it. The worst you can do is to give me ten years' imprisonment, allowing for commutation for good behavior, the sentence will be reduced between two and three years. At the expiration of that time I will still have \$600,000 to live upon. Now, let me submit a proposition. You sign a paper acquitting me of all blame and guaranteeing me immunity against punishment, and I will be content to pay you \$200,000, reserving the balance to support

myself in some foreign country. Then there will be no scandal. The credit of the bank will be preserved and you will be a gainer by the transaction.

"There was silence for a moment. Then one of the directors said, 'We must have time to consider this. Please withdraw until we have discussed the matter.'

His Terms Accepted. "We accept your terms, Mr. Brown," said one of the magnates, stiffly. "Give us \$200,000 and we will agree not to prosecute."

Half an hour later Brown handed over to the directors \$300,000. The money was carefully counted, a receipt given for it, and in addition a document, signed by all present, insuring him against all legal complications.

"Brown turned as if to go. There was a dramatic pause. Then, drawing a bulky package from his pocket, he tossed it on the table, saying, carelessly, 'There are the other \$300,000, gentlemen. I had no wish to steal from you. I am an honest man, no matter what may be my other failings.'

"I made a fair request of you and was told that honesty was not considered in the affairs of this institution—at least, that was the purport of your words. I simply wanted to show you what a comparatively easy matter it would be to wreck your institution, despite your vigilance in guarding the funds. That is all I wish to say. Good morning."

"Mr. Brown, whom you saw going upstairs into this theatre," concluded the narrator of this true tale, "is now the president of the bank from which he stole \$300,000." —N. Y. Mail and Express.

FROM A PRISON CELL.

Veres Recently Written by a Life Prisoner, Mrs. Florence Maybrick [Mrs. Florence Maybrick, the American wife of an English merchant, was tried in England in 1883, charged with murdering her husband by poison. After a sensational trial she was convicted and sent to prison for life. Since then many vigorous efforts have been made to secure her pardon. The main argument advanced by her friends was that the presiding Judge became insane shortly after the trial, and during its continuance was thought to have shown evidence of being unbalanced. Thus far, however, both the Queen and the Home Secretary have refused to interfere in her behalf. During the last year Mrs. Maybrick has been ill, and most of the time was spent in the prison infirmary.—N. Y. Herald.]

Unanswered yet? the prayer your lips have pleaded In agony of heart these many years, Do you begin to fail, is hope departing, And think you all in vain those failing years? Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer. You shall have your desire—some time—somewhere.

Unanswered yet? though when you first presented This one petition at the Father's throne It seemed you could not wait the time of asking, So urgent was your heart to make it known. Though years have passed since then His love has not deserted you, The Lord will answer you—some time—somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say ungranted. Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done, The work begun when first your prayer was uttered, And God will finish what He has begun. If you will keep the incense burning there, His glory you shall see—some time—somewhere.

The Safest Plan. Cholly—He called me a liab. What would you do about it? Mrs. Peppery—If I were you I'd make it a point to always tell the truth when he's around.

DR. CHASE'S HELP TO THE WORKERS

When the Brain Lags, the Body Weakens and Physical Bankruptcy Threatens, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Seeks Out the Weak Spots and Builds Them Up.

Canadians are workers. Some from necessity, others from ambition. Some to provide for self, others for the daily bread of those dependent on them. All alike fall when the system weakens and health gives way to disease. The strain of work is on the minds of some, on the bodies of others, but the nourishing of both is in the nerves and blood.

When the mind refuses to concentrate in thought, when the brain tires, when the nerves are exhausted, when the system is followed by days of languor and discouragement, when the heart palpitates, the stomach weakens and there are pains and aches of heart and body, Dr. Chase will help you by means of his nerve food, the greatest blood builder and nerve restorative of the age.

What deadening the nerves, with-att stimulating the heart to over-action, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food gradually and certainly reconstitutes the system, restores the vitality, and enriches the quality of the blood, and enlivens the nerves are revitalized, and

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SAVED HIS POSITION.

QUICK WIT L... HIM SAFELY OUT OF... PLACE.

How a Clerk Worked Up an Excuse That Was Gladly Accepted by His Employer, to Whom He Had Shown Gross Incivility.

"It's mighty hard for a clerk to be suave and polite all the time," said a department manager in one of the big stores. "A clerk is like any other human being, subject to headaches and indigestion and his irritability, and occasionally he will be a little gruff without intending it. When I was younger, a few thoughtless words once came near losing me a good job, and the way I escaped being fired was rather amusing. It happened like this: "I had charge of the men's furnishings counter in a large clothing store, and the pay being first rate and chance of promotion excellent I was naturally anxious to hold on to the job. One morning, however, I was feeling all out of sorts and was just developing an ugly headache, when a man came in and asked to see some cravats.

"I could tell from his general appearance he was from the north, and he had a curt, senesupercilious manner that irritated me immediately. If I had been feeling well, I would have taken my temper, but my head was throbbing, and when he pawed over the stock, finding fault with everything and sneering at my statements as to quality I began to get crusty.

"Finally I couldn't stand it any longer. 'If you really want a scarf,' I said, 'you'll find plenty here that, I dare say, are as good as anything you've been accustomed to wear.' Just then I happened to look up and caught sight of a floorwalker standing in a rear aisle and making frantic gestures to me with his hands.

"If you'll wait a moment," I said to the customer, wondering what the diavens was up. "I'll see if I can find something else at the other side." With that I hurried over to where the floorwalker was standing. "What's the matter?" I asked in a low tone.

"Great Scott, man," he whispered, "that's the boss."

"The store, as I should have explained, was the southern branch of a New York establishment, and during the time I had been there the head of the firm had never before paid it a visit in person. Consequently I didn't know him by sight, and my blood ran cold when I realized how hopelessly I had rammed my foot into it. During the next five seconds I did some quick thinking, and among other things that came crowding into my mind was the fact that the boss had been married only a short time before. That gave me an idea.

"I'm going back," I whispered to the floorwalker, "and in a minute or two you send one of the boys to me with a piece of folded letter paper."

"What are you up to?" he asked. "Never mind," said I. "You do exactly as I say. Let him just hand me the paper and walk off. I hurried back to the counter and found my man looking black as thunder. 'Sorry,' I said, still as gruff as ever, "but that's all we have. If nothing in it suits you, you'll have to go elsewhere."

"Very well," he replied sarcastically, "and now let me give you a small piece of information. I—"

"At that moment a boy handed me the paper. I tore it open, pretended to read a note, slapped my leg joyfully and proceeded to do a double shuffle on the floor. The stranger glared at me in amazement. "What the deuce is the matter with you?" he growled. "Are you crazy or just drunk?"

"Neither," I cried. "I am simply relieved, inexpressibly relieved and rejoiced! You must pardon this idiotic exhibition, my dear sir. I went on earnestly, "and I hope you will also pardon my gross rudeness to you a moment ago. I was beside myself with anxiety and didn't know what I was doing. The fact is, I said, with the best imitation of diffidence I could muster up, "the fact is, we have just had a new arrival out at my house. It's a boy, sir, and everything's all right. And really I hope you will overlook—"

"Don't say a word," he interrupted, cordially grasping by hand. "I appreciate your feelings, and your apology is ample. Here's my card."

"So that was the way I got out of it," added the department manager, grinning. "but it was a close shave, especially in view of the fact that I was and am a case hardened old bachelor, with a special aversion to infants. The boss was very kind and cordial, and whenever he came to town afterward he never failed to ask how the youngster was getting on. He doesn't know any better to this day."

Boston's Slave Market.

In the old colonial days Boston had an "intelligence office," which was also a slave market, as appears from a notice published in February, 1770: "The intelligence office opposite the Golden Ball, lately kept by Benjamin Leigh, is now kept by Grant Webster. There is to be sold at said office West India and New England rum, wines of several sorts, male and female negroes, several secondhand chairs," etc.

How a Clerk Worked Up an Excuse

How a Clerk Worked Up an Excuse That Was Gladly Accepted by His Employer, to Whom He Had Shown Gross Incivility.

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STORY OF THE HUNT

By the Reporter Hunt Club In the Highlands of Ontario

FALL OF 1900.

As told by the Scribe of the Athens Reporter



The trip from the G.T.R. station at Powassan to Restoule lay for the greater portion of the distance over the old Nipissing colonization road, which was opened many years ago by the Ontario government from the banks of the river Severn to the shores of lake Nipissing, as an inlet and outlet to the immense lumber regions of the Muskoka district. The little four-corner hamlet of Nipissing was made the halfway stopping place for dinner, and it was nearly 7 o'clock that night before the welcome light at Smith's house, where the party were to stop, told the tired and hungry party that the day's journey was over. Mr. Smith met the party at the gate and extended to each a warm welcome.

Four years ago, when the Reporter Hunt Club went to lake Memegashagan for the annual hunt, they made

and timber slide on the creek. A never-failing water power is owned by an old and eccentric bachelor who, dog in the manger like, will neither utilize the power himself nor sell it to some enterprising mill man. A couple of years ago, a steam saw mill was built within 20 rods of this mill privilege, and as fuel is of no value in that country, the mill is doing a good business. There is a district school, a church and a small store in the settlement and there is unlimited scope for men wanting homesteads to take up first class farms in this vicinity. There are still thousands of acres of first class land on the shores of the above named lakes that can be got from the government on very reasonable terms, and there are always in newly settled portions of the country, met to be found who, as soon as they get a few acres cleared and are

was traversed. The trip was up the Restoule lake four miles, then down a stretch of rapids about a quarter of a mile, when they emerged into a small lake called "Stormy," from the fact that it was always rough. At these rapids was situated the house of the last and only settler in the vicinity. He was of Dutch descent, named Crawberger, but the name had become too hard for the ordinary settler to pronounce and he was dubbed "Crowbar" for short. He was a genial, old hand old gentleman who had formerly been wood-ranger for the lumber companies in the Ottawa valley, and had come up to this country 20 years ago and now held the position of fire ranger and general caretaker of the timber limits in the vicinity. He also had the job of carrying the mails in to the lumber camp, some 12 miles distant,



Smith's house their headquarters, and he took charge of the party and acted as guide and all round man during the trip, so that the majority of the party were at home when they reached his hospitable house. Availing himself of a settler's privilege, he had gone out that morning and killed a fine buck, and the good housewife had a large quantity of delicious steak served ready for as hungry a lot of men as she cared to provide for. The next morning, being Sunday, the party sat around until near noon, when they could not resist the temptation of rowing up the lake for a short distance, "just to see how it looked," as Charlie innocently expressed himself. The four boats belonging to the party had been put into the water a few days before by Smith, and the boys, with the exception of the Scribe, who stayed with the family and attended church in the afternoon, named three of them and started out. It was one of those beautiful Indian summer days, the air warm and balmy, and laden with the fragrant ozone from the pine woods surrounding the lake, making it one of the ideal days for a quiet row over the placid waters.

The boys, in starting out, intended going only a few miles, but as the day wore on and they did not return, the Scribe concluded that they had decided to do just a little exploring before returning. It was after dark when they did return, and they admitted that the day was so fine and the lake scenery so beautiful that they had gone on and on until they had reached the end of the lake on which Smith had told them he had decided to locate their camp for the hunt. The distance rowed was computed to be over nine miles each way, and the last six was through an unbroken wilderness, with only one settler's house in the whole distance. The little settlement of Restoule was composed of about a dozen farms, partly cleared. The postmaster, a man named Campbell, had a splendid farm of over 100 acres under cultivation. Smith had about the same quantity cleared. These two farms were in the best state of cultivation and they had all modern farming machinery in use. The settlement was principally located on the shores of two beautiful little lakes—Restoule, nine miles long and about one and a half wide, and Commanda lake, which is smaller and empties into Restoule through a narrow creek about 40 rods long. The government have a dam

beginning to get in comfortable circumstances, are ready to sell out for a small pittance and move to newer sections. A case in point came to the notice of the Scribe while on this trip. An old grey headed farmer from the Scotch line in Lanark was on his way home after purchasing the good will of a settler a few miles from Smith's. He said he sold his farm in Lanark for \$4,000, ready cash, and had gone up into this district and was so favorably impressed with the soil, climate etc., that he had bought out the good will of a settler for \$400 and was on his way home to get his family and would move them to his new home in a few weeks. This man, with three neighbors, would have to make and keep in repair a wagon road for over

and the party arranged with him to bring their mail matter up from the Restoule post office every Saturday while they were in camp. It was about two miles across Stormy lake, through a narrow, shallow passage, over which the loaded boats had to be poled before they entered Clear lake, on the head waters of which the camp was to be located.

It was after the noon hour before the spot for camping was reached, and after looking over several locations, it was decided to pitch the tent on a rocky bluff jutting out into the lake, from which a clear view of the greater portion of the lake could be obtained. But everything was wet. It was water, water everywhere, but not a dry spot even to sit down on. However, the



three miles through the bush to enable them to get out to civilization as comprised in the little settlement at Restoule.

At daylight on Monday morning, the party loaded the luggage on the wagon and drove to the shore of Restoule lake where they embarked in five boats for a nine mile trip up to their hunting location. When about a mile out on the lake, it commenced to rain and continued to pour during the day and following night. Those that were fortunate enough to have waterproof clothing on got along very well, but the rest of the party were drenched to the skin before half of the distance

was traversed. The trip was up the Restoule lake four miles, then down a stretch of rapids about a quarter of a mile, when they emerged into a small lake called "Stormy," from the fact that it was always rough. At these rapids was situated the house of the last and only settler in the vicinity. He was of Dutch descent, named Crawberger, but the name had become too hard for the ordinary settler to pronounce and he was dubbed "Crowbar" for short. He was a genial, old hand old gentleman who had formerly been wood-ranger for the lumber companies in the Ottawa valley, and had come up to this country 20 years ago and now held the position of fire ranger and general caretaker of the timber limits in the vicinity. He also had the job of carrying the mails in to the lumber camp, some 12 miles distant,

the camp in fairly good order. It was impossible to get dry boughs to put under the beds, an extra tent that had been brought along was spread out on the ground and the drives of the blankets made up into temporary resting places for the night. A crosscut saw in the hands of a couple of the men soon made a lot of first class wood from a dry pine tree and the Klondike steel stove was kept red the greater part of the night. The next morning the rain had ceased and Smith took part of the boys and shouldering a skiff, they carried it overland to a little lake some three quarters of a mile distant, and looked the country surrounding that lake over for signs of deer. George M., the cook and the Scribe remained at camp and started at once to put up sleeping bunks for the eight men.

A number of small birch trees were cut into suitable lengths and the points sharpened and driven into the ground; to these were spiked a row of stringers on which were laid a lot of small poles and on these were piled about a foot in thickness of pine and balsam twigs. The bedding was spread on top of the twigs and made a very comfortable resting place.

The boys returned from their trip of observation in the middle of the afternoon and reported that they saw plenty of deer and some moose signs. Smith left for home and the fishermen got out their tackle and returned in a short time with half a dozen fine black bass and a monster pike which were made ready for the morning meal.

The next day was spent in fixing up around camp, building a dog kennel, and fishing. Towards evening, the rifles were unpacked and cleaned, cartridge belts filled, boats overhauled and repaired and everything put in readiness for a start early on the first day of the hunting season.

Thursday, the 1st of November, opened fine and clear. The president pro tem gave the orders for the day and at an early hour everyone, from the president to the cook, was on the quiver and ready to rush to their allotted stations. Charlie put out the dogs and in a short time the woods resounded with the deep, sonorous baying of the hounds. They circled around near the lake for a short time and then started off across the country and the sounds grew fainter and fainter and finally ceased to be heard. Along about noon the dogs came back to camp, completely tired out. The first day was, therefore, barren of results. The boys, however, went out on the lake and before dark returned with a large number of very fine fish, several black bass being brought in that would tip the scales at 8 and 10 pounds.

Friday morning the hunt was arranged for the opposite side of the lake, and the men were off very early in the morning. Charlie took his favorite "peep" and went up on the hills. He had not gone far before a fine yearling buck sprang out of the underbrush near him and the second shot laid the animal low. Shouldering his game he carried it down to where Fred was stationed at the foot of a deep bay, gave the carcass over to his keeping and at once returned up on to the hills. He had not gone far before "Hunter," his favorite hound, started up a very large buck and drove him directly past where he was standing. He fired a shot which took effect but did not bring the animal down, as it started for the lake closely followed by the hound and Charlie. The Scribe had volunteered in the morning to remain in camp and clean and salt down the fish caught the evening before, and at the same time keep an eye out for game in the water in the vicinity of camp. He had got through with his work and was drying his hands at the stove when his ear caught the sound of a hound on the side of the lake opposite to where the hunting for the day was going on. He

Claude took the oars and the Scribe the paddle at 1 o'clock pulled for all they were worth to try to head off the deer. They got to within a dozen rods of the game just as the big buck touched bottom and the Scribe swung the boat around broadside to the deer and told the cook to try his hand at killing his first deer. He fired a couple of shots without effect and the Scribe took up his gun and added to the fusillade. Some of the shots struck the buck, as he dropped down in the water, and then for the first time the two men saw that it was Hunter that was following the buck, instead of a doe or fawn. The hound soon reached the buck and grabbed it by the flank, putting renewed energy into the deer, which floundered around in the water in its endeavors to escape from the men and dog. Here was a dilemma that was not provided for. The deer was only a couple of rods from shore, and it was not safe to shoot for fear of killing the hound. Claude, whose eyes had grown to the size of peeled onions, sat watching his opportunity to get in a shot and the Scribe shouting to him not to shoot the dog made a table worthy of a snap shot by the Reporter's kodak. To end the suspense, the Scribe grabbed the paddle and shoved the boat to shore and told the cook to get out and prevent the buck from reaching land, but that, if he did, to keep out of the animal's way as he was liable to be run down by a wounded animal and hurt. The hound, with a seeming desire of keeping the deer from land, let go his flank and made for his throat with the result that the deer floundered out into deep water and commenced swimming out into the lake again. When alongside of the cluster of rocks, the hound appeared to be tired out and clambered up on them and stood barking at the deer, which now turned again towards land. The Scribe took the oars and rowing out to within a couple of rods of the deer, put a ball through his head that placed him hors de combat and ended the unequal combat. All this time, Charlie had been an interested spectator from a rock on the opposite shore. He had followed the deer to the shore of the lake by the trail of blood on the ground and leaves and reached the shore to see the hound and deer far out in the lake. He fired at the buck, and commenced shouting to draw the attention of the men in camp to the deer, but the Scribe was too busily engaged salting down the big bass and pike to hear his cries, and Charlie had to stand there and see the deer reach the shore and disappear in the woods. Old Hunter was on his trail, however, and struck the shore only a couple of minutes later and at once took up the scene and in less than ten minutes had the deer back to the water. There was a jubilee and jollification in camp when the boys got in. The yearling was hung up and dressed and the way that crowd stowed away the savory venison and fried bass was a wonderment to the cook, who declared they could discount any crowd of navvies he had ever cooked for by one hundred per cent.

How Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets Gives Instant Relief

They're handy to carry—take one after eating—or whenever you feel stomach distress coming on—sufferers have proved it the only remedy known that will give instant relief and permanent cure—no long tedious treatments with questionable results—best for all sorts of stomach troubles. 35 cents.—92

"I'd rather be dead than suffer again the tortures of insomnia, palpitation and nervous twitching of my muscles induced by simple neglect of a little indigestion." These are the forceful and warning words of a lady who proclaims that her cure by South American Nerve when everything else had failed was a modern miracle. A few doses gives relief.—92

"The Thorn Comes Forth With Point Forward."

The thorn point of disease is an ache or pain. But the blood is the feeder of the whole body. Purify it with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Kidneys, liver and stomach will at once respond? No thorn in this point. Severe Pains.—"I had severe pains in my stomach, a form of neuralgia. My mother urged me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and it made me well and strong. I have also given it to my baby with satisfactory results. I am glad to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to others." Mrs. JOHN LA PAGE, 240 Church St., Toronto, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

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

Cook's Cotton Root Compound

It is successfully used monthly by over 10,000 Ladies. Safe, effective. Ladies ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other, as all mixtures, pills and injections are dangerous. Price, No. 1, 51 per box; No. 2, 10 degrees stronger, 83 per box. No. 1 or 2, mailed on receipt of price and two 3-cent stamps. The Cook Company Windsor, Ont. No. 1 and 2 sold and recommended by all responsible druggists in Canada.

Wood's Phosphoric is sold in Athens by J. P. Lamb & Son.

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# Laugh . . . At the Severe Cold!

The man who is provided with one of our excellent value Heavy-weight Ulsters can laugh at the severe cold. He will feel comfort and satisfaction in wearing one of these garments.

## Costs little enough

to enable him to own a light-weight for less severe weather and is good enough to be always a pleasure to him.

### M. SILVER,

West Corner King and Buell Sts., BROCKVILLE

P. S.—Our Boots, Shoes, and Rubbers are neat, serviceable, and low priced.

### THE Athens Hardware Store



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

Agent for the Dominion Express Company. The cheapest and best way to send money to all parts of the world. Give me a call when wanting anything in my line.

### Wm. Karley, Main St., Athens.



## Perfection Cement Roofing

THE TWO GREAT RAIN EXCLUDERS

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### Local Notes

Oak Leaf cheese factory has changed hands, Messrs. Everitt & Moulton having sold out to Mr. Smith of Chantry.

Mr. Matt Webster of Ottawa called on friends in Athens last week while returning from a visit to his parents in Kingston.

You have an opportunity of swearing off borrowing the Reporter from your neighbor for the new year and the new century, both at same time. Don't miss it.

After successfully conducting the Farmersville cheese and butter factory for the last four years, Mr. Johnson, a Green last week sold out the business to Mr. Joseph A. Warren of Lansdowne Front. The new proprietor will take possession on first of March.

The grocery and dwelling of Mr. R. D. Judson had a narrow escape from destruction by fire on Tuesday night. About 4 a.m. Mr. Judson was awakened by a cat that had been left in the store, and on opening the door communicating with the store, he found that several boxes leaning against the front of the counter were on fire. The blaze was quickly extinguished. The fire is supposed to have resulted from a match thrown carelessly into one of the boxes during the evening proceeding.

### DAYTOWN

MONDAY, Dec. 31.—J. McElroy had a wood-ice last week, and a dance at night, when the sports of this burg enjoyed themselves until a late hour.

School meeting passed off quietly, Mr. Ed. Barlow being appointed as trustee for the next three years.

Quite a number of the boys attended the shooting match at Delta on Christmas day and came home feeling quite jolly.

On account of sickness, our school teacher, Miss Balford, was unable to hold her entertainment on the last day of her school. It was quite a disappointment to the pupils, for they were preparing for a fine time. Miss Balford is unable to teach longer on account of her cough—she is running out. She has given good satisfaction and was well liked by the pupils and parents generally.

**Itching Piles**—Dr. Agnew's Ointment is proof against the torments of Itching Piles. Thousands of testimonials of cures effected by its use. No case too aggravating or too long standing for it to soothe, comfort and cure. It cures in from 3 to 6 nights. 35 cents.—95

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The old reliable remedy for Spavins, Rheumatisms, Sprains, Cuts and all forms of Lameness. It cures without a blister because it does not blister. North West Pharmacy, Oshkosh, Wis., Feb. 10, '98.  
Dear Sir:—Will you please give me a remedy for spavin I have a mare that is affected. I like to please in that she has a cure of four years' standing with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I will send you the book free, if you will. I have horses, I will not be without Kendall's Spavin Cure. All Kendall's Spavin Cure is available.  
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Price \$1.00 per box. As a liniment for family use it has no equal. Ask your druggist for Kendall's Spavin Cure, also "A Treatise on the Horse," the book free, or address  
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### REMEMBRANCE

In a lone bleak wood a wild rose grew,  
No eye ever saw it, no mind ever knew,  
But the flower was more the less so fair  
As any that ever breathed the air.  
It gazed up to the calm, cold sky  
And shuddered to think it soon must die.  
It languished, and its heart grew chill;  
The carous of a spring might well sigh kill,  
But a passing breeze gave encouragement  
And bore afar its delicate scent;  
The breeze thus laden kissed a child  
Who played in the meadow and, pausing, smiled.  
The dear enchantment of that spot  
The child, through a lifetime, never forgot.  
The soul of the rose, with its last sweet breath,  
Leaped forth to meet approaching death,  
And gave to the breeze every crimson flake;  
'Twas all it had, for memory's sake.  
No eye ever saw it, no mind ever guessed  
The sweetness of its final rest.  
How came I to know it? 'Twas told by the dew  
How sweet is Remembrance, and I tell you.  
—A. W. Deary in Quiver.

### WALK BLINDLY TO DEATH.

One of the Keenest Birds is Often Deceived by His Visual Organ.  
After trudging all day along the top of the mountain with no success at all, I had shot several times, but failed to bring down my game. I ran across an old hunter, J. W. Hyde. After the usual greeting we seated ourselves on an old log to exchange notes. I put the question:  
"Why are the turkeys always on the run when I see them?"

The old man spit through his teeth, changed his position, hid his long, muzzled landing rifle on the ground, put the fourth portion of a plug of tobacco in his mouth and proceeded to tell me why the turkeys were always on the run when I saw them:

"Of all the game I have ever hunted turkeys display the most wonderful power of vision. I cannot tell just why this is. I have made a microscopic examination of the eyes of the hawk, eagle, fox, weasel and owl, but find no material difference in the lens and retina. The ciliary muscles and the iris are exactly the same, yet none of these keen visioned creatures can compare with the turkey in point of seeing. I remember the acuteness of sight displayed by one old gobbler. I had carefully concealed myself, and no part of my body was visible but the upper part of my head. A puff of wind slightly disturbed the brim of my hat. He saw it and immediately took to flight."

"On another occasion I was hunting in the mountains in Georgia. I was lying behind a log and was carefully hidden, all but the upper part of my face. A turkey was slowly coming in response to my call and was carefully noticing for signs of danger. A mosquito was stinging me fearfully on the forehead. I raised my finger slowly to crush it, and as soon as the finger came within range of vision I struck the turkey, and he was gone."

"Now, the most inexplicable thing in regard to hunting turkeys is that, with all their acuteness of sight, the surest way to get a shot is to sit down in an open place with your back against a tree, in full view, and, strange to say, they will walk up within ten steps without seeing you."

Just then we noticed that the sun was down. The old hunter invited me to spend the night at his camp, which I did and had a most pleasant time.—Forest and Stream.

### A Big Grasshopper.

A geographical expedition which set out for Australia from Boston on an exploring and mapping tour had engaged a negro cook, who took great interest in everything he saw. While the party was en route a kangaroo broke out of the grass and made for the horizon with prodigious leaps, an event that interested the colored gentleman from the Hub exceedingly.

"You all have pretty wide meadows hereabouts, I reckon," he said to the native who was guiding the party.

"Not any larger than those of other countries," returned the guide most politely.

"Well, there must be mighty powerful high grass roundabouts, heh?" he insisted.

"Not that I know of," replied the guide. "Why do you ask such odd questions?"

"Why, I'll tell you, boss. 'I was thinking of the mighty uncommon magnitude of them grasshoppers."

### Knocks Their Shoes Off.

Strange as it may seem, people killed in a railroad wreck are generally bereft of their shoes by the shock. In commenting on this peculiarity an old railroad engineer said: "A man who is killed in a railroad accident seldom dies with his boots on. I don't know why this should be, but it is a fact. It is particularly true in the case of a man who is struck by an engine and killed. In nine cases out of ten, when the body is picked up, it will be found minus shoes. Even men wearing heavy top boots are not exempt from this strange rule. Why is it? I guess you'll have to ask somebody who is wiser than I am."

### Try It.

One can hear better with the mouth open than shut, a fact which may be verified by stopping the ears while passing through a railway tunnel and alternately opening and shutting one's mouth. The increase in the volume of sound while the mouth is open must be experienced to be appreciated.

### A Tumultuous Moment.

Doctor—I'm afraid your husband doesn't get enough exercise.  
Mrs. De Style—Well, he'll be exercised enough when my dressmaker sends in her bill.

The greatest number of races ever won by a jockey in one season was the 246 by Fred Archer, 1885.

An Irish philosopher says there is no blessing like health, especially when a fellow is sick.

### DRESS MODEL.

A military touch on gowns and separate waists for youthful wearers is just now the correct finish.  
The all wool and silk and wool novelty goods and French and English suitings this fall are in soft medium weights in pretty, blended dyes, the result being a nameless, uncertain color.  
Reversible satins are used extensively on winter hats and for linings, facings, draperies, choux, tea gowns, accordion plaited petticoats, foundations for lace and velvet opera wraps, etc.  
On some very charming negligee gowns the fronts droop in blouse fashion and are closed on the left shoulder and down the left side after the style of some of the revived Russian blouses and jackets.

For elegant winter gowns and in the advance display of French millinery black and gold, black and vivid red and black and white combinations and effects are in marked favor both here and abroad.

It is certain that no matter how elaborately the toilets of ceremony or how tastefully the handsome demy dress of house gowns may be decorated all fancy trimmings will be kept from the skirts of utility tailor costumes.

The new costumes of the different shades of red stand out in sharp contrast to those of gray, brown, blue, etc., and they seem too conspicuous for street wear in most instances. The dreary, dull days later on may, however, render these bright gowns a welcome color note in the somber landscape of the season.

Most superb and costly are the velvet gowns and costumes made ready for elegant wear next season. There is already a luxurious and bewildering display of them—black, blue, grenat, dark Russian green, wine color, purple, pale fawn and gray. Some of the soft, artistic shades in plum color, blue, brown, etc., garnished with guipure lace and rich furs of various kinds, are regal in effect.

### THE WRITERS.

Winston Churchill, who comes to America on a lecturing tour in December, says he proposes to fool the newspapers here by copyrighting his speech, ready for elegant wear next season.

Israel Zangwill, the Hebrew novelist, wrote his first book when he was a student at London university. The effort occupied four evenings—he always works in spurts—and he and a friend paid £10 to have the tale published in pamphlet form.

"The public has somehow got the idea," says Joel Chandler Harris in a recent interview in the Atlanta News, "that I am too modest to be healthy, but that is a great mistake. With the exception of a big apple dumpling, with a bowl of butter sauce close by, I know of nothing nicer than to sit in a large armchair and hear your friends say kind things about you when they think you're not listening."

Miss Braddon has published over 60 novels since 1862. Previous to trying literature, however, Miss Braddon appeared on the stage. There is some doubt in the matter, but "An Old Player" has declared that the future novelist made her debut at the Brighton Theater Royal in 1857 and that during the five following months she impersonated as many as 53 distinct characters. Her stage name was Mary Leyton, and, though now known as Miss M. E. Braddon, she is really Mrs. Maxwell and a widow.

### WHAT THE LAW DECIDES.

Conspiracy to refuse to deal with a person which is made maliciously to injure him and not to serve any legitimate interests of the person who enters into it, is held in Ertz versus Produce Exchange (Minn.), 48 L. R. A. 90, to be an actionable wrong.

Right of a warehouseman to sell property described in a storage receipt is denied in State versus Cowley (Minn.), 48 L. R. A. 92, notwithstanding a provision in the receipt that the stored property may be mingled with other property of the same kind or transferred to other elevators or warehouses.

Publication in church papers by the officers of a church, as to the result of their inquiry as to the fitness of their pastor for his office, is held in Rodgate versus Roush (Kan.), 48 L. R. A. 236, to be a privileged communication, when it is made in good faith with reasonable occasion for the publication.

Failure to apply for an extension of a vacancy permit for premises that are still vacant on the expiration of the permit, which provides for an extension on application, is held in Henderson Trust company versus Stuart (Ky.), 48 L. R. A. 49, to constitute negligence on the part of an executor or administrator with the will annexed, who is in possession of the premises and of the policy.

### TALES OF CITIES.

In the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx of New York city alone there are 145 miles of asphalt pavement.

Dresden is to have in 1903 a "city exhibition" at which all German towns of over 25,000 inhabitants are to be represented.

Antwerp has the highest chimney in the world. It belongs to the Silver Works company and is 410 feet high. The interior diameter is 25 feet—the base and 11 feet at the top.

Warsaw makes textiles, sugar, cement, iron, leather. The manufacture of sugar for export is increasing rapidly. There are now altogether 46 sugar factories in the kingdom of Poland, 20 of which are in Warsaw.

Berlin boasts that Unter den Eichen is the broadest street in any great city. It is 215 feet wide. The Ringstrasse in Vienna is 188 feet. The Paris Grand Boulevard is 122 feet and the Andrássy Strasse at Budapest 155 feet wide.

### CHIPS FROM CHINA.

After the dust has settled it will probably be found that England's sphere of influence that the allies have been forcing through the Chinese rash line and over the goal.

It is said that if an international conference is held upon the Chinese indemnity question, China herself will not be represented or consulted. Of course not. Who ever does consult a goose about being carved?

China has promised to punish the guilty mandarins. Some time ago the sultan of Turkey promised to pay an indemnity. It will be interesting to watch the mad race between the two toward the goal of fulfillment.—Baltimore American.



### Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

It cures the croup at once. Then when any one in the family comes down with a hard cold or cough a few doses of the Pectoral will cut short the attack at once. A 25 cent bottle will cure a miserable cold; the 50c. size is better for a cold that has been hanging on.

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World Wrong Side Up

Talmage Proclaims a Religious Revolution That Will Turn It Upside Down.

Washington report—Rev. Dr. Talmage to-day preached from the text, Acts xvii, 6, "Those that have turned the world upside down are come hither also."

There is a wild, bellowing mob around the house of Jason in Thessalonica. What has the man done so greatly to offend the people? He has been entertaining Paul and his comrades. The mob surround the house and cry: "Bring out those turbulent preachers! They are interfering with our business! They are ruining our religion! They are actually turning the world upside down!"

The charge was true, for there is nothing that so intensely irritates sin, there is nothing so ruinous to every form of established iniquity, there is nothing that has such tendency to turn the world upside down as our glorious Christianity. The fact is that the world now is wrong side up, and it needs to be turned upside down in order that it may be right side up. The time was when men wrote books entitling them "Apologies for Christianity." I hope that day has passed. We want no more apologies for Christianity. Let the apologies be on the part of those who do not believe in our religion. We do not mean to make any compromise in the matter. We do not wish to hide the fact that Christianity is revolutionary and that its tendency is to turn the world upside down.

Our religion has often been misrepresented as a principle of tears and mildness and faintness, afraid of causing people's prejudices, afraid of making somebody mad, with silken gloves lifting the people up from the church pews into glory, as though they were Hohemian glass, so very delicate that with one touch they may be demolished forever. Men speak of religion as though it were a refined imbecility, as though it were a spiritual chloroform that the people were taking under the shawl cutting of life were over. The Bible, so far from this, represents the religion of Christ as robust and brawny—ransacking and upsetting kingdoms, and settling on firm foundations. I hear some man in the house say, "I thought religion was peace." This is the final result. A man's arm is out of place. Two men fight with great effort put it back to the socket. It goes back with great pain. Then it gets well. Our world is horribly disordered and out of joint. It must come under a new and more radical surgery, beneath which there will be pain and anguish before there can come perfect health and quiet. I proclaim, therefore, in the name of my Lord Jesus Christ—revolutions!

The religion of the Bible will make a revolution in the family. Those things that are wrong in the family circle will be overturned by it, with justice and with harmony. The place of the household only when he is fit to be. I know a man who spends all the money he makes in the bank, as well as all the money his wife makes, and sometimes sells the children's clothes for rum. Do you tell me that he is to be the head of that household. If the wife have more consistency, more of all that is right, she shall have the supremacy. You say that the Bible says that the wife is to be the subject of the husband. I know it, but that is a husband not a masculine caricature. There is no human or divine law that makes a woman subordinate to a man that is unworthy of her. When Christianity comes into the family circle, it will give the dominancy that one who is the most worthy of.

As religion comes in at the front door, mirth and laughter will not go out of the back door. It will not hope the children's feet. John will laugh just as loud, and George will jump higher than he ever did before. It will steal from the little one neither nail nor penny. It will establish a family altar. Angels will hover over it. Ladders of light will reach down to it. The glory of heaven will stream up to it. The books of remembrance will record it, and it will be of everlasting blessedness will pour from it. Not such a family altar as you may have seen where the prayer is long and a long chant is read with tedious explanation, and the exercises keeps on until the children's knees are sore, and their backs ache, and their patience is lost, and for the seventh time they have counted all the things in the chair, but I mean a family altar such as may have been seen in your father's house. You may have wandered far off in the paths of sin and darkness, but you have never forgotten that family altar where father and mother knelt imploring God for your soul. That is a memory that a man never gets over. There will be a hearty, joyful family altar in every domestic circle. You will not have to go far to find Hannah rearing her Samuel for the temple or a grandmother Lois instructing her young Timothy in the knowledge of Christ, or a Mary and Martha and Lazarus gathered in fraternal and sisterly affection, or a table at which Jesus sits, as at that of Zaccheus, or a home in which Jesus dwells, as in the house of Simon the tanner. The religion of Jesus Christ, coming into the domestic circle, will overthrow all jealousies, all jealousies, and peace and order and holiness will take possession of the home.

Again, Christianity will produce a revolution in commercial circles. Find me fifty merchants, and you find that they have fifty standards of what is right and wrong. You say to some one about a merchant, "Is he honest?" "Oh, yes," the man says, "he is honest," but he grinds the faces of his clerks. He is honest, but he exaggerates the value of his goods. He is honest, but he loans money on bonds and mortgages with the understanding that the mortgage can lie quiet for ten years, but as soon as he gets the mortgage he records it and begins a foreclosure suit, and the sheriff's writ comes down, and the day of sale arrives, and away goes the homestead, and the creditors buy it at half price. He is honest, but he loans the money, he knew that he would get the home-

stead at half price. Honest? But he goes to the insurance office to get a policy on his life and tells the doctor that he is well when he knows that for ten years he has had but one lung. Honest? Though he sells property by the map, forgetting to tell the purchaser that the ground is all under water, but it is generous in him to do that, for he throws the water into the bargain.

Ah, my friends, there is but one standing of the everlasting right and the everlasting wrong, and that is the Bible, and when that principle shall get its pry under our commercial houses I believe that one-half of them will go over. The ruin will begin at one end of the street, and it will be crashing, crashing all the way down to the docks. "What is the matter? Has there been a fall in gold?" "Oh, no." "Has there been a new tariff?" "No." "Has there been an unaccountable panic?" "No." This is the secret: The Lord God has set up his throne of judgment in the exchange. He has summoned the righteous and the wicked to come before him. What was 1857? A day of judgment! What was 1857? A day of judgment! What was the extreme depression of two years ago? A day of judgment! Do you think that God is going to wait until He has burned the world up before He rights these wrongs? I tell you, nay! Every day is a day of judgment.

The fraudulent man piles up his gains, bond above bond, United States security above United States security, emolument above emolument, until his property has become a great pyramid, and as he stands looking at it he thinks it can never be destroyed, but the Lord God comes and with His little finger smashes it all off.

Here is your money safe. The manufacturer and yourself only know how it can be opened. You have the key. You touch the lock and the ponderous door swings back. But let me tell you that, however firmly barred and bolted your money safe may be, you cannot keep it out. He will come some day into your counting room, and He will deliver the key. Where did you get this security? Where did you get that mortgage from? What does this mean? "If it is all right, God will say," "Well done, good and faithful servant. Be persevered in this world. Be happy in the world to come." If it is all wrong, He will say: "Depart, ye cursed. Be miserable for your iniquities in this life, and then go down and spend your eternity with thieves and horse jockeys and pickpockets."

You have an old photograph of the signs on your street. Why have those signs nearly all changed within the last 20 years? What is the cause of a generation account for it? Oh, no. Does the fact that there are hundreds of honest men who go down every year account for it? Oh, no. This is the secret: The Lord God has been walking through the commercial streets of our great cities, and He has been adjusting things according to the principles of eternal rectitude.

The time will come when, through the revolutionary power of this gospel, a falsehood, or instead of being called exaggeration, equivocation or evasion, will be branded a lie, and stealings that now sometimes go under the head of percentages and commissions and bonuses will be put into the catalogue of state prison offenses! Society will be turned inside out and upside down and ransacked of God's truth until business dishonesties shall come to an end, and all double dealing, and all will overturn and overturn, and commercial men in all cities will throw up their hands, crying out, "These that have turned the world upside down are come hither."

The religion of Jesus Christ will produce a revolution in our churches. The non-committal, do-nothing policy of the church of God will give way to a spirit of bravest conquest. Plety in this day seems to me to be salted down just as to keep. It seems as if the church were chiefly anxious to take care of itself, and if we hear of want and squalor and heathenism outside we say, "What a pity!" and we put our hands in our pockets, and we get around for a 2-cent piece, and with great flourish we put it upon the plate and are amazed that the world is not converted in six weeks.

"But," says some one, "we are establishing a great many missions, and I think they will save the masses." No; they will not. Five hundred thousand of them will not do it. They are doing a magnificent work, but every mission chapel is confession of the disease and weakness of the church. It is making a dividing line between the classes. It is saying to the rich and to the well conditioned, "If you can pay your pew rents come to the main audience room." It is saying to the poor man, "Your coat is too bad and your shoes are not good enough. If you want to get to heaven, you will have to go by the way of the mission chapel." The mission chapel has become the kitchen where the church does its sloppy work. There are hundreds and thousands of churches in this country—gorgeously built and supported—that even on bright and sunny days are not half full of worshippers, and yet they are building mission chapels, because by some expressed or implied regulation the great masses of the people are kept out of the main audience room.

Now, I say that any place of worship which is appropriate for one class is appropriate for all classes. Let the rich and the poor meet together. The Lord the Maker of them all. Mind you that that said that mission chapels are a necessity, the way churches are now conducted, but may God speed the time when they shall cease to be a necessity. God will rise up and break down the gates of the church that have kept back the masses, and we be to those who stand in the way! They will be trampled under

foot by the vast population making a stampeede for heaven.

I saw in some paper an account of a church in Boston in which I saw that there were a great many plain people. The next week the trustees of that church came out in the paper and said it was not so at all; "they were elegant people and highly conditioned people that went there." They laughed and said, "I am glad to hear that. It is right, and when I laugh I laugh very loudly. "Those people," I said, "are afraid of the sickly sentimentality of the churches." Now, my ambition is not to preach to you so much. It seems to me that you must be faring sumptuously every day, and the marks of comfort are all about you. You do not need the gospel half as much as do some who never come here. Rather than be priding myself on a church in front on which there shall hang fifty splendid equipages on the Sabbath day I would have a church up to whose gates there should come a long procession of the suffering, and the stricken, and the dying, begging for admission. You do not need the gospel so much as they. You have good things in this life.

Revolution! The pride of the church must come down. The exclusiveness of the church must come down. "The financial boasting that we have done come down! If monetary success were the chief idea of the church, then I say that the present mode is the best. If it is to see how many dollars you can gain, the present mode is the best. But if it is the saving of souls from sin and death and bringing the mighty populations of our cities to the knowledge of God, men I cry revolution! It is coming fast. I feel it in the air. I hear the rumbling of the earthquake that shall shake down in our terrible crash the arrogance of our modern Christianity. Revolution! It may be in hate before the church learns its duty to the masses God will scourge it and come with the whip of omnipotent indignation and drive out the money changers. It may be that there is to be a great day of upsetting before that time shall come. If it must come, O Lord God, let it come now!

In the boasting of the reconstructed church of Christ the church building will be the most cheerful of all buildings. Instead of the light of the sun strained through painted glass until the eyes were hurt and the feet turned outward behind. S. When His disciples say it—The thought originated with Judas, and I suggest to all of you, if you are a bad man, working from selfish motives, by plausible arguments gets good men to unite with him in opposing things that are really good. What purpose—There is no benefit in such a lavish expenditure. "Whenever there is an act of splendid self-forgetfulness, there is always a Judas to sneer and murmur at it."

Given to the poor—Mark says they murmured against the woman, and the words and manner were also a reflection on Christ himself. How often does charity serve as a cloak for covetousness. In receiving it (R. V.)—Jesus understood their murmuring. Why trouble ye the woman—According to John's account, Jesus said, "Let her alone. It was the language of sharp rebuke. Jesus' chair has a bad smell of hypocrisy of Judas and the dull perceptions of the others."—Peloubet. A good work upon Me—"It was a high fulness there is always in the noblest emotions." "It is a 'good work' to show our love and esteem for Christ."

Do not have the poor always with you. This act will not interfere with your care for the poor. You can do good to them at any time. The more we do for the poor, the more we will do for the poor. It is not the want of money, but the want of love that allows the poor to suffer. Me—not always—Christ's bodily presence was about to be removed from the world. Why did he for him must be done quickly. 12. On my body—On his head and on his feet. She did it to prepare me for burial (R. V.)—Whether Mary intended to keep in her memory, and intended it to be a memorial, but Jesus puts this construction upon it and confirms thereby what he had so frequently told them regarding the work of embalming him in advance of time.

Another remarkable proof of the presence of Christ. God has so disposed matters that He has continued as firm and regular as the ordinances of heaven.—Clarke. For a memorial of her—"A memorial is designed to keep in the remembrance a person, an event, or anything regarded as worthy of peculiar honor or record." This act of love performed by Mary to her Lord brings before the entire Christian world. 14. Judas Iscariot—Judas is rightly regarded as an infamous man, his conduct base and his motives vile; yet how many to-day brag of serving their Lord for the honors and pleasures of this world! Unto the chief priests—This was a favorable time for the traitor to carry out his wicked designs. Much people had gathered, not only to see Jesus, but to see Lazarus, whom he had raised from the dead, and many were believing on Christ because of him. 15. What will ye give me—Money was his goal; the love of filthy lucre was causing his ruin. Let us take warning. It is not the lack of money, but the love of money that is the "root of all evil." Thirty pieces of silver—This was the price of a slave. 16. Sought opportunity—His hope was to deliver Christ into the hands of the officers privately. His act was premeditated, and so much the more dastardly and mean.

Love's offering. It is the last visit of the Master to Bethany. Only a few days hence He is to be betrayed into the hands of wicked men—forsaken of His disciples—left alone, to suffer the agonies of Gethsemane and of Calvary. Very grateful to the human heart of Jesus must have been the tender ministrations of these friends whom He loved and who loved Him. He had ministered to them in many gradations, and it was now that He was in affliction. To Martha and Mary He had given back their brother Lazarus from the dead. Joseph Cook gives us one of the best of a master's affliction. "The transmutation of selfishness into delight in self-sacrifice." Love gives its best, and wishes it were better. Unjust censure. The sordid, selfish love of Judas was an utter stranger to the love that prompted Mary's act, and would see in it only occasion for blame. Now was it Judas alone who censured her, for we read, "And

MOOSE FIGHTS LOCOMOTIVE. Loses, of Course, But He Delays the Express for Half an Hour.

Brandon, Man., Dec. 29.—The Pacific Express was held an hour late in reaching this city on Monday evening, and the delay was caused by one of the most curious happenings ever known in Manitoba. The train, which was moving at a slow rate of speed and had just reached the Brandon limit board when the engineer saw a giant bull moose standing in the track. He took the wheel and slowed up his train, and the king of the forest refused to move. He was not to be baffled by any red-eyed animal with no more horns than a locomotive. He was bent on fight, and tossing his antlers in the most defiant manner, dashed toward the engine. The engineer saw his coming and opened up the throttle and went at it. It was only a fight of a minute. The bull's horns became wedged in the plot and he bellowed and kicked, but he was no match for the engine, and the remains were cleared away.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON NO. 1. JANUARY 6, 1901.

Jesus Anointed at Bethany.—Matt. 26; 6:17.

and had forgiven the sins of Zachariah. Commentary.—Connecting Links. After Jesus had healed the blind men, He continued His journey from Bethany to Jerusalem, where Martha and Mary lived with their brother Lazarus, whom Jesus had raised from the dead a few weeks before this. 6. In Bethany—This was a village beautifully situated about two miles southeast of Jerusalem on the eastern slope of the Mount of Olives. In the house of Simon the leper—Simon was a very common name and is applied to some fifteen different persons in the New Testament. This man had evidently been a leper, and had probably been cured by Jesus. "This will account for making a feast in the honor of Christ."

7. Came unto Him a woman—John tells us that this woman was Mary. "As she sat in the presence of her brother and her yet more deeply worshipped Lord, the feelings of Mary could no longer be restrained." Farrar. Alabaster box—The perfume was contained in a small jar of alabaster, which was made with a long narrow neck. Mark says "she brake the box," or the neck of the flask. "The seal which kept the perfume from evaporating had never been removed; it was on this occasion first opened." Very precious ointment—By the ointment we are to understand the most precious perfume that was commonly known at that time. Schaff. John says Mary took a pound of ointment. Poured it on His head—John says she anointed his head with the ointment. The ointment was first her faith in Christ; second, her love for Christ. The house was filled with the odor of the ointment, and to-day the church is filled with the odor of heavenly fragrance whenever loving deeds are performed for Christ. Sat at meat—in taking their meals the Eastern people reclined on one side, the knees being bent and the feet turned outward behind.

8. When His disciples say it—The thought originated with Judas, and I suggest to all of you, if you are a bad man, working from selfish motives, by plausible arguments gets good men to unite with him in opposing things that are really good. What purpose—There is no benefit in such a lavish expenditure. "Whenever there is an act of splendid self-forgetfulness, there is always a Judas to sneer and murmur at it."

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FOUGHT OVER RELIGION.

Battle of Factions in a Maine Lumber Camp.

MANY MEN SERIOUSLY INJURED.

A Forles, Maine, Report.—A messenger has arrived here with the information that a serious religious battle occurred in a lumber camp on Chase Stream last evening and that almost the entire crew of Adams and Krowlin are injured. One half of the men are Canadians, and the remainder are from the States. The choppers and swampers and one-sided leader was attracted to the scene, and in a few minutes French and Irish Catholics were hopelessly mixed up with what few Protestants the crew boasted.

Slaves gave way to small limbs of trees, and they in turn gave way to handspikes and axes. A teamster named Wilson attempted to quell the riot and was knocked down with a handspike and attacked by the combatants.

Taylor Does Great Execution. It is thought that Taylor is responsible for a fractured skull of Thomas Landry, a French Canadian, the broken arm of Narcisse Oullette, and the fracture of two ribs of Emi Langlois. Foreman Charles Lavoie, a French Canadian, hurried to the scene and attempted to stop proceedings. He is now in the hands of the cook with a fractured jaw and had cut along the right cheek.

Peter Cagnon, a strapping big Frenchman of influence with the members of the crew, arrived in time to prevent the murder and put a stop to the free fight.

In addition to the injuries named above, Pierre Dubois had a severed artery in his muscles of his right arm. Eddie St. Clair has a bad scalp wound and cut on the hip several inches in length; Horace Wymen has a bad gash in the left cheek and a broken wrist in a manner that will compel him to give up work; Joseph Deltelle has a broken nose and a bad cut on the forehead, and several other men were more or less marked by the battle.

The fight occurred in the camp in charge of William Davis, and it is situated near Flat Iron Point. Those most seriously injured are being cared for by the crew cook, and are waiting the arrival of a surgeon from Moose River.

Worst in Eighteen Years. Not since the famous free fight between the notorious Bean family and the Canadians that occurred eighteen years ago has such an affair occurred in the Maine woods. The conversation, which opened up the fight between Hennessey and Oullette started on what Hennessey called "Frenchmen's Christmas," which among lumbermen among the Moose River.

Dr. Murphy, of Moose River, has been summoned by telephone from this place, and surgeons from Bingham are expected in the morning.

The Markets

Farmers Have Not Recovered Christmas Trade.

Leading Wheat Markets.

Following are the closing quotations at important wheat centres to-day—

Chicago ... \$0 72 7-8  
New York ... 0 78 3-8  
Milwaukee ... 0 78  
St. Louis ... 0 78  
Toledo ... 0 78  
Wheat, white ... 0 77  
Duluth, No. 1 north ... 0 77-8  
Duluth, No. 2 h.r.d. ... 0 72 7-8  
Minneapolis, No. 1 northern ... 0 71 0 73 3-4  
Liverpool, Dec. 27.—Wheat, spot, No. 1 California, firm, 6s 8d; No. 2, 6s 7d; No. 3, 6s 6d; No. 1 northern spring, firm, 6s 2 3-4d; futures, quiet; Dec. nominal Feb. 6s 1-8d, March 6s 1-4d.

Toronto Farmers' Market. Wheat—One hundred bushels of white sold 1/2c lower at 67c, one load of red unchanged at 67c, and 100 bushels of goose 1/2c lower at 61 1/2c. Oats—One load sold 1/2c lower at 29c per bushel. Hay and Straw—Hay was firmer but only a small quantity was offered. Eight loads sold \$1 higher, at \$13 to \$14 per ton. No straw was sold. Dressed Hogs—Receipts were light and prices were steady at \$7.50 to \$7.75 per cwt. Butter and Eggs—No offerings and market nominally unchanged. Poultry—Only a few fowl were received and trade was dull. Prices are generally steady and unchanged.

Toronto Live Stock Market. Export cattle, choice, per cwt. \$1 61 to \$1 59  
Export cattle, light, per cwt. 1 45 to 1 43  
Butcher's cattle, picked, 1 59 to 1 57  
Butcher's cattle, choice, 1 45 to 1 43  
Butcher's cattle, good, 1 35 to 1 33  
Butcher's cattle, fair, 1 25 to 1 23  
Butcher's common, per cwt. 2 00 to 2 20  
Hogs, export, heavy, per cwt. 3 25 to 3 23  
Hogs, export, light, per cwt. 3 75 to 3 73  
Feeders, short-keep, per cwt. 4 40 to 4 38  
Feeders, heavy, per cwt. 3 00 to 3 20  
Stockers, 400 to 500 lbs. 2 75 to 2 55  
off-colors and less, 2 75 to 2 25  
Feeding bulls, 2 50 to 3 00  
Night stock bull, per cwt. 2 50 to 2 40  
Milk cows, each, 50 00 to 60 00  
Sheep, export, ewes, per cwt. 2 75 to 3 00  
Lamb, each, 50 00 to 60 00  
do per cwt. 3 50 to 4 00  
Calves, per head, 2 00 to 10 00  
Hogs, choice, per cwt. 4 00 to 4 20  
Hogs, fat, per cwt. 5 50 to 6 00  
Hogs, light, per cwt. 5 50 to 6 00  
Sows, per cwt. 5 75 to 6 00

Bradstreet's on Trade. The activity in holiday goods at Montreal is a promising feature for general wholesale business. Sales reported by retailers have been large. Values continue steady to firm for nearly all lines. Country remittances have been a little quiet. There has been a fair movement in trade circles this week. The large distributing houses have been preparing for the spring trade. The sales of holiday stuff have been large this month. Grain deliveries in Ontario are increasing and country remittances are improving. There has been increased activity in trade circles at Hamilton this week. While money has been largely to the holiday business the trade done for spring has been very satisfactory. Reports from travellers for Hamilton firms speak hopefully of the outlook for the spring. The conditions of retail trade, they say, this month have been excellent and indicate liberal ordering after the turn of the year.

The weather in Manitoba has done much for trade since the first of the month. Deliveries of wheat have not been large and the grain does not appear to be moving any better. Payments are only fair. Trade at the coast cities has been more active. The lumber industry is suffering, owing to scarcity of orders. Freight building operations at Vancouver are not as active as they were. Remittances are only fair. Business at Ottawa has been quite active this week. Money has been circulating more freely lately and the prospects for trade are good. Freer grain deliveries as a result of the improvement of the country roads has created some improvement in payments at London. Travellers for jobs report a promising outlook for next season.

VICTIM OF A VENDETTA. Italian Refuses to Tell Who it Was Stabbed Him.

TRACED MURDERER TO CHICAGO. Chicago, Dec. 30.—Refusing to disclose the names of the men who attempted to slay him, John Garvorsio, an Italian, lies dying at his home, with his abdomen slashed and gored as though with a blunt still-pointed and his shoulder cut in shreds. The wounded man, still conscious, but his life ebbing, refused absolutely to betray his Italian brethren. The case is one of mysterious Italian crimes that sometimes come to the police and bear a strong resemblance to a vendetta. The police first learned of the affair through the doctor who had been called to attend the wounded man. Garvorsio, while on his way home late on Tuesday night, met three men, one of whom savagely attacked him with a knife. Garvorsio managed to drag himself home, and all night he lay in agony, refusing to summon a doctor. In the morning he consented, and when advised to go to a hospital, refused to be removed. From Garvorsio's neighbors the police learned that he has for weeks been looking for a man who is said to be the murderer of his cousin in Italy. The despair of, refused absolutely to betray his Italian brethren. The case is one of mysterious Italian crimes that sometimes come to the police and bear a strong resemblance to a vendetta. The police first learned of the affair through the doctor who had been called to attend the wounded man. Garvorsio, while on his way home late on Tuesday night, met three men, one of whom savagely attacked him with a knife. Garvorsio managed to drag himself home, and all night he lay in agony, refusing to summon a doctor. In the morning he consented, and when advised to go to a hospital, refused to be removed. From Garvorsio's neighbors the police learned that he has for weeks been looking for a man who is said to be the murderer of his cousin in Italy. The despair of, refused absolutely to betray his Italian brethren. The case is one of mysterious Italian crimes that sometimes come to the police and bear a strong resemblance to a vendetta. The police first learned of the affair through the doctor who had been called to attend the wounded man. Garvorsio, while on his way home late on Tuesday night, met three men, one of whom savagely attacked him with a knife. Garvorsio managed to drag himself home, and all night he lay in agony, refusing to summon a doctor. In the morning he consented, and when advised to go to a hospital, refused to be removed. From Garvorsio's neighbors the police learned that he has for weeks been looking for a man who is said to be the murderer of his cousin in Italy. The despair of, refused absolutely to betray his Italian brethren.

FOR HUSBAND'S LYNCHING. Mrs. Jenkins Recovers \$4,000 From Sheriff's Bondsmen

STORY OF AN UGLY CRIME. Chicago, Dec. 30.—Mrs. Lulu C. Jenkins, now of Chicago, has just been awarded \$4,000 for the lynching of her husband in Ripley county, Indiana, three years ago. The money will be paid over by the eight bondsmen of former Sheriff Henry Bushing, and is the result of a private settlement of the indemnity suit instituted by the widow three months after the murder. "William Jenkins was one of five men lynched in September, 1897, for alleged complicity in the stealing of a horse from Lisle Levi, of Osgood, Ind. Levi also was a victim of the mob. The men killed were Robert Andrews, Heinz-huter, William Jenkins, Clifford Gordon, 17-year-old boy, and Lisle Levi, an aged soldier. There was a fight, in which shots were fired at a deputy sheriff, Jenkins, with the others, was arrested, and taken to jail at Versailles, Ind. Mrs. Jenkins, suspecting that mob violence was brewing, walked from Osgood to Versailles that night and peered the streets till dawn, armed with a revolver. For several hours she waited under the window of her husband's cell, ready to challenge any who came to do him harm. Her fears being finally allayed, Mrs. Jenkins started home. No sooner was she out of sight than a mob gathered and dragged out five men. The members of the mob killed them in succession by beating them over the head with a musket-stick. Mrs. Jenkins was compelled to flee to save her own life, and came to Chicago. Here she brought suit for \$5,000 damages against Sheriff Bushing's bondsmen. The suit dragged along for two years, and finally the bondsmen settled to settle out of court. Mrs. Jenkins when compelled several months since to go to Ripley county to attend the trial of the case, was protected by a body of government detectives. She will go to Versailles next week to get the \$4,000.

# A Card

To our patrons and the general public:

The volume of our business during the past year has been very satisfactory and our Christmas trade has been especially gratifying.

For this we thank you, and trust that you will continue to favor us with your patronage during 1901.

We have made every effort to fill promptly and satisfactorily all orders entrusted to us, and our rapidly growing trade attests in a pleasing way our measure of success.

We wish you all a very

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

G. A. McCLARY

Main St., Athens

## Local Notes

The glad hand is with us once more.

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

Dooley puts it in a nutshell when he says, "Trust everybody, but cut the cards."

New lot cedar shingles just received at Athens Lumber Yard. Extra value.

Contentment is a good thing until it reaches the point where it sits in the shade and lets the weeds grow.

The north pole is much like a woman's pocket. We all know where it should be, but we can't find it.

Bran, shorts, provender, corn meal, hay, oats, &c. for sale at lowest prices. Athens Grain Warehouse.

For sale at the Reporter office, a few pairs of genuine, Indian-tanned buckskin gloves and mittens.

It often happens that people sing jubilantly at church, "We shall know each other there," who refuse to know each other here.

Farmers who judge the weather by the shape of the pigs' melt at pig killing time, prophesy that the heavy, or severe end of this winter, is to be at the fore part of the season.

Pare the Nanapanee bank burglar in Kingston Penitentiary, has had his left leg amputated above the knee. A running sore had afflicted the bone. He is progressing favorably.

The Chosen Friends in the United States have failed. The action of the Canadian branch in chopping itself off the main trunk some years ago is now shown to have been a greater feat of patriotic enterprise than was conceived when the ax was swinging.

A western editor asked a very bad man what was the first step that led to his ruin. He answered that the first step was cheating an editor out of two years' subscription. "When I had done that, the devil had such a grip on me that I could not shake him off."

Charles R. Taylor of Elgin and Miss Lucy Cowle of Lake Elvidia were joined together in the holy bonds of holy matrimony by the Rev. L. A. Betts, on Wednesday, Dec. 26th. The bride was assisted by Miss Nellie Taylor, while Robert H. Taylor, brother of the groom, acted as best man.

Mr. E. C. Bulford returned home from Brockville General Hospital last week and on Saturday called on friends in Athens. He is apparently in a fair way for complete recovery from his recent serious illness, the critical operation for his relief performed by Dr. C. M. B. Cornell having proved in every respect successful.

The presbyteries of the United States are voting on the question of revision of the Westminster Confession of Faith. There are 232 presbyteries of which 172 have voted, 126 in favor and 46 against it. Two thirds of all the presbyteries must vote in favor of it to have it brought before the General Assembly, at the next meeting of which the matter will come up for final decision.

Mr. J. R. Moore, M.A., science master in the Athens high school, severed his connection with that institution a few days ago and has gone to Kemptville to fill a similar but more remunerative position. As a teacher in Athens, Mr. Moore contributed his full quota towards making for the school the unparalleled record it achieved during the last scholastic year, and he leaves Athens with the best wishes of students, trustees and citizens generally for his future welfare.

Keep Yourself Strong  
And you will ward off colds, pneumonia fevers and other diseases. You need to have pure, rich blood and good digestion. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the blood rich and pure as no other medicine can do. It tones the stomach, creates an appetite and invigorates the system. You will be wise to begin taking it now, for it will keep you strong and well.  
The best family cathartic is Hood's Pills.

## Mr. Byron Haskins is visiting friends in Athens this week.

The Reporter has pleasure in wishing its readers a very Happy new year.

Mrs. Robt. Thompson has this week as guest her sister, Mrs. Bell of Co.bourg.

Mr. I. J. Charman has returned to his old home in Plum Hollow from Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

Clapboards \$12.00 per thousand feet and other kinds of building lumber at lowest prices.

An impressive watch-night service was held in the Methodist church. The dying of the old century was marked by the tolling of the bell and the birth of the new was welcomed with a full peal.

In Brockville last week Mr. W. B. Phelps of Phillipsville was successful in winning the case brought against him for peddling without a license, it being held that he was not a hawker within the meaning of the act.

The Windsor Salt Co. are offering a prize for the best essay on cheese and butter making, and the Eastern Ontario Dairyman's Association a second prize for the same thing, the prizes to be awarded at the annual convention at Smith's Falls this month.

MONTREAL, Dec. 1900.  
To the Public:—Your druggist is hereby authorized to refund the purchase price of a twenty-five or fifty cent bottle of Greene's Warranted Syrup of Tar, if it fails to cure your cough or cold.

(Signed) THE LESTER H. GREENE CO.

Misses Annie and Essie Earl of Temperance Lake were recently each presented with a fine gold watch. These young ladies have long enjoyed the good will of their friends and are entitled to the tokens they have received.

The twenty-fourth annual convention of the Eastern Ontario Dairyman's Association will open in Smith's Falls on Wednesday, January 9, and continue until the 11th. The meeting will be one of great interest to all interested in dairying and it will be addressed by some of the leading agriculturists of the Dominion.

"Uncle" Isaac Robeson was the first man to call at the Reporter office on the first day of the new year and the new century and wish the Reporter and its editor a happy new year by paying a year's subscription in advance. We reciprocate Uncle Isaac's good will and wishes by expressing the hope that he may be long spared to call in on a like mission on each successive New Year's day.

While the outside world was enjoying the festivities of the season, the old people in the House of Industry were not forgotten on Christmas. An abundance of goose and plum pudding was carefully prepared by the matron for dinner, as well as a variety of cakes and candies for tea, to which ample justice was done. The Inspector and committee met on Jan. 3rd to settle up the year's business.

Registration Notice.  
Public notice is hereby given to all persons whose duty it is to register births, marriages or deaths in the village of Athens, that they must do so before the 5th day of January, 1901, or be liable to a fine of \$20.00 and costs.

B. LOVERIN,  
Division Registrar,  
Court Athens I.O.F.

At the regular monthly meeting of Court Athens I.O.F., held on Friday evening last, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

- Court Deputy—G. W. Beach
- J.P.C.R.—A. M. Chassels
- C.R.—G. F. Donnelly
- R.S.—E. M. Pickrell
- F.S.—T. S. Kendrick
- Treas.—B. Loverin
- Chaplain—John Freeman
- S.W.—Wilson Witte
- J.W.—William Boyd
- S.B.—S. Stinson
- J.B.—Jas. Stinson
- Auditors—Geo. Holmes and M. H. Eyre.

Physicians—Dr. Cornell and Dr. Purvis.  
Reps. to H.C.—G. W. Beach and James Stinson.

Letter of Thanks.  
ATHENS, Ont., Dec. 22, 1900.  
J. H. McLaughlin, Esq., Athens.

Dear Mr. McLaughlin,—Allow me to return my sincere thanks for the cheque of one thousand dollars which you have handed me to day in payment of the insurance on the life of my lamented husband, Thos. R. Foxton, who took out a policy in the Sun Life Assurance Co.'y, through your solicitation, in 1895.

Please convey to your company my hearty appreciation of the promptness of settlement, only about one week's time having elapsed since claim papers were sent in, and permit me to add also how much I realize the benefits of life insurance.

Wishing the Sun Life all prosperity,  
Yours sincerely,  
MRS. CALLA FOXTON,  
New Dublin, Ont.  
Moral—If not already insured, the moral is surely quite plain. See an agent of the Sun Life and give him an application at once.

## COUNTY COUNCIL CADIDATES.

The election of county commissioners takes place on Monday next, 7th inst., at same time as municipal elections. The following candidates have been nominated.

LEEDS.  
No. 1.—J. B. Wilson, Geo. Peck, M. McInyre, J. A. Webster.

No. 2.—C. Cole and J. Robinson, by acclamation.

No. 3.—R. J. Jolly and I. C. Alguire, by acclamation.

No. 4.—At Lyndhurst, on Monday, Omer Brown and Ephraim Bracken were elected by acclamation.

No. 5.—Geo. S. Johnston F. S. Harrison, by acclamation.

No. 6.—J. H. Singleton, P. Halladay.

GREENVILLE.  
No. 1. John Edwards, Robert Seelye T. H. Weatherhead.

No. 2.—R. W. Watchorn, G. Baker, J. B. Arnold, G. Karamaham.

No. 3.—John Selleck, J. C. Rutherford, A. Carson, H. Hughes, W. H. Anderson.

No. 4.—Geo. Martin and Wm. Weir by acclamation.

## MUNICIPAL NOMINATIONS.

VILLAGE OF ATHENS.  
Revee—George E. Judson (acclamation), Mortimer Witte (resigned).

Councillors—George F. Donnelly, Chas. E. Pickrell, William H. Jacobs, Henry Hagerman, John A. Rappell, and Alex. Taylor.  
School Trustees—James Ross, Joseph H. McLaughlin and Joseph Thompson.  
The largest gathering ever held at a municipal nomination in Athens matters by not only the residents but by the people of the surrounding country. At the close of the nomination Mr. S. A. Taplin was called to preside at the public meeting. A number of interesting subjects were introduced for discussion but these were touched but lightly and the question of local option was dealt with at considerable length, Rev. E. W. Crane and a deputation of members of the W. C. T. U., appearing in support of the proposed law. This question as well as the general record of the council will be an issue of the campaign.

KITLEY.  
Reeve—H. N. Stinson, Robert Mackie.

Councillors—Ezra Kinch, John Loucks, Thomas Hunter, Joseph James, W. Johnson, James Gallagher, Elliott Ballantyne and Isaac Wilson.  
Of these, up to time of writing, Mr. Isaac Wilson has resigned.

REAR OF YONGE AND ESCOTT.  
Reeve—Thos. Moulton.

Councillors—Erastus Rowsom, Fred Hayes, John Cowan and Moffat Breesee all by acclamation.

At the close of the nomination meeting, Mr. J. B. Saunders was elected to the chair and called upon the councillors nominated for short speeches. Reeve Moulton gave a full and fair account of his stewardship. The rebuilding of the bridge at Beale's mill had necessitated an expenditure of \$191.00 and both he and councillor Hayes expressed their satisfaction with the work done. In respect to local option, the council had been misinformed and had deferred further action as soon as they were made aware of the true state of affairs. The toll-road question had been brought before the council by petition, but being unable to learn what sum Elizabethtown and Athens would contribute, he felt that they were justified in not taking decisive action.

Dr. Giles dissented from the view of the late council in regard to the toll-road question and spoke strongly in favor of immediate action.

Mr. Hayes, Mr. Breesee and Mr. Cowan also spoke briefly touching this question, so that the whole subject was pretty thoroughly discussed.

## The People's Column.

Ad's 10¢ lines and under in this column, 25¢ for first insertion and 10¢ each subsequent insertion.

## Local Option Notice

Notice is hereby given, that on account of the petition of the voters of Athens, Ontario, in relation to the submission of a Local Option by-law to a vote of the electors of Athens; the council of the Rear of Yonge and Escott do not deem it advisable to submit the By-Law to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquor to a vote of the electors of the said township of Rear of Yonge and Escott at the present time, and that no poll will be taken on the said By-Law in the said township on the 7th day of January, 1901. By order of the Council,  
RICHARD E. CORNELL,  
Clerk of the said Municipality of Rear Yonge and Escott.

## LOGS WANTED.

The undersigned will pay cash for good BASWOOD and SOFT ELM logs delivered at the saw mill at Lyn. A. ROOT, Lyn.  
Dec. 12, 00 2-in Lyn.

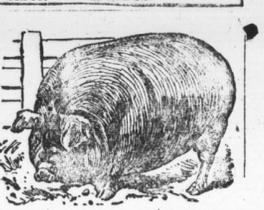
## DOG LOST

Strayed from the subscriber's premises, Plum Hollow about a week ago, a Collie pup, six months old. He has long shaggy dark colored hair on body, mottled yellow on legs, with white and black mottled stripes on nose. Any information that will lead to its recovery will be thankfully received.  
Plum Hollow, Dec. 15th.  
J. ELWOOD JACKSON.

## Farm for Sale or to Rent

One hundred acres of the well known Dobbis property near Athens will be sold on easy terms, or will be rented together with an adjoining 100 acres, good buildings. Apply to WM. KARLEY, Athens.

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



Registered Improved Chester White Boar for service at the farm of Samuel Spence, near Deale's Mills, three miles south of Athens. This breed of swine is the best for market purposes, and farmers would do well to breed from stock that brings the highest prices. Terms of service very reasonable.  
SAMUEL SPENCE.

## Coming In!

If you are a fisherman, bird shooter, or big-game hunter, send 25 cents for a FOREST AND STREAM 4 weeks' trial trip. It is now printing chapters on Duck Shooting, describing with portraits all the American wild fowl; chapters telling how to train dogs for field trial work; and practical instructions to boys in shooting, fishing and camping.

ing out; shooting stories, fishing stories, and game and fish news. Illustrated, weekly. For sale by all news-dealers. Neither you nor your family can afford to be without it. It is the best reading, and has the largest circulation, of any paper of its class in America. It is the SPORTSMAN'S FAVORITE JOURNAL of shooting, fishing and yachting. Per year, \$4. With any one of the Forest and Stream large artotypes of big game and field scenes, \$5.50. Send for illustrated catalogue of books.  
FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO.,  
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## "Old Reliable."

## Fall and Winter Goods

NOW IN STOCK.

## A. M. Chassels,

Merchant Tailor

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

## Ready-to-Wear Clothing

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

## Gents' Furnishings.

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

## PRICES DEFY COMPETITION

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

## A. M. Chassels,

FALL, 1900. MAIN ST., ATHENS

## Tired eyes cause sickness

Because the eyes tire easily, some folks say they are not well. In most such cases there is eyestrain. Neglected eyestrain is sure to produce sickness. Be wise. Have your eyes examined. Know their exact condition from an expert. Consultation free.

## Wm. Coates & Son,

SCIENTIFIC OPTICIANS.  
BROCKVILLE.

Wishing you and all  
**A Happy New Year**  
Globe Clothing House  
the up-to-date  
Clothing and Gents' Furnish-  
ers  
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## GRAND FUR SALE

Christmas and New Year's Holidays 1900-1901.

### CHRISTMAS.

Single Fare—One way first class fare, good going Dec. 22d, 23d, 24th and 25th; valid returning from destination on or before Dec. 26th, 1900.

Fare and One-Third—Lowest one way first class fare and one-third, good going Dec. 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th and 25th; valid returning from destination on or before Dec. 27th, 1900.

NEW YEAR.  
Single Fare—Lowest one way first class fare, good going Dec. 29th, 30th, 31st and Jan. 1st; valid returning from destination on or before Jan. 3rd, 1901.

Fare and One-Third—Lowest one way first class fare and one-third, good going Dec. 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st and Jan. 1st; valid returning from destination on or before Jan. 3rd, 1901.

### Christmas School Vacations.

Fare and One-Third—Lowest one way first class fare and one-third to pupils and teachers of schools and colleges on surrender of standard form of school vacation R.R. certificates signed by the principal, tickets good going from Dec. 28th to 31st, inclusive; valid returning from destination on or before Jan. 29th, 1901.

For tickets at above low rates and all information apply to

G. T. FULFORD,  
G.T.R. City Passenger Agent  
Office: Fulford Block, next to Post Office, Court House Ave., Brockville.

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ATHENS, ONT.  
General - Blacksmiths  
Horseshoeing  
and Repairing  
and all kinds of general work

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Your patronage solicited.  
C. E. Pickrell & Sons  
ELGIN STREET, ATHENS.

## Before After, Wood's Phosphorine,

The Great English Remedy.  
Sold and recommended by all druggists in Canada. Only reliable medicine discovered. Sixty-two medicines guaranteed to cure all forms of Sexual Weakness, all effects of abuse or excess, Mental Worries, Nervousness, loss of Energy, and all other ailments. One bottle, six weeks' cure. Price, one dollar. One bottle, six weeks' cure. Price, one dollar. One bottle, six weeks' cure. Price, one dollar.

Wood's Phosphorine is sold in Athens by Jas. J. Lamb & Co.

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The Leading Specialists of America  
20 Years in Detroit.  
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Thousands of young and middle-aged men are troubled with this disease—many unconsciously. They may have a smarting sensation, small, twisting stream, sharp cutting pains at times, slight discharge, difficulty in commencing, weak organs, erections, and all the symptoms of nervous debility—they have STRICTURE. Don't let doctors experiment on you, by cutting, stretching, or forcing you. This will cure you, as it will return. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT shows the stricture tissue; hence removes the stricture permanently. It can never recur. No pain, no suffering, no detention from business by our method. The stricture is completely cured. The nerves are restored, and the bliss of manhood returns.

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Thousands of young and middle-aged men are having their sexual vigor and vitality continually sapped by this disease. They are frequently unconscious of the cause of these symptoms. General weakness, Venereal Discharges, Fainting, Nervousness, Poor Memory, Irritability, Loss of Smelling Sense, Sunkon Eyes with dark circles, Weak Back, General Depression, Lack of Ambition, Venereal Stricken Parts, etc. GLEET and STRICTURE may be the cause. Don't consult family doctors, as they have no experience in these special diseases—don't allow quacks to experiment on you. Consult Specialists, who have made a life study of Diseases of Men and Women. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will positively cure you. One thousand dollars for a case we accept for treatment and cannot cure. Terms moderate for a cure.

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