

ARTISTIC
Floral Work
J. Hay & Sons
FLORISTS
Brockville - Ontario
Telephone No. 249

The Athens Reporter

—AND—

COUNTY OF LEEDS ADVERTISER

This
Space
For
Sale
Who Wants
It?

Vol. XVI. No. 41.

Athens, Leeds County, Ontario, Wednesday, Sept. 5, 1900.

B. Loverin, Prop'r

"Brockville's Biggest Store."

AN UNPRECEDENTED SILK BARGAIN

Secured by our Mr. Wright in London and just opened up and put on sale last week. They comprise 8 colorings in handsome stripe Blouse Silk in plain and broken stripes on dark colored grounds—dark blue, reds, dark heliotrope, black, all 21 in. and as soft as a piece of chamois; will wear till one is tired of them; worth 50c & 55c; while they last our spec. bargain price 35 CENTS.

BLACK SURAH SILK—22 inch, bright heavy twilled Surah, soft finish, worth 90c; our bargain price.....75c

Velvet Ribbons, with satin back, all widths from the tiny 1/4 inch to 4 1/2 inches wide, choice quality.

Black Satin Ribbon, all widths, Black Gros Grain Ribbon, all widths; direct from makes in Europe.

Lamp Shade Papers, 260 rolls, plain and shaded red, white and blue.

10c to 15c

WE GIVE TRADING STAMPS

SOME NEW -- ARRIVALS

The choicest range of Fine Valenciennes Laces and insertions you will find anywhere, look where you may. 47 different designs and specially made for handkerchiefs for

7c to 5c

These must be seen to be appreciated.

Black Satins
Black Surahs
Black Taffetas

Beyond any question of a doubt at a saving to our patrons of fully one quarter less than regular values, and this statement can be verified by their inspection. Study your own interests and see them before you buy.

BLACK SATIN, 24 inches wide extra heavy, black, beautiful rich black, light glossy finish, and really \$1.00 value; our bargain price.....75c

BLACK TAFFETA, 23 inches, rich black rustle finished Taffeta, the very same goods you'll find elsewhere at 90c and \$1.00; our re-

ROBERT WRIGHT & CO.

OBITUARY POETRY.

Some jealous and unscrupulous persons have endeavored to direct a thunder-bolt to our pinnacle of fame as a writer of hay-seed civilizing ballads by requesting that we turn our unrivalled literary talents to obituary verse. To them, we must say that we have turned the obituary tap of our think reservoir and found it dry. We used to write such things, pure and simple as the subjects with which we had to deal, but we have run dry—dry as a spring freshet creek in dog days or a corset-hugged old maid's prohibition speech during an election campaign—dry as a patriotic Fourth of July celebration's beer tank would be on the fifth or an unpaid preacher's Thanksgiving sermon.

We are unable to explain satisfactorily, perhaps, this terrible drought. But we are alive to the fact that the Government of this warlike part of a marvelous six-day creation has caused to fall into the hands of the semi-savage inhabitants cast-off army rifles for which they paid forty-seven and a half cents a piece. These guns, it is said, are capable of being loaded with pig-iron, scrap-iron, flat irons, and railroad iron, female college graduate's pie and restaurant sandwiches. It is also said they will carry such missiles two miles and deal out death and destruction to all barriers of social reform. We did not secure one of those great civilizing instruments, as we did not want to encourage bloodshed; but, as we said before, we know they are in this vicinity, and that is why we cannot take to obituary verse more kindly.

Our obituary spring must remain dry. We can find no sympathetic stream flowing down through pig-weed grown cemeteries, curving and crooking around stunted apple trees and cheap tombstones, to fill up our tank and set our obituary mill a-grinding.

And, again, we have no source from which we might obtain pointers. The hymns of the immortal church-reforming, creed-establishing Wesley brothers have been pillaged and plagiarized by would-be obituary illuminators until they have become far too familiar with the public to be palmed off as original or cause folks to slobber to any great extent. Then, there is the possibility of us meeting these two celebrated church brothers in that stainless city and being censured and accused of the heinous crime of appropriating verse for immoral purposes.

We regret to depart from the obituary business, as it was a source of great revenue to us; for the last tea-flooding article, we received one peck of wind-fall apples, a double handful of wormy red plums and a bunch of sour grapes. But, we must cast away the maid of sorrow and learn to love another.

For the consolation of our sorrowing friends, caused by our abrupt departure from the obituary business, we have taken great pains in selecting and will keep constantly on hand a large number of epitaphs, suitable for almost any kind of deceased friend and applicable to almost any kind of deaths, hanging and otherwise.

We might add here that it is a very ticklish thing to arrange a suitable epitaph for those having undergone the painful disease of hanging. We do not want to boast, but we pride ourselves on our large assortment. They have been selected from the best acknowledged authors—but all of the choicest are from our pen. They are all gems and high-class works of art, composed or compiled and abridged by us to supply the wants of a sorrowing people. Below will be found some choice ones from our inexhaustible stock:

This is suited for a very lazy friend:
He never walked, he never talked,
And scarcely did he think,
But when disease it closed his eyes,
Too lazy he to wink.

Moral—He died as he lived.

Suitable for a bum:
He loafed around saloons and bars,
The chief of bums and bums,
The only time we miss him now
Is when somebody treats.

He was a bum by choice and trade,
And wrestled whiskey jags,
And when no 'oozer set 'em up
He sipped the empty kegs.

Suitable for a child of a very large family:
Oh, how we loved her none can tell,
For earth she was too blest,
The croup it took her off last spring,
Left more room for the rest.

ONE SUITABLE FOR A DEAR WIFE:

Here lies beneath this grassy sod
A patient wife and mother,
We miss especially her talk—
I'm courting now another.

Suitable for a deceased Odd Fellow,
Workman or Forester:
Beneath this clay our brother lies,
Wrapp'd in his gown and esch,
His wife got the insurance
And she's cutting quite a dash.
She'll marry some old smoozer
Before she'll be content.
He'll blow in all the boodie—
The kids won't get a cent.

We could go on through time in memorial quoting these beautiful heart-desolating lines, but the editor of this Great Family Journal is beginning to kick. We have seen him kick and to save ourself from bodily discomfort, we must say good bye.

NOTE.—All of our touching epitaphs are arranged so as not to take up much space, and in no way will they interfere with the marble-cutter's advertisement on each and every tombstone.

Yours truly,
SLABSIDES.

ARE YOU READY?

Late summer and early fall evenings demand
Light-weight Overcoats.

Our new goods are here. Some are beauties, and the surprising thing is they don't cost much. You will be interested in the Fashionable Top Coats we are making for from \$17 to \$21.

We give Trading Stamps.

M. J. KEHOE,
BROCKVILLE



Kingston's Big Fair and Agricultural Exposition
Sept. 10th to 14th

The present indications point to a large exhibit of Live Stock, Agricultural, Horticultural, Dairy, Mining and Industrial products. The present applications for space in the Palace is a guarantee that the exhibit there will be out of the ordinary.

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS

This year's special attractions will surpass any former efforts. Some of the prominent features will be Ballon Ascensions, Parachute Drops, Fireworks, Horse Speeding, Clowns, Jugglers, Contortionists, Comedians, Corps de Ballet, and grand illumination of the grounds each evening.

Special excursion rates on all railways and steamboats.
For prize lists and all information, apply to
JAS. A. MINNES, Mayor and President.
J. P. ORAM, Secretaries
T. D. MINNES, Secretaries

AUGUST DAIRYING.

"There is," says Prof. Curtiss, "no more critical nor trying time for the dairy cow than the month of August. The rigors of a severe winter are seldom as exhausting as the midsummer drouth, heat and flies, covering a period of sixty days, from the middle of July to the middle of September. The thoughtful dairyman provides comfortable protection for the cow against the severity of winter, but some way the fact is usually overlooked that the cow is fully as much in need of adequate protection from the heated period. In all countries where the dairy cow has attained the highest excellence, her cow-art has been a subject of careful study by her owner at all seasons of the year. In Holland, the home of the Holstein, the dairy cow is protected by blankets from the chilly winds from off the sea even as late as the month of June, and on even as favored a spot as the Jersey Island, where there are never any extremes of temperature, the cows are kept carefully sheltered during all inclement weather. The protection of the dairy herd during the intense heat and fly time of summer is not difficult nor expensive. Any ordinary dairy barn or shed may be sufficiently darkened at little expense to exclude the flies, and the cows should be kept in from morning till evening and given eight or ten pounds of green feed and a grain ration of three or four pounds per head daily. This, in addition to a good pasture at night, constitutes a satisfactory ration, and the cows may be regularly turned out for grazing during the night and kept in during the day."

GROWTH OF METHODISM.

A British return just issued gives some interesting statistics of the spread of Methodism all the world over. The more important totals are:
Churches..... 80,031
Ministers..... 44,569
Lay preachers..... 133,434
Members..... 7,382,146
Sunday Schools..... 79,192
Officers and teachers..... 790,850
Scholars..... 6,271,748

When one remembers that as an organization Methodism has made all this progress practically within the last century, it is an astonishing achievement, hardly paralleled in the world's history. Canada is not high on the list in members, but it leads in the important point of unity, all the Methodist churches being united in one body. In the British Isles Methodism is split in eight sections, in the United States into seventeen, and the manifest loss of power and influence. The policy of union has made the Methodist church in Canada the largest denomination in the Dominion and has saved countless waste of energy and overlapping.

A Record in Blood.

The record of Hood's Sarsaparilla is literally written in the blood of millions of people to whom it has given good health. It is all the time curing diseases of the stomach, nerves, kidneys and blood, and it is doing good every day to thousands who are taking it for poor appetite, tired feeling and general debility. It is the best medicine in the world for blood-purifying and non-irritating.

LEWIS & PATTERSON
BIG BARGAINS

Dress Materials—About 600 yds. in Colors and Black Grenadines, regular 25c goods, in short ends, to clear at.....10c

Dress Muslins—About 800 yards in Fancy Effects, worth 20c and 25c; on sale, to clear out for only.....10c

PARASOLS

Lot No. 1—Consisting of Fancy Lace Parasols, were \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$2.25, only.....20c

Lot No. 2—Consisting of Black Parasols, worth \$1.00 to \$1.25, on sale now.....50c

Lot No. 3—Consisting of Black and colored Parasols worth \$2.00 to \$3.00, now.....1.00

Lot No. 4—Consisting of Black and Fancy Parasols worth \$3.00 to \$4.00 each, now.....1.00

Lot No. 5—Consisting of Black and Fancy Parasols worth \$3.00 to \$5.00 each, now.....2.00

LEWIS & PATTERSON.
Telephone 161—BROCKVILLE.

DUNN & Co.

BROCKVILLE'S LEADING PHOTOGRAPHERS
CORNER KING ST. AND COURT HOUSE AVENUE.

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

Latest American ideas at lowest prices.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

THIS DOCUMENT IS AVAILABLE FOR REPRODUCTION

WOMAN'S PAGE

Plainly Indicates the Condition of Ear Health.

Beauty Disappears When the Eyes are Dull, the Skin Sallow, and Wrinkles Begin to Appear—How One Woman Regained Health and Comeliness.

Almost every woman at the head of a home meets daily with innumerable little worries in her household affairs. They may be too small to notice an hour afterwards, but it is nevertheless these constant little worries that make so many women look prematurely old.

Among the thousands of Canadian women who have turned through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Mrs. Francis Polier, of Valleyfield, Que. Mrs. Polier was a sufferer for upwards of seven years, she had taken treatment from several doctors and had used a number of advertised medicines, but with no good results.

The condition indicated in Mrs. Polier's case shows that the blood and nerves needed attention, and for this purpose Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are women's friend.

JUBILEE OF THE SULTAN.

Turkey's Sovereign to Celebrate His 25th Year on the Throne. Great preparations are being made for the Sultan's jubilee on Aug. 31st, when he will have been twenty-five years on the throne.

This year is to be signalized by the inauguration of some great works for the good of his subjects to be a lasting memorial of the Sultan's devotion to the comfort and welfare of his people.

MEXICAN ARMY IS QUEER

Officers Not Exposed, Guns Held Hip. Women Go to War. Recent comment on the Mexican army show that that service has made great progress in the last ten years.

However, the greatest work of all is the railway from Damascus to Mecca for the use of pilgrims. The Sultan has announced that the line is to be built by subscription, the list for which he has headed with \$50,000, this being one month's pay which he receives from the civil list.

Ontario Asylums Crowded.

That the Ontario Government are acting wisely in providing additional asylum accommodation is shown by the returns which have come in of the patients in attendance at the Provincial asylums.

THE INFAMOUS SLAVE TRADE

How the Poor Wretches Were Packed in Tiers.

INHUMANITIES HARD TO CREDIT.

In the larger ships the space between the top of the cargo and the under side of the deck was sometimes as much as five feet. To devote all that space to air was, in the mind of the slaver, sheer waste.

The crowding in the big ships, having two decks regularly, was still worse, for a slave-deck was built clear across between the two, and the galleries or shelves were built both under and above the slave-deck.

Everyone knows how wearisome it is to lie for any great length of time in a position, even on a well-made bed. We must needs turn over when we are awakened in the night.

Hard as that fate was, new tortures were added with the first jump the ship over the waves. For she must roll to the pressure of the wind on the sails, so that those on the weather side found their heels higher than their heads.

Even that was not the worst of their sufferings that grew out of the motion of the ship, for she was rarely steady when heeled by the wind.

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CRIME IN CANADA.

Not Much Variation From the Figures of 1899.

The popular saying that associates wickedness with the west gets a sort of official sanction in the volume of criminal statistics for 1899, lately issued as a supplement to the report of the Minister of Agriculture and Statistics.

Table with 2 columns: Territories, 1898, 1899. Rows include Ontario, New Brunswick, Quebec, Manitoba, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island.

By the figures of 1899, which only vary slightly on the whole from those of 1898, there was in the Territories one conviction for each 50 inhabitants, British Columbia, being next worst with one for each 77 inhabitants.

Table with 2 columns: P. E. Island, 1898, 1899. Rows include New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Manitoba, Quebec, Ontario, Territories, British Columbia.

Of the 32,997 summarily disposed of cases, 28,543 were atoned for by fines, which yielded \$254,982, 38 per cent. of which came from offenders against the liquor license laws, and 16 per cent. from those convicted of drunkenness.

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They Speak for Themselves.

PICCOLO, Feb. 27.—This is to certify that I have used Polson's Nervine for rheumatism, and have found it a remedy for all internal pain, and would greatly recommend it to the public.—N. T. KINOSLEY.

Foreign countries spend enormous sums on secret service. France and Russia have agents everywhere, and there are very few secrets of any nation which they do not know.

Gladstone in Hot Water.

In 1885 an indiscreet lady asked Mrs. Gladstone how her husband was bearing up under the many vehement attacks made on him.

Making the Most of It.

She was a Smith, and he as well. A name cannot do much with you'd think, and yet the grandson of these two is called John Smith Smith.

Americans Great Coffee Drinkers.

More coffee is used in the United States than in any other country. The annual consumption is \$100,000,000, for 450,000,000 people.

Neuralgia

is Rheumatism of the face. Uric Acid left in the blood by disordered kidneys lodges along the nerve which branches from the eye over the forehead, and across the cheek to the side of the nose.

The cause is the same in all Rheumatism—disordered Kidneys. The cure is likewise the same—

Dodd's Kidney Pills

TURNING THE TABLES.

Rejected Suitor Sues His Would-be Bride's Father for Damages.

It is by no means unusual for a woman to sue a man for breach of promise to marry, but rare indeed is it that the tables are turned and the man becomes the plaintiff in such an action at law.

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Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces, such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reliable physicians.

An Old Fashion.

Why all this fuss about men embracing the shirt waist? Men have been doing this ever since the deerskin creatures began to wear shirt waists, and the habit is likely to continue.

He Couldn't See the Use.

Midnight Philosophy.—Mrs. Squills—Quick! Quick! Wake up! I believe there are burglars down stairs. Go down and see.

Necessary Silence

Mrs. Highbrow—How queer your little boy is, Mrs. Slimson? Really a model young.

Art and Realism.

Actress (indignantly)—I'll tell you one thing; if you can't drive the mice out of this apartment I'll move.

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NEW GAS DISCOVERED IN SUN.

What the Solar Spectrum Has Revealed and May Yet Bring to Light.

The announcement was first made by Norman Lockyer that certain bright lines in the solar spectrum indicated the presence in the sun of a hitherto unknown gas which he proposed to call "helium."

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Weight of Whales.

Have you any idea of the size of the common Greenland whale? Nilsson, the zoologist, estimates the full-grown animal to average 100 tons, or 224,000 pounds.

Protecting Suez Banks.

Tree and shrub planting along the Suez Canal to protect it from drifting sand is in progress. Reeds have been placed along about nine miles of waterway.

Miller's Grip Powders Cure.

First stop eating. The system is overloaded with impurities and they must be eliminated. First until these poisons can be disposed of in a natural manner.

How to Cure a Cold.

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Plum and Peach Salad.

A plum and peach salad is a delicious adjunct to a luncheon, or even for a breakfast. The large egg plums are best for such a purpose.

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ISSUE NO 36. 1900.

Young Girls

How easy it is for young girls to go into the "decline." They eat less and less, become paler and paler and can hardly drag through the day.

Scott's Emulsion

is both of these, elegantly and permanently combined. The Cod-Liver Oil makes the blood richer, and this gives better color to the face.

At all druggists, grocers, and S. C. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

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CORNS.

A sure-pop, painless cure in a few days.

PUTNAM'S PAINLESS Corn Extractor

The summer corns and brings with it itching corns. Putnam's Painless Corn and Extractor never fails to remove corns promptly, painlessly and with absolute certainty.

Putnam's is a certain remedy and one always to be relied upon. It has cured one hundred imitations proves its value.

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FRUIT FARM FOR SALE.

One of the best in the Niagara Peninsula, at Winona, 10 miles from Hamilton, on two railways. 170 acres, 45 of which is in fruit, mostly peaches. 12,000 baskets of fruit, mostly peaches, in sight this season.

WANTED.

A general servant, for a small family. Good home for respectable girl. Address 125 Victoria avenue south, Hamilton, Ont.

WRITERS

wanted to do copy writing. Address: ART INSTITUTE, Lima O.

FITS PERMANENTLY CURED BY DR. KILNE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER.

No fits or nervousness after first day's use. Send to 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., for treatise and free trial bottle. For sale by J. A. Harris, 1780 Notre Dame Street Montreal, Que.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

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

YOU ALL LIKE 18 KARAT GOLD.

Golden Yellows

THE BEST and PUREST in the Market.

THE ST LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINERY.

WIND ON THE SEA

The loneliness of the sea is in my heart, and the wind is not more lonely than this gray sail.

THE SACRED ARMCHAIR

Story of a Soldier's Return.

Captain Carus Bentley of the Eleventh Artillery regiment limped down the gangway from the transport and stepped on pier 19 with the vague, indefinite satisfaction that after a year in the tropics he was getting back to God's country.

Regularly and faithfully, with the devotion of her sex, she had written to him, and at the end of ten months, having received no reply, she had ceased.

Bentley crawled into a cab and drove to his rooms. He had cabled his housekeeper from Cuba before the transport had sailed, and he knew that his apartments would be in trim order when he arrived.

Presently the housekeeper opened the door, and Bentley's colle was alert at her heels. Mrs. Blossom could only ejaculate incoherent sentences in the exuberance of her surprise and joy.

"Happy and improving," your nurse wrote last," she said, "so I had no fear for you."

"Happy and improving," Bentley echoed under his breath. "I wonder if she, too, heard that?"

"Yes, it is I," she answered calmly. "The newspapers said that you had been mortally wounded, but the surgeon called other news, and I concluded that he knew."

unusually, "I am going to tell you a secret. Don't get angry and bark, will you? I haven't told you before because there wasn't time before I went away."

"I knew her three weeks, and just think of it, Jess, she said she loved me, and she promised to come and sit at the other side of the fire and to tease us and kiss us and make tea for us."

"I was nervous, little woman," Bentley said. "Now settle back and let me tell you the rest. I have wanted so much to tell somebody. It has been rather hard to keep it shut up in one's heart without even the comfort of a friendly pallid."

"I think there is something which annoys the dog," he said, as he got up to do her bidding. But she had disappeared again.

Bentley went to his room and stood at the door and looked in. It seemed dreary to him. He did not have the heart to inspect Mrs. Blossom's arrangements. He turned again to go back to the fire.

"Louise," he whispered audibly. "A yellow head turned and smiled at him in an old, familiar way. He stole over to his chair and sat down, looking at the quiet, graceful girl."

"Louise, Louise," he whispered feelingly. The colle sprang at her skirts and barked indignantly. A strange being filled the depths of the sacred armchair, which Jess had been thought never to use herself and to protect with religious vigilance against intruders.

"Some time," she laughed exultantly, with sudden gaiety, as she got up to run toward the door. She stopped in the middle of the room and came back and leaned over to kiss the spot on his head devoid of its silken gray hairs and then the sunburned cheeks, seamed with lines of long suffering, and then the dear limp arm with its glorious wound.

Counterfeit Cents. One of the best judges of counterfeit money employed in the cashier's office in the custom house was talking with friends whom he met in a cable car about the skill of counterfeiters and the large number of counterfeit cents which were in circulation.

Why, little woman, that empty chair has stood there opposite mine for ten years now. Yes, ten years. You haven't kept such close watch of the time as I have."

EFFECTIVE REPROOFS.

Payson Tucker had a Quick Eye and Pointed Methods. Two incidents in the railroad life of Payson Tucker are told that well illustrate what a worker he was and his attention to the details of business.

Several years ago he was up on the mountain division of the Maine Central road and looked over the grounds of one of the stations. Nothing more than the usual conversation passed, and he returned to his car and went back to Portland.

At another time a break had been committed at one of the stations on the back road, and the next day after the notice of the break had been wired to Portland Mr. Tucker chanced to pass that way.

THE SOLDIER'S PAROLE. What is Meant by It and How It is Arranged. Parole, it must be understood, is a purely voluntary compact. The captor is not obliged to offer to parole his prisoner, and the prisoner is not obliged to accept it.

Why He Ate Salad. Mrs. Greene-Charles, it was astonished at the way you devoured that salad tonight. You know you always said you detested salad.

Food For Reflection. "Food for reflection," observed the ostrich, with a certain rude wit, as he swallowed the fragments of the mirror.

Disappointment of Wealth. An official had thought to gain upon a liberal plan. Of money I did not complain; I paid it like a man.

Mistaken Zeal. The speaker waxed impassioned. "Are you," he cried feelingly, "of those who, having eyes, see not; having ears, hear not?"

On Purple Lilies. To give my French politics a name, My sister calls them "lilies de la Reine." Then mother, who oft talks ainsi, With quite an air, says, "lilies de la Reine."

A Trifle Too Good. Chappie-I wish to buy a purchase an umbrella. Dealer-Umbrella, sir? Yes, sir. Here is something just out, sir-\$10.

A New York paper is authority for the statement that Thomas B. Reed is growing more pithy and that he uses the facts as the basis for a claim of extraordinary politeness, because he is able to give two ladies a seat by standing up in a crowded car.

James J. Clark, once a prosperous restaurant owner of New York, who made \$50,000 a year from the Bluff cafe alone until that notorious resort was shut up by the police, has opened a clam chowder stand at Coney Island.

Two years ago Louis Patnaud resigned his place as assistant postmaster of Everett, Wash., to try his fortune in the Donkey. Three of his friends gave him \$400 as a "grub stake" for him.

WHAT IS SWEETNESS? No One Knows Exactly, Not Even the Learned Chemist. With all the enormous advances made in our knowledge of the constitution of matter, both physically and chemically, we are not yet able to supply the complete answer to such a simple question as why is sugar sweet?

Sugar is not the only substance known to us possessing sweetness, but it is the only known naturally occurring substance which possesses this character. Therefore, it is not uncommonly thought that when a substance is sweet it must contain sugar.

How to Have Genius Rewarded. The artist was bewailing his luck. "My paintings are gems," he said. "Even the critics admit that, but I can't get any prices for them."

Bogus Coffee Berries. Unroasted coffee berries are often made from oat and rye flour and cornmeal. The natural aroma of these grains is destroyed by some process, and after the proper amount of coffee aroma is added the berries are formed and caused to maintain their shape by some adhesive substance.

Domestic. Larry-Be hiving, Dinnis, that ould hen's atin' tracks. Dinnis-Maybe she's goin' to lay a carpet.

The native dress of the better class of Japanese of both sexes is a loose wrapper, open at the chest and at the waist confined by a girdle.

It is estimated that an average of eight matches are used daily by every man, woman and child.

HARD ISLAND.

THURSDAY, Aug. 30.—Mrs. E. Robson is spending a few days this week, visiting friends at Union Valley. During the thunder-storm on Monday night lightning struck the ground near the residence of Mr. T. Haworth and threw in a portion of the cellar wall.

LAKE STREET. MONDAY, Sept. 3.—Duck-hunting is the order of the day. A large number of hunters were in tents that had been pitched on the shore of the lake for some days before Sept. 1st, and long before daybreak on Saturday they were in readiness.

Harvesting is a thing of the past and the old reliable threshing machine is running full blast with Mit. Scofield at the head. Josiah Bullard is 81 years of age and is the cashier. The boys know the bank is good.

STEEL WOOL. A Curious Material Used as a Substitute For Sandpaper. Steel wool is a machine produced material that is used as a substitute for sandpaper. It is composed of sharp edged threads of steel, which curl up together like wool, or somewhat as the wood fibers of the familiar material known as excelsior curl up together.

Preferable to Some Other Days. "Would you consent to be married on the thirtieth of the month?" asked the sweet young thing. "Well," replied Miss Passe thoughtfully, "it all depends on the choice one has. The 13th, of course, would be preferable to the 14th, but not so good as the 12th."

"Winter Finds Out What Summer Lays By."

"Be it spring, summer, autumn or winter, someone in the family is 'under the weather' from trouble originating in impure blood or low condition of the system.

All these, of whatever name, can be cured by the great blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla. It never disappoints. "Bills"—I was troubled with boils for months. Was advised to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after using a few bottles have not since been bothered." E. H. GLADWIN, Truro, N. S.

Could Not Sleep.—I did not have any appetite and could not sleep at night. Was so tired I could hardly walk. Read about Hood's Sarsaparilla, took four bottles and it restored me to perfect health." Miss JESSIE TORRELL, Cranbrook, Ont.

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

Apocryph of Lord Roberts' interview with the Queen before his departure for the Cape, a correspondent writes to a London paper: "I am reminded of what was told me many years ago by an intimate friend of the late Lord Clyde regarding the interview which that old warrior had with Her Majesty after she had received the awful news of the Indian Mutiny."

Steel wool is a machine produced material that is used as a substitute for sandpaper. It is composed of sharp edged threads of steel, which curl up together like wool, or somewhat as the wood fibers of the familiar material known as excelsior curl up together, though the steel wool is very much finer, the finest of it being not much coarser than the coarsest of natural wools.

How to Have Genius Rewarded. The artist was bewailing his luck. "My paintings are gems," he said. "Even the critics admit that, but I can't get any prices for them."

HAIR So many persons have hair that is stubborn and dull. It won't grow. What's the reason? Hair needs help just as anything else does at times. The roots require feeding. When hair stops growing it loses its luster. It looks dead.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

acts almost instantly on such hair. It awakens new life in the hair bulbs. The effect is astonishing. Your hair grows, becomes thicker, and all dandruff is removed. And the original color of early life is restored to faded or gray hair. This is always the case.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor, and am really astonished at the good it has done in keeping my hair from coming out. It is the best tonic I have tried, and I shall continue to use it to my friends." MATTIE HOLT, Sept. 24, 1896. Burlington, N. C.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Is successfully used monthly by over 2,000,000. Cures, cures, cures. Take no other, as all Mixtures, pills and injections are dangerous. Price, 25c per box; No. 9, 10 degrees stronger, 50c per box. For a mail on receipt of price and two-cent stamp. The Cook Company Windsor, Ont. E. P. No. 1 and 2 sold and recommended by all responsible Druggists in Canada.

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, possibly a page number or index reference.

THE FALL MEET!

Well Dressed Men meeting each other will find our Coats on their friends' backs and will not be surprised to note that they fit well. That's a peculiarity of the Suits we sell.

Look at our **FALL STYLES** and take advantage OF THE **TIP-TOP BARGAINS**

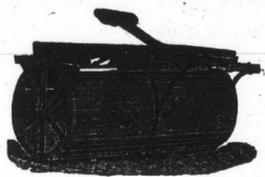
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M. SILVER,

West Cor. King & Buell Sts., **BROCKVILLE**

P. S.—Our Boots and Shoes give satisfaction in Price, Fit and Quality.

Hardwood Rollers to the Front Again



The great advance in price of Steel and Iron has put the Steel Roller out of sight, but we are on hand with a stock of first class HARDWOOD ROLLERS at a very small advance from last year, which we can ship or deliver at the works on short notice.

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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 un-loaded), Shot and Powder, &c., &c.

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

Wm. Karley,
Main St., Athens.



Perfection Cement Roofing

THE TWO GREAT RAIN EXCLUDERS

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

W. G. McLAUGHLIN

Athens

Ontario

Athens Reporter

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

BY **B. LOVERIN**

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

SUBSCRIPTION

\$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE OR \$1.25 IF NOT PAID IN THREE MONTHS

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

ADVERTISING.

Business notices in local or news columns 10c per line for first insertion and 5c per line for each subsequent insertion. Professional Cards, 5 lines or under, per year, \$3.00; over 5 and under 12 lines, \$4.00. Legal advertisements, 8c per line for first insertion and 3c per line for each subsequent insertion.

A liberal discount for contract advertisements

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

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

Local Notes

Cash paid for grain—Athens Grain Warehouse.

Mr. and Mrs. Rob't Hanja, Elgin, visited friends in Athens last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Stone of Cornwall are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stone, Church street.

Mr. and Mrs. George Boyce have returned home from Nova Scotia for a two weeks' vacation and are visiting relatives here and at Addison.

Joseph Chant of Chantry, a student of the Athens high school, has received his Junior Leaving certificate with full matriculation standing.

Mrs. J. H. Mills, who has spent the holiday season with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Phil. Halladay, Elgin, returned this week to her home in Waterloo.

Rural Dean Wright left on Tuesday morning last for Kingston, where he went to attend a special meeting of the synod, called for the election of a co-adjutor bishop.

John Peterson and family have moved to Woonsocket, Rhode Island, U.S.A., where he has obtained a good situation. We wish Jack good success and prosperity in his new home.

The best time to attend a business college is in the Autumn. To judge from results, there is no better college in Ontario than at Brockville. W. A. Hanton has recently secured a position in Lethbridge, N.W.T.

The famous Holstein herd of Messrs. C. J. Gilroy & Son, Glen Buell, have once more won about all the honors in sight at Toronto Industrial exhibition, having taken first prize on aged herd, first and second on breeders' herd, and the sweepstakes on cows.

The ladies of the W. C. T. U. will meet at the home of Mrs. Amos Blanchard, Mill street, on Wednesday next, 12th inst., at 3 p.m. A large attendance is requested, as business of importance is to be brought before the meeting.

Mr. Alex. Taylor a few days ago became the owner of the Mansell property on Main street, between Central block and the Armstrong house, and is erecting on the site of the shop that was destroyed by fire a building for the display of implements and carriages.

The members of the Holiness Movement in camp at Lake Elvada were somewhat annoyed last week by the presence at their services of a large number of sight-seers and pleasure-seekers. They gladly welcome all who attend their meetings with the intention getting good or doing good, but are seriously considering whether it would not be wise to exercise some discretion in respect to admitting to the grounds on Sunday a class of visitors whose unworthy object in attending service has been plainly manifested in the past. It is admittedly a difficult matter to deal with, but it is apparent to all that some steps must be taken to prevent the camp ground being used as a Sabbath resort and playground by those whose only object in being present is to see and be seen.

SUMMER AND WINTER MILK.

James Crichton of Scarboro Junction is another dairyman who believes that it costs more to produce milk in summer than it does in winter. "At most," said he the other day, "we have not more than a month or six weeks of pasture and not a great deal even then. We have to feed more or less all summer, so that the cost of feeding is just as great in the warm months as in the cold ones; and as time is more valuable in summer than winter, this throws the balance in favor of winter production. Besides, with our warm stables, cattle will give more milk in winter than they will when tormented with flies in the hot season." Speaking of what cut feed will do, Mr. Crichton said: "I run between two and three acres of corn and that, with meal, etc., will feed 24 or 25 cows during the months of August, September and October."

Gardiner-Johnston.
On Monday morning last, at nine o'clock, Trinity church, Lansdowne, was the scene of a very pretty wedding. The church had been very prettily decorated with out flowers for the occasion by the many friends of the bride. The contracting parties were Mr. George Gardiner of Seely's Bay and Miss Maggie, third daughter of Mr. Peter Johnston of Oak Leaf. The bride was attired in a navy blue broadcloth travelling suit and was attended by her sister, Miss Bell Johnston, who was similarly gowned. The groom was ably assisted by Mr. Champ McKinley of Seely's Bay. After the ceremony the happy couple left amidst showers of rice and best wishes for the wedding trip which will be spent at Toronto and Niagara Falls. The many presents received attested to the high esteem in which Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner are held.

Reporter Hunt Club.
The Reporter Hunt Club met in Brockville on Wednesday last, on call of the president. Those present were E. A. Geiger, president; B. Loverin, Sec. Treas.; P. Halladay, Chas. Stagg, and L. R. Cossitt. Dr. Coon was detained by professional duties and Messrs. S. M. Ripley and Wm. Dawson were at Rideau Lake on a fishing expedition and the notice of meeting did not reach them in time. B. W. Loverin was prevented from coming by pressure of farm work. The question of selecting a new location for the annual hunt was fully discussed and it was finally decided unanimously to go to Restoule lake in the Parry Sound district for this year, and arrangements were made to send the boats and camp fixtures by team from the old camp near Magnetawan to the new location. Mr. Thos. H. Smith, who acted as guide for the party some four years ago, in writing about this new location says "It is the best all-around place for deer and fish that I have seen during my forty years' experience as hunter and guide." With such a place to hunt in, the record of the Reporter club is likely to be fully maintained as in former years.

The party will start for the hunting grounds about the 27th of October and be gone three weeks.

WASHBURN'S

MONDAY, Sept. 3.—Harvesting is about finished. Last week four thrashing machines were running at the same time within a distance of three miles on the stone road.

Excepting hay, all crops are very good; corn is rather extra. Grass is green and plentiful, causing a good flow of milk. With the high price of cheese, farmers' prospects in this section were never brighter. Even Ed. Davis smiles when he views the big crops on his farm, with all market prices so good.

Mr. William Webster is much improved in health.

The Lett Kelly farm is still, we understand, waiting for a purchaser at a bargain.

Mr. Tom Ross is recovered sufficiently to be able to go out a short time.

E. C. Bulford wishes to buy six young pigs to winter. He says "no Tamworth need apply."

GREENBUSH.

MONDAY, Sept. 1.—Mrs. G. Canon of Singleton is visiting her friends in this section now.

Mr. Lewis Moore of New York is spending his holidays with his mother.

The stone crushers are breaking large quantities of stone, which will greatly improve the roads in this section.

Mr. Simeon Loverin has purchased a barn belonging to Mr. Bot-ford and moved it to his premises this week.

Howard Blanchard is laid up at present with a broken wrist. He is under the care of Dr. Dixon.

W. Smith of Elgin has returned home after visiting his many friends here.

Mr. H. H. Miller of Parry Sound is spending some time with friends here. Mr. Miller spent his younger days here and has many friends.

Mr. A. Hamlin, Almonte, is spending a pleasant time at present with his relatives here. In his younger days he carried on a successful business in the furniture line in Greenbush and afterwards moved to Almonte where he has since resided. The weight of years is telling on him as he is getting quite feeble, being 81 years of age.

DELTA.

MONDAY, Sept. 3.—Miss Eva Singleton of Carleton Place is at present visiting her friends here.

of machinery is being disposed of in this locality.

Road work is now on in some divisions and there is plenty of work to do as the roads got a bad shaking up in the spring.

School opened on 27th with Mr. Byron Yates and Miss Anna Allyn at their old posts. There is every prospect for another successful term.

Thrashing in this locality is at its zenith. The farmers are well pleased with the yield.

Miss Minnie Bell, who attended the Epworth League convention at Maynard as the delegate for this place, has returned home.

Rev. Daniel Earl, B.A., was in attendance at the Epworth League convention at Maynard and was elected president.

Miss Iva Hawks of Addison is visiting at Mrs. W. J. Birch's for a few days.

TOLEDO

MONDAY, Sept. 3.—On Saturday morning last our citizens were wakened by the sound of excessive "banging" on the east side of our village. At first, some of our nervous citizens thought that we were being attacked by Boer sympathisers, but, on remembering that Saturday was the first day of September, they decided that the banging was at Mud Lake where the wild ducks were being attacked by a small army of hunters. We understand that the ducks are very scarce and that the boys met with poor luck.

Miss Rena Coad, who has been the guest of Miss Ethel McCrum for some time, has returned to her home in Brockville.

Mr. and Mrs. James Sexton, who have been the guests of Mrs. Edgar for some time, have left for their home in Kingston. Miss Viola Edgar accompanied them with the intention of renewing her studies in the collegiate institute of that place.

Miss Alberta Phelps of Delta, who has been the guest of Miss Viola Edgar, has returned home.

Toledo will be represented in the Athens high school this year by Misses Mabel and Rena Dunham and Miss Maude Singleton.

It is a source of regret to many of our citizens that we are about to lose our druggist, Mr. E. J. Williams, who intends leaving this week to take up a business stand in Brockville.

Our village band has been engaged to play at a picnic at Jasper on Wednesday next.

Miss Minnie McLean of Arnprior is visiting her many friends here.

Mr. Tom Weir of New York has been in town visiting his old friends.

On Thursday night last a very pleasant evening was spent at the regular meeting of the Epworth League, it being the occasion of a farewell social in honor of Mr. E. J. Williams. The Toledo young people of all denominations were present, and in response to an invitation the Frankville Epworth League was also well represented. An excellent programme was furnished by Toledo and Frankville talent, after which ice cream and cake were served. During the evening Mr. Williams was presented with two volumes of the works of Henry Drummond with an address which expressed appreciation of the services he had rendered in the church, choir, and League, the regret that all felt at losing him from their social circle, and wished him every success in his new place of business. The address was signed in behalf of the League, by H. H. Hillis, president, and E. L. Luckey, secretary.

SEELEY'S BAY

MONDAY, Sept. 3.—Wm Foster has resigned as principal of the public school, having secured a good situation in Toronto. He will remove there on Wednesday (5th inst.)

Walter Steacy of Warburton has been engaged as principal in the public school for the remainder of the year.

Jackson Bros. have closed down their feed mill till after the thrashing season.

Miss Dora Cowan of Brockville is visiting at W. J. McKinley's.

Mr. W. J. P. Way of Kingston is canvassing for subscribers the past few days to organize a branch of the Canadian Home Library Co.

Miss C. Gilbert has returned home after a pleasant visit to friends at Kingston.

Mrs. Wm. Gilbert has returned home after visiting friends at Watertown, N. Y.

Mr. Rob't Gardiner of New Boyne visited friends here the past few days.

The Sir. Maggie May and barge Danly are being repainted, after which they will take a load of drain tile to Alex. Bay.

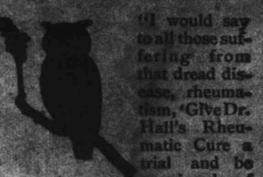
Mr. E. A. Potman and Miss Bertha Sweet of Lundhurst were quietly married last Tuesday (28th August) at Kingston by Rev. T. Brown.

Dr. H. H. Elliott and Miss Ruth Eaton were married last Wednesday at the residence of the bride, Rev. Wm. Service performing the ceremony. The young couple left shortly after on their wedding tour, going to Kingston, Toronto, and other points.

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Hawkins, Geo. Moore, Geo. Gilbert, J. A. Johnson and others leave Monday to attend the Toronto exposition.

The farmers have finished the grain harvest.

LIKE A NEW MAN.



"I would say to all those suffering from that dread disease, rheumatism, 'Give Dr. Hall's Rheumatic Cure a trial and be convinced of its merits.'" is the recommendation of Mr. W. C. Switzer, Harrowsmith, Ont., a man 70 years old, who was a sufferer from sciatic rheumatism for ten years, and who never expected to find relief from this terrible disease this side of the grave. He had tried every known remedy recommended for the cure of rheumatism without obtaining relief, until he started taking Dr. Hall's Rheumatic Cure, of which he took six bottles, and found a perfect cure. He says he finds himself "like a new man," entirely free from pain, his appetite is good, and he sleeps well.

Dr. Hall's Rheumatic Cure is put in 50 cent bottles, containing ten days' treatment. For sale by all druggists and dealers in medicine. The Dr. Hall Medicine Co., Kingston, Ont.

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THE undersigned has a large sum of money to loan on real estate security at lowest rates.
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C. O. C. F.
Addison Council No 156 Canadian Order of Chosen Friends meets the 1st and 3rd Saturdays of each month in Ashwood Hall, Addison, Ont. Motto, Friendship, Aid and Protection.
B. W. LOVERIN, C. C.
R. HERBERT FIELD, Recorder.

I. O. F.
Court Glen Buell No 875 Independent Order of Foresters, meets in Bingo Hall, Buell, on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month at 7.30. Visitors always welcome.
W. J. ANDERSON, C. C.
C. J. GILROY, R. S.

THE GAMBLE HOUSE.
ATHENS.
THIS FINE NEW BRICK HOTEL HAS been elegantly furnished throughout in the latest styles. Every attention to the wants of guests. Good yards and stables.
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The value of a business education depends upon the results that follow.

Do you know of any other College whose graduates are as successful as those from the Brockville school

Send for catalogue and you will understand why.

C. W. Gay, Principal
BROCKVILLE ONT.

THIS CORRESPONDENT DOCUMENT I HAVE RECEIVED

IN SPITE OF HIS BIRTH.

They were obliged to procure another, as the yacht's boat was not large enough to accommodate them all, and Ned's heart bounded with new hope, as seeing an oar, he helped to propel the light craft toward the vessel, where his friend Hunting was waiting him, and where he believed the stolen treasure would soon be rescued and restored to his employers.

They reached the yacht a little before midnight, and without encountering any other boat on their way; and as they stepped upon the iron staircase leading to the deck, Mr. Hunting leaned over the railing above, and called out in a low, anxious tone:

"Heatherton, is everything all right?"

"All right," Ned answered, cheerily, and in less than two minutes the five newcomers were all standing upon the deck.

The chief soon made his arrangements for the night. He stationed his three men in various portions of the yacht below, to make sure that no mischief should be done in the quarters; then he, with Ned and Mr. Hunting, remained upon the deck to await the return of the first mate and his companions.

It was between three and four in the morning when they came.

Everything was quiet on board the yacht, and they had not a suspicion of the fate awaiting them.

"Ship ahoy!" the mate called out, as the boat shot alongside the iron stairway.

"Ay, ay, sir," was the subdued response that answered this greeting from above, whereupon the men ran lightly up the steps, to be immediately confronted by the powerful policeman, Ned, and Mr. Hunting.

"Not a word, my men," said the chief, as he leveled a revolver at them; "you are my prisoners. Behave yourselves and no harm shall befall you; make any disturbance and iron irons you will go quicker than you will relish."

"What is the meaning of this invasion?" the mate demanded, in a voice that was far from steady.

"It means that you, with all the rest of the crew, are under arrest."

"What for?"

"That is a question that will have to be answered later."

"Where is the captain?"

"In his state-room, subject to the same restrictions as yourself."

The mate made no further resistance, but submitted, with his companions, to be led below and locked up, while Ned, Mr. Hunting and the officer continued their watch on deck for the remainder of the night.

When morning dawned the steward was released upon solemnly promising that he would attend to his regular duties, and make no effort to release any of the crew.

The men must all be fed, and there seemed to be no better way to supply their needs.

He was only too glad to comply with whatever conditions the chief chose to impose upon him, but his movements were closely watched by one of the officers below.

Nichols was also detailed to do service on deck, under the eyes of the three watchmen stationed there.

After a good breakfast, Ned was upon the point of starting again for the city, in the company of one of the officers, to telegraph to the bank his suspicions that the stolen treasure was concealed aboard the Bald Eagle when they espied in the distance a boat containing two persons making toward the yacht.

They concluded to wait a while, hoping that the orders which the captain was expecting from the owner were about to be delivered.

They were not disappointed.

The boat headed directly for the yacht; and when it was within hailing distance, one of the men sang out:

"Is Captain Bielberg of the Bald Eagle on board?"

"Tell him yes," the chief commanded.

"Ay, ay, sir," obediently responded the man.

"I have a telegram for him," came back from the messenger in the boat, "and he must get it for his own man."

"Go for it and bring the book to me," said the officer.

Nichols obeyed.

The officer signed for Captain Bielberg and sent the book back; then deliberately tore open the message and read it.

A grim smile passed over his face as he did so, and he looked up at the great bond which he looked up at and beckoned to him.

"Read it," he said, as he put the message into Ned's hands, and the young man's eyes devoured it greedily.

It ran thus:

"I shall arrive Friday evening about eight. Meet me at the office, and be ready to sail immediately.—Gould."

"We're sure of our bird now," said the chief, with a chuckle.

Ned grew pale, in spite of the thrill of exultation in his heart.

"What will you do?—go to the city to arrest him?" he inquired, as he passed the telegram to Mr. Hunting.

"No; we will send a boat to meet him, as he orders; then, when he arrives, we will place him under arrest, and have our ropes all together," the officer returned.

"Who will you send with the boat?" Mr. Hunting asked.

"Nichols, attended by one of my subordinates."

"Will he not suspect that something is wrong when he sees that the yacht is not ready to sail?" said Ned.

"I don't care what he suspects, after we once get eye on our man," the officer replied; then he added: "And now you can send word to your firm as soon as you choose. Tell them to despatch some one armed with proper authority immediately, and we'll have this business settled up at short notice."

So Ned went ashore and sent his telegram notifying the officers of the bank of his whereabouts, and, entreating them to send some one to him without delay, and one capable of identifying the property belonging to the bank, in case it should be found, as he hoped, on board the Bald Eagle.

He longed to send word to his mother also, but concluded that it would be better to wait a day or two, until he should ascertain just how long he was liable to be detained in Halifax.

His heart also went out, with long

ing, toward Gertrude. He knew her address, and was half tempted to go to her that very day and explain to her all the mysterious circumstances of the last two weeks.

Then he told himself that it would be wiser to wait until everything was settled and he could go to her cleared from all suspicion.

While he was sure that she would have faith in him and believe whatever he should tell her, yet he would not be able to prove anything until the treasure was found and restored to those to whom it belonged.

Then he could face her, proud in his own integrity, and feeling that no one could cast a slur upon his name.

CHAPTER XLIII.

But could Ned have known the treachery of which his dear one was about to become the victim, his joy over the recent conquest which he had achieved would have been greatly marred. Could he have known that even then a message, purporting to come from his father, and intended to lure Gertrude into a miserable trap, he would have been wretched indeed.

Bill Hunting had been greatly chagrined by the scornful reception and rejection which the beautiful girl had accorded his proposals of marriage to her. Yowing that he would yet humiliate her haughty spirit, and at the same time revenge himself upon Ned, he began from that moment to plan for the accomplishment of his purpose.

As we have seen, he was associated with Gould, in his various crimes and schemes, and it was only with his assistance that the man had been able to carry out to a successful issue the bold robbery of the Bank. Consequently he had been obliged to agree to certain conditions which Bill named, and among others, that he should be allowed to flee the country in the yacht with him, and that Gould should also assist him to decoy Gertrude aboard the vessel, and compel her to give the location of the treasure. This could be very easily accomplished, he said, since the girl was already in Halifax. The wretch hoped, by thus compromising her, to finally force her to marry him.

Gould protested that such a proceeding would be very unwise, if not dangerous; they would have enough to do, he said, to look out for their own safety, without burdening themselves with a woman. While, too, with Ned also on board, the lovers would be liable to discover the presence of each other, and make them no end of trouble.

But Bill was obstinate. He said they could drop Ned at the first port they sighted, and he need never suspect that the girl was on board.

Gould knew that he was in the fellow's power, and he did not dare refuse to co-operate with him. Therefore, he agreed to yield his objections, though he secretly vowed that he would get rid of Bill at the first foreign port they ran to, and thus save the girl from the wretched fate he had planned for her.

We know that a little more than a week after the robbery and disappearance of Ned, Gertrude left for Halifax with her friend, Mrs. Page, and the following Wednesday Mr. and Mrs. Langmaid sailed for Europe.

Gertrude, as may be supposed, went back feeling very sad and unhappy, for aside from her anxiety about her mother's health, she had many misgivings regarding the fate of her lover, and she began to grow pale and hollow-eyed, greatly to Mrs. Page's uneasiness.

The good lady exerted herself to cheer her and planned many ways to keep her mind occupied, and to prevent her from brooding over her troubles.

During the day while they were together, she succeeded to a certain extent, but when night came and Gertrude retired to the solitude of her own room, the old anxieties would return, and she spent long hours in tears and sighs.

Ned and his friend, Mr. Hunting, achieved their wonderful triumph over the crew of the Bald Eagle on Thursday night, and on Friday Mrs. Page had planned a little excursion into the country for the benefit of her young charge.

She owned a farm a few miles out of the city, and she thought it might be a pleasant change for Gertrude to spend a day or two there, while she herself had business with the farmer, which would require her own presence there.

But the poor girl had spent such a wretched night, that she was not able to rise from her bed when Friday morning dawned, so the trip for her was utterly out of the question.

"This was a great disappointment to Mrs. Page, who, having promised her friend that she would go that day, to give some directions to the carpenters regarding needed repairs, felt that it was absolutely necessary for her to keep her appointment."

Gertrude told her not to mind leaving her, that she only needed rest, and would lie quietly in bed and try to sleep the time away, while she was gone.

Her friend promised that she would return that day, although she could not reach home until evening, and after giving orders to the servants to attend faithfully to the young girl's comfort, she bade her an affectionate good-by and departed.

Gertrude slept most of the forenoon, for she was literally exhausted with so much grieving, and finally, when she awoke, feeling greatly refreshed, she arose and dressed herself.

After partaking of a tempting breakfast she sat down to the piano, thinking to while away an hour or two in learning a difficult nocturn which her teacher had recently given her.

While thus engaged the door bell rang a violent peal, and presently a servant entered the drawing-room and handed her a note, bearing the local postmark.

It was addressed to her in bold, but unfamiliar characters, and she opened it with no little curiosity.

"My dear Gertrude," the note began.

"Why, who in Halifax knows me well enough to address me thus?" Gertrude exclaimed, then referring to the end of the note, she read with great astonishment and no little excitement, the name of "Edward Heatherton."

The name, however, was not like the other writing. It resembled Ned's

handwriting, but looked as if it had been traced with difficulty and with a trembling hand.

Turning back to the beginning of the note, she read with a pale and startled face, the following:

"My dear Gertrude—You will doubtless wonder at receiving a note from me, written in a strange hand; but I am ill and not able to write myself. I am also in deep trouble, and of course, you already know, and am at present confined to my state-room on board a vessel, in which I shall sail to-morrow, Saturday, for foreign country, and thus forever sever every tie which binds me to my native land. There is much that I would like to say to you regarding what has recently occurred, and I feel that I cannot go without seeing you once more, for it is probable that we shall never meet again. Will you come to me, Gertrude, for a final farewell? It is a bold request, but I dare not go to you; and, for the sake of the past, I entreat you not to fail me in this hour of despair. I must also ask you to observe the utmost secrecy, if you accede to my request, for my personal safety depends upon it. A carriage will be waiting for you at the corner, near your residence, at eight o'clock this evening, and a guide will be with it to attend you, if your heart has not become so hardened against me that you have no desire to see me again.

"Oh! I pray you do not deny me this boon, before I leave you to become an alien, and to wander for all time. As you approach the carriage speak the word 'Eagle' and the guide will bring you to the one I wish to bring to me. Ever, but hopelessly yours, Edward Heatherton."

Gertrude was in tears before she had half finished this torturing letter, and a feeling of utter despair settled upon her heart.

The tone of the whole epistle went to prove that Ned was guilty of the dreadful crime attributed to him. It had, in fact, been cunningly worded with this intention. It seemed to the stricken girl that she could not bear the fresh sorrow, for, in spite of all her loyalty to her lover, and her repeated assertions of devotion, that she would never lose faith in him, she was now compelled to believe that he had fallen, and that he was, indeed, lost to her forever. She could not, therefore, resist when Ned left the country, they would surely be "parted for all time."

"Oh, I cannot have it so," she wailed, a tempest of passion, uttering words of despair, sweeping over her soul. "He seemed so lately noble and true, I never would have believed, but for this note, that he was guilty of such a crime. How can I give him up? What shall I do? How can I let him go away into exile and never see him again? My whole life is ruined, and I have lost my only whole heart. I love him now, in spite of all, and to him—or at least to what I believed him—I must be true until I die."

She walked the floor in restless wretchedness, tears raining over her face, great, heart-broken sobs bursting from her quivering lips, while she tried to decide whether she would go to him or not.

"He is ill, poor fellow," she murmured, referring again to the letter. "In a moment of temptation he has fallen, and now he is reaping the fruits of his bitter act. Oh! Ned, Ned! it does not seem as if I could believe it even now, with this note before me. Who can have written this note for him?" she went on, and she studied the strange writing, yet never questioning the truth of the epistle, since it had that familiar signature at the end. "Can it be some accomplice, and are they going to escape to another country with me? I am so afraid! Shall I go to him? May I not, at least, go and appeal to him to restore what he has taken, and let him, for my sake, never yield to temptation again?"

Her heart said "yes"; her judgment told her "no"; that it would be a very unwise thing to do; that it would be far better if they met part forever, to avoid a harrowing and probably a useless interview.

"And yet, he was ill; he begged for this last appeal;—a 'final farewell.'"

Could she be hard enough to refuse it—could she allow him to feel that she condemned him and was utterly indifferent to his fate, when he must be suffering keenly since he had not been able to write himself, and could hardly trace his signature in a legible manner?

"Oh, if Mrs. Page was only here!" the deeply tried girl sighed, "I would confide in her and ask her advice; but she will not be back until long after eight, and thus I am left to act upon my own responsibility. Papa forbade me to have anything more to say to him," she continued, musingly. "I suppose he would tell me, if he were here, that it would be my duty to give him up to the authorities, but that I could not do. Was ever any one placed in such a trying position before?"

She threw herself upon a lounge, exhausted from the conflict within her, and trembling with nervous excitement, and utterly unable to think her way out of the perplexing situation.

She shrank from going out alone, even to meet for the last time the man she so dearly loved, and from trusting herself to strange guides. All the finer instincts of her womanly nature revolted against the arrangement.

And yet she knew if she refused this last appeal—if she allowed Ned to go forever out of her life without a word of kindly farewell, without earnestly entreating him to restore the money, which she was forced to believe he had taken, and strive to live honorably in the future, she would always regret it, and never cease to reproach herself for having neglected the opportunity.

For his heart-broken mother's sake also she felt as if she owed him this much, and finally, after hours of mental struggle, she decided to brave everything and grant him the boon he had craved.

Still, as the hour grew near, she recoiled more and more from the trying ordeal, wishing most fervently that Mrs. Page was at home to go with her, as a protector, for she believed that she would attend her in this hour of great trial, and that she might not approve of what she contemplated.

Once she resolved that she would take one of the servants with her, she reasoned that it would be a great risk, it might result in Ned's arrest, and conviction, followed by long years of imprisonment, and she would

always feel that she had doomed him to the same sad fate.

No, if she went at all, she must go alone; and, finally putting aside all personal feelings, she decided that she would hazard everything for the sake of comforting Ned, and finally persuading him to do what was right.

At half-past seven she went to her room, telling Mary, the second girl, that she did not wish to be disturbed again this night; if Mrs. Page returned to say that she was better, and hoped to be quite herself in the morning.

Then, locking herself in, she donned a dark dress and hat, and tied a thick, brown veil over her face, after which she stole softly out of the house without attracting the attention of any one.

She had a latch-key which Mrs. Page had given to her when she first came to Halifax, therefore she knew that she would find no difficulty in getting in again, and hoped she would never be the wiser for her night's adventure.

It lacked just five minutes of eight as she ran lightly down the steps into the street.

The night was cloudy, consequently it was darker than usual at that hour, so that Gertrude did not fear being identified by any one.

She sped along to the corner where she found a carriage stationed as she had expected.

Then, locking herself in, she seated herself on a horse, and when Gertrude uttered the password "Eagle," which her note directed her to use, he responded, respectfully.

"Yes, miss; it's all right, and the gentleman has sent a stewardess to keep you company."

He opened the door as he spoke, and Gertrude caught sight of the outlines of a woman's figure seated within the vehicle.

She was greatly relieved, and felt that she had been very thoughtful—as she always was—before her departure, while she was also very glad that she had not brought a servant along, as she had been tempted to do.

She unhesitatingly entered the carriage, taking the seat opposite her companion, who was of some of that capacious proportions, the door was closed, and driver sprang upon his seat, and away they went through the darkness, at a lively speed.

"You are a stewardess," Gertrude remarked, after a few moments of oppressive silence.

"Yes, marm," was the brief but half-smothered reply.

"What is the name of the vessel you are steering?"

"Bald Eagle, marm," in the same tone as before.

"Bald Eagle?" repeated Gertrude, and comprehending why she had been told to use the latter word as a signal.

"Yes, marm," the woman did not appear inclined to be very communicative, Gertrude thought; but she was so nervous and excited she felt that she must talk to some one, so she continued her questions.

"When does the vessel sail?" she inquired.

"To-morrow morning, marm."

"What port is she bound for?"

"Ah, that I cannot tell you, marm, exactly; some—some foreign port, most likely."

"You have a bad cold, haven't you?" Gertrude observed, for her companion's tones sounded strangely husky and unnatural.

"Ye—yes, marm," supplemented by an embarrassed cough.

"It was so dark when there was not much satisfaction in trying to carry on a conversation with one so taciturn, therefore she gave up the attempt, and fell to musing upon the approaching interview with her lover. The carriage finally stopped, after a rapid drive of perhaps fifteen minutes.

The moment the door was opened the stewardess hastened to alight, and Gertrude followed her, but with a sinking heart and faltering steps, down some stairs to the water's edge, where she was met with two men seated in it, was moored.

"Oh! the startled girl exclaimed, and shrinking back, "have we to go in a boat?"

"No, marm; but only a short distance," said her companion, trying to speak reassuringly.

"But I thought—I imagined I was one of the crew," Gertrude said, lying at the wharf, Gertrude turned, as she looked about her anxiously, and regretting, all too late, that she had come at all.

"It was not everything about her was so dismal and uncanny, while a feeling of distrust of her companions was stealing over her, that she began to be thoroughly frightened.

"Another man now made his appearance and curtly called out: "All aboard! Step right in, marm, and we'll soon be on the Bald Eagle."

The stewardess was already was seated in the boat, and before Gertrude had realized how it was done, she found herself sitting beside her in the craft speeling over the dark waters.

(To be Continued.)

HEROIC FATHER BROSNAM.

Work of a Devoted Priest Among Fire Victims.

CONSOLATION FOR THE DYING

One of the most impressive and pathetic sights of the dreadful catastrophe at Hoboken, N. Y., where so many persons perished by fire, was the heroic action of Rev. John Brosnam, of the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary.

Father Brosnam was walking along the Battery when he heard of the fire.

"Suddenly he saw the fire boat New Yorker coming into her pier. On her decks were dark to him. In an instant he recognized what they were, the forms of men dying, unconscious, men burned or crushed or half drowned—the evidence of a great disaster.

Sending to the Mission for the holy oils and Viaticum, Father Brosnam administered conditional absolution to all on board.

"Are there others?" he asked of a fireman.

The driver was there, if you have men there to face them. They are men burning to death before one's eyes on the steamer, but the sight is too awful to bear. You better not respectully."

"My good man," said Father Brosnam, "if men are suffering and dying there is the place for Christ's mercy to go, and the consolation of His redemptive blood. How can I get there?"

"I will take you, Father," said Captain Roberts, of the tugboat Mutual. The priest stepped on board, and the tug steamed over to Commun paws its way, where the doomed vessel was slowly settling to the bottom.

She swung in under the grey shell as close as Captain Roberts dared to the pier, and Father Brosnam stepped to inspire awe in his simple vestments—held up a crucifix before him.

As the tug rounded to under the stern of the settling vessel, he saw right in front of him a human face wearing a look of agony such as the old masters were wont to paint on the faces of men being pressed beyond all hope of saving, with coolness and fresh air and health and happiness just beyond his reach, and saw a soul struggling to be free.

He stood on tiptoe and tried to reach the crucifix to the lips of the dying man. But the distance was too great. He uttered the sacred words of peace and benediction.

The dying man opened his eyes. They lit up with the light of understanding. He could not talk English, but he understood the blessing, and with the understanding it seemed as if his face softened and changed and lost its horrible, repulsive look.

The tug passed on. From one port hole to another it went, pausing long enough for the priest to carry consolation to those within.

The last port hole was empty. At the next to the last were the face and arms of a man of about twenty-seven. The rising water had reached his chin. He was too weak to raise it. He spoke English, and when the priest began to pray for him he cried weakly:

"God bless you, Father! I saw what you were doing, and feared you would not reach me. Christ forgive me!"

As the tug's bow rose on swell the priest reached in and touched the crucifix to the man's lips. He kissed it, then uttered a long sigh. The creeping water rose. Now the brine reached his lips. He weakly tried to raise his head above the waves, but lacked the strength, and sank out of sight. Blessed his last prayer answered, the young man had died with faith in his soul.

It was 3 a.m. before Father Brosnam found there was no further call for his ministrations.

In speaking of the affair, Father Brosnam said: "I did not stop to inquire whether or not the sufferers were of my religious faith. I administered extreme unction to thirty persons before they were carried to the hospital."

"It seems to me as though I had brought consolation to souls of them. Death they knew was certain. There was no way of escape. Many of whom I saw did not seem to be frenzied.

They spent their last moments in praying with me.

Many of the people who were in the boat at the time of the fire, I think God shall reward for the way they carried consolation to some of the victims. These are the terrible circumstances that produce real heroes.

Father Brosnam is a native of Ireland. He was educated in France and in Rome, and recently came to New York in order to take the Catholic Transient.

DORSET HUMOR.

When Hanging Was a Popular Entertainment.

(Cornwall Message.)

A widower in a somewhat prominent position in life had inherited upon his late wife's tomb. "The light of mine eyes is gone from me." Taking into himself a second wife with remarkable promptitude, a Dorset yokel scrawled as he commented upon the text set forth upon the tablet. "But he soon struck another match."

A kind-hearted and wealthy man who had from small beginnings built up a large fortune, used to allow the public to freely traverse two of his estates. He had put up a conspicuous sign for good conduct from his visitors, and stating that "the two estates is the property of So-and-so, Esq." Some humorous passer-by took the word "is" and wrote over it "am." The owner of the property, seeing the alteration, turned to a friend who was with him, and in all innocence asked, "Which is right?" His companion gently suggested that it might be even better if the word "are" was substituted.

Mr. Francis Fane, who first sat for Dorchester in 1790, was desperately fond of practical joking, and traveling one day to London inside the coach, he discovered a pocket in the coat-tail of the Dorchester barber who was outside, hung down temptingly near his open window. Mr. Fane could not resist the opportunity of slipping the barber's pocket, and extracting its contents, which proved to be a large packet of bank notes, which had been entrusted to the barber to deliver safely in London. When the barber discovered his loss his indignation was great, and after he had been reduced to a state of desperation, Mr. Fane produced the packet of notes, and by way of atonement, gave the barber a dinner at the White Horse Cellar in London. The dinner took place on the afternoon fixed for the barber's return to Dorchester, and the barber discovered the loss his indignation could neither find his pole nor his local landmark, the town pump, hard by, which was his shop.

Times were tougher in those days than now. "Hanging" never looked forward to as a pleasant break in the dullness of life. Said an old Dorset shepherd, pointing to where the gallows stood on the wild downs near Cranborne, "A hanging was a pretty sight when I were a boy, for the sheriff and jayvils men came a horseback, and they all stopped for refreshment at the inn nearby, as they'd come a long way, and we all had a drink." And did the man who was going to be hanged have anything to say? "Lord, yes, sir, as much as I liked, and we all drank his health, and then they hanged him, and buried him by the gibbet."

The gay wit of Lord Alington needs no bush. When County Councils were established in 1889, Lord Alington stood for a division in Dorset as a County Councillor, and had for an opponent a country parson from the neighborhood. The parson, carried away by the fervor of the contest, told his would-be constituents, in somewhat rhetorical language, that he "was prepared to die for them." In spite of this generous offer, when the contest was over, it was Lord Alington who was returned by a thumping majority. In his address that evening to the electors, thanking them for his election, Lord Alington humorously said that he had no intention whatever of dying for his constituents, he meant to live for them, and he thought that they had shown, by electing him, that they considered that "a live lord was better than a dead parson."

Chinese Learning.

There is much to be learned after the world captures China. Many scientists believe that the nucleus of great events is imbedded amid the mysterious past of that ancient country, which may not be so benighted as is generally supposed. The preservation of grapes to make use of one illustration of Chinese industry, is one of the many things which is only known in that country. Millions have been spent in civilized countries in futile attempts to preserve grapes, but the Chinese have known the secret for many centuries, and millions more have been venturously used in the effort to drag them from the recipe.

CHAFING AND ITCHING SKIN

Exasperated by Summer Heat, Become Intolerable—Relief is Prompt and Cure Certain When Dr. Chase's Ointment is Used.

To many fleshy people summer is the time of much misery from chafing and skin irritation. Some complain particularly of sore feet, caused by perspiration while walking. Others suffer from itching skin diseases, such as eczema, salt rheum, rash, or hives.

Persons who have tried Dr. Chase's Ointment for itching or irritated skin are enthusiastically recommending it to their friends, because it is the only preparation which affords instant relief and speedily brings about thorough cure.

As a matter of fact, Dr. Chase's Ointment has come to be considered the standard preparation for itching skin diseases, and has by far the largest sale of any similar remedy.

Try it when the feet are chafed and sore with walking. Try it when the skin is chafed, inflamed, and irritated. Try it for pimples, blackheads, hives, eczema, salt rheum, and every form of itching skin diseases. It cannot fail you.

Mr. John Broderick, Newmarket,

Ont., writes: "I have been troubled for three years with salt rheum, I used remedies and was treated by physicians all that time, but all failed to cure me. The doctors said there was no cure for me. I spent hundreds of dollars trying to get relief, but all in vain. My son brought me a trial sample box of Dr. Chase's Ointment. I found great relief, and had the first night's rest in years. It stopped the itching immediately. One box cured me. Publish these facts to suffering humanity."

Mr. M. A. Smith, Brockville, Ont., writes: "I suffered many years with chafing, burning and itching of the skin, and never found anything to do me good, or even give me relief, until I used Dr. Chase's Ointment. It would advise all sufferers, and especially bicycle riders, to always have it on hand."

Dr. Chase's Ointment has never been known to fail to cure piles. It is the only remedy guaranteed to cure piles of every form. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Interesting Old Churches.

Some of the most interesting old churches in the world are said to be located in Yorkshire, England. At Adel, for instance, there is probably the one perfect Norman church in England, with its lion's head on the door for sanctuary. At Lustingham there is the wonderful church founded by St. Ceadda, which has a hole in the aisle, down which one descends to find oneself in another church acting as the foundation for the edifice above. At Kirkstall stands the ancient church built by Brand, the priest, which was actually restored some years before the conqueror set foot on British soil. Among the other numerous rarities in churches which Yorkshire boasts may be mentioned the Saxon freecoen of the walls of the aisle in the parish church at Pickering.

Just Chaff.

Policeman—What are you loafing around here for at this hour? Inebriated man—What time is it, your honor? "Well?" "Well, he said he wish you to see."

Hoax—Poor Jenks! he's in a very awkward state just now. Joe—Phinny, what troubles? Hoax—Oh, no! I'm visiting friends in Kentucky.

Now, my friends," shouted the temperance orator, "what is it that drives men to drink?" A young man in the rear of the hall, interpreting the query as a vaudeville, confidently cried: "Balt mackerel!"

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Local Notes

Mr. Anson Hill of Toronto is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Stone, Church St.

A number of young Athenians spent Labor Day at Smith's Falls.

Mr. A. James removed his family from Brockville to Toronto last week.

Mr. Charles Green of the Reporter staff is holidaying this week with friends at Gananoque.

The high, public and model schools reopened on Tuesday with a large attendance of pupils.

Miss Flossy Chatham of Toronto is visiting friends in Athens, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Thompson.

Mrs. McCrea of Brockville was last week the guest of her sister, Mrs. S. A. Taplin.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Slack have returned to Athens from Charleston and resumed occupancy of their home on Church street.

Mrs. P. Y. Merrick and son, Arthur, returned to Athens on Saturday after a visit of several weeks with friends in Ottawa.

A week ago, Mr. J. B. Saunders was seriously ill, but we now note with pleasure that he is again able to drive to the village.

Miss Katie Kavanaugh left Athens this week for Ottawa, where she enters upon a course of training for the profession of nursing.

Miss Ella Judge, Har'lem, a graduate of the A. H. S., visited old friends in Athens last week, the guest of Mrs. M. Barber, Reid street.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Kelly have returned to their home in Pembroke after a visit of two months at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Amassa W. Kelly.

Miss Ethel Blanchard, who has spent the last two years as assistant at the mission station at Port Simpson, B. C., has returned to the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Amos Blanchard, Main street.

Daybreak of Saturday last was ushered in with a great fusillade of shot-guns at Wilts Lake. Our local hunters did well, one bagging six black ducks in the morning and another making a score of eleven for the day, and others a fair average.

On Sunday evening last, in Christ church, Miss Garrett of Ottawa sang during the offertory "Thy Will be Done." The solo was admirably suited to Miss Garrett's rich contralto voice, and the congregation listened to a musical selection of high order.

The finest bicycle lamp we have yet seen was exhibited on Saturday evening by Mr. A. J. Slack. Acetylene gas is the illuminant, and a peculiar feature about the lamp is that the apparatus for storing the carbide is precisely the same as that invented and in use by Mr. H. W. Kincaid in his store.

Village Council.

The municipal council of Athens met in regular monthly session on Monday evening, 3rd inst. All the members present, excepting Mr. Earl. After reading and adopting the minutes of last meeting, a by-law was introduced and put through its several readings to levy and collect rates for sundry purposes for A. D. 1900.

The amounts required for the year are: Village purposes, \$1,000; county rate, \$244.54; Athens share of B. W. & S. S. M. railway debenture debt, \$361.50; Athens share of H. S. debenture debt, \$96.00; village proportion for maintenance of high school, \$830; amount required from village and part of township included in P. S. district, \$1,700. The council then adjourned until call of reeve,
B. LOVERIN, Village Clerk.

A REIGN OF LAWLESSNESS.

New York city last week gave to the country an example of race riots unsurpassed by anything that has taken place in any of the southern states. Like the recent riot in New Orleans, it was caused by the shooting of a police officer by a negro who was resisting arrest. The quarter of the city where the crime took place, the west side, has a large negro population, interspersed with sections of foreigners of almost all kinds, together with great numbers of native born Americans. These, seemingly with unanimous purpose, turned upon their unfortunate colored neighbors with a ferocity that missed great fatality only through accident. The police, if not directly chargeable with inciting and abetting the riot, were at least criminally indifferent, while there are reports of instances in which they actually took part in unprovoked assaults upon the negroes. Race violence is fast becoming a question that knows no sectional boundaries, and lawlessness over questions of color and religion is increasing alarmingly in parts of the country. The thoughtful observer can hardly fail to note that results like these are naturally to be expected from the trend that has been given to public affairs for years past. Rotten city governments, the legalized outlawry of the saloon, open propandas of vice—all these have united to create, not only in our great centres of population, but even in the small cities and towns, masses of people who in their instincts and education, are debased and brutal and lawless. It makes very little difference where these people were born, or who their ancestors were, the educational influences with which our political system surrounds them prepares them for just such outbreaks as that seen in New Orleans, as the recent riot in New York, or as the religious riots that have of late disgraced Ohio.—The New Voice.

Mr. F. J. Merrick, a graduate of the Reporter office, late of the Brockville Times, is now employed in the office of the St. Lawrence News, Trois-Rivières.

The Anglican harvest dinner, held on Wednesday last, was, as usual, a very pleasant affair and was largely attended. The dinner and tea were well managed by the ladies, who had provided in abundance all things necessary for a rich repast. The addresses were of a patriotic character and were greatly enjoyed.

Association Football.

In connection with the annual picnic of Bethel church, the Mohawks of South Augusta and the Bohemians of Glen Buell played a closely contested game of association football. When the time limit expired neither side had scored a goal. This result is very creditable to the Bohemians, who have been organized only a short time and particularly so when it is considered that three of their best players were unable to take part in the match. The Mohawks, who are old players, will hardly relish being tied by a team of inexperienced amateurs; but the natural prowess of the Glen kickers had become known to them before the match and it is whispered, that two of their players would look more at home on a Brockville team. Their preparations to make a likely victory doubly sure were defeated by the following members of the Glen Buell club:

Jas. Clow (Capt.)
Allan Eaton
Claude Eaton
Joe Anderson
Ira Moore
Billy Johnston
Frank Lapointe
Jack Anderson
Charles Moore
Leonard Anderson
Billy Quinn
Umpire—Jack McConkey.

IN MEMORIAM.

TUPPER LAKE, N. Y., Aug. 27, '00.
In loving memory of Merritt Victor Shinnick, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. A. Shinnick, who died on August 25th.

God has taken home our darling
And our heart received a thrill,
For he's left a vacant place
That no earthly hope can fill.

He'd been with us but six months,
And it hardly seems a week
When the angels came from heaven
Our darling for to seek.

And they found him well attended
With the earthly sickness bore,
And they said, "Come, Merritt, darling,
Thou shalt suffer never more."

Like an arrow, from his body
His spirit to heaven fled—
O, how dreadful was the moment
When we found our babe was dead!

All the light and rays of sunshine
Quickly left our happy home,
When we found our precious darling
Left us sorrow and alone.

God had need of one more flower
In his garden up above,
So he called our darling Merritt
To his home of light and love.

The People's Column.

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

Store to Rent.

A corner brick store in the village of Lyndhurst, very suitable for business. Possession given at once. Apply to
MRS. H. GREEN
Lyndhurst, Ont.
40-42

NOTICE

The undersigned having purchased the stock in trade, machinery, etc. of the Lyndhurst Agricultural Works from the assignee of the estate of G. F. McNish, hereby begs to notify the public that he will continue the business at the old stand, and hopes by careful attention to the wants of customers to merit their patronage.
ANSON A. McNISH.
Lyn. Aug. 27th, 1900.

Ice-cream, Fruit, Oysters

Residents of Athens and the travelling public will please notice that in connection with my line of choice Groceries, I have put in and fitted up an Ice-cream Parlor, where Ice-cream will be served every night in the week, as long as called for.
During the season, Oysters by plate or in bulk will be sold.
A choice selection of Fruits of all kinds always on hand. A call solicited.
G. F. GAINFORD, Dowsley Block
August 24, 1900. 40-42

VOTERS' LIST FOR 1900

Municipality of the Village of Athens in the County of Leeds.
Notice is hereby given, that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in sections 8 and 9 of The Ontario Voters' Lists Act, the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered of the list, made pursuant to said Act, of all persons appearing on the last revised Assessment Roll of this Municipality to be entitled to vote in the said Municipality at Elections for Members of the Legislative Assembly and at Municipal Elections; and that the said list was posted up at my office, at Athens, on the 12th day of Aug., 1900, and remains there for inspection.
Elections are called upon to examine the said list, and if any omissions or any other errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.
The notice of posting which appeared in the Reporter of Aug. 12 and 13 is hereby cancelled and withdrawn and the date of posting as above substituted.
Dated at Athens this 12th day of Aug., 1900.
B. LOVERIN,
Clerk of Said Municipality

PARAFFINE WAX

Don't tie the top of your jelly and preserve jars in the old fashioned way. Seal them by the new quick, absolutely sure way—by a thin coating of pure, refined Paraffine Wax. Has no taste or odor. Is safe tight and acid proof. Easily applied. Useful in a dozen other ways about the house. Full directions with each pound cask. Sold everywhere. Made by IMPERIAL OIL CO.

Spavins, Ringbones, Splints, Curbs, and All Forms of Lameness Yield to

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

Works thousands of cures annually. Endorsed by the best breeders and horsemen everywhere. Price, \$1.00 per lb. As a liniment for family use it has no equal. West Lons, Ontario, Can., Dec. 14, 1899.

DR. R. J. KENDALL'S CURE
Dear Sir:—A year ago I had a valuable horse which got lame. I tried everything in my power but could not cure it. I then tried Kendall's Spavin Cure and applied it strictly according to directions. He cured his lameness and was able to work again. I am now a confirmed believer in Kendall's Spavin Cure and recommend it to all who have horses. I can recommend Kendall's Spavin Cure as the only cure for all forms of lameness through the whole summer. I can recommend Kendall's Spavin Cure as the only cure, but as a sure remedy, to any one that it may concern. Yours truly,
GABRIEL STRZEMSKI.
Ask your druggist for Kendall's Spavin Cure, also "A Treatise on the Horse," the book free, or address
DR. R. J. KENDALL COMPANY, ESSONBURG FALLS, VT.

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THE PARISIEN Hair Works

OF BROCKVILLE
are ready to do any kind of work in the hair line.
Switches Bangs, Curis, Wigs, and Gents Toupees a specialty. All orders by mail attended to promptly. Call when you go to Brockville and have your hair treated by
A. B. DesROCHE
KING ST., 3 DOORS EAST OF BUELL

"OLD RELIABLE"

Spring and Summer Goods now in stock
A. M. CHASSELS,
MERCHANT TAILOR
has received his Spring and Summer stock of Fancy Wore, Hats, 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 style at moderate prices
Ready-to-wear Goods
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, Collars, Cuffs, Neckties, Handkerchiefs, Caps, 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 10 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.
Cloth bought at this store will be cut free of charge.
A. M. CHASSELS,
Fall '99 Main Street, Athens

Glasses That Cure.

Eye-strain causes many serious ills—Nervousness, Neuralgia, Hysteria, Sleeplessness, headaches baffling the skill of the best doctors. We adjust glasses that remove the strain—give a lasting cure. We guarantee satisfaction.
Wm. Coates & Son,
SCIENTIFIC OPTICIAN
BROCKVILLE