

Long Distance Telephone

**CHRISTMAS ROSES**

FOR GIFTS

"You can always get the Best Roses at Hay's." We send out our flowers ready boxed and carefully packed. It is a pleasure to open a box of our Roses.

**THE HAY FLORAL & SEED CO.**

BROCKVILLE - ONTARIO

# The Athens Reporter

**WOOD**  
FOR THE  
**Reporter**

Subscribers who live convenient to Athens, and who wish to pay up arrears of subscription in wood can do so by bringing it in before January 1st, or notifying me of their intention to do so.

B. LOVERIN.

—AND—

**COUNTY OF LEEDS ADVERTISER.**

Vol. XVIII. No. 51

Athens, Leeds County, Ontario, Wednesday, December 17, 1903.

B. Loverin, Prop'r.

## CHRISTMAS WILL SOON BE HERE

The usual problem confronts you—same old trouble as last year. "It's hard to find things to give men and boys." If you find it so, a visit to our up-to-date store will help you to decide and afford you a relief. Our store is full of good sensible articles for a man's or boy's Christmas gift. Run your eyes down the list, you will certainly strike something *he* will be delighted to have.

- |                  |                                     |
|------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Smoking Jacket   | Fancy Suits for Boys                |
| Cardigan Jackets | Fancy Overcoats for Boys            |
| Bath Robe        | Red Toggles, Sashes, Mitts for Boys |
| Night Robe       | Suits and Overcoats for Men         |
| Fancy Vest       | Fancy Braces in boxes               |
| Umbrellas        | Fancy Sleeve-holders in boxes       |
| Shirts, Collars  | Nobby Ties in boxes                 |
| Mufflers         | Handkerchiefs in fancy boxes        |
| Gloves, Caps     | Fancy Hosiery, etc., etc.           |

When Christmas shopping, we would be pleased to have you come here with your troubles, and we'll fix "them" out. Our prices are right, our goods are right, and we treat our customers right, so come and see our display.

## GLOBE CLOTHING HOUSE

The Up-to-Date

Clothiers and Gents' Furnishings.

Corner King and Buell Streets.

BROCKVILLE

## NEW TIN SHOP

ATHENS, (Knowlton's Old Stand)

## Our Sample Stoves

For the Fall Trade Have Arrived



### THE ROYAL FAVORITE COOK STOVE

Takes the lead as a Farmer's and General Utility Stove. It has an unusually large fire box (but not too deep), with a large fire door; also a heavy fire back, in sections, and a double fire bottom built on new principles. We have all sizes and lengths of fire box. These stoves are nicely finished and nickle plated, where it shows the stove off to the best advantage. Call and see them whether you want to buy or not.

A full line of Agate and Enamelled Ware. Repairing Promptly Attended to.

**JOHNSON & LEE, Props.**

The Athens Hardware Store.



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

Give me a call when wanting anything in my line.

**Wm. Karley,**  
Main St., Athens.

### THE LAST WEEK IN MODEL

On Tuesday, Dec. 9th, the Athens Model Class of 1903 assembled in its entirety for the last time. The students in attendance took advantage of that opportunity to express to Mr. McIntosh their sincere and heart-felt gratitude for his earnest and untiring efforts in preparing them for their future work. After Mr. Lee had been voted to the chair, the feelings of the class were appropriately expressed by Miss Ritter, Mr. Bruce and Mr. Jones. An address was then read by Miss Singleton and the chairman presented the principal with a fountain pen, as a slight token of the regard which the class entertained for him.

The students were busily employed, on the two succeeding days, in writing on their departmental exams which were, on the whole, very satisfactory. On Friday the final teaching lessons were continued and examined by Inspectors Kinney and Johnston, who, through their pleasing manner and just judgments have made many friends among the modelites.

As a suitable termination to the happy days spent in Athens, during the past four months, a party of some twenty five of the students drove to Phillipsville on the evening of Monday, Dec. 15th, where they were cordially welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Charland and their daughter, Ardella, one of the modelites. Here they spent a very pleasant evening. At ten o'clock a repast, which partook of the nature of an oyster supper, was served and greatly enjoyed by most present. Around the board passed many jokes and jests, which tended to enliven the spirits of all. Games in which all could join, were again employed until the midnight hour was reached. Mr. McIntosh, in moving a vote of thanks, very ably expressed the feelings of the class towards their host and hostesses for the generous hospitality which they had displayed. The motion was seconded by Mr. Cughan, and a vote of thanks tendered Mr. and Mrs. Charland and Ardella. The evening's entertainment was formally brought to a close by singing "God Save the King."

While preparations were being made for the homeward drive, the principal lucidly explained the advantages of a reunion. Several of the class also expressed their sentiments in that regard, with the result that Misses Davis and Wiltse and Mr. Jones, of this year's class, and Mr. Rhodes, of last year's class, were appointed to consummate the plans and to effect a reunion of the two classes. "All aboard" was shouted, and soon all were enjoying the pleasant midnight drive home, which was reached at an early hour.

The time has come when we must bid each other and our Athenian friends good bye. We have enjoyed ourselves immensely and regret leaving. But, as the mighty avalanche sweeping down the mountain side bears away many of its constituent parts, so time sweeping along bears us out to the work God has destined for us. The sadness of parting is mitigated by the thought that we are soon to labor for the welfare of humanity, to instruct the youth of our land, and to build up a nation that shall, at least, be intelligent, innocent, patriotic and Christian. Good-bye.

MODELITES.

### TEACHERS WANTED

A Northwest correspondent calls attention to the increasing demand for school teachers in the Northwest Territories. He points out that on Dec. 31, 1898, there were 579 districts in the Northwest Territories, and in the past four years new districts have been organized as follows:—1899, 51; 1900, 49; 1901, 83; 1902, about 110. It is estimated that 250 new teachers will be required for 1903, and last year 150 Ontario teachers went west. The average salary paid is \$45 a month. To partially relieve the situation the Territorial Government has arranged for an additional session of the Territorial Normal School, to be held at Regina, commencing January 5th, next. Persons holding Ontario junior and senior leaving standing are entitled to admission. The west must look to Ontario and eastern Provinces to supply the increasing demand for teachers, and, as there are good opportunities for energetic and ambitious young men and women, doubtless many Ontario teachers will find their way to the golden west.

### VILLAGE COUNCIL

The municipal council of Athens met on Monday evening last to wind up the business of the year. All the members present. Minutes of last meeting read, approved and signed. Clerk read a number of bills and communications.

A by-law to fix places for holding municipal and school trustee elections and appoint D.R.O. was introduced and laid over for special meeting.

On motion, the resignation of W. A. Lewis as a trustee of the high school was accepted, and the council by resolution recorded its appreciation of Mr. Lewis' valuable assistance in furthering the interests of the high school and regret at his removal from the village.

On motion, the following bills were ordered to be paid and orders drawn on treasurer for the same: G. W. Brown, \$1.00 for cleaning stovepipes in lockup and \$1.30 for shoveling snow in front of Mrs. Jas. Kilbren's lot, this sum to be added to her taxes for 1903, if not sooner paid; T. R. Beale, \$2.01 for registering deed of town hall site; I. C. Alguire, \$9.90, as part expenses of architect re plans for town hall; B. Loverin, \$8.15, amount paid Toronto Globe for advertising sale of debentures; B. Loverin, clerk, postage and stationery, \$2.50, making out collector's slips, \$1.00, printing and advertising town hall by-law, \$49.77; J. P. Lamb, \$3.85, for expenses attending provincial auditor, Brockville, and ledger and blanks for office; H. R. Knowlton, reeve, \$5.00, expenses of two trips to Brockville in connection with purchase of plank road and county road scheme.

On motion, the collector was given a few days extension of time in which to complete the collection of taxes.

On motion, Councillors Smith, Jacob, and Taylor were appointed a committee to interview P. P. Slack regarding drainage account against him, and endeavor to arrive at a satisfactory settlement of the same.

Orders were drawn on the treasurer for salaries and other expenses as per by-law or resolution of council, and the council adjourned to meet in special session on Friday evening, 19th inst.

B. LOVERIN, Village Clerk.

### CHRISTMAS PASTORAL

To the members of the Church of England in the Diocese of Ontario:

Dear Brethren,—The near approach of Christmas, when we commemorate the bestowment of that costliest of all God's many gifts to us, the gift of His Son, by Whom we have deliverance from sin and death, reminds me that I should call your attention to the privilege which that Sacred Festival gives you, of supplementing by a liberal offering the income of him who ministers to you in holy things. The prosperity resulting from the bountiful harvest, with which God has blessed our land, and which sooner or later will give every one cause to rejoice, is likely to reach the clergy last of all.

I pray you, therefore, out of your abundance, and as an expression of gratitude to God, Who giveth all, to give as God has prospered you.

"When Jesus was born," we read, "the wise men from the East presented unto him gifts," and the first of these was "gold," to provide for the needs of the holy family.

Christmas Day gives you a like opportunity of making an offering for Christ's Sake.

By gladdening the homes of the clergy with generous gifts, which you can well afford in this wonderful year, when God has opened His hand and filled your own homes with plenty, you will be doing the will of God.

I would also suggest that the day be observed as a Communicants' Reunion, in every parish; the happy social and family reunions, customary on that day, to be begun, and sanctified by a loving and thankful approach to the Lord's Table. Christ in the heart, and in the home, will make a happy heart and a happy home.

Wishing you all a very happy Christmas, and God's continual presence and blessing.

I remain,  
Your faithful friend and Bishop,  
W. L. ONTARIO.

Bishop's Court, Kingston, December 1st, 1902.

—Cash paid for sage at Wilson & Son's Meat Market.

## YOUNG MEN WANTED

To Learn the—

Art of Garment CUTTING



We teach the best, simplest and most modern systems, in the shortest possible time and guarantee perfect satisfaction.

We have taught many, and can fit YOU to earn from \$1500.00 to \$2500.00 per year, in a very short time.

Write for a Catalogue, free, to

**The Brockville Cutting School,**  
M. J. KEHOE, Proprietor

## Cutting - Prices



Until first of January, patrons of The Montreal House will be given a rare opportunity to obtain reasonable goods at surprisingly low figures. Prices have been cut in all lines, and the bargain list includes everything in the store. Special attention is directed to the

**LADIES' JACKETS,  
MEN'S OVERCOATS,  
BOOTS AND SHOES**

**How to Save Money**—That is the great problem—but it is a problem that will be solved by trading with us during the next two weeks. Our bargain prices will give you what you want and leave dollars in your pocket—no mistake about that. We offer a combination of value and price that cannot be excelled.

Wishing you all the compliments of the season, we invite you to call early and inspect our stock.

**PHIL. WILTSE THE MONTREAL HOUSE ATHENS**

N. B.—Special value in Coal Oil and Sugar.

### BROCKVILLE PRESBYTERY

At the recent meeting of Brockville Presbytery at Lyn, Dr. Stuart presented a report on home missions within the bounds of the Presbytery, setting forth that Morton and Lyndhurst were now enjoying the services of an ordained missionary, and were aiming at becoming an augmented charge; also that North Augusta, Stone's Corners, and Fairfield were now seeking the status of a charge, with a settle minister.

The moderator welcomed Mr. McConnell, of Morton, to the Presbytery, who in turn, addressed the court on the prospects in his new field, which were very encouraging.

A general discussion followed as to the advisability of appointing a missionary at Jones' Falls and Chaffey's Locks, next summer.

Mr. Cumming reported favorably on the General Assembly's "Aids to Social Worship," and the same was approved of by the Presbytery.

The clerk was instructed to urge all sessions to send in to him all statistical and financial reports not later than the first of February.

It was agreed to hold the next regular meeting of the Presbytery at Iroquois, on the last Monday in February, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

J. S. Willison, holding the position of editor of the Toronto Globe since 1890, has resigned and will start an Independent morning paper, in which he will be associated with J. W. Flavell, who will supply the capital for the new venture; no money to come from any other source. The new paper will be strictly Independent.

### MARBLE ROCK DAM

At the session of the High Court at Kingston this week the Gananque Water Power Company and certain Lansdowne farmers will tell what they know about the flooding of land caused by the company's Marble Rock dam. The Whig says the case is of great importance, as there are about thirty plaintiffs who have large claims for damages.

The plaintiffs contend that the company in the spring of 1901, by means of a dam at Marble Rock, on the Gananoque River, hemmed back the water and overflowed the lands, destroying the growing crops and meadows.

They claim that the company's facilities for passing water through the dam are insufficient and not properly managed, and that the course of the river is obstructed. There will be close on 100 witnesses, and the case will last considerable time. Very expensive preparations have been made for the trial, eminent engineers and surveyors having been employed.

You can send no more acceptable present to an absent friend than a copy of Crawford C. Slack's book of "Village Verse Stories," to be obtained at the Reporter Office for 50c.

The department of agriculture will hold a seed fair at Ottawa in March next. Prizes will be offered for farmers exhibiting seed grain of the best standard quality in bulk lots of two bushels each, and addresses will be delivered by prominent agriculturists who will point out the good and qualities of the seed.

If you require a new suit of clothes for Christmas, see our assortment. S. Kendrick.

THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT INTENTIONALLY POOR COPY

THE "GREY DEMOISELLE."

The Romance of a Christmas Ghost.

EXPERIENCE I.

The scene of my next experience was Touraine, lovely Touraine, "the Garden of France." I was spending Christmas in a beautiful old chateau, the temporary home of my old and charming friend, Madame de Polinere, who had rented it for a season, while her "hotel" in the avenue des Champs Elysees was undergoing repairs. There was only one other guest there for Christmas, Yvonne de Bols, a god-child of the Baronne, a bright, merry creature, who kept us all alive with her chatter and her charming voice. We all looked forward to the evenings in the old salon, where the host and his wife played piquet, and Yvonne trilled the fascinating "Chansons" of Paul Belmet, Chaminade, and other favorite composers. They are very timely of her light flexible voice, true and birdlike, and exquisitely trained withal. One evening, when the music was over, we gathered round the open fire in those parts, began discussing ghosts, or rather the others did, while I listened silently; my one experience, told elsewhere, was in my mind, and my feeling about it still too fresh to discuss and when any mention was made of that spirit-world, between which and ourselves there is such a thin yet impenetrable veil, I could only be silent, and think and wonder, and try to have faith in Him who rules both worlds, "theirs" and ours. "That day the Baron had gone over on his automobile to a neighboring chateau, an historic old place, in which lived the widow and daughters of an old army friend of his. They had not come across each other for many long years, in fact, the women-kind had never met, and I heard a curious thing to-day," said the Baron. "I wonder how much truth there is in it. Madame Desbriettes and her daughters declare that Chateau la Reine is haunted, that the servants, as well as the family have seen the fair ghost, for it seems she is a lady and both young and lovely into the bargain." Yvonne was wild with excitement. "Tell me everything you heard," she said; "quick! quick! What is she like? When does she appear? Have other people seen her?" "Well, you see, it seems that a man who was in the kitchen, after the shooting, had the pleasure of an introduction, and he was so eloquent in his admiration that he got dreadfully chafed for his love at first sight, and his subsequent love again beheld the lovely specter. He was an Englishman, too, spending his long vacation over here, the Desbriettes had come across him at Monte Carlo and asked him to come to them some time. He continued to rave over the lovely transparent and shadowy figure till the end of his visit. There is nothing alarming about her, they all declare, are quite fond of the "little Demoiselle," as they call her. "I should miss her, if she should make her departure."

Yvonne should wait in the carriage, as two were enough to go in and pay a first call. The old butler helped her hastily dress, and she looked startled; with difficulty she regained sufficient composure to say how glad she was to see Yvonne. The girl, however, had noticed none of this play, not even the enquiring glances exchanged between her godmother and myself. She was looking in a bewildered, fascinated manner round the room. "You don't know me," she said, in her pretty, impulsive fashion, "why, of course you don't, because you've never seen me before, but I know all about your lovely house. There is a door in that panel over there, and behind it is an old, old staircase going up to some bed-rooms in the turret. Why, I have often been up and down those stairs. They are very dusty, you know, lots of cobwebs, and funny little twists and turns. Then, that door leads into an old library, hung with tapestry, one panel has a piece cut out of it, and it rather spoils the picture; the stiches look ragged, of course. There are wonderful books, too, old, old



"She Was Wonderfully Pretty, Slender and Graceful."

books with such funny pictures, all in old French, I expect, for I know I could not read them." "Yvonne is a quaint mortal," said my old friend; "forgive her for rattling on. I think in a former world she must have been a pixie, who came down the chimney to tease people. Well! I don't know that she is so very different in her second life." "Will you come and see my glass-houses?" said Madame Desbriettes in an agitated tone. "Come, take Mlle. Yvonne to the tennis-law; or perhaps she would like to have a game with you." "As soon as the two girls left the salon, Madame exclaimed: "You said, when you came in, that the Baron had told you of our ghost; that is she! Your little Yvonne is the ghost, there is no mistake; but what can be the meaning of the mystery?" She went on to say that Yvonne had wandered on more volubly and in greater length than I have told you was accurate in every particular; in one case, she was wrong indeed, but a few years after the Desbriettes had come to the house an alteration had been made, and the description given was of the room at its earlier date. It was all very curious, very impressive, but we agreed that Yvonne should never be enlightened for fear of making her nervous. We confided in the Baron only, and swore him to secrecy. The strange part is that having seen their little grey Demoiselle in the flesh, she never again appeared to the family in spirit form. Soon afterwards my friends, with Yvonne returned to Paris and the ghost story was buried in oblivion as we had arranged it should be for Yvonne's good.

Now comes the sequel, the happy sequel, for if you have thought my little story weird and fantastic, I think you will approve of its good old-fashioned ending, romantic, 'tis true. A year and a half after the ghost story episode, Yvonne was taken up to Oxford for commemoration by her "spoiling" godmother. They were the guests of a learned but genial (the two qualities do not always go together in the University) Don, proverbial for his kindly way of opening his hospitable doors to strangers and pilgrims of all nationalities. Yvonne, an especial pet of his, had a very good time, her easy manner and bright nature made her a great favorite. She was full of engagements of all sorts and thoroughly enjoyed everything which came in her way, although dancing was perhaps to her the greatest pleasure of all. One of the first balls she went to was at Christ Church, it was a beautifully arranged affair, and everyone was keen on getting an invitation to it. The lucky men of the "house" had tickets to give away received an unusual amount of attention, and felt themselves, in consequence, of unworldly importance, for the time being. The ball was in full swing, when a tall, dark man entered the ball-room during a pause between the dances. He was a good specimen of an Englishman, clean shaven, with sparse, athletic figure, and honest dark eyes. He looked a "good all-round" man, and so he was. He rowed in his college boat, was good at cricket and "looter," and a crack shot. There were many lamentations at Christ Church because he was about to take his degree and go down. He was looking about him now for a chance of partners, when his eyes were absolutely riveted on a girl who was standing by the door leading into the illuminated quad. She was wonderfully pretty, slender and graceful, with pretty foreign features, and a bewitching French ball gown of satin and chiffon, bedecked with pearl embroideries, all white, and a gesture of color, except in her sunny chestnut hair and rose-leaf complexion. Paul Lonsdale (did I tell you his name?) could not take his eyes off her, but his expression was not so much one of admiration as of puzzled bewilderment, followed by excitement and surprise. She was chatting unconsciously and brightly to a knot of undergraduates, and she certainly made a pretty picture, leaning against the old doorway, the Japanese lanterns outside throwing a soft glow over her animated little figure and gleaming draperies. Paul quickly turned on his heel and with a muttered exclamation:

in a very unusual fashion, and does not seem one here remind you of that other some one?" Her sympathetic expression invited confidence, and then it came out. "Mlle. Du Bols, was she the grey demoiselle? Oh! what does it all mean?" "Ah! that I cannot tell you, monsieur, it is too deep for a mere mortal to explain away; but I will tell you all that happened after you left, and when we visited Chateau la Reine, only—promise faithfully, surely you will never mention 'la demoiselle' to my god-daughter. She knows nothing of it." He readily agreed, and when he said good-night to the French ladies he had secured an invitation to the house of the professor, their host. They met often during that festive commemoration week, and the end of it all was that Paul proposed, and was accepted. He assured himself that he had really been in love with her for many long months, but this he kept a secret in his own heart. When he went out to take up his appointment in the Indian Civil Service, he took with him—not his little "grey demoiselle" but her far more satisfactory human counterpart.

NEWS IN BRIEF

CANADIAN. The Archbishop of Toronto conducted the service of blessing the new Parkdale Catholic Church. Wm. Priest, a Brandon bootblack, has inherited \$1,000,000 by the death of an uncle in California. Mr. James MacLellan, aged 94 years, died at Belleville from injuries received by being run over by a lady cyclist. It is reported at Ottawa that Lord Milner, Governor of the Transvaal, will be the next Governor-General of Canada. William Reburn, of Woodstock, was fined \$10 and costs for shooting within the corporation. His gun will be destroyed. A memorial to the late Walter Massey has been presented by Mrs. Massey to the Central Methodist Church, Toronto. The Canadian Freight Agents' Association is expected to raise the rate of export flour from interior points to the seaboard, 2% cents per 100 pounds. Edward Murphy and William Burton, accused of attempting to persuade voters at Kingston, were fined \$50 and costs each or six months in jail. A plan has been proposed to the Minister of Education for a School of Forestry in connection with the University of Toronto and the Ontario Agricultural College. During ten months of the current fiscal year 64,033 immigrants have registered at Winnipeg, and, according to reports issued by the Dominion Immigration Bureau, the population of the West will be increased by about 100,000 during the year. The Manitoba Department of Agriculture has issued a report on the total yield of grain for the crop year 1902. The total yield in Manitoba of all grains is put at 100,032,244 bushels, 53,077,267 of this amount being wheat, against 50,502,085 bushels for the previous year. The Department of Crown Lands has made an estimate that 884,500,000 feet pine sawings and square timber will be cut on licensed territory this year. Carroll and Wenig, charged with impersonation at London, are said to have jumped their bail. It is said that they have left for their alleged home in B. C. Four hotelmen went bail of \$100 each. At Sintulata, Assa., C. P. R. Agent Benoit was convicted of a charge of discriminating against a farmer in the distribution of cars and was fined \$50 and costs. An appeal will be taken to the Supreme Court. The C. P. R. new pension fund, it is announced, will go into force on Jan. 1. The trustees of the fund, Sir Thos. Shugginessy and Mr. D. McNeill, will issue a circular this week notifying the employees of the rules and regulations. A Vancouver despatch to a Winnipeg paper says: "The rumor is current in the city that Premier Prior intends to request the Lieut.-Governor to grant him a dissolution and an appeal to the country on party lines." Warden Duchesneau, of St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary, is about to ask for superannuation. He was appointed in 1875, but dismissed in 1881 for political reasons. He was reappointed in 1888, but lately was given leave of absence on account of ill-health. Archibald Cockburn, aged 20 years, son of Mr. George Cockburn, farmer, London township, while engaged chopping wood in the bush, was struck by a falling tree and pinned to the ground. He was released as quickly as possible, but the young man was quite dead. Death had been instantaneous.

SETTLED THE ARGUMENT

Deputy Sheriff in Chicago Used His Revolver.

THE WOUNDED MAN MAY DIE.

Chicago, despatch: Deputy Sheriff Samuel O'Neil, who already had "killed his man," emphasized a "political" argument yesterday afternoon by shooting and probably fatally wounding Charles Slater, a Criminal Court clerk. The "killing" took place in the vestibule of M. J. Curke's saloon, 120 Clark street, half a block from the county Court-house. Before O'Neil insisted that he would be in the central station. His earlier escapade, for which he escaped punishment, was the killing of Michael McNamara, at Jefferson and Forquer streets in 1892. O'Neil insisted that he was exonerated by a coroner's jury, on the plea that he thought McNamara was robbing a man at the time he shot him. Slater and O'Neil, with Joseph Coffey, a clerk in the county building, and Charles Ahern, another building, had been in the saloon for some time. The conversation turned to the recent instatement of Sheriff Barrett, and the probable discharge of a number of the deputies now in that office who had served under ex-Sheriff Magerstadt. "You people won't last as long as the snow," laughed Slater. O'Neil insisted that he would be in his position long after all the billies were gone. One word followed another, until both the men became angry. They were separated, however, and O'Neil was forced out into the alley at the side entrance. Slater was led to the front vestibule and seated behind the cigar case. In a minute O'Neil appeared at the front entrance, he burst through the door, and, leaning over the showcase, pressed the revolver against Slater's body and pulled the trigger. Slater fell unconscious.

RUMOR WAS FALSE.

No Case of Foot and Mouth Disease in the Dominion.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

The new Spanish Cabinet was sworn in. Mr. John Dillon, the Irish leader, who was taken ill at Chicago, has fully recovered. For the month of November British exports increased \$9,074,000, and imports decreased \$8,146,000. The Assouan dam, on the Nile, completed at a cost of nearly \$25,000,000, will be formally opened by the Duke of Connaught to-day. Thomas Nast, the noted cartoonist, who in May last was appointed Consul-General at Guayaquil, has died there. It is understood that Premier Balfour will appoint a royal commission to inquire into the subject of municipal trading. Hon. Arthur Eliot, M. P., states that so far as he is aware there is no foundation for the report in circulation in London that his brother, Lord Minto, is about to resign the Governor-Generalship of Canada.

MAD MULLAH DEAD! SLAIN BY SPEAR THRUST.

Assassin Killed Him While He Was in Act of Prayer.

News Brought to Aden by a Runner From Garroo—Dead Man Had a Great Influence—Von Buelow on the German Tariff—Says Government Will Not Consent to Fixing Minimum Duties on Meats—Greeted With Applause and Laughter by the House.

Aden, Arabia, Dec. 17: Rumor has reached here of the assassination of the Mad Mullah in Smailland. The report was brought to the coast by a native runner from Garroo, via Berbera. The Mullah is said to have been killed by a spear thrust in the stomach, inflicted while he was praying. Hajj Muhammed Abdullah, the Mad Mullah, so-called, belonged to the Habi Suleman Ogaden tribe, of Smailland. He was in the prime of life and only recently became a dominant factor in the military and political life of the protectorate of Smailland, by forcing the neighboring tribes into allegiance. Von Buelow on the Tariff. Berlin despatch: Chancellor Von Buelow's presence in the Reichstag caused expectation that he would make a statement regarding Venezuela, and the House was filled. He did not refer to international politics. He dwelt on the tariff bill and said that if the reduction of duty on agricultural machinery and implements, as provided for in the Kar-dorf amendment, were adopted the federated government would take the changes into serious consideration. They would not consent, however, to fixing minimum duties on meats. The Government, in making the new commodities, would then guarantee to the domestic animal industry protection enough to ensure its prosperous development, and would accept no provisions in treaties which would render it impossible to adopt the necessary veterinary measures to prevent animal disease coming into Germany from abroad. The Chancellor's statement was greeted with applause from the right party with derisive laughter from members of the left party.

LUMBER CUT OF SEASON.

Nearly Nine Hundred Million Feet to be Taken Out.

The Department of Crown Lands has made an estimate of the probable cut of pine sawlogs and square timber during the present season on territory held under license from the Crown. The quantities which are based upon the reports of the respective agencies are as follows: In feet, board measure: Sudbury ..... 121,000,000 Parry Sound ..... 171,000,000 Biscotasing ..... 40,000,000 Whitney ..... 50,500,000 Webwood ..... 150,000,000 Sault Ste. Marie ..... 132,000,000 Port Arthur ..... 18,000,000 Ariprior ..... 40,000,000 Pembroke ..... 100,000,000 Peterboro' ..... 44,000,000 Hat Portage ..... 25,000,000 Total ..... 884,500,000 In addition to this quantity, there will be a large number of railway ties, probably 1,500,000 taken out, as well as telegraph poles and fence posts, hardwood, etc., and a considerable cut of hemlock and hard woods, the last mentioned for fuel and charcoal purposes, as well as for use in furniture making, etc. The quantity of pine cut during the winter of 1900-01 under authority of timber license was 658,000,000 feet, and during last winter 850,000,000 feet. From the reports of the timber agents it is apparent that the chief difficulty the lumbering firms are experiencing is scarcity of labor, men being hard to get and wages high. Provisions and other supplies are also dear, and the expense of operating are correspondingly greater. The cut during the present winter will be a heavy one, and the demand for timber is good and prices high. The only thing that will tend to keep down the cut is the difficulty in obtaining labor.

THE ASSOUAN DAM OPENED

In the Presence of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught.

A GREAT WORK FOR EGYPT.

Calo, Dec. 16.—The great Assouan dam was opened to-day in the presence of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Khedive, Earl Cromer, the British Agent in Egypt, and Countess Cromer, and various Consuls-General. The Khedive turned the key, which by an ingenious contrivance set in motion the electric machinery, and since gates gradually opened, and a volume of water washed out. On the invitation of the Khedive, the Duchess of Connaught laid a stone commemorative of the event. As today was Ramadan, the great annual Mohammedan feast, the ceremony did not take place until four o'clock in the afternoon, consequently the proceedings were somewhat curtailed. This great work, which has cost \$20,000,000 and \$25,000,000, will insure a regular irrigation, impart security to crops, and stability to harvests, and when the area of the Nile lands under cultivation, the annual flood, with the fertilizing silt and soil, has already passed, and the sluices of the Assouan dam are now closed for the storage of water until March 1. The sluices will then be opened gradually, and for four months there will be a good head of water in the irrigated canal, for the use of cultivators. The security of water caused by a low Nile will be avoided and a great increase in the agricultural resources of Egypt will be brought about.

Princess Chimay Robbed. Paris, Dec. 16.—The Princess Chimay, who obtained considerable notoriety four years ago by eloping with a gypsy musician named Janos Rigo, has been robbed of \$200,000 worth of jewelry. The thief is Rigo's Hindu servant, Alinky, who fled, taking the jewelry with him. The theft includes a diamond chain with ornaments of rubies and pearls.

There are two kinds of tea - Ours and the rest of them. Blue Ribbon Tea.

LOVE'S EXILE.

Then, with a low sigh, she stood up, twined her arms within mine and let me lead her upstairs. The door of her room was open, and the two candles, flickering and smoking in the draught, cast moving shadows over a di-orner of dress and dainty woman's clothing flung in confusion about the room. Babble glanced aside and then looked up at me in bewilderment and alarm, like one roused out of sleep to see something strange and terrible. I wanted her to go to rest before her memory should overtake her. So I took off her bonnet and cloak, and proffering by the utter docility she showed me, glanced into the room to see if she had been disturbed. "Now, I shall come upstairs again in exactly five minutes and shall knock at your door. If you are in bed by that time you are to call out 'good-night.' If you are not, I shall wake your mother up, and send her to you. Now will you do as I tell you?" "Yes, yes," said she meekly. "Then good-night." "Good-night, Mr. Maude."

way got those letters, which she was mistaken in considering promissory affectionate, to have many times into a snail, but neat parcel and despatched them forth with, instead of this, I excused myself to Mrs. Ellmer, went into the study in a state of excitement, half faint and half dead, and wrote a note. "My Dear Miss Farrington—Your letter forbids me to address you in a more affectionate way, though you are mistaken in supposing that the feelings toward you have changed. It seems to be that we have both, if I may use the expression, been running our heads against a brick wall. You have been seeking in me a learned gentleman with a strong natural bent for philanthropy, while I hoped to find in you an intelligent and without most kind and loving-hearted girl, who would condescend to console me for the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, in return for my very best endeavors to make her life. Well, is the mistake past repair? I am not too old to learn philanthropy under your guidance; if I am sure, are too sweet not to forgive me for preferring a walk with you alone to interacting with all the architects who ever decried nature. I cannot come back with the carriage now to see Mr. Finch; but if you will, in the course of the afternoon, let me have another, ever so short note telling me to come and see you. I shall take it as a token that you are willing to give me another chance, and within half an hour of receiving it, I will be with you to take my first serious lesson in philanthropy, and to pay for it in what love coin you please.—Believe me, dear Lucy, if I may, dear Miss Farrington, in great haste and most faithfully and sincerely, "Heary L. Maude."

I saw the groom drive off with this note, and spent the early part of the afternoon wandering about the garden, trying to make out what sort of answer I wished for. This was the one I got: "Dear Mr. Maude—The tone of levity which characterizes your note admits but of one explanation. No gentleman could so address the lady whose respect and esteem he sincerely wished to retain. I therefore return your letters and the various presents you have been kind enough to make me, and beg that you will return me my share of your correspondence. Please do not think I bear you any ill-will; I am willing to believe the error was mutual, and shall rather increase than discountinue my prayers on your behalf, that your perhaps somewhat pliable nature may not render you the victim of designing persons—I remain, dear Mr. Maude, ever sincerely your friend, "Lucy Farrington."

When I got to the end of this warm-hearted confusion I rushed off to make up my parcel; seven notes, a smoking cap, and a pair of slippers, which last I regretted giving up; as they were large and comfortable; a box of "Village Architecture," and another of sermons by an eloquent and unpractical modern preacher, completed the list. I fastened them up, sealed and directed them, and sent them out to the under-garden from Oak Lodge, who had brought the note, and had been directed to wait for an answer. Then, with a sense of relief, which was unmixt this time, I went back to my study, my pipe, and sat down in front of the parcel my late love had sent me. I was struck by its enormous superfluous neatness to the ill-shaped brown paper bundle in which I had just sent off mine; and it presently occurred to me that the remarkable neatness with which corners had been turned in and string knotted and riveted could never have been attained by hands unused to any kind of active labor. Miss Farrington, either too much overcome by emotion to tie her parcel up herself, or from an absence of sentiment which might or might not be considered to do her credit, had entrusted the task of sending back my presents to her maid. Mechanically I opened the parcel and, not being deeply enough wounded by the abrupt termination of my engagement to throw my rejected gifts with passion into the fire, I arranged them on the table in a row, spread out my returned letters (which had all been neatly opened with a pen-or small paper-knife), and considered the well-meant but disastrous venture of which they were the relics with much thoughtfulness. It had been a failure from first to last; not only had it failed to draw my thoughts and affections from the little pale lady who was now the wife of my friend, but it had also unhappily resulted in rendering her by contrast a lovelier and more desirable object than before. There was no doubt of it; the only unalloyed pleasure my fiancée had afforded me was the increase of delight I had felt, after nearly three weeks of her improving society, in meeting that little witch of the hills once more. On the whole, my conscience was pretty clear with regard to Miss Farrington; I had been prepared to offer her affection, and she had preferred an interest in domestic architecture, which I had

A Christmas Ghost Story

My Strange Experience at a Dramatic Rehearsal

EXPERIENCE I. I, Elizabeth Bonbow, have led an uneventful, colorless life for the main part, yet it has been my fate to have been a participant in two weird experiences—one a tragedy, the other only one of those unaccountable things which no one can understand, one can only wonder and cogitate over them, not daring to doubt their veracity. No, their truthfulness is only too real to me who was in a measure connected with them. It is a funny thing when one thinks of it, that in both cases it was at Christmas-tide that the events occurred, when we had met together for days of frolic and merry-making. That was some years ago; the chief actress in one drama is lying in a peaceful little hillside graveyard, within sound of the Cornish sea; the wail of the sea birds, the moaning of the wind through the caves, and the dull warning-bell on the dread Deadman's Rock, are her perpetual dirge. Poor child! Here was a short and happy life, but for its tragic end. The other heroine is now the happy wife of an Indian civilian, a small queen in her way, in the little coterie, over which she reigns; half French, her pretty little foreign ways and gracious manners make her a favorite always, her tact and insight into character keep

My perfect knowledge of French, as of my mother tongue, was in my favor. Those were happy days; never can I forget the kindness of my dear madame, who was ever a mother to me, nor the affection showered on me by my girl-friends, English, American and French—yes, and Canadian, too! Lanhydrock was a most fascinating place, with lovely lawns, and paths innumerable stoping through the most delicious woods down to a dear little bay, with a sandy beach, hemmed in with grand old cliffs. Even in winter it was a joy to sit on the rocks, bathed in sunshine, looking at the blue, blue sea, the red-and-orange sailed fishing boats, and the coasting vessels hauled up and down the lovely gulls with a silver glint on their wings, and the rich brown seaweed-covered rocks; you felt you could never gaze at it long enough, nor drink in sufficient of the soft salt air. The grand old avenues were bordered with hydrangeas—blue, pink and cream—rhododendrons, as well as bamboos and other tropical plants, for in the balmy West Country, even in winter-time, there is a wealth of blossom and greenery to charm the eye and make one feel one had almost chanced upon winter. It was so much worse off than those who had flown to the Riviera for salubrious air and sunshine. We were a merry house-party. Besides my girl friends there was a pretty young married daughter, with her soldier-husband and darling baby, also a young Oxford cousin and little Adrienne Lyall, an orphan niece of my host the Squire, who lived in this hospitable home except when visiting her father's people in Jersey. She was a pretty little thing, with graceful, slender limbs, brown eyes which could look very pathetic and grave at times, and wavy hair rolled high in French fashion on her patriotic little head. Her services, sensitive and highly strung—I often wondered what would have become of her had her lines been cast in less pleasant places. Her young mother's life had had a tragic story in it, and there was anything in her story that was no wonder that Adrienne was hypersensitive and nervous. As a variety to the usual Christmas ball given at Lanhydrock it was decided that this year the county should be amused and entertained with a dramatics, followed by a dance. The young Oxford man was keen on them, belonged to the Oxford University Dramatic Club and knew all about it. He could get two other well-known actors, who were staying in the country and would think it no end of a lark to bicycle over for rehearsals.

So it was all settled; we quickly got our way. I say we, for I was pressed into the services of dresser, or dresser and maker-up in chief. There were parts for all "in jeanses." Adrienne did not exactly suit in my mind, but she had been told that she would have been better in any of the others. She was no actress, too nervous to remember her cues, or the injunctions—oft repeated—of the manager, she could not throw herself into her part nor do it on more. It was from no indifference or inattention, poor little girl! It all looked queer, and she with her play-book, walking up and down the paths, or sitting in the summer-house perched on the cliffs, murmuring her part. I strongly suspected that she was not covering up her delinquency, but she had a proud, reserved little nature, and rarely confided in any one. Would that she had!

Often and often have I since reproached myself for not making an effort to get at what was in her mind. Something might have been done to make matters better, mais—que voulez-vous? We can never take out of our hands, and for some wise purpose! The day arrived. We had arranged to have the final rehearsal in the morning, so that after luncheon the company might rest or take exercise, or do what they found the most refreshing preparation for the evening's exercises. I offered



Adrienne Lyall

her from becoming involved in the social bickerings, heart-burnings and jealousies which so often mar the peacefulness of an Indian station life. The funny thing is that to this day she is ignorant of the curious part she played in my ghost story, and even should she read this, which is most unlikely, I doubt if she could recognize herself. As each Christmas draws near one is apt to dwell on the memories of former seasons with their joys or sorrows, their gay or gloomy hours. For my part I think that one is apt to feel depressed, or at least very serious in one's musings, not necessarily on one's own account but in thinking over the life-stories of one's friends. As I sit by my lonely hearth, in the pretty but solitary "chez-moi," the two Xale-ides of which I will tell you stand out in sharp relief from the many ordinary and prosaic seasons I have passed in various lands and among diverse folk. The first tale especially haunts me, it is so difficult, in a way, to realize that its tragic events ever really happened, so strange and so utterly unaccountable, I can only allude to it all in a plain, unvarnished fashion, and leave you to make what you can of it. It was invited this particular year to spend my holidays—did I say I was a governess?—in the lovely Cornish home of some girls who had been at the Parisian school in which I was teaching. My early years had been spent in the south of France, with my invalid mother. At her death I was not endowed with many worldly goods, and I was glad to accept the post offered to me in one of the best schools, at Neuilly.

"You did," cried she, pale to the lips with apprehension. "Yes; and I saw you, you muttered something I couldn't understand, and then you half woke up, and you went back quickly to your own room again, leaving me considerably wider awake than before. "Is that all?" asked Babble, the faint color coming back to her face again. "It was quite enough for me, I assure you. And I hope you will take your walking exercise for the future in the day-time, when my elderly nerves are at their best." Babble laughed, much relieved. She evidently retained such a vivid impression of the thoughts which had preyed upon her excited mind on the previous evening that she was tormented by the fear of the dim remembrance of having given them expression. She now looked with awakened interest at the old collection on the table.

(To be Continued.)

The confiding woman should study the doctrine of selection.

to help the hostess and Mrs. Grant, the married daughter, with final arrangements and disarrangement of the reception rooms and imprudent theatre. Mrs. Grant was not acting, so she and I were to be general helps behind the scenes. We met in the hall for tea at 5 o'clock. The old hall looked lovely, the dark oak furniture and paneling formed a charming background for the wreaths of holly and mistletoe, the polished armor gleaming in the firelight—some sacrilegious spirit had insinuated a sprig of mistletoe into the mouthpiece in the helmet of a gallant Crusader—on the huge open hearth burned a real roaring fire. Some one asked where Adrienne was, and some one else volunteered that she had said she should go for a long ride, probably over the gravelled moors. They said she had looked very tired after the rehearsal. Probably she was now lying down in her own room, with Jennifer, the old Cornish nurse, in attendance, to administer her favorite panacea, "a cup o' tay."

We were all rather silent at the mention of Adrienne. The last rehearsal had been a sorry performance, as far as she was concerned. Had it been any one else, the Oxonians would probably have thought her "a duffer," or "a stick," but one and all liked her, and were sorry for her. For her sake, we should be glad if it were over. Well, the myetic hour arrived, the play began, and to our astonishment Adrienne's small part in the first scene was better than anything we had yet seen her accomplish.

"It is generally the way," whispered Mrs. Grant, "people always play up when the night comes; you can't judge a little bit from rehearsals." You certainly cannot if this were a case in point, for as Adrienne came on she acted better and more easily, and she received a great deal of applause. She looked lovely, but there was to be expected, a little pale perhaps; in fact she grew too white as the play went on. Mrs. Grant murmured anxiously, "Will I could get at Adrienne to put on a touch of rouge, and she seems so cold, I suppose it's nervousness, but when I touched her hands just now in giving her her cloak, they were icy."

"She will be all right when it is over," I said; "are you not proud of her?" Well! she was clapped and applauded, and won golden opinions from her fellow actors and the spectators. It was all the more delightful to us for being so overlooked for. When it was over we all crowded together to exchange congratulations and for a few moments an one missed Adrienne, who had apparently left the room. "Just run up, Elizabeth, and see where she is, like a dear," said Mrs. Grant, "she may feel faint in the dark, get her to come down and refresh the inner man; a little champagne-cup will put some color into those rose-petal cheeks and save it."

I was leaving the room, when at the door I encountered old Jennifer looking so white and startled, that I exclaimed, "Why, nurse, what is it, you as if you had seen a ghost?" "Tis a whitest business, Miss bow," she said, "where are my dress and 'missie'—as she still calls Mrs. Grant."

"She beckoned to them, say. "Please, ma'am, come up to M Adrienne's room at once, there something wrong, I'm thinking." We hurried upstairs as quietly as possible, so as not to alarm our guests. Adrienne's room was dimly lit by a waiving fire in the grate. Across her to the door of a passing wakened the bed lay a little figure in a dark riding habit. One slender white hand hung down over the covert, her head lay on the floor beside the bed. "Who has been here?" pronounced an army doctor, who came up from among the company at our summons. "She has been dead some hours."

"That is all. No one had ever dreamt that she had anything wrong with her, but nervousness over her expected failure may have hastened the end. "Who had relieved her of her part and played it to such perfection? A little Christmas ghost?"

The Ever Woman. "I hate to be contradicted," said. "Then I won't contradict you," returned. "You don't love me," she asserted. "You're hateful thing," she cried. "I am," he replied. "I believe you are trying to tempt me," she said. "I am," he conceded. "I do," that you do love me." "I do." For a moment she was silent. "Well," she said at last, "I do hate a man who's weak enough to be led by a woman. He ought to have a mind of his own—and strength." He sighed. What else could he do?—Chicago Post.

Requiescat in Pace. Columbus Citizen.

He boiled the water that he drank, By rule he slept and ate; He wore hygienic underclothes To get the bulge on fate. Thus science served him faithfully, And made him microbe-proof, But yesterday he met defeat, By falling from a roof.

RID THE SYSTEM OF POISONS

And You Need Have No Fear of Appendicitis, Peritonitis and Other Drowned Ills—Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills, the Great Family Medicine.

When the bowels are constipated or sluggish in action the human body seems an easy prey to nearly every ailment to which human beings are subject. The immediate result of inactivity of the bowels is the clogging and obstruction of the action of the kidneys and liver, the upsetting of the digestive organs and the forcing back into the system of poisonous impurities which contain the germs of disease. Not only are colic and all conta-

rious and infectious diseases more likely to attack a person subjected to constipation, but appendicitis, peritonitis, inflammation of the bowels, the chronic dyspepsia are direct result of neglecting to keep the bowels regular and active. In health the bowels should move about once a day, otherwise the effects are soon felt in the way of indigestion, headache, dizziness, bodily pains and feelings of uneasiness, languor and depression. The most prompt relief, as well as the most thorough cure for constipation is Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

No merely cathartic medicine can do more than relieve constipation. The bile which is poured into the intestines by the liver is nature's cathartic and consequently healthful liver action is essential to regularity of the bowels. Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills have a direct action on the liver and kidneys, as well as the bowels, and for this reason a thorough cure of constipation by Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills is of inestimable value as a family medicine. Only one pill a dose 2 or 3 times a day. Ask your dealer, or Edw. Bates & Co., Toronto.

T H I S O R I G I N A L D O C U M E N T I N V E R Y P O O R C O N D I T I O N

THE Athens Reporter

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

B. LOVERIN

SUBSCRIPTION

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

ADVERTISING

Business notices in local or news columns 10c per line for first insertion and 5c per line for each subsequent insertion.

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

The Woman and the Rose. A traveler stopped at a little cabin in the Georgia woods.

A woman entered the cabin. She stood and gazed at the rose a moment. Then, darting forward, she tore it from the stranger's coat and stamped it on the rude floor.

"Why did you do that?" asked the stranger, leaping to his feet.

"That's my wife, an'—an'—she ain't right here," tapping his forehead.

"We had a little girl once with blue eyes an' hair like a sunset. She wandered off among the roses one day, lost, an' when we found her she was where the roses grow, an' they was creepin' over her, an' the wife there went mad, an' now she says the roses stole the child an' hid her away from us forever, an' she goes about an' tramples them, just like she did the rose there on the floor."

Snuff and a Crook. Robert Pinkerton once told a story of his father, the founder of the detective agency, which illustrates the elder Pinkerton's caution.

He saw the criminal standing by the door with a snuffbox he had picked up from Pinkerton's desk in his hand.

"This is good snuff," affably remarked the crook as he took a sniff.

"For the eyes or the nose?" asked Pinkerton, who knew that the crook had intended to blind him in an effort to escape.

"Well," remarked the criminal, "I'm sorry to say that the nose gets it this time."

Would Not Keep Her Back. Sadder Sime was a droll character and yet of a type by no means scarce in the rural districts of the north of Scotland.

"Man, Jeemie, I had an awfu' dream last night. I thoct I saw my wife fleet'n' aw' up to heaven w' a great big pair of weungs."

"Aye, man, an' did ye no try to pu' her back?"

"Na, na; I juist clappit my hands an' cried, 'Shoo! Shoo!' I was feart she wad never hae anither chance of gettin' sae near in."

He Saw How It Fell. An Irishman who was visiting America for the first time was lost in admiration of the Niagara falls when a friend accosted him:

"Well, Pat, and what do you think of this? Isn't it a grand sight? There's nothing in the old country to come up to it. See how it falls!"

"Faith, I see how it falls," said Pat; "but, shure, there's nothin' to hinder it!"

Natural. Clarence—I wish I had lots of money.

Uncle Henry—If one could get what he wished for, I think I should wish for common sense, not for money.

Clarence—Naturally every one wishes for what he hasn't got.

He Knew Her. She—Reggie, dear, there is something of the old time love light in your eyes tonight—something about you that reminds me of those sweet days of long ago. I hope you have—

He—Yes, I have a little left. How much do you want this time?

Would Surely Raise Revenue. In the old days they spoke of a licensed fool. If all the fools were required to have a license now, the government could do away with its other taxes and still maintain the surplus.

A Philanthropist Hardened. Philanthropic Old Gentleman—Here, my little man—here is a nickel for you. His Little Man—Toss yer double or quits—whether yer makes it a dime or keeps it.

The day that the boy baby puts on his first pants his mother begins to feel that there are two men in the house.—Boston Globe.

The Profitable Sausage. For the amount of meat used the sausage is the most profitable legacy of the hog. Fully fifty different kinds of this suspected article are manufactured to suit the taste of many peoples.

Very Awkward. A young recruit was set on sentry go and was, of course, new to his duty. A good natured comrade brought him a sandwich, and the recruit was about to eat it when the major appeared.

Applying the Argument. There are times when one pursues an admirable course of reasoning with a child only to find that it results in his own undoing.

Origin of "Watered Stock." The expression "watered stock," which describes so well the expansion of the stock of a company beyond the value of the property, originated, it is said, in connection with Daniel Drew.

Old Polo. In "The Arabian Nights" we read of a wise sage who cured a great king by a deception with which he anointed the handle of a stick with which the king was in the habit of playing a game at ball.

The Great Question. "We are to be made one," she suggested.

A Decentral Cat. Mamma—You wicked little girl to say that the poor cat has eaten the jam, when I can see the stain of it on your face!

The Liveller the Better. Young Man (in grocer's)—Pound of cheese, please.

Told Her Frankly. Edith—Tell me frankly, George, if you were a rich man do you think you would ask me to marry you?

How He Felt About It. "I wish I could give up work and take a long rest."

Signs of Prosperity. "How do you get the reputation of being so much richer than you are?" asked the intimate friend.

How He Felt About It. "I wish I could give up work and take a long rest."

It is agreed by medical authorities that the virulence of an epidemic may be increased by the element of fear in the public mind.

WORKING IN THE DARK.

Discomforts of Mining Before the Davy Lamp Was Invented.

The difficulties under which coal mining operations were carried on before the scientist Davy had invented his safety lamp must have been very great.

Agrioola, an author who wrote about the middle of the sixteenth century, has left an elaborate treatise on coal mining as it was practiced during the middle ages.

Tombs of the Ancient Prophets. There exist in parts of Islam many tombs of the prophet Daniel. Of these one of the most celebrated is at Cairo.

Making Marble Out of Chalk. In nature marble is made out of chalk by water which percolates through the chalk deposits, dissolves the chalk particle by parties and crystallizes it, mountain pressure solidifying it.

A Good Policy. The Dry Goods Economist says of one store with which it is familiar:

Leigh Hunt's Breakfast Bonquets. Leigh Hunt, that early day aesthete, declared breakfast to be the meal of all others when the poetic influence of a table posy was to be desired.

Gave Him a Start. "Now, then," said the auctioneer, holding up a pair of antique silver candlesticks, "give me a start."

Why They No Longer Speak. She (romantically)—What would you do if we should meet in the hereafter?

Winning a Kiss. Aunt Hannah—I saw that young man kiss you, Jane. How did it come about?

A Pair of Them. He—The great trouble with Gabley is that he talks too much.

Each decision you make, however trifling it may be, will influence every decision you will have to make, however important it may be.

THE STORY OF THE HUNT



The Reporter Hunt Club's Annual Outing in the Highlands of Ontario—Written by the Scribe of the Athens Reporter, 1902

The morning after the events recorded in our last chapter was the first of the hunting season, and the cook had been warned that he would get an early call.

Last year when writing up the story of the hunt we mentioned that a wealthy Kentucky gentleman had made arrangements to erect a summer cottage on an island in the lake, and had a greater part of the logs for the main building out, and one of the smaller buildings about completed.

The Darling Little Humming Bird. Courage has little or no relation to bodily size. The humming bird is the smallest of birds, but also one of the most fearless and pugnacious.

Both Were There. Miss Millyun—One can be very happy in this world with health and money.

Why They No Longer Speak. She (romantically)—What would you do if we should meet in the hereafter?

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the 'direction' that the stragglers were last heard, in the hope that they might join them and all find their way back to camp.

The missing dogs not returning, it was decided to rest that afternoon, and if they did not come in during the night that Charlie and Byron would take the canoe and start at daylight the next morning to try and find the camp of a party of hunters, whose rifle shots had been heard in the direction the dogs had taken.

Byron started with two boats to bring out the big buck down the river. On the way back, Claude, the cook, had a deer placed to his credit.

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Each decision you make, however trifling it may be, will influence every decision you will have to make, however important it may be.

Long Hair

"About a year ago my hair was coming out very fast, so I bought a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor. It stopped the falling and made my hair grow very rapidly, until now it is 45 inches in length."

There's another hunger than that of the stomach. Hair hunger, for instance. Hungry hair needs food, needs hair vigor—Ayer's. This is why we say that Ayer's Hair Vigor always restores color, and makes the hair grow long and heavy.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address: J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Brockville Business College

Start the year 1903 with us and your first step for a successful career will have been taken. You have the ability, if properly directed, to do something better than you are now doing.

Where you goin'?" "Up to Eaton's after a pump."

"Didn't know he made 'em."

"Yes, and keeps all kinds of wood and iron pumps, piping, pipe-fittings; in fact, everything you need around a well."

Saw-filing and general carpenter work. Prices right.

Alex. M. Eaton, Elgin St., Athens

Persian Lamb Jackets

Plain collars, revers and cuffs \$125.00 Mink (choleol), natural revers, and cuffs 150.00 Alaska Sable, bright and glossy 140.00 Stone Martin 150.00

Mrs. F. J. Griffin

King Street East. BROCKVILLE - O.V.T.

Soft Harness

EUREKA Harness Oil makes a poor looking harness look like a new one.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

Write for our interesting book "Inventor's Help" and "How you are swindled." Send us a rough sketch or model of your invention or improvement and we will tell you free of opinion as to whether it is probably patentable.

THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT ENTITLED TO PROTECTION



Horse Health



is one of the most important things for every farmer to consider.

Dick's Blood Purifier

It tones up the system, rids stomach of bots, worms and other parasites which undermine an animal's health.

LEEMING MILES & CO. AGENTS. MONTREAL.

20 MILLION BOTTLES SOLD EVERY YEAR.



Happiness is the absence of pain, and millions have been made happy through being cured by Dr. JACQUES OIL OF RHEUMATISM.

CONQUERS PAIN

THE Brooches here mentioned may offer a desirable suggestion for Christmas buying.

Jeweled Brooches.

Each one is of artistic merit as well as surpassing value.

No. 13320, at \$5, is a Star and Crescent design of fine Pearls and solid Gold.

Ryrie Bros., Jewelers, Yonge and Adelaide Streets, Toronto.

OH, THOSE MEN!

WHAT A PLAGUE TO THE WOMEN!

Did you ever chance to run up against the man whose wife did not understand him?

The first husband I ever met who was not appreciated had married his landlady's daughter.

who felt that his wife did not appreciate his good points and who was looking about for some philanthropic lady who would.

Doesn't it ever occur to you that the woman is laughing at you—laughing at your stupidity, your weakness, your vanity?

I'll tell you the sort of unhappy married man a fine woman admires and pities—the man who is married to a fool but who is too proud to talk about it.

Well, that girl fetched up in a divorce court as a co-respondent. I have not the slightest doubt of her innocence, but she had been doing confection stunts, and she had to pay for her indiscretions.

Of course, when you were married you were going to love through all eternity. Ah, well, eternity is a long time, as you soon discovered.

ARE YOU A SLAVE? A Good Many Men are Without Knowledge.

Tell your friend you mean to spend your life fighting for money and power, and he will, if he be an average man, applaud your decision.

He is numerous, as omnipresent as Banquo's ghost. You meet him in every circle. He thinks his case is a little harder than any other human's.

His Spiling Pastion.

Doctor—Your temperature is up to one hundred and seven.

Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Drops as a blood purifier, strength and health restorer, and a specific for all stomach, liver and kidney troubles.

Supply Cut Off.

From Deaver Col. One day the hydrant was frozen up, and the next day the milkman did not come.

Piles

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles.

Be Careful With Matches.

"Every match is safe," said a dealer, "when carefully used, and no match is safe otherwise."

40th Anniversary Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum

For over Forty Years Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum AS A SPECIFIC FOR COUGHS, COLDS, ETC.

Gray's Syrup

The Idealogue. John Morley.

An Idealogue, a doctrinaire, is a man who believes that there is a relation between cause and effect and that there is some difference between right and wrong.

SMOKE BARRISTER

10 cent Cigar Guaranteed Clear Havana Filled

PHOTOGRAPHERS!

Do you know that ROTOGRAPH BROMIDE PAPER Will give you different results than any other bromide paper?

An Official Refutation.

New York Tribune. Maurice Gross tells a story about a sheriff from Dawson City, who crossed with him from Europe recently.

"I don't understand," he remarked, "why Americans persist in talking against their own country. It gives persons on the other side a very wrong impression."

There's Many a Slip on icy roads and sidewalks in the winter.

An Embryo Humorist.

In one of the Cleveland public schools the teacher said to the class members of the class would ever write out a conversation between a grocer and one of his customers.

CATARRH CANNOT BE CURED

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they can not reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies.

Just Like a Woman.

"I have a surprise in store for you, dear," he said, seating himself at the supper table.

A New Joke.

Yonkers Statesman. She—Did you ever countenance a lottery?

A Correct Definition.

N. Y. Herald. Tommy—Pop, when does a man get a green old age?

Wanted to Know.

Chicago Daily News. Teacher—Years ago the kingdom of Spain ran clear around the world.

THINGS YOU CAN'T DO.

Seemingly Simple Feats That One Finds It Impossible to Accomplish.

There are many physical feats apparently exceedingly simple that the ordinary person finds it difficult or impossible to perform.

A Matter of Compulsion.

Kansas City Star. "So you want to become my son-in-law?" Inquired the father of the young wooer.

SMOKE BARRISTER

10 cent Cigar Guaranteed Clear Havana Filled

PHOTOGRAPHERS!

Do you know that ROTOGRAPH BROMIDE PAPER Will give you different results than any other bromide paper?

Results from common soaps: eczema, coarse hands, ragged clothes, shrunken flannels.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Sometimes it Brings it. Columbia Jester. College Idiot—That takes the cake. Kind Friend—What does? College Idiot—Oh, the baker's wagon, I suppose.

We believe MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best.

Mathias Foley, Oil City, Ont. Joseph Snow, Norway, Me. Chas. Whooten, Mulgrave, N. S.

Hear Little of the Losers.

Cleveland Plain Dealer. There is one little thing certain about the losses by stock market dumps.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap

Powder dusted in the bath softens the water at the same time that it disinfects.

A Correct Definition.

N. Y. Herald. Tommy—Pop, when does a man get a green old age?

Wanted to Know.

Chicago Daily News. Teacher—Years ago the kingdom of Spain ran clear around the world.

Handsomeness of a Watch

A Solid Gold Ladies' or Gent's Watch costs from \$25 to \$50. Don't throw your Money away.

HANDSOME WATCH FREE

to quickly introduce our remedy, and when you receive the watch, we ask you to please show it to your friends.

WANTED TO PURCHASE—ANY QUANTITY

of mixed wood, suitable for brick burning, for immediate use; state cash price.

TEN COURSES BY MAIL

Thoroughly taught. Expert instruction. Individual attention. Send for handsome catalogue for particulars.

HIGHEST TYPE OF BACON HOGS

are produced by OAK LODGE YORKSHIRES.

POULTRY

Consignment of Poultry, Game, Butter, Eggs, Honey, Beans, etc. solicited.

DEMILL LADIES' COLLEGE

To all interested in the education of young ladies or girls whose course may be had, including the common and high school branches.

\$2.35 WATCH with durable plate and handsomely engraved

back to us and WE WILL RETURN OUR MONEY. We are reliable and will carry out our promise.

ARE YOU A SLAVE?

A Good Many Men are Without Knowledge. Tell your friend you mean to spend your life fighting for money and power.

OH, THOSE MEN!

WHAT A PLAGUE TO THE WOMEN! Did you ever chance to run up against the man whose wife did not understand him?

ARE YOU A SLAVE?

A Good Many Men are Without Knowledge. Tell your friend you mean to spend your life fighting for money and power.

Another Xmas Special

It is well to remember that by purchasing your Xmas Presents from us that WE PAY ALL FREIGHT CHARGES TO YOUR STATION.

\$12 Turkish Easy Chairs

\$7.89 ALL FREIGHT CHARGES PAID.

Large drum arms and roll head, exact as illustrated, beautifully upholstered in the best English Taggery.

THE DUFFETT FURNITURE CO LIMITED 341 Yonge and 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 Gould Street TORONTO



### ALL THE NEWS OF THE TOWN

—Latest Christmas toys and confectionery at Wm. Mott's Main st.

—Judging from the display, Santa Claus' headquarters is at T. S. Kendrick's.

It has been announced that wedding bells are to ring in Athens on the last day of the year.

The Athens High School closes on Friday of this week, to re-open on Monday, 5th of January.

—Fancy house slippers for men and women are nice Xmas gifts. We have them.—T. S. Kendrick.

—Sit early for your photos and have them for Christmas. A special rate is now on at Falkner's gallery, Athens.

During the absence of Mrs. Slack, Miss Bertha Lester is officiating as organist in the Methodist church.

—We have hundreds of dainty embroidered handkerchiefs to select from.—Kendrick.

The Baptist Sabbath school Christmas tree entertainment takes place this evening.

—What makes a more useful present than a nice fur collar or cap? See our stock.—Kendrick.

Mrs. D. M. Spaidal, of Brockville, who had been visiting Mrs. Cornell for a few days, returned home last week.

A few days ago, Mrs. F. W. Tribute, while coming up the hill from the woolen factory, fell and broke one of her arms.

Mr. R. Gainford, of Seelys Bay, has moved to Athens, and is occupying Mr. Geo. Gainford's house, on Wellington street.

—Don't fail to call and see Fisher's last car load of cutters. They are beauties. In style and finish there is nothing equal to them in the market this year.

One day last week, while working with a class of students in the laboratory of the A. H. S., Mr. Graham, science master, had one of his hands quite badly burned with phosphorus.

—When puzzled about to buy for Christmas, visit the furniture store of R. D. Judson & Son. You will probably find both the article and the price you want.

Parties who promised to bring in wood last winter in payment for Reporter subscriptions, but failed to do so, are notified that unless they bring it in before the 1st of January, 1903, they will have to pay the money.

—There is nothing more acceptable as a Christmas gift than a nice piece of furniture. A fine line of fancy rockers, jardiniere stands and fancy parlor tables is attracting deserved attention at Judson's furniture store.

Mr. Arden Parish, of Smith's Falls is in Athens this week. The hockey club are very desirous that he should remain here during the winter and help them chase the puck up against the teams of the league that is to be.

This (Wednesday) evening the Reform electors of Athens and Rear Yonge and Escott will meet in the town hall for the appointment of delegates to the convention to be held in the same place at 1 p. m. on Thursday.

In the Methodist church, Lyndhurst, on Christmas night, there is to be a "good time" entertainment held in connection with the Sabbath school. A Christmas tree is to be a feature of the evening, and there will be an interesting programme presented by the children.

The windows and store-fixtures of Athens merchants now present a decidedly holiday appearance. The useful articles displayed probably outnumber the purely ornamental, but that person must be hard to suit who cannot supply his Christmas wants here.

Mr. Justus Bullis and wife, of Watertown, N. Y., are on an extended visit to relatives and friends in Athens and other points in Ontario. Mr. Bullis is a son of Mr. Peter Bullis, an old-time resident of Elizabethtown and Kitley. It is twenty years since he was in this section, but now, having renewed old acquaintances, he announces his intention of attending the annual reunion of the Bullis family at Charleston Lake next summer.

Last week, the teachers in training at the model school presented the principal of the school, Mr. C. Ross McIntosh, with an address, nicely framed, and a fountain pen. The relations between the students and their teacher have been very cordial during the term, and in this way they expressed their appreciation of his painstaking and efficient services.

We have pleasure in presenting to our readers this week a seasonable poem by Mr. C. C. Slack. It breathes the true spirit that everywhere prevails at Christmastide, and we have no doubt it will be welcomed and read with pleasure in many homes, where it will serve to awaken such sad, sweet thoughts as are inseparable from the family gatherings that everywhere take place on Christmas Day.

### THE CHILDREN'S COLEN HOME.

CRAWF. C. SLACK.

When the snow is o'er the meadows and the winter air is keen,  
And the hoar-frost draws its pictures on the pane,  
When the north wind it is sweeping o'er the moorland, through the wood,  
And drifting high the fleeces snow in the lane,  
When the evergreens and cedars with their cloaks are drooping low,  
And nature sleeps in silence everywhere,  
Then the merry, cheery Christmas comes a-stealing with its cheer,  
And there seems a joyous feeling in the air.  
When the crispy, frisky season comes to gladden all around,  
With its kindly ways and deeds of love and cheer,  
I'm as busy as a chore-boy waiting on the women folks,  
For it seems the busy time of all the year.

### A.O.U.W. OFFICERS

At the regular meeting of Farmersville Lodge, No. 177, A.O.U.W., held Tuesday evening, Dec. 16th, the following officers were elected for 1903—

2 P.M.—D. Fisher.  
M.W.—J. P. Lamb.  
Foreman—W. C. Smith.  
Recorder—Jan. Ross.  
Treasurer—Irwin Will.  
Trustee—T. C. Aigue.  
Overseer—G. A. Lee.  
Guide—G. W. Brown.  
I.W.—A. E. Green.  
O.W.—A. J. Slack.  
Trustee—S. A. W. Blanchard.  
S. Y. Bullis.  
Representative to Grand Lodge—S. C. A. Lamb; alternate, I. Wilton.

### HONORED IN NOVA SCOTIA

Our townsman, Mr. A. E. Donovan, has won the esteem and admiration of leading men in Nova Scotia to such an extent that they have manifested a desire to honor him with a seat in their legislative chamber. A despatch to the Montreal Gazette says: "A. E. Donovan, of this city, of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, New York, who belongs to Athens, Ont., has been asked to accept a nomination for one of the Nova Scotia Counties." Mr. Donovan is regarded by many here as "the future member for South Leeds", and with this prospect before him, it seems hardly likely that he will accept a nomination for the Nova Scotia legislature, however much he may appreciate the proffered honor.

### THE GOOD OLD DAYS

"Farmersville—This village is destined to move forward in the march of progress. It contains many 'fast thinking' and strong-minded ladies—ladies capable of throwing off the 'corsetted' ideas of custom, by adopting the graceful costume of the bloomer—several having done so. We have great hopes of Farmersville."

The above paragraph, which appeared in the Brockville Recorder of fifty years ago, reads very much like what we sometimes hear respecting the ladies in these modern "erect front" days. In every community there always have been "perfect women, nobly planned, to charm, to comfort, and command," and if the ladies of the "good old days of rustic simplicity" are carefully judged in the light of contemporaneous newspaper chronology, they will be found not to differ materially from the so-called "new woman."

### THE CRADDOCK CONCERT

The Y.M.A. of the Methodist church have every reason to be satisfied with the success that attended their concert on Wednesday evening last. The entertainment was under the direction of Mr. Craddock, organist of St. John's church, Brockville, and his pupils contributed the musical part of the programme. Their performance was highly creditable to Mr. Craddock's ability as a teacher, and served to confirm the high opinion previously held here in respect to his superior musical talents. All who were present hope to see Mr. Craddock's name appear as a contributor to some musical programme in Athens before the close of the season. Those taking part in the programme on Wednesday evening were: Miss A. White, Miss A. Eyre, Miss R. G. Murray, Miss H. Thompson, Miss Jessie Taplin, pianists; Mrs. S. C. A. Lamb, Miss Woods, Miss McCulloch, Miss Barber, Mr. Thompson, Master Harry Pilgrim, vocalists. Miss Jacobs, the elocutionist of the evening, very favorably impressed the audience with her ability as an entertainer, and was warmly welcomed at each appearance. The whole evening was thoroughly enjoyed by all present, and another similar entertainment should prove equally successful.

### AUCTION SALES

On Friday, Dec. 19, Wm. Kennedy will offer for sale at his farm near Phillipsville, 14 cows, 2 heifers, 4 calves, mare, sow, 7 pigs, vehicles, implements, etc. The farm will also be offered for sale. Sale at 1 p. m. W. H. Denaut, auctioneer.

On Friday, January 3, 1903, Mr. T.R. Moles will offer for sale at his premises, one mile east of Athens, 10 cows, 4 sheep, yearling bull, Holstein heifer, heifer calf, brood sow, 4-y.-old colt, 2-y.-old colt, vehicles, implements, hay, oats, etc., and the farm which consists of about 100 acres. Sale at 12.30 p. m. G. N. Young, auctioneer.

Mother got a tender letter, which she read with moistened eyes,  
From the children which she loves, now all away,  
She's committed it verbatim and her heart is full of joy,  
For they're all a coming home on Christmas day.  
So, you see, it makes it busy for their mother and for me—  
Bakes, it keeps me on the canteen all the while—  
Why, mother she is bobbing 'round the kitchen like a girl,  
And her face it wears a satisfying smile.  
She's a mixing up and cooking all the dainty little things,  
Lands, I wouldn't start to name the kinds of cake!  
At night she'll keep me talking 'bout them 'till I fall asleep,  
Then wake me up to tell me what she'll make.

She's a buying little trinkets that she sees down at the store,  
Never asking me how much she ought to pay,  
I reckon I'll be busted when the holidays are o'er,  
It's a lucky thing they don't come every day.  
Why, I've been a-chopping salad and mince meat for a week,  
And mother she's a tasting everything.  
You would think that she was cooking for the President and staff,  
Or getting up a dinner for the King.  
I've shut up the biggest gobbler and I've stuffed him for a month,  
Why I've fed him 'till I thought that he would bust,  
The pig corn and the butternuts are drying round the pipe,  
And I give the old red cradle too a dust.  
For I rather think they'll need it for the letter went to say  
That Jimmy's wife had got another boy,  
And of course they'll bring him with them, and the other children all  
They will make the old-house echo with their joy.

I have looked the apples over, picking out the biggest ones,  
The mellow snows, the tallmans and the spies,  
And moulded maple sugar cakes and hung them in a row  
With ribbons blue to catch the youngsters' eyes.  
And then there is the cider just as sweet as loll-a-pop.  
All fresh and put a runni'g from the mill,  
So, putting all together, the youngsters when they come  
I reckon that for once they'll have a fill.  
Yes, I'm glad the children's coming for to spend the day with us,  
And mother's joy, it never could be told,  
For it seems as she grows older she loves them all the more,  
And likes to have them round her as of old.  
Why, she thinks the sun is setting on their babies every one,  
And the cutest little present has for all.  
She will smother them with kisses as they flock around her chair,  
And run to them at every beck and call.

Course, they'll find our heads some whiter and our step a little slow,  
We perhaps don't feel like kicking quite so high,  
But our love has grown no colder and we love the children all,  
They're dear to us as in the days gone by.  
As they gather round the table, it will take me back to years  
When their prattle through the old house it was heard,  
When their mother's hair was golden and her face was fair to see,  
And she was young and chipper as a bird.  
Yes, I'm glad the children's coming to see us once again,  
And I never wanted them to go away.  
I've enough to keep them gnawing and supply their little wants,  
And I'm going to try and coax them all to stay.

### An Essay on Rain.

"In a general way I approve of rains," said the grumpy person when he reached home after a dreaching. "They are a fine thing when they come decently and in good order"—as he placed his umbrella where it would drip on the parlor carpet—"but I want to go on record right now"—removing his soggy new hat and saturated coat—"as declaring I am opposed to these rains that begin on the day before yesterday and keep coming"—gazing at his eight dollar trousers, which resembled drags. "It wouldn't be so bad," he resumed as he took his shoes off and let the water run out, "if it rained straight down, but when it rains zig-zag and up and crosswise and catcourses it's time to protest. A dod gasted day like this has no right to be on the calendar"—and so on until he got to bed.

### STOPPED THE STORM.

The Snow Was a Little Too Heavy to Suit the Actor.

"Mechanical devices are now made wonderfully real on the stage," said the old stock actor. "It hasn't been so many years ago since even the simple device of depicting a snowstorm was regarded an achievement. I remember on one occasion I was out with a company playing repertoire and in one melodrama—I don't even now recall the name—I took the part of an old man whose daughter, the heroine, had been abducted. I was supposed to be blind, and my strong scene was in the snowstorm in search of my daughter. She was lying in a drift, and as I hobbled across the stage I kept crying: 'Me che-ld! Where is me che-ld?' 'Well, it was early in the season and the play was the first attraction at that theater. The scene painters had been at work and had dropped several paint brushes, hammers and other articles into the sheet that held the snowstorm. As the stage hands in the flies shook the sheets to make the snow come out a couple of hammers came down and just missed me by an inch. I was blind and didn't dare to look up, but when a monkey wrench just grazed my temple I had presence of mind enough to yell: 'See yonder moon! The storm is over!' The stage hands took their cue and let up on me, and the audience never stopped to question how a blind man could see yonder moon."

### The Montefiore Family.

The late Sir Moses Montefiore, the "grand old man" of the Jews, the modern Moses bringing thousands and tens of thousands out of bondage and poverty into the land of peace and plenty—and really he had his reward, rounding out his century in fine shape, his spiritual eye not dimmed nor his natural strength abated—was once taunted with being a descendant of the murderer of Christ. He said nothing at the time, but called on his accusers next day with a chart of his pedigree, showing that the home of his forbears, the "old homestead," had been in Spain for over 2,000 years, about 200 years before Christ was born.

### Wasn't Looking For That Run.

Superintendent of the Railroad Company—So you want a job as fireman, eh?

Applicant—Yes, sir.

Superintendent—I'll have to ask you a few questions. How far is it to the north pole?

Applicant—Gee whiz! If you're going to put me on that line, I don't want the job.

No Cash.

"Harry, I suppose you keep a cash account?"

"No, Uncle George, I haven't got so far as that, but I keep an expense account."

### The People's Column.

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

### For Sale.

A very fine organ, also thoroughbred Jersey calf 3 1/2 months old. Apply to MRS. F. J. GIFFIN, Main St., Brockville.

### Farm for Sale or to Rent

Pt. Lots 13 and 14, Con. 6 Township of Yonge 100 acres—well watered—good buildings. Apply on premises or write to ROBERT ALLINGHAM, Athens

### PUBLIC NOTICE

G. W. Brown, Chief of Police, is now required to enforce the law that prohibits the use of profane language, cursing and swearing on the streets and in all public places in the village of Athens, and to fine all persons found guilty of the same—drunk or sober.

### DR. JACKSON,

gynecologist.

Diseases of women and of children, office and residence, King St., West corner of Kincaid St., (one block west of the Strand and Grand Central hotels), Brockville, Ont.

## Christmas Cheer!

A few helpful hints to puzzled purchasers of Christmas goods.

### FOR THE CHILDREN

Toys of all kinds, Dolls, Games, etc., from 5c up.

### FOR ADULTS

Beautiful pieces of Art Chins, from 15c up. Handsome Lamps, Vases, etc., and extra value in Glass and China Ware for the table.

### IN GROCERIES

We have every requisite for the holiday season—all new and fresh.

### CONFECTIONERY

See our tempting display in this line which includes

—Newport Chocolates, all flavors.

—Fancy boxes Bon-bons.

—French Roasted Almonds.

—Cut Rock & Royal Mixtures.

Nuts of all kinds, Dates, Figs, Raisins, etc.

## G. A. McClary

Store in Parish Block, Athens.

## R. B. Heather,

Has now on hand, some very fine—

### Bedding Plants, Choice Roses, Carnations and Floral Designs.

Call and be satisfied that this is true. Telephone or mail orders given SPECIAL ATTENTION.

R. B. Heather, - Brockville

### GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

### Christmas and New Year HOLIDAY

### Excursion Rates

#### Single First-Class Fare

Going December 24 and 25. Return limit, December 26, 1902.

Going December 31, 1902, and January 1, 1903. Return limit, January 2, 1903.

#### First class Fare and One-third

Going December 22 to 25, inclusive, also December 29 to January 1, 1903, inclusive. Return limit, January 5th, 1903.

#### School Vacations

First-class Fare and One-third for round trip. Going December 6 to 31, inclusive. Return limit, January 19, 1903.

For tickets at above reduced rates and all particulars apply to

## G. T. Fulford,

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

## B. W. & S. S. M.

### RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

GOING WEST		GOING EAST	
Mail & Express Leaves		Mail & Express Arrives	
Read down		Read up	
P.M.	STATIONS.		A.M.
3.30	†Brockville		10.25
8.45	§Lyn Jct., G.T.R.		10.10
3.55	†Lyn, B. & W.		10.00
4.04	§Seelys		9.46
4.18	§Fortiton		9.34
4.23	§Elbe		9.27
4.34	†Athens		9.21
4.54	§Soperton		9.01
5.01	§Lyndhurst		8.58
5.09	†Delta		8.47
5.28	†Elgin		8.29
5.35	§Forfar		8.21
5.42	§Crosby		8.16
5.55	†Newboro		8.05
6.10	†Westport		7.59
† Telegraph Stations.		§ Flag.	

M. A. Geiger, Supt. Samuel Hunt, G.P.A.