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The Athens Reporter

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COUNTY OF LEEDS ADVERTISER.

Vol. XVII. No. 45.

Athens, Leeds County, Ontario, Wednesday, Nov. 6, 1901.

B. Loverin, Prop'r

THE ATHENS REPORTER

IS GOING TO MAKE

A BIG PUSH

To increase its circulation to 2,000 by the First of January, 1902.

And will Give the Balance of 1901, FREE to New Subscribers, who send in \$1.00 to pay up to January 1st, 1902.

We will give a copy of Crawford C. Slack's, "Book of Village Verse Stories," (now in press) to any one sending us in 5 NEW SUBSCRIBERS FOR 1902, ACCOMPANIED BY THE CASH, \$5.00. Sample copies will be sent to anyone desirous of acting as agent under this offer.

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Mantle - Cloths.

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Time was when we cut up a great many yards each season, now the trade wants Ready-to-Wear Garments, so we must sell them.

33¹/₃ Per Cent. ff.

All Mantle Cloths until they are sold. This is a good chance for good warm jacket cloths at a great cut in price.

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BROCKVILLES 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

District Happenings.

Mrs. Wil-on, Lyn, has opened a dress making establishment at Selton.

North Augusta, now has, with a substantial addition received last week, a total of 1600 books in its library.

St. Andrew's church, of Pembroke, made a contribution of \$160 to the W. F. M. S. on Sunday, the 27th ult.

The Rev. J. R. Stillwell has received a call to the pastorate of the Pembroke Baptist church. He is a former pastor there.

Frank Tarocotte, despatcher on the Southern Pacific at San Antonio, Tex., is visiting old friends at Smith's Falls.

Mr. S. S. Hamill, of Ingersoll, is the new foreman of the packing shop at the Frost & Wood's works at Smith's Falls.

Mrs. Hoodless gave an address last week at Renfrew on Modern Methods in Education, a cover for a talk on Domestic Science.

The Gananoque Baseball management will hold a bazaar from the 18th to the 23rd instants, for the purpose of raising funds with which to commence next season's work.

Mrs. Ferdinand Kosmack, of Renfrew, died on Sunday morning 27th ult., of heart disease. The deceased was one of the pioneer residents of that town and was born in Germany.

Rev. C. J. Young, for a year and a half incumbent of the parish of Wolfe Island has been appointed to the mission of Sharbot Lake, vacant through the acceptance of the rectory of Elizabethtown by the Rev. T. Austin Smith. Mr. Young will leave Wolfe Island early in November. Before going to Wolfe Island Mr. Young was incumbent at Lansdowne.

An accident occurred at Smith's Falls recently, when the only child of Archie Murdock was burned to death. Mrs. Murdock left her little two-year-old girl in the kitchen while she had occasion to leave the house for a few minutes, and on returning was horrified to find the little one a mass of flames. The best medical aid was called in, but the baby passed away after a few hours agony.

Mrs. Peterson, a pioneer resident of Leeds County, died last week in the Brockville General Hospital. Mrs. Peterson was born at Addison, her maiden name being Marilla Loyerin. She spent the greater part of her life in the township of Elizabethtown and for many years resided with John Rappell near the Tincap. Mrs. Peterson's husband is deceased, but she leaves a large family all residents of the Western States. The body was interred at Toledo.

The illustrated supplement of the Toronto Globe of Saturday contained a photo-gravure of an interesting group of five generations. They reside in Centralia, Mo., but are Canadians. The eldest of the group was Mrs. Ham. Her eldest daughter is Mrs. M. E. Johnson, wife of Rev. Johnson, a well known Methodist minister who died on the Winchester circuit, in Dundas county, Ont. The others, Mrs. Fenman and Mrs. Horn, and a great granddaughter of Mrs. Ham.

The Teachers' Convention held at Pembroke held at Pembroke last week attracted an attendance of between 75 and 100 members. The reading from the "Merchant of Venice" by Prof. Marshall, of Queen's University, was the principal feature of the program of the public evening session. The officers elected for the ensuing year: President Mr. G. A. Wood, Beachburg; vice pres Miss M. E. Wright, Fergusalea; secretaries, Mr. C. C. Collins, Renfrew; auditors, Mr. McDowell and Miss Eady of Renfrew. The meeting of the association next year will be held in Renfrew.

"PUT OUT THE FIRE"

Dr. Agnew's Ointment will relieve and cure any skin disease just as surely as it cured this soldier's Erysipelas—the first application kills the "sting."

Lieut. Bucknam, National Soldiers' Home, in Grant County, Indiana, had a very acute attack of Erysipelas. His face and head were in torment with burning and itching sensations. A druggist recommended Dr. Agnew's Ointment as the quickest relief and cure. He bought a box and found it as good as it promised, and a few applications, to use his own words, "put out the fire and less than a box entirely cured." Price 25 cts.

Sold by J. P. LAMB & SON

The homes of W. J. Latimer and J. F. Tilton, of Selton, have been relieved from quarantine, as also are the school and church at Selton.

Mr. Jas. Cummings, of Lyn, who has lately returned from South Africa, as trade commissioner, is having a busy time of it lately, speaking at different towns throughout the province.

Smith's Falls is agitating for a hospital, and it is probable that the High School building will be turned over for that purpose in the event of their deciding to have it, necessitating the erection of a new H. S. building.

In the police court last week, Wm. Boyle of Lansdowne was found guilty of selling liquor without a license, and fined \$75 and costs making in all \$92.61 which was paid forthwith. A similar charge against his brother, Lawrence Boyle, of the same place, was dismissed.

David McLaughlin and family left Selton last week for Syracuse, N. Y., where he has secured a good position. Mr. McLaughlin has lived here for many years, and much regret is felt at his departure. Frederick Bevins has secured Mr. McLaughlin's shop, and will continue the business.

While ploughing on Simcoe Island, Thos. Bush, a farmer discovered traces of a former Indian camp ground. The plough turned up a stone pipe, such as the Indians of former ages were wont to use for smoking, and a number of other curious relics. All are in a first class state of preservation.

Mr. Labatt and family, of Prescott, removed to Ottawa last week and his friends at the former place took occasion on the eve of his departure to tender him a banquet. He has been manager of the Labatt Brewing and Malting Co., a member of the council for five years and a member of the school board for 26 years.

On Tuesday morning Mrs. Mary A. McNeil, of Selton, the most elderly lady of that neighborhood, was stricken with paralysis. Two doctors were in attendance on short notice. She seemed in her usual good health the evening previous. Little hope of her recovery is entertained at present owing to her advanced age, about 87 years.

A most inspiring and interesting ceremony took place at Prescott on Thursday evening, Oct. 24th, when Bro. Capt. I. Ewart, Richard Ewart, Jas Davidson, A. O. Harding, Jas. Elliot, I. W. Plumb and Norton Miller were each presented with a veteran's jewel by the Oddfellows' lodge of that town.

The regular annual meetings of the North Leeds and Grenville Farmers' Institute will be held in Merrickville on Wednesday, Nov. 27, both afternoon and evening. These meetings deserve a better patronage from those who are interested in farm work, as men are sent to address the meeting who are thoroughly conversant with stock raising, agriculture, poultry raising, and in fact every branch of farmers work.

Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Easton, of Toronto, arrived in town on Tuesday on a visit to the home of Mr. and S. H. James. They drove to Oxford's Mills and spent the day with Mrs. Easton's parents and will visit Easton's Corners and Brockville friends before returning west. Mr. Easton enjoys the patronage of a large number of people in his Queen Street bakery and confectionery store, where in the past six years he has succeeded in working up a good trade.

The marriage of Miss Mary Priscilla, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. O. Church, of Smith's Falls, to Alexander A. Perrin, also of Smith's Falls, presented occasion for a beautiful ceremony at the residence of the bride's parents on Rideau Avenue, last evening at 6:30 p.m. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. T. Pritchard, pastor of the Methodist church, in the presence of about fifty guests. They have gone to reside in Grand Rapids, Mich., where the bridegroom has a good position.

Miss Josephine Smith, of Merrickville was in town during the past week collecting material for her historical work on the ten counties of eastern Ontario. While gathering data for this work Miss Smith has unearthed many romantic incidents of the early days. Some of these stories are retold in her new romance "Perth-upon-Tay," just off the Mortimer's presses, Ottawa. "Perth-upon-Tay" is a story of Smith's Falls in the old days, and of the famous "Scotch Line" of Lanark. We have not yet had the pleasure of reading this work, but, treating as it does of people and incidents of historical and local interest, it should be a popular work.

BROCKVILLE

CUTTING SCHOOL

IN ORDER to meet the demand for first-class cutters, which is steadily increasing, I have opened up in connection with my tailoring establishment a Cutting School, to be known as the Brockville Cutting School where the latest up-to-date systems of cutting will be taught, also instructions on the practical work of the tailor shop, which is most essential for a young man to become a first-class cutter, and which will enable him to command a salary of from One Thousand Dollars to Fifteen Hundred Dollars per year in this country and from Fifteen Hundred Dollars to Two Thousand Five Hundred Dollars per year in the United States. This is a rare chance for young men to fit themselves for a lucrative position in a short time. Persons attending this school will receive a thorough training in everything connected with Garment Cutting, and after graduating are competent of filling a position as custom cutter at once.



Pupils will be taught individually and may commence their instructions at any time convenient to themselves.

For all information, see catalogue, which will be mailed to you upon application.

Yours truly,

M. J. KEHOE

Brockville, Ont.

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When Pigs are worth 7c a lb. it will pay to rush them to market.

Cut your roots with the **GIANT ROOT CUTTER**

and cook your feed with the **ECONOMIC COOKER**

which is much improved this year. Heavier tanks with independent bottoms. Grates with ash pit and dumper below

Also Planet Wheels, Pinions, Couplings, and other repairs for the Hall or Oshawa Horse Powers. Plow Points, almost any pattern, **four for \$1.**

Old Metal wanted—Good as Cash.

A. A. McNISH

Box 52, LYN

Thirty deer licenses were issued at Almonte this season.

An Old Maid's convention will be one of the events at Almonte on the 19th.

A very sad shooting accident occurred at Watson's Corners, near Lanark, on Friday evening, last week, by which George Lovi, youngest son of Mr. Geo. Fair, lost his life. The unfortunate youth, who was only 15 years of age in April last, in company with Norman Jackson, a neighbor, had been out hunting, and they became separated. When the time for the return home arrived, Jackson fired a shot as a signal for his companion to join him, but receiving no response he came home alone. Much anxiety was felt by Mr. Fair when darkness set in and his son did not appear. A searching party found the lad with the gun beside the lifeless body on Saturday afternoon. The supposition is that there being no game around he stood the gun on the ground butt downwards, with his hand on the barrel, when it discharged entering the lad's mouth and passing upwards through the head. Services were conducted by Rev. J. A. Leitch, of Zion's corners. The Cadet Corps, of which deceased was a member, each wore a maple leaf which, as they filed past, they dropped in the grave.

Almonte complains of a wood famine.

The C.M.B.A. of Westport, will hold their annual assembly on Nov. 22.

The new Evangelical Lutheran church at Locksley, Renfrew Co., erected at a cost of \$10,000, was dedicated Sunday, Oct. 27th.

We are glad to learn that Mr. Lawrence Naismith, one of Almonte's octogenarian citizens underwent a successful, though difficult operation for nose trouble, in St. Luke's hospital, Ottawa, on Friday, the 25th ult. He will be home shortly.

Miss Margaret McCarter has severed her connection as leader of St. John's church choir, Almonte, having secured a similar position in Peterboro. Miss McC. leaves in the course of a few days. She will be succeeded in St. John's by Mr. P. J. Campbell.

Mr. William Clarke, of Wilberforce, aged 88 years, died rather suddenly on Monday, 28th ult., says the Star Enterprise. Deceased was born in the County of Sligo, Ireland and came to Canada about 60 years ago, with his wife, now deceased, first settling at Perth and subsequently coming to this district.

James Caldwell, a farmer near Leitrim, Fitzroy township, died suddenly Saturday, Oct. 26th. He was assisting in threshing at the farm of his son-in-law and while holding a bag into which the grain was being poured, dropped to the floor and expired almost immediately. Death was due to heart failure. Mr. Caldwell was 72 years of age and lived for many years at Leitrim. He was highly respected.

Edgar Horton, of Delta has returned home from a trip to Plainville, Minnesota, whither he was called by the death of a relative. The town lies about 70 miles south of St. Paul, and everything seems to run as "wide open" on Sunday as on every other day. The section is largely settled by the German element, and Mr. Horton remarked that the church goes on Sunday left their gait at the mill on their way to worship.

IMPATIENT DYSEPTICS

Can't cure in a day what has been a chronic ailment for years, but Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets and a little persistence will cure the severest forms of Dyspepsia as sure as the daylight follows darkness. And a few doses is all that is needed to convince the most impatient and sceptical of patients. Carry them about with you in your pocket; take them when and where you please; they're harmless and give almost instant relief. A gentle tonic to the whole nervous system. 25 cts. for 60 tablets.

Sold by J. P. LAMB & SON

THIS CONTAINS DOCUMENT INFORMATION

HOW CZOLGOSZ DIED. BETRAYED NO SIGN OF FEAR.

"I KILLED THE PRESIDENT,"

He Said, "Because He Was an Enemy of the Good People—of the Good Working People—And I Am Not Sorry for My Crime"—Wished He Could See His Father—Ate and Slept Well and Talked as He Was Being Strapped to the Death Chair—No Hitch in the Execution—Only Four Minutes From Cell to the End—Last Scenes in the Drama Begun at Buffalo on Sept. 6.

THE LAW SATISFIED

Auburn, N. Y., Oct. 29—

At 7.12.30 this morning Leon F. Czolgosz was electrocuted for the murder of President McKinley.

Auburn, Oct. 29.—At 7.12.30 o'clock this morning Leon F. Czolgosz, murderer of President McKinley, paid the extreme penalty exacted by the law for his crime. He was shocked to death by 1,700 volts of electricity. He went to the chair in exactly the same manner as the other murderers in this state, showing no particular sign of fear, but in fact doing what few of them have done—talking to the witnesses while he was being strapped in the chair.

"I killed the President because he was an enemy of the good people—of the good working people. I am not sorry for my crime."

These were his words as the guards hurried him into the chair.

He supplemented this a moment later, mumbling the words through the half-adjusted face straps, "I am awfully sorry I could not see my father."

Slept Well Last Night.

Czolgosz retired last night at 10 o'clock, and slept so soundly that when Warden Mead raised his cell shortly before 5 o'clock this morning the guard inside had to shake Czolgosz to awaken him. He sat up on the edge of his cot, and made no reply to the warden's greeting of "Good morning." The prison official took from his pocket the death warrant and read it slowly and distinctly to the assassin, who hardly raised his eyes during the perfunctory ceremony.

Just as the warden stepped away from the cell door, Czolgosz called to him and said: "I would like to talk with the Superintendent."

The warden responded: "He will be down presently."

His Last Toilet.

Then the condemned man rolled over on his cot, apparently anxious to sleep again. At 5.15, however, the guard brought to him a pair of dark trousers with a pair of white socks to allow the free application of the electrode, and a light grey outing shirt. He was told to get up and put these on, which he did. Contrary to the usual custom, he was given a new pair of shoes. When dressed he lay down on the cot again, and in this attitude Supt. Collins found him at 7.30 when he went down to visit him.

Wanted to Make a Statement.

The Superintendent stood in front of the cell door, and the guard had called Czolgosz's attention, he said: "I want to make a statement before you go."

"What do you wish to say, Czolgosz?" asked the Superintendent.

"I want to make it when there are a lot of people present. I want them to hear me," he said.

"Well, you cannot," said the Superintendent.

"Then I won't talk at all," said the prisoner, sadly.

After the Superintendent had left the guards brought Czolgosz's breakfast, consisting of coffee, toast, eggs, and bacon, and he ate with a good deal of relish. While he was doing this, the witnesses were gathered in the office of Warden Mead, and at 7.06 o'clock the procession passed to the death chamber, going through the long south corridor.

In the Death Chamber.

In the chamber, Electrician Davis and Former Warden Thayer, of Danmore, had arranged the chair test, placing a bank of 22 incandescent lights across the arms and connecting the electrode wires at either end. The witnesses were ordered seated, and then Warden Mead briefly addressed them, saying: "You are here to witness the legal death of Leon F. Czolgosz. I desire that you keep your seats and preserve absolute silence in the death chamber, no matter what may transpire. There are plenty of guards and prison officials to preserve order and attend to the property details."

The prison physician, Dr. Gerin, and Dr. Carlos F. Macdonald, of New York, took a position to the left of the chair. Warden Mead stood directly in front, and Electrician Davis retired to the little room containing the electrical switch board. Thayer gave the signal and the current was turned through the electric lights, flooding the chamber with brilliant light, and dramatically showing the power that was used to kill the prisoner.

Enter the Prisoner.

Warden Mead gave the signal to have the prisoner brought in, and at 7.10.30 o'clock Chief Keeper Tupper swung open the steel door leading to the condemned cells, and as the steel bars behind which Czolgosz had been kept, were swung aside, two guards marched the

prisoner out into the corridor, two others following behind, and the chief keeper walking in front.

The guards on each side of Czolgosz had hold of his arms either as if to support him, or to keep him from making a demonstration. As he stepped over the threshold he stumbled, but they held him up, and as they urged him forward toward the chair he stumbled again, on the little rubber-covered platform upon which the chair rested. His head was erect, and with his gray flannel shirt turned back at the neck, he looked quite boyish. He was intensely pale and as he tried to throw his head back and erect, his chin quivered very perceptibly.

His Last Words.

As he was being seated he looked about at the assembled witnesses with quite a steady stare, and said: "I killed the President because he was an enemy of the good people—of the good working people."

His voice trembled slightly at first, but gained strength with each word and he spoke perfect English. "I am not sorry for my crime," he said loudly, just as the guard pushed his head back on the rubber headrest and drew the divisible strap across his forehead and chin. As the pressure on the straps tightened and bound the jaw slightly, he murmured: "I am awfully sorry I could not see my father."

The Stroke of Death.

It was just exactly 7.11 o'clock when he crossed the threshold, but a minute had elapsed and he had finished the last statement when the strapping was completed, and the guards stepped back from the man. Warden Mead raised his hand, and at 7.12.30 electrician Davis turned the switch that threw 1,700 volts of electricity into the living body. The rasi of the immense current threw the body so hard against the straps that they cracked perceptibly. The hands clinched up suddenly, and the whole attitude was one of extreme tenseness. For forty-five seconds the full current was kept on, and then slowly the electrician threw the switch back, reducing the current volt by volt until it was cut off entirely. Then, just as it had reached that point, he threw the lever back again for a brief two or three seconds. The body, which had collapsed as the current was reduced, stiffened again against the straps. When it was turned off again Dr. Macdonald stepped to the chair and put his hand over the heart. He said he felt no pulsation, but suggested that the current be turned on for a few seconds again. Once more the body became rigid. At 7.15 the current was turned off for good.

A Secluded Prisoner.

Czolgosz was closely secluded during his stay at Auburn, and none of the 1,500 letters and packages sent to him ever reached him. Talking with him was forbidden, the rule being broken only as to his religious opportunities, and in trying to get a confession from him. Supt. Collins had a lengthy interview with him. Night was chosen for the inquiry, and at 9 o'clock the superintendent called upon Czolgosz. The prisoner was transferred to another part of the prison, where there was no one to overhear the conversation. For the first few minutes Czolgosz sat in silent silence, and the superintendent began to despair of getting any information. Finally, just as he was about to leave, Czolgosz answered one of his queries. From that time on he talked freely, but his utterances contained no enlightenment as to the cause for his crime or a possible conspiracy. The most important statement he made was one in which he absolutely denied that he had a handkerchief tied about his hand or that the pistol was concealed in any other place than his coat pocket.

In the course of his questioning the superintendent asked: "Who helped you to tie the handkerchief?"

"Nobody. I never had a handkerchief on my hand," replied Czolgosz. "Anybody that says so lies. I had the pistol in my coat pocket, when I got near the President I pulled it out and fired."

"Why, they found the handkerchief you had it wrapped in," said the superintendent.

"That ain't so, sir," he answered, earnestly. "I did not have no handkerchief. I just had the pistol in my pocket."

Wouldn't See the Priest.

Auburn, Oct. 28.—Czolgosz declined this morning to receive Father Hyacinth Fudinski, the Polish priest with whom he previously had several talks. His refusal to meet the priest is not regarded as a final rejection of reconciliation with the Church. Warden Mead said this afternoon relative to the statement that Czolgosz had heard noises in the death chamber alleged to be the putting together of the electric chair, and the testing of the apparatus:

Heard No Noises. The prisoner cannot hear any noises from the execution room, and in fact the chair is absolutely permanent and is not removed between executions. The prisoner has not shown the least sign of nervousness up to this afternoon, but preserves an unbroken stolidity.

Later in the day Warden Mead asked to see his brother. Warden

Mead told him that he would be admitted late in the afternoon if Superintendent Collins agreed.

THE AUTOPSY.

The Physicians Find the Murderer's Brain is Normal.

Naturally, almost the entire attention of the physicians assigned to hold the autopsy was directed towards discovering, if possible, whether the assassin was in any way mentally irresponsible. The autopsy was conducted by Dr. Carlos F. Macdonald, an expert alienist, and former President of New York State Lunacy Commission, Dr. A. E. Spitzka, of New York, and Prison Physician Gerin.

The top of the head was sawed off through the thickest part of the skull, which was found to be of normal thickness, and it was the unanimous agreement, after microscopic examination, that the brain was normal, or slightly above normal. This demonstrated to the satisfaction of the physicians that in no way was Czolgosz's mental condition, except as it might have been perverted, responsible for the crime. The autopsy was completed shortly before noon.

The Interment.

The body was placed in a black stained pine coffin, every portion of the anatomy being replaced under the supervision of Dr. Gerin and Warden Mead. Shortly afterward it was taken to the prison cemetery, and an extraordinary precaution taken to completely destroy it. A carboy of acid was obtained, and poured upon the body in the coffin, after it had been lowered into the grave. Straw was used in the four corners of the grave as the earth was put in to give weight to such gases as might form. It is the belief of the physicians that the body will be entirely

disintegrated within twelve hours. During that time, and as long as deemed necessary, a guard will be kept over the unmarked grave.

Just Four Minutes.

From the time Czolgosz had left his cell until the full penalty was paid less than four minutes had elapsed. The physicians present used the stethoscope, and other tests to determine if any life remained, and at 7.17 the warden, raising his hand, announced: "Gentlemen, the prisoner is dead."

The witnesses filed from the chamber, many of them visibly affected, and the body, which five minutes before had been full of life and vigor, was taken from the chair and laid on the operating table.

When the body of Czolgosz had been removed from the room where he was killed to the autopsy table, Auburn Prison returned to the routine of its ordinary life. The prisoners, who had been kept locked in their cells, were released at 7.45 o'clock, and prison work was resumed at once. There was no excitement among the convicts, and no unusual scene about the prison. A crowd that numbered scarcely a hundred stood around the prison gate to watch the witnesses enter and wait until they reappeared. The witnesses dispersed quickly, some of them leaving for their homes.

No Use for a Priest.

Rev. Cordello Herrick, chaplain of the prison, was in the death chamber ready for any call that might be made for his services. He was not wanted by the prisoner, however, and sat in the rear of the chamber throughout the execution.

The clothing and personal effects of the prisoner were burned under direction of Warden Mead, shortly after the execution.

DISPOSAL OF THE BODY.

It Will be Buried in the Prison Cemetery.

The State is not to surrender possession of his body, and by sundown it will have been secretly interred in ground controlled by the officials of Auburn Prison. Waldek Czolgosz, brother to the murderer,

foreseeing endless difficulties and possibly angry demonstrations in an attempt to give the body ordinary burial, heeded the advice of Mr. Collins, superintendent of State Prisons, and of Warden Mead, and formally signed this agreement:

Auburn, Oct. 28, 1901.

To J. Warren Mead, agent and warden, Auburn Prison, I hereby authorize you, as warden of Auburn Prison, to dispose of the body of my brother, Leon F. Czolgosz, by burying it in the cemetery attached to the prison, as provided by the law of the State of New York.

This request is made upon the express understanding that no part of the body will be given to any person or society, but that the entire body will be buried in accordance with the law in the cemetery attached to the prison.

(Signed) Waldek Czolgosz. Witnesses: John A. Sleicher, George E. Graham.

LAST INTERVIEWS.

Czolgosz had his last interview last night, the first with Superintendent Collins and the second with his brother and brother-in-law. Prior to the late evening interviews Czolgosz reluctantly received Father Fudinski and Electrician Davis in the afternoon, and occurred after he had once refused to meet them. When they reached the prison, Superintendent Collins conveyed the request for an interview to the prisoner. Czolgosz seemed back word that he did not care to see them, but the priests asked to be allowed to go to him despite his refusal.

Superintendent Collins consented, and personally escorted them to the cell. The priests remained with Czolgosz for three-quarters of an hour, and earnestly pleaded with the prisoner to repent and pray for Divine forgiveness. He rejected all their advances, however, and they regretfully withdrew. They told the prisoner they would hold themselves ready to answer a call from him at any hour of the night.

It was 7 o'clock when Superintendent Collins went into the death house to give words to such guests as might come. Although he remained in the cell some time, he was apparently

than he had previously shown: "No, damn them; don't send them here again; I don't want them."

The brother-in-law interjected here: "That's right, Leon." The brother looked rather disturbed by the answer. Then, stepping up close to the bars, the condemned man said: "And don't you have any praying over me when I'm dead. I don't want any of their damned religion."

Want to See Execution.

There was a painful pause of a few minutes, and then the relative resumed casual conversation with him, which he replied in monosyllables until the brother-in-law suggested, much to Superintendent Collins' surprise, that he and the brother be permitted to witness the execution.

Before Superintendent Collins could reply, Leon Czolgosz said, "Yes, Mr. Superintendent, let them see me killed."

Superintendent Collins told the trio in emphatic terms that no such thing could be allowed, and ordered them to say good-bye.

One of the guards walked to the back of his cell, sat down on the edge of his cot and did not answer the last farewell.

The Assassin in His Cell.

For some days the assassin lay on the cot in his cell almost constantly, gazing fixedly at the wall opposite him or at the guard who sat in the corridor within three feet of his cell door. He was ever ready to eat and devoured the prison fare with the greediness of a savage. He was long but not sound and resembled being disturbed.

In his waking hours he demanded cigars, but he did not encourage conversation. When addressed by one of his guards he replied in monosyllables, and the longest conversation he maintained with them was about the quality of the prison fare, which he did not think was good enough for him. He discussed "with one of the guards the probable sensations of man while being put to death in the electric chair. He broached this subject once after he had sat on his cot for more than an hour smoking a cigar and gazing fixedly through the bars of his cell door.

"How does it feel?" he asked suddenly, looking up at the guard.

"How does what feel?" sniffed the guard.

"That—in there," said the assassin, jerking his thumb toward the wall, twenty feet beyond which was the entrance to the death chamber, where he "I was to pay the penalty of his crime."

"Oh, you'll know," said the guard contemptuously, for nobody about the prison has the least spark of feeling for the assassin. "It's soon over."

The assassin started to say something else, but changed his mind and retreated to the extreme east end of the cell. He dropped his cigar to the floor and the guard, peering in at him, saw that he was shaking a pale gray face, just as he did when the mob attacked him at the prison gate on the night he came.

A Strange Type.

He appeared to be unlike any type of anarchist criminal with which the public is familiar. He was about 5 feet 8 inches in height, weighed about 140 pounds, his figure might be called athletic were not for the unmistakable droop of the shoulders.

His Craven Fear.

The guard said the other day: "Every time the door leading into the death-house opens he shrinks back to the farthest end of his cot and sits there trembling and frightened. Once or twice, when gangs of prisoners have passed through the courtyard of the prison, he is sound of their footsteps struck terror to his soul and he has appeared to be on the verge of collapse. The noise made by some workmen in the death chamber where he was to pay the penalty of his crime caused him to sob and to moan like some frightened animal. When the guard asked him: "What's the matter with you?" he was unable to reply for a minute. The guard started to open the door, thinking he had fainted. Then the assassin stammered between chattering lips:

"I thought they were coming! I thought they were coming!"

He continued to shudder and tremble and cringed on the floor during the hour that the workmen were engaged in the death chamber.

The Execution Routine.

When the assassin emerges from his cell to pay the penalty of his crime he traverses a distance of twenty-five feet. He passes two of the cells on the same side of the building as the one he leaves, walks fifteen feet to the narrow corridor, five feet down that, and through a great iron door that is only opened when the law demands the taking of a life.

Through this door he passes. The door shuts behind him instantly, so that no sound may reach the ears of the other men in the condemned cells. Five feet from the door he will stop to take his last breath.

His guards conduct him over the five feet of intervening space, seat him in the chair, and strap the electrodes to his hand, arm and leg. The twenty-six witnesses are seated on little stools around the narrow apartment.

Standing within six feet of him, but

THE CRIME.

There were none of the usual disappointing delays of justice in the Czolgosz case. The crime for which he suffered was committed on Sept. 6, and within less than two months—to be exact, in fifty-three days—the law's penalty has been exacted.

The story of the crime is too recent to need repeating. At about 4 o'clock on Sept. 6 Czolgosz, who had got close to the President at the reception in the Temple of Music at the Buffalo Exposition, his hand in which he held the pistol wrapped in a handkerchief, shot the head of the nation whose hand was outstretched to give him friendly greeting. Two bullets entered his body, and from the first the case was felt to be a most critical one.

All that surgical skill could do was in vain, and the President succumbed to the wound a week later, his dying words being

"Good-bye All! God's Will be Done!"

The assassin was caught red-handed, and with difficulty saved from popular fury, tried in court at Buffalo Sept. 23-4, and sentenced to die on the week beginning Oct. 28.

concealed by a wooden partition, to his right and in the rear of the chair, is the executioner, his hand clutching a knob on the switch-board affixed to the partition, ready to turn on the current of electricity that puts an end to the existence of the President's slayer.

The time usually consumed in an execution from the moment the condemned man leaves his cell in the death-house until his life has paid the forfeit for his crime is less than three minutes. The actual journey from cell to chair, if the condemned man makes no resistance, is usually accomplished in less than a minute.

Once in the chair, short work is made by the trained assistants of the executioner in affixing the apparatus to his limbs and head and connecting the wires that descend from the roof of the conical metallic cap placed on the head of the prisoner with the arms and legs of the chair, which are sheathed with active electrical conductors.

A hurried examination is made to see that everything is all right. Then the warden, with a handkerchief in his hand, signals to the executioner, who is looking on. Sometimes he merely says "Ready," to indicate that all preparations for the execution are complete.

A VIRGINIA STREET DUEL.

Fierce Jealousy Led to a Bloody Tragedy.

ONE MAN DEAD, ONE DYING.

New Martinsville, W. Va., Nov. 4.—

In an attempt to save her husband from death at the hands of an enemy who had threatened both his life and hers, Mrs. Lowther, wife of Dr. S. T. Lowther, a wealthy physician and principal owner of the Lowther oil field in Calhoun county, was seriously wounded last night on her way home with her husband, Friend Cox, Lowther's assailant, died within thirty minutes with a bullet in his brain, and Dr. Lowther was so seriously wounded that he cannot live.

Jealousy was at the bottom of the trouble. Cox, who is an oil operator, had, it is said, intercepted letters from Lowther to his young wife and had threatened to shoot both Dr. and Mrs. Lowther on sight. Both men had been armed for a week.

Lowther returned on the late train from Calhoun county and was met at the station with his wife and daughter. They had almost reached their home when they met Cox and two companions, "Joe" Yeager and Clifford Anderson. Cox had been drinking.

He opened fire on Dr. Lowther, who was carrying baggage in both hands. Mrs. Lowther, shrieking with fear for her husband, threw herself between them and received a bullet in her breast.

As she fell, Dr. Lowther, though shot himself, dropped his satchel, whipped out a revolver and shot Cox in the forehead, the bullet penetrating his brain.

One bullet lodged in Lowther's lung and two in the abdomen. A special train was sent to Wheeling for medical aid, but Dr. Haskins says Lowther's condition is hopeless. Mrs. Lowther will recover.

Dr. Lowther's little daughter was a witness of the tragedy, which was an affair of but a few moments. The child said that Cox shot himself, but little credence is placed in her statement, as it is thought she may not have clearly seen a l the movements of the men, who acted quickly.

It is supposed that she was deceived by the action of Cox in throwing his hand to his forehead as he fell.



THE CHAIR OF DEATH

Cold Settles on the Kidneys

Deep-seated Kidney Disease Often the Result of a Neglected Cold—Then Come Great Sufferings From Lumbago and Backache.

Few people realize what a vast proportion of serious illnesses arises from cold settling on some delicate organ of the body. The kidneys and liver, as well as the lungs, are very easily affected by sudden changes of temperature, and the results are often suddenly fatal. It is a common experience with farmers, teamsters, railroad men and laborers to have a cold settle on the kidneys and throw these organs, as well as the whole digestive system, out of order. There are usually backache, pains in the sides and limbs, deposits in the urine, pain and scalding with urination and irregularity of the bowels.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

So many thousands of cases of serious kidney disease have been cured by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills that they have come to be considered an absolute cure for all kidney derangements. They are purely vegetable in composition, prompt and pleasant in action, and thorough and far-reaching in their effects. They are endorsed by doctors, lawyers, ministers and others, and are beyond doubt the most efficacious treatment obtainable for diseases of the kidneys and liver. One pill a dose; 25 cents a box; at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

THE HISTORY OF DOCUMENTS IN THE VERMONT RECORDS

Home, Sweet Home

Home, sweet home; with delicious Monsoon on the table and a few friends to enjoy it, there is no place like home.

The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance.

"Indeed?" Gillian says, mechanically, a cold, slow weight beginning to settle down on her heart and pulses.

"Yes," he says again, in the same dubious way, and speaking rather huskily. It is a thing I have been trying for, and hoping for, for a long time, a very long time. I told Mr. Damer about it some time ago, and, though he doesn't like the idea of my leaving him at all, still he would not stand in my way, he said, for a moment.

"Then you are thinking of leaving Mr. Damer's agency for something better?" Gillian inquires, with just the correct amount of ladylike interest and sympathy in her voice, whilst her very heart seems to be tearing in twain with a noble suspense.

"Yes," George says, speaking frankly in reply to that cool, ladylike question; "I have studied minology and petrology for years; it is quite the favorite study of mine, seems to come naturally to me, you know," he says, hurriedly, with a careless laugh. "And I have written a few papers on various subjects for the society—the geological. I am a member, and I think I have a good chance now, through one of the members, a friend of mine who is getting together for what they call an industrial expedition out to Manitoba and Colorado, to report on the land in its various aspects, you know, mineralogical, agricultural, and so forth."

"I understand," Gillian says, quietly, and he notices—he cannot but notice—the dull, faint, weary tone. "And if all be arranged satisfactorily to-morrow you will go?"

"Yes, I hope so," he says, thoughtfully. "The pay is not much, but it may lead to something better. In fact, Dalroy, my friend, said it was sure to do so."

"Yes, and you go soon?"

"There is no time to lose, the swift despairing glance in George's composed face, and eyes gazing out into the twilight."

"As soon as Mr. Damer can supply my place," he says, readily, "and as I tell him I cannot see why he cannot get on for a time very well with Dick Mahon as his understudy. Dick is a nice fellow, steady fellow, and rather well educated for his rank in life."

"There is another deal silence. Gillian does not ask any question about Dick Mahon, or Mr. Damer, or the industrial expedition. She does not care nor comprehend. What are those people or the wide world to her now?"

"What is money, or youth, or even the girlish beauty she has begun to prize? What is her residence in Mount Osney, her stay in Barragh Castle, her innocent schemes, her golden hopes, her sweet, precious dreams of that future which she thinks at moments she sees drawing near her like a vision of paradise? It has been but a miserable marriage in the desert of her loveless, blighted young life!"

"It had been only a delicious dream, and the waking has covered her with shame and self-loathing. Stricken, speechless, gazing out with aching, unseeing eyes at the dark shadows of the trees and shrubs planted at intervals around the hedge of the old-fashioned garden."

"They look like gloomy specters gathered around her, in a darker shadow than the black outline of Shev-na-Mor against the orange flush of the evening sky has fallen over her spirit."

"The vista of the wide valley below the Castle Hill, half shrouded in the mists of twilight, seems to her fevered fancy like a vista of that valley where the shadow of death falls."

"She gazes unseeing, she stands unhearing, though his voice is speaking to her, the voice she soon will hear no more. Then, as his eyes are anxiously watching her—those dear, blue eyes which it may be, after this night she will never see again."

"Length he touches her arm, nervously pushing his own chair beside her."

"Are you ill? Does anything all you?" he asks, hurriedly, in a low tone."

"No, I am not ill, thank you," she says slowly, in that same, quiet voice. "Yes, I feel rather weak with, thank you, and the chair he puts beside her she feebly and wearily sinks into and her head droops on her breast."

"I am sure you are ill—I am afraid you are ill," he repeats, and then the drooping little figure with the helpless arm, is so childlike and pitiful, the soft, soft form trembles so timidly beneath his touch, as he stoops down to look into her face, that George, trembling all over, as much as himself, feeling that he is cruel to keep silence, and that he is dishonored if he speak, cannot for a moment quite control himself. He puts his arm around her, and draws the drooping little head with its ruffled, shining locks nearer to him. A swift glance, like a flash of light, leaps into her eyes, wild with the sudden hope of desperation—an unspoken repetition of poor Elaine's sad cry:

"Going? and we shall never see you more."

And I must die for want of one bold word."

"And one fair, soft little hand—the dainty little hand with the ring of splendid pearls—steals out swiftly from amongst the warm white shawls and clasp George's big, muscular, sunburned hand with a passionate grasp."

"Must you go?" she whispers, quite honestly, in her agony of shame and fear at her own desperate boldness. And George stooping nearer to her, and drawing her closer to him, whispers back, his own face white as hers in his own emotion."

"I won't if you tell me to stay!"

"The grasp of the little white hand tightens on the strong brown one as she rises to her feet."

"Yes, I do. Do stay! Oh, do stay!" she mutters, through burning blushes, and eyes blinded with great, bright tears, and then, somehow, the little white hand and the ring of milky pearls is round George's big, muscular neck, and George's arms are locked around her, and his face is pressed to hers."

CHAPTER XIX.

He was going away from her—for ever, perchance. Ah, that miserable "was" it is going to stay near her, beside her all the days of their lives, Ah, his faithful present and future! to them, standing by the window in the soft, autumn gloaming, as fair a picture as the tender twilight ever saw."

"He, the man in mingled despair, happiness, and perplexity; the girl in wordless rapture. And then George, bending down his head—she is only as high as his heart" of a surety— essays his first lover's speech—rather an odd one."

"You know," he mutters, smiling and flushing, as he clasps the slim, girlish form tenderly closer, "you know you have done for me now! I never meant—never! that you should know I was fond of you."

"But I do know it now, don't I?" she whispers back, ruffling the soft, brown hair against George's velvet-voiced coat. "You do care a little bit for me, and you won't ever go away from me, will you?"

"I cannot quite promise you that," George falters. "Of course now, even if I go away anywhere for a while, I'll come back to you, won't I?"

"If you care for me," Gillian says with piteous, sweet humility in her timid eyes—"if you care for me, you would never go away very far from me, would you?"

"If I care," he laughs, half-jeeringly. "You know I do; unfortunately, for myself and for you! I have no right to care for you, or at least to tell you of it. No right on earth, and I know it, and know, too, that I am acting as treacherously and dishonestly as a man can act in such an affair."

"Why? Why?" She draws herself a little away from him, but still clasping his hand, still looking up to him with her sweet, eyes, "just because of Anne?"

Her lips have grown quite white with the fierce throbbing of her heart, as she waits without drawing a breath for his answer—waiting, dreading, expecting the answer which will rend the trembling heart in sunder in tearing him out of his innermost shrine."

"Because you are Anne's lover, or you ought to be," she says, slowly, drawing herself further back from him, thrusting him off with one small, soft hand; "you denied it to me once, you know; but from what Anne said the day of the picnic, I suppose you meant to deceive me."

"The last words quiver half audibly."

"Deceive you? Heaven forbid I was as bad as that!" George says, simply and honestly. "I told you the plain truth—I never was Anne's lover—never had any idea of such a thing, though Anne is a good girl and we are the best of friends. I told you all this before. Why did you doubt my word?"

"This a little sternly."

beg your pardon for doubting your word."

"And the little head, with its silken, soft-curling locks of 'bonny brown hair' sinks back meekly against his broad, solid shoulder, the feel of her leaning weight no more than that of a sapling."

"I don't know," George says, impatiently and despairingly. "Any one may well doubt, but even he honor after this! I have no right to care for you, not to speak of having forgotten myself enough to tell you so."

"Why?" she whispers; and the unlighted soft arm, in its white sleeve, creeps up timidly around the big masculine shoulders, and essays to embrace him."

"Why?" George repeats, almost angrily. "Because it is a dishonorable thing of any man to speak of his love to a girl without speaking of marriage to her when he can speak of marriage to you?"

"There is no answer to this query, only the white fingers on the velvet coat-collar creep a little further, and the fair head, which hides itself in pressing a little closer to him."

"There is no equality of station or position between us; you are rich and I am poor; the girl is a nutshell; any one in the world would tell you so!" George says, excitedly and angrily, spurring himself on to be harshly decisive in his denials of being lost, her tender, delicate, and sweet humility, utterly conquer him, and his pride, and self-esteem, and self-dependence.

"You are a very young girl, little more than a child, seventeen or so, I suppose—"

"I am over nineteen—I am in my twentieth year," Gillian exclaims, hotly."

"She is, in fact, five weeks beyond her nineteenth birthday," he continues, sternly, unaltered even by this tremendous announcement."

"You are a young girl, under age, and you are in my father's house and protection, visiting with people to whom he has confided you for a few months, his only child, the heiress of all his wealth, and—I have neither money, fortune, position, nor prospects. What do you think your father would say to me, and say I deserved, Miss Deane, if he knew I had dared to look on his daughter as my sweetheart and my future, and my soul is thanking heaven in wordless gratitude for the happiness it has given."

"My father will not be very angry, I hope," she falters; "but even were so angry that he would not give me all the money he said he would, I have some of my own, you know—nearly twenty thousand pounds, which my grandmother, papa's mother, bequeathed to me absolutely after dear mamma's death. That is mine—quite my own—as soon as I am twenty-one, if—if you thought that was enough."

"Enough!" George repeats, sarcastically. "When a gentleman's income reaches the magnificent sum of three hundred pounds, he ought to consider three times that amount enough! But, as your grandmother and your father probably intended that you should defray the expenses of your wardrobe—only exclusive of your jeweler's bills, or a few costlier luxuries—this with a glance at the pearl and emerald rings on that finger, the diamonds on his shoulder—they would not probably think it sufficient, even with my huge income in addition, to defray the cost of your entire establishment—clothing, and washing, as we say in Ireland—and they would very probably consider me a scoundrel if I thought so either."

"The soft arm in the white sleeve creeps further around George's proud neck, and there is a piteous, murmuring voice, half-stifled against George's velvet-voiced coat."

"Don't say such dreadful words. Who would dare say that of you? To even think that of you! You cannot help it if you haven't money and I have; and if I give it all to you, then you will have money and I shall have none!"

"She looks up with a soft, sobbing laugh of delight at her own bright idea, and George gives way for a moment. Mortal man can hardly blame him."

"My darling, I know you would give me your sweet self, here into this old barrack-castle, to share my poverty. I believe—on my life I believe—we should be happy enough!"

"We should? Oh, indeed we should!" she says, with eyes as radiant as ever were Eve's when Adam led her to her bower of roses in Eden. "We could make this such a beautiful old place, with beautiful sunny gardens, and terraces, and lawns. You remember I said so the very first morning I saw the Castle and admired it. You remember that morning, don't you?"

"Yes, I remember," George says, smiling rather sadly; "but I must talk to you seriously, Gillian, dear; let us sit down for a few minutes."

"It does not need that new tender appeal to persuade her to obey him. What request or command of his would she disobey who has elected him king, lord, and governor of her life while that life shall last?"

"He draws her over to the sofa beside the glowing red fire. Gillian likes the turf and oak logs for fuel, and in the large, old-fashioned, but not burnt cheerily and with generous, brilliant warmth."

"But when they are seated side by side, with his arm around her, his soft warm touch like a dove, nestles against his breast, poor George, after a struggle with the half temptation that Anne comes to him, and his lonely home and his beloved young manhood, begins to wonder what he has left to say."

"How can I so sternly consider the rights and dues of others before her? How can he be prudent, and wise, and cold, and just, and thrust her out of his life, and bar up the door of utter separation between them, with those tender yearning hands stretched out to him, and turn his back forever on the sunshine of her loving smiles, the sweet

warmth of her innocent clinging love?"

"You know, dearest," he begins, earnestly and sorrowfully, though he intends to be clear and calm and business-like, "there is not the slightest likelihood of your father considering me a suitable husband for you. And as nothing shall tempt me to act dishonestly, and as I shall write and tell him of our acquaintance, you know that when I do there will be an end of it."

"You mean that you will never see me again, or speak to me again, if papa is displeased?" she asks, with a forlorn wistfulness in her slow accents, and the gaze of the dark eyes full of innocent adoration as she looks on the bright bold face of the beloved lover she has but found to lose again. "If I told papa you were not my husband, he would not mind so much. Papa doesn't think very much of me, Gillian adds, simply. 'He was always so sorry I wasn't a boy. I have heard him say so often.'"

"Oh, he doesn't think very much of you, doesn't he?" George demands, with sarcastic indignation."

"No," Gillian replies, quietly, with a shake of her head. "Papa has always wished so much to have a son, he has often said that he would be worth a million of money if he had had a son to inherit it. He says that with her best he goes into the big money-making schemes, when there was no one but a little child of a girl to come in for everything."

"Gillian launches rather shamefacedly, but George frowns. "Rather an unfatherly speech, though," he mutters. "How old is your father, Gillian?"

"About fifty-six or seven, I think," Gillian answers, wonderingly. "I know from what dear mamma said of her own age and his. He was much older than I, but he does not look an old man yet. Why do you ask, dear?"

"A quiver runs through her at her own boldness, though the 'dear' is nearly inaudible."

But not quite inaudible, for George hears it, and stoops down with his lips on her velvet cheeks, to give her his answer, but he does not look at her eyes, gravely but tenderly, the light in his eyes growing as radiant as in her own. "That it is by no means impossible, unlikely, and you may one day have a step-mother, and step-brothers and sisters into the bargain, I dare say; and in their case may be very much altered. Perhaps, in that case, the father 'who doesn't think very much of you,' will give you less grudgingly to the poor fellow who will cherish you dearly as long as he lives."

"Oh! if he only would!" Gillian exclaims, innocently. "How happy I should be!"

And then, as she sees her frank confession reflected in George's blue eyes, she grows hot all over with a swift, stammered blush; she tries to withdraw her hand, but he catches it, and she says, drawing her closer to him, and locking his arms around her slender, girlish waist—

"I tell me, honest truth—do you care for me very much?" There is a pause of deep passionate emotion, and then she looks up in her lover's handsome face—her own soft, blushing of the heart, which is in solemn, unsmiling earnestness."

"I love you with all my heart—since the first moment I met you," she says, and then, with an almost unperceived depth of her soul flood the sweet gazing eyes, as she speaks words which are the marriage vow of her spirit. But a shudder follows, chilling her blood, and through, even in the warmth of the long close kiss which is his truth pledge to her."

"Then, Gillian, listen to me," George says, slowly. "I tell you I cannot give you up—unless you bid me. But I will write to your father at once, and tell him that you love me, and you are willing to be my wife with his consent. What is that?"

He starts to his feet staring at the window and its outside frame of variegated ivy and climbing roses. "What a moment! Gillian! Oh! it's only Nelly gone out in the dew to smell the flowers—a regular habit of the old lady's, you must know, after her day's work is done."

"What startled you, dear?" Gillian asks.

"The 'dear' is a little more decisive this time, and Gillian is considerably delighted it sounds like anything in the world, outside of this room, can be of much importance or interest."

"Oh, nothing! Imagination!" George says, very carelessly. "Thought Nelly was spying or eavesdropping in her ravenous curiosity to get hold of you and your saying and doing. I wronged the old lady, I see, she is only waddling about amongst her favorite flowers as usual, and inventing blossoms, those are what Nelly likes. 'Thin have a grand smell, Mister George,' she says."

"She's a nice, kind, pleasant old woman, and I should love to have her for a servant," Gillian says softly, hoping George will take the hint."

"But George's own Men never do take all the feminine hints which they might take."

"But I was going to say, my little darling," George says, with a sudden passionate tenderness that surprises himself. "For he tries hard to restrain himself in deed and word, to be judicious, and wise, and calm, in order that what he says may be of use, and not his tender sweet memories to crush out; that there may be fewer gifts of mutual tenderness to bury in the grave of dead hopes, that the clinging tendrils of her womanly love shall not have wrapped themselves so tightly around his heartstrings that he cannot tear them away when the time comes."

"For, all unconsciously, the shadow of the coming woe has fallen as coldly on the spirit as on hers, and chills against each other young hearts beating against each other's, and wish to marry, with his consent, in the course of the next year or two."

"She shivers again, nestling her head closer to him, but she does not dare to speak."

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Scyzodont Tooth Powder 25°

Good for Bad Teeth Not Bad for Good Teeth

Scyzodont Liquid 25c. Large Liquid and Powder 75c. At all stores or by mail. Sample of the Liquid for the postage, 3c. HALL & RUCKEL, MONTREAL.

"I must say that, Gillian," George says, firmly, "for now more than ever am I longing to make out a better career for myself, and see if I cannot succeed even a little in making a name and position for myself. This Industrial Expedition may lead me to fortune."

"Then"—her breath comes in a convulsive gasp of dismay, and her throat seems closing with a choking pain—"then you mean to go away, after all?"

"For awhile—only for awhile," George says, cheerily. He can speak cheerfully about it, Gillian thinks. "Only for a year or so. It will not be long in passing away, and then better prospects, that your father may be brought to give his consent, or in any case, when we have waited a reasonable time, and you are full of legal age to act as you please, and know your own mind, we can marry then without anybody being able to say I took an unfair advantage of your youth and ignorance of the world. Don't you understand?"

"Yes, I understand," Gillian says, quietly. For deeper and colder over her spirit comes "the shadow pain" which ever follows close upon "that planet-crested shape" called "love."

There is no love nor knowledge of love in this man's heart like the love she bears to him, but she is very meek and calm, with modest closed lips and downcast eyelids, and not a sign reveals the poignant grief and disappointment of the heart within the frail and constant breast."

(To be continued.)

Hopeless Cases. "And this one?" we said, indicating a patient at the insane asylum. "Hopeless case," was the reply. "I think he has discovered perpetual motting."

"And the next one?" "Still more hopeless. Claims to have solved the servant girl question."

Living in an Ancient House. The oldest inhabited house in England is on the River Yea, close to St. Alban's abbey. It is octagonal in shape, and supposed to be eleven centuries old.

PALE YOUNG GIRLS. How They May Gain Bright Eyes and Rosy Cheeks.

The Story of a Young Girl Who Suffered from Headaches, Dizziness and Fainting Spells—Her Health Became So Bad That She Was Forced to Give Up School.

Miss Catherine McLellan is a young lady well known in Charlestown, P. E. I., and greatly esteemed among her acquaintances. Like so many other young ladies throughout the island, Miss McLellan fell a victim to the weakness or poverty of blood, and although several medicines were tried, she found nothing to help her until she began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Miss McLellan tells the story of her illness as follows: "I am now 18 years of age, and for a considerable time suffered much from weakness. My blood had almost turned to water, and I was very weak and pale; in fact, could not undergo the least exertion. My appetite failed me, I suffered from headaches, I stopped eating, I would become dizzy, and frequently I suffered from fainting spells. I tried several kinds of medicine and doctor prescriptions for me, but instead of getting better I was gradually growing weaker, and eventually had to discontinue going to school. About this time I read the testimonial of a girl whose condition was similar to mine, who had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I then decided to try these pills, and have every reason to be gratified that I did so, as they have completely restored my health. Every one of the symptoms that had made my life so miserable have disappeared, and I am now enjoying as good health as any girl of my age could wish, and I shall always have a good word to say for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Miss McLellan further stated that while she was not desirous of publicity in matters of this kind, she nevertheless felt that her experience might be of some benefit to some other sufferer, and it is this very praiseworthy motive that has induced her to publish the above statement for publication.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make rich, red blood, and give tone to the nerves. It is because of this that they give bright eyes, rosy cheeks and light footsteps to girls who have been weak, pale and listless and had begun to feel that life was a burden. Pale and anaemic girls everywhere should give these pills a fair trial, as they are certain to restore health and strength. See that the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, is on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all dealers or sent postpaid at 50c. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

When I was called I was charged with the task of exposing to the public the overcropping of the public schools. I reached the first school-house early in the morning, entered the assembly room of the girls' department and explained to the lady principal that I was a reporter, and desired to look through the building. To my horror, she turned to the pupils and said: "Young ladies, this gentleman is the editor of the —, who desires to address you this morning."

"There was no getting out of it. It was fun, too—for the girls. Kirk Munro's experience must be told, also, even at the risk of its having a burr upon it. He was green at the business when he was sent to report a religious revival in young Dr. Tyng's church. The pastor happened to be moving from person to person in the congregation, and reached Munro just as that young man entered the door. "My dear brother," said Tyng, "are you a follower of Christ?" "No," said Munro; "I'm a — reporter."

"I got a new view of my calling when the city editor, Mr. Bagon, sent me after something, or found on the east side of town. I found my man and approached him with a — " "Are you Mr. Feldstecker?" "Yah," he replied. "I am a reporter of the —," said I. "I've been trying ever since to think what he meant by his reply. Perhaps he did not understand me—or else he didn't know what he was saying. At any rate, when I said I was a reporter of the —, he replied in a fatherly tone, full of kindly sympathy: "So? Well, well, you can't help dot."

A kind overflow of kindness; there are no faces truer than those that are so washed.—Much Ado About Nothing, I. I.

STORIES BY AN OLD REPORTER

A New York reporter sent to Newark once, went to a house he should not have gone to, mistaking it for one farther up the street, where he was to interview a man. The man of the house opened the door.

"I am a reporter," he said the interviewer. "The man pulled him in almost by main force. "For heaven's sake!" said he, "how do you reporters get hold of things, before they happen?"

He led him into the parlor and shut the door. "Now," said he, "tell me how you know what was going to do. I swear I have never told a soul."

The reporter, equally amazed, said he guessed there was a mistake; he was looking for such-and-so. That night the man horsewhipped another citizen for insulting his wife. He must have thought the reporter was a mind reader who had come to get the news ahead of time.

When I was called I was charged with the task of exposing to the public the overcropping of the public schools. I reached the first school-house early in the morning, entered the assembly room of the girls' department and explained to the lady principal that I was a reporter, and desired to look through the building. To my horror, she turned to the pupils and said: "Young ladies, this gentleman is the editor of the —, who desires to address you this morning."

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"I beg your pardon," Gillian says, humbly and earnestly. "I mistook something, Anne said. She was joking, perhaps."

"What did she say?" George asks, sharply. "I never thought Anne was to jest at my expense before. She is a strange girl, and that is the truth. I have known her those six years intimately, and I believe in my heart. I don't know her real nature now."

"Well, it doesn't matter. It doesn't matter in the least what I thought or didn't think," Gillian says hurriedly, with a troubled blush. "She is a strange girl, and that is the truth. I have known her those six years intimately, and I believe in my heart. I don't know her real nature now."

"I beg your pardon," Gillian says, humbly and earnestly. "I mistook something, Anne said. She was joking, perhaps."

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Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold. Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

Dark Hair

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a great many years, and although I am past eighty years of age, yet I have not a gray hair in my head."

We mean all that rich, dark color your hair used to have. If it's gray now, no matter; for Ayer's Hair Vigor always restores color to gray hair.

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.

DISTRICT NEWS

In future no correspondence will be published unless correspondent's name is attached as an evidence of good faith.

SOPERTON

Master R. Smith, Ottawa, is the guest of his aunt M. S. J. Neff.

Mr. Albert Nixon and Miss Lucy Garrett visited friends at Singleton on Sunday.

Messrs T. J. Frye and W. B. Taber have returned home after a very pleasant trip to Buffalo and Niagara.

Miss Clara Taber is home again after spending a few pleasant holidays with friends in Buffalo.

Miss Nellie Webster, Washburn's visited friends here recently.

Miss Selie Stafford is again with us after sojourning for some time in Athens.

A young daughter has come to brighten the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Davis.

Mr. A. C. Young, Lake's Street, entertained a number of his young friends very pleasantly on Friday evening.

Mrs. H. Bette and son, of Clayton, who were recently the guests of Mrs. H. Thomas, have returned home.

Our popular young cheese maker seems to find a great attraction in the east end.

Messrs. Wm. Flood and Walter Pier, of Seeley's Bay spent Sunday last with friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Alden Slack, Athens, visited at the home of Mr. W. Davis recently.

Mr. Robt. Chant is very busy making sale for his garden produce.

Messrs. W. J. Frye and C. B. Dixon went to Smith's Falls on Saturday.

Miss Lucy Kelly we are pleased to announce has been re-engaged to teach the school for the coming year.

Property in this section is rapidly changing hands. Mr. Fred Flood has purchased the Earl farm, and Mr. W. Davis has become owner of the Wilcox farm. We wish both these young men success in their enterprises.

It is reported wedding bells will ring for one of our young men this week.

The cheese factory, for some time the property of Davison & Strong, has been sold to the Smith Bros.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Sheffield, Lyndhurst visited friends here last week.

Miss Emma Taber entertained her Sunday school class very pleasantly at her home on Saturday afternoon last.

Mrs. McKinley, Seeley's Bay, recently renewed old acquaintances here.

FRONT OF YONGE.

Mr. J. Pottinger has sold his house and lot to W. J. Connolly and bought the Graham farm.

E. Chant is now in his new quarters at the three fork road near the Methodist church.

Miss Emma Kincaid will teach in the Caintown school for 1902. Miss Kincaid is a fine young lady and has considerable experience in the public school methods of teaching.

The public generally have deep sympathy for John Mallory and family in the loss by fire, of their splendid new house and nearly all the contents. There was no man about the place, as Mr. Mallorytown was in Algoma, hence their effects all went up in smoke. This is a hard case and if some of our prominent men would lend a helping hand there could be immediate relief. The winter is at hand. Think of the large family of little children.

Mr. Ira Andrew now has the pacer, Grey Bird, which he bought from Mr. Cherry White. His time is three minutes.

D. Tennant sold 30 cows by auction last week, which brought him \$750. He is a good farmer.

GLEN BUELL

Quarterly meeting service was held in the Glen Buell church Sunday. A large number were in attendance.

The proprietor of Galilee has been trading horses again. It's a flyer.

Mrs. Charlie Murray and children returned home Monday.

William Cummings killed that remarkable pig of his Monday morning. Will says she's a dandy weighing dressed over 200 lbs.

Quite a number from here attended the M.-K's Bros. show Saturday night. They report having had a good time.

Delbert Daak from up the Galilee is making trip to Bruin in quest of Sturgeon.

GREENBUSH.

Mr. B. W. Loverin is away to the woods on a hunting expedition.

The tax collector is making his rounds.

Mr. John Loverin is not improving in health as his friends would desire and very slight hopes of his recovery are entertained.

The Rev. Mr. Wright conducted quarterly service in our church yesterday and preached a very able and interesting sermon. The reverend gentleman is becoming very popular in this community.

Mr. Alex. Wilson, of Greenway, has returned home after visiting friends in this vicinity.

DELTA.

The Delta people are pleased to hear that Rev. G. W. Connors of Bobocon, Ontario County, is one of the happiest Baptist ministers in Ontario on the arrival of twin babies (girls) to stay with him. He is the son of our townsman Thos. Connors.

E. C. Horton was suddenly called to St. Pauls, Minnesota, to attend the funeral of his uncle, Thos. McCue.

The quarterly service was held in the Methodist church by Rev. D. Earl, B.A., and was well attended.

W. J. Birch is building a brick warehouse in addition to his grocery store. It is quite an improvement.

R. I. Stevens, the popular agent for the McCormick Harvester Co., has moved his family from Samuel Whaley's house to J. A. Bell's dwelling house on Main St.

Miss Eva Godkin, of Plevna is at present visiting her sister, Mrs. Geo. Morris.

Mrs. Omer Brown has a good apprentice in Miss Mary Morris. We wish her rapid progress.

Rev. John Pattenham, of Kempville formerly pastor of the Baptist church here was the visitor. We were pleased to see the familiar face of Mr. Pattenham.

The young people of the village spent a very pleasant evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Morris on Hollowen evening, and having had a chicken roast returned home in the early morning.

SEELEY'S BAY

The pie social, held in the Select Knights' hall last Wednesday evening, by the Ladies' Aid of the Methodist church, was a decided success. A large crowd was present. After the pie was partaken of an adjournment was made to the church near by where an excellent programme was given, consisting of music, both vocal and instrumental, recitations, &c. Rev. Wm. Service occupied the chair and performed his duties in an acceptable manner. The proceeds, which amounted to over fifty dollars will be applied to the painting of the parsonage.

The Seeley's Bay Hunting Club left last Monday (Oct. 28th), on their annual deer hunt up north on the line of the K.P.R.R. The members of the club are: C. C. Gilbert, J. C. McKinley, R. Moulton, M. Ralph, J. Moulton and C. Brady.

GOOD OPINIONS FROM EVERYWHERE

South American Nervine cures that hackneyed speech. "A trial will convince you." Guarries with it no deception when applied to this great evil of Nerve treatment.

An influential gentleman recently wrote:—"I join with the thousands who have been benefited by South American Nervine in their good opinion of it. It was recommended to me by one who had been cured by it. I tried it and am cured, and I heartily pass the good word along—it is a wonder-worker to shattered nerves, and an excellent tonic."

Sold by J. P. LAMB & SON

Mrs. J. Chapman is laid up with a severe attack of rheumatism.

Last Friday R. Chapman got the index finger of his right hand badly mangled, by being caught in a logging chain which he was unhooking from a log, the team starting while he was doing so.

Wella Putnam, of Merrickville, is spending a few days with friends here. A Jackson has again started his feed mill.

Mrs. (Dr.) G. H. Bowen, of Gananoque was renewing old acquaintances during the past few days.

Hallowe'en was celebrated here in the usual manner, the small boy being much in evidence.

Mrs. Elli it is quite ill.

THE LATE HENRY MOOREHOUSE

Another of the old and highly esteemed residents of the town of Perth, in the person of Mr. Henry Moorehouse, was called away last week by death, at the advanced age of eighty-two years. For years, Mr. Moorehouse has been troubled with asthma, and being taken with the prevailing heavy cold a few weeks ago, his debilitated frame was unable to withstand the attack, and heart failure intervening, the end came peacefully on Thursday morning. Mr. Moorehouse was born near Glen Buell, Elizabethtown, Lee's County, of Irish parentage, and his first business venture was operating a custom woolen mill in Athens, in partnership with the elder Joshua Bates, long since deceased. In 1840 he came to Adamsville, now Glen Tay, near this town, where in conjunction with Mr. Samuel Adams, he ran a saw and various mills there, finally acquiring full possession of the property, and only a few years ago disposing of it, the Perth Water-Power and Electric Company, becoming the owners. For many years, Mr. Moorehouse has been treasurer of the town and of other institutions, and was noted for correctness, carefulness and thorough efficiency. On account of being a town official, Mayor Stewart ordered the flag on the town hall at half-mast. Deceased was married to Miss Elizabeth Adams, daughter of the late Capt. Adams, of Glen Tay, who preceded him to the grave some years. Their children were:—Minnie (Mrs. Davis), Lucy (Mrs. Ward), deceased; Maggie, Anna, and Henrietta, (Mrs. Sabiston). Deceased was a brother of Mrs. C. Neilson, in Perth; and of Mr. John Moorehouse, Glen Buell. He was an adherent of the Methodist church, and in politics a staunch Conservative.

AMONG THE MUD SPRINGS.

Their Contents Are as Varied in Color as the Rainbow. Among the wonders of the Yellowstone National park none excites more interest than what are known as "the mud pots," or boiling mud springs. There are several groups of these springs in the park, one of the largest of which occupies a space of 300 yards in length by 25 in width, in what is known as the valley of Alum creek, near the crater hills. A second group is near the wall of the grand canyon of the Yellowstone, four miles below Yellowstone lake and six miles from the crater hills. This group occupies a space three acres in extent, and it is said the springs present a magnificent sight when in the course of eruption.

The principal spring is called the Blue Mud Pot and is 35 feet in diameter. It is near the large sulphur spring and when in a tranquil state looks like a lake of blue mud. The contents of the spring are more like muddy water than thick mud, although at times the mud has a consistency of mortar. In some portions of the spring various degrees of consistency are found, ranging from the muddy water state to a thickness of common mortar.

There are no particular times of eruptions from these springs, and, though they are in groups or very close together, not more than two feet separating some of them, there seems to be no connection between them, and they are of different colors. Various shades of brown, red, pink, blue, lavender and gray are to be found, and when all of them are erupting together the kaleidoscopic coloring makes a beautiful picture. The streams thrown from the craters of the springs sometimes mount as high as 40 feet and in falling form a fine mist. The mud has a temperature of 180 degrees, and the temperature of the Alum creek, where the Blue Mud Pot is found, tourists observe puffs of mud rising from the surface for over 200 yards.

A second group of springs presents every possible variation of color. There are perhaps hundreds of the smaller springs, all of them having the raised edges, which are covered with the various colors. This mud has a temperature of over 180 degrees and seems to be boiling at all times. The springs at this point greatly resemble cauldrons of paint and are pink, lavender and pure white in color.

In these smaller springs there is generally a circular pit about ten feet deep completely covered on the outside with the colored mud. This mud when dried and burned, whether with fire or by the sun, makes the finest quality of plaster. Geologists claim that after being properly worked up it would make better mortar or plaster than anything now used for the purpose. When the white mud burns it takes a form very much like that of finished masonry and is quite as pliable and lasting. The mud contains a great deal of sulphur and tastes strongly of alum.

NOVEMBER WEATHER.

The stars in connection with Friday and Saturday the 1st and 2nd, indicate that a reactionary disturbance will be central on those dates, causing a rise in temperature, falling barometer and scattering storms and squalls of rain and snow from about the 1st to 3rd.

A sharp, sudden rise of the barometer and change to colder will follow close after these disturbances, but as sudden change back to storm conditions will come about the 5th in western extremes.

The regular Vulcan storm period begins on the 5th, is central on the 7th and extends to the 20th. The moon is on the celestial equator on the 5th passing to its south declination. Hence a marked rise of temperature with a corresponding fall of the barometer, followed by possible thunderstorms southward will set in early in this Vulcan period. About Wednesday the 5th, to Sunday the 10th, storms of wind, rain and snow will make their transit from west to east across the country. Storm centres like railroad trains, do not cover the whole country at once but make their way across it; hence storms will begin in western parts days before they reach extreme eastern sections. Only a brief intermission will intervene between this Vulcan period and the reactionary change due from the 11th to the 14th. The new moon on the 11th will check the tendency to high barometer and cold, and a sudden return to warmer, low barometer and rain and snow will be natural about Monday the 11th to Thursday the 14th. These reactionary storms will be followed by a more persistent and general change to wintry conditions, and sharp

HOW COLD IS ICE?

Frozen Water Is Much Warmer In Summer Than In Winter.

Is ice any colder in winter than in summer? Most people suppose not. They understand that ice is ice and cannot be any colder or warmer.

If a thermometer is buried in ice in summer, it will indicate 32 degrees. If you throw a piece of ice into boiling water and leave it there till it is almost gone, what is left will still be at 32 degrees. Ice can never be got above that temperature.

But while ice can never be warmed above 32 degrees, it will go as much below that as the weather does. An ice-man delivering ice one zero day in January was asked whether his ice was any colder than in July. He thought not; but, as a matter of fact, a piece of summer ice, if he had had it, would have been something of a foot warmer for him, as it would have been 30 degrees warmer than the air of the bottom of his wagon.

Mixing salt with ice makes it much cooler. The ice in an ice cream freezer goes down to about zero. This is why the point zero on our common thermometers was fixed where it is. It was supposed to be the lowest point which could be reached by artificial means. Since then we have reached about 883 degrees below zero by chemical processes.

Ice will cool down with everything else on a cold night to zero or below. What should prevent it? On a day when it is just freezing a block of iron and a block of ice outdoors will stand at 32 degrees. If the weather grows warmer, the iron will warm up with the weather, but the ice will stay at 32 degrees and melt away. But if the weather grows colder the iron and ice will cool off, too, and one just as much as the other.

As the ice grows colder it gets harder and more brittle. There can be no skating on the skating pond on a zero day, for ice is then too brittle. Shivers of ice dipped in liquid air become so hard that they will cut glass. Water thrown on ice in the arctic regions will shiver it like pouring boiling water upon cold glass. This is because the ice is so much colder than the water.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

It is claimed that oil of sassafras will keep little red ants out of sugar and cake boxes, iceboxes, safes, cupboards and other places where food is kept.

If your room seems damp, distribute salt in shallow bowls about in places where it will not be conspicuous, and an improvement will be shortly noticed.

When the floors are to be mopped, add to each pail of warm water two table-spoonfuls of carbolic acid. It leaves the wood in a sweet and healthy condition.

If a flannel cloth dipped in kerosene, then wrung dry, be used in rubbing off dirty finger marks from paint, the grating household soap will repeat the experiment often.

A cupful of vinegar placed in an open basin on the stove while cabbage, cauliflower, onions or fish are cooking will permeate the kitchen with its aroma and do away with unpleasant odors.

One of the reasons why mirrors spot and blur is that they are placed where a strong light falls upon them. They should be arranged so as to have the light come to them from the sides.

Furns used on the dining table should not be kept there except during meal-time. They require more light than it is possible for them to get in most dining rooms to keep the soil from souring.

The Mayor and the Man. A number of years ago Castle Rising, in the eastern part of England, was a flourishing borough, returning two members to parliament and possessing a mayor, one Wakefield, "a character" who might have stepped out of a novelist's gallery.

On one occasion the bearer of some election dispatches arrived in hot haste at Rising and asked for the mayor.

Wakefield was engaged in the exercise of his high calling, which happened to be that of a thatcher. He was thatching a barn. On hearing that his presence was required he sent a message to the dispatch bearer to this effect:

"It's John Wakefield that he wants to see, I'll come down at once. If it's the mayor of Rising he has business with, he must come up here to me."

And on the roof of that barn in Arca-dy, the mayor received the dispatches with dignity befitting his position, official and otherwise.

For Rising, Not Passing. A teacher in a New York public school discovered that some of her pupils were deficient in the little amenities of polite life and took it upon herself to instruct them in the graces of courtesy.

She observed that whenever one of the boys passed in front of the visitors at the school a strange, puzzled expression came into their faces.

The secret came out a few days later when, happening to stand near the visitors, she heard this boy jerk out as he slinked awkwardly by, "Baking powder."

She hastened to explain that the difference between "Beg your pardon," which she had told him to say, and "Baking powder," which he had understood her to say, was wide enough to justify further instructions.

The Lining of His Hat. Cardinal Gibbons was at one time a frequent visitor to Cape May and usually took long walks morning and afternoon by the seashore. He always wore his cardinal's skullcap of scarlet silk, of which an inch or so showed below the rim of the silk hat.

One afternoon while he was on the board walk an old lady stopped him and said, "Excuse me, sir, but the lining of your hat has slipped down the back."

The cardinal thanked her gravely, but as soon as she left he laughed heartily at her mistake.

Key West Turtles. Besides fishes, the different varieties of turtles form a large part of the marine industry of Key West. The aggregate weight of turtles taken in one year was 337,000 pounds, valued at \$16,870. The value of tortoise shell from the hawkbill turtle taken during the same year was \$1,674. About 4,921,704 turtle eggs were taken.

Nothing makes a man madder than to say to him, "I'm not as old as you are, but my advice is," etc.

Almost anything may be proved by statistics, chemical analysis and expert testimony.—Washington Star.

Entomological. The fly has rare good health, it wags; this is the prime and not; the dinner bill may ring or not; it always there on time. —Chicago Record-Herald.

Dyspepsia

From foreign words meaning bad cook, has come rather to signify bad stomach; for the most common cause of the disease is a predisposing want of vigor and tone in that organ.

No disease makes life more miserable. Its sufferers certainly do not live to eat; they sometimes wonder if they should eat to live.

W. A. Nugent, Belleville, Ont., was greatly troubled with it for years; and Peter H. Sears, East Chazy, Wis., who was so afflicted with it that he was nervous, sleepless, and actually sick most of the time, obtained no relief from medicines professionally prescribed.

They were completely cured, as others have been, by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

according to their own statement voluntarily made. This great medicine strengthens the stomach and the whole digestive system. Be sure to get Hood's.

C. E. Pickrell & Sons

ATHENS, ONT.

General - Blacksmiths

Horseshoeing and Repairing

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

C. E. Pickrell & Sons

ELGIN STREET, ATHENS.

The People's Column.

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

To Rent.

Two good dwelling Houses to rent, both in good repair with good garden and orchard. For particulars apply to

ISAAC ROBESON, Athens

House to Rent.

Frame House on Reid street, recently vacated by Wm. Conlin. Possession given on 15th. Apply to

D. FISHER, Athens

Boar For Service.

I have at farm, 1-1-3 miles west of village of Athens, a fine pure-bred Yorkshire Boar for service. He won prizes at every fair where I exhibited him, in strong competition. A share of your patronage is solicited, farmers and breeders.

WILBERT F. RIPLEY, Athens

Farm to Sell or Rent.

The undersigned offers to the Dobbs' farm of 250 acres to rent or 100 acres to sell. For particulars, apply to

WM. KARLEY, Athens

SHOP TO RENT.

The shop now occupied by H. R. Knowlton on Main St., Athens. Good stand for watch-maker or fancy goods. Possession given about Dec. 1st. Apply to

MRS. GREEN, ELGIN STREET, Athens.

NOTICE.

Having sold out my manufacturing business in Athens, it is necessary that all accounts be settled at once. As I am leaving the village, all accounts have been placed in the hands of Mr. W. A. Lewis, where parties can call and settle. All accounts not settled promptly will be placed in court for collection.

H. W. KINCAID.

BUGGIES FOR SALE

We have for sale, cheap, one new buggy and one second hand Spring Wagon.

We have no use for any of the above and they will be sold at a bargain. Apply to R. A. Pickrell, Athens, or W. C. Pickrell at Agricultural Works, Lym.

Notice of Application for Divorce

Notice is hereby given that Samuel Nelson Chipman, of the township of South Crosby, County of Leeds, Province of Ontario, farmer, will apply to the Parliament of Canada, at the next session thereof, for a bill of divorce from his wife, formerly Mary Ellen Pratt, on the ground of adultery.

Dated at Ottawa, Province of Ontario, this 12th day of March, 1901.

B. M. BRITTON, Solicitor for Applicant.

Wood For Sale.

A quantity of dry Cordwood, Furnace wood and Stove wood for sale at the Athens Brick and Tile Yard, delivered to any part of the town.

ROSS & EARL.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The undersigned having been restored to health by simple means, after suffering for several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease Consumption, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To those who desire it, he will cheerfully send free of charge a copy of the prescription used, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all throat and lung Maladies. He hopes all sufferers will try this remedy, as it is invaluable. Those desiring the prescription, which costs nothing and may prove a blessing, will please address,

Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON, Brooklyn N. York. 48-240.

Fifty box cars have been completed in the Perth car shops, to be used in carrying the northwest wheat crop to the seaboard.

DON'T BECOME AN OBJECT

Of Aversion and Pity. Cure Your Catarrh. Purify Your Breath and Stop the Offensive Discharge.

Rev. Dr. Bochor, of Buffalo, says: "My wife and I were both troubled with distressing Catarrh, but we have enjoyed freedom from this aggravating malady since the day we first used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. Its action was instantaneous, giving the most grateful relief within ten minutes after first application. 50 cents."

Sold by J. P. LAMB & SON

TOP COATS and HEAVY SUITS.

THE thoughtful man will not fail to provide himself with a Top Coat and Heavy Suit for the cold weather. These will give you comfort and protect your health. They are all made in stylish shapes to fit perfectly.

Correct Shades; Right Prices; Excellent Workmanship

You can't fail to be pleased with them.

M. SILVER,

West Corner King and Buell Sts., BROCKVILLE

P.S.—We invite inspection of our well-assorted stock of Gentleman's Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.

THE Athens

Hardware Store



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

Agent for the Dominion Express Company. The cheapest and best way to send money to all parts of the world.

Give me a call when wanting anything in my line.

Wm. Karley,

Main St., Athens.



Perfection Cement Roofing

THE TWO GREAT RAIN EXCLUDERS

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

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A monthly publication of inestimable value to the student of every day scientific problems, the mechanic, the industrial expert, the manufacturer, the inventor—in fact, to every wide-awake person who hopes to better his condition by using his brains. The inventor, especially, will find in The Patent Record a guide, philosopher and friend. Nothing of importance escapes the vigilant eyes of its corps of expert editors. Everything is presented in clean, concise fashion, so that the busiest may take time to read and comprehend. The scientific and industrial progress of the age is accurately mirrored in the columns of The Patent Record, and it is the only publication in the country that prints the official news of the U. S. Patent Office and the latest developments in the field of invention without fear or favor.

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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 6 lines or under, per year \$3.00; over 6 and under 12 lines, \$4.00.
Legal advertisements, 5c per line for first insertion and 3c per line for each subsequent insertion.
Liberal discount for contract advertisements.
Advertisements sent without written instructions will be inserted until forbidden and charged full time.

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

ATHENS LUMBER YARD

Planing Mill, Grain Warehouse, Etc.

For Sale—All kinds Building Lumber. New lot Cedar Shingles, just received; good value.

For Sale—Bran, Shorts, Provender, Oats, Corn Meal, &c., lowest prices.

Wanted—Basswood and White Ash Stave Bolts.

Cash Paid—For Grain—Highest prices.

Grinding—Well and quickly done.

Additional Locals.

—Write it November.

—Three weeks from to-morrow is Thanksgiving day.

—Business was brisk in town on Saturday evening.

—Mr. Milt. Wiltse, of Chicago, is visiting his mother here.

—Farmers are in the midst or have finished their fall ploughing.

—The repairs to the Methodist church sheds are nearing completion.

—The Reporter Hunt Club is meeting with good success this year in its quest for deer.

—Miss Ethel Arnold was At Home to a number of her young lady friends on Thursday night.

—The "oldest inhabitant throughout the land is now engaged in telling us what sort of a winter the coming one will be.

—High School Commencement on Wednesday evening, Nov. 27th. Re served seats 25 cents. Plan opens on Monday next at Mr. H. R. Knowlton's.

—Hallow'een was celebrated on Thursday evening. Very little damage was done, beyond the removal of a number of gates and steps. The small boy was quite busy.

—Lost—On Oct. 26th, between John Hamblin's and Athens, a lady's black cloth Cape, with fur trimming and green lining. Finder will please leave at INWIN WILTSE'S Store, Athens.

—Little Miss Esther Kincaid entertained a number of her young friends at her home on Friday evening in honor of her cousins, Marjory and Beatrice Saunders. All present enjoyed a pleasant evening.

—A grand social time was had at the re-opening of the Oddfellows' rooms in Brockville on Tuesday evening of last week. Among the visiting brethren, contingents were present from Athens, Lyn and Mallorytown.

—Mr. Jas. Dunn, the secretary of the Athens Model School Students' Union who have been agitating for a higher salary for school teachers, received a communication from Miss Hattie Stanley last week, which tells of a convention of the teachers of the Townships of Bathurst, Burgess, Dalhousie and North and South Sherbrooke, held at Harper, on Friday, the 25th ult., in which the following encouraging resolution was passed: Moved by Mr. McKinnon, seconded by Miss Warren: That we, as members of this convention, hereby show our hearty sympathy with the movement started by the students of Athens Model School for the purpose of raising the salaries of teachers, and that the secretary of this association communicate such information to the Athens Model School Union.

—Mr. W. J. Connolly was in Athens on Saturday last on official business.

—The Orangenmen of Addison held a very successful dance Tuesday evening.

—Mr. Edgar Horton, Mrs. A. H. Wilson and Miss A. Wilson, of Delta, visited friends in town this week.

—A lot of valuable correspondence was unavoidably crowded out this week which will appear in our next issue.

—Mr. Ben Wright, who has been on a two weeks' hunting trip to Plevna, returned this morning with a fine box of game.

—Mrs. Britton, of Gananoque, who has been in attendance at the convention of the W.C.T.U., held at Stratford last week, was elected treasurer of the Union.

—The County Council for the Counties of Leeds and Grenville will convene at Brockville on Nov. 19th—one week from next Tuesday—for their fall session.

—Messrs. Frederick Pierce and J. B. Saunders have purchased the Saunders' Mill property, east of the village, and will make many substantial improvements to it.

—Messrs. Everetts, Gibson & Thompson direct special attention of farmers and raisers of poultry, to the fair to be held here on Dec. 7th. Top market prices will be paid. See posters.

—The Recorder says:—Dr. Cornell is attending physician at the St. Vincent de Paul Hospital for November. The doctor is familiar to Athenians, being a brother of our own Dr. Cornell.

—The Reporter extends congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Dowsley, of Frankville, who celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding yesterday. Mr. Wm. Dowsley, Classical Master in our High School, is a son.

—A course at the Brockville Business College seems to insure success. Mr. F. W. Wilson has a position in New York, Miss Emma Toban has gone to Buffalo, Miss Euphie Crato, Smith's Falls, and A. Gorman, Montreal.

—The residence of Michael Anglin, of McTosh Mills, was destroyed by fire at about 3 a.m., on Tuesday. A defective chimney was the cause. He carried an insurance of \$500 in the Perth Mutual, which will not nearly cover the loss.

—As an aftermath to the Hallow'een party, Miss Lena Fair proved an entertaining hostess to a number of her friends at her home on Friday evening. The evening was spent in dancing and playing games until a late hour. At the close all wended their way home wishing there was to be many more such pleasant evenings to be whiled away in the same manner.

—Miss Eliza Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Smith, of Henry Street, gave a delightful "At Home" to a large number of her young friends on Hallow'een. Music and various games were played, after which dancing was indulged in till a late hour. Dainty refreshments were served to all present during the evening. The gathering broke up in the wee sma' hours, all present having spent a most enjoyable evening.

—The High school football club drove to Smith's Falls on Saturday and played the return game with the High School team there. The players with one or two exceptions, were the same as played here. The game was considerably rougher than the one played here the Saturday previous, one or two Athens boys receiving nasty bruises. The score was a tie—nil-nil. Harry Blanchard acted as referee. The boys before returning attended the Marks Bros. show at the Opera House there. They arrived home early Sunday morning.

—COURT OF REVISION—Judge McDonald held a Court of Revision here in Lamb's Hall on Wednesday evening last, for this municipality, with the result that Geo. Seak, John Churchill, Mary Jane Wiltse, P. Lander Wiltse, Chas B. Simms, Wm. L. Steacy, and Geo. Bullard were added to the list, and Chas. Whaley, Mordeu M. Harter, Michael Hudson, Henry Cobey, Thos. Dwyer, Howard Y. Avery, Amasa Watson, Thos J. Foster, and Duncan Churchill were struck off the list. The following were passed on Part 2 of the list, entitled to municipal votes, being parliamentary voters in other portions of electoral district: Geo. Lawson, H. A. Brown, Clarke Wiltse and Leavitt Sutherland. Mr. W. A. Lewis looked after the Liberal interests, while Mr. T. Beale was there in behalf of the Conservatives.

—Miss Leonora Stevens has accepted a position in the office of Mr. James Ackland to learn telegraphy.

—Auctioneer D. Healy will sell by public auction at Toledo on Thursday, Nov. 14th, at 1 p.m., 80 head of choice Indian ponies, the property of Morton C. Knapp. Terms, 6 months' credit on approved notes at 6% interest.

—The members of Athens Home Circle were entertained to a delightful supper at Mr. Geo. Gainford's parlors, on Wednesday evening last. At the meeting the same evening five applications were received. The Circle now meets on the First Wednesday—this evening—instead of the Third Wednesday.

—The monthly meeting of the A.H.S. board was held in the secretary's office on Monday evening, with the following members present: Chairman Johnston and Messrs. Scovil, Beale, Parish and Secretary Arnold.

—The minutes of special meetings held June 24th and July 15th were read and confirmed.

—Parish—Beale—that the following accounts be paid:

J. P. Lamb & Son, \$26.47
Globe Printing Co., 1.88
Geo. F. Gainford, 15.12
Paul Godfrey, 2.00
Trueman Cadwell, 2.75
W. G. McLaughlin, 24.00
A. E. Follett, 8.00
H. R. Knowlton, 21.75
Wm. Karley, 24.83
Steinburger, Hendry & Co., 12.40
W. F. Earl, 11.05

Parish—Scovil—that the chairman and secretary be and are hereby instructed to borrow on their promissory note, with the corporate seal attached, the sum of \$450.00, for the purpose of paying teachers, and other expenses of the School; the said note to become due and payable on the 15th day of December next.

High School Inspector Hodgson's report, re his visit of inspection, dated Oct. 24th, 1901, was read by the secretary and proved a very satisfactory report; as it spoke highly of the staff, the work being done and the school generally.

The secretary read a communication from Mr. Anderson, the Science Master, re chemical apparatus for the pupils. The secretary was instructed to acknowledge Mr. Anderson's letter and assure him that the Board would give the matter their consideration before another term with a view of taking some action along the lines suggested by him.

LAKE ELOIDA

The trustees of our school have not secured a teacher for the coming year. An application from a good teacher would be acceptable as they are willing to pay a good salary to a first class teacher.

Mrs. Peter Duclon has been very ill but is slowly recovering.

Mr. Job James has removed to Pine Hill, and Mr. Wm. James and son, Charlie, have returned to the farm.

Mr. A. Henderson is putting a concrete floor in his cow-stable.

HEART "STARTS"

Does the slightest effort excite the heart, quicken the breathing, induce suffocation, fluttering, palpitation or excruciating pain-spasms? You need no surer symptom of disease, for when the heart "starts" the heart is sick.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is a heart specific. Under its sway, any or all of these sensations of distress will vanish like dew before the morning sun. It is winning golden emblems every day as a never-failing treatment. One dose gives relief in thirty minutes. A few bottles will cure the most stubborn case.

Sold by J. P. LAMB & SON

Dollars AND Sense

Dollars and cents are what you want and a good business education will bring them. The third word in our heading should prompt you to spend your money where you will get the most for it. Our catalogue will tell you all about it. No vacation, no combine. You send us a postal and we will send you a catalogue. Address BROCKVILLE BUSINESS COLLEGE, Brockville, Ont.

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Write for our interesting books "Investor's Help" and "How you are swindled." Send us a rough sketch or model of your invention on a card and we will tell you free our opinion as to whether it is probably patentable. If it is, we will advise you how to proceed. Our offices in Montreal and Washington D.C. enable us to promptly dispatch your securely secured Patents to any part of the world. Highest references.

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Or we will cheerfully refund cost of the same, see Days Treatment mailed to any address for \$1.00. Not sold by Druggists.

Send all orders to LUNCELLA McTAVISH, Agent, MONTREAL.

THE RIVAL HERB CO., Proprietors.

NEW YORK, QUEBEC, MONTREAL.

Sold by J. P. LAMB & SON

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Dollars AND Sense

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MAP CHARLESTON LAKE

The Reporter office has secured the sole right to sell Medole's map of Charleston Lake, in Canada.

This is the only reliable map of the lake ever made and is very accurate and reliable in every respect.

The maps are properly colored and may be had either cloth-lined or on thin map paper, folded for pocket use. Size 21 by 28 inches. Carefully packed in tubes and sent to any address for 50c. Address

B. LOVERIN, Reporter Office, Athens, Ont.

Coming In!

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

ing out; shooting stories, fishing stories, and game and fish news. Illustrated, weekly. For sale by all news-dealers. Neither you nor your family can afford to be without it. It is the best reading, and has the largest circulation, of any paper of its class in America. It is the SPORTSMAN'S FAVORITE JOURNAL of shooting, fishing and yachting. Per year, \$4. With any one of the Forest and Stream large artotypes of big game and field scenes, \$5.50. Send for illustrated catalogue of books. © FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 346 Broadway, New York.

WANTED—Capable, reliable person in every county to represent large company of solid financial reputation; \$38 salary per year, payable weekly; \$3 per day absolutely sure and all expenses; straight, bona fide definite salary, no commission; salary paid each Saturday and expense money advanced each week. STANDARD HOUSE, 334 Dearborn St., Chicago.

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DR. C. M. B. CORNELL
BUELL STREET BROCKVILLE
PHYSICIAN URSERIN & ACCOUCHEUR

W. A. LEWIS
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY
Public, etc. Money to loan on easy terms
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T. R. BEALE
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, Etc. Office,
Second flat of Mansell building, next door
to the Armstrong House, Main street, Athens

M. M. BROWN
COUNTY Crown Attorney Barrister, Soli-
citor, etc. Offices: Court House, west
wing, Brockville. Money to loan on rear
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C. C. FULFORD,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR and NOTARY
Public, etc., for the province of Ontario, Can-
ada. Dunham Block, entrance King or Main
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MONEY TO LOAN at lowest rates and on
easiest terms.

MIRIAM GREEN, A. T. C. M.
Is class honor graduate of Toronto Conserv-
atory of Music and 3rd year undergraduate of
Trinity University, Plano, Singing, Theory
Harmony, Counterpoint, Canon, Fugue, His-
tory of Music, Instrumentation, Acoustics, etc.
Fulfills prepared for exams of Toronto Col-
servatory of Music and Trinity University
Residence—Victoria street—third residence
from Fisher's Carriage Works.

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

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

C. O. C. F.
Addison Council No 156 Canadian Order o
Chosen Friends meets the 1st and 3rd Satur-
days of each month in Ashwood Hall, Addi-
son, Ont. Motto, Friendship, Aid and Protec-
tion.
B. W. LOVERIN, C. C.
R. HERBERT FIELD, Recorder

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

WANTED—Capable, reliable person in
every county to represent a large company o
solid financial reputation; \$38 salary per
year; payable weekly; \$3 per day absolutely
sure and all expenses; straight, bona fide
definite salary, no commission; salary paid
each Saturday and expense money advanced
each week. STANDARD HOUSE 334 Dear-
born St., Chicago.

THIS DOCUMENT IS IN THE PUBLIC DOMAIN

ADDITIONAL EVIDENCE.

The Greatest Case in the History of Modern Medicine is Completed by Another Sworn Statement.

THE OTTAWA FREE PRESS SUSTAINED.

A Prominent Ottawa Man Confirms Under Oath Every Statement Made by This Paper in the Original Story Published Nearly Seven Years Ago.

(From the Ottawa Free Press.)

Some seven years ago the Free Press published a graphic account of a remarkable case here in Ottawa.

A man named George H. Kent had been cured of Bright's Disease after the doctors had given him up to die, and the Free Press reporter, after a most thorough investigation, published the whole story in detail, giving credit to Dodd's Kidney Pills for the most miraculous cure.

The following sworn statement was given by Mr. Kent in order to substantiate the most incredible statement made by the paper in its account of the case:

(Sworn Statement, Feb. 16th, 1895.) I, George Henry Kent, resident at 114 Cambridge Street, Ottawa, and employed as a printer in the British American Bank Note Printing Company, in the said city of Ottawa, do solemnly declare that I consider it a duty to myself and to my fellow-men generally to make a declaration as to the efficiency of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

1. That I found them in my terrible case of Bright's Disease, from which I suffered for almost one year, of the greatest medical value. I can say confidently and assure anyone interested, or a physician, that I positively owe my life and present excellent health to the results brought about by their use. I was taken sick and confined to my bed on December 28th, 1893, and was successfully treated for La Grippe, then Pleurisy, followed by Kidney Troubles, and later Bright's Disease. I lost the use of all my limbs, my entire body became swollen to a terrible size, and my skin became as hard as and similar to leather, the pores all having closed up, and I suffered the most agonizing pain. I was subject to periodical spells of utter prostration and insensibility, to a state of absolute coma. I was also a victim of dangerous convulsions, in which my facial expression and other muscles would become severely contorted and tense.

2. My former physician attended to me, and, though medical consultations were held over my case by two city doctors, nothing could be done. My case grew gradually worse, and later I was given up as hopeless. My wife, friends and neighbors were certain from what they saw and were told by the visiting doctors that I would die in a very short time.

3. My wife was casually reading a newspaper about this time, and saw a description of a similar case in which a patient gave testimony of the relief and cure that had been effected on him by Dodd's Kidney Pills. I started to take them right away, and from the first pill I discovered a change for the better. After the first box I was wonderfully improved, and at the end of the fourth I was sure I was to get well again. I continued taking them until the seventeenth box, and I can now positively declare that I am perfectly cured and able to do a day's work with any of my comrades in the shop, and Dodd's Kidney Pills to me have cured me because from starting to take them I took no other medicine whatever.

4. I make this solemn declaration before me, at the City of Ottawa, in the County of Carleton, this 16th day of February, 1895.

G. H. KENT. (Sgd.) CHAS. A. BLANCHET, A Commissioner, etc.

The Free Press in the article published in 1895 stated most positively that Dodd's Kidney Pills and nothing else were entitled to the credit of having saved the dying man's life, and this was most emphatically endorsed by Mr. Kent in his sworn statement. The Free Press also said without qualification that the cure of Mr. Kent was an absolute and permanent one. And while Mr. Kent could not make a sworn statement as to the future, he stated that he felt he was permanently cured.

It occurred to the Free Press the other day that it would be interesting to enquire how, after the lapse of nearly seven years, as to how Mr. Kent was feeling.

He had returned to 408 Gilmour Street, and at that address a Free Press reporter found him.

After reminding Mr. Kent of the article and his affidavit, the newspaper man asked him point blank: "Have you lost any time from your regular work since you were cured of Bright's Disease by Dodd's Kidney Pills in 1895?"

"Not a minute," answered Mr. Kent promptly. "I have you since had the slightest symptoms of your old kidney trouble or anything like it?"

"Not the slightest," he said. "You are sure that Dodd's Kidney Pills and nothing else saved your life and restored you to your present good health?"

"Absolutely sure. Why, my wife and I are so grateful to Dodd's Kidney Pills that we have christened our little girl, born in December, 1896, by the name of 'Dodd's.' This shows you better than anything I can tell you to what we attribute my recovery. I owe my life to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"Would you be willing in order to confirm our story published in 1895 to make another sworn statement?"

"If it would do you any good I have no objections," answered Mr. Kent. "The Free Press was certainly well within the truth in every statement they published about my case."

Mr. Kent, at the request of the Free Press, has given the following sworn statement:

SWORN STATEMENT, OCT. 3, 1901. I, GEORGE HENRY KENT, resident at 408 Gilmour Street, in the City of Ottawa, and employed as a printer at the American Bank Note Company in the said City of Ottawa, do solemnly declare:

1. That on February 16th, 1895, I, George Henry Kent, then resident at 114 Cambridge Street, Ottawa, did appear before Charles A. Blanchet, Commissioner, etc., and before him on that date did make a solemn declaration regarding my recovery from Bright's Disease by the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and set forth the facts of my case and its cure.

2. That in the declaration I set forth that I believe that I was absolutely and permanently cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills after the doctors had given me up to die.

3. That I am now absolutely certain that Dodd's Kidney Pills and nothing else saved my life, and I hereby unhesitatingly reaffirm every statement made in my declaration made before Mr. Blanchet, on February 16th, 1895.

4. That I have never since that date had the slightest symptom of the return of the Bright's Disease or any Kidney Trouble, having enjoyed unrelenting good health and having worked steadily and without interruption full time at my regular employment as a printer every working day from the day Dodd's Kidney Pills sent me back to work to the date of this declaration.

5. That in evidence of our gratitude to Dodd's Kidney Pills for having saved my life, my wife and I have christened a little daughter born to us in December of 1896 by the name of "Dodd's."

6. That I have recommended Dodd's Kidney Pills to many people in this city and elsewhere who having heard of my wonderful escape from death by their use have called on me or written to me inquiring about them; and having followed many of those cases closely, I know of no case where they have been used according to directions that has not been cured, and I know positively of my own personal knowledge of several extreme cases where Dodd's Kidney Pills have effected satisfactory and permanent cures.

And I make this solemn declaration, conscientiously believing it to be true and knowing that it is of the same force and effect as if made under oath and by virtue of "The Canada Evidence Act, 1893."

Declared before me at the City of Ottawa, in the County of Carleton, this 3rd day of October, 1901.

(Sgd.) G. H. KENT, A Notary Public in and for Ontario.

Nothing could be more convincing than this plain declaration made by Mr. Kent, and the Free Press is pleased to be able to present such a complete and emphatic confirmation of our article of 1895.

The Kent case must, therefore, go on record as the most wonderful cure ever heard of in this city or province. Every detail of which has been carefully substantiated by sworn evidence.

To Dodd's Kidney Pills is due all the credit for having rescued and restored this dying man, and that after all hope had been abandoned and the cold waters of the river of death were lapping his feet.

Productions to the memoir of General Sir H. C. Rawlinson and to Mr. Wilkenson's "From Cavalry to Wellington." It is stirring career has inspired a number of artists in biography. There is "Admiral of the Pacific," "Robert of Candahar," "His Life and Deeds," are chronicled by one writer; "second depicts him in War," while a third, wishing to be thorough, presents him both "In Peace and War."

Earl Roberts as an Author. Earl Roberts, who entered on his seventieth year September 20th, was nearly 60 when he was the British Museum catalogue, says the London Chronicle. The literature associated with his name and fame naturally reflected an impetus from the South African war. No less than 100 volumes of his works only one of them...

SOZODONT for the TEETH 25c

LOVE LAUGHS AT MRS. GRUNDY.

When a man is in love he seldom stops to consider whether or not the Mrs. Grundys of his set will approve of his selection or not. If the woman is willing he straightway hies him to a minister or a magistrate and the twain are made one. Men have been acting that way almost from time immemorial. For instance, there was William Cobbett, the great writer and the "liberator of the English press," as he is frequently called. He was only 21 years of age, when, walking out in the streets of Halifax, Nova Scotia, one morning he chanced to see a box-servant girl busily engaged in washing the family linen. The girl, though only 13 years of age, was pretty, so Cobbett spoke to her, learned her name, and the same evening called upon her parents and said he would like to marry their daughter. This is probably the origin of the expression, "This is so sudden," which blushing maidens have made use of ever since. The parents of the girl informed the young man that they had no objection to him as a son-in-law, but that he would have to wait until their daughter was of a marriageable age. Accordingly, Cobbett gave the girl all the money he had, which amounted to \$700, and she went to England and became a domestic in the family of a clergyman. Five years later Cobbett returned to England and married her.

Sir Henry Parkes, Premier of New South Wales, is another example. One night when dining at a friend's house he was struck by the appearance of a servant girl who waited upon the table, and persuaded the host to allow her to enter his employ. This she did, and for a short time held the position of cook in Sir Henry's household. Then his love for her overcame all conventional notions, and he made her Lady Parkes.

Sir Gervaise Clifton, whose history of Jamaica is one of the finest books of its kind ever written, married no less than seven times, and each time selected his lady from among his domestic servants. The seventh Lady Clifton outlived her lord, but the other six were buried in a family mausoleum which cost \$200,000.

Thomas Day, the author of the famous book "Sanford and Merton," selected two girls, one from a poor house and one from a foundling asylum and took them into his house as domestics. He proposed to both of them in turn. One rejected his suit. The other promised to marry him, but subsequently withdrew her promise on account of his eccentricities.

But more illustrious than all these examples is that of Peter the Great, one day the founder of the Russian Empire, the great and terrible Peter, was dining at the house of Prince Menschikoff. He noticed a poor serving maid, particularly, and though she was not handsome, she caught the fancy of Peter. Her name, he said, was Catherine. She had been a servant in the house of a Lutheran minister of Marburg, and when that city was captured by the troops of Russia she had been taken prisoner by the Russian Emperor, who had passed her over to the prince, who sent her as a present to the emperor. She eventually married Peter, and became the empress of Russia.

Useful and Interesting. Palmistry is now recognized as a useful and interesting science. There are specialists in all the larger cities on this side of the Atlantic, as well as in Europe and other foreign countries, who are consulted regularly in the same way as one seeks the advice of a lawyer or physician. One advantage that palmistry has over other professions is in the very moderate charges made for the valuable information often obtained from the readings.

Blue Eyes Keenest. An optician is thus quoted in the Philadelphia Record: "The tentacles of the railroad men, pilots, and men in whose business keenness and correctness of vision are a necessary adjunct to success are the most beautiful, and possess blue eyes. Haven't you noticed the penetrating quality a glance from an azure tinted eye seems to have? The cold, steady look from such an eye? Haven't you read you through and through a great many years of practice I've discovered that very few blue eyed people are compelled to wear glasses. Blue eyes are very attractive, but brown eyes are the most beautiful. Intellectually is usually denoted by gray eyes, and hazel eyes indicate a talent for music. The commonest eye is the gray eye, and the rarest is violet."

Queen Alexandra. The Queen of England has just had her hand read. Not for the first time, however, "I was told so many useful and interesting things," she was heard to remark. "Not only about myself, but about everything. It was given me new courage and determination for my daily duties, and pleases me also, to have my hand looked at by a good palmist." Queen Alexandra, as is well known, is one of the busiest and best living women in England.

Wanted Some Help. "Are you the man who used to write articles on 'How to Live on Two Dollars a Week?'" asked the caller of the pale gentleman with the bulging bow. "I can help," replied the pale gentleman. "Well, say, won't you give us one 'How to Build a Thousand Dollar Cottage for Five Hundred Dollars?'"

Minard's Liniment Cures Diptheria.

OTTAWA CITIZENS AMAZED.

Ottawa, Oct. 18. (Special).—The city papers are just now publishing startling statements as to the cure of several very bad cases of Bright's Disease by Dodd's Kidney Pills. That the matter has taken hold of the city is best evidenced by the fact that the papers are giving columns of space to a full detailed account of these miraculous cures.

One of the cases which has made a great sensation this week is that of a Mr. Kent, who is said to have been cured of Bright's Disease by Dodd's Kidney Pills, after having been given up by several prominent physicians.

The papers speak above of this particular case in detail, and by Mr. Kent in which he sets forth a most remarkable and thrilling story.

Another is the case of a girl ten years of age, whose home is at 350 Lyon Street, this city, and who is said to have been cured of Bright's Disease by Dodd's Kidney Pills after four physicians had given her less than 24 hours to live.

Those wonderful cases are the talk of the town as all of the parties are well known.

Swearing at the Cow. Rev. Mr. B., passing Deacon R.—"a promises one evening, was greatly horrified at hearing that pious official swearing in the most accomplished manner at his cow, which had just kicked his milk pail into the middle of next week. Ob- serving his minister looking over the fence at him, the deacon said, apologetically: "I am really afraid, Mr. B., I shall never be able to enjoy religion as long as I keep that cow." —Scottish Paper.

Dear Sir,—I was for seven years a sufferer from Bronchial trouble, and would be so hoarse at times that I could not speak above a whisper. I got no relief from anything till I tried your MINARD'S HONEY BAL-SAM. Two bottles gave relief and six cured me of a complete cure. I would heartily recommend it to any one suffering from throat or lung trouble. J. F. VANBUSKIRK, Fredericton.

Rev. A. H. Baldwin on Treating. I don't think that we will ever get temperance in this country, until the drastic prohibitory laws are enforced by charging high prices for the right to sell drink. I believe that the Canadians are the finest race of people on earth, and I believe that they could be the most temperate people if the treating habit was abolished. Why should a man who wants one drink take five, and then come in the next morning called in for him? When you know you do so much harm why do you persist in the senseless habit? If you cannot manage to avoid it in the club, may you not manage to avoid it in the saloons, set them both out and be sober, and let your light shine. What sort of a man are you at home? Does your light shine before your wife and children? Do you see the little children running out to meet the father when he comes home, but when you see a man tacking along the sidewalk with his hands in his pockets, do you see the children out to meet him.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and it is the last best hope of suffering humanity. For a great many years doctors prescribed a host of remedies, but all failed to give relief. Catarrh is a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is sold in bottles of 50 cents and \$1.00. It acts directly on the mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

An All-Around Diplomat. "I saw you sitting in a car last night when there were several ladies standing," she said rather indignantly. "Yes," he replied, "but my wife was there, you know, and the ladies who stood were all young and good looking."

Having been one of those who stood, she permitted him to lead her away to a corner where they could be alone.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc. Now Don't Ask Us That Again. Miss Wunder—Why do they have that deep crease in the eye panama hats you men are wearing? Mr. Knows—Why, that represents the Panama Canal.

AT DER FORKS. Miner Ings der Pretty Waitress Aber Nicht—Is Our Gertosted. An exciting experience of a sourdough miner in a Grand Forks restaurant a few days ago has just been forwarded to the News through the kindness of one of its admirers at the Forks, and the story is given in full as follows:

"Ein old sowerdough miner von Goudt Hillz stepped in a restaurant bei der Forks one day last week to have a squall.

"The charming waitress welcomed 'im mit her regular schmie, rucker beklung to 'er. Der miner had a maid of soup, and as the cholly waitress sat dat Irish shiver 'im gave 'im anoder schmie.

"Aber, dis was too much for der sowerdough, und his nerves got way, and he got so excited he upset der mulligatwey, und was going to hug der waitress, but der maid, Ein under guest took der miner in hands und mit 'is zwel strong arms tosst der excited sowerdough thru der window, und landet 'im in der street on 'er head.

"Der moral: Von Hans Anderson's fairy tales is, don't look at der pretty maid ven she schmieid."—Dawson Daily News.

CATTLE FOR PROFIT.

Pan-American Model Dairy Notes on Recent Results in Test. The superior staying powers of the Holsteins are now becoming manifest, and for the week ending October 1st they stand first on the list in the butter profit test, beating the Jerseys by ten cents and the Guernseys by forty-seven cents. However, Mary Marshall, of the Guernseys, still retains her lead as best cow in the barn, but her companion, Cassiopa, who has been for a good deal of the time her closest rival, has been off behind her for the week. An unusual record has been made during the week by the Polled Jersey Ora. She has been unable to properly digest her feed, presumably the ensilage, and has been sick and feverish. At one milking she gave 8 lbs. of milk, 2.50 p.c. fat; the following milking, 5 lbs., 6.40 p.c. fat; the third milking, 1.6 lbs., 16.20 p.c. fat. This is by far the highest butter fat test yet made by any of the cows.

The standing of the herds for the week is as follows: Holsteins, \$7.56; Jerseys, \$7.46; Guernseys, \$7.09; Ayrshires, \$6.84; Red Polled, \$5.92; Shorthorns, \$5.82; Brown Swiss, \$5.81; French Canadian, \$5.44; Polled Jerseys, \$5.24; Dutch Belted, \$4.07.

For the week ending October 8th some notable changes have taken place. The Holstein herd made a gain over last week as they are keeping up their flow of milk exceedingly well, but the Jerseys also made a decided spurt and tied the blacks and whites for first place. The Ayrshires are back again to third place, with the Guernseys fourth. Next come the French-Canadian and the Shorthorns, which are both doing good work, and may yet succeed in passing the Guernseys before the close of the test.

In such a case, all five of the Canadian herds would be ahead of the five American herds. The Guernseys obtained such a long lead in the early part of the test that they will doubtless be able to win first prize in the butter profit test, but as one cow is now quite out of the race they would probably be overtaken by some of the other breeds if the test were continued for a few weeks longer. The Brown Swiss cow, Hope of Minnesota, has been very sick during the week, and it was feared that she would not recover, but she is now much better. Her case is the first in the history of the dairy that it has been necessary to resort to medicine, which goes to show that the cows have been both carefully and skillfully fed and handled. For this week Beauty of Norway, the Holstein herd, is the best cow, beating Marshall by five cents. Below is the net profit of each herd for the week ending October 8th: Jerseys, \$7.56; Holsteins, \$7.56; Ayrshires, \$6.84; Guernseys, \$6.66; French Canadian, \$6.38; Shorthorns, \$5.95; Brown Swiss, \$5.85; Red Polled, \$5.63; Polled Jerseys, \$4.93; Dutch Belted, \$3.95.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows. How He Scored a Bullseye. An English gentleman who has the reputation of being a very bad shot, recently invited some of his friends to dine with him. Before dinner he showed them a target painted on the barn door, with a bullet in the middle-eye. This he claimed to have shot at 1,000 yards distance, and nobody believed him, he offered to bet the price of an oyster supper on it.

On one of his guests accepting the wager, he produced two witnesses, whose veracity could not be questioned to prove his assertion. As they both said that he had done what he claimed he won the bet. At dinner the loser of the wager asked how his host had managed to fire such an excellent shot. The host answered: "I shot the bullet at the door at a distance of 1,000 yards, and then I painted the target round it."

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper. V.A. FARMS \$3 PER ACRE AND UP. Farms, Easy payments, Cash advance free. Geo. E. Crawford & Co., Richmond, Va. FOR SALE—200 ACRES, NEAR BURLINGTON, all cultivated, 70 acres fruit; 100 acres pasture, 30 acres woods, basket factory and school, half mile; will sell in whole or on easy terms. Geo. E. Fisher, Freeman, Ont.

WANTED—PARTIES TO DO KNITTING for us at home. We furnish yarn and machine. Easy work. Good pay. Hand knitters also wanted. Send samples for particulars to Standard Hose Co., Dept. 2, Toronto, Ont.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the inflamed membrane, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

FRUIT FARM FOR SALE—ONE OF THE finest in the Niagara Peninsula, at Winona, 10 miles from Toronto, on two railroads, 130 acres in all, 35 of which is in fruit, divided into lots to 20 acres each, suitable for fruit. This is a decided bargain. Address Jonathan Carpenter, P. O. box 400, Winona, Ontario.

Will make clothes TO ORDER for EVERY MAN in Canada at LOWER PRICES than any other firm, and DELIVER at your NEAREST EXPRESS STATION. Drop a card for their fashion pamphlet, samples of cloth and measurement forms.

COLLECTING AGENCIES. WE HAVE THE MOST PERFECT AND effective system for collecting debts in Canada, United States and Europe, without using offensive methods to your debtors; reasonable on day of collection guaranteed; no outside charges; call, write or phone Main 2527, and one of our representatives will call on you. The International Mercantile Agency, James Building, corner Yonge and King Sts., Toronto.

YOU CAN SECURE ONE OF THESE HANDSOME PRESENTS FREE. A Beautiful Dinner or Tea Service or a Handsome Upholstered Couch or Morris Reclining Chair, a Splendid Sewing Machine, a High-Grade Watch, or 50 Pieces of Choice Silverware. A FARE CHANCE NO DECEPTION. Our business is to sell you one of these handsome presents for free. Little work on your part, but the truth, you can have your choice of these handsome presents for free. Little work on your part, but the truth, you can have your choice of these handsome presents for free. Little work on your part, but the truth, you can have your choice of these handsome presents for free.

IF ANY MEMBER OF YOUR FAMILY DRINKS, the taste for liquor can be removed permanently by giving Tasteless Samaria. Prescription secretly in food or drink. Failure impossible. Free sample, testimonials, price sent sealed. Write SAMARIA REMEDY CO., 15 Jordan Street, Toronto, Can.

ISSUE NO. 45, 1901.

Stop the Blight

It is a sad thing to see fine fruit trees spoiled by the blight. You can always tell them from the rest. They never do well afterwards but stay small and sickly.

It is worse to see a blight strike children. Good health is the natural right of children. But some of them don't get their rights. While the rest grow big and strong one stays small and weak.

Scott's Emulsion can stop that blight. There is no reason why such a child should stay small. Scott's Emulsion is a medicine with lots of strength in it—the kind of strength that makes things grow.

Scott's Emulsion makes children grow, makes them eat, makes them sleep, makes them play. Give the weak child a chance. Scott's Emulsion will make it catch up with the rest.

This picture represents the Trade Mark of Scott's Emulsion, and is on the wrapper of every bottle. Send for free sample. SCOTT & BOWNE, TORONTO CANADA 50c and \$1. all druggists.

The Continental Life Insurance Company. HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO. Authorized Capital - \$1,500,000. The policies of this company embrace every good feature of Life Insurance contracts, and guarantee the highest benefits in regard to loans, cash surrenders, and extended insurance.

Good agents wanted in this district. Hon. Jno. Dryden, Geo. E. Woods, President, General Manager.

Honey Wanted. Let us have your price, state how put up, check sent as soon as we receive the honey. Samuel L. Lewis & Co., Commission Merchants LONDON.

GROWN TAILORING CO. 7 Wellington Street West. TORONTO. Canada's Largest Tailors.

Will make clothes TO ORDER for EVERY MAN in Canada at LOWER PRICES than any other firm, and DELIVER at your NEAREST EXPRESS STATION. Drop a card for their fashion pamphlet, samples of cloth and measurement forms.

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WIVES AND MOTHERS. IF ANY MEMBER OF YOUR FAMILY DRINKS, the taste for liquor can be removed permanently by giving Tasteless Samaria. Prescription secretly in food or drink. Failure impossible. Free sample, testimonials, price sent sealed. Write SAMARIA REMEDY CO., 15 Jordan Street, Toronto, Can.

SISTERS BROTHERS.

SOZODONT Tooth Powder 25c

God's Invitation

"Come!"—Pardon and Peace and Heaven For All Who Come

Washington, Oct. 26.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage tells all people to gladness and opens all the doors of expectancy. Texts, Genesis vi., 18: "Come." Revelation xxii., 17: "Come." Imperial, tender and all persuasive is the word "come." Six hundred and seventy-eight times it is found in the Scriptures. It stands at the front gate of the Bible, as in my first text, inviting antediluvians into Noah's ark, and it stands at the other gate of the Bible, as in my second text, inviting the post-diluvians of all later ages into the ark of a Savior's mercy. "Come" is only a word of four letters, but it is the queen of words, and nearly the entire nation of English vocabulary bows to its scepter. It is an ocean into which empties ten thousand rivers of meaning. Other words drive, but this beckons. All moods of feeling hark to that word "come." Sometimes it weeps and sometimes it laughs. Sometimes it draws, sometimes it tempts, and sometimes it destroys. It sounds from the door of the church and from the seraglio of sin, from the gates of heaven and the gates of hell. It is the herald of most of the past and the almoner of most of the future. "Come!" You may pronounce it so that all the heavens will be heard in its cadences or pronounce it so that all the powers of time and eternity shall reverberate in its one syllable. It is on the lip of saint and prodigal. It is the mightiest of all solicitants either for good or bad. To-day I weigh anchor and haul in plank and set sail on that great word, although I am sure I will not be able to reach the farther shore. I will let down the fathom-line into this sea and try to measure its depth and its width. I will take together all the cables and cordage I have on board, I will not be able to touch bottom. All the power of the Christian religion is in that word "come." The dictators and commentators in religion are of no avail. The imperative mood is not the appropriate mood when we would have people savingly impressed. They may be coerced, but they cannot be driven. Our hearts are like our homesteads, a friendly knock the door will be opened, but an attempt to force open our door would land the assailant in prison. Our theological seminaries, which keep young men three years in their curriculum before launching them into the ministry, will do well in no short a time they can teach the candidates for the holy office how to say with right emphasis and intonation and power that mighty word "come." The man who has such efficiency in Christian work and that woman who has such power to persuade people to quit the wrong and begin the right went through a series of losses, bereavements, persecutions and trials and tribulations and thirty years before they could make it a triumph of grace every time they uttered the word "come." You must remember that in many cases our "come" before it has any effect at all. Just give me the accurate census, the statistics of how many are down in fraud, in drunkenness, in gambling, in impurity or in vice of any sort, and I will give you the accurate census or statistics of how many have been slain by the word "come." "Come and click wineglasses with me at this ivory bar." "Come and see what we can win at this friendly gambling table." "Come, enter with me this doubtful speculation." "Come with me and read those infidel tracts on Christianity." "Come with me to a place of bad amusement." "Come with me in this life of a night on the underground life of the city." If in this city there are twenty thousand who are down in moral character, then twenty thousand fell under the power of the word "come." I was reading of a wife whose husband had been overthrown by strong drink, and she went to the saloon where he was ruined, and she said, "Give me back my husband." And the bartender, pointing to a man in a corner of the bar-room, said: "There he is, Jim, wake up; here's your wife come for you." And the woman said: "Do you call that my husband?" What have you been doing with him?" "I have been giving him the clear eye, is that the noble heart, that I married? What vile drug have you given him that has turned him into a fiend? Take your tiger claws off him. Uncoll those serpent folds of evil habit that are crushing him. Give me back my husband, the one with whom I stood at the altar ten years ago. Give him back to me." Victim, was he, as millions of others have been of the word "come." Now, we want all the world over to harness this word for good as others have harnessed it for evil, and it will draw the five continents and the seas between them, and it will draw the whole earth back to the God from whom it has wandered. It is that wooing and persuasive word that will lead men to give up their sins. Was skepticism ever brought into the love of truth by the abolition of the words against infidelity? Was ever the blasphemer stopped in his oaths by denunciation of blasphemy? Was ever a drunkard weaned from his cups by the temperance lecture and the stinging rebuke and hiccough? No. It was, "Come with me to church to-day and hear our singing." "Come and let me introduce you to a Christian man whom you will be sure to admire." "Come with me to a company that are cheerful and good and inspiring." "Come with me into joy such as you never before experienced." With that word which has done so much for others, I approach you to-day. Are you all right with God? "No," you say, "I think not. I am

yet you do not tell us how to come." That charge shall not be true on this occasion. Come believing! Come repenting! Come praying! After all that God has been doing for the Jews and years, sometimes through patriarchs and sometimes through prophets and at last through the culmination of all the tragedies on Golgotha, can anyone think that God will not welcome our coming? Will a father at vast outlay send his manservant for his son and lay out parks white with statues and green with foliage and all a-sparkle with fountains and then not allow his son to live in the house or walk in the parks? Has God built this house of gospel mercy and will he then refuse entrance to his children? Will a government at great expense build life-saving stations all along the coast and boats that can hover unharmed like a petrel over the wildest surge and then, when that lifeboat has reached the wreck of a ship in a awful sacrifice of life, a boatman from the shore put out for the rescue, and he had a big boat, and he got it so full it would not hold another person, and as he laid hold of the oars to pull for the shore, leaving hundreds helpless and drowning, he cried out, "Oh, that I had a bigger boat!" Thank God I am not thus limited and that I can promise room for all in this gospel boat. Room in the heart of a pardoning God. Room in heaven. I also apply the word of my text to those who would like practical comfort. If any ever escape the struggle of life, I have not found them. They are not certainly among the prosperous classes. In most cases it was a struggle all the way up till they reached the prosperity, and since they have reached these heights there have been perplexities, anxieties and crises which were almost enough to shatter the nerves and turn the brain. It would be hard to tell which have the biggest fight in this world, the prosperous or the adversity, the conspicuous or the obscure. Just as soon as you have enough success to attract the attention of others the envious and jealousies are let loose from their kennel. The greatest crime that you can commit in the estimation of others is to get on better than they do. They thing your addition is their subtraction. Five hundred persons start for a certain goal of success. One reaches it, and the other four hundred and ninety-nine are made. It would take volumes to hold the story of the wrongs, or rages, and defamations that have come upon you as a result of your success. The warm sun of prosperity brings into life a swampy fall of annoying insects. On the other hand, the unfortunate classes have their struggles for maintenance. To achieve a livelihood by one who had nothing to start with and carry a white for a family as well and after this one stay in the prison of debt and educated and fairly started in the world, and to do this amid all the rivalries of business and the uncertainty of crops and the fierceness of tariff legislation, with an occasional labor strike and here and there a financial panic thrown in, is a mighty thing to do, and there are hundreds and thousands of such heroes and heroines who live unsung and die unhonored. What we all need, whether up or down in life or half way between, is the infinite solace of the Christian religion. And so we employ the word "come." It will take all eternity to find out the number of business men who have been strengthened by the promises of God and the people who have been fed by the ravens when other resources gave out and the men armed only with needle or saw or ax or yardstick or pen or tape or shovel or shoe-last, have gained a victory that made the heavens resound. With all the resources of God promised for every exigency no one need be left in the lurch. But the word "come" applied to those who need solace will amount to nothing unless it is uttered by one who has experienced that solace. That spreads the responsibility of giving this gospel call among a great many. Those who have lost property and been consoled by religion in that trial are the ones to invite those who have failed in business. Those who have lost their health and been consoled by religion are the ones to invite those who are in poor health. Those who have had bereavements and been consoled in those bereavements are the ones to sympathize with those who have lost father or mother or companion or child or friend. What multitudes of us are alive to-day and in good health and buoyant in this journey of life who would have broken down or died long ago but for the sustaining and cheering help of our holy religion! So we say, "Come!" The well is not dry. The buckets are not empty. The supply is not exhausted. There is just as much mercy and condolence and soothing power in God as before the first grave was dug, or as the first tear started, or the first heart broken, or the first accident happened, or the first fortune vanished. Those of us who have felt the consolatory power of religion have a right to speak out of our own experiences and say, "Come!" What dismal work of condolence the world makes when it attempts to condole! The plaster they spread does not stick. The broken bones under their bandage do not knit. A farmer was lost in a snow storm on a prairie of the far west. Night coming on and after he was almost frantic from not knowing which way to go, his sleigh struck the rut of another sleigh, and he said, "I will follow this rut, and it will take me out to safety." He hastened on until he heard the bells of the preceding sleigh; but, coming up, he found that that man was also lost, and as is the tendency of those who are thus confused in the forest or on the moors, they were both moving in a circle, and the runner of the one lost sleigh was following the runner of the other lost sleigh round and round. At last it occurred to them to look at the north star, which was peering through the night, and by the direction of that star they got home again. Those who follow the advice of this world in time of perplexity are in a fearful round, for it is one bewildered soul following another bewildered soul, and only those who have in such time got their eye on the morning star of our Christian faith can find their way out or be strong enough to lead others with an all persuasive invitation. "But," says someone, "you Christian people keep telling us to 'come,'

Sunday School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON NO. VI. NOVEMBER 10, 1901.

Israel Opposed in Egypt.—Ex. 1:1-14.

Commentary.—1. These are the names.—"Though this book is a continuation of the book of Genesis, with which probably it was in former times conjoined, Moses thought it necessary to introduce it with an account of the names and number of the family of Jacob when they came to Egypt. It shows us how they were then very few, yet in a short time, under the special blessing of God, they had multiplied exceedingly; and thus the promise to Abraham was being literally fulfilled. His household—'Which fact is of some importance in computing the time needed for their increase to such a large number as went out from Egypt in the exodus.' 2. Seventy souls.—This number included Joseph and his two sons and it must also have included Jacob himself, but it did not include the wives and daughters. 3. Joseph died.—That is, Joseph had now been some time dead, as the Book of Genesis tells us, whose reign extended over 67 years, and whose son, Menephtah I., was the Pharaoh of the exodus. 4. Said unto his people.—The probably intended the council of his nobles and elders to consider the subject. More and mightier.—They had risen to great prosperity, for during the lifetime of Joseph and his royal patron they had probably also all his brethren, and all the Egyptians who had known Jacob and his twelve sons; and this is a large number. They were forgotten.—Death removes the most useful men and the largest families. All that generation.—All the men of that age, the Egyptians as well as the Israelites. 'Generations pass away, independent of their number, wealth or genius.' 5. Were fruitful.—There are five expressions in this verse joined together to give emphasis to the fact that there was a remarkable increase of the Israelites, beyond all ordinary calculations. One original word implies that they increased like fishes or insects. From the call of Abraham at Haran to their deliverance from Egypt was 430 years. The land of Goshen was filled.—When the women and children are taken into account it will be seen that there must have been a great increase. The Pharaoh of that time placed the number at 2,000,000 souls. 6. A new king.—One of another family, according to Josephus.—Benson. The old rulers under whom Joseph was raised were forgotten, and an entirely new dynasty came into power, that had no knowledge of or interest in Joseph. It is now generally agreed, for very strong reasons, that the Pharaoh of whose oppression was the great Rameses enjoyed a free grant of the land." 10. Deal wisely.—Their policy was shrewd, but it was not wise, and always folly. Such a policy is at once short-sighted and wicked; short-sighted, since kind treatment would have made this rapidly growing people more tractable and obedient; wicked, because it violates common morality.—Cowles. Let them multiply.—As well might the monarch of Egypt have sought to increase his power by his many hands, the ocean's tide, as to prevent the increase of those who were the subjects of Jehovah's everlasting purpose. 11. Taskmasters.—Having first obliged them, it is thought, to pay a ruinous rent, and involved them in difficulties, the new government, in pursuance of its oppressive policy, degraded them to the condition of serfs, employing them exactly as the laboring people are in the present day (driven in companies or bands, and made to do the heaviest and most degrading work). The taskmasters, who anciently had sticks—now whips—to punish the indolent, or spur on the too languid. All public or royal buildings in ancient Egypt, were built by captives; and on some of them were placed an inscription that no free citizen had been engaged in this servile employment. 12. To build cities.—The cities of the eastern bank of the Nile, Ramesses—The same as Rameses. 13. The more they multiplied.—The king, in showing the soldiers how he had ordered the male children destroyed, vs. 16, 22. But the more Pharaoh afflicted them the more God blessed them. And so it has usually been with the church of Christ. 14. To serve with rigor.—Intending to repress their spirits and to rob them of everything valuable; to ruin their health and shorten their days, and so diminish their numbers. The word translated "rigor" is a very rare one. It is derived from a word which means "to break in pieces," "to crush." But Joseph permitted for wise and just reasons: 1. As a punishment for their idolatry, into which it appears many of them had fallen. 2. To wean them from Egypt, which was in many respects a desirable land. 3. To quicken their desires for Canaan. 4. That they might be aroused to earnest prayer for deliverance. 5. That God's power might be displayed in their freedom. While hard bondage—So the bondage which Satan puts upon his servants is hard and makes the life bitter. The way of the transgressor is "hard" and "full of misery." But a deliverer was provided, and so in Christ we may all be set free. John vi. 38. And in brick.—Ruins of great brick buildings are found in all parts of Egypt.

ODD BLUNDERS OF PREACHERS.

It is impossible for any man to add one stature to his cubit," thundered an eloquent divine in a recent sermon. The statement seemed so important to him as to merit an impressive repetition. His hearers thought it less important than his morning and broad smile mantled their faces. Liken unto him was clergyman who affirmed on the authority of the Scriptures that "Moses pulled off his feet, for the ground on which he stood was holy." A curate gave a shock to his staid congregation one Sabbath morning when he informed them "that immediately Peter erred, the cock went out and wept bitterly." A Presbyterian minister caught himself speaking of "the Popacy" instead of "the Papacy," and feeling something was wrong, he corrected himself in this fashion—"I mean papacy." Corrections are seldom an improvement on the original error. A somewhat bombastic preacher pompously declared at the opening of a public meeting that he was right for a pot of messages. He paused, for what he said sounded wrong. Trying again, he repeated more slowly, "Jacob sold his birthright for a pot of messages." An amused and incredulous look passed over the faces of his hearers, he drew himself to his full height and proceeded to say in his most imposing manner, "My dear friends, some of you do not appear to sufficiently appreciate the full import of my quotation of a Biblical fact; for the benefit of such I will repeat it, and repeat it with emphasis, that 'Jacob sold his birthright for a pot of messages.' Here the smile became audible and many a hearty laugh burst on. Blundering preachers will find comfort in the axiom Spurgeon prosed home on the mind of his students, "A blundering horse is better than a head on one's back." The minister fell to the lot of every earnest speaker, and he should not grieve too much over them; still he should exercise all possible care. The minister who announced to his congregation "A young woman died suddenly last Sunday while I was preaching in a state of beastly intoxication," evidently meant to say that "a young woman died in a state of beastly intoxication while I was preaching last Sunday," but he made out that himself was in a state of beastly intoxication when the young woman died. Not less stupid and careless was the blunder of the missionary who in describing the Kafir war, and in seeking to impress upon his audience the suffering he had passed through, ended his speech with the startling assertion, "And when I got home to my house I found my children fatherless and my wife a widow." That was, in truth, a wonderful discovery for a living man to make. Didn't Have to Explain. In 1880 Dr. Greenhill, of Hastings, England, wrote to Cardinal Newman, asking him to explain the meaning of this couplet of "Lead, Kindly Light": And with the morn those angel faces emble Which I have loved long since and lost awhile. To this request the following characteristic reply was received: The Orator, Jan. 28, 1880. My Dear Dr. Greenhill: You flatter me by your question, but I think it was Keble who, when asked in his own case, answered that poets were not bound to be erudite, or to give a sense to what they had written. And though I am not, like him, a poet, at least I may plead that I am not bound to remember my own meaning, whatever it was, at the end of fifty years. Anyhow there must be a statute of limitations for writers of verse. It would be quite a tyranny if, in an art which is the expression not of high grit and indignation and sentiment, one were obliged to be ready for examination on the translated state of mind which came upon one when homesick or seasick or in any other way sensitive or excited. Yours most truly, John H. Newman.

THE MARKETS

Toronto Farmers' Market.

Nov. 2.—The grain receipts were heavy on the street market this morning. Prices generally were steady. There was a large lot of poultry, but the good demand for the end of the week enabled the prices to remain steady. Best headquarters have declined 50c to \$1.50. Forequarters are stronger by about \$1. Wheat was steady, 800 bushels of white and 800 bushels of red selling at 63 to 70c per bushel, and 500 bushels of goose at 63 to 64c per bushel. Barley was steady, 3,000 bushels selling at 40 1/2 to 50c per bushel. Oats were steady, 2,000 bushels selling at 38 1/2 to 40c per bushel. Buckwheat was steady, 300 bushels selling at 51 to 52c per bushel. Hay was steady, 20 loads selling at \$10.50 to \$12 per load. Straw—One load of loose straw sold at \$7.50. Clover was easier, at \$7 to \$8.50 per load. Leading Wheat Markets. Following are the leading quotations at important centres to-day: Chicago Cash, Dec. 70 5/8 New York 70 1/2 Toledo 74 3/4 Duluth, No. 1 Nor. 69 5/8 68 5/8 Duluth, No. 1 Hard 72 1/2 Cheese Markets. Repts. Sales, White, Col. Perth 1425 9 87 8 Winchester 1345 8 34 8 Brighton 1840 8 34 8 Ottawa 550 383 8 34 8 3/4 Ironopolis 1030 722 8 13 18 1/2 13 1/2 Finch 1300 8 13 18 1/2 13 1/2 '81d, no sold. Toronto Live Stock Markets. Export cattle, chole, per cwt. \$4 00 to \$4 25 do medium 3 00 to 4 00 Export cows 2 50 to 4 00 Butchers' cattle, per cwt. 4 00 to 4 25 do choice 3 50 to 4 00 do medium 3 00 to 3 50 do cows 2 50 to 3 75 do bullocks 2 25 to 3 00 Feeding, short keep 3 75 to 4 00 do medium 3 00 to 3 50 Stockers, 1,000 to 1,500 lbs. 3 25 to 3 75 Milk cows, each 40 00 to 60 00 Sheep, 100 lbs. 10 00 to 12 00 do, 80 lbs. 8 00 to 10 00 do, 60 lbs. 6 00 to 8 00 Hogs, 100 lbs. 6 75 to 8 00 Hogs, 80 lbs. 6 00 to 7 50 Hogs, fat, per cwt. 6 75 to 8 00

OVER TEN MILLIONS OF WHEAT Has Been Shipped through Winnipeg This Year.

Winnipeg, Man., Nov. 2.—The official figures on the amount of wheat, barley, oats and flax shipped through Winnipeg out of the Province during the opening of the present grain year of 1901, from Sept. 1 to Oct. 31, are given out by Chief Grain Inspector Horn. The total amount of grain shipped this year, according to Mr. Horn's statement, is over ten million bushels, or half bushels. The total amount of wheat shipped during this period was 10,800,000 bushels. This is greater than the big year of 1899, by two million bushels.

Bradstreet's on Trade.

The trade situation at Montreal is to use the terms of a trade paper, in the east, "good and active" for this season. The outlook for general trade is very favorable. Money is steady & firmer. The sorting demand for general lines in wholesale circles at Toronto keeps up very well considering the weather conditions. The coalitions of trade are sound and the outlook for a smart improvement in the demand for reasonable goods with the first touch of cold weather is very encouraging. Hamilton wholesale trade is quite active. There have been many sorting orders received this week from travellers and by mail, and a large proportion of them call for prompt deliveries, showing that stocks in the hands of retailers are getting broken into, and that re-ordering to meet a steady expanding demand for the winter trade is now a feature of the trade. The leading departments are rather more actively soon and the prospects are that it will this year be the largest in the history of the country. Business at Winnipeg has been improving since the latter weather and the increasing deliveries of wheat. Business at British Columbia trade centres, according to reports to Bradstreet's, are rather more encouraging. There is a very fair movement in ocean freight. Payments are rather slow.

Canadian Failures.

Canadian defaults during the month of October were slightly below the average in number and exceptionally light in aggregate indebtedness. There were 118 defaults, with liabilities of \$594,070, against 106 in the same month of 1900, with liabilities of \$837,025. Most striking improvement was shown in the manufacturing division, only 18 failures occurring with a total indebtedness of but \$85,421. Last year there were 26 defaults for \$230,470. Of traders the number was rather large, 98 firms suspending, but the liabilities of \$201,049 were not unusually heavy. In the same month of 1900 there were 77 defaults in this class owing \$513,286. Of other commercial failures, not properly included with the two principal classes, there were two failures for \$7,600, against three for \$38,269 in October, 1900. While exceeding four other months this year in number of insolventcies the total liabilities for October were smaller than in any other month except July.

A Puzzler.

An inspector, on examining a class of boys recently in Scotland, told them that they were the dullest set of boys he ever saw. One littleurchin got up and said: "Well, sir, you ask such hard questions. You ask us questions as men couldn't answer. Now, I will ask you one of my teacher's questions. If it takes three yards and a quarter of white corduroy to make a complete black waistcoat, how long will it take a lame black boy to run through a barrel of treacle?"

Wanted: A Husband.

Miss Elsie Kane, of No. 14 Van Zant street, Albany, N. Y., "a lady now past thirty years," wants to get married, and has written Mayor Harrison, Chicago, to help along her ambition. This dotting woman, who says she might be able to "love with all her heart and soul," does not ask anything for nothing. She declares she is willing to pay the Mayor for "his trouble." She writes: "I am a lady now past thirty years of age, and thus far I have been unable to find a husband. Now, Mr. Mayor, I thought it might be best to help me find one. Regarding myself, I will say I am 5 feet 5 inches high and weigh 135 pounds. I am strong and healthy and not afraid to work. I have a good complexion, and among those who know me I am regarded as good-looking. "In the past I have had admirers, but have not yet seen the man I could love with all my heart. If you can find me a good husband I am willing to pay you for your trouble."

