

**SEEDS**  
THAT WILL GROW

Our first consignment of choice fresh Vegetable and Flower Seeds are just arriving from the growers and specialists in various parts of the world. Our annual Seed Catalogue will be ready for distribution Feb. 1st. It will be mailed you free on request.

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

# The Athens Reporter

—AND—

## COUNTY OF LEEDS ADVERTISER.

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

Vol. XVII. No. 6.

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

B. Loverin, Prop'r

*Brockville's Greatest Store*



**HOW** easy it is to shop by mail! A two-cent stamp or a post card brings the advantages of this great store to your very door.

You are served as well as if you were here personally. An expert buyer makes your purchases—possibly to better advantage than you could yourself.

Your order will be filled and sent the same day as received, thus giving you as prompt delivery as a resident of Brockville would get.

Your money will be cheerfully refunded on any unsatisfactory purchase.

You can have samples mailed to you at any time.

If we haven't got what you want, we'll get it for you—we're here to please you at any cost.

Test this store's mail order system—you'll find it satisfactory—ask us any questions you like about our business, our goods or our prices, and make this place your headquarters when in town.

Let us hear from you.

**ROBERT WRIGHT & CO.**  
BROCKVILLE

**LEWIS & PATTERSON**

## January Sale

Another shipment direct from Glasgow, 10 pieces of Plain and Fancy Flannels, suitable for Blouses. There is a brisk demand for these goods and we have just what you want. Look in and see them.

A large lot of new Flannelettes, very suitable for Ladies' Dressing Jackets, just received. The colors are dainty and the prices are reasonable:

- Ladies' Eider Dressing Jackets, \$2.00.
- Ladies' Ready-to-wear Wrappers, \$1.00 to \$1.50.
- Ladies' Flannelette Night Dresses, 50c to \$2.50.
- Ladies' Wool Underwear, a large variety.

**LEWIS & PATTERSON**  
BROCKVILLE

**DUNN & Co.**

ROCKVILLES LEADING PHOTOGRAPHERS

CORNER KING AND COURT HOUSE AVENUE.

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

Latest American ideas at lowest prices.

Satisfaction guaranteed

**OUR MONTREAL LETTER.**

Feb. 2nd, 1901.  
Montreal this week is in mourning. Last week its citizens were all excitement, as the city was threatened with destruction by fire. A portion of the commercial district was devastated by that destructive element, and where once stood models of architectural design and beauty now remain but ice-coated walls, and debris of every description—relics, so to speak, of great things that once were. But monuments of wood, iron and stone can be replaced by wealth and mechanical skill, and already much of the debris has been removed and more substantial buildings are in course of construction on the sites of those recently destroyed, and in a short time the great fire of Montreal will be a thing of the past.

But to replace their beloved sovereign is beyond the power of mortals. Queen Victoria is dead—Victoria, the great and good, Victoria, the kind and just, Victoria, the common mother and the mighty queen, the peasant's friend and the peer's adviser—long live her noble name! What a difference from her tyrannical predecessor! I think I may well assert that since the divine law giver of mankind was ushered out by the hand of villainy and ignorance, breathing out that immortal blessing, "Peace be unto you," no potentate has ever lived and died that has been so universally and deservedly beloved. Beloved!—Yes, by all nations, by every kin, beloved by worth-loving humanity in all conditions of life.

Montreal mourns. Cosmopolitan as she is, no where in Canada can be seen more evidences of the loss sustained than here. The solemn tolling of cathedral bells that swelled out on the gray frosty dawn made known to the citizens that the day for the last sad rites was at hand. And a beautiful day it has been. The sun arose in all its glory, not a cloud to bedim its rays that sparkled upon the new-fallen snow and made it as a royal robe of white fur, set with diamonds. To behold it in its purity, lying in drifted heaps in the parks and throughout the city, reminded one of the beautiful reign of our beloved sovereign; and Mount Royal, lifting up in the background, seemed monumental of true greatness.

The statue of Victoria on Victoria square was beautifully draped in black and purple and a wreath of flowers, representing each province, hung upon and around the granite base, while countless designs of flowers were strewn beneath—anchors, crowns, crosses, cushions, etc. Every place of business was closed, every factory hushed, mourning shrouds were draped everywhere, and a stillness and gloom were over all. Regiments paraded the thoroughfares with muffled drums and people spoke in whispers. Truly, it has been a day of mourning.

And, permit me to say, not only the English portion re-remembered the day, but Jew and gentile, French and English, Chinese, Italian, German, Scotch, and Irish—all bowed beneath the common grief. I said to myself, while making my observations, "Shame to the man who would start a political race-ry. He is void of honor, manhood, a traitor, and unfit to mingle in the affairs of our fair Dominion. Let us shun such a man."

Let us relate to you a simple story which may serve to illustrate the feelings of the French Canadian people towards their deceased Queen, at least of the majority of them:  
A fellow-workman, a French Canadian who could scarcely speak the English language, upon hearing of the Queen's death, carefully cut from the Montreal Herald, which lay upon his bench, the portrait of Her Majesty. He fixed it upon the wall and taking some black paint he proceeded to put a border around the picture, saying as he did so, "Dat was good modder, Queen Victoria." And, sir, I have seen many such incidents which have led me to believe the French people are our equals in patriotic zeal, and the men who start those stories terming them otherwise for political gain are either frauds or fools or else they do not know what they are talking about.

**CRAWF. C. SLACK.**  
**Pill-Price.**—The days of 25 cents a box for pills is numbered. Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills at ten cents a box are surer, safer and pleasanter to take. Cure Constipation, Sick and Nervous Headaches, Dizziness, Lassitude, Heartburn, Diarrhea, Loss of Appetite, and all troubles arising from liver disorder.  
—138

**OAK LEAF**

We are sorry to learn that the concert held here recently was not as successful as anticipated.  
La Grippe has visited this district and is a very unwelcome guest at the residence of some of our neighbors.  
Miss Margaret Proud, who has been visiting friends here, has left for her home at Singleton's Corners.  
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Godkin were visiting friends at Elgin on Thursday last.  
Mrs. Geo. Morris and Mrs. Thomas Connors of Delta were the guests of Mrs. G. E. Godkin this week.  
Miss Lizzie Connors of Delta is on a visit to her sister, Mrs. W. H. Godkin.

**ADDISON**

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Scott of North Augusta spent Sunday in the village the guest of Mr. H. B. Brown.  
Messrs. J. Murphy and H. B. Brown have purchased new cutters from the general agent, Mr. Taylor.  
Mr. Joseph Topping of Delta was the guest of Miss. Nellie Collier Sunday last.  
A number of the young people from this vicinity spent a very enjoyable time at the home of Mr. Levi Church, Glossville, on Thursday evening last.  
Miss Florence Church is spending a few pleasant days with friends in Glossville.

A number of the elite of our village attended the reception at the residence of Mr. William James of Lake Elouisa on Tuesday last.  
Professor Lewis has been spending a few days with friends in Chantry and vicinity.  
The Dominion Traders Association met at the board of trade rooms on Monday last. The report of the last meeting was concurred in, and considerable business transacted, when the meeting adjourned to meet again on the 4th of next month.

The Rev. Mr. Lawson will hold a revival in our village for a few weeks. We hope much good may be accomplished.  
There is much dissatisfaction in this vicinity about moving the Forthton fair to Brockville.  
Mayor Langdon has the contract of supplying ice for J. I. Quinn's cold storage for the winter.

**TOLEDO**

On Wednesday evening of last week at about 9.30, our citizens were once more alarmed by the cry of "fire," and on turning out were dismayed to find that a fire had broken out in Mr. Geo. Stratton's house, at the time occupied by Mr. Geo. Lee. The fire is supposed to have started from a chimney in the garret and when discovered had made such headway that it was impossible to save the house, and as a result the men at once proceeded to remove the contents, the greater part of which, we are pleased to say, were safely removed.  
What might have proved a very serious accident occurred when one of the chimneys fell. Some men were in the house at the time and hearing the noise rushed out only to receive a shower of bricks which they made their exit. Happily no one was seriously hurt, anymore than a severe cut which Mr. Joseph Carr received on the head.

The most vigilant watch had to be kept of the neighboring buildings, on account of the burning shingles being carried some distance by the slight wind which prevailed at the time. On several occasions the roofs of the houses caught on fire but were soon extinguished.  
The little "fire engine" did good work in saving Mr. Saddler's house from a severe scorching and possibly from being burned. We understand that neither men carried any insurance on the contents.  
It is with deep regret that we announce the death of the little two year old son of John Stevens. The child had been suffering for a number of days with brain trouble and passed away on Tuesday last. The funeral service took place in the Methodist Church on Wednesday last, and was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Sproule, after which the body was conveyed to the Delta vault. Much sympathy is felt for Mr. and Mrs. Stevens.

No one can say that Toledo is behind the times as far as fires are concerned.  
Miss Carrie McCrum, who for the last few months has been visiting friends in Bradford and Pittsburg U. S., has returned home.  
Mrs. Pratt is visiting friends in Lombardy this week.

**Our word for it.**

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

We give Trading Stamps.

**M. J. KEHOE,**  
Tel. 182. **BROCKVILLE**



**LYN AGRICULTURAL WORKS**

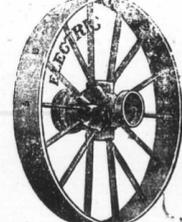
**LAND ROLLERS**  
The New Century Steel Roller. Heavy steel drums, steel axle, chilled bearings, balanced centre draft.  
Also the old reliable Paragon—wood drum roller, steel axle, chilled bearings—improved since last season.



The Economic Sap Evaporator—Fire box of heavy sheet steel and cast iron. Pan furnished with either plain or corrugated bottom. A first-class article at a moderate price.

**STEEL TRUCK WHEELS**

We are also prepared to make steel truck wheels. They have steel rims and spokes and cast iron hubs. The best and cheapest wheels on the market.



For further particulars and prices, address  
**A. A. McNish,**  
BOX 52. **LYN, ONT.**

**THE MONTREAL CASH STORE**

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

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

**PHIL. WILTSE.**

**SEELEY'S BAY**

J. R. Hawkins is very ill with a relapse of la grippe.  
The stores and post office were draped in deep mourning for the Queen.  
The church bell was tolled on Saturday the occasion of the funeral of the Queen, and the churches were draped in deep mourning. Special services were held in commemoration of the event.

La grippe is very prevalent. There is scarcely a house in the village and vicinity but has one or more ill with the complaint.  
Stacy Bros. are getting material on the ground for the erection of a brick store and tinshop.

James Simpson's, Sr., child died last Tuesday after a short illness with congestion of the bowels. The funeral occurred on Tuesday, the body being placed in the vault.

An oyster supper will be held at the home of Mr. John Hudson on Feb. 13. The proceeds will be in aid of St. Peter's church funds.

Large quantities of wood are being drawn into the village.  
At the annual meeting of Leeds District Division S. of T. held at Mitchell-

ville on Jan. 16th, the following officers were elected and installed for 1901:

- D. W. P.—H. F. Gilbert.
- D. W. A.—Rachel Webster.
- D. R. S.—A. Likely.
- D. Treas.—J. Patience.
- D. Chap.—W. P. Moore.
- D. Con.—John Bracken.
- D. Supt. Y. P. W.—H. Redmond.
- D. Sent.—John Quinn.

The order in the District is in a flourishing condition and a good deal of active temperance work is being done.

**No Heart too Bad to be Cured.**  
—Testimony could be piled high in commendation of the wonderful cures wrought by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. No case stands against this great remedy where it did not relieve the most acute heart sufferings inside of thirty minutes. It attacks the disease in an instant after being taken.

**Cures the Nerves** and you will control almost every disease that flesh is heir to. The foundation of health is a perfect stomach and good digestion—these right and you are insured lots of nerve force, perfect circulation and pure blood. South American Nerve is a wonder-worker—gives nerve force—makes rich blood. It's a veritable "Elixir of Life."—132

THIS GRIFFIN IS DOCUMENT I S H N E R Y C O R C O N D I T I O N

# BRITAIN'S QUEEN NOW SLEEPS WITHIN THE TOMB.

## QUEEN VICTORIA'S BODY LAID AT REST.

### Nearly Fifty Kings and Princes Marched in the Solemn Procession.

### NO HONOR LACKING TO THE DEAD.

Story of the Removal of the Body From the Royal Yacht—The Arrival in London—Great Crowds Viewed the Pageant in Sorrowful Silence—Crush at Marble Arch Causes Some to Faint—Arrival of the Funeral Train at Windsor at 2.30 P. M.—Grandeur of the Scene at London Unsurpassed in History—35,000 Soldiers Out—Station Draped in Purple—The Crowds at Windsor—Horses Nearly Overturned the Gun Carriage and They Had to be Unhitched and a Squad of Blue Jackets Drew it in the Procession—Last Scenes.

**The Day in Detail.**  
Coves, Feb. 1.—With grand and mournful display of naval pomp and power, the body of Queen Victoria was borne this afternoon from its quiet resting place in Osborne House to Portsmouth, the heart of Britain's navy. Over the still waters, between the roll of the six-pounders came the dirge of Chopin's and Beethoven's funeral march. The most powerful fleet Britain could gather on short notice lay inert and silent, save for the mournful strains of the bands and the sound of the guns that betokened neither peace nor war, but death.

**Through the Fleet.**  
Fast these and past the Hohenzollern, the huge battleships, the Alexandria, Camperdown, the Rodney and the Benbow, on through the line of battleships, still on till Japan's Hatsumoto, the largest warship in the world, was left astern, and the German Baden was beam to beam with Vice Admiral Sir Harry Holdsworth Rawson's splendid flagship, the Marston, of the Channel squadron, the naval funeral procession slowly steamed. Ahead were eight destroyers, and seldom have these speedy craft drawn their long black hulls so splendidly through the water.

**The Funeral Ship.**  
Coming slowly after them was the Royal yacht Alberta, half screened by the awning on the poop, the Royal coffin placed on a crimson dais, the curtains of which were drawn back on the four poles leaving free to view the magnificent casket and the robes. Sometimes ahead, sometimes ahead, was the Trinity House yacht Irene, while in the wake of the coffin were the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert with King Edward and Queen Alexandra and the British Royal Family; the Royal yacht Osborne with other royals; the Imperial yacht Hohenzollern, with Emperor William, the Duke and the Duchess of Connaught and others; the admiralty yacht Enchantress and a Trinity House yacht with officials on board.

**An Impressive Scene.**  
The main squadron of battleships and cruisers were moored two and a half cables ahead of a line extending from Coves to Spithead. The channel fleet, under the command of Vice Admiral Sir Harry Holdsworth Rawson, formed the eastern portion, and the reserve fleet under Admiral Sir George Jellicoe formed the western portion. The foreign war vessels were moored southwest of the British ships in the order of their arrival, and alongside of them were moored eight British gunboats, the Antelope, the Skipjack, the Leda, the Rattlesnake, the Alert, the Circe, the Spedwike. After leaving Trinity pier, the Alberta, with her attendant escort steamed along the deep channel and the coast of the Isle of Wight, and the single line of battleships and cruisers. The main line was a following, beginning at Coves—Alexandra, Camperdown, Rodney, Benbow, Collingwood, Colossus, Sans Pareil, Nile, Howe, Melampus, Severn, Glatton, Palloum, Pactolus, Pelorus, Diana, Conqueror, Arrogant, Minerva, Cicbe, Hero, Hood, Trafalgar, Resolution, Jupiter, Hannibal, Mars, Prince George and Minerva. The main line was fired by all the ships in the Solent, and at Coves, commencing when the Alberta left the pier. Each ship ceased firing immediately after the procession had passed her.

**Solemn Music.**  
No standards were displayed and ensigns and union jacks were at half mast.

The bands played the funeral marches of Chopin and Beethoven only. No national anthem was played.

On the approach of the procession the ships were manned and the guards and the bands were paraded. The guards presented arms as the Alberta passed each ship, and then rested on their arms reversed until the procession had gone by.

Nelson's Ship Manned.  
A detachment of marines and the

admiral's band was on board Nelson's old flagship, the Victoria, in Portsmouth harbor.  
All the sea front and dockyards were manned by marines and sailors, while Barrow Island was manned by boys from the training ship St. Vincent, and men from the gunnery ship Excellent.  
When the Majesty had been left astern the Alberta was moored for the night. To-morrow the body will be taken ashore at Portsmouth and thence conveyed to London and Windsor for the last tributes to the great Queen.

**The Land Ceremony.**  
The land ceremony, consisting in bringing the coffin from Osborne House to the pier at Coves, was scarcely less interesting than the naval function. At noon the gorgeous trappings of the chapelle ardente were disturbed. Over the coffin was thrown the coronation robe, worn by the girl Queen. On this was placed the royal regalia, the wand, the sceptre and the Crown, which were scarcely ever used by the Queen in her lifetime, as she preferred the dummy regalia, which will be buried with her at Frogmore.

**Sailors Carry the Coffin.**  
At 1.45 sailors from the Victoria and Alberta raised the precious bursar and bore it from the house. This duty was to have fallen to the Highlanders, but as they rehearsed so awkwardly it was decided that sailors should be so honored. Outside the royal residence Grenadier Guards were drawn up in a brilliant line, and at the sharp click they presented arms for the last time in honor of their dead Queen.  
The pipers led the procession, making the woods ring with a weird refrain. Behind them came the Royal

Family. At the gate the military portion of the parade stood ready, a glittering medley of uniforms.  
**The Family Follow.**  
Then followed the other Royal Princesses. A few seconds later emerged Queen Alexandra and eight Royal Princesses. All dressed in the simplest black, their faces entirely veiled with crepe. Several of the party, and especially Princess Beatrice, were sobbing bitterly.

**Contrasts in Dress.**  
In striking contrast with the black robed women followed the heads of the Royal household in gorgeous uniforms. The coffin was placed upon the gun carriage. The pipers commenced their dirge. The procession marched slowly down the winding cedar-hedged path until the gate was reached, where the glittering escort was met. Then the massed bands broke out with a dead march, and the cortege paraded its slow way in the midst of intense silence, save the solemn music of the bands. As the khaki-colored gun carriage, followed by the King, with the Emperor of Germany and the Duke of Connaught on his right and left, passed down the hill, all hats were doffed.

**REMOVING THE BODY**  
From the Royal Yacht to the Train at Portsmouth.  
Portsmouth, Feb. 2.—Before 9 o'clock this morning the remains of the Queen were taken from the royal yacht Alberta to a special carriage and conveyed to the King's train, which started for London at 8.33 a. m. amid the boom of the guns from the forts. The scene was pathetic and imposing. The King accompanied

by Queen Alexandra and some Princesses who passed the night on board the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert proceeded to the Royal yacht Alberta in a steam launch. King Edward boarded the yacht at 8.54, five minutes after Emperor William had steamed alongside the Alberta from the Hohenzollern.

**SCENES AT LONDON.**  
Crowds Awaited in Solemn Silence the Funeral Party.  
London, Feb. 4.—0.17 a. m.—The grey dawn of a London morning, with the sky draped with fleecy clouds, proclaimed ideal conditions for the funeral day of Britain's Queen. The calm serenity of the atmosphere was reflected by the crowds which at daylight began to assemble at every point of vantage along the route of the royal obsequies. So soft, peaceful and noiseless was the progress of the ingathering hosts that the constantly swelling throngs, and the rhythmic tread of the assembling troops seemed to accentuate the solemn stillness.

The early scenes were unlike those of many spectacular days which London has witnessed in the past year, and the crowds which so early gathered in the streets this morning evinced an entire lack of feverish unrest and excitement. The great masses of people which assembled in the past year in the grey of the morning, seemed more apologetically to tip-toe to the allotted stations, as though their presence reflected on the solemnity dominating everything.

**Need Little Guidance.**  
Never did a concourse of people so little need either civil or military guidance. No man standing by his mother's bier almost every yard less than did these hundreds of thousands of men and women, gathered from all parts of the kingdom on the funeral route of their mother the Queen.  
The strangest part of all was the fact that the women seemed to outnumber the men. White-ribboned nurses marched almost every yard along the route. Troops there were to be sure, thousands upon thousands, assembling spectre-like out of the mist. Purple was the tone of the Royal mourning, and this seemed almost a relief in contrast with these silent masses of black-garbed crowds.

**Early Mourning.**  
The troops began to move earlier than on Proclamation Day. That was the day of the official pronouncement of the authority of the King, and the street was closed as if by magic, and with a tone of authority that did not mark this morning's scenes. Buckingham Palace, the great hotels about the Victoria station, the princely homes in Park Row, and every shop and house thence to Paddington bore and, together with purple and white festoons, wreaths of bay and laurel were hanging from every lamp-post, while flags at half-mast, bordered with crepe, told, in a dignified, simple manner, the story of the nation's loss.

The uniforms of all the rest of the party were hidden by their overcoats, which were made necessary by the chilliness of the weather.  
The Kings of the Hellenes and Portugal rode immediately after King Edward's and Emperor William's suites.  
In the procession were six carriages—the first and second carrying Queen Alexandra, the Duchess of Fife, now Princess Royal-Princess Victoria, and Princess Charles of Denmark, and the daughters of Queen Victoria and the King of the Belgians.  
Soldiers representing the German army, non-commissioned officers and men and the escort brought up the rear.

**The Guard of Honor.**  
The Guard of Honor on the Jetty consisted of several hundred marines and blue jackets. The commanders of the warships which took part in yesterday's pageant had already assembled under the covered way leading from the yacht to the railroad station. There was a short service on the yacht before the body was removed, the Duke of Connaught, the Crown Prince of Germany, Prince Arthur of Connaught, Prince Henry of Prussia, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and Princess Henry of Battenberg being present. The only mourning garb visible was in the dresses of the Princesses.

**Firing Minute Guns.**  
The firing of minute guns marked the passage of the coffin to the draped railroad station to which it was borne shoulder high by petty officers of the royal yachts, preceded by a clergyman.  
Immediately behind the coffin were carried the crown, globe, the standard, and a few choice wreaths.  
King Edward, Emperor William, the Duke of Connaught, and the Crown Prince followed the remains, and then came the ladies of the Royal family and the Admirals. The silence of this mournful procession was broken by the firing of the guns, the strains of the funeral march, and the sound of the wind in the driven rain which was then falling in torrents.

**The Procession Starts.**  
The procession then moved in the following order—  
Officers of Headquarters Staff.  
Band of the Household Cavalry.  
VOLUNTEERS.  
First South Middlesex Rifles.  
First Middlesex Engineers.  
The Tyne Artillery.  
Warwickshire Yeomanry.  
The Colonial Corps, a detachment formed under the orders of the Colonial Office, and an officer commanding the Provisional Battalion at Shortcliffe.

**MILITIA.**  
Third Battalion Gordon Highlanders.  
Third Battalion Royal Welsh Fusiliers.  
Fourth Battalion Norfolk.  
The Honorable Artillery.  
INFANTRY.  
A detachment of the Army Veterinary Department.  
Army Pay Corps.  
Army Chaplains' Department.  
Royal Army Medical Corps.  
Army Service Corps.  
Representatives of the Indian Army, selected by the Indian Office.

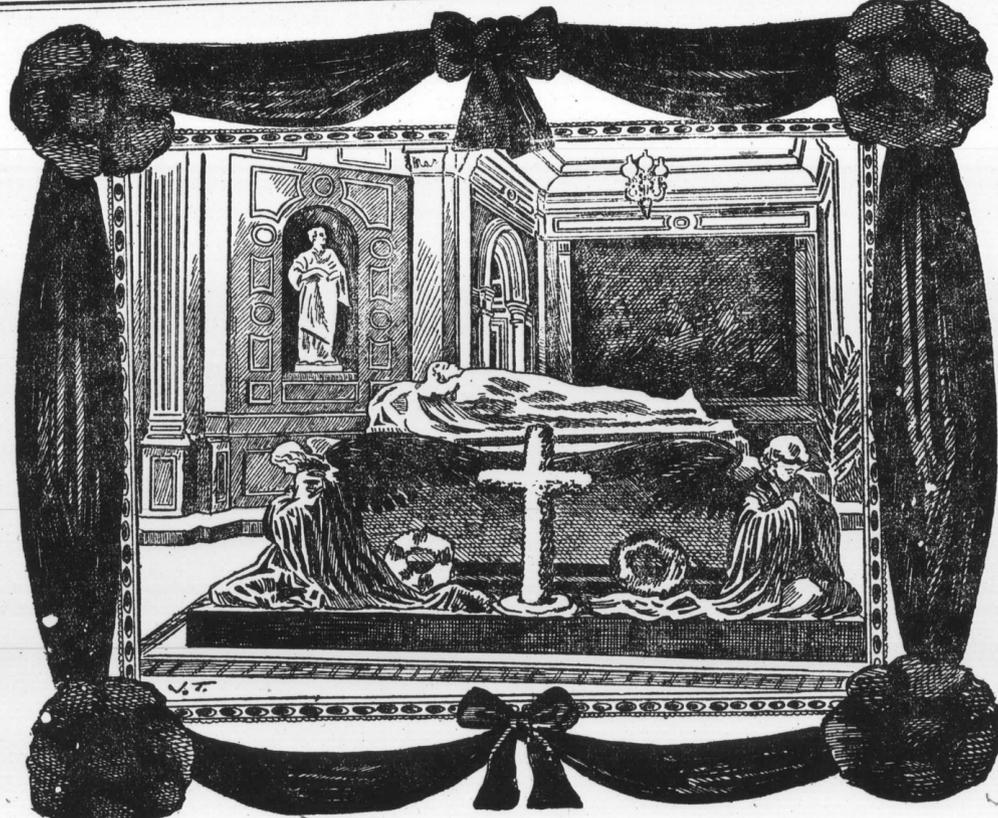
**INFANTRY OF THE LINE.**  
Fourth Battalion Rifle Brigade.  
Royal Irish Fusiliers.  
Second Battalion Highland Light Infantry.  
Fourth Battalion King's Royal Rifle Corps.  
Royal Fusiliers.  
First Battalion Royal Lancasters.  
FOOT GUARDS.  
Irish Guards.  
Scots Guards.  
Coldstream Guards.  
Grenadier Guards.  
Corps of Royal Engineers.  
The Royal Regiment of Artillery.  
CAVALRY OF THE LINE.  
The 21st Lancers.  
The 7th Hussars.  
The First Life Guards.  
ROYAL NAVY, ETC.  
Royal Marine Light Infantry.  
Royal Marine Artillery.  
The Royal Navy.  
Military Attaches of Foreign Embassies.  
Headquarters Staff of the Army.  
Field Marshals.  
Band of Royal Marine Light Infantry.

**The Guards' Band.**  
Royal Engineers' and Royal Artillery Bands.  
The Earl Marshal, riding.  
Gold Sticks.  
Two White Staves.  
Gun carriage, surrounded by bearer party of non-commissioned officers of the Guards.  
Outside of these, on either side, two lines, as follows—  
**ON THE LEFT OF THE CARRIAGE**  
The Lord Chamberlain.  
Aides de Camp.  
The Queen's Physician, Sir Jas. Reid.  
Esquieries and Lord in Waiting.  
**ON THE RIGHT OF THE CARRIAGE**  
The Lord Steward.  
Aides de Camp.  
Esquieries and Lord in Waiting.  
Immediately behind the gun carriage came—  
The King, riding.  
On his left the Duke of Connaught, riding.  
On his right, Emperor William, riding.

Following these came the royal family, royal representatives and Master of the Horse, all riding.  
Four four-horse carriages, conveying the Queen and Princesses.  
The brilliant gathering was received by the King and the Queen with briefest delay. The coffin was reverently removed by an officer and three royal mourners rode abreast. King Edward VII. was the central figure of the three, but no less ostentatious personage was seen in the procession. A black chapman with a plume of white feathers was on his head, and a long black cloak was buttoned around him, and hung down over the top of his black horse which he was riding.

**The Royal Mourners.**  
The silence was almost painful. Heads were bent low as the gun carriage slowly moved across the station yard and took its place in the procession. Immediately behind it rode the King in a field-marshal's uniform. Emperor William, also attired in a British field-marshal's uniform and mounted upon a white horse, and the Duke of Connaught in a general's uniform, rode upon either side of the King.  
The coffin was placed on the dais and Admiral Sir Nowell Salmon (Admiral of the fleet since 1899), King Edward, Queen Alexandra, Emperor William and the other members of the Royal family took their seats, and the train moved off.

**A Military Pageant.**  
The procession appeared from the gun carriage bearing the coffin, and the Royal Family and official mourners about it, was not noteworthy. Parliament, the Judiciary and the commercial bodies were not represented. Royalty, the army and the navy monopolized the pageant. Three thousand soldiers and sailors, picked companies, representing all branches of the service—cavalry, artillery, infantry, yeomanry, militia, volunteers and colonials—formed the advance escort. They marched slowly and without music. Most of the uniforms were covered with dark overcoats and the standards were drapes of crepe on their spears. The infantry marched in columns of four with rifles reversed. They were half an hour in passing. Then came Field Marshal Roberts and his staff, and after them four massed bands playing funeral marches.  
300 Musicians.  
Three hundred musicians announced the coming of the body of the Queen. There was a long array of court officials under the leadership of the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl Marshal, all attired quaintly and brilliantly, bearing maces or wands; most of them elderly men who for years had served the Queen.  
Most of the spectators expected an imposing catafalque, and the coffin was almost past before they recognized its presence by removing their hats.  
**Appearance of the Coffin.**  
It was a pathetically small oblong block, concealed beneath a rich pall of white satin, on the corners of which gleamed the Royal arms. Across the pall the Royal standard was draped, and a large crown of gold, encrusted with jewels, rested at the head of the coffin, which was end of the gun carriage, just over the gun. On the foot of the coffin were two smaller crowns with a gold jeweled sceptre lying beneath them. The eight horses which drew the gun carriage were almost concealed beneath their rich harnesses. A large bow of purple attached to the coffin was the only symbol of mourning.  
Ranged about the coffin walked the State bearers, and on either side were the Queen's esquieries, lords in waiting and physicians. All the uniforms were covered with long, dark cloaks.  
Enormous Crowds Present.  
Enormous crowds witnessed the passage of the cortege before Buckingham Palace, the London House of the dead Queen. High officials were admitted within the railing, while outside stood the weather-worn pensioners of Chelsea, paying their last tribute. At the junction of the Mall and Marlborough House the cortege was viewed by great throngs. Cadets from Sandwick and Woolwich and members of the House of Lords and House of Commons occupied special stands. At the bottom of Piccadilly the boys of the training ship Britannia were gathered. The solemn, stately progress of the cortege through the park was rendered more impressive by the minute guns of the nearby battery. Perhaps the stately grandeur of to-day's sorrowful pageant through the swarming streets of London, with hundreds of thousands of mourners, forming a black border to the route, will never be surpassed. There was in the Victoria funeral procession an absence of that black ceremonial generally connected with the final progress to the grave.



WHERE THE QUEEN'S BODY LIES.

# A PLOT FOR EMPIRE.

A THRILLING STORY OF CONTINENTAL CONSPIRACY AGAINST BRITAIN.

"No!" could never live in this country," she said, "even my liking for it grow. It would be impossible!"

"You think that you could never care for it enough," he suggested; "yet you have scarcely had time to judge it fairly. London in the spring is gay enough, and the life at some of our country houses is very different from what you are used to. Society is so much more tolerant and broader."

"It is scarcely a question," she said, "of my likes or dislikes. Next to Paris, I prefer London in the spring to any city in Europe, and a week I spent at Radnet was very delightful. But, nevertheless, I could never live here. It is not my destiny!"

"The old curiosity was strong upon him. Radnet was the home of the Duchess of Radnet and Chester, who had the reputation of being the most exclusive hostess in Europe! He was bewildered.

"I would give a great deal," he said earnestly, "to know what you believe in your destiny to be."

"We are bordering upon the forbidden subject," she reminded him, with a look which was almost reproachful. "You must please believe me when I tell you, that for me things have already been arranged otherwise. Come, I want you to tell me all about this country into which we are going. You must remember that to me it is all new!"

"She suffered her to lead the conversation into other channels, with a vague feeling of distrust. The mystery which hung around the girl and her uncle seemed only to grow denser as his desire to penetrate it grew. At present, all she could say was baffled. He dared ask no more questions."

"The train glided into Peterborough station before either of them were fully aware that they had entered in earnest upon the journey. Wolfenden looked out of the window with amazement."

"Why, we are nearly half way there!" he exclaimed. "How wretched!"

"She smiled, and took up a magazine. Wolfenden's servant came respectfully to the window. "Can I get you anything, my lord?" he inquired.

"Nothing, thanks, Selby," he said. "You had better get yourself some lunch. We don't get to Beringham until four o'clock."

"The man raised his hat and turned away. In a moment, however, he was back again.

"You will pardon my mentioning it, my lord," he said, "but the young lady's maid has been travelling in my carriage, and a nice fidget she's been in all the way. She seems nervous, and I am terribly frightened about something or other. The moment the train stopped here, she rushed off to the telegraph office."

"She seems a little excitable," Wolfenden remarked. "All right, Selby, you'd better hurry up and get what you want to do."

"Certainly, my lord; and perhaps your lordship knows that there is a flower-stall in the corner there."

believed, or professed to believe, that half the British fleet had perished and that the country at the mercy of the first great tower who cared to send her warships up the Thames. It was a question whether he was really insane or any ordinary man. His views were the views of a rational man, but the task which he proceeded to set himself was so absorbing that any other subject seemed scarcely to come within the horizon of his comprehension. He imagined himself selected by no less a person than the Secretary for War, to devote the rest of his life to the accomplishment of a certain undertaking! Practically his mission was to prove by figures, plans and naval details (unknown to the general public), the complete helplessness of the Empire. He bought a yacht and commenced a series of short cruises, lasting over two years, during the whole of which time his wife was his faithful and constant companion. They visited in turn each one of the fortified ports of the country, winding up with a general inspection of every battleship and cruiser which British waters contained. Then, with huge piles of amassed information before him, he settled down in Norfolk to the framing of his report, still under the impression that the whole world was anxiously awaiting it. His wife remained with him then, listening daily to the news of his progress, and endeavoring to understand a single word of the discourses in which he sometimes put before her. The best room in the house, the great library, was stripped perfectly bare, and fitted up for the purpose. A typist was engaged to copy out the result of his labors in fair form. Later, the fatal results to England which would follow the disclosure of the truth which he sometimes put before her. The best room in the house, the great library, was stripped perfectly bare, and fitted up for the purpose. A typist was engaged to copy out the result of his labors in fair form. Later, the fatal results to England which would follow the disclosure of the truth which he sometimes put before her.

"I am delighted to hear it," he said heartily. "I should imagine that Mr. Selby would not be at all a pleasant person to be on bad terms with."

"There was indeed at Cromer. He found a carriage for her, and collected her belongings. He almost amused at her absolute indifference in the midst of the bustle of arrival. She was evidently unused to doing the slightest thing for herself. He took the address which she gave to him, and repeated it to the driver. Then he asked the question which had been troubling many times upon his lips."

"I should like you to see my uncle," she said. "If you can come and see my uncle, it would not be pleasant for either of us. He is going to play golf on the Derlingham links, and you must be guided by his manner towards you."

"And if he is still—as he was in London—must this be good-bye, then?" he asked, earnestly.

"She looked at him with a faint color in her cheeks, and a softer light in her eyes, clear eyes."

"Well," she said, "good-bye would be the last word which could be spoken between us. But, I suppose, we shall see."

"She flashed a suddenly brilliant smile upon him, and leaped back amongst the cushions. The carriage drove off, and Wolfenden, humming pleasantly to himself, stepped into the dog-cart which was waiting for him."

CHAPTER XIII.  
The Countess of Derlingham might be excused for considering herself the most unfortunate woman in England. In a single week she had passed from the position of one of the most brilliant leaders of English society to be the keeper of a recluse, whose sanity was at least doubtful. Her husband, Admiral the Earl of Derlingham, had been a man of iron nerve and constitution, with a splendid reputation, and undoubtedly a fine seaman. The horror of a single day had broken up his life. He had been the awe-stricken witness of a great naval catastrophe, in which many of his oldest friends and companions had gone to the bottom of the sea before his eyes, together with nearly a thousand British seamen. The responsibility for the disaster lay chiefly with those who had perished in it, yet some small share of the blame was fastened upon the onlookers, and he himself as admiral in command, had not altogether escaped. From the moment when they led him down from the bridge of his flagship, grey and fainting, he had been a changed man. He had never recovered from the shock. He retired from active service at once, under a singular and marvellously persistent delusion. Briefly, he

sure for me to add one more testimony to the grand reputation of Dr. Chase's remedies."

James Clark, Conson, Prince Edward County, Ont., states: "Eleven years ago I was taken with pains in my back, settling in my hips and extending up my spine. The pain was very severe, and at times almost unendurable, and many days I was not able to do an hour's work. Though I had consulted many first-class physicians and tried several advertised medicines, I could get no relief."

"At this time my father-in-law told me to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and said he knew they would cure me. I secured one box and great was my surprise when I began to feel better after using only one box. I continued their use until I had taken about four boxes, which made me a sound man."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills will not disappoint you. They act directly and specifically on the liver, kidneys and bowels, regulating them and invigorating them to perfect action. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanon, Bates & Co., Toronto.

It's Not Like Dr. Chase To Disappoint People.

His Great Receipt Book Did Not Disappoint, and Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills Have Astonished Physicians and People Alike by Their Wonderful Cures.

tempting his chest, so I drew Richardson's map, and I asked, "Is this true, Richardson?" I asked. "No, your ladyship," he said bluntly; "it ain't; there's no two men been here at all!" The master dragged the chest out himself; I heard him doing it, and I saw the light, so I left my box, and stepped into the room to see what was wrong. Directly he saw me he yelled out and let fly at me with his revolver! It's a wonder I'm alive, for one of the bullets grazed my temple.

"Then he went on to say that he would like to leave, that no wages were good enough to be shot at, and, plainly, that he ought to be locked up. I talked him over, and then got the Admiral to go back to bed. We had the place searched as a matter of form, but of course there was no sign of anybody. It is a mercy that he did not kill Richardson!"

"This is very serious," Wolfenden said gravely. "What about his revolver?"

"I managed to secure that," the Countess said, "but I am afraid that I may ask for it at any moment."

"We can make that all right," Wolfenden said. "I know where the revolver is, and I will reload the revolver with them. By the way, what does Blatherwick say about all this?"

"He is almost as worried as I am," poor little man," Lady Derlingham said. "I am afraid every day that he will give it up and leave. We are paying him five hundred a year, and he is really most amusing, though, to see how terrified he is at your father. He positively shakes when he speaks to him."

"What does he have to do?" Wolfenden asked.

"Oh, draw maps and make calculations and copy all sorts of things. He is a very good fellow, and his work, that is what makes it so hard for the poor man."

"You are quite sure, I suppose," Wolfenden asked, after a moment's hesitation, "that it is all wasted work?"

"Absolutely," the Countess declared. "Mr. Blatherwick brings me his drawings, and I have seen upon which he has been engaged for days. They are all just a hopeless tangle of figures and wild calculations! Nobody could possibly make anything coherent out of them."

"I wonder," Wolfenden suggested, thoughtfully, "whether it would be a good idea to get Denvers, the Secretary, to write and ask him to stop on an hour or so for the present. He could easily make some excuse—say that it was attracting attention which they desired to avoid, or some other such thing. He is a good fellow, and he and the Admiral were great friends once, weren't they?"

The Countess shook her head. "I am afraid that would not do at all," she said. "Besides, out of pure good nature, of course, Denvers has already encouraged him. Only last week he wrote him a friendly letter, hoping that he was getting on, and telling him how interested every one in the War Office was to hear about his work. He has known about it all the time, you see. Then, one day, he came along and said, 'Of course, there is that to be feared,' Wolfenden admitted. 'I too, if the occupation were taken from your father, I am afraid, he would be what you call a delusion into his head? Does he suspect anyone in particular?'"

"I do not think so; of course it was Miss Morton who started it. He quite believes that she took copies of all the work she did here, but he was so pleased with himself about the idea of having found her out that she has troubled very little about it. He seems to think that she had not reached the most important part of his work, and he was copying that himself now by hand."

"But outside the house, has he any definite suspicion of anything?" Not that I know of; not any definite suspicion of anything, but last night of Duchesse, the great spy and adventurer, in a rambling sort of way. Duchesse would be the man to get hold of my work if it came to pass. I kept on saying, 'But none must know of it! The newspapers must be quiet. It is a terrible danger!' He talked like that for some time. No, I do not think that he suspects anybody. It is more a general uneasiness."

"Poor old chap!" Wolfenden said softly. "What does Dr. Whitely think of it? Has he seen him lately?" "None at all," she answered. "Dr. Whitely is quite frank. He will recover what he has lost—he will probably lose more. But come, there is the dressing bell. You will see him for yourself at dinner. Whatever you do, don't be late—he hates anyone to be a minute behind time."

CHAPTER XIV.  
The Tempting of Mr. Blatherwick.  
Wolfenden was careful to reach the hall before the dinner gong was sounded. His father greeted him warmly, and Wolfenden was surprised to see so little outward change in him. He was carefully dressed, well groomed in every respect, and he wore a delicate orchid in his button-hole.

"Send for Morton and Philip Dunn," he cried. "Let the shrubbery and all the Home Park be searched. Let no one pass out of either of the gates. There have been thieves here!"

"I gave his orders to Morton," where is Richardson? I asked. Richardson was supposed to have been watching outside before the great window. Richardson came in through the window. His forehead was bleeding, as though from a blow.

"What has happened, Richardson?" I asked. The man started, and looked at his father. Your father answered instead.

"I woke up five minutes ago," he said, "and found two men here. How they got past I don't know, but they were in the room, and they had dragged my chest out there, and had forced a crowbar through the lock! I was hurrying to get to the door, but I was in the room, and I fired back. Then they bolted right past Richardson. They must have nearly knocked you down. You must have been asleep, you know," he cried, "or you could have stopped them!"

"I turned to Richardson; he did not say a word, but he looked at me meaningly. The Admiral was ex-

amining his chest, so I drew Richardson's map, and I asked, "Is this true, Richardson?" I asked. "No, your ladyship," he said bluntly; "it ain't; there's no two men been here at all!" The master dragged the chest out himself; I heard him doing it, and I saw the light, so I left my box, and stepped into the room to see what was wrong. Directly he saw me he yelled out and let fly at me with his revolver! It's a wonder I'm alive, for one of the bullets grazed my temple.

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# CEYLON AND INDIA TEA

## GREEN OR BLACK

Because of their PURITY and CLEANLINESS British grown teas are becoming more popular every day. Don't drink impure and doctored Japan or China tea any longer. Insist that your grocer furnish you with the delicious, palate-pleasing teas of

# CEYLON AND INDIA

WANTED:  
A RECIPE FOR  
REFINEMENT.

A FABLE BY GEO. ADE.

A Gangling Youth who was old enough to get out and rustle for a Salary remained at Home because his Mother set such a Good Table and knew how to wait on him. There was no necessity of his Bunking Down so long as both his Parents had their Health, so he spent more of his time thinking about his Complexion.

He was a Humid Young Man, with no Virtuous Traits, and his three tall Side-Board Collars and his hat were a Trick Bicycle Rider.

This young man was very anxious to be Refined, He had been told that one who seeks to Share Out a Girl gets her for her own name and gets her to think about him until she is Feverish must be there with the Refinement.

When the Daughter of the Steam Baker married the Piano Tuner there had been a good deal of Knocking and the Effect that she had picked up a Dead One, but the Match was finally settled on the Grounds that, although it was a Crab as to Business Get-up-and-Get and a Blacksmith with a Piano, he Graded Up middling strong on account of his Refinement.

The Young Man who wanted to be Refined had read the Short Stories in the Evening Papers, and he had noticed that invariably it was the Refined Kid with a Name something like Llewellyn or Sutcliffe who was the Girl to Rights. When the Story ends with a Bang down toward the saloons of the Continent, the Refined Lover has Coasted along the Cling and Smiling through her Tears, which is no easy trick, if you stop to Think about it. The Young Man who was going to get some more Points, he changed over to a Paper and read a Top-Lofty Editorial made in London, which said there was no such thing as Refinement in the West.

—The westerling of Refinement were White String Ties, hot from the Laundry, and smiling soars to show the teeth.

A higgard Man with rumped Hair gave an entire new Definition. He said that Refinement meant to go to a Piano Recital or a Symphony Concert and Cry all over the seats.

By this time the Young Man who was out to locate the Refinement, had a very confused Notion of what he was trying to Run Down. While he was wondering where he could go to get some more Points, he changed over to a Paper and read a Top-Lofty Editorial made in London, which said there was no such thing as Refinement in the West.

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Final Test of Refinement, although it would Help Some to carry a Green Bag and wear a Plain Shawl and put on an Intense Look whenever the Concord School of Philosophy was mentioned.

A Representative Stockman who had been out to Market some Yearlings opined that any one who clipped his Beard every Spring and Fall and fought his way into a White Shirt on Sunday Morning was Refined enough for all Practical Purposes.

A Young Woman with a Red Jacket said that she never considered a Girl Friend truly Refined until she could play "Narcissus" on the Piano and been to a Course of Lectures and was using Wax on her Envelopes.

Another Woman, with a Hinted Look, said that Refinement depended on reading all the Late Books before they were dry from the Bindery. It kept her on the Jump, but she had got away with the whole Catalogue from the Concord School of Philosophy to "Father Goose." She was expecting to get some kind of a Medal for being Refined.

A regular Hissy driving a Plumber's Wagon pulled up long enough to say that a Young Fellow to be Good and Refined ought to get a Close Shave before going to a Ball, and was expecting to buy a new Collar before leading her back to her Seat.

A Delegate on his way home from a Reformers' Convention seemed to think that the Essentials of Refinement were White String Ties, hot from the Laundry, and smiling soars to show the teeth.

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# IN THE HANDS OF THE POLICE

Smith Falls Chief Constable Arrests an Enemy.

Peace After a Hard Fight—Robert J. McGowan Captures and Forever Ends the Career of the Only Foe He Ever Feared.

Smith's Falls, Ont., Feb. 4.—(Special)—Robert J. McGowan, the popular chief of police, has been for a long time annoyed and seriously handicapped in the performance of his duties by rheumatism and gout. A friend suggested Dodd's Kidney Pills as a remedy. He tried them and was cured. To-day he is well as ever. He has given the following publication—

Smith's Falls, Ont. Dodd's Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Gentlemen, I am recommended to take Dodd's Kidney Pills for rheumatism and gout, from which I was a great sufferer. The pills seemed just to fit my case.

I had been under the care of two eminent and skilled medical practitioners, and I have tried no end of patent medicines, but the first relief came with the first box of Dodd's Kidney Pills. I certainly recommend them to all who suffer as I used to from rheumatism or gout. I am now perfectly well.

If it will be of any service to you, you are at liberty to use my name and testimonial.

ROBERT J. MCGOWAN, Chief of Police, Smith's Falls, Ont.

Mr. McGowan's popularity will make the above story one of interest to many people in his neighborhood and the Province generally. What he has done anyone may do with the same means—Dodd's Kidney Pills. They never fail.

Four Generations. As daughter, sister, wife and mother, Alexandra has fulfilled all the duties of her position conscientiously, but in no other relation of life does she shine with more radiance than as a grandmother. There are numerous pictures showing her with Prince Edward of York or one of the other children or her son George in her lap. A photograph somewhat rare in this country shows Alexandra, with her children, the King's Man, Lord Duff, daughter of the Duchess of Fife. This picture gives the four generations in the maternal line. The Queen of Denmark is seated in an armchair, holding upon her knee little Lady Alexandra, her fair head partly covered by a large white cambric sunbonnet. Behind the chair stands the then Princess of Wales, with one hand on her mother's shoulder. The Duchess of Fife, now Princess Royal, stands beside her mother, supporting her hands on the chair in which the Queen of Denmark is seated. This is a good picture of a clanish family group.

The Mexicans now buy nearly a quarter of a million worth of sewing machines annually.

T H I S C O U N T R Y I S I N V E R Y C O O R D I N A T I O N

HAS HEARD ANTS TALK.

So Thinks a French Naturalist and His Reasons For His Belief.

Sir John Lubbock, as well as many other scientists, has of course studied the ant, but it has been given to a Frenchman, M. Fere, to make a discovery as regards ants that proves them to be possessed of an intelligence far greater than has been hitherto supposed.

The way M. Fere proved this was as follows: He made a glass funnel, one end smaller than the other, which he placed, the small end downward, in the center of a square of plain glass some six inches wide, fitting closely enough to prevent the little insects from crawling out underneath.

He then took a number of ants in a bunch about the size of an ordinary horse chestnut free from any foreign substances and, lifting up the funnel, dropped the cluster of insects inside.

While the ants were still in a state of bewilderment and before any of them could reach the edge of the glass the experimenter covered it with another square similar to the one already in use, which had been surrounded a short distance from its edge by a rim of putty.

This effectively confined the little insects and prevented their being crushed. The two plates of glass were then pressed together to within, approximately, the thickness of an ant's body, but closer on one side than on the other, so as to hold some fast and incapable of moving, while others could move about in their narrow prison where they liked.

On applying this box of ants to the ear as though it had been a watch M. Fere was astonished to hear a regular and continuous buzzing noise, somewhat similar to the sound made by water when boiling in an open vessel, though sometimes a higher note would be struck by one or another of the ants.

Further study of the box of prisoners revealed many interesting facts. The free ants were seen to advance to the sides of the ones that could not move and to endeavor with all their strength to release the prisoners. It was then that the sounds made by the ants became louder and more strident. It was evident that these sounds conveyed some meaning, for a palpable difference was to be found in the minute utterances, which must have been intelligible to the tiny captives.

Then came the problem. How was the sound made? M. Fere proceeded to at once make minute investigations and submitted live ants to the scrutiny of a very powerful microscope.

Here, again, an interesting discovery was in store for the investigator. The sides of the little insects were found to be in one particular place rough and scaly, resembling—though of course on a tiny scale—the teeth of a saw. It was by rubbing this that the ant made the sound that had rewarded the scientist's research.

M. Fere then took a couple of ants and confined them in the glass box already described, imprisoning the one and giving the other liberty to move.

The use of his hands became at once intensely excited. It rushed about, making what must have been talking into consideration the comparative size of a man and an ant—a terrible noise. The modulations of the insect's mode of expression were plainly heard by the scientist.

Then, having apparently exhausted an exceedingly copious vocabulary, the ant, in despair of liberating its companion, dashed at it and killed it. This was evidently to the insect the only course left open.

Scotch Tenseless and Thrift.

In a dull Scottish village on a dull morning one neighbor called upon another. He was met at the door by his friend's wife, and the conversation went thus:

"Cauld?" "Aye." "Gae't be weety, I think." "Aye." "Is John in?" "Oh, aye; he's in." "Can I see him?" "No." "But I wanted to see him." "Aye; but you canna see him. John's deid." "Deid?" "Aye." "Sudden?" "Aye." "Very sudden?" "Very sudden."

"Did he say anything about a pot of green paint before he deid?"—Anecdote by Ian MacLaren.

Cicero's Wit.

The retort exasperating is not a modern feature of a trial by jury. In the case against Verres, one of the great trials of antiquity, in which Cicero appeared for the prosecution and Hortensius for the defense, Cicero made a typical excursion against his opponent.

Hortensius was known, in violation of the law, which required the services of advocates at Rome to be gratuitous, to have received as a present from his client a valuable image of the sphinx, one of the spoils of his government in Sicily. While Cicero was examining a witness, Hortensius made a sally.

"You speak in riddles," said he. "I cannot understand you." "That is odd," Cicero rejoined, "for you have a sphinx at home to solve them."—Youth's Companion.

Shuffled Him.

The other day a clothier made up his mind to have his shop ceiling repapered and accordingly engaged the services of a local painter who some years before had done the very same job. He came and inspected the ceiling and then remarked to the clothier:

"I see you've had it papered since I did it." "Oh, yes," answered the clothier a little hotly, "and I see you've got another suit of clothes since the one I made for you!"—London Telegraph.

An Exception.

"Two wrongs never made one right," said Dinsmore, who was fond of quoting adages. "Sometimes they do," amended Foddy. "If Constant Reader, for example, feels himself aggrieved by two wrongs, he will be one to write about them to the newspapers."

Her Remedy.

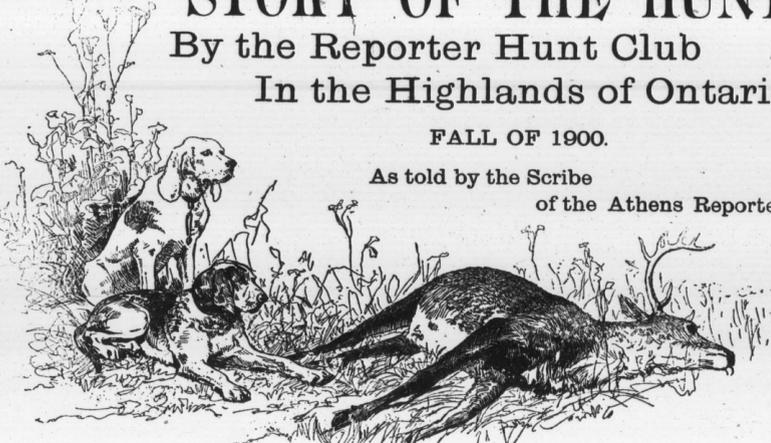
"Jonson has developed into a confirmed kicker, but his wife can handle him every time. He kicked last night because his dinner was cold." "What was his wife's play?" "She made it hot for him."—Brooklyn Life.

STORY OF THE HUNT

By the Reporter Hunt Club In the Highlands of Ontario

FALL OF 1900.

As told by the Scribe of the Athens Reporter



Last chapter left the Scribe pouring bullets at the buck in the water. The animal ceased to swim and lay on its side, apparently in the last throes of death. Thinking that his game was ready for bleeding, he ran down to the skiff and started to back-hand (row with face towards the front of the boat) the skiff over to where the deer was lying motionless. Imagine his surprise to see the deer straighten up and commence a lively swim for the opposite shore. It was not more than four or five rods from where the deer lay to the shore and the Scribe had to row twice that distance to get between the animal and shore. When he saw the deer was making lively headway, he at once reversed the oars and pulled for all he was worth. All along the shore towards which they were travelling was a lot of drift-wood and the Scribe hoped that this would act as a barrier to the deer and he would be able to turn it out into the lake. Rowing with his back to the way he was going he was at a serious disadvantage and he soon ran kerfump up against a big log. He looked over his shoulder for the deer and was surprised to find that it had disappeared. He swung the boat broadside to shore and sat for a couple of minutes, scanning every nook and crevice in the drift wood for some sign of his game. He had forgotten that he had emptied the magazine of "old Silverplate" and only realized his predicament when he saw the deer's head on shore, where he was standing with part of his head and back just observable above a fallen pine that lay

tramp and no further sign of the wounded buck, the Scribe concluded that he might as well strike out on the return trip. While sitting at his watch in the morning he had observed that the wind was blowing directly from the north, and when he decided to return to the lake he looked for a tall pine to give

A PORTER'S MISTAKE.

The Story of a Lady's Prizes and an Actor's Rage.

As the porter passed through the car she called him aside. There was a whisper and a gleam of silver. "Now, remember they are in the yellow satchel."

"Can't miss dem, ma'am." "You won't let any one see you?" "No, ma'am."

"The major is sitting in that car." "He won't see me, ma'am."

"Well, here is the key." The porter took the key and passed through to the next car.

"Guess dis am it," he said, slipping the thin key in the lock of a yellow satchel. He put his hand in the satchel and pulled out a bunch of hair. Then he unlocked the satchel.

"Heah's yo' frizzes, ma'am!" "Don't speak so loud."

"Anything else, ma'am?" "That's all, I believe. I just have a minute to put these on before dinner."

The porter reached the platform in time to meet an irate tragedian. "Not a step!" he thundered in tones that almost lifted the porter's cap. "What have you done with my whiskers, boy?"

"Your whiskers, sah?" "Yes; my false beard. The passengers say you opened my satchel with a skeleton key. Where are those whiskers?"

"Laws," muttered the porter, "Ah went in de wrong satchel!" "Just then a lady passed toward the dining car." "Dah's yo' whiskers, sah," grinned the porter, "on top ob dat lady's hair!"



up a couple of feet from the ground. He caught up his rifle and snapped the hammer onto a spent cartridge. His hand sought the belt filled with cartridges that he always carried around his waist and dropping a couple of loads into the magazine he took, as he thought, careful aim and fired. The gun was aimed too low, as the only result was a silver torn from the pine log, and the deer moved toward a few feet, bringing its broadside directly facing the rifle in the Scribe's hands. The Scribe had boasted on many occasions that he was too old a hunter to be troubled with buck fever, but the two shots he made sitting in the boat at that big buck, not more than four rods away, and the deer standing still at that, made him feel that he had the genuine fever alright or else "old Silverplate" wobbled. He had to again charge the magazine of his rifle and while doing so the deer slowly crawled up over a fallen tree and disappeared in the underbrush. He had some difficulty in finding a landing place, and on going to the spot where the deer had stood he saw several pools of blood on the snow, which convinced him that the animal was badly wounded. He at once started off into the woods, following the trail easily where the snow was on the ground. On reaching a pine ridge he would have to use all his skill in woodcraft to keep the trail, as the thick foliage overhead kept the snow from reaching the ground and in many places the only marks would be the sharp points of the deer's hoofs. This part of the hunting district had never been cut over by the lumbermen, and for miles in every direction it was in a state of nature. Immense pine ridges and gullies filled with cedar and other soft wood made travelling slow, and after a two hours

and decide what way he should strike out to reach the lake. He was satisfied that he had kept a nearly straight course, and if he had been going in a right direction he should have been at the shore of the lake long before. He got up and started in an exactly opposite direction from what he had been going, and after travelling for half an hour or so he heard a gun in the direction he was going. He fired an answering shot and in a few minutes heard Charlie's whoop a half mile away. The boys had heard the shooting, and as the dogs did not come their way had started up the lake to see what luck the Scribe had during the morning. They saw his boat drawn up on the floatwood and on going on shore saw the deer's track, the blood on the snow, and the Scribe's footmarks in pursuit. They had followed on for a mile or so and then firing off their rifles got the party together and then went on to camp. Fred had been the lucky man for the day and a big notch on his counting-stick indicated that another carcass was hung up at camp. That afternoon Charlie and the Scribe took a hound and went down to where the deer had gone into the woods in the morning, but as it had snowed quite a lot during the day the dog refused to work up the scent and the trip was abandoned. Len's thrilling adventure with a little fawn will form the matter for the next chapter. Doctored Nine Years for Tetter.—Mr. James Gaston, merchant, Pa., writes: "For nine years I have been disfigured with Tetter on my hands and face. At last I have found a cure in Dr. Agnew's Ointment. It helped me from the first application, and now I am permanently cured."

SAVED BY PALMISTRY.

Tattered Individual Proves His Case by Showing His Hands.

"Reasoning from antecedent probability," said the justice to a prisoner with a sopping hat and a turned down mouth, "I would say that when this policeman accuses you of being a tramp he is speaking with a high regard for the truth."

"Knowing little about logic," the defendant replied, "I am unable to say whether I am guilty on that point. But by palmistry I am innocent. My life line is good, my capacity for hard work is simply astonishing, and my confidence in my own ability is superb."

"Score one for palmistry. Now hold up your hands." They went up.

"I can't tell whether you have worked by the looks of those hands," said the justice. "But in the interest of the spread of knowledge I will digress and say to you that an article known as soap was invented some years ago."

"Never heard of it," said the prisoner cheerfully, "and I know just as much about my guilt or innocence as I do about soap. You might try me by a fury of my peers."

"Your peers are too busy telling fairy tales to bartenders on this muggy morning to come out to help the ends of justice. The dollar they'd get for jury service would make them die of heart disease."

"A doctor told me I'd never have it," the prisoner said. "I'm not intensely interested in the state of your health," the justice said coldly. "I don't know whether you're a tramp, and neither do you. I am inclined to the opinion that you are, but I guess no policeman will arrest you between here and the corner."

The prisoner made the trial trip successfully and was seen no more.

ETHICS OF FISHING.

A SCIENTIFIC VIEW OF THE ALLEGED CRUELTY OF THE SPORT.

The Creatures Are Most Happy When They Are Hooked—They Have Little Capacity For Suffering and Even Little Pleasure In Eating.

A little boy was fishing for the first time. With the customary luck of a beginner he had bass and perch galore to answer the invitation of his bait.

Presently the impulses of the humane side of his nature made a little hesitating protest against the more savage instincts of the sportsmanlike side. The wriggling of the fish when he caught them troubled him, and he sought to apologize to his conscience for the suffering he was apparently inflicting. He said, "I think the reason they jump so is that they are so glad to get out of that wet water."

Curiously enough, if we may accept the testimony of the scientists, the little boy was quite right. A fish is never so happy as when he is drawn out of the water. The air is to him quite all that laughing gas is to a human being. It gives him a hundred times more oxygen per second than his gills ever got for him from the inhalation of water. It makes him delightfully drunk. It exhilarates him. It fills him with a completeness of physical joy—the only joy he is capable of feeling—wholly unknown to him in his native element. He dies presently, it is true, but he dies in an ecstasy of enjoyment instead of dying in his appointed fashion by suffocation in the maw of some bigger fish.

In a footnote to the thirteenth canto of "Don Juan" Byron denounces Isaac Walton as a "sentimental savage" and characterizes fishing as "the cruelest, coldest of pretended sports." That only shows how little Byron knew about the matter. His sports involved the sacrifice of women rather than worms.

It is time to set this matter of fishing upon its moral legs, as it were, and to be accomplished merely by telling the truth about it. A fish is the very lowest form of the vertebrates. It is incapable of any joy except that of getting hooked and thus drawn out of the water to which its nature condemns it and for a time breathing the air that intoxicates it in delightfully deadly fashion. It has not even the instinct of sexual association except in the case of a few rare species. It knows nothing of companionship, for the scientists tell us that even when fish swim in "schools" it is only because they are engaged in a common predatory pursuit of prey, each endeavoring to snatch from the others the morsels they seek to swallow.

So low in the scale is the fish that even in eating he has no pleasure except that of distending his stomach. For the scientists find no "taste buds" at the base of his tongue, and every fisherman knows that the fish swallows his prey whole, with no possibility of detecting its flavor. And further, every fisherman who has trolled knows that the fish is so far an indiscriminate gormand in his search for food that he will swallow a coffee spoon with a bar attached as readily as the faintest bait morsel that could be displayed in front of his greedy eyes and his rapacious mouth.

Still, again, every fish that is caught upon a hook gets only what he deserves. He is caught every time in an attempt to swallow some other creature whole and digest it in slow torture. Indeed the entire life of every fish is passed in a ceaseless endeavor to catch and swallow other fish. So far as science can discover, fish of most species make no distinction even in favor of their own young, their only ground of selection being a consideration for their individual throats in the act of swallowing. On that account alone the severely spined sunfish escapes the predatory perch, and the bullhead the moment his "horns" are hard ceases to be in danger even from the most voracious of pickers.

The fisherman is not a monster of wanton cruelty. He is merely a descendant of Adam exercising that "dominion" over inferior creatures which God authorized him to exercise.—George Cary Eggleston

A Lunatic's Wit.

As Horace Mann sat in his study one evening an insane man rushed into the room and after abusing him for all kinds of fancied grievances challenged him to a fight.

Mr. Mann replied: "My dear fellow, it would give me a great pleasure to accommodate you, but I can't do it. The odds are so unfair. I am a Mann by name and a man by nature—two against one! It would never do to fight."

The insane man answered: "Come ahead. I am a man and a man beside myself. Let us four have a fight."

Don't Be Slow.

If a child is "slow" around home and takes an hour to dress when only a quarter of that time is necessary, it is a bad habit. The "slow" men and women are those who fail to make a success of life. How often you see grown people tinker about something a half a day that could be done in an hour! They learn the habit as children.

An Insultation.

Lawyer (examining witness)—Where was your maid at the time? Lady—In my boudoir, arranging my hair.

Lawyer—And were you there also? Lady (indignantly)—Sir!—Exchange.

The Men-of-war of the Romans.

The men-of-war of the Romans had a crew of about 225 men, of which 174 were oarsmen working on three decks. The speed of these vessels was about six miles an hour in fair weather.

STEER BY THE STAR.

Night on the sea, and one lone ship In the midst of the darkness there; A trackless waste spread all about, And the blackness everywhere. But gleaming in the sky above Are seen the beacons of the night, Set there to guide that lonely ship Across the pathless sea aright.

The waves roll high and toss the ship, A plaything on their turbid crest; The sea lifts up its eager arms, And opens wide its heaving breast. But safely still the vessel rides, For one there is who guides aright, Because his eyes are fixed upon Those faithful beacons of the night.

No vessel sailing o'er life's sea But safely may the harbor find If the Great Beacon of the sky Be ever kept in sight and mind. The light at times may shine but dim, The way seem dark, the harbor far, But he cannot get off the course Who guides his vessel by the Star. —Arthur J. Burdick in Los Angeles Herald

YOUR OWN VOICE.

You Would Be Surprised If You Heard Its Exact Imitation.

"One of the strangest things in life," said an amateur philosopher of Camp street, "is the fact that we never really become acquainted with our physical selves. Here I have been living in this body of mine for nearly 50 years, yet I have no idea how I look, how I bear myself, what sort of an impression I make on the minds of others when they meet me in daily intercourse. I don't even know how my own voice sounds, although I've been listening to it ever since I can remember. Did you ever hear yourself talk in a phonograph? No? Well, try it the next time you have a chance, and you will not only be astonished, but what is still stranger, you will be disappointed, probably a little shocked. Everybody has that experience.

"I supposed that I was perfectly familiar with my own voice and thought privately that it was rather agreeable. I had been told so plenty of times by other people and never knew that they were only 'jolly' me until I made a phonographic record and set it grinding. At the first word I jumped back in dismay and nearly pulled my ears off in the listening tubes.

"Merciful heavens! I said to myself, 'Is it possible I talk like that?' I thought there must be something the matter with the cylinder and called in a friend to hear it. He grinned with delight. 'That's one of the most natural records I ever heard in my life,' he declared heartily, and I yearned for his glory.

"But, as I just remarked, everybody who tries the experiment has the same experience. The voice is always abnormally unfamiliar and positively unpleasant. Yet there is a certain something about it that differentiates it from any other voice you ever heard in your life—something indescribable that gives you a little secret thrill clear down to the soles of your feet. It is the voice of the mysterious body which you inhabit and you know."

Mistake of the New Riveter.

A party of six brawny men were engaged in an animated discussion at McKees Rocks. It was noticed that five index fingers were missing from the gesticulating hands. Only one man had all of the fingers he was born with.

"They're riveters from Schoenville," said a man who was asked. "They say most of the male children born down there now have the forefinger missing from their right hand. The riveters at the Pressed Steel Car shop work one inside of the car and one outside. The man inside shoves the rivets through, and the man outside swings the hammer. They are paid by the piece, and they work fast. Often the rivet won't fit, and if the man inside of the car happens to be new at the work he sticks his finger through the hole to learn what is wrong. The man outside promptly smashes the finger with his sledge. He doesn't do it purposely, but he works so rapidly that he can't tell a blackened finger from a rivet. He never knows his error until he sees the blood spurting from the stump of the finger. None of the riveters has lost more than one finger in that way."

"The Least Hair Casts a Shadow."

A single drop of poison blood will, unless checked in time, make the whole impure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great leader in blood purifiers.

It casts no shadow, but brings sunshine and health into every household. Running Sores.—My mother was troubled with rheumatism in her knee for a number of years, and it broke out into a running sore. She took three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and is now well. Hood's Olive Ointment helped to heal the eruption. Mrs. JOHN FARR, Cloverlawn, Ancaster, Ont.

Rheumatism.—I was badly afflicted with sciatic rheumatism. Consulted doctors without relief. Was persuaded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and five bottles gave me relief and enabled me to go to work. WILLIAM R. ROACH, Margaretville, N. S.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

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

Cook's Cotton Root Compound

Is successfully used monthly by over 10,000 Ladies. Safe, effective. Ladies ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. It is made of pure cotton root, and is not a medicine, as all mixtures, pills and imitations are dangerous. Price, No. 1, \$1 per box; No. 2, 50 cents; No. 3, 25 cents. No. 4 or 5, 10 cents. Cook's Cotton Root Compound is sold in all drug stores. The Cook Company, Windsor, Ont. "Not a Patent" is sold and recommended by all responsible Druggists in Canada.

Wood's Phospholine is sold in Athens by J. F. Lamb & Son.

THIS IS A SCIENTIFIC VIEW OF THE ALLEGED CRUELTY OF THE SPORT.

# A SUIT

To sell you Clothes to wear and to suit you—that is our aim

In Fit, Style and durability, we suit you and we suit even your pocket by our low prices.

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

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Give me a call when wanting anything in my line.

## Wm. Karley,

Main St., Athens.



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BY  
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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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A liberal discount for contract advertisement.  
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.

### Local Notes

Scorfula in the blood shows itself sooner or later in swellings, sores, eruptions. But Hood's Sarsaparilla completely cures it.

Wanted—six or eight cedar logs, 30 feet long and 8 inches in diameter at top; must have one straight side, to be delivered at boat house in Warren's bay, Charleston lake. Apply for further particulars at Reporter office.

Parties desiring to bring in wood on subscription account are requested to do so at once, as only a limited amount will be taken. We will allow \$1.00 per cord of 24 inch furnace wood. Very large, rough blocks will only be taken on special arrangements being made. Don't delay if you wish to pay for your paper with wood.

MONTREAL, Dec. 1900.

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

(Signed) THE LESTER H. GREENE CO.

### Death of Wm. Webster.

We regret to announce the death on Tuesday night, 5th inst., of William Webster, a prominent farmer of the Washburn neighborhood. He had been in poor health for the last two years with Bright's disease. The funeral will take place from his late residence to the Lansdowne (Pine Hill) Anglican church at 2 p. m. on Thursday where services will be conducted by Rev. Rural Dean Wright.

### Laughing Gas.

In answer to all those who have often enquired why I did not keep gas for extracting teeth without pain, I wish to say that in future I will have it on hand all the time, so no one need suffer having teeth out. 35 years practical experience in making and administering this, the pleasantest and safest of all known anesthetics, without a single accident. From one to twenty teeth and roots can often be removed with one administration.

D. V. BEACOCK,  
Dental Rooms 89 Main St., Brockville.

### Death of Torrence Brown.

The announcement of the death of Mr. Torrence C. Brown, which occurred on Friday evening last, was a sad surprise to his many friends, as it was not generally known that he was sick. He had been ailing for some time, and a week before his death, when medical aid was called in, it was found that he was in the last stage of Bright's disease. For three or four days previous to his death he had been able to occupy an invalid's chair for a part of the time, and it was while thus resting that the final summons came.

The funeral, which took place on Sunday last, was largely attended. Service was conducted in the church of the Holiness Movement, after which the remains were placed in the vault to await interment.

The members of the family, and particularly the invalid wife, have the heartfelt sympathy of all in their sad bereavement.

### How Are Your Nerves?

If they are weak and you are easily "frustrated," can't sleep, and rise unfreshed, your blood is poor. Strong nerves depend upon rich, nourishing blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the nerves strong by enriching and vitalizing the blood. It gives sweet refreshment and complete cures nervous troubles. Begin taking it to day.

Nausea, indigestion are cured by Hood's Pills.

### FRONT OF YONGE.

Mr. Thomas Dickey and wife are visiting at River side.

Mr. R. R. Phelps had a fine colt which when playing in the yard fell on the ice and broke its leg. He gave it to Ira Anderson, who sent for the veterinary surgeon who set the leg in plaster paraffin and it is doing nicely.

A memorial service was held in the Methodist church, Caintown, on last Sabbath evening.

The Caintown churches are dressed in mourning. The fine flag is flying at half mast in honor of the best Queen that ever reigned over any nation. All

nations and peoples have sent messages of condolence, excepting China.

Work in the Township of Yonge on last Saturday was in all cases suspended unless by a few whose business compelled them to do manual labor.

We see that the overthrow of coal roads is being agitated in Athens and vicinity. We often wonder how an intelligent class of farmers and the travelling public ever suffered that nuisance to exist so long.

That part of the plank road from Lyn the Brockville has been in existence over 50 years.

Mr. George Tennant of Brockville and wife are visiting his brother, Charles of Caintown.

The residence of Mr. J. Nunn of this village came near being consumed by fire one day last week, the cause a defective pipe.

Mr. Bryant of Lansdowne is canvassing this and other townships with a view of disposing of fine battle scenes in South Africa.

### CHANNY

Miss Laura Eton of Freeland has been visiting friends here last week.

Messrs. Trotter and Irwin, proprietors of rink here, held a very successful Carnival Saturday night. Toledo, Elgin and Athens were all represented and with the oyster supper, gotten up by the Hockey Club, the proceeds amounted to about sixty dollars.

The great majority of our citizens are suffering from la grippe.

Miss Bert Chamberlain has gone to Harrowsmith on a visit.

We are pleased to be able to state that Messrs. S. Seaman and John Gibson, who have been confined to their beds, under care of Dr. Dixon of Frankville, are now able to be up again.

Mr. Clarence Halladay of Elgin spent Sunday in Chantry.

Miss G. Hopkins of Brockville is visiting friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Miskelly of Smith's Falls attended the carnival on Saturday night and spent Sunday with friends in this place.

### Greenbush Honor Roll.

V Class—Lucy Loverin, Edna Blanchard.

Sr. IV.—Anna Horton, Ethel Olds, Roy Kerr, Cora Langdon, Eva Sanford, Charlie Connell.

Jr. IV.—Bertha Webster, Willie Webster, Lewis Langdon, Elma Gifford, Willie Kennedy, Della Forsyth.

III. Class—Ethel Kerr, Jessie Olds, Omer Davis, Harry Smith, Morley Smith, Arthur Blanchard, Flossie Olds, Leonard Wright, Beatrice Millar, Bert McBratney.

II. Class—Stella Loverin, Millie Smith, Myrtle Loverin, Roy Davis, Lillian Kennedy, John Horton.

Sr. Part II.—Ida Forsyth, Lena Millar, Clifford Webster, Anna Fend-long, Ethel Kennedy.

Jr. Part II.—Ett. Loverin, Louis Blanchard.

Sr. I.—Fred Smith, Gordon Kennedy, Iva Wright, Clarence Tackaberry.

Jr. I.—Harry Wright, Mabel Smith, Florence Smith, Emmett Stowell, Jimmie Millar.

Average attendance 42.  
Jennie M. A. Eyre  
Teacher.

### Heat Radiation.

The tendency of heat to diffuse itself is effected by radiation, conduction and convection. Nearly all dull and dark substances are good radiators, while bright, polished surfaces radiate badly. Some substances conduct heat more freely than others, silver among the metals being the best conductor, and as a unit of measurement is taken at 1,000. Compared with silver as a conductor, gold is 981, copper 845, zinc 641, tin 422, steel 397 and wrought iron 456. Glass, wood, gases, liquids and resinous substances are bad conductors. Water is such a poor conductor that if heat is applied to the top it will boil at the top, while the bottom will remain cold.—Newcastle (England) Chronicle.

### Watering the Cow.

"We notice," says the Weatherford Chronicle, "in an exchange an item about a cow that died from drinking too much water: 'It is hoped this will be a warning to other cows. We have toted water for a cow ourselves, and when, after turning up her nose and sniffing around as though she didn't think much of water anyhow and we might go to ladies with it, she suddenly changed her mind and swallowed a bucketful in two gulps and kept on doing so for 10 or 15 times and called for more we just whacked her over the head with the empty bucket and hoped that she might bust and blessed her.'"

### Made a Record.

Hoax—My wife's a remarkable woman. She wanted to get off a car today, and she reached right up herself, pulled the strap and stopped it.

Joax—Huh! Lots of women do that. "But she pulled the right strap first shot and didn't rinx on a single fare!"

### The Normal Color.

Mrs. Brown—What color are your little boy's eyes?  
Mrs. Robinson—Black generally. He's a terrible fighter.

It is a Christmas custom in Atlanta to release all prisoners charged with offenses against city ordinances.

The peat bogs in Sweden, many of them eight to ten yards deep, cover an area of about 8,048,000 acres.

### THEY SLEEP HANGING UP.

Sloths and Bats Suspend Themselves Without Exertion.

There is one animal which lives entirely in trees, but is able to maintain its position during slumber without the least exercise of muscular force. This is the sloth, common in the forests of tropical America. Its long claws are so bent that they hook over the branches and allow the creature to hang upside down like an animated hammock. Curiously enough, the hammock appears to be a South American invention and is universally employed by all the Indian tribes of the Amazons. Perhaps the primitive human dwellers in this region took to sleeping in hammocks after observing the habits of the sloth.

The great eater, which is both a kinsman and fellow countryman of the sloth, has an enormous tail, which it uses in a very remarkable manner. I recently saw two of these strange animals lying together asleep, and they had arranged their tails so cleverly that their whole bodies were hidden from view. Moreover, it was evident that this caudal covering would afford excellent protection from the weather, for the central solid part of the tails acted as a kind of ridge pole over the highest part of the sleepers' bodies, so that the long fringes of hair sloped downward on each side like the thatch upon a roof.

Like the sloths, many kinds of bats sleep suspended by their hooked claws without any muscular exertion whatever. Some of the large fruit eating bats of the tropics, which do not sleep in holes like the species common in southern latitudes, but which hang suspended to the branches of trees in the open air, adopt a position which it would be difficult to beat for economy and comfort. Gould's fruit eating bat, common in the warmer parts of Australia, suspends itself upside down by one hind foot and wraps its body in the tentlike folds of its wing membranes, which extend right down to the ankles. Its shoulders, to which the membrane is attached, are humped up so as to act as eaves to shoot off the rain, and when asleep it draws its head under their shelter and nestles its nose among the warm fur of its chest.

### The Only Tender Part.

"Although I was late," said the new boarder, "I found the landlady had saved for me the tenderest part of the chicken."  
"What was that?" asked the star boarder jealously.  
"Some of the soup."

### Not in Need of Correction.

Van Braam—You shouldn't always begin a remark with "Say" or "Oh!"  
Dinwiddie—I don't.  
"You don't?"  
"No; I always exclaim, 'Oh, say!'"

### Iconoclast.

Up rose Barbara Fritchie then,  
Bowed by her threescore years and ten.  
"There's no such person as me, I s'pose;  
But what's the odds?" quoth she. "Here goes!"  
Stonewall Jackson was not in town,  
But she cut right loose and called him down!

In the light of the facts, as known to us  
The story has to run something thus.

### What He Writes.

Miss Wunder—They say Mr. Longhore writes for the magazines. I wonder what he writes.  
Mr. Sourdripp—Oh, he writes "Please send me a sample copy."

### The Captive.

She smiled, but he was adamant;  
She pouted, still he didn't care;  
He knew not that for him alone  
She fastened roses in her hair.  
She sighed and quoted poetry,  
But still he coyly shied away;  
Yet he is kneeling at her feet;  
He saw the girl in tears one day.

### Describing It.

"Isn't Jimson going to build a new factory on the high bank overlooking the lake?"  
"No. That's a bluff."

### Appointments.

Yes, I'm the man who's always late,  
And without shame the fact I state,  
For well I know, and so do you,  
The man I meet will be late too.

### A Tragedy.

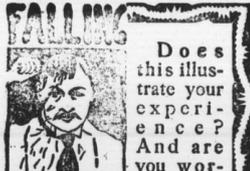
She—If you had no idea when we could get married, why did you propose to me?  
"To tell the truth, darling, I had no idea you would accept me."—Life.

### Just the Same.

They tell me that the winter's mild  
To calm my shivering fears,  
Yet when I come and see the snow,  
And hard coal disappears.  
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



**KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE**  
WORTH \$50 A BOTTLE  
It may be worth a like sum or even more to you.  
Flagg, Boston Co., N. D., March 19, 1898.  
Dear Sirs—I have used your Kendall's Spavin Cure and find it a good medicine. I have cured a spavin on my best mare, and I would not take \$100 for her, which I offered for \$15 before. I will be pleased to have your book and recipe for this medicine, as I read on the carton.  
Yours truly,  
FRANK SMITH,  
Hartington, P. O., Ontario, Mar. 5, '98.  
Dear Sirs—Enclosed please find a two-cent stamp for your valuable book. I have used your Kendall's Spavin Cure without one failure in years, and consider it the best medicine I have used for this disease. Please send me the book as you advertise in your health, for horse.  
GEORGE BROWN.  
It is an absolutely reliable remedy for Spavins, Splints, Curbs, Ringbones, etc. Remove the tumor and it never returns. Price, \$1.00 per bottle. Ask your druggist for KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE, also "A Treatise on the Horse," the book free, or address  
DR. B. J. KENDALL, CO., ENOSBURG FALLS, VT.



### HAIR

Does this illustrate your experience? And are you worried for fear you are soon to be bald?  
Then cease worrying, for help is at hand. You need something that will put new life into the hair bulbs.



It brings health to the hair, and the falling ceases. It always restores color to gray hair. You need not look at thirty as if you were fifty, for your gray hair may have again all the dark, rich color of youth.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.  
"I am a barber by trade and have had a great deal to do with your Hair Vigor. I have found that it will do everything that you claim for it. It has given me the most complete satisfaction in my business."  
HENRY J. GEORGE,  
March 22, 1898. Kansas City, Mo.  
Write the Doctor.  
If you do not obtain all the benefits you expect from the use of the Vigor, write the Doctor about it.  
Address, Dr. J. C. AYER,  
Lowell, Mass.

WANTED.—Capable, reliable person in every county to represent large company of solid financial reputation; \$300 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, 33 Dearborn St., Chicago.

### PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

**DR. C. M. B. CORNELL.**  
BUELL STREET . . . . BROCKVILLE  
PHYSICIAN, URGENT & ACCOUCHEUR.

**W. A. LEWIS.**  
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY  
Public Etc. Money to loan on easy terms.  
Office in Kincaid Block Athens.

**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, Solicitor, etc. Office: Court House, west wing, Brockville. Money to loan on real estate.

**C. C. FULFORD.**  
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR AND NOTARY  
Public, etc., for the province of Ontario, Canada, Dunham Block, entrance King or Main street, Brockville, Ont.  
MONEY TO LOAN at lowest rates and on easiest terms.

**MIRIAM GREEN, A. T. C. M.**  
Is class honor graduate of Toronto Conservatory of Music and 3rd year undergraduate of Trinity University. Piano, Singing, Theory, Harmony, Counterpoint, Canon, Fugue, History of Music, Instrumentation, Acoustics, etc. Pupils prepared for exams of Toronto Conservatory of Music and Trinity University. Residence—Greene block, 2nd flat, over Chassel's store Main St. Athens.

**MONEY TO LOAN**  
THE undersigned has a large sum of money to loan on real estate security at low 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. 138 Canadian Order of Chosen Friends meets the 1st and 3rd Saturday of each month in Ashwood Hall, Addison, Ont. Motto, Friendship, Aid and Protection.  
R. W. LOVERIN, C. C.  
H. 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 of solid financial reputation; \$300 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, 33 Dearborn St., Chicago.

THIS GRIEVOUS DOCUMENT IS NEVER BEFORE CONSIDERED

THE QUEEN'S VISITS TO SCOTLAND

BY ALEX. THOMSON.

Stonehaven, or, as it is called by the natives, "Steenhivie," is the county town of Kincardineshire, and is situated on the northeast coast of Scotland, about 15 miles south of the city of Aberdeen, usually known as the "Granite City," from its being largely built of granite—a city which renews its youth after a city shower of rain, the granite buildings when wet looking as if they were new. Stonehaven nestles in a valley at what might be called the foot-hills of the Grampians, lying right upon the shores of the sea, facing the Ocean on the north side, facing a bay about three miles in width, which would form a natural harbor of refuge if it was properly protected by piers and breakwaters, but which is often the deathbed of the mariner who finds it on his lee on a stormy night. Two streams—the Carron and the Cowe—have their rise in the hills behind, the former flowing through the south side of the town to the sea, and the other skirting the north side, but both forming a junction before finally being lost in the ocean. In these latter days Stonehaven is a fashionable watering place, vieing with many of the English spas as a summer resort. Here Lady Aberdeen may sometimes be seen in the season giving an outing to a party of youngsters, belonging to one of her many philanthropic enterprises, for the town is beautiful for situation and the air is a mixture of fresh sea breezes and the ozone which comes from the hills. The little town has quite a history. Placed midway between the Lowlands and the Highlands, in ancient times, its inhabitants tilled the fields or spun their wool or followed some other peaceful occupation with their spears or swords or other weapons of defence lying handy to their hand, so that they could be ready to repel an invader, as the clansmen never issued cards when they were to make a foray. A few miles to the north are to be seen the remains of a Roman camp. This is the farthest north the Roman soldiers ever got, and shows that the men of the Meams, as the inhabitants of the county were named, fought the troops of Caesar and died a few years afterwards in India. Lunch on over, the Royal party entered the carriages, some half dozen being in waiting, sent from Aberdeen. They were almost always, if not always, open carriages, for the Queen seemed to always get Queen's country, something remarkable in a country where the weather weeps so often. It was then we got the best view of Royalty. It generally took about ten minutes to get everything in readiness for the drive across the moors. I think the Queen's carriage always headed the line. Four horses were attached to it, and two postillions or outriders sat upon two of the horses. They were dressed in the conventional jockey cap, red, close-fitting, short coat and white leather breeches. The sight of them always made a deep impression upon my youthful mind. Upon the theory that a cat can look at a King, I suppose I was permitted to look at the Queen. Sometimes barefooted and bareheaded—after the manner of Scotch children in these days—I have stood with others within eight or ten feet of Her Majesty as she sat in her carriage waiting for the start. She was then in her prime and was attended by her devoted husband and surrounded by her loving children. Young as I was then, I can collect how bright, smiling and happy she looked—and so pleased did she appear sitting there, that we children lost all our former fear and awe, and looked at her as if we would at any ordinary person. When the carriages were ready to start some half a dozen or more officers on horseback and resplendent in gold lace and plumed hats would ride up close to the Queen's carriage, the long whip of the coachman would crack in the air, the horses would plunge, the outriders would begin to bob up and down, and the cavalcade would start at a brisk run on its long journey across the hills to Balmoral, while her loyal subjects of Stenlithew would by this time have found their voices and would cheer and wave their caps until the carriages were out of sight.

In the city of Edinburgh, some fifteen years after the Queen ceased stopping off at Stonehaven, the writer saw her again. But it was not the same Queen. She had suffered the great sorrow of her life—the loss of her husband. He also saw the Prince of Wales and his Royal spouse on their first visit to Edinburgh after their marriage. The Princess was very popular in that city, much more so than her Royal husband, but he has gained much in popularity since these days. It has been supposed that the Queen loved Scotland because Prince Albert was strongly attached to it. He loved the Highlands, the bare back of the world as he styled them in a speech at Aberdeen, but as a Scotswoman I may be forgiven my presumption when I say that I believe he loved the country because he loved its people. That feeling of his was engendered by gratitude. For the Prince did not have it plain sailing all the time with his English subjects. He was at one time charged with influencing the Queen in public affairs, and feeling ran high, until the Queen, appearing to her Ministers that an attack upon the Throne was shown in one of his letters to his old friend, Baron Stockmar. At that time some of the English bodies of workingmen were coquetting with the Internationales, an anarchistic institution of the continent, and some murmurs of discontent were being heard in England. Writing to Stockmar, he said, after narrating the state of affairs, "Lord Palmerston assures us that the people of Scotland will stand between the Throne and all harm."

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WARS OF VICTORIA'S REIGN

- (Accession to throne June 20, 1837.) 1838—Insurrection in Canada. 1839—British forces occupy Cabul and take possession of Aden. 1840—War expedition to Syria. Mehemet Ali dies for peace. 1841—Successful insurrection in Cabul. British invade China and take Canton and Amoy. 1842—British take Boer Republic in Natal. 1845—Outbreak first Sikh war. 1848—Insurrection in Ireland attempted. Outbreak second Sikh war. Boers establish republic. 1850—Helping rebellion in China. 1851—Burma provoked British hostilities. 1854—Crimean war. 1856—Crimean war finished. England attacks China. Persia occupies Herat, but British drive them out of India. 1857—Outbreak of Indian mutiny. 1860—Anglo-French expedition to Peking. 1861—England sends a fleet to Mexico. 1867—Finnish insurrection in Ireland. 1871—Ashantee war. 1877—British take Transvaal Republic. 1878—War against Afghanistan. 1879—War against Zulul. Roberts enters Kandahar. Transvaal uprising. 1881—Mahaba hill. Mahdi revolt in Sudan. 1882—War against Arab Pasha. 1883—Gordon killed in Khartoum. 1898—War in Matabeland. 1896—Kitchener occupies Dongola. Ashantees accept British sovereignty. 1897—Revolt of Indian hill tribes. 1899—Transvaal declared war October 11th.

RENEWED VIGOR

Brought About Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mrs. Peter Beamer Tells How These Pills Released Her From Years of Neuralgic Pains After Doctors and Other Medicines Had Failed.

Among the best known and most respected residents of the township of Gainsboro', Lincoln county, Ont., are Mr. and Mrs. Peter Beamer. For a long time Mrs. Beamer has been the victim of a complication of diseases, which made her life one of almost constant misery, and from which she nearly despaired of obtaining relief. To a reporter who recently interviewed her, Mrs. Beamer gave the following particulars of her illness, and ultimate cure—"For some nine years I was troubled with a pain in the back, and neuralgia, which caused me unpeppable misery. The pain in my back was so bad that whether sitting or lying down, I suffered more or less torture. My appetite left me, and I suffered from headaches accompanied by attacks of dizziness that left me at times too weak to walk. My nervous system was badly shattered, so that the slightest noise would startle me, and my sleep at night was broken by sheer exhaustion. I was under the care of three different doctors at various times, but did not succeed in getting more than the merest temporary relief. I also used several advertised medicines, but with no better results. I was finally urged to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and got half a dozen boxes. In the course of a few weeks I noted considerable improvement, and, as a consequence, I gladly continued the use of the pills for several months, with the result that every symptom of the malady left me, and I was able to do my household work without the least trouble. As several years have passed since I have used the pills, I feel safe in saying that the cure is permanent, and the result also verifies the claim that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail." The report can only add that Mrs. Beamer's present condition indicates a state of perfect health, and speaks louder than mere words can do, the benefit these pills have been to her.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have restored more weak and ailing women and girls to robust health than any other medicine ever discovered, which in part accounts for their popularity throughout the world. These pills are sold by all dealers or may be had by mail for 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by address, Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Oddities in Architecture. At Frankfurt-on-the-Main there is one street in which two houses on opposite sides of the street lean over so far that their roofs meet over the street. In one of these houses Lord Rothschild was born. In Paris, on the other hand, it is noticeable that the builders intentionally construct the houses so that they lean backward slightly, to add to their stability. But almost in the instant one of the most magnificent stone buildings which lean out fully three and one-half feet over the sidewalk. So solid, however, are the Paris buildings that this one is claimed to be safe.

Protects the Throat. A piece of inch-wide white satin ribbon sewed inside the neck of a bodice, protects the throat from the detaching mark that is a common result from the wear of the prevailing high dress collars. It is not intended that the ribbon shall show from the outside.

Why She Married Him. Clara—I wonder how Mattie came to marry Fred. Somebody says she married the most natural reason in the world. Fred had an overcoat that was a perfect match for Mattie's new gown.—Boston Transcript.

The Proper Treatment for Catarrh.

Is a remedy that is sure to reach all affected parts. That remedy is CATARRHOZONE, which is inhaled along with the air you breathe, and permeates the most minute air cells in the lungs, all parts of the nasal passages and bronchial tubes. It stimulates the mucous membrane to healthy action, and relieves local congestion of these parts. When deficient it restrains the secretion and retards it when excessive. In both instances its action is to destroy the germs which excite these conditions, and to cure by its inherent healing properties.

CATARRHOZONE is pleasant, safe, and painless to use, being simply nature's method of applying the balsamic and healing properties of the pine wood, fortified by other germicidal ingredients. It is not a mind cure, but the most rational of remedies. It is the latest product of the extensive and thorough investigation carried on by the scientific world in the relation of disease to microbe life, and a trial will establish its value. The scores of hopeless cases pronounced incurable by specialists, and the numbers of suffering men and women in all parts of America that CATARRHOZONE has permanently cured of chronic and troublesome catarrh, give it a place among the scientific discoveries of the age. CATARRHOZONE shows a record unapproached by any other remedy for the greater number of perfect cures. CATARRHOZONE is capable of doing for you what it has done for others. You may have the seeds of what will develop into an incurable disease if not properly treated. Catarrh is such a gradual thing; so painless at first, but so cruelly relentless, that at the end of years we are awoken to its horrors. Catarrh, consumption, death. That is the story. Be advised while yet there is time, and use the only sure cure, CATARRHOZONE. At Druggists, or by mail. Two months' treatment \$1. Register of Catarrh, send for free, to cover postage, and boxing, by N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., Hartford, Conn., U. S.

A Unique Birthday Gift. A curious birthday gift by a young Roumanian nobleman to his bride was a gorgeous doll, made for the enamored young husband in Paris, where the young couple are spending the honeymoon.

The doll was clad in cloth of gold, the train embroidered with irises, stems upward, which formed a thick border around the hem. The petticoat, which opened at the top, was covered with a trellis of magnificent pearls. Round her neck was a sheaf of three rows of rubies; on her head an exquisite tiara formed by sparkling diamonds, quivering like so many dewdrops, and pins, with heads of many colored precious gems, spangled her garments here and there.

Dear Sirs,—I was for seven years a sufferer from Bronchial trouble, and would be so hoarse at times that I could scarcely 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 bottles made a complete cure. I would heartily recommend it to any one suffering from throat or lung trouble. J. F. VANBUSKIRK, Fredericton.

A Word of Praise. "If employers could only realize how much every worker, especially the women, appreciates a word of praise," said a veteran breadwinner, "they would find that they could increase their profits largely by the higher quality of service rendered. Women like to feel that the employer has a human interest in the individuality of the work they do, and that they observe it when it is particularly well done. A word of commendation always acts as a stimulant to renewed effort, while a good piece of work ignored acts as a discouragement. An approving smile, nod or word costs little, and means much to the honest worker in any field, from the highest to the lowest."—New York Tribune.

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CHANGE THEIR OLD NAMES. Many Begin Life in New World Under New Alliances.

The clerk of the city court to-day made public the names of seventy persons who changed their names in legal form in the year 1900. Most of the original names are of palpably foreign extraction. As a rule all reasonable requests for change of name are granted. They are then filed away, the petition giving the avowed reasons for change and the judgment passed upon it by the court. A glance at the records and the various name changes gives rise to considerable speculation as to the real cause of dissatisfaction. Why, one wonders, should a name of such aristocratic twang as Waldemar Rutherford be cast aside in preference to the hackneyed title of Henry Smith? Or the direct path of the records is the reverse of the question of high-sounding names, where one finds the somewhat plebeian cognomen of Gumbinsky changed by the same individual to the more nationally remains in the name of Jay, unless it is discovered that a corruption of Jacobowsky? There scarcely could be any greater effacement of a family name than to substitute the noncommittal blank for Polander.

Sebastian Bibo is lost entirely in Frank Waiter and Ruzick becomes the Americanized Rose. Many changes result from family quarrels, when another family name is taken in place of the legitimate one. Often the wills of eccentric relatives demand a change in the name of the beneficiary, without which no legacy can be obtained. Occasionally debt or imprisonment has brought the name of a person into such dire straits that a new name is sought for which a new reputation may be built. In the case of foreigners who have become American citizens the chief consonants of Russia, Bohemia or Poland prove too much for our Anglicized tongues and a change is really necessary. Under this reason come such changes, as doct, as Chmelick to Luban, Neugroschel to Rochelle, Yuzukjan to Yuzak, and Schelmovitz to Schkmore. By far the larger part of the list of changed names belongs to those ending in sk or sky. The terminal here is generally dropped, leaving the parent stem. The dropping of this ending results often in names that bear not the slightest trace of the nationality of the changes. Kempinsky becomes plain Kempin; Jampolsky is reduced to the Dickenslike name of Jampole. —N. Y. Evening Post.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc. Effects of Dust Upon the Lungs. Vincent Y. Bowditch urges agitation in Boston in regard to obtaining an abatement of the "dust nuisance." He recalls good work already done by medical men in reference to street watering, but says that in consequence of the lack of proper pavement the citizens of Boston have had to endure in this open winter vile atmospheric condition. He has patients with delicate throats and lungs, who have to be housed absolutely, with their streets in proper condition, they could enjoy the mild, bracing air out-of-doors. Asphalt is not an ideal pavement, but with proper care and regulation to prevent its being properly torn up or replaced by inferior material, it has thus far proved in our American cities the one which possesses the greatest advantages of all pavements used here.—Medical Record.

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm. WHEAT & TRICKS, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KINSEAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Merely Inquired. "Did you trump my ace, dear?" asked Mr. Meekton, who was his wife's partner at whist. "I did," she rejoined, sternly. "What of it?" "I merely inquired to relieve my mind," he answered, with a gentle smile. "It is a great comfort to know you trumped it. If anyone else had trumped it, you know, we should have lost the trick."—Washington Star.

ALL REFINERS MAKE SUGAR BUT St. Lawrence Sugar Refinery MAKES THE SUGAR... THEIR GRANULATED IS 100 PER CENT. PURE.

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ISSUE NO. 6 1901. Whatever Disease

is caused by weakness of the stomach or bowels is likely to yield to SCOTT'S EMULSION OF Cod Liver Oil.

We don't say sure; and you may not be sure that your, or your little one's trouble is due to weak stomach or bowels.

Doctors can't always trace a disease to its cause; and you can't. SCOTT'S EMULSION OF Cod Liver Oil is the easiest food for a tired digestion. But that isn't all; it encourages stomach and bowels to tackle their work; it gives and gets them strength from the other food they are able to take. Give it time.

Food is the best of medicine: food that sets the body going again. This is health: give it time.

The genuine has this picture on it, take no other. If you have not tried it, send for free sample, its agreeable taste will surprise you.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 50c and \$1.00; all druggists. Toronto.

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DROPSY. We have made dropsy and its complications a specialty for twenty years. Quick relief. Cures worst cases. Book of treatment sent free. 10 days treatment FREE. DR. H. H. GREEN'S BLOOD, Box 0 ATLANTA, GA.

CLOTHES WASHER. Sent on Trial. At wholesale price. If not satisfactory return for full refund. Guaranteed to clean and save time. A better work than any other machine. The "M. M. M." Big money made. Thousands in use. For terms and prices address STANDARD SUPPLY CO., Hamilton, Ont.

AGENTS WANTED—FOR THE LIFE. Agents of Queen Victoria's best book prospectus ready, free to canvassers; credit given. Apply World Publishing Co., Guelph, Ontario.

AGENTS—THE QUEEN IS DEAD! EVERY "Topical." We will have the big, cheap, and best. A bright, authentic book is now being prepared by a distinguished Canadian author. Complete canvassing outfit mailed for 10c. Extra liberal terms. McDermaid & Logan, London, Ont.

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

ALL REFINERS MAKE SUGAR BUT St. Lawrence Sugar Refinery MAKES THE SUGAR... THEIR GRANULATED IS 100 PER CENT. PURE.

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OFFERINGS OF LILIES ON ROYAL BIER

Gracious Words Spoken of the Good Queen Who Lies Dead.

The following tributes to the late Queen have been gathered from many sources, and are offered as showing how world-wide was the esteem in which she was held as a sovereign and a woman.

Death's Final Conquest.

The glories of our blood and state, Are shadows, and substantial things, There is no armor against fate: Death lays his icy hand on kings— Scepter and crown, Must tumble down, And in the dust be equal made, With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

The Bishop of Huron.

She has had under her all kinds of administrations—Conservative, Reform, Coalition; she has governed in times of profoundest peace, and during the fiercest and sanguinary wars, and yet has come out after all with her character, if possible, more honored and esteemed than at the first.

The Metropolitan of Ontario.

A virtuous example can never be destroyed. This is the lesson which we learn since the death of that King whom the world has always called great, and this year begins the immortal memory of Victoria the Great. It is too soon as yet calmly to sum up her greatness, but her life, her reign and character will live so long as the history of England has to be written.

Governor Van Saut, Minnesota.

No higher tribute can be paid to the memory of Her Majesty than by stating that through her influence human life and human sentiment have been elevated, and all that was pure and noble was exemplified in her every act.

Rev. Elmore Harris, D. D.

It is an object lesson to the world that one should rise to such a dizzy height as Queen Victoria has attained, and still keep the head well-balanced in all matters of state, and the heart tender in its sympathies for all kinds of sorrow.

U. S. Congressman Bell, Colorado.

Queen Victoria's death will tenderly touch more people with a sting of genuine sorrow than any other demise in recorded time. Her exemplary motherhood make her a subject of admiration everywhere. Her unswerving and steadfast sympathy for the unfortunate in all lands, throughout her long reign, has indelibly impressed her noble character upon the hearts of all lovers of justice as an example worthy of the emulation of mankind.

Mr. Quimby, Detroit Free Press.

As a wife, as a mother, as a woman, she has commanded the respect of the civilized world, regardless of national and racial hatreds. She has been looked upon not only as a mother to her family, but as a mother to her people.

C. B. Smith, Buffalo Courier.

Apart from her own subjects of Caucasian blood, no people may mourn the passing away of Queen Victoria with more sincerity than ours of the United States. Appreciating her exalted character, the unvarying goodness of her remarkable life, they are also accustomed to recognize the Victorian era as to this time almost the measure of their own development to national greatness and to popular enlightenment.

W. H. Tuck, C. J. N. B. Supreme Court. Her life was pure and her reign magnificent, perhaps the most illustrious in the history of England. The Queen's influence in advancing the interests of the British Empire and promoting the happiness of its people has always been powerful, during her long reign.

The Bishop of Nova Scotia.

Queen Victoria has given the most conspicuous example of a self-denying woman in, through love, setting herself to the fulfillment of her duty towards her people, her husband, her children, and her friends; and in return being loved by them all, perhaps, no other woman in, certainly no other Queen, ever before.

AT THE COFFIN.

"Here she lies, white and chill, Put your hand upon her brow, For her heart is very still, And she does not know you now." "Ah, the grave's a quiet bed! She shall sleep a pleasant sleep, And the tears that you may shed Will not wake her—therefore weep!" "Weep—for you have wrought her woe! Mourning she mourned and died for you! Ah! too late we come to know! What is false and what is true." WILLIAM WINTER.

Rev. Dr. H. Duffield, New York.

She was a queenly Queen. She was a womanly woman. She was ermine with stainless purity. She was accepted with boundless devotion to the good of others. She was crowned with religious faith and she incarnated the noblest ideals of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Rev. Dr. Wylie, New York.

She was a womanly woman. She was ermine with stainless purity. She was accepted with boundless devotion to the good of others. She was crowned with religious faith and she incarnated the noblest ideals of the Anglo-Saxon race.

valuable qualities of simplicity and economy, and she was rich in womanly sympathy. The world will not soon forget her tenderness toward Empress Eugenie, Mrs. Garfield and Princess Beatrice, all of whom, like the Queen, had felt deep and poignant grief. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin. Then, too, Victoria was interested in everything which tended to elevate women. She was a queen in her home, and believed that home was pre-eminently woman's real sphere, where she would shine as a queen.

Leslie's Weekly.

The United States was in the midst of the "era of good feeling" when Victoria was born. Monroe has had twenty successors in the Presidency since that time. This country had only 3,000,000 population then. Buffalo and Pittsburg were frontier towns, and not a house existed on the site of the magnificent metropolis of the west, Chicago.

Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, New York. Look at the time when she gave her heart to the one man she loved. Her wedded life put to shame the frivolities and follies that surrounded her. After her husband's death the brokenhearted Queen, with a deep year on her heart, was a model of womanhood.

Rev. Dr. McArthur, New York. Her dominion was not limited to the confines of the British Empire. She ruled with a sceptre over all

ent. Her long reign constitutes a bright epoch in British history. The succession is unchallenged; the new King assumes his duties with the affection and confidence of the people.

Geo. B. Reeve, Vice-President and General Manager G. T. R. In the death of our beloved Queen, the British Empire loses a Sovereign whose actions and love for her people, endeared her to every heart. She was a woman whose name was held in highest esteem by all nations. Her death is a great loss to the civilized world generally.

"STRONG AS DEATH."

O Death, when thou shalt come to me Out of the dark—where she is now, Let no faint perfume cling to thee, Of withered roses on thy brow. Come not, O Death, with hollow tone And soulless step and clanking hand— Lo, I am now no less alone Than in thy desolate, doubtful land! But with that sweet and subtle scent, That ever clings about her—such as with all things, she brushed was blest! And with her quick and tender touch.

With the dim gold that lit her hair, Crowned by soft death's lei fall thy tread So light that I may dream her there, And turn upon my dying bed. And through my chilling veins shall flow My love, as though beneath her breath: And in her voice but call my name, And I will follow thee, O Death. —H. C. BRUNNER.

Due De Arcos, Spanish Minister at Washington. Her prolonged reign has marked the highest point of national prosperity, and her history can be summed up in three phrases; she was a good wife, a good mother and a good Queen.

Sir Tek Moo, Korean Minister to U.S. The dead Queen's reign was an exemplary one; personally, her perfect domestic life, her affection for her subjects, added to wisdom and

day go out in love for her, and sympathy for the British people.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul, As the swift seasons roll; Leave thy low vaulted past! Let each new temple, nobler than the last, Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast, Till thou a length art free, Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea! —Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Rev. Dr. Briggs, Toronto.

The beauty and simplicity of her life was a gracious and potent influence in all these years, and will continue so to be for many generations yet to come. We shall not look upon her like again.

Leslie's Weekly.

The life of Queen Victoria spanned the most wonderful years of the most wonderful century that the world has ever seen. Other Sovereigns have lived almost as long, but, if measured by achievements rather than by periods of time, England itself, and all the world with it, moved far ahead along during the eighty-two years of Victoria's life than during the reigns of all the men and women who had preceded her on the English throne.

Mgr. O'Brien, Archbishop of Halifax. It is safe to say that for millions in England, the Queen's conduct was that standard. Hence the blamelessness of her public, and the purity of her domestic life, purified the malicious atmosphere of the court, and sweetened the air in the halls of the wealthy, and around the lowly hearths of the poor. This has been the greatest blessing to England of her lengthened career.

There is no death! An angel form Walks o'er the earth with silent tread; He bears our best loved things away, And then we call them "dead." —McCreery.

E. H. Clement, Editor Boston Transcript.

Victoria has exhibited the British system working at its best—and her regime will ever serve to present the ideal sovereign of a free people, reigning in full and perfect dignity, and yet leaving the people to govern.

The influence of Victoria's life has been on the side of things of good report, of religion, and of virtue, and the royal institution in her hands has thus retained a respect which, in an age when democratic ideas have made progress among her subjects, would have been greatly lessened under the reign of a more brilliant but less virtuous woman.

There is no death! The stars go down To rise upon some fairer shore; And bright in heaven's jeweled crown They shine forevermore. —McCreery.

Bishop Satterlee's Tribute

In an eloquent tribute to the late Queen, Bishop Satterlee, of Washington, D. C., said to-day: "For the world is a better world for the Queen's life as a servant of God. There are some characters so pure, so true and unselfish in their unaffected simplicity, that they belong not only to their own country but to the world at large. Something is there in the quality of their lives which enriches human history, and makes stronger our faith in human nature itself. Such was Queen Victoria. To the English nation, Her Majesty, with the sceptre of the British Empire in her hand was first the sovereign then the woman. To the people of other lands she was first the woman and then the Queen;—an example of true womanhood and royalty, so harmoniously blended together into one that by God's good help she was able to transfer those insidious temptations to evil which encompassed the Royal palace into opportunities for doing good; and so to the life for three-score years under the fiery light which beats upon a throne that all her people are

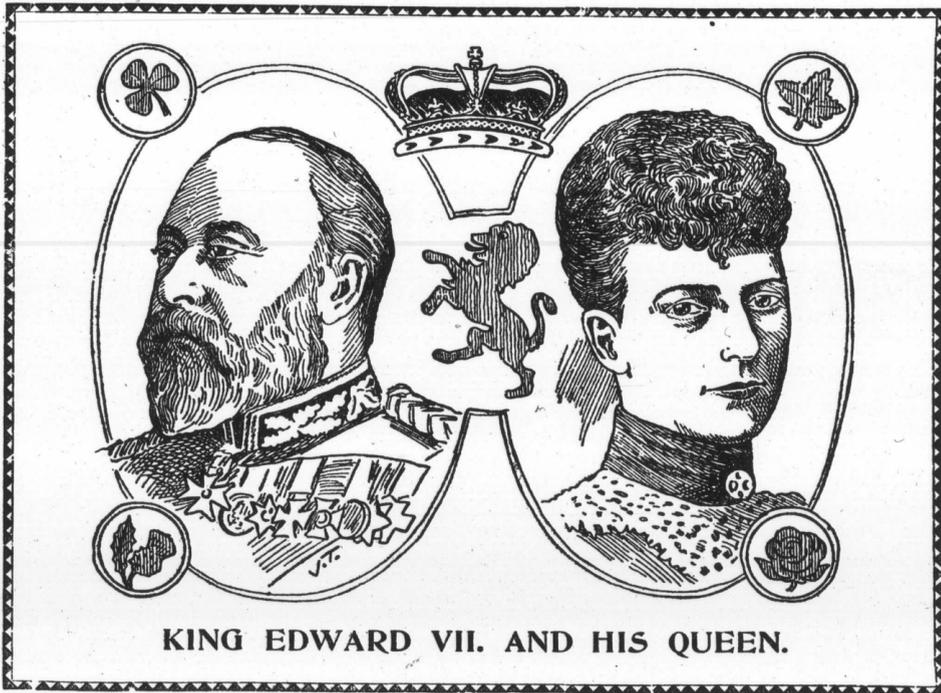
earth. In every quarter of the world the symbols of "doves" and "olive branches" have been displayed, and the minds of the people have been directed to a consideration of the virtues of her who is gone. For more than sixty years she was the central figure of a mighty Empire, and as old age came upon her she loved and devotion of her people increased. As maid, wife and widow, she had set a good example to her subjects, and history will declare that she wrought a revolution, not only in the social life, but in the national character of her people, the effects of which were by no means confined within the limits of her own dominions. Women have particular reason to be thankful that the throne of Britain has been so long occupied by so good a Queen, for the homage paid to her has been an important factor in the improvement of their legal and social position.

The merriment of soldiers and the booming of cannon are traditional methods of denoting funeral grief. But the real mourning is in the hearts of the people, who remember that the Queen loved simple, spiritual worship; that she used to teach her servants in a Bible class, and that she sympathized with all their joys and their sorrows. Winston Churchill's mother even says that the Queen may be counted as one of the victims of the war in South Africa, because every defeat, every unsuccessful skirmish, the loss or the wounding of every brave soldier, was personal to her.

Such a Queen, such a woman will be remembered and forgotten. Books will be written, from which the record of her virtues and of the achievements of her reign may be learned by generations yet to come. Those who are alive to-day will tell their children and their children's children how all classes mourned at Queen Victoria's death, and laid aside the cares of business to do honor to her memory. Her survivors have yet work to do, duties to perform, tasks to complete, ere their turn comes to lay down the burden. She would not have us waste time in unnecessary mourning in the days of her sorrow, when her husband, mother, daughter and sons were called away, the Queen did not forget nor neglect her duty to the living, and the example she set must be followed. The same loyalty and care felt for Queen Victoria is due to King Edward. The same industry and enterprise which enriched and strengthened the British Empire from 1837 to 1901 are needed to hold what we have. Queen Victoria did not take "After me the deluge" for her motto. She ruled in such a way as to lighten the tasks of those who should succeed her, and she prepared the way for the greater things to come. In a short time, the ideas of the people will become adjusted to the new conditions, and loyal subjects will work together to make the reign of King Edward outstanding even that of Queen Victoria.—Editor.

TO DEATH.

"O Death, where is thy sting? Thou grim and awesome Conqueror of Life, Beneath whose shadow, dread, the mighty quail; Who sounds the tyrant's doom; whose gory knife Spears out the just nor heeds a nation's wail; Whose ruthless stroke by sight unguided, wild Yet certain, smites alike both seer and king; Who scoops at mother's tears; dispels the child; That ravisher of joy, thou hideous thing, Why art thou, Death? Who loveth God no touch of mine may fear; I yield but clay, not spirit, to the grave. Despair's unmeasured depth of anguish, dear, Yawns vain for him who calls the Lord to save. Eternity is mine, and when no more On reels of Time the each-spect soul is buried, These these the rescuing hands to bear ashore And swing the portals of a kinder world, For Death is Life. MAURICE CLIFFORD JOHNSON



KING EDWARD VII. AND HIS QUEEN.

true women and noble men around the world. To her, as daughter, wife, mother, widow, Queen and woman, more hearts went out in love than to any other woman of the human race.

LIFE EVER.

When light unveiled her radiant face, And wrapped the world to her embrace; When into place the planets swung, This rose the heavenly choir sang: "O sacred pulse! O law divine! All purpose and all power is thine, Death, never! Life ever and forever!" And still that grand, triumphal song Thrills through all nature, deep and strong: And still vibrating, high and low, It sets the continents aflow; And in the ocean's sob and roar It sounds and speaks forevermore: "Death, never! Life ever and forever!" O human soul—a spark of love— Around thee, earth-enveloped, move Kaleidoscopic forms to-day; To-morrow thou art on thy way To fatter plains and sweeter skies! And still the thrilling anthem rises: "Death, never! Life ever and forever!"

Rev. Dr. Hillis, New York.

In 1837, when Victoria ascended the throne of the laws of England, one of her jurists said, were written for the corrupt and the rich. When she left the throne they were a staff and a bulwark for the poor.

Rev. Dr. Cadman, New York.

Victoria was as the lily growing upon an iceberg, with nothing of promise in her ancestry save the common sense and piety of her mother, who resolutely kept her from the defilement of a dissolute court, so that when she ascended the throne she rose full orbed and splendid and created an epoch.

J. W. Longley, Attorney-General, Nova Scotia.

The great functions of policy are vested in the Ministers of the Crown, but in the high position which she held so long, Queen Victoria displayed both intelligence and wisdom. Her influence generally throughout the Empire and the world has been elevating and pot-

justice, won her the praises of all nations.

U. S. Congressman Cummings, Washington. Victoria's reign is the fertilizing epoch in the history of England. The nation has been far more productive in civilization, commercial activity, literature, science, arts and invention, than ever before. She was far greater, in any estimation, than Queen Elizabeth.

Lomer Gouin, Com. Pub. Works, Quebec.

Among England's monarchs none understood or fulfilled better than the late Queen the duties of sovereignty. She endeared herself to her people to a degree unattained by any of her predecessors. She was one of the most powerful factors that made for good in the world, both by precept and example.

Henry L. Stoddart, N. Y. Mail and Express.

It is worth something, any every-thing to the world to have it demonstrated in each generation that under the weight of responsibilities and in the midst of the emblems of power the heart may be kept fresh and unspitted from the world, and that Victoria was a womanly woman or a queenly Queen, but that she was no less a sovereign because she was a woman, and less a woman because she was a Queen, is the chief distinction of Victoria. It is a rare combination of regal qualities and feminine sympathies held in perfect poise that make her illustrious among the women of history.

Wm. J. Frye, U. S. Senator.

We appreciate her pure, steadfast womanly character, her devotion to the interests of her people, to the advance of Christian civilization, to all good works.

A. D. Candler, Governor of Georgia.

When Queen Victoria dies the greatest and best monarch who has wielded a sceptre in a thousand years will have passed from time to eternity. The hearts of the civilized world go

Rev. Dr. Withrow, Toronto. Not the war-like valour of a Boadicea or a Soudra, but that in her high station she preserved the gentler graces of womanhood, of truest devotion to her people's weal, are her truest title to the homage of our hearts.

Rev. Dr. Carson, Brooklyn.

In the beginning of her reign the young Queen gave a pledge that her life should be devoted to the happiness of her subjects. During sixty-four years of faithful rule she redeemed that pledge, and when she surrendered her sceptre the other day at the call of God the heart of the world was touched.

O bells that toll in every zone and clime!

There is a sound of sobbing in your breath, East, west, north, south, the solemn clangor goes, Voicing a great, a universal grief!

Bishop Satterlee, Washington.

In her long reign, she has set a shining example to all the world of what a true Sovereign should be, and this cannot but influence the future history of civilization. No woman of the whole nineteenth century, nay I could go even further and say that no woman in the Christian era, has wielded so wonderful an influence for good, and future generations shall rise up and call her blessed.

A. A. Macdonald, Lieut.-Gov. P. E. I.

By her pure and upright life, her righteousness and her charity, by her strict observance to the laws of God and of her country; by her conduct as maiden, mother, widow, Queen and Empress, through all her long life and glorious reign, she merited and received our loving loyalty.

There is no death—the thing that we call death

Is but another, sadder name for life, Which is itself an insufficient name, Faint recognition of that unknown Life— That Power whose shadow is the Universe. —Stoddart.

joining with all her own children in rising up to call her blessed."

QUEEN AND PEOPLE.

The Marquis of Salisbury and the Earl of Kimberley, in their remarks about the late Queen in the House of Lords, spoke from the point of view of men who had had long and intimate personal association with Her Majesty. They agreed in describing her as a wise and prudent adviser, whose opinions always exercised a strong influence over her Ministers. Her knowledge of the trend of public opinion was wonderful, and is indeed difficult to explain. It is ordinarily supposed that the Ministers who are the Queen's constitutional advisers are mere empty compliments. Men like Lord Salisbury and Kimberley would not use such language unless it was true. What they say goes to show that her late Majesty did not regard her position as a sinecure, but studied and regarded the wants and wishes of the people. Yet the lesson conveyed by these statements is not that Ministers should depend upon the Sovereign to interpret the popular will. There have been, and there may be again, kings and queens whose influence and wishes will conflict seriously with those of their subjects. A case in point is that of George III., who was so bitterly opposed to Catholic Emancipation, when Ministers and people were prepared to grant it. Queen Victoria was much more reasonable and less ostentatious; she gave more thought to the good of others, and for that reason she will long be remembered with the kindest feelings.

DUST TO DUST.

"Tread lightly, bow the head, in reverent silence bow, Monday the body of our well-beloved Queen, Victoria the Good, was committed to the

The Albert mausoleum at Frogmore, where the Queen's body is entombed, and a picture of which is given in another part of this paper, is built in the royal cemetery at Frogmore, a tree-sheltered spot just behind the Tea House. It is a more imposing structure than that of the Duchess of Kent, near by, being shaped like a cross, and the flight of granite steps is guarded by bronze figures of angels. Within the mausoleum eight windows, in a blue and gold cupola, light up the marble pillars, the golden walls, the inlaid floor and the handsome frescoes. In the centre of the mausoleum is Prince Albert's tomb, on which lies a figure of the prince. Most impressive of all, and a sight that always affected those who were privileged to enter, was an empty place by the prince's side. It was nothing but a cold marble slab, marking the place where the Queen was to lie. She often came to the spot to pray. Now she takes her place there for all time. The trees surrounding the mausoleum have been planted by the various members of the royal family.

While many of the Sovereigns who have preceded Queen Victoria have been buried in Westminster Abbey, quiet a number have found a resting place in or about Windsor. George II. was the last to be interred in the Abbey. Besides the later Sovereigns who sleep at Windsor, Henry VI., Edward IV., Henry VIII. and Charles I. are buried there. Frogmore is about half a mile from Windsor.

Mrs. Eliza Kaiser, Hollis street, Halifax, helped to make Queen Victoria's bridal and coronation robes. She was then Eliza Thistleton, and the snows of eighty-five winters had not whitened her locks. The old lady loves to relate her share in the making of the Royalinery, and to tell of her meetings with members of the Queen's household.

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Bargains will jostle you at every step throughout our store during our Annual Cheap Sale.

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G. A. McCLARY

Main St., Athens.

Local Notes

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

Cash paid for basswood and white ash bolts. Athens Lumber Yard.

Rev. E. W. Crane has been confined to his home for several days.

Good stock of cedar shingles—extra values. Athens Lumber Yard.

The annual meeting of the Bible society is to be held in the Baptist church on the evening of Friday, Feb. 15th.

Miss Annie Doolan, a student of the A. H. S. is reported to be seriously ill with pleuro-pneumonia at her home in Kitley.

Miss Edith Church, an experienced and successful teacher, has been engaged for the Temperance Lake school.

Mr. Joseph Thompson, who has been very sick for the past week with quinsy, is now, we are pleased to say, much improved.

The great wave of la grippe that has prevailed in this section for the past two weeks leaves scarcely a house without an invalid. The attendance at the public school has fallen off one-third and a large number of the high school students are on the sick list.

Lake Street was en fête on Thursday last when guests to the number of sixty partook of the annual dinner at the hospitable home of Mr. W. T. Stevens. A most substantial and appetizing bill of fare was presented, which included the famed Plum Hollar chicken pie, boiled ham, roast beef, &c. Music was furnished by a violin, banjo, and organ, and it was much enjoyed by all. About thirty guests stayed for supper. W. T. was very happy in his familiar capacity as host and all voted the dinner one of the most successful of the series.

The annual Missionary meeting was held in Christ Church, Athens, on Sunday evening last. There was a large congregation present. Addresses were delivered on the mission work of the Church in the Diocese of Ontario by Rev. Joseph Elliott of North Augusta and Dr. Smythe, K. C., of Kingston. The offertory was in advance of last year. Cards for the Parochial Collection will be issued in a few days.

In Memoriam.

On Saturday last a union service in memory of our late lamented Queen was held in the Methodist church by the Baptists, Presbyterians, and Methodists, commencing at 10.30. There was a very large attendance and the proceedings were most impressive. The pulpit was enshrouded with crape and a large picture of the deceased Queen was similarly draped.

Mr. W. G. Parish presided and opened the meeting with a short address in which he eulogized very highly the life and character of the dead sovereign. Addresses on various aspects of the Victorian era were delivered by N. L. Massey, B.A., W. A. Lewis, Rev. G. N. Simmons, Dr. S. S. Cornell, G. F. Donnelley, and Wm. Johnston, M. A.

Music of a special character was rendered by a union of the different choirs, which included solos by Mrs. Lamb, Mrs. Lewis, and Miss Green. There was a very large attendance of the A. O. U. W., the members wearing the mourning badges of their order.

How long have your Kidneys been sick?—Here's South American Kidney Cure evidence that's convincing: "I am a new man—three bottles cured me." "Five bottles cured me of Diabetes." "I never expected to be cured of Bright's Disease, but half a dozen bottles did it." "I thought my days were numbered, but this great remedy cured me."—It never fails.—134

Keep your Stomach in good working order and your general health will take care of itself. This is the advice of an eminent specialist on stomach troubles, and he "clinched" the advice by prescribing Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets as a wonder worker in all phases of stomach disease from the little ferment after eating to the chronic dyspepsia. 35 cents.—136

Mr. Delorma Wiltsie is quite ill at the Gamble House.

Miss Miriam Green's music lessons are suspended this week and will not be resumed until next week.

Farmers—Good prospect for cheese next season. Keep your cows in condition—get feed at Athens grain warehouse. Lowest prices.

The regular monthly meeting of the W. M. S. of the Methodist church will be held at the home of Mrs. Stone on Thursday next at 3 p. m.

Mrs. James Patterson met with a serious accident on Tuesday evening last, falling down the cellar stairs and breaking one of her arms. She received prompt medical attendance and injured members is now doing well.

TOLL GATE ABOLITION.

On Monday last, Mr. E. J. Rowsom from Rear Yonge and Escott, and B. Loverin and Alex Taylor from village of Athens, went down to Dublin to interview the municipal council of Elizabethtown in regard to their purchasing, in conjunction with the above named municipalities, the Farmersville Plank Road and the removal of the toll gates from the road.

The ratepayers of the west side of Elizabethtown had during the past week circulated a petition which received 67 signatures and Mr. Edward Davis ably advocated the prayer of the petitioners that the council purchase that portion of the toll road lying in Elizabethtown.

Mr. E. J. Rowsom, as representative of Rear Yonge and Escott, laid the matter before the council in a clear and lucid manner, showing the benefits that would be derived by residents of Elizabethtown from having free access to the schools and markets of Athens, without having to contribute from \$3 to \$5 in tolls each year. The company owning the road were, he was told, anxious to sell and the township he represented and the village of Athens were ready to purchase, if they could get the road at a fair valuation. The small portion of the road lying in Elizabethtown would cost so little to that wealthy township that the ratepayers would never know (unless they were told) that they had been taxed for the amount.

Mr. B. Loverin, on behalf of the village of Athens, said he could not add much to the able appeal made by Mr. Rowsom. He thought that the fact of a large number of the ratepayers of the west side of the township joining in a petition to have the council purchase the portion of the road in the township should have great weight with the council. These petitioners were yearly contributing towards repairs in other portions of Elizabethtown as well as paying tolls on the Brockville macadamized road, and every time they went into Rear Yonge or village of Athens they had to go down into their pockets to the sum of from \$2 to \$5 each, a year. The cheese factories at Addison paid out large sums each year through the bank at Athens; the lumber yards and mills were a great convenience to residents of Elizabethtown; the markets at Athens were better than elsewhere, and there was a universal cry from all those wishing to do business in Athens that the toll gates were a serious obstacle to their coming to that place. Another reason why it would be a good investment for Elizabethtown to help get rid of the toll gates was, that now the farmers having business in Brockville from Charleston, Sheatown or Wiltsetown invariably went around the gate near the town line and came out at Glen Buell. If the gate there was done away with, these people would go the natural way, via Unionville, and the township would profit by the increased toll taken at the Unionville gate.

Reeve Horton on behalf of the council, said that while he personally sympathized with the wish of the people interested in getting the toll gates removed, he felt that there were many interests to be considered in coming to a conclusion. Another very important consideration with the council was that one of the oldest and ablest members of the council, Mr. William Stafford, was absent from the council through illness, and he felt that it would be unwise to come to a decision until he was present. He favored the suggestion made by B. Loverin to appoint a committee to act with the other municipalities to wait on the shar holders of the road and get their best terms of purchase.

A motion was then made appointing the reeve and Councillor Cheekly to represent Elizabethtown on that delegation.

If there's a Hint of Catarrh Taint apply Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder without delay. It will save you suffering, heal you quickly whether you have been a slave one month or fifty years. It relieves cold in the head and catarrhal headaches in ten minutes. The Hon. David Mills, Minister of Justice for the Dominion of Canada, endorses it. 50 cents.—129

"500 People Badly Bent" have in effect used these words in speaking of the curative qualities of South American Rheumatic Cure—"My legs were crippled"—"My hands were distorted"—"My joints were swollen"—"My back was bent double"—"My pain was excruciating"—"Bedridden for years." This great remedy has been the heaven-sent agent that worked a permanent cure.—130

ATHENS PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Jr. I.—Allan Bishop, Evelena Asseltine, Grace White.

Inter. I.—Kenneth Rappell, Russel Bishop, Winnie White.

Pt. II.—Rae Kincaid, Verna Gainford, Evelena Gifford, Florence Hawkins.

Jr. II.—Ether Kincaid, Carrie Covey, Martha King, Bryce Wilson, Ross McLaughlin.

Sr. II.—Jean Karley and Stanley Price, Caroline LaRue, Blake Cross, Delbert Shock, Vera Gainford.

Jr. III.—Steve Stinson, Roy McLaughlin, George Price, Asa Wiltsie, Harold Wiltsie, Roy Parish, Mabel Derbyshire, Belle Earl.

Sr. III.—Hazel Rappell, Keitha Brown, Edna Fair, Maniff Berney, Berta Weart, S. B. Sherman, Jimmie McLean, Stanley Geddes.

Jr. IV.—Edna Howe, Jessie Arnold, Wesley Stevens.

Sr. IV.—Lillie Gadwell, Eric Jones, Nellie Ballis, Elyth Wiltsie, Winnie Wiltsie, Jean Johnston, Claud Gordon, Rose Johnston, J. hnie Churchhill.

Memorial Service at Christ Church. A memorial service for her late Majesty Queen Victoria was held in Christ Church on Saturday last at 2 p. m.

The church was filled to the doors by members of the congregation, villagers, and representatives of the several fraternal societies. The service consisted of appropriate prayers, hymns and Scripture readings. The rector, Rev. Rural Dean Wright, preached an appropriate sermon.

The People's Column. Acts of 6 lines and under in this column, 25c for first insertion and 10c each subsequent insertion.

For Sale or to Rent. A seven-room cottage, near English Church, Athens. Possession at once. Apply to 36 ED. C. BULFORD, Athens.

Wanted. General servant for Brockville family. Good cook. No washing. Wages, \$12.00. References required. Apply to Box 372, Brockville.

Tinsmith Business For Sale Cheap. In a town of 1000 inhabitants; established and carried on by one firm for fifty years; stock greatly reduced at present; \$800 will buy stock and complete set of tools. Will also rent business stand. Am retiring from business. Possession given at once.

Address H. W. KINCAID, Athens, Leeds Co., Ont.

WANTED

STONE AND LUMBER. Offers will be received up to the evening of Feb. 15th, 1901, for furnishing, drawing and cording up ready for crusher, 25 or 30 cords of Hardhead stone to be delivered in such quantities as may be agreed upon, to be of a size suitable for crushing, and be piled on west end of Wiltsie street, Athens. Stone may be delivered at any time during the winter.

Also, 10,000 feet of Pine Lumber of good sound quality, 2 inches thick, suitable for sidewalks, delivered in Athens.

WM. H. JACOB CHAS. E. PICKRELL & Sons' Comm'rs Athens, Feb. 4th, 1901



DAVID DOWLSLEY. By arrangement with Mr. David Dowlsley of Frankville, his services as auctioneer can be engaged at the Athens Reporter office.

SALE REGISTER

Parties getting sale bills printed at the Athens Reporter office will receive a free notice of same under this heading.

On Monday, Feb. 11th, commencing at 1 p. m., R. I. Stevens will offer for sale at his premises, near Delta, 16 milch cows, 2 heifers, 1 bull, 2 calves, 2 thoroughbred Jersey cows in call, and his implements, vehicles, etc. W. H. Denant, auctioneer.

On Thursday, Feb. 14th, at his premises, a half-mile east of Athens, Mr. Wm. G. Johnson will offer for sale, 6 cows, 2 yearlings, span of horses, a binder, seeder, and other implements, vehicles, &c. Geo. N. Young, auctioneer.

On Wednesday, Feb. 20th, Mr. S. Y. Brown will offer for sale at his farm, Near Addison, horses, 10 cows, a lot of valuable implements, vehicles, hay, seed corn, &c. Sale at 1 p. m., D. Dowlsley, auctioneer.

On Thursday, Feb. 21st, at his premises, lots 16 and 17, con. 10, Kitley, Robert DeWolfe will offer for sale 4 horses, 9 milch cows, 2 heifers, 2 calves, 10 pigs, brood sow, implements, vehicles, sugar and dairy utensils, household furniture, &c. Sale at 12 o'clock.

Some Reasons Why You Should Insist on Having EUREKA HARNESS OIL. Unequaled by any other. Renders hard leather soft. Especially prepared. Keeps out water. A heavy bodied oil. HARNESS An excellent preservative. Reduces cost of your harness. Never burns the leather; its efficiency is increased. Secures best service. Stitches kept from breaking. OIL is sold in all localities. Manufactured by Imperial Oil Company.

LOGS WANTED. The undersigned will pay cash for good PINE, SPRUCE and SOFT PINE logs delivered at the saw mill at L'An. A. ROOT, L'An, Dec. 12, 1900

Farm for Sale or to Rent. One hundred acres of the well known Dobbs property near Athens will be sold on easy terms, or will be rented together with an adjoining 150 acres. Good buildings. Apply to WM. KARLEY, Athens. Have also for sale a good house and lot on Church street, Athens, known as the Withers property, and a vacant village lot between Dr. Cornell's residence and the Church of England Rectory, Main street, Athens. Will be sold cheap.—W. K.

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

"Old Reliable." Fall and Winter Goods NOW IN STOCK. A. M. Chassels, Merchant Tailor. has received the Fall and Winter stock of Fancy Worsteds, Fine Tweeds, for Pants and Suits, also a fine line of Vesting Materials, including Fancy Corduroy, all of which will be made up in the latest styles at moderate prices. Ready-to-Wear Clothing. New in stock a fine line of stylish Light Overcoats, Pants, Bicycle Suits, etc. Be sure to see these goods and learn the prices. Gents' Furnishings. A full range of shirts, black and colored soft materials, finest qualities of handkerchiefs, Collars, Ties, Braces, Handkerchiefs, Caps, Woolen Underwear, etc. You can get just what you want in these lines here and at a reasonable price. PRICES DEFT COMPETITION. The undersigned returns thanks to the general public for their patronage during the last 16 years and will endeavor to so conduct his business as to receive their continued trade and sustain the reputation of his store as "The Old Reliable" Clothing House. If Cloth bought at this store will be cut free of charge.

A. M. Chassels, FALL, 1900. MAIN ST., ATHENS

Defective Glasses. Glasses exactly right two years ago may be far from right to-day. The eyes change. We will examine your eyes free, and will only recommend a change if absolutely beneficial. Wm. Coates & Son, SCIENTIFIC OPTICIANS, BROCKVILLE.