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The Athens Reporter

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AND

COUNTY OF LEEDS ADVERTISER.

Vol. XVI. No. 22.

Athens, Leeds County, Ontario, Wednesday, April 25, 1900.

B. Loverin, Prop'r

"Brockville's Biggest Store."

APRIL ATTRACTIONS

HOSIERY

Ladies' Seamless, Stainless Black Cotton Hose, fine or heavy make; worth 15c; Special 12½c

Girls' Plain Cotton Hose, absolutely stainless dye and seamless, sizes 4½ to 8½ inch; prices 7c to 15c

Boys' Heavy Ribbed Cotton Hose, stainless and seamless, sizes 5 to 9½ inches, prices 12½c to 20c

NEW HATS—Many new pieces have been added to our already large stock of trimmed Headwear.

SAILOR HATS—Immense variety of Ladies' and Misses' Sailor Hats, black, white, navy, browns and mixed straws, 50c to \$2.00.

COLORING DRESS GOODS BAR-GAIN.

All Wool mixtures, 42 inches wide, in seven new colorings, worth at least 60c yard; Special 50c

CARPETS AND LACE CURTAINS.

Greater variety and better values you can't find anywhere, and besides you can get Double Trading Stamps on all cash purchases made this week.

HEAVY HOME SPUN DRESS GOODS.

All Wool in ten shades, 54 inches wide, worth at least \$1.15 yard; our special 89c

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60c value for 50c—12 designs to choose from, with stair to match; worth fully 60c a yard; our special for 50 Cents

Other at 25c, 30c, 35c, 39c, 45c, 65c, and 75c.

LADIES' KNITTED UNDERWEAR

Special for spring wear.

Balbrigan Vest with high neck, short or long sleeves, sizes 30 to 34 inch, worth 50c; special 39c

Elastic Ribbed Vests, no sleeves, each 5c

Elastic Ribbed Vests, with short sleeves, unbleached, each 7c

Elastic Ribbed Vests, with long sleeves, unbleached, each 10c

Bleached Ribbed Cotton Vest, with short sleeves, lace trimmed neck; 3 sizes, Special 12½c

ENGLISH BRUSSEL CARPET.

Big variety, new designs, \$1.15 value for \$1.00

MILLINERY.

New consignment of Flowers and Fruit, in the latest pastel shadings.

Chrysanthemums, Clusters of grapes, and foliage, and Poppies. Most exquisite goods—hard to distinguish from real.

CORSETS.

New lot CORSETS just passed into stock.

Excellent Value.

See our special Corset, any size, in grey, worth 75c, for 50 Cents

\$1.00 value for 75c—Steel filled Corset, short or long waist, lace trimmed top and bottom, worth \$1.00, for 75c

Ask to see our "C. P." Celebrated Genuine French Corsets; per pr. \$1.00 to \$3.50.

PATTERNS.

New Idea Patterns, any pattern, no matter what—wrapper, waist, costume or skirt—only 12½c

Guaranteed perfect.

ROBERT WRIGHT & CO.

LEWIS & PATTERSON DRESS GOODS

Among our Dress Goods will be found the new goods for the Spring season. We offer the best production of the leading foreign and domestic looms at prices as low as possible, consistent with style and quality, and we ask our many customers to look here. Our Dress making Department may be useful to you.

Black Satin Soleil, rich silky finish, makes a very stylish gown, 44 inches, all wool, only 68c

44 in. Henrietta, all wool, silk finish and heavy make, a stylish gown and hangs in graceful fold, only 50c

BLACK LUSTRES AND ALPACAS—These materials are well known by all ladies as giving perfect satisfaction in wear; always neat and of bright finish, and always in demand, 25c, 35c, 45c, 50c, 60c to \$1.25 per yard.

54 in. Honespun Suitings, the latest colorings in grey and in grey brown, starting at... \$1

Black Wool Orape Cloth, 44 inch, rain has no effect on it, very suitable for morning dress, at 55c

Ladies' Ready-to-wear Skirts in Serge \$3.00

Ladies' Ready-to-wear Skirts in Alpaca 2.35

Ladies' Ready-to-wear Skirts in Fancy Blacks 2.45

Ladies' Ready-to-wear Homespun Suitings... \$9.50 to \$16.50

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PATRIOTIC CANADIANS.

Mr. Fred Ritter, who is employed in the office of the Berwind-White Coal Mining Co., New York, sent us last week the programme of a concert held by Canadians in that city on the evening of the 20th, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the Canadian Patriotic Fund. In speaking of the event, Mr. Ritter says:

"Although the house was not filled as it was hoped it would be, yet the enthusiasm which prevailed made up for lack in numbers. Particularly was this manifest while the quartette rendered 'Rule Britannia.' When the line was reached 'Britons never shall be slaves,' many of the more enthusiastic could no longer keep their seats, and the result was that instead of the selection being rendered by the quartette alone, many in the audience joined in with them, while others heartily cheered. This was fully enjoyed by the quartette, for all the talent were of good Canadian stock, all of whom received no pay for their services."

The net proceeds of the evening will, perhaps, not be large, as the rental of the hall was about \$250, yet it plainly demonstrated that although Canadians may live under the stars and stripes, the union jack has still the warmer spot in their hearts."

AN OUTING IN CALIFORNIA.

A Young Pacific Sloper Tells of the Fun and Physic of that Country—His Sickness Due to the American Civil War.

The truth of the old saying, "Boys are boys, the world over," is well exemplified by the appended letter, which was written from Fairview, Cal., by a 10-yr.-old boy to his cousin of the same age in Newboro. We give it verbatim.

DEAR HATTIE.—I got your letter about two weeks ago. I have not written you because I have been sick in bed. We have a dog but not the same one but her baby. Carlo, he is black all but a little brown spot on the top of his head, and a little brown on his breast.

I have not been to Newport Beach this winter, we will go when the boys get out of school. We have had a good deal of wind lately and people say that the ocean is very rough.

Yesterday, about half past eleven, Spot, our oldest calf, got a little calf, it is just like she is and very pretty.

I will send you the leaves and this stamp which I got off of my "Carter's Little Liver Pills," it is not worth much because you can get forty of them for twenty-five cents but though you might like it. And this other is torn so it is not much good.

PART I.—HOW I GOT SICK.

Well, as I said, I was sick, I was "leaning on the rail" a good deal, but the rail happened to be the side of the bed and you can imagine I was not looking for a sail! No! I was pretty nearly like a piece of poetry I read in the Epworth League Herald a little while ago it was something like this, [these are not the exact words]:

I am leaning on the rail,
Am I looking for a sail!

O No!

I'm my father's only daughter
Casting bread upon the water
In a way I hadn't taught—

That's what!

It is not the way it was printed but it is nearly the same words. Now I will tell you so that you can warn other boys how I got sick. It was Wednesday last week I got home from school all right then Dick came and got me to go with his brother and himself to try to scare up a Jack rabbit, of course I went, we walked around for a while but did not get anything at last we came to a pasture there were some birds of small dimensions but there were two larger ones that looked like quails Dick took the gun and down went one of the bigger birds it happen to be near a well so we cleaned it (as boys do) and pulled it in three parts Dick got ½ of the breast I the other it looked good but Johnny got the legs and back, we made a fire we took sticks and ran them through our pieces of meat we held them over the fire to cook, of course our sticks would burn in two and our meat fall in the ashes but that was nothing we were doing something our mothers would not like so we kept on, the fire went out so our meat was half raw, Johnny, Dick's brother, ate toes and toenails and all but he was smacking his jaws like he was eating a egg instead of toes, Dick too ate all of his but I only ate a little and then gave it to Johnny who ate it bones and all, so that is how I got sick.

PART II.—HOW I GOT WELL.

Next day I got up feeling funny in my stomach but I went to school bare-foot so when I come home I go and lie down on our bed with the blinds all down. Next day I was worse and did not go to school but at night, O dear me! that nasty medicine box showed its face, it happened to be the pills or capsules. O my heart! Mama gave me one and I bit it in two so I had to eat the insides. Oh! it was nasty. Next morning I went to school for one hour and then came home. Remember it was a dove Dick shot. Saturday I was sick in bed and did not eat anything, Sunday too. Monday I got my "Carter's Little Liver Pills" and had to take some of them (that's where I got the stamp though). Tuesday sick but could eat some egg and toast. As far as I have written I was "leaning on the rail" but yesterday I was all right, so I was cured by five of Carter's pills and good care from mama.

PART III.—WHY THE BIRD WAS KILLED.

Dick's uncle was a Union soldier and his gun broke, so he picked up this musket from a man who was dead. After the war he gave it to Dick's Grandfather and he gave it to Dick, so if that man had not of been killed I would not of got sick.

HARVEY HOLDEN.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

The following particulars of Mr. Harry Moffatt's adventure, referred to in the Reporter last week, are given in the Merrickville Star:

Mr. Harry S. Moffatt, postmaster and general merchant of Jasper, would be almost justified, after his experience of last Saturday, in coming to the conclusion that he was not born to be drowned. He came to town that morning to market as he generally does every Saturday and about four o'clock that afternoon he started for home. He had not disposed of all his produce and among other things he was taking back with him were five cases of eggs. On the road side in front of Mr. Alex Clark's farm there is a watering place, that is a road or track down into the edge of the water and out again, where passers by may drive their horses to give them a drink. Mr. Moffatt drove into the place but was not careful to keep in the well beaten way, and the first thing he knew, he and the horse, wagon and all were under water. The bed of the river is shallow at the place for only a few feet out and then it goes sheer off into about twenty feet of water. Mr. Moffatt had gone straight into it and over the edge into the deep water. When his wagon went down he floated off and although he could not swim a stroke he got to shore some way fully thirty feet from where he went in. Mrs. Phillips of "Riverview" noticed him driving into the place from the house and not seeing him come out again told Mr. Clark and her husband she thought something must be wrong. They went down at once and found Mr. Moffatt leaning against the fence numb and speechless. They took him to the house, put dry clothing on him and gave him a hot drink and then went back to see about the horse. At first they could find no trace of it but while they were searching, it floated up from the bottom, feet first. They fastened a chain to it, brought down their team and drew it out, wagon and all. The horse was a valuable animal and its loss is a serious one to Mr. Moffatt. The cases of eggs and other things that were in the wagon floated off and were washed ashore. Mr. Moffatt went home that night and is reported to be alright.

One remarkable sign of the times in England is the breaking up of the old idea that to entertain, save in one's own home, was a social crime. Now, always the rage for dining and giving parties in the hotels of London has become so great that it is impossible to get a dinner table at any of the fashionable places without engaging it days before-hand.

FRONT OF YONGE.

MONDAY, April 23.—Mr. David Phillips will shortly take the road for a firm in Toronto.

Mr. Thomas Dickey and wife are visiting at Mallorytown and while there will be guests of Mrs. Mallory.

Wexford would have been the best heading for the Caintown news of last week.

We shall be before long like unto the Queen of Sheba—possessed of a great desire to see the Athenian poet. Athens should be, as we doubt not she is, proud of her poet, painter, sketcher, and caricaturist, and we do not flatter Mr. C. Slack when we say that he should take the field of lecturing.

Mrs. Richard Ladd, widow of the late Richard Ladd, is very ill at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Eagley.

It is reported that a new doctor is about to hang out his shingle in Athens under the cognomen of Dr. Jug. He comes from the north, and is highly recommended. We take exception to the name, to begin with.

The Star Wardrobe

Is the place for a Nobby Suit, Overcoat or Trousers. Also Fancy Vestings.

Gents' Furnishings

ALWAYS ON HAND.

We give Trading Stamps.

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FARMERS—Consult your best interest and breed the fowl the market calls for.

THOROUGHBRED LIGHT BRAHMAS

50c 12 Eggs—Non-Scratchers Non-Flyers, won't destroy your garden. When you kill them, weight to you.

HALF-BREED BRAHMA-BHORNS

50c 12 Eggs—Brahma also, high horn laying qualities.

Book your orders now. Eggs shipped carefully to any address on receipt of price. Address

E. D. PRICE, ATHENS

CARD PLAYING, DANCING, ETC.

A Danbury, Conn., despatch of April 12th says: The New York East Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church to day voted unanimously to memorialize the General Conference, which convenes in Chicago next month, to amend section 248 in the Discipline by striking out the list of amusements specifically prohibited by the church. This action was taken after a spirited debate, in which nearly all of the leaders of the Conference supported the resolution. The resolution was brought before the Conference by Professor Rice of Wesleyan University. The amusements enumerated are, attending horse races, going to the theatres, playing cards and dancing. Professor Rice said that the Christian's conscience should be the judge of his amusements.

He declared "a decent dance is not so bad as the kissing games prevalent in the church, the presentation of a good drama not half so bad as many of the things given in church societies, and to make the test of membership on such grounds as this rule insists upon, is not Methodistic, but pharisaic."

"I do not believe in dancing, theatre going or card playing, but I do believe these specifications are harmful and keeping out of our church young men who prefer to go where there are less fussy regulations. We are losing those most independent in judgment. Men do not like our sense of bondage. We should have less of the bondage of the letter and more of the freedom of the spirit."

The Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley, of New York, said that the clauses referred to were really the great promoters of the worldliness which now honey combed the church. All specifications of the kind are contrary to the doctrine of St. Paul. The only things that should be prohibited are those which are essentially immoral. Dr. Buckley declared that nine-tenths of the operas are more debasing than the majority of theatrical plays, still a Methodist can go to an opera every night in the week.

PRINCE PATRICK.

London, April 5.—It is said that, by the desire of Queen Victoria, the son that was born to the Duke and Duchess of York, Saturday, will be christened Patrick.

O, Paddy, dear, and did you hear
The news that's going round?
The shamrock blooms as ne'er before
All o'er the Irish ground;
The Queen has come to Dublin town
And right o' top of that,
She telegraphs the Duke of York,
To call the baby Pat!

She might have given to the Duke
The choice of several names;
For instance, Matthew, Mark, and Luke,
And John and Joe and James
And Jacob, Isaac, Abraham,
But no—instead of that,
See telegraphs the Duke of York
To call the baby Pat!

She might have wished the boy to bear
Some Scotch or English name,
Some chieftain of the mighty past
That fills the trump of fame;
But Scottish names she put aside,
And English—think o' that—
And turning to the Emerald Isle,
She said, Let's call him Pat!

O, Paddy, dear, 'tis very clear
The Shamrock's blooming right,
So let's be wearing of the green
And dance a jig to night;
The Queen has come to Dublin town
And right o' top of that,
She telegraphs the Duke of York,
To call the baby Pat!

—New York Mail and Express.

Stop the Pain But Destroy the Stomach—This is sadly too often the case. So many nausea, vomitings purporting to cure, because they are so loaded with injurious drugs and narcotics, in the end do the patient immensely more destroy the digestive organs than cure is impossible. Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets are a purely vegetable pepsin preparation, as harmless as milk. One after eating prevents any disorder of the digestive organs. 60 in a box—35 cents. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

Dr. Clarence Church died at his home in Ottawa on Friday last. Deceased, who was born at Merrickville in 1846, was a son of the late Dr. Basil R. Church, who represented North Leeds and Grenville in the Canadian Assembly from 1864 to 1868.

REDUCTION IN PRICE

DR. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER.

The price of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder has been reduced by the manufacturers from sixty cents to fifty cents a bottle. This remedy, which has been recommended as no other one in existence, by members of Parliament, ministers and educational men can now be had of any druggist at 5 cents a bottle. It relieves all kinds of catarrhs and all pain caused by colds or catarrh. It is delightful to use. It cures completely. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION

DYNAMITERS AT WELLAND.

Desperate Attempt to Blow Up a Welland Canal Lock.

THREE MEN UNDER ARREST

Members of a Gang of American Dynamiters.

ATTEMPT TO BLOW UP LOCK 24 AT THOROLD

Fenianism and Pro-Boerism Among the Motives Suggested, but Opposition the Connors Syndicate and a Consequent Desire to Cripple the Welland Canal More Generally Accepted Theory—Story of the Arrest of the Men—Fuses Found in Their Rooms at Niagara Falls, N.Y.—Soldiers Guard the Jail at Niagara Falls, Ont., in Which the Men are Confined—Alleged Proposal From Buffalo to Rescue Them.

UNDER ARREST.

Earl Dullman, Washington, D. C., John Walsh, Washington, D. C., John Nolin, Philadelphia, Pa., aged 50.

St. Catharines, April 22.—A most daring but, fortunately, unsuccessful attempt was made about 7 o'clock last evening to blow up the lock gates of lock 24, new canal, at Thorold, with dynamite, and thus delay the opening of navigation which is set for Wednesday next, 25th. On the arrival of the Niagara, St. Catharines & Toronto Railway train at Thorold, about 6:30 p.m., two men were seen to light, each carrying a small valve, they walked a short distance up the canal bank, and then made for the canal gate, which they followed until they arrived at a rope, and were seen to go behind a storehouse at the lock, evidently to arrange the fuses. They walked around for a few minutes, when one of the men proceeded to the lower gates and the other to the upper gates. Nothing was thought of their action at the time. The man at the lower gates quickly lit the fuse, and a hissing noise (fire) on the fuse, lowered it down about eight or ten feet, against the side of the lock gate. He then walked quickly away, passing his companion on the way to the road, and calling to him "to hurry up and drop it," which his companion did. At this time the first explosion occurred, smashing the ironwork of the gate to pieces, and blowing a hole in the woodwork. In two or three minutes after the second charge of dynamite exploded, doing similar damage to the upper gate. Fortunately, both gates, although badly sprung, only settled firmly on the bottom of the lock and held their places, thus preventing the large body of the water, nearly half a mile in length, from locks 24 and 25 from bursting through. Had this occurred great damage would have been done not only to the canal, but also the surrounding country which would have been flooded. By the time the second explosion occurred the two men were running rapidly toward the road carrying their fuses. The windows in the neighborhood were broken. The explosions were distinctly felt both in St. Catharines and Port Dalhousie, five and eight miles distant. The damage to the lock gates will not be so great as at first feared, and will be fully repaired in a few days, and will not delay the opening of the canal on Wednesday next. The plans of the men have been successful, great damage would have been done not only to the canal but to the surrounding country, together with probable loss of life. The Welland division of the Grand Trunk Railway runs in a deep cut alongside of the canal, only the banks separating them, with the station immediately below. This, with a number of houses, would no doubt have been swept away, and the country, for miles around, would have been flooded, as the level above it is about a mile long with sixteen feet of water in it.

THE OBJECT.

The district round about is greatly excited at the daring attempt, and all kinds of rumors are flying around as to the object of destroying the canal, some placing it to opposition to the Connors syndicate, others to the grain shovellers' trouble in Buffalo and, again, to Boer sympathizers from across the river. The majority of people, however, claim it is in connection with the grain shovellers' trouble and a desire to prevent the grain from coming otherwise so to Buffalo from coming through the canal and down the St. Lawrence route. All is more or less conjecture, but was brought out at the trial of the men.

PARTICULARS OF THE ARREST.

Niagara Falls, Ont., April 21.—(G. N. W. Press Despatch.)—The Ontario police were notified at 7:15 by telegraph of the blowing up of lock 24 on the new canal at Thorold this evening. Detective Mains with his rifle immediately called on Nolin and covered the whole front to apprehend the men from the message dispatch given to them as they were seen flying from the scene of their work. As the news spread on the streets people turned out in crowds to assist the police. Constable Clark, who had been called from the township and vicinity of the explosion on horseback, and his officers, Wilson and Constable Clark, of Thorold, arrived about 9 o'clock and reported they had passed two men on the Thorold road in Stamford, who compared favorably with the description given by the men. Detective Mains, with Officer

Walsh and Constable Clark, of Thorold, started out towards Stamford and, on reaching the west end of Bridge street, where the first concession crossing the road about 9:30 o'clock. Calling themselves until the men reached them in the dark, arresting them both, and found each man had a loaded revolver in his outside pocket, ready for action. They both tallied with the description given by Thorold. The men had been around town for the past week and had been under police surveillance for the past two or three days, as supposed crooks. The men were John Walsh, Washington, D. C., aged 28, smooth face, small size, and John Nolin, Philadelphia, Pa., 50 years, dark brown mustache, tall, stout man, weighing 215 pounds. Both men wore dark stiff hats. Walsh had \$35 in his pockets and Nolin \$11. The police, being aware that these two men had been seen in the company of a short, smooth-faced man with whom they had crossed and recrossed the steel arch bridge two or three times a day during the past three or four days, whom they appeared to meet at the same given point, set out at once and hunted in the third man, who, however, positively refused to give his name or to identify himself when he arrived at the police station. The third man arrived at the 12th, and after supper, engaged room No. 4 and after supper paid his bill and left the hotel and did not return until the evening of April 16th. When he arrived at the hotel, he occupied the room over the street, going out two or three times every day, principally to the American side of the river. He drank pretty freely and was generally a general fellow, spending his money freely. He apparently had considerable cash about him. He registered at the Rosell Hotel on both occasions as Earl Dullman, Washington, D. C. Detective Mains feels confident he has the right men, and that they are part of an organized gang. Dullman he considered the leader. He was well dressed in a dark suit with a white soft felt hat. The other two men are dressed in dark suits, not so carefully taken care of. The men will be detained, Walsh and Nolin charged with blowing up the lock at the canal with dynamite. They will have a hearing Monday.

TALK OF BREAKING JAIL.

Information was received this afternoon that probably an attempt would be made by a gang of dynamiters from Buffalo to forcibly liberate the prisoners some time to-night. Mayor Slater with two other magistrates, made a search for a detachment of No. 1 Co. of the 44th Battalion to send an attempt to further injure the canal. Chief Young and Detective Mains placed a strong guard of department police in front of the jail to-day where the prisoners were locked up.

MEYER'S ROOMS SEARCHED.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., April 21.—(Special.)—Sergeant Maloney went to the Dolphin Hotel, and the proprietor of the Dolphin Hotel, who had had him as boarder for a week, told him of whom he knew little or nothing. Maloney went to the room occupied by the men, and there found a rubber bag filled with dynamite. That was the only thing to be found there. The proprietor of the Dolphin Hotel said that the men had been in his room for a week and engaged a room. They said little to anyone and told absolutely nothing about themselves, where they came from, why they were in the Falls. They were in the room for several days, and he spent all of their nights, so far as known, in the hotel, but made frequent trips abroad by day, several times a week. The men were in the room for a week and engaged a room. They said little to anyone and told absolutely nothing about themselves, where they came from, why they were in the Falls. They were in the room for several days, and he spent all of their nights, so far as known, in the hotel, but made frequent trips abroad by day, several times a week.

EXTRA POLICE SWORN IN.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., April 22.—It is pretty well established that Fenianism or Boer sympathizers, as when he arrived had nothing whatever to do with the blow-up attempt to destroy the locks of the Welland Canal at Thorold last night. The story advanced is that it was a bold and premeditated attempt on the part of the Buffalo scoundrels, as a revenge for the establishing of grain elevators at Port Colborne and Montreal by the Connors syndicate, it is a result of the great strike of the Buffalo elevators last year, when Mr. Connors fought them to a finish. The Buffalo police advance this solution of the situation, it was rumored after the State, Sunday evening, which states that a large party of the Buffalo scoundrels had left Buffalo for Niagara Falls, presumably to liberate the three men under arrest, and that they were in the town of Niagara Falls, Ont., and the volunteers belonging to the 44th Battalion were instructed to be in readiness to resist any attempt to liberate the prisoners. Chief Young, of the Ontario frontier police, swore in 50 deputy police, who are guarding the canal, and he also swore in a detachment of the Buffalo police, who are guarding the canal, and he also swore in a detachment of the Buffalo police, who are guarding the canal.

A GANG OF DYNAMITERS.

Niagara Falls, April 22.—(G. N. W. Press Despatch.)—Without a doubt the Ontario police here have made a very important arrest in the three men charged with blowing up the gates of lock 24 of the Welland Canal at Thorold last evening. Chief Young and Detective Mains have been working assiduously all day to-day, and with the assistance of Buffalo detectives, have probably unearthed a gang of dynamiters operating from the Dolphin House at Suspension Bridge, N. Y., the Rosell Hotel here and Buffalo, N. Y. The leader is supposed to be the man registered at the Rosell Hotel. The three men, no doubt for the purpose of taking observations for their dastardly work, drove out to Chippawa, along the Welland river, to the canal at Port Robinson, on Wednesday last and again on Friday to Thorold and left last evening on the Niagara Central train at 6 p. m. for Thorold with two trunks to describe valves, which contained the dynamite cartridges and fuses attached. The police have with them who can identify the two men Walsh and Nolin as the men who were seen lighting the fuse at lock 24 and the other who was seen lighting the fuse. The following is a detailed and corrected description of the prisoners:

No. 1—John Walsh, 27 years of age, 5 feet 9 inches, smooth, medium florid face, weight 170 pounds, brown hair, wears dark brown suit of clothes, sack coat, black silk four-in-hand tie, black stiff hat; he claims to be a barber from Washington, D. C. No. 2—John Nolin, 5 feet 2 inches,

140 pounds, 35 years of age, brown hair, sandy mustache, second finger of the right hand bears evidence of being crushed at the tip, wears cheap suit of blue serge, sack coat, black stiff hat; says he is a machinist from Philadelphia. No. 3—Refuses to give any account of himself, but registered at the Rosell Hotel as Karl Dullman, Washington, D. C.; 5 feet 9 inches, stout build, 215 pounds, smooth, full face, brown hair, quite grey, wears a lead-colored small check suit, sack coat, white fedora hat, white shirt and turn-down collar and black tie.

The general impression is that the prisoners are not Boer sympathizers, but only three of a gang of dynamiters operating, probably as hirelings of capitalists or labor to cripple the Welland canal, with a view to diverting the traffic of the upper lakes from Montreal to Buffalo. Several of the men are still at large, and another attempt will probably be made to further injure the canal. Chief Young and Detective Mains placed a strong guard of department police in front of the jail to-day where the prisoners were locked up.

Col. Dalgetty Holds Out Against Fierce Attack.

RUNDLE'S AND BRABANT'S MEN

Fighting Their Way Steadily to His Relief.

No Word of Roberts' Advance Yet—Busy Clearing His Lines—Ten Thousand Attacked Butler in Natal—Canadians at Springfield—Boers Now Said to Have 80,000 Men in the Field—Report That General DeWitt Has Been Killed—Warren to be Governor of Free State—More Canadians Dangerously Ill—Some Boer Jokes.

London, April 23.—Fighting is proceeding south and east of Wepener, while the bombardment of the British garrison at that place continues with renewed vigor. Gen. Ruddle's column is gradually pressing its way east against a stubborn resistance by the Boers, who hold strong positions. Gen. Brabant, advancing from the south is now at Bosman's kop. His force has been ordered to prevent an invasion of the country by the Boers, about fifteen miles south of Wepener, after taking a week to cover the forty miles from Rouxville. The delay was caused by the bad weather that has been prevailing.

Before the Fighting.

Morlogs Post, O. F. S., April 19, 8 p.m.—The eighth army division, commanded by Gen. Sir Henry Ruddle, is now east of Reddersburg. The camp of the division is beautifully situated. For five days past the rain fell in torrents, flooding the country, and making the roads almost impassable for the cavalry and artillery. The infantry had great difficulty in getting through the mud, and in which part of the country was converted. To-day, however, the weather conditions have much improved, and the flooded lands are getting rid of the water.

Got Behind Their Laager.

Makkerstrom, O. F. S., April 21, 10 p.m.—There is no change in the position here to-day. Desultory firing is being kept up by the artillery. General Brabant has made a successful reconnaissance, sustaining few casualties. He caused some excitement here by getting in the rear of their laager.

A Decisive Battle.

London, April 23.—It is quite probable that by this time General Sir Henry Ruddle has fought a decisive battle with the Boers. He entrenched himself Saturday to await the arrival of Gen. Campbell with the 16th brigade, and the commander arrived Saturday evening, and news may, therefore, be expected at any moment. It is still impossible to ascertain the position of affairs at Bloemfontein or to learn when the long-expected advance northward will begin. The despatches conflict regarding the state of the preparations. Present indications, however, point to still further delay.

Ruddle's Men Engaged.

Walkerstrom, near De Wetsdorp, Saturday, April 21.—Fighting was continued to-day, mainly with the artillery. The infantry and mounted infantry pushed forward on the right flank, and were subjected to shelling and a heavy rifle fire. The Royal Irish Rifles captured a Boer flag.

Brabant Fighting Too.

Maseru, Basutoland, April 22.—Gen. Brabant's advanced guard reached Bushman's Kop last evening. The Boers held a strong position there, with two guns. The engagement opened at sunrise, with heavy rifle fire. At 8:30 a. m. cannonading began, and continued for several hours. The Boers were divided into three divisions, two being in positions to repel a relief column, and a distant force of whose artillery is audible.

80,000 Boers in the Field.

London, April 23.—A despatch to the Times from Lorenzo Marquez says it is reported there that Gen. De Wet, the Boer commander, has been killed. The despatch adds that the members of the Irish Army Brigade with the Boers have decided to fight against the British. Similar decision has been reached by all the ambulance corps from Continental Europe.

HEAVY FIGHTING AT WEPENER.

Col. Dalgetty Holds Out Against Fierce Attack.

RUNDLE'S AND BRABANT'S MEN

Fighting Their Way Steadily to His Relief.

No Word of Roberts' Advance Yet—Busy Clearing His Lines—Ten Thousand Attacked Butler in Natal—Canadians at Springfield—Boers Now Said to Have 80,000 Men in the Field—Report That General DeWitt Has Been Killed—Warren to be Governor of Free State—More Canadians Dangerously Ill—Some Boer Jokes.

London, April 23.—Fighting is proceeding south and east of Wepener, while the bombardment of the British garrison at that place continues with renewed vigor. Gen. Ruddle's column is gradually pressing its way east against a stubborn resistance by the Boers, who hold strong positions. Gen. Brabant, advancing from the south is now at Bosman's kop. His force has been ordered to prevent an invasion of the country by the Boers, about fifteen miles south of Wepener, after taking a week to cover the forty miles from Rouxville. The delay was caused by the bad weather that has been prevailing.

Before the Fighting.

Morlogs Post, O. F. S., April 19, 8 p.m.—The eighth army division, commanded by Gen. Sir Henry Ruddle, is now east of Reddersburg. The camp of the division is beautifully situated. For five days past the rain fell in torrents, flooding the country, and making the roads almost impassable for the cavalry and artillery. The infantry had great difficulty in getting through the mud, and in which part of the country was converted. To-day, however, the weather conditions have much improved, and the flooded lands are getting rid of the water.

Got Behind Their Laager.

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infantry, who opened fire. Later, the Boers shelled Elands Laagte colliery. The shells fell close to the mine, but did no damage. The work at the mine was stopped, but it was resumed next day.

The British guns opened fire. The naval brigade on the right sent a few shells in the direction of the Boer guns which were posted on a long ridge, 4,000 yards to the right of the bridge. They were difficult to locate, but the Boers were seen retreating over the hill toward Wepener. Several of the shells caught them, and must have done some damage.

Later in the day the Boers showed activity in the trenches on the ridges near front of Elands Laagte. A few 4.07 shells forced them to relinquish their works. This position was only 4,800 yards distant from Elands Laagte.

Defence of the Isle of Grain. London, April 22.—The War Office has decided to strengthen the defences of the Thames at Medway, and it will commence without delay the construction of a new fort on the Isle of Grain.

Canadian Soldiers Dangerously Ill. London, April 21.—A list of soldiers dangerously ill in South Africa, which was issued by the War Office to-day, includes the following Canadians: R. Agassiz, T. Moore, G. E. Finch, A. Matheson, and L. McGivern.

St. Helena Colony. St. Helena, April 22.—Much excitement and conjecture have been caused by the signaling of a French warship in Prosperous bay on Thursday. The vessel was first seen close to the shore in Sandy bay, south of the island, where it remained until late in the day. It then steamed in the direction of Jamestown, and has not been seen since.

General Cronje with his wife and staff have been living in a nice little country house. Later they will remove to a larger one. The Transvaal Lakes Erie has arrived with 394 prisoners, including 34 officers. The health of the prisoners is good.

To Try the Rebels. London, April 22.—The Law Journal says a special court will be constituted for the trial of rebels in South Africa, of which the Lord Chief Justice, Baron Russell of Killowen, will be a member.

Some Boer Jokes. Bloemfontein, April 21.—The Boers on Leuw kop are estimated to number 45,000. At noon yesterday they were photographed in English: "Are you fit? When are you going off duty?" The British replied: "When we get to Pretoria." Then the Boers hollered: "How is his Lordship?" The British replied: "Is Kruger packing up?" A number of messages of this kind were exchanged. The Boers signalled: "We don't like soldiers' work, but we do like whiskey." The Englishmen answered: "We have only half a bottle, but come over and share it." Several similar jocular messages were exchanged.

The British commander telegraphed to-day that ten Boers had been sniping at the British mounted patrols in the early afternoon. About 100 other burghers were seen supporting them, but they afterward withdrew. It is estimated that there were 500 men behind Leuw Kop and 2,000 in the vicinity of the waterworks. The aggression of the Boers was probably a covering movement to defend their retreat.

A heavy rainstorm for the last two days has placed the country in a so-called condition. The veldt is in such a state that it is almost impossible for cavalry and mounted infantry to pass over it. It is noticed that the horses which are now coming to the front are much superior to those sent to South Africa a few months ago.

Canadians at Springfield. Bloemfontein, April 21.—(Special.)—The Canadians moved this afternoon to Springfield, six miles to the east of this place.

Sergeant Beattie died on the 14th. Mr. John A. Ewan has arrived here. Frederick Hamilton.

Mr. Hamilton's second reference to the death of Sergeant Beattie is the result of an inquiry addressed him by the Globe.

Mr. Hamilton's reference to Mr. Ewan in his cable despatch shows that the second contingent, which Mr. Ewan accompanied in the interests of the Globe, has arrived at Bloemfontein, and is another indication that the movement towards Pretoria is about to begin, if it has not, in fact, already commenced.

FEAR ANOTHER LONG SLEEP. Montreal's "Sleeping Girl" Removed to the Hospital.

Montreal, April 22.—Miss Eva Roch, the celebrated "sleeping girl," has been removed to the Hotel Dieu Hospital at her own request. The physicians who have watched her case are afraid from symptoms which have developed that, unless measures are taken against it, she may fall again shortly into one of her long slumbers, and although she does not show any great decrease of vitality, they are afraid that in her present weak condition another sleep like the previous one would be her last. Some time after she awoke from her last sleep she was able to sit up, but of late she has been obliged to take to her agaja. She has had numerous hemorrhages, but, strange to say, they do not weaken her perceptibly. When asked by what she is she replied: "About the same as usual." She suffers very severely from pains in the lower part of her body, but she never seems to be troubled only once in a while with a pathetic desire to see the sunshine and to breathe the fresh air. Up to this she has been asked by her physicians to get up, but she has repeatedly and stoutly objected to the idea, since the physicians had tried to her their fears for her, she herself requested that she be taken there, so that she may be spared to improve.

Eustace Jameson, representative of the British Parliament in Ireland, is in Ottawa, and has been interviewed by Sir Wilfrid the other members of the

IN SPITE OF HIS BIRTH.

"I must go back to my duties," she said, with a ring of energy in her tone that he had not heard before. "But let me thank you again for the fresh courage and hope which you have put into my heart today. I feel like a new creature."

"I am only too grateful to have been instrumental in lightening your burden, as ever so little," he returned, with emotion. Then he added, as he extended his hand to her: "And Mrs. Heatherton, may I presume to ask if you will regard me as a friend from this time on?"

"Thank you; I shall be only too glad to do so," Miriam smilingly replied, as she laid her delicate, lady-like hand in his.

"And if I can ever be of assistance to you—if I can at any time, or in any way, advise or help you in the future regarding Ned, pray command me," Mr. Langmaid added, with hearty earnestness, his companion replied.

"Ah! he's a queer old gentleman," said Mr. Langmaid, with a laugh. "But kind-hearted, in spite of his brusque ways. He owns most of the hotel; I understand he's keen and looks after business with a shrewdness that few men possess. I think he is worth a great deal of money. By the way," the gentleman added, with a sudden thought, "have you met Mrs. Langmaid since we came here?"

"No, I have not—I meet very few people, excepting the servants, for myself, am only a domestic in the house," Miriam frankly explained, but with a certain color.

"You are a lady, whatever your position," Mrs. Heatherton, and I know that my wife will be glad to make your acquaintance. I shall see that she does so, right soon, too," Mr. Langmaid said with a friendly smile.

He politely opened the door for her to pass out, bidding her a kind "good afternoon," and Miriam Wallingford Heatherton, as she stepped into her room, her heart lighter than it had been for thirteen long years.

There had been magic in those few words—a legal wife; they had given her hope and strength and courage.

Life was changed! Instead of being a dreary existence, through which she must drag her burden of sorrow and grief, she felt that only death could release her from it, the world had suddenly grown brighter to her; she could look forward to the future with anticipations of pleasure for both herself and Ned.

She no longer had reason to hide herself and shrink from meeting people, for she was, and always had been, an honorable wife, her boy had a right to bear his father's name, and henceforth, no matter how poor they might be, or how hard they might have to work, she could question their respectability. It was such a relief—such a joy to her long-buried heart.

When Ned came to her, after the party was over, he wondered what had made her eyes so bright—what could have given her such a lovely color in her cheeks, and why her smile was so much sunnier and sweeter than usual.

"Oh, mother, how nice you do look in that fresh white dress!" he exclaimed, as he slipped his arm about her neck, and kissed her on the cheek. "I believe you are growing prettier every day. It must be the salt air—and this is just the jolliest place in the world to live in, isn't it?"

"It certainly is very pleasant here, and I am sure that you have enjoyed yourself this afternoon," Miriam fondly returned, as she looked into his bright face.

She had resolved not to tell him anything about her interview with Mr. Langmaid, or of his revelations to her, until she should receive some tangible proof of her marriage, from the Rev. Dr. Harris.

"Indeed, I have," Ned responded, joyfully, "and I was treated just as handsomely as any boy could expect an errand boy in the hotel," he added, in blissful ignorance of the little word-battle regarding his position, which his mother had overheard.

"She smiled as she recalled it."

"An errand boy may be just as honorable and respectable as the son of a king," she responded.

"I know it, and all people do not act as if they thought so," Ned rejoined, flushing slightly over the remembrance of certain slights which he had to bear occasionally.

"That doesn't alter the fact, dear," Miriam gently replied; "and, Ned, she gravely continued, "do not wish you to feel that mere position can either elevate or degrade you, for if you strive to be an honest, noble-minded boy, in a humble position, you will be an honest, noble-minded man if you should ever rise to wealth and eminence; and I'd rather you would be that than the richest man in the United States without principle."

"Yes, I believe I'd rather be good and respectable than rich myself," Ned thoughtfully remarked. "But one may be both, I suppose—at any rate I'm going to try for it, and when I do, make my fortune you shall have the diamonds like Mrs. Langmaid," he proudly concluded.

"I have one priceless diamond now," said his mother, smilingly.

"Where?" Ned asked, astonished.

"Right here," she replied, as she kissed him on the forehead, and then laughed in a flushed way with pleasure.

"Why, Miriam, I am not gettingibly and not a pretty girl," Ned said, looking at her affectionately.

She laughed again, but must run away to tell her mother that she had put away her pillow, and that she was ready for a walk on the beach.

The next morning she had her mother to Mrs. Langmaid, and Mrs. Langmaid, in something of a surprise, took her from her husband, and take her right into the study.

She found that she was acknowledged to

CATARRH.

Testimony of a trained nurse who was cured of Acute Catarrh. For three months the sufferer used muffs, powders and other equally worthless remedies.

CATARRHOZES CURED AFTER ALL ELSE HAD FAILED.

Mrs. E. Barnes, trained nurse, residing at No. 47 Myrtle street, Montreal, writes: "About three months ago I caught cold in my head, which developed into acute catarrh. From that time until a few days ago I had been constantly using muffs, powders and other worthless remedies, but none of them benefited. Hearing of Catarrh-ozes I decided to try it, and am pleased to say that I found relief from the first use, and in a few days of its use completely cured me. My experience with all kinds of medicine has been extensive, but I must say that I never saw a remedy more speedy in its action than Catarrh-ozes. I think I know what I am talking about when I say it is the best remedy in the market for catarrh."

If you have catarrh you cannot afford to be indifferent to its progress, and cannot be commenced too early. Your unsatisfactory experience with other remedies should not influence you against Catarrh-ozes.

CATARRHOZES

Is a guaranteed cure for CATARRH, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS. It is a specific for these diseases, and as such receives the recognition of the medical profession, the patronage of the drug trade and the free endorsement of every health journal.

Complete outfit, consisting of beautiful bottles and rubber inhaler, for sale at 25c. Inhalant for six weeks' use, price \$1.00; extra bottles of Inhalant 50c. At druggists, or by mail, "Two Dollars" will secure you in stamps from N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

shriek, and, looking up, he saw one of the little girls who boarded at the hotel bounding toward the veranda, the dog following close upon her heels, frothing at the mouth, his tongue protruding, his eyes glowing like coals of fire.

"He is mad!" cried Ned, growing white as his collar, while his heart leaped into his throat with terror as he realized the child's danger.

"Little Nellie Traflet," he pointed, "Oh! she must not be bitten! What shall I do?"

He did not have a thought regarding his own safety—he was only intent upon devising some means of saving the child, whom every one loved, as he hurried onward.

But just at that moment he heard the voice of some one calling in an encouraging tone:

"Come on, little one—faster! faster! the dog shall not hurt you."

Then Ned saw Mr. Lawson spring from the veranda, clearing the low railing at a single bound, as if he had been but twenty instead of sixty, and flourishing his cane vigorously, as he advanced straight toward the mad animal.

This, of course, turned the dog's attention toward him, giving opportunity for the child to spring up the steps, out of harm's way, where she was received in the arms of her frightened father, who folded her close to his breast with a cry of thankfulness for her safety.

But Ned was scarcely less distressed now on account of the danger of his kind friend, who was still approaching the dog, his cane extended directly before him.

The animal, having become balked of more helpless prey, was now furious, and, mauling and barking in the most vicious manner, prepared to pounce upon the child's heroic rescuer.

The man, watching every movement of the dog, waited until the creature made a spring toward him, when he suddenly thrust his cane into the dog's mouth, jamming it down his throat, with almost superhuman strength, and throwing him to the ground, where he lay pained, but without any horrible contortions or agonies, while blood and froth poured copiously from his mouth.

His struggles were fearful—his strength something tremendous, and the terror-stricken guests upon the piazza could plainly see that the contest was a very unequal one, and, unless help soon came to him, Mr. Lawson had only little to hope for.

"Has no one a pistol or revolver?" Mr. Langmaid demanded, with pale lips.

"No one had such a weapon at hand, and with a cry of impatience he bounded into the house and up to his own room to bring one.

But help for Mr. Lawson was nearer than he thought.

Ned's bright eyes had espied, lying near, one of the heavy croquet mallets used by the young men of the house.

Three bounds and it was in his hands, when, with flying leaps, he sprang straight toward Mr. Lawson.

"Back! back!" cried the old man hoarsely, as he saw the brave boy and realized his intention. "Go back, boy, or you're likely to be bitten."

But Ned, with uplifted mallet and resolute face, though he could not have been father—if he had been dead, paid no heed to his words.

Hold him just one minute longer, he said to himself, and I want to strike the next instant the mallet descended with a vigorous stroke upon the struggling creature's head.

He gave a hoarse cry of agony and kicked convulsively, but not for long; another sure and powerful blow from the terror-nerved arm of the brave boy, fell directly between his eyes and he lay motionless and stiffened on the ground, just as Mr. Langmaid reappeared upon the veranda, a coiled revolver in his hand.

"Thank me, Lord!" fervently ejaculated Benjamin Lawson, who was scarcely less pale and unweary than the brave boy who had rendered him such timely assistance.

He returned his head upon his cane, which still remained in the mouth of the dead dog, slipped his arm around Ned's shoulders, and led him toward the house.

Both were so overcome by the terrible excitement of their recent adventure, and the reaction which now followed, that they could scarcely walk from the trembling veranda; but, fortunately, they were put forth to help them upon the veranda, where they sank exhausted into the chairs placed to receive them.

"Brave boy! brave boy!" murmured Mr. Lawson weakly, and nodding approbation to Ned, as he wiped with a shaking hand the perspiration from his own brow.

But Ned was too spent to do more than smile faintly in reply, though he was somewhat refreshed after drinking a glass of water which the girl brought to him.

The guests of the house gathered round the two heroes, with various expressions of sympathy, admiration and amazement for their almost

miraculous escape, while the father and mother of little Nellie Traflet, who had witnessed the whole transaction, were too much overcome for speech, and could only look the gratitude they experienced for the heroic deed, and their darling from a frightful death.

The news of the terrible encounter had flown like wild-fire throughout the hotel, finally reaching the ears of Mrs. Heatherton, who, with sinking heart and trembling steps, sped down to the veranda to learn the worst regarding her idolized boy.

"Ned! Ned!" she cried, in a voice of agony, as she saw him sitting so pale and spent in the midst of that awe-stricken group. "Oh, tell me that you are not bitten! and a tender, white-cad figure gazed through the crowd to his side and a pair of trembling arms were thrown around him, while Miriam Heatherton searched for his wild, eager eyes, utterly oblivious of the fact that the gaze of a hundred people were riveted upon her.

"No, mother—do not look so frightened as all this," Ned cheerily responded, his mother's startled eyes doing more to restore him to himself than anything else. "I haven't even a scratch," he added, as he saw she did not believe what he said.

"Are you sure?—Oh! don't deceive me, dear, for if you are wounded, you must have treatment at once," was the anxious appeal.

"I am very sure, for the dog didn't touch me," Ned positively affirmed.

"Mr. Lawson was in the most danger. I hope you are not hurt, sir," he concluded, turning to his friend.

"Not a bit, youngster; I should have been, though, but for you. I couldn't have held him a minute longer, he had the strength of a lion. I believe that you have saved my life, and perhaps that of others as well."

"That is so, yes, indeed! He's a noble little fellow! There are not many boys of his age who would have gone to such a rescue as he did."

"Some of the numerous comments in reply to Mr. Lawson's assertion."

"I'm sure I don't think I did anything to make a fuss over. I only gave him a couple of blows with a mallet, Mr. Lawson's the one who faced the brute with a bold front," Ned modestly observed, then, rising to escape from the embarrassment of further commendation, he added:

"Come, mother, I've burst a button-hole in my collar, and I wish you'd mend it for me."

Mother and son quietly withdrew from the crowd; but if they were out of sight they were not out of mind. They were the subjects of much comment and curiosity during the remainder of the day.

Ned was a veritable hero in the estimation of everybody, for all realized that he had been brave and self-sacrificing, and he had saved, not only his own life, but that of a poor boy, who had said, would have been badly bitten.

No one depreciated the old gentleman's courage and self-sacrifice in going to the rescue of little Nellie Traflet—he was given his full share of praise, while Mr. and Mrs. Traflet, in their grateful voices, were profuse in their professions of gratitude to him.

But for Ned, who was so youthful, and who acted so promptly and efficiently, everybody seemed to have a peculiar tenderness and admiration.

Beyond that one outburst, "Brave boy! brave boy" and "I believe you saved my life," Mr. Lawson said nothing to him, whenever he met him, during the next few days, his lips would tremble, tears would spring to his eyes, then he would put his arm gently on the shoulder and go away to recover his composure.

"We must do something for that boy," the guests began to whisper among themselves a few days later.

"We must not allow such an act of heroism to pass without some substantial expression of appreciation and goodwill."

"What shall we do? He is a poor boy, and a mere errand boy, and money would doubtless be accepted," suggested one.

Mr. Lawson overheard the remark, and turned sharply upon the speaker.

"Yes, it is a poor boy, but he shall never want for anything at all. Don't give him money, though, for such a deed—give him something to keep—something that he will be proud to show to his mother and your appreciation of what he has done. Give him a watch."

This proposal was received with applause, and a paper was at once circulated for subscriptions for the time-piece.

Mr. Traflet headed the list with a generous amount, and every gentleman in the hotel contributed most cheerfully.

All save Mr. Lawson, who refused to put his name to the paper, but remarked that he'd "like to be one of the contributors appointed to purchase the watch."

The request was readily granted, and Mr. Traflet, together with Mr. Langmaid, having been chosen to assist in making the selection, they arranged that the purchase should be made that very afternoon.

This was on Tuesday, Thursday afternoon Ned sat in his room, and seemed to be a good deal of his going on among the young people of the house, while some of the older ones also appeared to have something more than usually interesting upon their minds.

Everybody was peculiarly gracious to him. The gentlemen chatted and joked with him; the ladies smiled and petted him, while the children looked mysterious whenever they met him.

It thought it was rather strange, but he did not attach any special importance to it.

He was kept quite busy in the office all the afternoon, thus he knew nothing of the work of art that was being arranged in the grand drawing-room—the doors of which were kept locked by some of the ladies, and a flirt engaged for the occasion.

When he went up to his mother's room at ten o'clock—they always had their meals together—he was surprised that made her look so smiling and happy, and why she kept flashing such fond, delighted glances at him.

He noticed, too, that she was more carefully dressed than usual in a new black lace with soft and delicate ruffles at her neck and wrists, while her hair was arranged with great nicety.

He thought he understood it all, however, when she remarked, just as he arose from the table:

"Ned, I want you to put on clean linen, brush your hair nicely, and polish your shoes. Here is a new necktie, too, that I'd like you to wear."

"Why, mother, what is going to happen?" he asked.

"Mr. and Mrs. Langmaid are going to entertain some friends here this evening, and have invited you and Ned to join them," Mrs. Heatherton explained.

The Langmaid's private parlor opened by folding doors into the great drawing-room, and it had been arranged to have Ned and his mother come there, after which the doors should be thrown open, and the young hero presented to the guests who should assemble to honor him.

"Hum! that's rather queer, isn't it?" Ned remarked, with surprise, for he and his mother were not in the habit of being presented to the friends of the guests.

"Queer?" repeated Mrs. Heatherton, flushing lightly, for anything like evasion or deception was wholly foreign to her nature. "No, I think not, for you know the Langmaid have been very kind to us ever since they came."

"Ned took great pains with his personal appearance; his mother arranged his necktie in the most appropriate style and tucked a fine handkerchief into his vest-pocket, then told him to come for her at half-past seven, and they would go down together.

"The office, to do what might be required of him until the hour appointed."

He promised, and then ran down to his room, where he noticed some men in the vestibule; and he had evidently just arrived, and one had a harp, two others a violin and the fourth something that looked like a cornet case.

He wondered how they happened to be there, but there were parties frequently at the private residences in the vicinity to which orchestras came down from the city; so Ned thought there was probably something of the kind going on that night, and the men had come to the hotel merely to get their supper.

The clerk smiled as he entered the office, looking so bright and spruce, then he gave him a note which he told him to take to a cottage at some distance from the hotel, and wait for an answer.

"That's all away upon his errand, as happy as a lark, but he got out of all patience waiting for the answer, for it was fully half-past seven, and almost dark when he returned to the hotel."

He handed his message to the clerk, who told him that would be all he would want of him that night; then he bounded upstairs to his mother, whom he found looking like a picture with a bunch of Catherine Mermet roses pinned to her corsage, and a pair of pearl-colored kid gloves on her hands.

"Hallo! mother! how swell we are!" he exclaimed, regarding her admiringly, "what is up to-night, anyway?"

"Come with me, and you will soon find out," she answered, with a gay little laugh that was like music in his ears.

They descended the stairs together and went directly to Mrs. Langmaid's room.

Mr. Langmaid was waiting outside the door for them.

He gave his arm to Mrs. Heatherton and led her within the parlor, where they found Mrs. Langmaid, beautifully dressed in lavender silk and blazing with diamonds.

She greeted Ned and his mother very cordially, then the doors of the room opened, and he and his mother went to Ned's astonished eyes the grand drawing room, all ablaze with light and gorgeous with gilded plants and cut flowers, which had been profusely scattered everywhere.

"Every guest in the house was present, dressed to their best, and all the girls and boys in the city, while as the orchestra, stationed at the farther end of the room, behind a screen of flowers, struck up a gay air, and the mystery of their presence in the house was explained to Ned."

But the boy was amazed.

"What could it all mean? This attention to his mother and himself, all these finely dressed people looking toward them with smiles of welcome, and the burst of music that had greeted their presence, all these things, he could not long be in doubt. Mr. Langmaid led his mother to a place near some tall flowering plants, Mrs. Langmaid following with him. Then he saw Mrs. Heatherton coming toward them, all dressed in white, with gleaming pink ribbons fluttering with every movement, and holding a pretty white box in her hands.

She stopped directly before Ned and nodded and smiled at him. The band stopped playing, then the child, lifting her voice so as to be heard by every one in the room, made a pretty little speech, the drift of which Ned, in his embarrassment, could hardly understand, though he caught the words, "brave boy," "young hero," "noble man," and other similar phrases; then, in some way, he never could exactly tell how, he found a beautiful velvet cushion, and, sitting on it, he looked down upon a handsome gold watch and chain, and knew that they had been presented to him by the guests of the house for his bravery in

helping to kill the mad dog a few days previous.

A great, glad, exultant heart-throb sent the rich blood surging to his brow.

A watch! a gold watch! and all his own to keep and use. He did not believe there was a boy in the United States as happy as he at that moment.

He turned a questioning look upon his mother, who was smiling fondly upon him, but with tears in her lovely eyes, for he felt that he ought to say something in return for the beautiful gift; but he was tongue-tied and did not know what to do.

Then he glanced appealingly at Mr. Langmaid.

"Please, will you thank everybody for me?" he faltered; and the gentleman, in a few well-chosen words, expressed Ned's appreciation of and delight in his new possession, and the kindness which had prompted it.

From this he drifted into some pleasant and whimsical remarks regarding the "modesty" of certain individuals, who, ignoring their own merit, were all enthusiasm for others; then, before the man dreamed of his intention, he turned to Mr. Lawson, who stood near him, enjoying Ned's surprise and boyish delight, and presented him with a beautiful gold-headed cane to take the place of the very ordinary one that had been broken in the struggle with the rabid dog.

Then the band struck up again, and presently all the children and young people, as well as some of the older ones, were whirling about the room in a merry dance, while Mrs. Heatherton dropped Ned's watch into his vest pocket, and fastened the other—which had been Mr. Lawson's individual gift—in his buttonhole.

It was a merry, happy evening, and Ned never forgot it, not how kind and generous all the other girls and boys were only too eager to smile upon and do honor to the young hero of the occasion; even poor little Miss Monague now seemed only too eager to secure the favor of that "common errand boy."

At nine o'clock there was a sumptuous supper in the great dining room, after which there was more dancing or merry-making in the drawing-rooms until half-past ten, when everybody shook hands with Ned, with as much eagerness and courtesy as if he had been the President of the United States," he said, after which he went up stairs to bed, flushed and tired, but happy as a prince in his new possession, and in the thought that such a "good time" had been made all for him in that grand "hotel."

Protruding, Bleeding Piles

For 15 Years—in Agony with the terrible itching and bleeding—Two boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment make a permanent cure.

When asked for a remedy for dyspepsia or kidney disease the druggist pauses before several good preparations, not knowing which to recommend to you.

Not so when asked for a pile cure. He knows that Dr. Chase's Ointment is the only remedy which actually cures every form of piles. It has had a pretty long record, and its wonderful efficacy of cures has never been duplicated.

Dr. Chase's Ointment has never yet been known to fail to cure piles, whether itching, bleeding or protruding. It has cured hundreds of patients who have never been able to discover, and stands alone to-day as the only positive and guaranteed cure for piles.

It also cures eczema, salt rhusm and all sorts of itching skin disease, but we emphasize it as a cure for piles because it is the only actual cure for that disease, and dreadfully prevalent disease. 50 cents a box at all dealers, or by mail, from Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

In spite of all remedies I used

THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION

IN SPITE OF HIS BIRTH.

"I must go back to my duties," she said, with a ring of energy in her tone that he had not heard before. "But let me thank you again for the fresh courage and hope which you have put into my heart today. I see, like a new creature."

"I am only too grateful to have been instrumental in lightening your burdens, if ever so little," he returned, with emotion. Then he added, as he extended his hand to her: "And, Mrs. Heatherton, may I presume to ask if you will regard me as a friend from this time on?"

"Thank you," she said, only too glad to do so; Miriam smilingly replied, as she laid her delicate, lady-like hand in his.

"And if I can ever be of assistance to you, at any time, or in any way, advise or help you in the future regarding Ned, pray command me." Mr. Langmaid added, with hearty earnestness.

"You are very kind, and I gladly promise to consult you should occasion require. We also have a very good friend in Mr. Lawson," his companion replied.

"Ah! he's a queer old gentleman," said Mr. Langmaid, with a laugh, "but kind-hearted, in spite of his brusque ways. He owns most of the house, I understand, and he looks after business with a shrewdness that few men possess. I think he is worth a great deal of money. By the way," the gentleman added, with a sudden thought, "have you met Mrs. Langmaid since we came here?"

"No, I have not—I meet very few people, excepting the servants, for myself, and only a domestic in the house," Miriam frankly explained, but with hesitating color.

"You are a lady, whatever your position," Mrs. Heatherton, and I know that my wife will be glad to make your acquaintance. I shall see that she does so right soon, too," Mr. Langmaid said with a friendly smile.

He politely opened the door for her to pass out, bidding her a kind "good-afternoon," and Miriam Wallingford-Heatherton went to her own room, her heart lighter than it had been for thirteen long years.

There had been magic in those few words—a legal wife; they had given her hope and strength and courage.

Life was changed! Instead of being a dreary existence, through which she must drag her burden of sorrow and suffering, she had endured during the last thirteen years. He requested that Mr. Langmaid should sign the certificate, as another witness before giving it to Mrs. Heatherton.

This he had done, and now no one could ever question the legality of the ceremony which had made her Richard Heatherton's wife.

The letter was most kind and sympathetic, and there were tears of gratitude in Miriam Heatherton's eyes as she read it, and a song of praise in her heart for this justification, even though it had come to her so late.

"That night she told Ned the sad story of her life—of her wrongs, her sufferings, and why she had always called him by her maiden name, instead of giving him his father's.

Ned listened to the pathetic recital with a flushed and downcast face, but when his mother concluded he looked up into her eyes and fiercely exclaimed:

"I hate him—that man—I am glad I have never known him! I am glad that he is dead!"

His mother was started by the passionate ring in his tones.

"I do not wish you to cherish hate in your heart against any one, Ned," she said, in a tone of gentle reproof.

"I cannot ask you to respect your father's memory, for I have no respect for him myself; but since he is gone, we will not 'hate,' but simply ignore him altogether, and try to be as happy as we can in each other, for the future."

"This is why you have always been so unhappy, dear mother?" Ned asked, his face softening to an expression of wistful regret.

"Yes, dear; the past has been full of wretchedness for me, because of my supposed questionable position, and because of the stigma which I believed must always rest upon you."

"It was too bad—oh, shame—but why you try to be happy now?" Ned asked, with tears in his eyes.

"I am very happy now, dear," she answered, tenderly.

"And I will make you more so," he said, eagerly. "You shall never be unhappy about me. I promise that I will never do anything to make you ashamed of me."

"You have always been a great comfort to me, Ned, and you grow more and more so," she answered, kissing him; then she added, flushing slightly. "But I want to talk with you a little about our name. I think it will be best for us to take the name of Heatherton."

"I hate the name!" Ned broke forth, impetuously.

"It is a very good name—one that has been highly respected, and you must not disdain it simply because one person has dishonored it," said his mother, gravely. "I think there are several reasons why it will be better for us to be known by the name that rightly belongs to us."

"Well, I suppose you are right—you always are," Ned thoughtfully remarked, "but please do not make any change while we are here; this summer—it would cause so much talk. Let us wait until we go back to Boston, in the fall, then, if you think best, we will take the name of Heatherton."

CHAPTER XL.

about a week after the return of Ned, Mrs. Heatherton was seen walking in the park, leading upon her a very small, white, fluffy dog.

"Where is your dog?" she asked, with a smile.

"Right here," she replied, as she kissed the dog's head, and then turned to her young friend, flushed with pleasure.

"Why, Miriam, I really are getting jolly and happy, and I am sure you are, too, since you are laughing so heartily."

"She laughed again, but she must run away to her supper after a walk on the beach."

The next morning Mrs. Heatherton called on her mother-in-law, and she found Mrs. Langmaid sitting at her breakfast table, and she said to her, "I found that she had acknowledged to me, and she said she was very glad to see you."

CATARRH.

Testimony of a trained nurse who was cured of Acute Catarrh. For three months she suffered from catarrh, coughs and other equally worthless remedies.

CATARRHOZONE CURED AFTER ALL ELSE HAD FAILED.

Miss E. Eames, trained nurse, residing at No. 47 Aymer street, Montreal, writes: "About three months ago I caught cold in my head, which developed into acute nasal catarrh. From that time up till a few days ago I had been constantly using snuffs, powders and other worthless remedies, but none of them benefited. Hearing of Catarrhzone I decided to try it, and a few days of its use completely cured me. My experience with all kinds of medicine has been extensive, and I must say that I never saw a remedy more speedy in its action than Catarrhzone. I think I know just how it works, and I am sure it is the best remedy in the market for catarrh."

CATARRHOZONE

Is a guaranteed cure for CATARRH, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.

It is a specific for these diseases, and as such resolves the recognition of the medical profession, the patronage of the drug trade and the free endorsement of every reliable authority.

Complete outfit, consisting of beautifully polished hard rubber inhaler and sufficient Catarrhzone for six weeks' use, price \$1.00. Bottles of Inhalant \$0.50. At druggists, or by mail, twenty-cent trial size for 10c. Stamp to E. C. Folin & Co., Kingston, Ont.

shriek, and, looking up, he saw one of the little girls who boarded at the hotel, bounding toward the piazza, the dog following close upon her heels, frothing at the mouth, his tongue protruding, his eyes glowing like coals of fire.

"He is mad!" cried Ned, growing white as his collar, while his hand leaped into his throat with terror as he realized the child's danger.

"That is Little Nellie Trafton," he panted, "Oh! she must not be bitten! What shall I do?"

He did not have a thought regarding his own safety—he was only in upon saving the life of the child.

This, of course, was the dog's attention toward him, giving opportunity for the child to spring up the steps, out of harm's way, where she was received in the arms of her frightened father, who folded her closely to his breast with a cry of thankfulness for her safety.

But Ned was scarcely less distressed now on account of the dog's peculiar tenderness and admiration for his kind friend, who was still approaching the dog, his cane extended directly before him.

The animal, having been balked of more helpless prey, was now furious, and, mauling and barking in the most vicious manner, prepared to pounce upon the child's legs, and strike her.

The man, watching every movement of the dog, waited until the creature made a spring toward him, when he promptly thrust his cane into the dog's mouth, and, with a vigorous movement, almost superhuman strength, and throwing him to the ground, where he lay pained, but writhing in horrible contortions and agonies, while blood and froth poured copiously from his mouth.

His struggles were fearful—his strength something tremendous, and the terror-stricken guests upon the hotel piazza could plainly see that the content was a very unequal one, and unless help came to him, Mr. Lawson had only little to hope for.

"Has no one a pistol or revolver?" Mr. Langmaid demanded, with pale lips.

"But no one had such a weapon at hand, and with a cry of some kind he bounded into the house and up to his own room to bring one.

But help for Mr. Lawson was nearer than that. Ned, with every eye upon Ned's bright eyes had espied, lying near, one of the heavy croquet mallets used by the young men of the house.

Three bounds and it was in his hands, when, with flying leaps, he sprang straight toward Mr. Lawson.

"Back! back!" cried the old man hoarsely, as he saw the brave boy and realized his intention. "Go back, boy, or you surely will be bitten."

But Ned, with uplifted mallet and resolute face—though he could not believe whiter if he had been dead, paid no heed to his words.

"Hold him just one minute longer, Ned," he said, "and I will give you the next instant the mallet descended with a vigorous stroke upon the struggling creature's head.

He gave a hoarse cry of agony and kicked convulsively, but not for long; another and powerful blow from the terror-nerved arm of the brave boy, fell directly between his eyes and the dog rolled over and stiffened on its back, just as Mr. Langmaid reappeared upon the veranda, a cooled revolver in his hand.

miraculous escape, while the father and mother of Little Nellie Trafton, who had witnessed the whole transaction, were for many moments speechless, and could only look the gratitude they experienced for the hero who had saved their darling from a frightful death.

The news of the terrible encounter had flown like wild-fire throughout the hotel, finally reaching the ears of Mrs. Heatherton, who, with sinking heart and trembling steps, sped down to the veranda to learn the worst regarding her idolized boy.

"Ned! Ned!" she cried, in a voice of agony, as she saw him sitting so here, and spent in the midst of that awe-stricken group. "Oh, tell me that you are not bitten!" and a sender, white-fad figure glided through the crowd to his side, and a pair of trembling arms were thrown around him, while Miriam Heatherton searched his face with wild, eager eyes, uttering oblivious of the fact that the gaze of a hundred people were riveted upon her.

"No, mother—do not look so frightened. I am all right," Ned cheerfully replied, and she, with a relieved tone, began to do her best to restore him to himself, saying anything else. "I haven't even a scratch," he added, as he saw she did not quite credit what he said.

"Are not sure—oh! don't deceive me, dear, for if you are wounded, you must have treatment at once," was the anxious appeal.

"I am very sure, for the dog didn't touch me," Ned replied, with a touch of pride.

"Mr. Lawson was in the most danger. I hope you are not hurt, sir," he concluded, turning to his friend.

"No, I am not hurt, but you couldn't have held him a minute longer; he had the strength of a lion. I have been, though, but for you, I might have saved my life, and perhaps that of others as well."

"That is so. Yes, indeed! He's a noble little fellow! There are not many boys of his age who would have gone to the rescue as he did," were some of the numerous comments in reply to Mr. Lawson's assertion.

"I'm sure I don't think I did anything to make a fuss over. I only gave him a couple of blows with a mallet, and perhaps that of others as well."

Mr. Lawson's the one who faced the music with a bold front. Ned modestly observed, then, rising to escape from the embarrassment of further commendations, he added:

"Come, mother, I've burst a button-hole in my collar, and I wish you'd mend it for me."

Mother and son quietly withdrew from the crowd; but if they were out of sight they were not out of mind, for they were the subjects of much comment and curiosity during the remainder of the day.

Ned was a veritable hero in the estimation of everyone, for all realized that but for his brave attack upon the mad dog, Mrs. Lawson and her children, and perhaps others, as he had said, would have been badly bitten.

No one deprecated the old gentleman's courage and self-sacrifice in going to the rescue, and Little Nellie Trafton—he was given his full share of praise, while Mr. and Mrs. Trafton, when they found voice, were profuse in their professions of gratitude to him.

But for Ned, who was so youthful, and who acted so promptly and efficiently, everyone seemed to have a peculiar tenderness and admiration.

Beyond that one outburst, "Brave boy! brave boy" and "I believe you have saved my life," Mr. Lawson never spoke to him, whenever he met him, during the next few days, his lips would tremble, tears would spring to his eyes, then he would pat him softly on the shoulder and go away to recover his composure.

"We must do something for that boy," the guests began to whisper among themselves a few days later.

"We must not allow such an act to pass without a substantial expression of appreciation and good-will."

"What shall we do? He is a poor boy—a purse of money would doubtless be accepted," suggested one.

Mr. Lawson overheard the remark, and turned sharply to the speaker. "Ned's a poor boy, but he shall never want anything after this day. Don't give him money, though, for keep—something that he will be proud to show as a testimonial of your appreciation of what he has done. Give him a watch."

This proposal was received with applause, and a paper was at once circulated for subscriptions for the time-piece.

Mr. Trafton headed the list with a generous amount, and every gentleman in the hotel contributed most cheerfully.

All save Mr. Lawson, who refused to put his name to the paper, but remarked that he'd "like to be one of the committee appointed to purchase the watch."

The request was readily granted, and Mr. Trafton, together with Mr. Langmaid, having been chosen to assist in making the purchase, they arranged that the purchase should be made that very afternoon.

This was on Tuesday, Thursday afternoon Ned, with a sad and gloomy countenance, seemed to be a good deal of his going on among the young people of the house, while some of the older ones also appeared to have something more than usually interesting upon their minds.

"Mr. and Mrs. Langmaid are going to entertain some friends here this evening, and have invited you and I to join them," Mrs. Heatherton explained.

The Langmaid's private parlor opened by folding doors into the great drawing-room, and it had been arranged to have Ned and his mother come there, after which the doors should be thrown open, and the young hero presented to the guests who should assemble to honor him.

"Hum! that's rather queer, isn't it?" Ned remarked, with surprise, for he and his mother were not in the habit of being presented to the friends of the guests.

"Queer?" repeated Mrs. Heatherton, flushing lightly, for anything like evasion or deception was wholly foreign to her nature. "No, I think very kind to you, and I am sure you will be very glad to see us ever since they came."

So Ned took great pains with his personal appearance; his mother arranged his necktie in the most approved style and tucked a fine hemstitched handkerchief into his vest-pocket, then told him to come for her at half-past seven, and they would go down together.

The office, to do what might be required of him until the hour appointed.

He promised, and then ran down to his room, but he noticed some men in the vestibule; they had evidently just arrived, and one had a coat upon others' coats and a fourth something that looked like a cornet case.

"No!" he repeated, "I should have been, though, but for you, I might have saved my life, and perhaps that of others as well."

"That is so. Yes, indeed! He's a noble little fellow! There are not many boys of his age who would have gone to the rescue as he did," were some of the numerous comments in reply to Mr. Lawson's assertion.

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helping to kill the mad dog a few days before.

A great, glad, exultant heart-throb sent the rich blood surging to his brow.

watch! a gold watch! and all his own to keep and use. He did not believe there was a boy in the United States as happy as he at that moment.

He turned a questioning look upon his mother, who was smiling fondly upon him, but with tears in her lovely eyes, for he felt that he ought to say something in return for the beautiful gift; but he was tongue-tied and did not know what to do.

Then he glanced appealingly at Mr. Langmaid.

"Please," will you thank everybody for me?" he faltered; and the gentleman, in a few well-chosen words, expressed Ned's appreciation of and delight in his new possession, and the kindness which had promoted it.

From this he drifted into some pleasant and witty remarks regarding the "modesty of certain individuals who, ignoring their own merit, were all enthusiasm for others," then, before the man reclaimed of his intention, he turned to Mr. Lawson, who stood near him, and, with a surprised and boyish delight, presented him with a beautiful gold-headed cane to take the place of the very ordinary one that had been broken in the struggle with the rabid dog.

Then the band struck up again, and presently all the children and young people, as well as some of the older ones, were whirling about the room in a merry dance, while Mrs. Heatherton dropped Ned's watch into his vest pocket, and fastened the chain which had been Mr. Lawson's individual gift—in his button-hole.

It was a merry, happy evening, and Ned never forgot it, no; how kind and genial all those wealthy and distinguished people were toward him.

He could not dance, but he marched about the room with Gertrude Langmaid and some of the other girls, who were only too glad to smile upon and do honor to the young hero of the occasion; even pert little Miss Montague now seemed only too eager to secure the favor of that "common errand boy."

At nine o'clock there was a sumptuous supper in the great dining room, after which there was more dancing or merry-making in the drawing-rooms until half-past eleven, when everybody shook hands with Ned, with as much eagerness and courtesy as if he had been the President of the United States, and he asked after which he went up stairs to bed, flushed and tired, but happy as a prince in his new possession, and in the thought that such a "jolly good time had been made all for him in that grand hotel."

CHAPTER XLII.

The remainder of the summer passed very pleasantly, but nothing more of marked importance occurred in connection with either Ned or his mother. Both grew well and hearty; Ned became as brown as a berry from being much in the open air, while Mrs. Heatherton's cheeks filled out round and plump, and, with the burden of the last thirteen years removed from her heart, her eyes became bright with enjoyment in the present and hope for the future, her step as light and elastic as that of a girl of eighteen.

"I never expected to be so well again," she once told Mr. Lawson, when he remarked upon the change in her appearance; "and now, thank God, gratefully, I feel that I owe it all to you."

"Humph! perhaps you're not as much my debt as you imagine," he returned, laughing, and flashing a peculiar look at her out of his keen grey eyes.

Miriam found Mrs. Langmaid a very kind and congenial friend, and the two women were often seen sitting together on one of the upper verandas, chatting sociably, when Mrs. Heatherton's duties were over for the day.

Ned and Gertrude were also the best of comrades, in spite of the fact that some of the little lady's friends, who were perhaps jealous of the attentions she received sometimes "looked" at her scornfully and spoke contemptuously of the "errand boy."

But she would never hear a word against him without spitefully resenting it, and constituted herself his valiant champion upon every occasion.

Mrs. Heatherton would smile when, sometimes, she overheard her speak in high praise of Ned, and wonder if it would be as true and fearless when another decade of years should have passed.

The month of October, however, found the great hotel almost empty and deserted, for, at the approach of frosty weather the guests all fled to the city and warmer quarters; only a few of the clerks and servants remaining to temporarily put the house in order for the winter.

Mrs. Heatherton was among these, and the winter room had never been in such prime condition since so many furnished, as when she at last turned the key in the door, on the day of her own departure, and took it down to the clerk in the office.

Protruding, Bleeding Piles

For 15 Years—In Agony with the terrible itching and bleeding—Two boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment make a permanent cure.

When asked for a remedy for dyspepsia or kidney disease the druggist pauses before several good preparations, not knowing which to recommend to you.

Not so when asked for a pile cure. He knows that Dr. Chase's Ointment is the only remedy which actually cures every form of piles. It has had many trials, and its wonderful record of cures has never been duplicated.

Mr. James A. Bowles, painter and paper-hanger, a member of the Council at Embury, Ont., states: "For over fifteen years I was a victim of bleeding, protruding piles, and was so bad at times that I was forced to give up my work. I suffered untold agony from the terrible itching and they would protrude, causing the greatest misery."

"In spite of all remedies I used

could get no relief. At last I was advised to try Dr. Chase's Ointment. The first application gave relief, and after the third day the bleeding stopped. Two boxes cured me completely. I would not begrudge five dollars for a box. I have recommended it to all who suffer as I did."

Dr. Chase's Ointment has never yet been known to fail in cure piles, whether itching, bleeding or protruding. It has a certain ingredient which initiators have never been able to discover, and stands alone to-day as the only positive and guaranteed cure for piles.

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"In spite of all remedies I used

THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION

Death of Mrs. Steacy.

On Saturday last Mrs. John E. Steacy departed this life at her home at Warburton. For some time she had suffered from an ailment that permitted little hope to be entertained of her recovery or of any great prolongation of her life, and a few weeks before her demise, at what was then considered to be a critical stage of her illness, all her children—six sons and two daughters—asssembled at the old home. She recovered from that attack and was thought to be out of immediate danger, but eventually the call came with comparative suddenness, and she passed away as above stated.

THE TRAIN SPOTTER.

AN OFFICIAL WHO IS WELL PAID BY THE RAILROADS.

The Work Which is Performed by This Class of Detectives and the Qualities For Which It Calls—Methods of the Woman Spotter.

A little over three months ago there alighted from an Oakland ferryboat a demure little woman, who passed along with the crowd, with scarcely a glance to the right or left. Her petiteness attracted some attention and her modesty more, but no one who observed the air of confidence with which she made her way to the public carriage would have imagined that she was a stranger and that for the first time in her life she was visiting San Francisco.

Giving a few quiet directions and entering a cab, she was whirled away from the bustling throng and driven to a hotel. Later the register contained an unassuming "Miss Waller, Chicago."

Her room was No. 11. Calling a private messenger, she dispatched a message to a firm of lawyers, and that evening, promptly at 8 o'clock, a prosperous looking, well dressed gentleman entered the hotel, glanced at the register, and, ignoring the clerk's question, over the loss of their infant daughter. Mr. Chas. Tapin, Denver, Colorado, has been spending a few days with his many friends in this section. He leaves for his home this week. It is rumored that he will take one of North Augusta's fastest belles with him. We wish them every success in life.

ADDISON

TUESDAY, April 24.—Mrs. E. Wilcox of King street was visiting in Brockville for a few days last week.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. George Charlton sympathize with them over the loss of their infant daughter. Mr. Chas. Tapin, Denver, Colorado, has been spending a few days with his many friends in this section. He leaves for his home this week. It is rumored that he will take one of North Augusta's fastest belles with him. We wish them every success in life.

Miss Edna Booth has been recuperating on the balmy breezes of Mt. Pleasant for a few days.

Mr. Wm. Dolbe has moved to Brockville which leaves a first-class blacksmith stand for sale or to rent. Apply to our little machine agent.

Mr. Edward Willis and lady of Lombardy were guests of our King street blacksmith on Sunday last.

Mr. David Wilcox and Mr. William Snider of Smith's Falls are visiting friends in our village for a few days.

"Fortune favors the brave." It is also favorable to those who purify their blood at this season by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

It is a peculiarity of the culture of wild oats that the harvesting part of it comes of harvest, rather than seed time.—Detroit Journal.

A PARTIALLY OBEYED ORDER

The Reporter Returned, but the Male Was a Total Loss.

Harmon W. Brown of Ohio, who held a responsible place on the staff of General Rawlins during the civil war, tells the following story of the general's treatment of an intrusive reporter:

"One day before Vicksburg the correspondent of a certain paper went to General Rawlins for news.

"The general pondered a moment and took me one side.

"Take this young man," he said, "up to the top of those trenches within a stone's throw of the enemy. Take him up there and lose him. I don't care what happens. Understand?"

"I said I did, and we started through the lines. Both of us were mounted. I pointed out a crest overlooking the enemy and told him he could get a good view from that point.

"Ain't you coming with me?" he asked.

"No," I replied. "I know all I want to know."

"So he started alone. As soon as the top of his hat and the tips of his mule's ears showed above the crest there came a volley of musketry ten yards wide that cut the air like a big knife blade.

The crown of his hat was sliced off as with shears. He managed to drop to the ground in safety, but the perspiring mule was literally filled with lead. After the firing ceased the correspondent crawled to the spot where I was.

"Did you learn what you wanted to know?" I asked.

"Eh?" gasped the correspondent, wiping his face and looking at his hands to see whether they were bloody.

"What I wanted to know? Oh, yes, of course. The enemy are over that ridge all right."

"When we returned to headquarters, General Rawlins saw us and halted me. I went inside his tent.

"I thought I told you to lose that confounded reporter somewhere," he said testily.

"I did the best I could, sir," I answered. "He came back, but I have the honor to report the mule a total loss."—Saturday Evening Post.

A Navajo Superstition.

No Navajo Indian will ever make a campfire of wood from a tree that was struck by lightning or that might have been: If such a fire is made by an irreverent white man, the Indians will retire to a distance, where they cannot feel the heat or smell the smoke, and they will go to sleep in their blankets, fireless and supperless, rather than eat of food prepared on that kind of a fire. The Navajo believes that if he comes within the influence of the flame he will absorb some of the essence of the lightning which will thereafter be attracted to him and sooner or later will kill him. Up in the mountains more than half the great pines are scarred by lightning, but no wood from them is used. Almost any old Navajo can narrate instances where the neglect of this precaution has resulted disastrously, for men are sometimes killed by lightning in a region where thunderstorms are frequent, and it is but a step from the effect to the cause.

At what age should a man marry? That depends upon the man. Some men are more fitted for the responsibilities of matrimony at 25 than others are at 35. If marriage, however, be postponed until after this last figure, a man is likely to get into what may be called the habit of celibacy, from which, as from other bad habits, it is hard to break away. In this habit of celibacy he will continue until he is about 60 years of age, when a great desire will come over him to try what matrimony is like just before he dies, and he will propose right and left to everything in petticoats, until at last he is picked up, not for himself, but for his money or his position, or because some one is tired of being called "ma'am" and wants the novel sensation of writing "Mrs." before her name.

An old man told a friend that he wanted to marry before he died, if only to have some one to close his eyes. "Perhaps," suggested the friend, "you will get some one who will open them." It is not natural for a young girl to wish to marry an old man. A father said to his daughter: "Now, when it is time for you to marry, I won't allow you to throw yourself away on one of the frivolous young fellows I see around. I shall select for you a staid, sensible, middle aged man—what do you say to one about 50 years of age?" "Well, father," replied the girl, "it's just the same to you, I should prefer two of 25."

Perhaps the best advice one could give a young man in this matter is to say, "Wait until you cannot wait any longer." Wait—that is to say, until such that not impossible she comes to you with sweet and manners so gracious that you cannot wait any longer, then marry, and you may be happy ever after. As to the age at which women should marry, I am afraid of turning my fingers with that question. All I shall say is that some women are not worth looking at after 30 years of age, there are quite as many not worth speaking to before it. Let a man please himself, but let him not marry either a child or an old woman.—Chicago Times-Herald.

THE MARRYING AGE.

When Should a Man Start Out to Find a Wife?

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APPRAISING OLD BOOKS.

A Tollsom Task That Book Owners Have to Pay For.

"Can you tell me whether this is a valuable book?" or "How much is this book worth?" are questions often asked at the chief secondhand bookstores by patrons who think they have picked up some rare old edition or who think they can perhaps dispose to advantage of some volume which they own and believe to be prized by collectors. If the book is obviously worthless, their inquiries can be answered shortly and positively, but in a great number of cases the information they seek is such that no book dealer however well informed, can give it correctly offhand. And just because investigation is necessary to determine its value, information is worth money. The owner of the book is not in most instances obtaining the market quotation on his property or even perhaps find out whether there is any considerable value in it without paying for the knowledge.

Not all dealers will or can appraise books in this way. Some are content to make their fortune by finding the Blue Bucket mine, but no gold has since ever been discovered in that whole stretch of southern Oregon.

The pace of growth of finger nails varies very much, not only at different ages, but in different individuals of the same age. Influenced by many external and natural conditions, the pace also varies in the same person from time to time. A few observations will be submitted to the notice of the reader as to the growth of finger nails in men at different ages.

"The argonauts had no use for a single pound of useless weight, and when the party started off all the metal was thrown away but a few pieces which the children were allowed to keep for jackstones and heavy jackets were worn too. Of course when Yreka was reached the playthings were recognized as gold. Then there was a stampede over the Oregon lava beds for the Blue Bucket mine, but snow had fallen on the Cascade range, and the party spent their lives looking for the lost placer ground and died in poverty. The others settled down to farming and succeeded at it. Every few years some prospectors takes motion to make his fortune by finding the Blue Bucket mine, but no gold has since ever been discovered in that whole stretch of southern Oregon.

At 21 years the nail was replaced in 126 days, at 31 years in 159 days, at 32 years in 88 days, at 55 years in 110 days, at 67 years in 144 days. It is curious that in this growth the swiftest grower was a tuberculous subject, who had a sharp attack of blood spitting during the observation. Sea air is said to quicken the growth of the nails; profound grief has been credited with the power of destroying them.

A valuable point of diagnosis is afforded by the growth of the finger nail. In distinguishing between true paralysis of the center origin and the various pseudo-paralyses of hysteria which sometimes so closely simulate organic disease, it is well to remember that the growth of the nail is modified by most of the centric lesions, while its development is not affected by hysteria.—Medical Record.

THE GAMBLING INSTINCT.

The car was crowded—the "standing room only" sign should have been put out. A young fellow and a more mature man with gray hair were standing at the back door. After a while a woman occupying a corner seat left the car. It was a toss up whether the young man or old man was nearest the vacant seat. The young man, however, made way and motioned to the older man to take the seat.

"No, no; you sit down," said he. "Oh, no; you are an old man. Take the seat."

"Nonsense," retorted the older man with some feeling, "sit down. I guess I am as able to stand as you can be."

"I can't do it, sir. I would much prefer you to have the seat."

TWO ELUSIVE MINES.

LEGENDS OF THE BLUE BUCKET AND LOST BASIN BONANZAS.

Gold by the Bucketful Found by Early Argonauts and the Mine Then Lost to View Forever—A Golden Ledge That Was Seen but Once.

"There are two interesting legends of lost mines that are famous all over the northwest," said a Spokane mining man recently. "Many a prospector has out-fitted at Spokane for a search for the Lost Basin and the Blue Bucket mines, propositions that have hitherto eluded all efforts to find them. The Blue Bucket mine lies somewhere in Oregon, on a line drawn from the big bend of the Snake river, where it sweeps northward on its way to the Columbia, and extending to Yreka, Cal.

"It was some time in 1850, I believe," that party of home seekers struck off in the foothills of the Rockies on the Oregon trail for the northwest, intending to work down into northern California. They were farmers, pure and simple, and the news of the discovery of gold in California had never reached them. They had left the bend of the Snake river some days—unfortunately the story is not definite as to the number of days—behind them, and they camped one evening on the banks of a stream, where they rested their oxen and horses for a couple of days. While the men of the party hunted the surrounding country for fresh meat and the women spent the time in washing clothes, the children wandered about in the vicinity of the camp picking berries, carrying with them, as the story has it, "one of those old fashioned blue buckets." Old timers say that the blue bucket was an important part of the Argonaut's outfit in those days.

"One day at noon the children hurried into camp, two of them struggling with the weight of their bucket, the bottom covered with a number of pieces of yellow metal. They said they had tried to dig out anything from the bucket, but a bush bearing a flower that pleased them, intending to plant it in the bucket and take it along, and they had found the pieces of metal in the ground. Everybody gathered about the find, and nobody could make anything of it. The metal couldn't be of brass, of course, they knew, but it might be some kind of native copper, as it could be beaten out flat with ease. The pieces varied from the size of a pin to that of an egg.

"The argonauts had no use for a single pound of useless weight, and when the party started off all the metal was thrown away but a few pieces which the children were allowed to keep for jackstones and heavy jackets were worn too. Of course when Yreka was reached the playthings were recognized as gold. Then there was a stampede over the Oregon lava beds for the Blue Bucket mine, but snow had fallen on the Cascade range, and the party spent their lives looking for the lost placer ground and died in poverty. The others settled down to farming and succeeded at it. Every few years some prospectors takes motion to make his fortune by finding the Blue Bucket mine, but no gold has since ever been discovered in that whole stretch of southern Oregon.

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THE HOLE IN THE GROUND.

One of Nature's Wonders That May Be Seen in Texas.

In the Peach creek neighborhood is a place known as the Hole in the Ground, which is the only place in Texas, as far as known, where the wind blows up and down, a regular gale. The hole is on the cattle ranch belonging to Claus Baumgartner and close to the creek between steep, wooded bluffs. Peach creek is really a bayou, its waters level with the sea and running only during freshets caused by excessive rains. High south or north winds are the only ones to rufate its usually placid surface.

But it does not matter how placid the waters of Peach creek may be, how straight and unbending the trees on the bluffs may stand or how lazily the clouds drift through the air, there is always a gale at the Hole in the Ground. It howls and roars and whistles and shrieks as only a raging hurricane can do in its mad career. The hole is a costly affair to the man who owns it. The low ground on which it is situated is the only place where his cattle can get water at the creek.

It would be all right if a fence could be maintained around the hole, but that cannot be done. Every time the wind veers to the east everything above ground between the bluffs is sucked into it, snapping the stoutest fenceposts like pipestems and snatching coils of barbed wire like they were flimsy gossamers. At such times horses, cattle and sheep that happen to be on the flat are doomed. Strong horses, caught in the eddy of the mysterious wind, are as helpless as flies in a gale. They plunge and leap and struggle for a minute, then they are pressed down, whirled around a dozen times and go down never to be seen again.

The hole itself is about 300 feet across the top, with slanting sides. No one has ever been able to descend it, though it is possible to look down into it and see what the bottom is like. The sounds of the wind vary from a hoarse roar to a keen whistling noise. The prevailing winds, except on the winter days, seem to affect it in any way, for in calm storm rains and shine, night and day, winter and summer, it puffs and sucks and whirls and eddies 'till itself.

Twice in the memory of man Peach creek has overflowed its banks so high enough to run into the hole. The water then rose to a depth of four feet on the flat where the hole is situated. For a minute or so the water would pour down with a gurgling noise, then the earth around seemed to lump itself for a moment, and the next there would be an explosive sound, when it would come up again in a solid column 100 feet high. When this column broke, the waves rushing against the adjacent bluffs and were whipped into foam. This was repeated every minute or two until the water in the creek went back again within its banks. After the water had receded and the hole had resumed its usual labor of sucking and puffing wind once more, the ground around was literally covered with the bones of dead animals on which it had gorged itself for many years before —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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BLUES

Ever have them? Then we can't tell you anything about them. You know how dark everything looks and how you are about ready to give up. Somehow, you can't throw off the terrible depression. Are things really so blue? Isn't it your nerves, after all? That's where the trouble is. Your nerves are being poisoned from the impurities in your blood.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

purifies the blood and gives power and stability to the nerves. It makes health and strength, activity and cheerfulness.

This is what "Ayer's" will do for you. It's the oldest Sarsaparilla in the land, the kind that was old before other Sarsaparillas were known.

This also accounts for the saying, "One bottle of Ayer's is worth three bottles of the ordinary kind."

Write the Doctor. If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice you can possibly receive, write the doctor freely. For information of the patient, without cost, enclosed a prompt reply. Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

When Ethel sings, the faithful dog runs howling to the cellar door. And pitifully whines and begs. That he shall not be tortured more. The family cat scolded none. For underneath the guestroom bed, The poor canary 'neath his wing Forlornly hides his little head.

When Ethel sings, the parakeet Upon the sidewalk stop and look, Thinking perhaps the bird man Is roughly murdering the cock. The neighbors shut their windows tight And join in saying bitter things. The whole community is sad, Is deeply stirred when Ethel sings. —Somerville Journal.

In the Race, as Usual. "Cap'n, is you gwine ter run for office, ez usual, dis year?" "Yes, I'll be in." "Well, des gimme a beaver hat, a walkin' cane, \$10 on a mule ter ride, on tek keer on my chillon 'till I'm on de road, en I'll drum de county for you wusser'n a brass ban!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Oh, Goodness Gracious! "I shall never speak to him again, so 'heeh!" exclaimed young Mr. Slesy. "Who, dear boy?" asked Sappington. "That lowwid fellow Pepper. Met him lawet night at Tom Blugore's smokah. 'How d' do?' said I quite politely. 'Jove!' said he. 'You heah? I thought this was a stag affair.'"—Philadelphia Press.

His Strong Point. I like the self conceited man, The man who thinks he knows As much as any mortal can. And so looks down on those Who chance to pass along his way— Who thinks he occupies An eminent viceroyalty. May never hope to rise. I like him since he never cares What those around him say; He meddles not with their affairs Who pass him on the way. Full of himself, he has no time To watch his fellow man; He has no tricks for those who climb Or do the best they can. —Chicago Times-Herald.

Not His Due. Johnny (looking over her shoulder)—You've written "devil" with a little "d." That's n't right. Kitty—Why not? Johnny—Because all proper names ought to begin with a capital. Kitty—But "devil" is a very improper name.—Chicago Tribune.

"Example is Better Than Precept." It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story. Thousands of testimonials are examples of what Hood's has done for others, and what it will do for you.

Dyspepsia—"I was weak and had fainting spells. Dyspepsia and indigestion in severe form troubled me. Five bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla made me well and strong."—Mrs. WILLIAM VAN WALKENBURG, Atwood, Ont.

"We have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for our family as a matter of course. It is the best medicine I have ever used. It purifies the blood and gives power and stability to the nerves. It makes health and strength, activity and cheerfulness. This is what 'Ayer's' will do for you. It's the oldest Sarsaparilla in the land, the kind that was old before other Sarsaparillas were known. This also accounts for the saying, 'One bottle of Ayer's is worth three bottles of the ordinary kind.' Write the Doctor. If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice you can possibly receive, write the doctor freely. For information of the patient, without cost, enclosed a prompt reply. Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass."

THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION

OUT OF THE SHELL

This Easter you will want to step out of your old clothes as the chick comes out of the shell, and we want to interest you in a new "shell." We have, to show you, some of the most stylish and handsome weaves, made up in correct garments

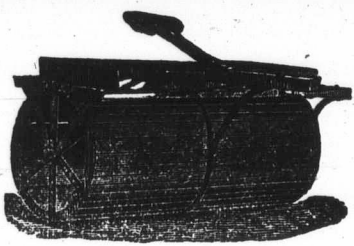
We Would Like to Sell You That **East-r Suit**

M. SILVER,

West Cor. King and Buell Sts.—Brockville

P. S.—This Easter you will want to step out of your old boots as you did out of your old clothes. Just step into Silver's and see his stock of Boots and Shoes for spring.

Hardwood Rollers to the Front Again



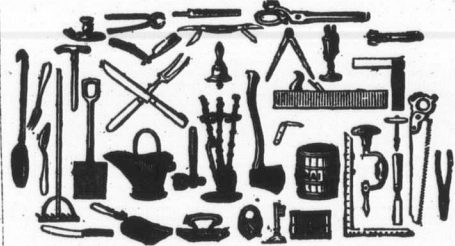
The great advance in price of Steel and Iron has put the Steel Roller out of sight, but we are on hand with a stock of first class HARDWOOD ROLLERS at a very small advance from last year, which we can ship or deliver at the works on short notice.

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

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Athens

Ontario

THE Athens Reporter

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

—BY—
B. LOVERIN

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

SUBSCRIPTION
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Local Notes

Messrs. W. and C. Keeler of Brockville, formerly of Greenbush, left for the North West this week, and will be engaged next summer in breaking ground on their location.

As the result of the first week's publication of E. D. Price's thoroughbred and half-bred Brahmas, he has made numerous sales during the last few days. Moral: When you have similar goods to offer for sale, let the public know it through the medium of the Athens Reporter.

Dr. Claude Wood and wife, Methodist missionaries to India, have returned to Canada to enjoy a holiday after a number of years' absence. Mr. Wood is visiting his mother, Mrs. F. N. Clifford, Brockville, and Mrs. Wood is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Mallory, Mallorytown. Their young child accompanies them.

On Tuesday last, Mr. D. Ladd, a prominent resident of Caintown, visited the surgery of Dr. S. S. Cornell and had seven very large polyps extracted from his nose. He had no idea of the nature of the obstruction that had shut off his supply of oxygen, and it was with a happy commingling of surprise, gratitude and delight that Mr. Ladd exhibited the tumors to his friends.

The Ormstown (P. Q.) Bulletin of a recent date says: Mr. G. R. Johnson, who has been at the Western Dairy School, Strathroy, Ont., since January 2, giving instruction in separating and butter-making, returned home last week. Mr. Johnson is about to sever his connection with Ormstown, having secured a splendid position with the Canadian Supply Co., of Montreal, as head agent for their dairy machinery. While we are sorry to lose such a good citizen, we are pleased to hear of Mr. Johnson's success.

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting and opening of Brockville Dairymen's Board of Trade, which has recently been incorporated, will be held on Thursday, May 3rd, at 1.30 p. m. in Victoria hall, Brockville. Business of importance will be considered respecting the manufacture and sale of fine cheese and butter.

Who Owns The Horse?

On Tuesday last, two young men wearing light felt hats and driving a brown horse attached to a covered buggy drove furiously into the Gosford neighborhood from the direction of Brockville. A short distance from the residence of Mr. W. G. Les they turned up a lane, stripped the harness from the pretty nearly exhausted horse and then, abandoning the outfit, started rapidly across the fields in the direction of Frankville. The horse is being cared for and the people of that section are anxiously awaiting an explanation of the strange conduct of the two men.

Road Drainage.

The condition of the roads throughout the country was probably never worse than this season, and in the village of Athens we have at least one sample of bad road that is the peer of any mud hole in the country. Owing to the surface drain becoming blocked and frozen, water accumulated on the north side of Main street, at Elma, and before an outlet was found for it the whole road-bed became thoroughly soaked. Travel over this section of road becomes more and more difficult, until on Monday experienced drivers travelled the back streets in order to avoid it.

The piece of road that has given way has always received its full share of attention and macadam, and its failure, we think, is directly due to lack of drainage. This defect cannot be remedied at present, but the road commissioners are moving in the matter and as soon as possible will take steps to prevent a recurrence of this serious trouble.

The whole subject of the under-drainage of the road-beds in the village is one that might well occupy the attention of the council, as, without thorough drainage, we are convinced that money spent in macadamizing is nearly all wasted.

UP THE GATINEAU

The Scribe of the Reporter Gives Another Extract from His Hunting Yarns and Tells About the Killing of Three Deer Inside of Five Minutes and All Within Twenty Rods of Each Other.

It was in the fall of 1893, when the Reporter Hunt Club were camped on Lake Penochongo, Quebec, that the incidents related below occurred. On this day, the party were up earlier than usual, and as the Scribe and his son, Byron, had not been successful in capturing their quota of deer, Corney Teeples, the guide, volunteered to take them to a new location on the mountains, where he was certain that they would have a good opportunity to get game. A row of a couple of miles was made before sunrise, and Byron was stationed on a convenient runway while the Guide and Scribe took up over the hills for a couple of miles. That morning stroll was one that the Scribe, at least, will never forget. Before half the proposed distance had been passed over, he began to show signs of weariness and had to be prompted by the Guide to continue a short distance further. The sight from the top of the mountains on that autumn morn-



ing was one never to be forgotten. From one point, the surrounding wilderness could be seen for miles in every direction. As far as the eye could reach it was mountain piled on the top of mountain. Innumerable lakes of all sizes and shapes could be seen, nestled in the lap of some shrub-covered mountain, while the two largest, Big, or Thirty-one-mile lake, and Penochongo, could be traced until they disappeared over the edge of the horizon. The greater portion of the country had been heavily timbered with pine, but the timber had long since disappeared under the axe of the lumbermen and its place taken by clusters of small scrub pine, or white birch and poplar. It must have been nearly ten o'clock when the Guide pointed to a large rock ahead and told the Scribe that he was at the end of his tramp for the morning, as from that point he could look down into the valley, "alive with deer," as he quaintly expressed it. Sure enough, the location was one that commanded a fine view of a large valley within easy range, the sides being covered with a luxuriant growth of wild grasses and sumac. The guide said he would stroll on to the top of an adjoining hill and he might be able to start up a deer or two, which would be very likely to run across the valley, affording an excellent opportunity for a shot. The Scribe had not sat on his watch more than twenty minutes before the sharp crack of Corney's rifle resounded through the valleys and the smoke could be seen some half a mile away. Several shots followed in quick succession, followed by a silence for a few minutes, when the firing was repeated until about twelve or fifteen shots in all were fired. All at once the form of the Guide was seen running directly toward the Scribe and

FOUR PHYSICIANS FAILED.

One who speaks in terms of the highest praise of Dr. Hall's Rheumatic Cure is Mr. J. P. H. Ferris, Kingston, Ont. It cured him when all other remedies failed, and after four physicians had exhausted their skill upon him. He suffered with rheumatism in the legs and shoulders for over a year, and for six months the pain he endured was excruciating. For three weeks it confined him to his room. Happening to read of some of the remarkable cures effected by Dr. Hall's Rheumatic Cure, he was induced to give it a trial. Almost from the time he began taking the first bottle he was relieved, and after using seven bottles, he found himself as well and free from pain as ever he was. He declares the medicine is a wonderful remedy, and recommends all rheumatic sufferers to give it a trial. He says if the directions are carried out faithfully, a cure is sure to follow.



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

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BUELL TREET BROCKVILLE
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR.

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The preservation of the natural teeth and dental diseases affecting the oral cavity a specialty. Gas administered for extracting.

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1st 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 Chasels' store, Main St., Athens.

MONEY TO LOAN.
The undersigned has a large sum of money to loan on real estate security at low rates.
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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
HUTCHINSON & FISHER,
Barristers &c., Brockville

C. O. C. F.
Addison Council No 156 Canadian Order of Chosen Friends meets the 1st and 3rd Saturdays of each month in Ashwood Hall, Addison, Ont. Motto, Friendship, Aid and Protection.
B. W. LOVERIN, C. C.
R. HERBERT FIELD Recorder.

I. O. F.
Court Glen Buell No 878 Independent Order of Foresters, meets in Bings Hall, Glen Buell, on the 2nd and 4th Friday in each month at 7.30. Visitors always welcome.
W. J. ANDERSON, C. R.
C. J. GILROY, R. S.

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

1883 — 1900

Sixteen years of continued success has made **Brockville Business College** a popular institution. More students, more positions in 1899 than ever before. 1000 promises still better results. Will you be one of the successful ones? Rates low. All commercial branches taught. Send for catalogue.
C. W. Gay, Principal
BROCKVILLE, ONT.

DELTA.

TUESDAY, April 24.—Mrs. Curtis, relict of the late Northup Curtis, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. R. Wood, Delta, on April 14. Deceased, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Smith, a grand daughter of Major Reed of Kitley, was born in Elizabethtown in 1818 and had therefore reached the advanced age of 82 years. She was held in the highest respect and esteem by a very large circle of friends and acquaintances who will learn with deep regret of her death. She leaves five children to mourn the loss of a fond and affectionate mother. They are Hon. Smith Curtis, Rossland, B. C.; Mrs. L. Hagar, Michigan; Mrs. J. Loverin, Soperton; Mr. Allan Curtis, Rossland; and Mrs. R. Wood, Delta.

Mrs. Amelia Andress of Syracuse died at that place and her remains were brought to Delta in charge of her husband. She was second daughter of Mr. R. H. Wells, formerly of here, now of Smith's Falls. Her death took place on 15th of April after two days' illness from tumor. Deceased was 35

years old and her death is a severe blow to the sorrowing father, sisters and husband. All that kind and willing hands could do was done to relieve the sufferer, but to no avail. The remains were conveyed from the residence of Mr. Geo. Morris to the church, where Rev. D. Earl, B. A., preached the funeral sermon from Job 14: 7, 14. The interment took place in the Howard cemetery. The casket was nearly hidden with choice flowers. The bereaved ones have the sympathy of the community in their great sorrow.

An exchange tells of a cruel joke a young girl played on her mother. She accidentally found a love letter that her father had written to her mother in their halcyon days of courtship. She read it to her mother substituting her own name and that of her lover. The mother raved in anger and stamped her foot with disgust and forbade her daughter to have anything to do with a fellow that would write such nonsensical stuff. The girl gave the letter to her mother to read and suddenly the house became so quiet you could hear a pin drop.

THIS IS A DOCUMENT IN THE ARCHIVES OF THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA

HOW BELIEF CAME.

Wolland County Man's Interesting Experience.

He Had Suffered for Years From Kidney Trouble—Many Medicines Wore Tried, But Failed—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Saved Him.

Mr. James Upper, of Allenburg, is a gentleman well known in Wolland county. Mr. Upper was proprietor of the village hotel for over thirty years, and no better landlord ever catered to a traveller's wants. Mr. Upper's acquaintance also extends over Ontario as a sequel to his prominence in Orange and Masonic circles. His present vocation is farming and in this calling he has been very successful. Mr. Upper has been a sufferer for years from kidney trouble and began to think that good health had altogether passed him by. The pain came when he found a complete cure and is again strong, happy and vigorous. As to Mr. Upper's weakness and cure he says: "I was prostrated with a severe form of kidney trouble. Previous to this I was slightly afflicted in the same way, but at the same time I was over-exerted. To say that I suffered does not express it; the pains in my back were terrible. I gradually grew worse, and was compelled to keep my bed for months. I existed as though in a hideous dream. I had considerable nausea and loathing for food, was greatly reduced in flesh. The pain daily grew more intolerable. I got little sleep; was left weak and exhausted, and despaired of getting well. Different remedies were tried without benefit. Finally I was persuaded to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and procured six boxes. This was about March 1st, 1898. I took the pills faithfully and at the end of the first month I felt my again and able to attend to my work. The following autumn I experienced a slight recurrence of the trouble, and again used a few boxes of the pills and now consider my cure complete, as a year has since passed and I have not experienced a pain or ache. I am now able to follow farming pursuits with perfect ease. Mr. Upper also speaks warmly in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as I do, having used them for headache, dizziness and loss of appetite, the pills always giving comfort and relief. Since my illness I have learned that a good remedy is none the less good because its cost was so much less than I expected."

YES, SHE KNEW HIM.

Once the Dead Man Was Her Husband.

ORDERED A DECENT BURIAL.

New York despatch: William Weiman, an old man had drunk enough rum in his lifetime to float the Kearsarge, and who was popularly known in Hoboken as "the Judge," will not be buried in the Potter's Field after all. His body, which lies at the morgue, has been claimed, and he will be given a decent burial. "The Judge" was a chronic drunkard. The other day he was found on the streets in his usual condition, and he was hustled to the Hoboken County Jail.

"Drunk again, eh?" said the station keeper, as he carried Weiman back to a cell.

"No, not drunk again," remarked a policeman, "it's the same old disease."

The next morning they found the Judge dead on the floor. He had expired from acute alcoholism. They took his body to the morgue.

Yesterday a fashionably dressed woman drove up to the morgue and asked to be allowed to see the body. The keeper was astonished. He looked at the well-dressed woman and then he thought of the old drunkard, ragged "Judge."

"Beggin' your pardon, ma'am, but I don't suppose you were ever particularly interested in the 'Judge' were you?"

The woman didn't answer for a moment. She looked at the face on the slab and then walked away.

"Yes, I knew him," she remarked. "He was once my husband." She gave orders to have the remains buried in decent style and in her own name.

Weiman, it is said, was once a prominent and wealthy lawyer. Thirteen years ago he took to drink and when he died he was a wreck.

Traits of Women.

The real woman can manage a man every time, but she can't do a thing with one of her own sex.

Few women can understand why the messenger boy does not come before they have stopped ringing for him.

The woman who has a fine position is envied, but she who doesn't have to work at all is envied still more.

The woman who wears an array of tinkling bangles to the theatre receives no thanks from those trying to hear what is said on the stage.

The height of exaggeration is reached when we cannot make out a letter which we know contains something of a genuine importance to us.

A man is always foolish to tell a woman how far superior she is to him. She may tell him he is wrong, but it helps her to put on a few disagreeable airs, nevertheless.—Philadelphia Times.

Human Odors.

According to Dr. Bet (Archibut gesammten Physiologie), every man has his own particular odor, while but few possess a sufficient keen sense of smell thus to recognize the individual. Dogs, however, possess the power of accurate discrimination. The author has observed on individual whose powers were analyzed in this respect under severe test. It is furthermore believed that every family has an odor of its own possessed to a greater or smaller degree by its various members.

They that will not be counseled cannot be helped.—Franklin.

This is the law of benefits between men. The one ought to forget at once what he has given and the other ought never to forget what he has received.—Seneca.

MAY KISS THE LANDLADY.

That is a Privilege of the Star Boarder.

UNDER THE LAW OF NEW YORK.

Magistrate Mayo has evidenced a proper appreciation of the rights of the much maligned "star boarder" by dismissing the complaint against one of the fraternity, Owen McCarthy, who was brought into Yorkville Police Court charged with assaulting his landlady's husband. The complainant was Patrick Sexton, who had most unreasonably objected to McCarthy kissing Mrs. Sexton. Thereupon, the "star boarder," in defence of his rights, seized a chair, with which he severely and thoroughly chastised the petulant husband. In court Sexton showed two badly blackened eyes, swollen optics and a long sculp wound as evidence that the scolding of husband to a boarding-house keeper is not always a sinecure.

"In December," "colleeman"ickey, who arrested the "star boarder," had this to say: "I found McCarthy and Mrs. Sexton sitting together on a sofa. He had his arms about Mrs. Sexton's neck, and did not stop kissing her when I entered with the husband. She objected to me arresting the boarder, saying he had a right to kiss her."

Magistrate Mayo very wisely advised all parties to strive to dwell together in harmony in future, and discharged McCarthy, thus proving himself a man well equipped for judicial duties. It is a hopeful sign for ethical progress when courts come to recognize the rights of star boarders and give them a definite legal status. What would life be worth to the star boarder were he denied the time honored privilege of kissing the landlady? Like Orpheus, his occupation would soon be gone. Little do they know of him who think his soul can be satisfied with always receiving the larger piece of pie, or by other sordid favors of this sort. He looks for something loftier than this, and naturally, reaches up to the landlady's lips.

As for the husband, he does not come in for so large a share of consideration. There are those who squander sympathy on the genus, but they are persons who live in boardinghouses conducted by widows. This is not saying that husbands of landladies are not admirable, but only that we have been unfortunate in our acquaintance and have seldom met with the superior kind. It is not strange that suspicion often attaches to the man whose wife keeps boarders. Were he other than he is, the star boarder would never have come in as a social factor.—N. Y. Telegraph.

Scrofula cured by Miller's Compound Iron Pills.

HURT HIS JAW.

But the Bullet Went in at the Top of His Head.

What will not the human frame endure—and ignorantly endure? We have heard many stories of eccentric wounds, and, indeed, have a rather large store of them ourselves. But the following, which we heard on high authority recently, is anything but a story. After the battle of the Modder, a soldier, carrying his rifle in his left hand at the slant, and holding up his jaw with his right, walked into a field hospital. As soon as a surgeon was at liberty he said, "Well, my man, what can I do for you?" "Oh, dochtir, I jist want you to take out o' my jaw here a bullet that's knocked out two of my teeth." "Well, sit down." "A" is that the only place you feel any pain, where the bullet is?" "Troth, that's all, and that's plinty." "But are you sure you've no pain anywhere else?" "Sorra bit, only I'm confused like." "Well, no wonder; that bullet in your jaw got there through the top of your head?" And the patient recovered.

Miller's Liniment for sale everywhere.

Who the Old Duck Was.

George K. Sheppard, of Paris, one of the Canadian soldiers in South Africa, tells in a letter a story which he got from one of the British soldiers with whom he is familiar. The soldier said that one day last summer he and several others were cleaning harness on Sunday morning, when "an old duck" entered the stables and, like all civilians, began asking questions. One of the chaps gave the old fellow talks about extra parades and the tough time they had, and the others shined in and exaggerated for all they were worth, and filled "the old duck" up to the brim. They nudged him in the ribs and hinted that he buy them the drinks. Soon after they were started to hear officers' call, and then muster for parade. When they fell in what was their astonishment to find that Sir Evelyn Wood and the old duck were one and the same person.

Miller's Worm Powders make the children healthy.

A Tip for Florists.

New floral varieties, especially of roses, says the Westminster Gazette, are always wanted for regal and princely tables, great weddings and the like, large prices being paid for a genuine invention. The subject suggests curious speculation. If a blue carnation would be worth a fortune to the discoverer, how many fortunes would fall to the patient of a patriotic battalion, a floral Union Jack!

Miller's Worm Powders for sallow skin; old or young.

Hens Were Bad Enough.

"I wrote to you," said Barnstorm's friend, "and directed it to that California town as you advised. 'Didn't you see it?'"

"No," replied Barnstorm, "we didn't show them. We discovered at the last moment that there was an ostrich farm quite near the theatre."

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

"Well done" is the highest praise one can receive.

Fire and sword are but slow engines of destruction in comparison with the babbling.—Steele.

The testimony of a good conscience is the glory of a good man.—Thomas a Kempis.

THE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

The Twenty-Fifth Annual Report Just Published.

An instructive synopsis of the excellent work being done by the Ontario Agricultural College is presented in the 25th annual report of that institution, just issued by the Department of Agriculture. It is a record of steady progress and increasing popular appreciation of the advantages conferred by the college in raising the standard of agriculture and imparting the practical instruction in modern scientific methods which are necessary to enable Canadian farmers to meet competition on terms of equality. The interest taken by farmers in the work of the college is shown by the fact that no fewer than 30,000 excursionists visited the institution in June last year.

The attendance of students in 1899 was the largest in the history of the college, 297 being entered in the regular course, and 129 for dairy instruction, a total of 366. Since the beginning of the present course 153 new students have entered, the total number being 51.

Present dormitory accommodation. An analysis of the College roll for the general course shows that 197 of the students are from Ontario, 22 from other Provinces of Canada, and 18 from outside the Dominion—tea of these came from Britain, three from the United States and three from Jamaica. Sixty of the Ontario students were nominated by County Councils. The increase of students has created the need for new buildings and alterations in the existing structures—as in addition to the lack of dormitories, the laboratories are too small for practical work. Accounts of the work and experiments undertaken by the different departments are given in the reports of the various professors, which indicate in nearly every line the scope of operations has been considerably extended. An extra course of three weeks in butter-making was given in the dairy school beginning Dec. 1st.

President Mills closes his report by advancing some facts in support of his contention that a well-equipped Agricultural College requires a larger expenditure on capital and maintenance accounts than an equally strong Arts College, and gives the expenditure of several of the leading American Agricultural Colleges to show the liberal spirit in which they are provided for with regard to equipment and salaries. The profit and loss statement for the year has not been made out, but some details of cash receipts and expenditures are given, from which it appears that the net expenditure was \$57,433, of which \$36,074 was for the college and Government buildings, the remainder being the outfit on the farm and the various departments.

His Testimonial.

"How do you like your new type-writer?" inquired the agent.

"It's grand," was the immediate reply. "I wonder how I ever got along without it."

"Well, would you mind giving me a little testimonial on that effect?"

"Certainly not. Do it gladly." So he rolled up his sleeves, and in an incredibly short time pounded out this: "After using the outstanding Back-taction a type writ, or for three months a d over. I unhesitatingly pronounce it prone it to be all even more given, from which it is manifestly that the Manufacture Claim for it. During the time been in possession of, I ree month zed it has more than paid for itself in the saving of it an labor.—John G Gibbs."

"Thanks," said the agent, and most quickly went away.

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., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last five years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out all obligations made by him.

WISKE & TRAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

W. A. KRAVITZ, Wholesale Druggist, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting on the mucous membrane, and cures the system. Price 50¢ per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Fanny Pills are the best.

Doves and Serpents.

Lady Charlotte writes from Paris to the London Mail: Doves and serpents are enjoying a simultaneous triumph in India, as the embellishments of evening dresses calculated to create an impression. The tunic of a white tuile ball gown, caught up rather to the centre of the front, which should be trimmed by a modesty of the Rue de la Paix with a flight of birds, more of them were posed just upon the shoulder and still another was sent home to be worn in the hair.

The serpents are large and realistic, and meander also upon the tunic and across the décolletage. They are made of chenille and sequins.

A STRONG SCHOOL.

Twelve regular teachers, with an up-to-date equipment, including sixty Typewriting Machines, combine to give the students in attendance to the Central Business College of Toronto, which is recognized as the leading Commercial School in Canada.

The Spring term continues from April 22nd to June 1st. Students are admitted in July, but members are admitted into any department at any time throughout the year. Tuition is no vacation.

An Antiquarian Prize.

Camden, the Roman station near Falkirk, has been explored by the Scottish Antiquarian Society with results that would have delighted Mr. Pickwick. In addition to what Mrs. Malpas reports in articles of "bigotry and virtue" there was a great find of iron implements and Samian ware. Even more interesting was a large quantity of native British pottery bearing the trade mark of more than fifty different manufacturers. The legionaries would seem to have favored sybaritic luxuries rather than austere frugal fare, for many of the buildings were furnished with glazed windows, and "hyponocausts" to heat the rooms. Few coins were found, but these suffice to fix the date of occupation as the middle of the second century.

Thatfulness after meals promptly relieved by taking one of Miller's Compound Iron Pills after each meal.

Cause of Cancer.

An interesting contribution to our knowledge of the etiology of cancer is given by A. Adamkiewicz (Kin-theap, Wroch, March 18, 1900). His theory holds to the parasitic theory and considers the cancer cell to be not a typical epithelium, but a species of cocci, which infects those parts of the body most closely in contact with the outer world. Several instances are quoted in which the mere sting of an insect was followed by epithelioma of the breast, and in one case of the body most closely in contact with the outer world. Several instances are quoted in which the mere sting of an insect was followed by epithelioma of the breast, and in one case of the body most closely in contact with the outer world.

Pointed Paragraphs.

The characters of illegible writers are always bad.

Some men seem to think a woman's mission is sub-mission.

When a man's friends roast him he is usually done to a turn.

All's fair in love and war, but they cut rates in a railway war.

No matter how many engines he is in good company when alone.

Miller's Worm Powders for restlessness and peevishness.

Matrimony is a commercial product nowadays. Unsuitable goods may be returned by applying to the divorce court.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

ESSENCE OF BREVITY

The Shortest and Most Concise Story Ever Written About Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mrs. C. Kennedy, of Montreal, the Author, Tells the Whole Tale in Eleven Words—A Convincing Tribute to Dodd's Kidney Pills, Notwithstanding.

Montreal, April 16.—It is seldom that the man who speaks the right words makes the greatest speech. In the Ottawa House of Parliament it is proved every day that the member that can say what he has to say most concisely carries most weight in debate. In the same way the letter of Mrs. Kennedy will not have the less meaning because of its brevity.

Mrs. C. Kennedy resides on St. Philip street, City of Montreal. On her own initiative she wrote the following letter concerning the well-known remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills.

January 8th, 1900.

Dodd's Medicine Co., Limited; Gentlemen,—Having used Dodd's Kidney Pills, I find them a great success.

MRS. C. KENNEDY.

31 St. Philip St., Montreal, Canada.

Mrs. Kennedy says not a word of detail, but the one great fact of importance to other sufferers lies in the expression "great success." That contains all the comforting assurance that could be expressed by a column of detail.

As is well known, Dodd's Kidney Pills are claimed to cure any form of Kidney Disease that preys on mankind—Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Heart Disease, Women's Weakness, Headache and Urinary Complaints and Blood Disorders. It is used with equally "great success" in all. Whatever was the cause of Mrs. Kennedy's necessity for Dodd's Kidney Pills, the result was the same as experienced by everybody.

Guaranteed Cure for Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Throat Irritation, Colds, &c.

Don't let that Catarrh or Bronchitis run on. Root it out before it becomes chronic. The best, simplest and quickest remedy for these complaints is "Catarrhozone." It costs nothing to test, for we will send you, free, a 25 cent outfit, sufficient in many cases to cure, and the thousand testimonials. Enclose 10 cents for box, postage, etc. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

10,000 FREE SAMPLES.

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Seated His Wife Up.

A Major Hook of the East India Company service in London was entitled by the will of a relative to an annuity of £400 a year until his wife was buried. To fulfil the terms of this important document after death he caused her body to be embalmed, sealed up in a glass case and placed in the upper chamber of his house, where it remained for thirty years, but no person was ever permitted to enter that room where it lay.

Jennie—Mr. Penn writes very touching poetry, don't you think? Ben—I should say so. I got this from him yesterday: "Dear Ben,—Lend me ten! Yours, Penn."

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

DRESSY GOWNS IN BLACK.

They are Prettily Espangled With Jet and Cut Steel.

Our grande dames appear to have a special fondness for black for their evening toilets, as dressy gowns of black net are quite prominent opera nights. A white satin lining, with the black net over it, is much favored by the younger women, though entire black gowns lining and all, are quite as frequently seen.

Spangles form the favorite trimming, and scarcely a black evening gown is worn without some of them to be almost alive with every move of the wearer, so thickly are some of the gowns encrusted with these shining sparks. This particularly impresses one when jet spangles are used. Cut-steel spangles on a black net gown, over a white satin slip, are very smart.

RICHLY EMBROIDERED.

Embroidery, after the prevailing Paris mode, is seen on these black gowns, but only to a slight degree with us as yet. One composed of black net had a panel on the front of delicate and delicate richly embroidered in a thistle design, with its leaves of pale rose and lavender. The princess style is much in mode for these evening gowns, the gown itself being usually there is a waist trimming that gives the effect of a separate corsage. A high-necked sash, of pastel-blue velvet, double braided, cut to a point in the front and fastened in front with three buckles of brilliant, with a waistband of braided velvet, carried out this idea on opalescent spangles. The bodice was a softly-draped décolleté one, with a wider embroidery of the spangles, following the outline of the round neck.

OPALESCENT SPANGLES.

Another one worthy of mention was worn by a young matron, one of the October brides of the smart set. It was a beauty, the gown itself being a tulle foundation, made with a tulle cut in deep points, falling over a deep flounce of handsome lace. These points were outlined with an embroidery of opalescent spangles. The bodice was a softly-draped décolleté one, with a wider embroidery of the spangles, following the outline of the round neck.

THE NEW BOX-PLAITED BACK SKIRT.

The new box-plaited back skirt, heralded for spring, is becoming quite prominent at the opera, and in the gauzy stuffs most commonly employed to develop it these black opera gowns look their best, as they fall most softly and gracefully.

ACME BICYCLES \$20.00.

Guaranteed. They are built to ride. Drop us a postal. Orient Wheel Works, Tilsonburg, Ont.

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For Coughs, Colds and Lung Diseases

Take a half teacup full Flax-seed Tea with a dose of E.V.'s.

COX'S POSITIVE CURE FOR PILES gives instant relief, soon effects permanent cure. A full size 50 cent package sent to any address on receipt of 25c and this advertisement.

THE HUTCHINGS MEDICAL CO., Toronto, Ont.

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AGENTS WANTED FOR OUR TWO NEW

books, "The Library of South Africa (four books in one); and "Dwight L. Moody, The Man and His Mission"; the books are well written and up-to-date, and are a refresh of old matter; the prices are low, and the terms extra liberal; agents can make money if they take hold at once and sell our books. Prospectus free. If you mean business, either arrangements for the canvass, or direct to William Briggs, Methodist Book Room, Toronto.

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I was cured of a bad case of Grip by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Sydney, C. B. C. I. LAQUE.

I was cured of loss of voice by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

CHARLES PLUMMER.

Yarmouth.

I was cured of Sciatica Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Burns, Nfld. LEWIS S. BUTLER.

MINARD'S LINIMENT RELIEVES NEURALGIA.

An artisan in Lyons, France, has constructed a clock with a little platform and two doorways just under the dial, says the Jewellers' Circular and Weekly. On the stroke of every hour the figure of a soldier comes out of one doorway, stands for a moment between the two doors, gives a military salute, and then fires a miniature pistol. At the hour of 1 there is one report; at the hour of 6, six reports, etc. It is an ingenious and interesting device.

Can't eat? Take Miller's Compound Iron Pills for a few days and observe the results.

An Absolutely Safe Savings Bank.

Where?

The use of St. Lawrence Sugars.

Absolutely Pure

Their Use Saves You More Than 5 Per Cent.

EDDY'S MATCHES

HAVE A WELL-EARNED REPUTATION.

DON'T EXPERIMENT WITH UNKNOWN BRANDS. IT LEADS TO BAD RESULTS.

OUT OF THE SHELL

This Easter you will want to step out of your old clothes as the chick comes out of the shell, and we want to interest you in a new "shell." We have, to show you, some of the most stylish and handsome weaves, made up in correct garments

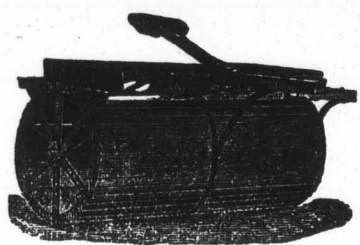
We Would Like to Sell You That Easter Suit

M. SILVER,

West Cor. King and Buell Sts.—Brockville

P. S.—This Easter you will want to step out of your old boots as you did out of your old clothes. Just step into Silver's and see his stock of Boots and Shoes for spring.

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

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A liberal discount for contract advertisements.
Advertisements sent without written instructions will be inserted until forbidden and charged full time.
All advertisements measured by a scale of solid nonpareil—12 lines to the inch.

Local Notes

Messrs. W. and C. Keeler of Brockville, formerly of Greenbush, left for the North-West this week, and will be engaged next summer in breaking ground on their location.

As the result of the first week's publication of E. D. Price's thoroughbred and half-bred Brahmas, he has made numerous sales during the last few days. Moral: When you have similar goods to offer for sale, let the public know it through the medium of the Athens Reporter.

Dr. Claude Wood and wife, Methodist missionaries to India, have returned to Canada to enjoy a holiday after a number of years' absence. Mr. Wood is visiting his mother, Mrs. F. N. Clifford, Brockville, and Mrs. Wood is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Mallory, Mallorytown. Their young child accompanies them.

On Tuesday last, Mr. D. Ladd, a prominent resident of Caintown, visited the surgery of Dr. S. S. Cornell and had seven very large polypuses extracted from his nose. He had no idea of the nature of the obstruction that had shut off his supply of oxygen, and it was with a happy commingling of surprise, gratitude and delight that Mr. Ladd exhibited the tumors to his friends.

The Ormstown (P. Q.) Bulletin of a recent date says: Mr. G. R. Johnson, who has been at the Western Dairy School, Strathroy, Ont., since January 2, giving instruction in separating and butter-making, returned home last week. Mr. Johnson is about to sever his connection with Ormstown, having secured a splendid position with the Canadian Supply Co., of Montreal, as head agent for their dairy machinery. While we are sorry to lose such a good citizen, we are pleased to hear of Mr. Johnson's success.

Annual Meeting.
The annual meeting and opening of Brockville Dairymen's Board of Trade, which has recently been incorporated, will be held on Thursday, May 3rd, at 1:30 p. m. in Victoria hall, Brockville. Business of importance will be considered respecting the manufacture and sale of fine cheese and butter.

Who Owns The Horse?
On Tuesday last, two young men wearing light felt hats and driving a brown horse attached to a covered buggy drove furiously into the Gosford neighborhood from the direction of Brockville. A short distance from the residence of Mr. W. G. Les they turned up a lane, stripped the harness from the pretty nearly exhausted horse and then, abandoning the outfit, started rapidly across the fields in the direction of Frankville. The horse is being cared for and the people of that section are anxiously awaiting an explanation of the strange conduct of the two men.

Road Drainage.
The condition of the roads throughout the country was probably never worse than this season, and in the village of Athens we have at least one sample of bad road that is the peer of any mud hole in the country. Owing to the surface drain becoming blocked and frozen, water accumulated on the north side of Main street, at Elma, and before an outlet was found for it the whole road-bed became thoroughly soaked. Travel over this section of road became more and more difficult, until on Monday experienced drivers travelled the back streets in order to avoid it.

The piece of road that has given way has always received its full share of attention and macadam, and its failure, we think, is directly due to lack of drainage. This defect cannot be remedied at present, but the road commissioners are moving in the matter and as soon as possible will take steps to prevent a recurrence of this serious trouble.

The whole subject of the under-drainage of the road-beds in the village is one that might well occupy the attention of the council, as, without thorough drainage, we are convinced that money spent in macadamizing is nearly all wasted.

UP THE GATINEAU

The Scribe of the Reporter Gives Another Extract from His Hunting Yarns and Tells About the Killing of Three Deer Inside of Five Minutes and All Within Twenty Rods of Each Other.

It was in the fall of 1893, when the Reporter Hunt Club were camped on Lake Penechongo, Quebec, that the incidents related below occurred.

On this day, the party were up earlier than usual, and as the Scribe and his son, Byron, had not been successful in capturing their quota of deer, Corney Teeples, the guide, volunteered to take them to a new location on the mountains, where he was certain that they would have a good opportunity to get game.

A row of a couple of miles was made before sunrise, and Byron was stationed on a convenient runway while the Guide and Scribe took up over the hills for a couple of miles. That morning stroll was one that the Scribe, at least, will never forget. Before half the proposed distance had been passed over, he began to show signs of weariness and had to be prompted by the Guide to continue a short distance further. The sight from the top of the mountains on that autumn morn-

wildly shouting and gesticulating for the Scribe to come, that he had fired his last cartridge, and a big buck was running directly towards the valley, where the Scribe was located. A run down into the valley at a break-neck pace brought the Scribe within speaking distance, when Corney yelled, "Look out, there he goes," and sure enough a fine buck with a majestic pair of horns was seen to stop on the point of a hill not more than forty rods away. A shot from the Scribe's gun brought the magnificent animal to the ground, but it sprang up and took a short circle, returning to within a few feet of where he stood when the first shot was fired. Three or four shots were sent in its direction and it disappeared from sight. Corney from his elevated perch could see its movements however, and he shouted to come on as the game was too badly hurt to get away. They soon reached the vicinity of the place where the deer was supposed to be, and on making a



ing was one never to be forgotten. From one point, the surrounding wilderness could be seen for miles in every direction. As far as the eye could reach it was mountain piled on the top of mountain. Innumerable lakes of all sizes and shapes could be seen, nestled in the lap of some shrub-covered mountain, while the two largest, Big, or Thirty-one-mile lake, and Penechongo, could be traced until they disappeared over the edge of the horizon. The greater portion of the country had been heavily timbered with pine, but the timber had long since disappeared under the axe of the lumbermen and its place taken by clusters of small scrub pine, or white birch and poplar. It must have been nearly ten o'clock when the Guide pointed to a large rock ahead and told the Scribe that he was at the end of his tramp for the morning, as from that point he could look down into the valley, "alive with deer," as he quaintly expressed it. Sure enough, the location was one that commanded a fine view of a large valley within easy range, the sides being covered with a luxuriant growth of wild grasses and sumac. The guide said he would stroll on to the top of an adjoining hill and he might be able to start up a deer or two, which would be very likely to run across the valley, affording an excellent opportunity for a shot. The Scribe had not sat on his watch more than twenty minutes before the sharp crack of Corney's rifle resounded through the valleys and the smoke could be seen some half a mile away. Several shots followed in quick succession, followed by a silence for a few minutes, when the firing was repeated until about twelve or fifteen shots in all were fired. All at once the form of the Guide was seen running directly toward the Scribe and

search they found it with its head run under a fallen log and its antlers wedged so tightly under the tree that it took their united strength to pull it out. The deer proved to be a very large one, and had a very large and beautiful pair of antlers. The buck was too heavy to hang up, so it was bled and disembowled and left on the ground. In response to the enquiry as to what he was firing at Corney replied, "Come and see"! On going to the top of the hill he pointed out where a fine buck and a two-year-old doe lay dead, not more than ten rods apart, and he had shot at two others that had escaped him from lack of ammunition. The deer were bled and the entrails removed and a start made for shore which was reached in good time. The rest of the party had not been successful and as the weather was very fine, it was feared that the venison would spoil, so a council was held that evening and the decision came to, to pack up and start for home. Next morning at daybreak eight of the party taking three boats and a couple of axes started to bring out the three deer killed the day before. While one went on ahead and picked out the road, the rest followed and cut a sapling here and a limb there, then swung a log around in another place and marked out a road fully six feet wide to where the game lay. A couple of poles were cut for each, a rude litter made and three of the most stalwart placed their shoulders under the carcasses of the large buck while two each took the other two deer out in a like manner. The hardships of that "carry out" can not be told, only that it was five minutes to four o'clock when the shore was reached on the return journey.

DELTA.

TUESDAY, April 24.—Mrs. Curtis, relict of the late Northup Curtis, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. R. Wood, Delta, on April 14. Deceased, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Smith, a grand daughter of Major Reed of Kitley, was born in Elizabethtown in 1818 and had therefore reached the advanced age of 82 years. She was held in the highest respect and esteem by a very large circle of friends and acquaintances who will learn with deep regret of her death. She leaves five children to mourn the loss of a fond and affectionate mother. They are Hon. Smith Curtis, Rossland; B. C.; Mrs. L. Hagar, Michigan; Mrs. J. Loverin, Soperon; Mr. Allan Curtis, Rossland; and Mrs. R. Wood, Delta.

Mrs. Amelia Andress of Syracuse died at that place and her remains were brought to Delta in charge of her husband. She was second daughter of Mr. R. H. Wells, formerly of here, now of Smith's Falls. Her death took place on 15th of April after two day's illness from tumor. Deceased was 35

years old and her death is a severe blow to the sorrowing father, sisters and husband. All that kind and willing hands could do was done to relieve the sufferer, but to no avail. The remains were conveyed from the residence of Mr. Geo. Morris to the church, where Rev. D. Earl, B. A., preached the funeral sermon from Job 14: 7, 14. The interment took place in the Howard cemetery. The casket was nearly hidden with choice flowers. The bereaved ones have the sympathy of the community in their great sorrow.

An exchange tells of a cruel joke a young girl played on her mother. She accidentally found a love letter that her father had written to her mother in their halcyon days of courtship. She read it to her mother substituting her own name and that of her lover. The mother raved in anger and stamped her foot with disgust and forbade her daughter to have anything to do with a fellow that would write such nonsensical stuff. The girl gave the letter to her mother to read and suddenly the house became so quiet you could hear a pin drop.

FOUR PHYSICIANS FAILED.

One who speaks in terms of the highest praise of Dr. Hall's Rheumatic Cure is Mr. J. P. H.



Ferris, Kingston, Ont. It cured him when all other remedies failed, and after four physicians had exhausted their skill upon him. He suffered with rheumatism in the legs and shoulders for over a year, and for six months the pain he endured was excruciating. For three weeks it confined him to his room. Happening to read of some of the remarkable cures effected by Dr. Hall's Rheumatic Cure, he was induced to give it a trial. Almost from the time he began taking the first bottle he was relieved, and after using seven bottles, he found himself as well and free from pain as ever he was. He declares the medicine is a wonderful remedy, and recommends all rheumatic sufferers to give it a trial. He says if the directions are carried out faithfully, a cure is sure to follow.

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

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B. W. LOVERIN, C. C.
R. HERBERT FIELD Recorder.

I. O. F.
Court Glen Buell No 878 Independent Order of Foresters, meets in Bingo Hall, Glen Buell, on the 2nd and 4th Friday in each month at 7:30. Visitors always welcome.
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Highest Cash Price at the Brockville
A. G. McCrady Sols

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Apples Peaches
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Our stock of general groceries, especially our Teas and Coffees, are worthy of your attention.

Prompt delivery of all orders.
G. A. McCLARY

Local Notes

Cedar Park hotel is now open for the reception of guests.

Mr. Morford Arnold, dental student, Toronto, returned home on Saturday evening for the long vacation.

This is on the dead quiet—Most of the trees have their trunks packed and are ready to leave.

Miss Maude Langtry of Carleton Place has been visiting at the home of Miss Stella Steacy, Wiltetown.

Moriaburg village council has passed a by-law charging every shop that sells cigarettes, cigarette paper or cigarette materials of any kind a license fee of \$60. A violation of the by-law will be punished by a fine of \$10 to \$50, or 21 days in gaol.

Now is the time to look over fruit trees for rings of caterpillar eggs on the small limbs. They can be easily seen, broken off and burned before the leaves come out. A few minutes work now among the trees may save a vast amount of damage from these pests late in the season.

The Department of Fisheries has issued a regulation authorizing the spearing of suckers while on the "sprut" during the present season. This sport is now on and will last for a week or two. As the law stands, this permission may be granted by the department any season but the sport is unlawful otherwise.

Noah Shook, the boot and shoe repairer, in returning thanks for the very liberal patronage he has received in the past, wishes to inform the public that he will be in his shop, over Syd Moore's grocery, next to Fair's livery, every Friday and Saturday, ready to do all jobs of repairing. Work can be left during the week at Moore's grocery and will be all completed by Saturday night. Prices will be found reasonable. 22-24

A new American wrinkle is the culture of rice in artificial swamps, the invention of some north-western farmers settled in Louisiana. They build a bank around a section of prairie and pump water into the inclosure from artesian wells. When the crop matures the water is let out, the ground dried off, and reapers and binders secure the harvest at greatly reduced cost. The land is easily prepared for the next season, and there is no danger of drought.

Synod Meeting.
The Synod of Montreal and Ottawa will meet in St. Andrew's Presbyterian church, Perth, on Tuesday, the 8th day of May, at 8 p.m. Besides routine business the four following subjects will be dealt with: 1. "Pastoral work in town and country under present conditions"; 2. The work of the Board of Management; 3. The decrease of interest among men in the Christian life and in Christian work; 4. Is spirituality on the increase in the Christian church? If so, what? If not, why not?

Fishery Regulations.
The Ontario Government's bill respecting the fisheries of the province contains the following provisions of interest in this section:
The commissioner of fisheries shall have the power to set apart any provincial waters for the cultivation and propagation of frogs, and to make regulations with reference to the capture thereof.
No bass taken or caught in provincial waters shall be exposed for sale in or exported from the province before July 1, 1903.
The anglers' limit is fixed as follows: In one day 12 bass, 20 pickerel and 20 maskinonge; 15 lbs. speckled or brook trout, or 50; no speckled trout between Sept. 1 and May 1.
The fish to be caught are to be not less than: Bass 10 inches, speckled trout 6 inches, maskinonge 24 inches. Tourists are limited to 10 lake trout. The limit of salmon trout or white fish is 2 pounds, or 1 1/2 pounds, dressed.

Pink-eye is afflicting a number of horses around Kingston.

It is expected that bananas will be high-priced this year owing to their scarcity.

The reception service takes place after the evening service in the Methodist church on Sunday next.

Cash paid for cow hides, deacon skins and sheep pelts at Wilson and Son's meat market, Main street. 2m

Miss Effie Clow has resigned her position as teacher on the staff of Kemptville public school and returned to her home at Llyn.

Services to last several days will be held at the camp-ground of the Holiness Movement at Lake Elvidia, commencing on May 17th.

Last week, Mr. S. Laughlin returned to his home in Toronto in response to a telegram. He intends, as usual, spending the summer months at Charleston l.l.ke.

Very little maple syrup or sugar has been made in Leeds county. Since warm weather set in the night frosts have not been severe enough to ensure a good run of sap the next day.

Charleston lake is free from ice and a large number of fishermen are chasing pike around its submerged shoals and incidentally sowing the seeds for a harvest of rheumatism and la grippe.

The Frost & Wood Co. of Smith's Falls intend carrying out some very extensive improvements in their works during the coming summer. Nearly 400 hands are now employed in the shops.

Jos. Greenham one of the most progressive tenant farmers of the township of Rear of Yonge, has concluded the bargain whereby he became the purchaser of the Edward Stowel property near Addison.

In South Africa the warmest month is February and the coldest is July. The temperature is not as trying as that of Central Europe. The rainfall for the year is light, varying from 20 to 20 inches.

Mr. Lewis O'Mara, a well known resident of Lombardy, dropped dead of heart disease, a few days ago. He was seventy-five years of age, and leaves a widow, and eight children, four sons and four daughters.

Rev. Mr. Grenfell, formerly of Athens, now of Annprior, has returned from a trip to the Pacific. His object was to gain material at first sight for a lecture he proposes to give in places in England during the summer.

The time has arrived for the annual clean-up of back yards, and the observance of this practice should be general throughout the town. It not only enhances the appearance of the place but will tend to promote health.

A few days ago, Mr. Phil Halladay of Elgin, while fishing in Sand Lake, captured a pike weighing 15 lbs. and measuring 3 feet 5 inches in length. The skin was sent to the taxidermic establishment of Mr. E. Curry, Athens, for preservative treatment.

The musical programme discussed by the Citizens' Band on Saturday evening was highly enjoyed by a large number of promenaders. These open air concerts are very popular and constitute one of the strongest reasons why the villagers should loyally support this excellent musical organization.

It is said that the Ontario Government, in connection with the proposed action looking to the improvement of the roads of the province, will try to abolish all toll-gates. We hope the rumour is correct. It will be a good act, and the Government will deserve the thanks of all classes if it does this.

The C. P. R. Company broke the record last week for hauling the largest train of cars ever hauled in this country, when a train of 71 loaded cars were taken from Smith's Falls to Montreal, a distance of 128 miles, in five hours. An American official stated a few days ago that the longest train ever hauled was in the United States, when 65 cars were pulled a distance of 35 miles. The record was easily broken by the C. P. R. as the above will show.

A short time ago, fire destroyed the outbuildings of Mr. T. Vanaman at Havelock and endangered his dwelling-house. The excitement of the occasion injuriously affected Mrs. Vanaman's health and as a result she has been for several days under treatment in Brockville General Hospital. Her many friends in Athens will be pleased to learn that she is recovering rapidly.

Seed Potatoes.
The undersigned offers the Early Fortune potato for seed. It is one of the strongest growers among the early varieties, both as to early ripening qualities and enormous productiveness. Of strong, vigorous growth, it is handsome in form and its color resembles the Early Rose. I find they yield, under the same cultivation, three times as many as the Early Rose from the same amount of seed planted. Although Early Fortune was planted three weeks later than the Early Rose, they matured at the same time.

N. B.—Anyone wanting these seed potatoes, can have same at greatly reduced prices from what is generally asked by the leading seedmen. Athens. 41. Wm. Morr, Church st.,

For Sale.—Bran, Shorts, Provender, Hay, Oats, &c. Lowest prices,—at Athens Grain Warehouse.

A number of ladies and gentlemen from Athens drove to the home of Mr. Stephen and Miss Jennette Kelly on Thursday and all spent a pleasant evening.

Rev. I. Hall of Westport conducted the services in the Methodist church on Sunday last, his work at Salem, Bedford and Westport being taken by Rev. E. W. Crane.

FOR SALE OR TO RENT.—My new brick house on Reid street. Possession given at once. Also, call and see my elegant stock of carriages—superior in style, finish, and durability to any ever offered by me—and patronize home industry. Prices will be right. —D. FISHER.

Probably Fenians.
Since the report of the attempt to wreck the Welland canal, appearing on our second page, was written, it has been conclusively demonstrated that the men under arrest, who unquestionably are the guilty parties, are natives of Ireland and it is thought that they are Fenians.

A BOON TO HORSEMEN. English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blisters from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stiffes, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Cough, etc. The use of one bottle may make you \$50. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son. 19 29

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

Yorkshire & Tamworth
Registered Stock Boars for sale.
Yorkshire from J. A. Russell, Cobourg, Ont.
Tamworth from J. H. Simonton, Chatham, Ont. 21-26 F. B. BLANCHER, Addison.

Chain for Sale
The undersigned offers for sale 100 feet of chain, suitable for stumping, moving buildings, etc., with capstan. Apply to EDGAR LARGUARY, At Fisher's Carriage Shop. 21-23

For Sale or to Rent,
A good dwelling house in Athens—plenty of hard and soft water—to be sold reasonable. Also a good business place with dwelling house, grocery shop, and barn in Charleston for sale—to be sold at a bargain. Apply to ISAAC ROBESON, Athens. 21-22

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.
In the Matter of the Estate of Eliezer Gilroy, late of the Village of Athens in the County of Leeds, Mechanic, Deceased.
NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to "The Revised Statutes of Ontario" Chapter 122, that all creditors and others having claims against the Estate of the said Eliezer Gilroy who died on or about the 5th day of March, 1900, are required on or before the 28th day of May, 1900, to send by post prepaid or deliver to R. Beale, of the Village of Athens, solicitor for Adaline Gilroy, the executrix of the last will and testament of the said deceased, their Christian and surnames, addresses and descriptions, the full particulars of their claims, the statement of their accounts and the nature of the securities, if any, held by them. And further take notice that after such last mentioned date the said executrix will proceed to distribute the assets of the deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which she shall then have notice, and that the said executrix will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof, to any person or persons of whose claims notice shall not have been received by her at the time of such distribution. Dated at Athens this 24th day of April, 1900. T. R. BEALE, Solicitor for Executrix. 22-24

Don't Guess At Results.
KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE
This man knows what he did and how he did it. Such endorsements as the following are a sufficient proof of its merits.
Oshawa, Ont., Feb. 22, 1900.
Dear Sirs—Please send me one of your Treatise on the Horse, your new book as advertised on your bottles, English print. I have cured two Spavins using your Curbs with two bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure in four weeks. FRANK JUBERIK.
Price, \$4; six for \$5. As a liniment for family use it has no equal. Ask your druggist for KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE, also "A Treatise on the Horse," book free, or address DR. J. B. KENDALL CO., ENOSBURG FALLS, VT.

Preserves
Fruits, Jellies, pickles or catsup are more easily, more quickly, more healthfully sealed with Refined Paraffine Wax than by any other method. Dozens of other uses will be found for it.
Refined Paraffine Wax
In every household it is clean, tasteless and odorless—air, water and acid proof. Get a pound cake of it with a list of its many uses from your druggist or grocer.
Sole manufacturers: Made by IMPERIAL OIL CO., Limited.

JUDICIAL SALE.

VALUABLE FARM PROPERTY.
In the High Court of Justice—
BROWN vs. HOWE et al.

PURSUANT to the judgment of this Honorable Court, bearing date the Fourth day of April A. D. 1900, there will be sold (with the approval of Her Majesty's Bench) the premises situated in the Township of Athens in the County of Leeds and being composed of the South One Hundred Acres of Lot Number Seven in the Fourth Concession of the Township of Eastard aforesaid and that part of Lot Number Six in the Tenth Concession of the said Township of Eastard, which is more particularly described in a deed from Harvey Sheldon to Frances B. Sheldon, registered on the eighth day of July 1880 in Book "Q" for the Township of Eastard as Number 284 and being three chains in length by five and one-half chains deep in the South West Corner of said Lot. Upon the said lands are a log house and a log and frame barn and stable.

The farm is well watered and the soil is first class—about two-thirds of the farm is under cultivation and the balance is well timbered. The said farm is situated within a few rods of Sheldon's School-house, is within four miles of the village of Athens, and one mile from Knapp's Cheese Factory.

The said land will be sold subject to a reserve bid fixed by the Master, and the parties to these proceedings will be at liberty to bid. Purchasers must search and verify title at their own expense and only such deeds will be produced as are in the possession of the plaintiff.

TERMS:—Ten per cent of the purchase money is to be paid in cash at the time of sale to the plaintiff's Broker, the balance to be paid into court to the credit of this cause within thirty days of the date of sale without interest. In all other respects the terms and conditions of sale will be the standing conditions of the court.

For further particulars apply to W. A. Lewis, Athens, John Hookin, Official Guardian, and M. Brown, Brockville, or to the undersigned Master. Dated at Brockville this Ninth day of April A. D. 1900.

HERBERT STONE McDONALD, Local Master at Brockville.

THE Parisian Hair Works
OF BROCKVILLE
are ready to do any kind of work in the hair line.

Switche Bangs, Curis, Wigs, and Gents Toupees a specialty. All orders by mail attended to promptly. Call when you go to Brockville and have your hair treated by A. B. DESROCHE, KING ST., 3 DOORS EAST OF BUELL

"OLD RELIABLE"
Fall and Winter Goods now in stock
A. M. CHASSELS, MERCHANT TAILOR

has received his Fall and Winter stock of Fancy Worsteds, Heavy Tweeds for Pants and Suitings, also a fine line of Vesting materials including Fancy Goods, all of which will be made up in the latest style at moderate prices

Ready-to-wear Goods
Now in stock a fine line of stylish Fall 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, fine materials, finest quality of laundried goods: Collars, Cuffs, Ties, Braces, Handkerchiefs, Caps, Woolen Underwear, etc. You can get just what you want in these lines here at reasonable prices.

PRICES DEFY COMPETITION
The undersigned returns thanks to the general public for their patronage during the last 15 years and will endeavor to so conduct his business as to receive their continued trade and sustain the reputation of his store as "The Old Reliable" Clothing House.
Cloth bought at this store will be cut of charge.

A. M. CHASSELS,
Fall '99 Main Street, Athens

Prevention of Eye Trouble.



Prevention is better than cure. It is cheaper. It is possible when cure is impossible. Eye trouble may be avoided by the timely use of glasses, averting discomfort, suffering and permanent impairment of sight. We are properly equipped to adjust glasses and guarantee satisfaction.

Wm. Coates & Son,
SCIENTIFIC OPTICIANS
BROCKVILLE.

C. E. Pickrell & Sons

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

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

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