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Largest and best variety in Brockville

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Prices that were never heard of here before, from $6.00 up.

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Next Morrison's Hotel BROCKVILLE

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They have the best Assortmen of Hardware, Tinware, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Calcimines, Glass, Silver ware, Fishing Tackle, &c., in town, and prices to suit the times. The Daisy Churns—best in the market—always in stock dnd at lowest prices Guns and ammunition of best quality See them.

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Gentlemen who wish to have their suits made up in the very latest style and perfect in fit and workmanship should patronize

A. M. Chassels, Athens

All work guaranteed.

TIME-TABLE G. W. & S. S. M. R

	GOING W		GOING.
Brockville	3 50 p.m		10 30 a.m.
xLyn	4 10 "		10 00 "
xLeeds	4 45 "		9 20 "
xForthton	4 55 "		9 10 "
xRobe	5 02 "		9 04 "
Athens	5 12 "		8 56 "
xSoperton	5 25 "		8 46 "
xLyndhurst	5 35 "		8 38 "
Delta	5 49 "		8 31 "
Elgin	6 07 "		8 15 "
xForfar	6 15 "		8 05 "
xCrosby	6 22 "		7 57 "
Newboro	6 35 "		7 45 "
Westport	6 50 "		7 30 "

Flag stations are marked thus—x

THE REPORTER

ATHENS, MAY 2, 1893.

Business notices in local columns 10 cents per line each insertion.

LOCAL SUMMARY.

ATHENS AND NEIGHBORING LOCALITIES BRIEFLY WRITTEN UP.

Events as Seen by Our Knight of the Pencil.—Local Announcements Boiled Right Down.

Arbor Day next Friday.

The World's Fair opened yesterday.

Mr. E. De Wolfe was in Athens last week.

Miss Leah Addison left for New York on Saturday.

The Kingston News heads a big egg item "Agricultural Phenomena."

Mr. J. Babcock, of Brockville, spent a few days in Athens last week.

Athens sidewalks contain a number of holes that are a serious menace to the well-being of pedestrians.

Carriages built to order, repairing and painting done in first class style at moderate prices.—A. James.

Mrs. S. Knowlton, Chantry, was visiting at Mrs. Chamberlain's last week.

On Saturday we were favored with a pleasant call from Mr. Jas. Moore, of New Dublin.

James G. Moore of New Dublin gave the Reporter office a pleasant call on Saturday.

Fred Pierce is confined to his room with a severe attack of Rheumatism. Dr. Harte is also on the sick list.

Sir Oliver Mowat says that the manufacture of binder twine at the Central prison has come to stay.

The funeral of Mrs. S. N. Cadwell, New Dublin, arrived in Athens Saturday and was largely attended.

The trial of Chas. Shipman for the murder of Fitzsimmons will open at Brockville to-morrow (Wednesday).

Do you want 20 pounds of tea? If so, you can save just Two Dollars by getting it at The Tea Store, Brockville.—T. W. Dennis.

According to the assessor, the population of Sudbury is close on 1,400, and the assessed value of the property $253,000.

Messrs. Hicock and Day, Delta, are turning out a large quantity of ploughs, rollers and foundry work this spring.

A good many seem to be of the opinion that Luckey will not be tried again and that he will be at large again in a few days.

Nelson Earl has improved the appearance of his premises on Sarah st. by the erection of a substantial picket fence.

Earl and Ross have commenced the erection of the drying shed and clay grinding machinery for the new brick works at the foot of Issaac st.

The village council meets to-morrow (Wednesday) evening, when it is probable that a petition respecting the early closing of stores will be presented.

Membray's Kidney and Liver Cure is a preparation of Herbs and Roots, the Medical properties of which are Universally known. Try it for Purifying the Blood. Ask J. P. Lamb, Chemist, about it.

Remember our new story Sally Dows, will commence next week. If you are not a subscriber send 25c and the paper will be mailed to your address until the completion of the story. If already a subscriber send the paper to some friend for three months, only 25cts.

Peter C. Bowen, of Winchester, is the owner of a horse that stands 21¾ hands high, weighs 2,000 pounds and measures 18 feet from his nose to the tip of his tail. His name is Jumbo and he will be exhibited through Ontario and then taken to the World's Fair. He has a full sister weighing 1,630 pounds.

The new steamboat line from Hamilton to Montreal is a fixed fact. The company has been organized with $1,000,000 capital of which $300,000 has been taken. Dalton McCarthy is president of the new company and Capt. J. H. Matthews, of Toronto, general manager. Six boats have been arranged for to start about May 24th. Four of the boats are the Angler, of New York; Garden City, of Toronto; Cambridge and Tred Oven, of Baltimore.

500 Found.

Mr. Editor;—California is a lovely country, the sick get well, the poor get rich, cyclones and frosts are practically unknown. A hundred to three hundred dollars is made each year on fruits with irrigation. The California Land and Water Exchange, of Dayton, O., control large quantities of land in California, which they plant, cultivate, pay taxes for ten years, paying you $40 per acre as your part of the profit, they keeping the balance for the care and cultivation. They give an acre of land away with each 4 certificates. All they ask you to do is to pay for the irrigation, which can be done in small payments each month. They will send you the names of 90 persons who last year received from $25 to $500 on one year's investment. President Harrison says, "Half of the good things of California have not been told." The Hon. Jeremiah Rusk says, "Truly California is a poor man's paradise." To five-acre holders the California Land and Water Exchange, of Dayton, O., give a free return ticket to view the property. Why should any one be poor when such a chance remains open and you do not have to do any labor or work, to get the profits and do not have to leave home. Write them to-day and get full particulars. A Calif[illegible].

A good second-hand buggy for sale at A. James.

About $2,700 has been raised and paid on the debt of the St. Lawrence Cheese Factory closed this year. The total debt amounts to $8,000.

Messrs. Ransom & Rowsom will offer for sale about 50 well bred northern cows at Ruggles Hawks' at noon on Thursday May 4th. Attend early, as they are likely to go fast.

On Monday last His Lordship the Bishop of Ontario, appointed the Rev. Canon Smith, of St. George's Cathedral, Dean of Ontario. He had hitherto held the title of sub Dean of the Diocese.

The law requires that a bicycle be given half the road. At Hamilton a short time ago a farmer named Chenier was fined $25 and costs for failing to give way and running over Mr. Cuttris, of the Hamilton Bicycle Club.

Anson Coleman, Delta, has done the largest business in deacon skins this spring of any year since he commenced business. A cut of his tannery and a short account of the business carried on there will shortly appear in these columns.

Remember Membray's Kidney and Liver Cure is the latest triumph in Pharmacy, for the cure of Kidney and Liver Trouble, and a positive cure for Back Ache, Sour Stomach, Dizziness, Constipation, &c. Ask J. P. Lamb, Athens, about it.

We will print a few extra copies next week, containing the opening chapters of our new story "Sally Dows." Any person receiving an extra copy will please consider it an invitation to become a subscriber during the continuation of the story at least. Only 25c for three months.

R. H. Wells, Delta, has made up about twenty-five wooden pumps during the winter and will be pleased to quote prices for pumps of any length. His pumps are well known throughout this section and have given the very best satisfaction.

Mr. John Cawley has purchased the old Giles homestead, cor. main and Elma streets, one of the most desirable properties in Athens, and will probably build.

The annual meeting of Brockville Dairymen's Board of trade will be held at Brockville on Thursday next. All interested in the cheese industry are requested to attend.

We are pleased to learn that Mr. Myles Lockwood, of Philipsville, is to become a resident of Athens, having purchased the brick residence on main st. owned and formerly occupied by Mr. W. G. Parish.

If your druggist says he does not know anything about the cures Membray's Kidney and Liver Cure have affected, write to Peterboro Medicine Co. Limited, Peterboro, Ont. Ask J. P. Lamb, chemist, about it.

One of the best things said about the big Canadian cheese was the remark of a jolly Irish farmer from Lanark, who drove into Perth, the other day on purpose to see it. "Why," said he, after sizing up its immense proportions with great satisfaction "if skippers ever get into that cheese they'll be as big as wood chucks."

The act was passed at the last session of the Ontario Legislature for the protection of bees, which enacts that "no person, in sprinkling fruit trees during that period within which such trees are in full bloom, shall use or cause to be used any mixture containing Paris Green or any other poisonous substance injurious to bees." The penalty for an infraction of the law is not less than $1 or more than $5.

The editor sat on a hard bottom chair trying to think of a thought; and he plunged all his fingers about through his hair, but not one topic they brought. He had written on temperance, traffic and trade, and the prospect of making a crop, and joked about ice cream and weak lemonade, till his readers had told him to stop. And weary of thinking, sleep came to his eyes, and he pillowed his head on the desk, when the thoughts, which, awake, had refused to arise, came in troops that were strong and grotesque. And as the ideas airily float, he selects the bright one of the tribe, and this is the dream which, while dreaming he wrote—"Now is the time to subscribe."

Mr. Langstaff died at his home in Athens on Friday night. He had been out walking in the evening, apparently as well as usual, but he was taken ill after returning to the house and died before morning. Deceased was a pensioner of the American government, having served in the late civil war. For many years he has followed his vocation of shoemaker in North Augusta, Addison and for the last ten years in Athens. The funeral, conducted by the Orange order, took place onSaturday. The remains were conveyed to Christ church where service was conducted by the rector, Rev. Wm. Wright, and were then interred in the Methodist burying ground, the beautiful service of the Orange order as well as that of the Church being performed at the grave. His brother, J. Langstaff, of North Augusta, attended the funeral.

The Baptists of Athens held a very successful Corn Festival in their church on Wednesday evening last. The menu consisted of corn bread, corned beef, corn starch pudding, and in fact the whole bill of fare was corn, corn, corn. The tables were nicely arranged in the basement, and after all had enjoyed the good things below, they went up higher where a literary and musical entertainment had been provided. The choir sang a number of fine selections. Mr. B. S. McConnell of Glen Buell sang a solo in a fine baritone voice, which was well received. The Misses Bertha Gile, and Lula Hawks favored the audience with a recitation each, followed by Miss Lillie Earl with a solo. John Thompson, the fisherman evangelist, made a short, but very interesting speech, and also gave a solo in his canny Scotch dialect, in which pathos and power were equally manifest. The Rev. Mr. Murdock deserves much credit for his zeal in bringing this, one of the most successful festivals ever held by the Baptists in Athens, to so successful a termination.

BIRTH.

Williams—In Athens on Tuesday, 25th inst., the wife of Mr. N. C. Williams, of a son.

"JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL."

"Jesus, lover of my soul,"
Sang a sentinel one night,
As he paced to and fro alone
In the pale moon's waning light.
"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly"
While he felt that death was nigh.

"Cover my defenceless head"—
Softly on the still night air—
"With the shadow of Thy wing,"
Sang he thus his aid heart's prayer.
Trustingly he sang the words,
Thinking only that would hear
But the night winds wafted them
To a hidden foeman's ear.

Through the murky shades of night,
From a reconnoitering band,
There had crept a daring scout
To that picket's lonely stand.
And with sure, unerring aim,
On his foe had drawn a bead,
When, in supplicant tone, he heard,
"Cover my defenceless head."

Down his gently rifle came;
He, himself a lover of peace,
Could not take the life of one
Trusting in his Saviour's care.
Softly from his covert then
In the shadows he withdrew;
Leaving still that heart to beat,
Which he knew was brave and true.

"Jesus, lover of my soul,"
In life's tempest be Thou nigh;
And amid it's gathering gloom
"Let me to Thy bosom fly,"
When the day of wrath is come—
When Thou shalt to judgment bring—
"Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing."

E. L. Byers.

What is related in these verses was a matter of actual occurrence during the Civil War, and was brought to light at a casual meeting of the persons concerned some years after peace was restored. In a company of travellers, the "sentinel"—now famed for his vocal music—sang the hymn again, and the "scout," being present, thought he must be the same who sang on that notable night; and upon inquiry, in conversation that followed, found that he really was; the singer remembering well the time and place, and the sad, disconsolate feeling that prompted him to sing the prayer of his heart.—E. L. B.

A MODERN INVENTION.

The telephone rang briskly in Mrs. Howard Bascomb's pleasant home, and stepping to it, she received this message from her husband:

"Hello! Is that you, Lottie? I've concluded to leave for New York this noon. The boy is on the way to the house for my grip. You know what I'll want for a week or ten days' absence. Get your sister to stay with you for company. Good-bye, dear, s'long. Take care of yourself."

Then he rang off, and Mrs. Bascomb went in search of the satchel, which she packed with a deft hand. She was a young woman, sensible, well-balanced, and nothing ever disturbed or annoyed her to the extent of making her fidgety or nervous. Being in robust health, she hardly knew what nerves meant. She was self-reliant, but domestic, and absorbed in her home life, which comprised her world. She had perfect faith in her husband, or else pretended to have, and chasted herself comfortably with the delusion. And she never crossed any bridges until she came to them. She knew that her husband had intended going to New York on the following day, and did not wonder or ponder over his change of plans.

When the messenger came for the satchel she sent it carefully packed, just as she knew her husband wanted it. She added nothing to its usual contents, and subtracted nothing. Yes, stay. She did take out his seven-shooter, every chamber of which was loaded, and laid it on the table under the mirror, in the back parlor.

"Howdy has one revolver with him. That will have to do him for this trip. I like to have one handy in case I should need it."

She smiled and smiled again without being a villain. The idea of needing firearms seemed so incongruous and absurd.

In the afternoon she went up to her home to "borrow her sister," as she expressed it. But Miss Madgie had gone away with some young friends, and was engaged to spend the night at the house of a schoolmate. So Mrs. Bascomb returned home alone.

Two men stood in the doorway of an unused flight of office stairs and read an evening paper.

They were much occupied in discussing one item among the personal news. It was this:

"The Rubber Horseshoe company is an assured fact. Mr. Howard Bascomb drew $16,000 from the M. & M. Bank today, the investment of the branch company formed here, and will leave for New York to-morrow. A capital of $30,000 is assured."

"Do y' see!" ejaculated the younger and smaller of the two men. "Drew $16,000 in spondulicks. Goes home with it in his vest pocket, blow me if he don't."

"Maybe not, pard. S'posin' it's a certified check?"

"Then there'll be a reward offered to get it back—see?"

"Jim, g'roun' to th' bank an' find out which and whether it were," suggested the older man.

"Bank clussed," remarked Jim sententiously.

"S'pose it air. Did yer expect to send in yer card to the cashier, or the president? Get aroun' an' interview th' janitor. Represent yerself as Mister Bascomb's confidential bizness man carn't yer?"

Jim started off at once without waiting to give his "pard" any outline of his plan. He was gone an hour, but when he returned he was freighted with intelligence.

"Bills," he chuckled, "five-hundred and one-thousand dollar bills—whew! An' he'll sleep with them aboot his honorable pusson to-night—mebbe."

"Does yer know the house?" asked the other man, after a spell of silence.

"I don't pard. But I've hunted it up in the d'rectory, and it's as handy as a mitten on yer nose. Let's go and get somethin' wet to improve our minds. It's 'tween us this time—you outside, me in—savey?"

The rascals, who, in appearance at least, might have passed for honest men, walked out of the doorway and parted company to avoid the eagle eye of the police who would have recognized in their duality a conspiracy against law and order.

When Mrs. Bascomb returned from her visit it was dark. She had stayed to supper, and as the girl opened the door she saw that she was somewhat excited.

"What is it, Kitty?" she asked, rather gravely, because the girl was inclined to get flustered easily.

"Oh, mem, what was the name of the girl as lived here before I came?" she responded with a counter question.

"Her name? Sarah something, I cannot remember just now—why?"

"Oh, there was a young man here looking for his sister, but her name was Annie Donovan. He said he hadn't seen her in ten years, and she was grown up now, and he talked butchfully about her. It would bring the tears till your eyes, ma'am, to hev heard him."

"Kitty, I wouldn't gossip with strange men if I were you. It isn't safe. He probably was a tramp, and all that story about his sister was just made up out of whole cloth. What else did he want?"

"Nothing, ma'am, and I didn't let him inside the kitchen door. He warn't no tramp, an' I'm sure he was tellin' the truth."

Mrs. Bascomb did not prolong the argument, but busied herself until bedtime with some household duties, which were really in the line of pleasures to her womanly nature. Then she saw that the house was locked up, sent Kitty to bed, and went into her front parlor, which was lighted and cosy, just as if the master of the house were at home.

"I must send my father's message to Howard," she soliloquised, and seating herself at the pretty little desk which had been one of her wedding presents, she wrote a postal card. After giving the business message from her father, she added one for herself. When the card was addressed she went to the window and looked out, wondering why she had not thought to write it earlier in the evening. There was a mail box diagonally across the street on the corner.

"I'll just run across and mail it. I'll leave the door open—it won't take a moment."

Taking a wrap from the hat-tree in the hall, she threw it about her, saw that no one was passing, and slipped out. It took her only a moment to drop that card in the box and run back to the house. The door was just as she had left it, no one was on the street, but in that one moment——

It was past midnight. Mrs. Bascomb was reading a very interesting novel. The wind howled and whistled in the chimney, the rain pattered against the window, and the clock struck the half hour, and laid her book down. Not that she felt sleepy, but she had just determined that she would sleep downstairs in the new folding-bed in the back parlor. There were portieres between the rooms, but these were drawn back and hung limp on either side.

The "bed" was a large handsome bookcase, with bric-a-brac on its top shelf. Mrs. Bascomb let it down and admired it from all sides. It took up all the space between the walls, except just room enough for her to pass to the little table under the mirror, where Howard's revolver lay. She now pushed this further back and laid her watch and chain—her wedding present from her father—her diamond graduation ring, her diamond engagement ring and her purse, which she took out of the pocket of her dress, on the table in a shining heap.

"I wonder if he married the tall, thin one, or the short homely one," she said to herself, and, going out, into the parlor, picked up the book again, and was soon deep in the plot.

A noise roused her. She looked at the folding doors leading into the hall. They were locked, she knew. Then she turned her eyes toward the back parlor.

"It's the new folding-bed getting used to being open," she thought, conscious of a slight exhilaration in the region of her heart. Then she glanced at a mirror, in which she saw a full-length figure of a man standing back of the portieres.

I have heard it said, or read somewhere, that every man is ready to protect a woman from every other man except himself. At that moment Lottie Bascomb would rather have seen a tiger standing ready to devour her. Her next surprise was at his manner of address:

"Good evening, ma'am," and he stepped from the portiere and stood before her. "You needn't be frightened, I ain't going to hurt you."

"What do you want?" Her voice did not even tremble.

"I want the money yer husband brought home that he's goin' to take to New York to-morrow."

"I don't know what money you mean, but my husband is on his way to New York now. He left to-day at noon."

She had risen from her chair and started forward to reach the revolver. But she could not outwit the disappointed and enraged burglar.

He sprang to intercept her, and struck his foot against the folding-bed, throwing himself across it in his attempt to retain his balance. There was a grinding, whirring sound and a complete disappearance of one of the principles in this affair.

On that same night a belated citizen hurrying home was accosted from the lower window of a house he was passing in the residence portion of the city.

"Sir, oh, sir!"

He stopped, for it was a woman's voice, pitched at an alarm key.

"Will you please find the policeman on this beat and send him here instantly?"

"Can I be of any assistance?"

"No. It's a burglar, and I have him safe."

The policeman arrived, and with him the passer-by she had accosted, whose services were not required, however. The policeman went to the telephone and summoned help. Meanwhile he took up a position where earlier in the evening the folding-bed had stood. It was now shut up, and looked merely a massive bookcase again.

When the patrol wagon arrived, this desk became an object of immediate interest. One blue-coated official was stationed on either side and two at the foot. Mrs. Bascomb and the now awakened Kitty were detailed at a little distance.

"Now!" said the sergeant, and he manipulated the desk as Mrs. Bascomb had shown him how to do, a moment before.

It came down on the run, and there, limp and half smothered, was the trapped burglar, his forehead cut and bleeding from a chance incision as the bed had shut up with him in an explosive embrace.

"So, Clever Jim, you're at it again. Here you are," said one of the policemen as he snapped the bracelets on his wrist.

"That's him," said Kitty, "that's the man that was lookin' for a girl as he said was his sister. Oh, the villyun!"

He was taken away, tried and convicted and sent up for five years, but he never opened his mouth as to his method of getting into the house. It is quite safe to say that Mrs. Bascomb never resorted again to that very common practice of ladies who mail late letters, of leaving the house door ajar. And the folding-bed will remain a desk to the end of its days, until it should again be used as a burglar-trap.

JOHN RUSKIN.

A Good Portrait of the Great Though Stricken Critic.

John Ruskin is dead to the world already. Two years ago a startling story came from England that he had attempted to take his own life, and then the pitiful truth came out. His own mind was failing. Since then the periodical attacks of

JOHN RUSKIN.

melancholy have been coming nearer and nearer together until now there is scarcely a gleam of sanity left, and the great critic has to be guarded continually in his secluded home, Brantwood, at the head of Coniston Water in Lancaster County, England. The latest reports of him are to the effect that his bodily health continues good in spite of his 74 years. The portrait of Mr. Ruskin is from a photograph taken just before his mental decline began to be noted.

Fatal Use of Language.

He—"Dear me, don't you know, Miss Sweetbriar, that when the electric caw struck me it knocked me silly?"

She—"Poor fellow, and you have never recovered from it."

For Sale Cheap.

A strong, able mare 8 years old. Apply to ED. C. BOLFORD, Stone road, Athens. March 30th 1893. 3-in.

Farm For Sale.

Lot No. 16, con. 3, half mile east of Athens, known as the Abram Sehar farm; 63 acres all cleared. Good location, comfortable house and out buildings, well watered. Terms easy. Athens, Feb. 16th, 1893. P. S. THICKEY. 3-mo

For Sale or to Rent.

Three houses to rent or for sale. Apply to H. C. PHILLIPS, Athens. May, 2, 1893. tf

For information and free Handbook write to MUNN & CO., 361 BROADWAY, New York. Oldest bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the

Scientific American

Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, $3.00 a year; $1.50 six months. Address, MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, New York City.

I. O. F.

Court Glen Buell, No. 878, Independent Order of Foresters, meet in Bingo Hall, Glen Buell, on 2nd and 4th Friday in each month, at 7.30. Visitors always welcome.

W. J. BRADLEY, R. S.

House to Rent or For Sale at a Bargain.

Known as Taber property situated on Main St., Athens. One acre of good land and orchard, good barn, well and cistern on premises. Possession given 1st April. Rent, $5 and taxes. Apply to MRS. S. A. TAPLIN.

Millinery.

Having for many years received a liberal share of trade from the ladies of Athens and vicinity, I now return thanks for all past favors, and request an inspection of my spring and summer millinery. My goods are new and stylish and I feel safe in saying that I can guarantee satisfaction to all who may favor me with a call.

MRS. JANE SLACK,
1mo Elgin St., Athens.

Dakota Farm For Rent

A valuable farm for rent consisting of 160 acres, 100 under cultivation, within a short distance of Fort Ransom Dakota, together with all necessary farm implements, three horses, 1 cow, wagon and top buggy. Good buildings, wells, &c. School house on corner of lot. A good deal to right man. Apply to

JAS. W. WILTSE,
Fort Ransom, Dakota.

Or to
ALLAN E. WILTSE,
Athens Ont. 2mo

PAINTING AND Paper - Hanging.

Orders taken for all kinds of house painting, graining, paper hanging, kalsomining, &c. Samples of paper may be examined at my rooms at Gamble House.

W. A. ROBINSON,
Athens March 24th, 1893. 1 mo.

Wall Paper

Wall Paper

Ten Rolls of Paper and Border for 50c.

25c	Paper	for	18c
20c	"	"	14c
15c	"	"	11c
10c	"	"	8c
8c	"	"	5c

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Garden, Field and Flower

A full stock just received—All

Fresh & Reliable

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LINSEED MEAL AND GROUND OIL CAKE

For Feeding purposes, at the

Lowest Market Price.

Parties requiring quantities of Seeds will find our prices RIGHT, and we invite enquiry.

ALLAN TURNER & CO.

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KING STREET, BROCKVILLE

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The best makes at the lowest prices—Gold, Silver and Filled cases.

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Latest styles in Broaches, Pins, Bracelets, Fancy Combs, &c.

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A fine selection of the nicest and newest patterns. Extra value in Spoons, Forks and Knives. Engraved Free.

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Note paper, Envelopes, Blank Books, School Books, Sunday School Library Books, &c. Discount to clergymen and Sunday Schools.

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Our Specialty.—Correct fitting of Spectacles by graduate of Ophthalmic Schools.

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Golden Crown

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If you purchase from our

Great Bonanza Stock

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Spring & Summer Goods

They are grand bargains in quality—grander bargains in prices. See those Tweed effects in Dress Goods at 25c, worth 40c. Cottons all reduced in price—25 yds. for $1. Ginghams, Shirtings, Cottonades, Carpets, Lace Curtains and Oil Cloths, all at very lowest prices.

Remember, I keep the largest and best stock of Ready-made Clothing in Brockville, also a full line of hard and soft felt hats.

I give a handsome present to any one buying $25 worth of goods at my store. When in Brockville, kindly give me a call. We will try to meet your demands. Once a customer, always a customer.

W. J. Bradley ATHENS ONTARIO

SPRING

Is upon us and for it we are prepared. Our every line complete and far surpassing in variety and value any former year.

DO YOU WANT—

Wall Paper at wholesale prices? Over 150 patterns to select from—3c. roll up and borders to match. Don't fail to see them.

DO YOU WANT—

Cornice Poles, Arch or Curtain Poles, in wood or brass, any size or length? We have them.

DO YOU WANT—

Printed opaque Window Shades, plain or fancy, by piece or yard, with or without spring rollers? We have a fine new stock, very cheap.

DO YOU WANT—

Lace Curtains, Chenille Curtains, Fancy Polka-dot Curtains, Art Muslins, Madras Muslins, Fancy Scrims, or anything in the house-furnishing line. Consult your best interests and see our goods.

We Specially direct attention to our staple department, knowing we have the best value obtainable in grey and bleached Cotton, Cotton Yarn and Carpet Warps, Cassimer and other Cottonades, Cotton Shirtings, Flannelette, Teazle-cloths, Outing Flannels, Prints, Ginghams, &c., &c.

An opportunity to show you our goods will be appreciated.

Central Block, Athens. H. H. ARNOLD

ATHENS GROCERY

CATCH ON TO THIS!

ONCE A CUSTOMER — ALWAYS A CUSTOMER

It is the prevailing opinion that we have the best selected stock of Groceries in the place. We keep everything required in our line and the volume of business we do is a guarantee that our prices are right and an assurance that our goods are always fresh.

Our bargains for Cash, Produce, or its equivalent are unequalled. We quote as follows:

25 lbs. light Muscovado Sugar	$1.00
Our 25, 35, and 40c. Tea has no equal.	
For Produce we will pay	
Dried Apples, per bushel	$1.00
Butter, per lb	20
Eggs, per doz	12
Lard, per lb	12
Oats, per bushel	30
Corn, per bushel	55
Maple Sugar, per lb., 6c.	

You Are Invited to Call

MOTT & ROBESON

When in Brockville

It will pay you to call and inspect C. W. LeClair's stock of Ready-made Clothing, Gents' Furnishings and Hats and Caps.

C. W. LeCLAIR

Directly Opposite Buell Street.

The Great Bargain House

GREAT SPRING STOCK

Marked low for a Speedy Sale.

CARPETS

Carpets.—Having secured the agency for Athens for one of the largest carpet houses in the Dominion, we are prepared to show a larger variety and 15 per cent cheaper than you can find in Brockville.

Window Curtains, Art Muslins, Curtain Nets. Beautiful designs and extraordinary value.

Dress Goods.—See our line of Prints from 6c A splendid lot of Satines in latest designs and shades.

Ready-made Clothing.—These goods are all Jas. O'Brien's make, are reliable and just what they are represented to be. Look at these figures:—Men's all wool Tweed Suits, $4, worth $6; Boys' do. $3.70, worth $5.50. See our Men's Pants at $1.25. Our Spring Overcoats are worthy of your attention.

Hats.—We have an immense stock—all this season's styles—and splendid value. Call and make your selection now.

Boots and Shoes.—We have purchased very largely this spring. The stock already received embraces Ladies, Misses and Children's boots and shoes of all sizes and qualities. Something nobby in ladies' kid buttoned boots for $2. For gents we have a fine line of Lace and Gaiter Boots from $1.25.

Dress Making

We have opened a Dress making department in the 2nd flat of our store, with Miss E. J. McLaughlin in charge, where the latest and most fashionable styles of dress making will be neatly and promptly done at very reasonable prices. Ladies, give us a call when wanting anything in this line.

J. H. McLAUGHLIN