BABY CARRIAGES

A large stock of Carriages

Every Style &

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Don't buy your carriage till you see my stock and get my prices.

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Send for Illustrated Catalogue before deciding where you will go.

GAY & McCORD, Principals

FURS

The goods in this line must be reduced before taking stock, and in order to do so the prices have been

Marked Away Down.

If you want a cheap Cap, Muff, Collar or Cape, don't fail to take advantage of this genuine Cheap Fur Sale—now going on at the

FUR MART

—OF—

CRAIG, The Furrier

King st., Brockville.

Read the prices and you'll wonder what's up. But so long, as the prices are down, you need feel no concern.

Ladies' kid buttoned boots tipped or	
" plain for	$1 00
" Dongola buttoned walking boots	
" fair stitch	1 50
" Kid Oxford Tie Shoes	75
" Buff Lace shoes, solid leather and Rather lined	65
" Leather slippers, sewed soles	35
" Carpet " " "	35
" Tweed " nailed bottoms	30
Men's Solid leather lace boots	85
" Boston Calf Lace Boots, grain top	1 00
" Fine lace boots, whole foxed	1 25
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Misses Grain button boots, solid leather for	75

One look will coax another, and before you know it, you will find yourself in love with our whole stock. We have so many new lines in Ladies' footwear, were we to tell you all about them, you would scarcely believe us. Therefore, we invite you to come and see the styles. You will be well paid for your trouble whether you buy or not, and we will, because you cannot resist telling your friends about such bargains.

D. W. DOWNEY

The One Price Bargain Shoe House Brockville

Karley & Seymour

ARE FRIENDS TO THE

Farmer and Builder

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.

COAL OIL

Best Quality. Low Price

KARLEY BLOCK

ATHENS

LAUGH and the world laughs with you.

WEEP and you weep alone.

DRESS WELL and hundreds greet you

LOOK SHABBY and your credits gone.

BUT WHY LOOK SHABBY WHEN

A. M. CHASSELLS

Tailor,

Athens

IS PREPARED TO BOOK YOUR ORDER FOR SUITS " "

in any style, made of any material, and at very low prices, considering the workmanship.

LOCAL SUMMARY.

Beaver tobacco is the standard gentlemen's chew of Canada.

Athens high school football club have opened the season and are diligently practicing for future events.

Anglers are overhauling their fishing tackle. This denotes days of future sport. Pleasant indeed are these anticipations, much more so in most cases than the reality.

The Gananoque Journal says that notwithstanding the number of houses left vacant there when the Carriage Works employees moved to Brockville there are very few houses vacant now, and there is a demand for houses to rent at from seven to ten dollars a month.

A piano fakir is plying his trade in the surrounding counties just now. His method of procedure is to offer a piano on amazingly liberal terms. The instrument is placed in the house on trial, and the victim induced to sign what he believes is an insurance policy on it, but afterwards proves to be a promissory note for a large amount.

Advertising is not so selfish as it at first glance appears: Your adv't benefits your neighbor and his adv't, in turn, benefits you. An advertiser draws trade to a village, and what the purchaser does not buy from him he procures from his neighbor. Advertising is mutually beneficial. Taken altogether, it benefits the town. A local paper filled with live local advertisements will draw trade just as surely as the sun draws water. It convinces the public that a healthy competition exists among the merchants and that fancy prices are not being asked for the goods. When the enterprising business men of a small place desire to boom their town one of their first acts is to induce a newspaper man to commence business in their village, in order that they may have greater scope for their enterprise and by extensive advertising make their village pre-eminent among its rivals. What is true of a newspaper at its its inception is equally true respecting every year of its existence. To do a full, effective work for its birthplace, a newspaper must be nurtured by liberal advertising.

Card of Thanks.

Editor Athens Reporter.

SIR,—Through the columns of your valuable paper I beg to express to the citizens of Athens and to many other sympathizing friends my sincere and heartfelt thanks for their numerous acts of kindness and attention to myself and family during our weeks of bitter trial and affliction.

Having suffered the loss by death of my wife, who had for a long number of years been to me a loving companion and wise counsellor, I, of course, yet feel this loss so keenly that I am not able to say more to these kind friends, who so tenderly and unremittingly tried to alleviate her suffering and to nurse her back to health, than that I thank them. I do thank them from the bottom of my heart, and shall always remember their kindness as long as I shall live.

WM. LAYNG,

Athens, April 9, 1894.

The Good Old Days.

People who are complaining of the hard times should take courage, as times are not as bad as they were some fifty six years ago, when Jonas Abbott, a well known resident of Elizabethtown and Brockville, first came to Canada from England. He engaged with a man named Morgan, who worked a farm belonging to Harvey Clarke, about half way between Addison and Frankville. The first day he worked for Morgan he was sent about half a mile from the house to plough. He was told when starting that he would be called to dinner. He worked and waited for the welcome summons, but no one came to call him, and he kept on ploughing until dark, when he unhitched and went to the house. On being asked why he did not come to dinner when the horn blew, he replied that he had heard a number of horns but supposed it was hunters who were calling in their hounds, as they did in England. Abbott put in six months on that farm, and in the fall received $7 in money, two or three cast off dresses belonging to the head of the family, a few yards of flannel for blankets, an old cow (which died during the next winter), and the promise of the balance in onions, when they were fit to pull. Jonas never forgot his first year's experience in Canada, and takes delight in recalling the hardships that he passed through.

Canadian Criminal Law Bill.

Section 179.—Everyone is guilty of an indictable offence, and liable to two years imprisonment, who knowingly, without lawful justification or excuse.

(*a*) Publicly sells or exposes for sale or to public view, any obscene book, or other printed matter, or any picture, photograph, model or other object tending to corrupt morals; or

(*b.*) Publicly exhibits any disgusting object, or any indecent show.

No one shall be convicted of the offences above mentioned, if he proves that the public good was served by the acts alleged to have been done.

It shall be a question of law whether the occasion of the sale, publishing or exhibition is such as might be for the public good, and whether there is evidence of excess beyond what the public good requires, in the manner, extent or circumstances in, to or under which the sale, publishing or exhibition is made, so as to avoid a justification or excuse therefor; but it shall be a question for the jury whether there is, or is not such excess. The motives of the seller, publisher or exhibitor shall in all cases be irrelevant.

Section 180.—Every one is guilty of an indictable offence, and liable to two years imprisonment, who posts for transmission or delivery by or through the post.

(*a.*) Any obscene or immoral book, pamphlet, picture, print, engraving, lithograph, photograph, or other publication, matter or thing of an indecent, immoral, seditious, disloyal, scurrilous or libellous character; or

(*b.*) Any letter upon the outside or envelope of which, or any post card or post band or wrapper upon which there are words, devices, matters or things of the character aforesaid; or

(*c.*) Any letter or circular concerning an illegal lottery, so called gift concert, or other similar enterprise, offering prizes, or concerning schemes devised or intended to deceive or defraud the public for the purpose of obtaining money under false pretences.—R. S. C. c. 35, s. 103.

Mr. G. P. McNish, of Lyn, is pushing the sale of his agricultural implements this spring. All interested should send for an illustrated catalogue.

A Collingwood citizen who wrote "All is well" on the margin of a newspaper which he sent by mail has been fined $10 and costs. A young lady in the same town who scribbled a few words on a paper has been fined a similar amount.

Kingston retail merchants contemplate organizing in opposition to the Patrons of Industry. They think of boycotting all wholesale houses that sell goods to the Patrons and of obtaining a list of members of the association in that vicinity and declining to buy their produce. Unfortunately for the success of this idea, trade has too many channels to be blocked by a combine in one city. The merchants' combination, to be effective, must be considerable larger than that of the Patrons.

A meeting of the committee, consisting of R. G. Murphy, of Elgin, William Edgar of Morrisburg, and Edward Kidd, of North Gower, who were appointed by the Eastern Dairyman's Association for the engagement of instructors for Brockville district, took place last Tuesday. Messrs. G. G. Publow, of Perth, and A. P. Purvis, of Maxville, were re-appointed, and another instructor will be put upon the road under the supervision of Inspector Publow. All applicants for the services of any of the instructors may be made to either R. G. Murphy, Elgin, William Eager, Morrisburg, Edward Kidd, North Gower, or to the inspectors personally

Wiltse Lake Pike.

On the 6th inst., Mr. Albert Morris, in crossing the creek that connects Wiltse Lake with Beale's Creek, observed a partially disabled large fish lying in a net in mid stream, which, upon removal, proved to be a pike measuring 2 ft., 8 in. in length, 5 in. in depth, and 3 in. in width of back. Evidently the fish, had it not been injured, would have pursued his way over Beale's dam, and thence to Charleston Lake. Undoubtedly many of Charles ons' largest pike have been born and bred in the muddy waters of Wiltse Lake. Why, under the unfavorable conditions of low water which so readily responds to the variations of atmospheric temperature, and becomes miscible with mud and the debris of decaying flags, &c., such excellent fish as pike should attain large size, is explained upon the supposition that the many marshes that exist outside the channel of the lake afford favorable breeding and nursing grounds for the fry.

Certain it is that this is not the first large pike taken from Wiltse Lake. Mr. Benj. Beale recalls the period during which his mill-dam was undergoing reconstruction, and states that at that time many 13, 14, and 15 pound pike were taken from the creek whose source is Wiltse Lake. Indeed, we think we know a friend who, five years ago, netted a 13 pound pike from the channel of this lake.

Near the village of Toledo exists a mud lake presenting the same characters as Wiltse Lake: it lies low, is pervaded with marshes, and possesses a central channel varying in depth from 5 to 15 feet. In the channel one will catch bull-pouts, sun fish, and rock-bass; while in the very shallow streams passing between marshy clumps, are detected huge pike lying straight and motionless near the bottom. It has often occurred that the canoeist upon this lake, seeking firm support for his paddle, has endeavored to propel his craft by shoving from a log (!) lying a foot under water, when, to his astonishment, a full-grown pike would suddenly dart for a deeper bed.

Setting Out Bees.

The time draws near to set bees out of winter quarters, 10th to 12th used to be the average date. High land soft maples are in bloom; the willow is only in the velvet and is not blooming. There is nothing for bees to do except to search around and waste their lives' strength. Those near swamps may have been getting an occasional load of pollen, but every load costs a dozen bees. They may appear to be working lovely, but it is usually on the residue of soured maple sap.

Put sweetened water out with a little honey or granulated sugar syrup in a piece of comb in the edge of the water to induce the bees to use the water. This will prevent many of them going so far away in the cold.

If any need feeding and you have no honey, make granulated sugar syrup—2 cups of sugar to one of water—heat well, cool to about milk heat, put in a little pitcher, then turn a comb in the frame flat on the table, hold the liquid two feet above the comb to pour and it will go to the bottom of every cell. Do this at evening, if there are other colonies on the yard. It is a nice way to set out the colonies that must be fed promptly a day before the rest. Take 2 or 3 empty combs from the colony you wish to feed—that gives more room to operate—then put the feeding comb as near the bees as you can and repeat until the bees are out of danger. There are a great many good feeders but this is the simplest. Many leave their bees in until the willows and alders are in bloom and it is quite warm. That is better, provided the bees are contented and quiet. This must rest with the judgment. A few did not get their bees out last season until the 20th of this month. I think Mr. O. L. Gibson held 2 or 3 in until 1st of May and they were contented at that date. Mr. Pettet, Dr. Tinker and other notables may not be able to see just how this could be, but the fact will remain, notwithstanding.

Certainly, put your bees out when they demand it; the difference is mostly in the purity and temperature they enjoy.

This reminds me that O. L. Gibson, of Caintown, has 20 fine stocks of bees more than he has time to attend to. He will dispose of them on easy terms to responsible parties who may wish a colony or two to start an apiary. Ormond has sold more colonies and to more different parties than anyone I know of, and he has invariably given the best of satisfaction. If anything goes wrong with the bees on his part (which is an exception), he is sure to make it right.

Don't forget to place near the hives a cheese box or half bushel containing 2 or 3 inches of rye flour, wheat flour oat meal, pea meal, etc. mixed, as it supplies pollen. Put several pieces of comb on it with honey or sweetened water (granulated sugar) in the comb to start the bees and help them to discover the pollen.

Athens, Apr. 89. W. S. HOYLE.

CHANTRY.

SATURDAY, April 7.—Mr. Percy Alford is home from New Brunswick. He is to make cheese in the Grand Central factory here.

The sugar season is about over, some parties having gathered the buckets. It has been a good season.

Mr. G. J. Alford had a raising this week. He is putting a new cradle factory in the place of the one burned last summer.

Mr. Frank Munroe, of Brinston's Corners, is visiting Mr. Percy Alford.

Mr. Michael Hagerty took a Mr. partner this week. Congratulations.

Mrs. Alford gave a party to some of the young folks last night. They report a good time.

Master Garnet, son of R. A. Shelton, is very sick. Mr. Stephen Seaman is also on the sick list.

ADDISON.

THURSDAY, April 5.—One evening not long ago, as the rays of the setting sun were slowly fading behind the western tree-tops, those who chanced to have been on Slab street might have seen the proprietor of the Experimental Farm slowly and cautiously wending his way towards Addison. An observer at a distance would have been at a loss to ascertain whether the approaching accommodation was a modern street car or a country bread wagon, only the driver sat too far behind. We learn the cause of this is that the quadruped's ambition was to rend the air asunder, and that because all the stars on Slab st. had been kicked out of their native element and the safety of the coachman depended on the security of the little ropes, upon which days of careful study and nights of restless slumbers had been spent. Those desiring observation or information concerning this turnout, the proprietor will be pleased to meet at his residence any time, after hours, and will kindly instruct to the best of his ability, on payment of a moderate sum to defray expenses connected therewith.

MONDAY, Apr. 9.—One of our gavest peacocks, who succeeded in saving all his feathers when many of the same brood lost theirs, engaged a charming turtle dove, whose cote is situated on slab street, to accompany him to an assembley; but alas, when he alighted at her residence, she had flown, and he departed muttering, "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. That one was but a mock turtle dove; let her went."

MCINTOSH MILLS.

SATURDAY, March 31.—We expect a taffy pull in Columbus Hall in the near future.

Charley says our town needs a livery.

John Moore and his famous dog captured a very large wolf north of town on Friday last.

Chas. Burch met with a very severe accident on Tuesday last. While getting a load of hay for T. West, one of the scaffold poles gave way, striking him on the head and leaving a very severe wound. He was unconscious for several hours.

Three ferocious dogs broke into Mr. Towe's coop the other morning, killing four sheep and wounding several more.

While splitting wood Mr. R. Leeder's axe glanced, cutting four toes completely off.

Mr R. Fortune drives the fastest team in town.

John Dixey paid our town a flying visit on Tuesday last.

Barrens Mallory has his new mill complete and is doing a rushing business.

Jim Bolger has already plowed four acres this spring and reports the soil in good order.

Our sports are beginning to look out for the wild duck in Newlan's pond, which is all open.

Miss Laura Herbison, of this place, is seriously ill. Very little hopes are entertained of her recovery.

LAKE STREET.

FRIDAY, Apr 6.—I answer to Yonge Front correspondent that we are sorry to say both Mr and Mrs. Washburn are dead. Mr. Washburn died last June and Mrs. Washburn two years ago.

The dove of front street did not fetch along her best fellow Easter, as Mrs. Crow would not accept of his company. The day passed quietly away but Mrs. Crow was heard to say:

The print, the print, the publict print,
Above all things I despise;
I care not for the people's tongues,
But I don't like to be advertised.

Jabes has replenished his stock of trading horses and invites all dealers to call. Anyone wishing a first class horse will consult their interests by calling

Mr. Jack Schofield has moved to Athens and resumed his trade at the Armstrong house. Jack is an experienced hand at the business and should give satisfaction.

William Schofield has rented the homestead and will draw the milk route to Knapp's factory. It promises to be a light load.

Mrs. Annie Carson will run the ranch this year, with the help of our unmarketed widower.

We noticed one of Plum Hollow's young men on our street Sunday. Rumor says he was received by the Miss with outstretched arms and by Master with pointed boots; but it is a positive fact that he did not linger to hear the old man read the riot act.

Miss Nellie Schofield has gone to Toledo where she is running a millinery in connection with Mr. Mackay's store.

Miss Chloe Sexton is at Athens working at Mr. McLaughlin's at the millinery.

W. T. is still on No. 11 and intends staying there his remaining days.

E. A. Stevens is on the sick list, but is recovering under the treatment of Dr. Creggan.

Bert surprised himself with a new harness. Strange that a Sec'y of the P. L. would not get one in the lodge.

Considerable commotion has been raised at our northern terminus over the disappearance of a bag net which was in one of our fishermen's granary. After all the preparations of fixing said net had been executed, the spot for setting chosen, our legal fish inspector counselled about license, it made its exit and left the granary door open through which a cow passed and ate her fill of choice seed wheat. We hope the losers will be consoled with a hop pole and dip-net, as it would be illegal to fish without license, and it is so near fishing time it would be useless to get a search warrant.

QUINN'S YOUNG BRIDE.

An Ex-Gambler Evangelist Elopes With His Partner's Daughter.

ANTECEDENTS OF THE GROOM.

His Bride Was Only a School-Girl, But She Loves Her Elderly Husband—It May Help His Great Revival—The Original and Interesting Methods of the Converted Gambler.

The recent elopement of John Philip Quinn and Miss Maud Goff is of all modern elopements very extraordinary and romantic. He is 47 and white-haired. She is not yet 17, with black tresses and a pretty face. He was known as one of the most accomplished card "sharps" and "brace" gamblers in the country before he became converted and gained fame as an evangelist. She had not finished her school days.

And now they are married. The private car where they all lived is desolate. It is very dreadful to Mr. and Mrs. Goff because it isn't comfortable to have a son-in-law older than one's self. That is really the only objection.

"Quinn was a good brother here," said Mr. Goff in talking of the elopement, "but he ought not to have done it." It is the second time that Quinn has done it, that is to say, eloped, and it is his third matrimonial experience.

Fortune has smiled upon Quinn during the past two years. His book "Fools of Fortune," an exposé of gambling has brought him in more than $500 a month. In addition, he has been fortunate in making investments in Chicago. His evangelistic work, too, has been successful. About eighteen months ago Job H. Jackson, of the Jackson-Sharp Co., of Wilmington, placed at his disposal a beautiful private car named the Roanoke, after Quinn's native place. He was to pay for this as he chose. The evangelist has been going about the country in luxurious style conducting revivals. The Rev. Mr. Palmer has been associated with him during the greater part of the time.

E. T. Goff, a Buffalo lawyer, who has been connected with revival work for several years, became interested in Quinn. Last December he purchased a half interest in the car and entered upon the work with Quinn. He took his family on board the car with him—Mrs. Goff, a handsome woman; Maud, who will be seventeen in four months, and Ward, a boy of eleven.

They held their last meeting at Bethlehem, Pa. A week ago they arrived in Jersey City to prepare a big revival there. The car was run on a side-track next to the Pennsylvania Railroad shed. Five of

QUINN, EVANGELIST, EX-GAMBLER.

the leading churches of Jersey City agreed to join in this revival. The Rev. John L. Scudder, of the Tabernacle, is practically at the head of it. The ministers were to conduct the members until Quinn and Goff took charge.

Now, the love-making between the elderly Quinn and the youthful Maud went on without any one but themselves being the wiser. To be sure, the jealous parents knew that Quinn admired their dainty daughter. Once they spoke to him about it. He said he loved both the children. All the same, Mrs. Goff guarded her daughter with jealous care, not because she really feared anything, but because she is a mother. It never occurred to her that the child could fall in love with Quinn, who looks old beside Mr. Goff, in whose glossy black hair and side whiskers there is no trace of gray. The parents remember now that Quinn would sometimes laughingly display a big roll of money and say his wife should have everything she wanted.

But the gentle Maud turned her eyes towards the gray-haired ex-gambler. Perhaps it was the skill and grace with which he operated his gambling apparatus before the assembled multitudes in order to convince them they had no chance in trying to win money. May be the dexterity with which he dealt "pat hands," "full houses" and "straight flushes" interested her. Possibly it was his eloquence as a speaker. Like Desdemona, she may have loved him for the dangers he had passed.

Quinn did not permit love to interfere with business, that is to say, the evangelistic work and the sale of his book. He seemed to be the same as ever. The day of the elopement he and Mr. Goff attended a meeting of ministers in the Bible House, in New York. Just before 1 p.m. the ex-gambler told his associate that he had an engagement and he departed. At about that hour Maud told her mother that she was going to the Pennsylvania station for a little while, because she was tired of staying in the car.

All that afternoon the mother waited anxiously for her daughter. When Mr. Goff came he, too, was anxious. A telegram reached him. It read: "We are married, letter coming explaining; don't worry." It was signed, "John P. Quinn." Mr. Goff concluded that the wisest thing would be to wait for the letter. It came.

This letter shows that Quinn and Maud are madly in love with each other. Each says so over and over again. And they beg parental forgiveness like letters in novels. Quinn says he was compelled to run away with Maud because he knew he could never get the parents' consent, and they really couldn't live without each other. They gave the address of handsome apartments which they have taken up-town in New York, and ask Mr. and Mrs. Goff to come and see them.

Mr. Goff says he supposes they will forgive, but it's pretty hard to come to that determination just now. He was also worried about the effect of the elopement upon the revival meetings in Jersey City. The Rev. Mr. Scudder set his mind at rest on that.

"They have done nothing wrong," he said. "It is a close match free of any suspicion of scandal. It will arouse greater interest in Quinn and that will redound to his work."

So Quinn and Goff will conduct the revival, and very likely they will all go back to the private car and live as a happy family.

Quinn was one of the famous gamblers of the West. His first wife was Miss May Harvey, the daughter of Dr. W. C. Harvey, of Roanoke, Mo. She ran away from boarding-school to marry him. She died in 1870. He married Lily Boss, whom he met through an advertisement, which he inserted in a newspaper in 1882. She secured a divorce from him in 1887, when he was convicted of a crime of which he was not guilty, a swindling operation. He was sentenced to three years imprisonment, but was pardoned. Quinn was converted while in prison.

STRUGGLE AT THE ALTAR.

Father McDonald Assaults His Superior While Celebrating Mass.

When the bells of St. Paul's Catholic Church, Brooklyn, finished chiming for 10o'clock mass on Sunday, says the New York World, the edifice was crowded to the doors. Father William J. Hill, the beloved pastor of the church, and one of his assistants, Father Patrick V. McDonald, were to conduct the service.

Father McDonald officiated as celebrant. He had concluded the gospel, which is the first part of the mass, and was standing at his devotionals, in the centre of the platform at the altar table, over which is a beautiful statue of

REV. FATHER WILLIAM J. HILL.

the Virgin Mary. The celebrant was bowing low before the sacred pile. The congregation remained kneeling. In that quiet moment Father Hill walked slowly from the gospel side of the altar, across the sacristy and ascended the platform. He was about to make the announcements for the coming week. Suddenly the celebrant jumped to his feet, faced his pastor and shouted:

"You cannot speak here!"

Father Hill's face blanched with horror. He turned around and whispered in his assistant's ear:

"For heaven's sake stop! I am only going to make the announcements. Then you can go on with the Creed."

Father McDonald's actions are attributed to sudden insanity. He paid no attention to his superior. He seemed to forget his devotionals, and with a cry of rage and a mighty spring threw himself against the pastor and hurled him from the platforms. The blow would have felled an ox. Father Hill fell headlong, face downward, against the altar rail twenty feet away.

The congregation was transfixed with horror and surprise. All the worshippers remained silent. Father Hill arose, weak and dazed, staggered across the sacristy to the rail and faced the people.

"My children, leave the church as quickly as possible," he cried. "Seek some other church, where mass can be administered to you. Father McDonald cannot proceed. Go." But the people never moved.

While this was going on Father McDonald turned to the alter and picked up the chalice with which to commence the Creed. Father Hill's cheek blanched. He sprang towards Father McDonald to wrest the symbol of faith from him.

McDonald turned again, his right arm shot out, landed full in Father Hill's face, and once more the venerable priest was sent to the floor. Then, still holding the chalice, Father McDonald pounced on his prostrate pastor and struck him again and again on the head and face. The sight of the two priests struggling on the floor of the sacristy, the sacred chalice being fought for by one and held by the other, their vestments torn and crushed and the sounds of the blows roused the congregation to a state of frenzied passion.

The spell was broken, and with a mighty rush hundreds of people made for the altar. Women screamed and fainted. The men jumped from pew to pew. In a

REV. PATRICK V. M'DONALD.

few seconds a dozen men had cleared the sacristy rail and closed in on the struggling fighting men. Father McDonald's hands were now closed on his pastor's throat, and he was dragging him along the carpet, dashing his head against the iron rail.

The men seized McDonald, tore him from his victim and forced him, a struggling, shrieking maniac to the vestry. Tenderly Father Hill was raised and laid on the soft cushions of a front pew. He revived in a moment and was conducted to the rectory opposite the church. A doctor was sent for, who gave a restorative. Father Hill had a contusion on the left side of the head the size of an egg. His face was slightly swollen and his neck pained him.

There were stirring scenes in the church all this while. Some of the congregation wanted to inflict summary punishment on the pugilistic priest. At this juncture Policeman Reynolds rushed into the church and stood guard over Father McDonald, who was raving and crying by turns. He is a big man and weighs over 200 pounds.

Vicar General McNamara, acting under instruction from Bishop McDonnell, has had Father McDonald removed to St. Peter's hospital for treatment.

A FUNNY SUIT.

A Judge and Jury Say Katherine Germaine's Figure is Not Like a Barrel.

It has been legally decided, in a Syracuse, N.Y. court, that the shape of Miss Katherine Germaine, the singer, is not that of a barrel, and she has secured judgment for $1,925 against H. W. Roseborn, who discharged her from the "Rainmaker of Syria" company upon the ground that she was so shaped.

There is indeed a sort of halo of personal grandeur surrounding a great singer—great in any sense. A scene is set; small people, whether stars or nobodies, seem but a part of the musical picture, but if the great singer be indeed shaped like a barrel it certainly detracts from the impressiveness of her greatness. Had Miss Germaine really been shaped like a barrel Mr. Roseborn would have been justified in dispensing with her services, but she is not.

The issue in the trial of Miss Germaine's suit was a simple one—a question of fact

KATHERINE GERMAINE.

and not of law. It was merely is or is not Miss Germaine shaped, as Mr. Roseborn alleges, "like a barrel?" The case came up before Justice William and a jury in Syracuse, and the question seemed easy enough on the head of it, for Miss Germaine was in court. Justice goes deeper, however. A superficial decision is never satisfactory.

The justice said he thought that the case might prove embarrassing, but Miss Germaine said that she would be perfectly willing to appear before the jurors in the occasion the defence had brought out her alleged barrel-like figure, and the jurors rubbed their chins and tried not to look astonished. She looked to them like any other pretty woman with a slight tendency to embonpoint and, so far as they could see, the embonpoint was not located where it would have been had the defence been a true one. As good men and true, they could not consistently ask for further proof that Miss Germaine was not shaped as Mr. Roseborn said she was, and it was decided unnecessary for her to appear in costume. An expectant court-room full of people looked grieved.

Evidence was heard in the Justice's private room. Six local newspaper men were called as experts and testified that they had seen Miss Germaine on the stage and that they were unable to find any fault with her figure.

The jurors looked at Miss Germaine and agreed upon a verdict in her favor without a dissenting voice. To a reporter she afterwards said:

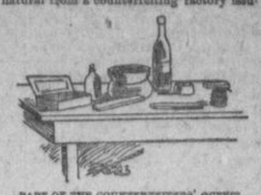
"If what they said of me was true, I should have doubtless traveled as freight, but I didn't. I was perfectly disgusted when I learned what Mr. Roseborn's defense would be. Barrel, indeed! Why couldn't they find fault with my voice? My figure only measures—er—but never mind about that—and I'm fifteen pounds lighter than I was a year ago."

Miss Germaine wore a tight fitting street costume and could only, by the exercise of the wildest imagination, be likened in the least to a barrel.

But barrels and that sort of thing seem inseparable from her stage career, for not only is it said that she was first encouraged to adopt the stage by a rich Newark brewer, but her name in private life is Mrs. David Biers.

It Rang Like Silver.

Recently there have been some very clever counterfeits of the American silver dollar in circulation, as many as would be natural from a counterfeiting factory issuing $500 of the "queer" in a week. But the New York Secret Service agent has nipped the "plant" and Enrico Solomon and Jennie Jaconia to boot. Solomon and his wife and six children, and the woman arrested as his accomplice, performed the work in a tenement house. On the table were found a smelting-pot and crucibles, pieces of tin, antimony, copper, bottles containing various chemicals and one hundred counterfeit dollars. The moulds were captured, too. The moulds are so admirable and the composition of the metal used so skillful that the coins produced were unusually clever and deceitful counterfeits. They had the color of silver and its ring, but were scant weight. The metal used in their manufacture was a compound of tin and antimony. Of course the detectives would not tell the proportion of these metals. Solomon put out fully $500 a week of the bad coin and he has been producing it at this rate for several months. No good money was found at his flat. As fast as it came in he must have hidden it. Jennie Jaconia, it is supposed, bought the materials out of which the coins were made, and acted as go-between for Solomon and the rest who passed them. Jaconia's husband is in prison. The New York officers are elated at their capture.



PART OF THE COUNTERFEITERS' OUTFIT.

Anxious to Pose as Corpses.

The principal keeper of the Paris morgue is retiring after fifteen years' service and has given some account of his unusual experiences. The authorities, M. Pierre says, are besieged by people who ask to be allowed to pose as corpses, but the applicants do not persevere when they learn the conditions under which they would have to spend twelve hours. The bodies are now separated from the public by thick glass and are kept in a temperature of several degrees below zero. Nothing, M. Pierre says, brought such crowds to the morgue as the exhibition of the bodless corpse of a woman which remained unidentified for three years, and the trunk in which the murdered M. Gouffe had been found.

Vide Toronto and Hamilton.

The hog is an easy animal to cultivate. He takes root in any soil.

The United States is pre-eminently the land of divorce; it leads all civilized communities both in the numbers of divorces granted and in the numbers of the reasons for which they can be obtained. In the year of grace 1886, in Great Britain there were 475 absolute divorces; in Germany, 6,078; in France, 6,211; in the model republic of the world, 25,535! The reasons why vary all the way down the list from A to W, from Alabama to Wyoming. "There is an abominable laxity of the laws on this subject." Taking the period of twenty years from 1867 to 1886, and on the basis of the census of 1881, Mr. Gemuntil tells us the ratio of divorce to population in Canada was one to 37,288; while in the republic, on the basis of their census of 1880, the ratio was as one to 150. In those two decades 16,622 couples were divorced one year after marriage; 21,525 after two years; 27,270 after three years, while 25,371 were separated after twenty one years or more of married life. As 328,716 were granted during these twenty years, it is safe to say there were 484,000 applications.

Doubtless there is a spirit of separation abroad in these latter days. The number of those who refuse to be bound till death them do part appears to be increasing everywhere. In Berlin, between 1880 and 1885, the number of divorces rose from 413 to 754, and of the 3,107 cases in the five years only one-third were for infidelity. In France in the forties there was one divorce for every 47,321 of the people; in the later seventies, one for every 15,610; in the same period in Holland the ratio rose from one in 83,000 to one in 25,660. From the days of Bluff old Hal to 1857 the English Parliament had granted but 317 divorces; in the 30 years following 1857, the Divorce Courts had issued 6,381 absolute divorces and 914 decrees for judicial separations. In the United States in 1867 there were only 9,937, while in 1886 the number had risen to 25,535. In Vermont 94 were granted in 1860, and 197 in 1878; in Connecticut, in 1860, there were nine cases, while in the 13 years after 1864 they averaged 446; and so in many other of the states. In Chicago 526 marriages were dissolved in 1875; nearly double that number in 1882. Philadelphia went from 101 in 1862 to 477 in 1872. In Victoria there is a Parliamentary grandfather who has five years 23 divorces [illegible] in the preceding.

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Said She Was Past All Help

and wanted us to send her to the Home for Incurables. But I said as long as I could hold my hand up she should not go. We then began

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

to give her Hood's Sarsaparilla. She is getting strong, walks around, is out doors every day, has no trouble with her throat and no cough, and her heart seems to be all right again. She has a first class appetite. We regard her case as nothing short of a miracle." W. WYATT, 84 Marion Street, Parkdale, Toronto, Ontario.

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J. S. Allen, Goderich, Ont.

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