

WAR DECLARED

On the Potato Bug

Paris Green, Gov't Standard, per lb. 75c

Arsenate Lead Dry, use 1 lb. to 20 gallons of water — 1-2 lb. cans 35c; 1 lb. cans 60c.

Arsenate Lead Paste, use 1 lb. to 10 gallons of water — 1 lb. cans 50c; 2 lb. cans 90c.

Department of Agriculture advise: 1 lb. Paris Green, 1 lb. Dry Arsenate Lead, 40 gallons Bordeaux Mixture.

J. P. Lamb & Son

Druggists and Opticians

Athens

Ontario

Royal Purple, Caldwell's Rennie's, and Gardner's

Calf Meal

By the lb, and in 25 and 50 lb. bags

Nothing Better for Feeding CALVES

Contains from 19 1-2 to 22 per cent Protein

A Full Stock on Hand

Joseph Thompson

Athens

Ontario

Hardware

Our Store and Warehouse contains a very complete Stock of:—

SHELF AND HEAVY HARDWARE
PAINTS, OILS and VARNISHES
BUILDERS SUPPLIES, ETC.

Gasoline, Tools for Farm and Garden,
Cutlery, Roofing, Glass, Full line Brushes

All your wants can be supplied here at reasonable prices—you are invited to call.

Agency for Baynes Buggies and Frost and Wood Farm Machinery.

E. J. Purcell

Isn't it Time?

You Attended to Your Eyes

In the past they may have served you well—but do they not require a little care now?

We offer you our Optical Service for the correction of all defects that may be remedied with glasses.

Let us show you how well we can serve you.

We fill oculist's prescriptions, measure and replace broken lenses, and make any optical repairs you may require.

H. R. Knowlton

Jeweller & Optician

Athens, Ontario

The Blood Pearl

By ALBERT DORRINGTON

"The thief must be punished," Sashino intimated blandly. "It was a gem of strange orient and milkiness. I am told it had a blood mist. There are men here who saw it!"

The crew of Japanese shellers mustered silently on the oyster-strewn deck of the Three Moons. The sea was as still as a sleeping child. In the far south a few ragged palms marked the limit of the Vanderdecken bank, where the cheeping spn birds drowsed over the mile-long fleet of working luggers.

Sashino was captain of the Three Moons, and he resented bitterly the frequent thefts of pearls from his lugger. The tricks of the average diamond thief become ludicrously apparent when compared with the almost superhuman evasions of the Japanese shell opener. Captain Sashino had grown subtle with experience, but his smiling patience gave out before the constant pilferings of almost priceless gems.

Four coolies appeared from the forward hatch escorting a naked Japanese diver. A stern silence awaited him. For a few moments he remained sullenly irresolute, cigarette in mouth, his bare toes kicking scraps of opened shell across the deck.

Captain Sashino regarded him contemptuously from his station near the main hatch.

"You steal my pearl, Insumi, the one you found on the Black Lip bank. I am willing to hear you. Say what!"

Insumi hunched his reef-scarred shoulders, cast furtive, sidelong glances at the crew, and was silent.

"What made you steal?" Sashino repeated. "The German buyers or your sweetheart in the town? Say quick!"

Insumi frowned.

"I work hard, Captain Sashino, for small pay. Only once or twice have I taken a little pearl. My sweetheart does not ask me to steal."

He turned again to the crew, as though expecting a friendly demonstration on his behalf. There was none.

A windlass-hand, wearing a coolie loin-cloth, was holding a baited line over the port bow. Incidentally, a pair of tiger sharks drifted from the shadow of the lugger's keel, and remained motionless within a few yards of the bait.

The pearl thief folded his arms submissively, as one expecting punishment swift and unannounced. The silent wrath that moves Japanese legions to impossible assaults flowed from the captain's gestures. He turned to a diver at his elbow and whispered. The crew, catching his meaning, became suddenly alert. A volcanic rage swept over them. Oaths of strange origin and dialects filled the air. Captain Sashino nodded twice, and called to the windlass-hand with the baited line.

Three men caught Insumi by the shoulders, and fastened the line about his waist and hips, leaving his arms free.

"Over!" shouted the captain. "Let him keep his knife."

Insumi was dangling over the bows, his breast and feet nearly touching the water. The tropic sun pierced almost to the sandy floor of the straits. A tiger shark does not always swoop to the object in sight, but will sometimes inspect it for a short period, then vanish for a brief space and return with the speed of a hawk.

The thief lay suspended within an inch of the water, his knees slightly updrawn. The knife in his right hand was held point out from his face. Above him leant the crew of the lugger, telling him in fluent Japanese that thieves and sharks were the spawn of devil men.

An inquisitive snout appeared under the lugger's bow; a pair of swinish eyes began to regard the suspended Insumi with patient interest, then, moving slowly in a straight line, flashed suddenly under his chest. Insumi's back arched as the gray belly swept beneath; a quick, grunting stab followed, and the water grew crimson for several yards. He breathed hoarsely and wagged his bullet head.

"Fool!" sneered the captain. "The scent will bring others, and they will hustle him to death like Americans!"

A loud thrashing was heard near the helm. The strong tide swept the red stains clear of the lugger. For a period that seemed like eternity the suspended man looked eagerly into the water as though listening. Then, with a sudden frantic movement, he tried to turn toward a torpedolike shadow that rushed from the shelter of the lugger's stern. A gash, wide as a saber-cut, appeared on his naked hip.

"A fin-stroke!" shrieked the captain. "The old shark has got him now. It will be a slow fight, my children."

A hot stillness hung about the straits. The Jap lay motionless, eye and ear almost touching the water, his glance fixed immovably on the trowel-shaped fin that stayed within gunshot of the vessel. Neither the tide nor the shouts of the divers could urge it on.

"The big fish is playing with him," smiled the captain. "Do not make too much noise, my children."

Then an unexpected commotion happened in the water; a school of small sharks began to sport about the thief's ankles. With a rippling movement of the wrist he slashed into them right

and left, dispersing them like a school of mullet. One blue-mouthed invader, more cunning than the rest, tore at his ribs as it escaped under the lugger's stern.

Within thirty seconds the school returned and the fight began again. The watching pearlers screamed excitedly over the lugger's rail, while the baby sharks grew clever and harassed inusual on the off side. They clung like leeches, clutching his knife thrusts, retreating and attacking with the speed of torpedoes.

Breathing stertorously, he held up an appealing hand, once, twice. A cold, unresponsive silence followed, while the captain lit a cigarette.

Then, as if by a signal from the outer deeps, the swarm of sharklets drew off. Some one pointed to the trowel-shaped fin moving once more to its quarry. Many of the pearlers knew it for one of the oldest monsters that inhabited the great reef-passage. Dozens of trepanng fishers had attempted its capture without success, but the human bait now offered was more than it could resist.

There was no deviation from the line of attack; it flashed straight under the Jap's ribs. With the strength and fortitude of his kind the suspended man thrust his left hand into the open jaws. A second later his knife arm was slashing at the upturned throat.

For a moment it seemed as though the rope would break under the strain. With lunatic strength he appeared to be holding the shark at arm's length beneath the water. Then, with a cry, he stabbed downward again and again until his head dropped forward.

"Heave up!" shouted the captain.

Slowly they hauled him over the rail, and they saw that his left arm was torn and shredded where it had entered the gaping mouth.

The captain surveyed the hurt man calmly. There was no trace of emotion in his voice as he addressed the assembled crew.

"Fear will not make him speak. The pearl is somewhere and we may yet find it. Take him below and see that his hurts are attended to. There is an English doctor in the town."

Late in the afternoon, when the sun's rays lay in streaks of fierce red across the straits of Torres, a dead tiger shark drifted under the lugger's stern, past the bobbing heads of the naked divers. Around it swarmed a ravenous shoal of black bream and yellow-tails guzzling, flashing their silver scales near the wide gash under the upturned throat.

Incidentally a dory pushed off from a tiny pier at the inlet's mouth, and rowed slowly in the wake of the dead monster. A Malay diver and a Japanese coolie sat at the oars.

The dead shark drifted beyond the great oyster bank where the long sea grass swayed and rippled in the outgoing tide. Leaning from the dory the Malay thrust a boat-hook under the shark's dorsal fin, and drew it with much labor under the lee of a palm-sheltered promontory.

"Sashino's glasses cannot follow us now," he panted. "There will be no need to hurry with our work."

The shark was beached, and, after a careful survey of the surrounding scrub, the Malay drew a long sheath knife and passed his thumb gently over the point. Then with a dozen deft strokes he laid bare the huge gullet while the Jap coolie plunged his fists inside.

The two men grunted on their knees beside the dead-shark, searching and probing with the craft of deep sea fishermen. The surf rippled and screamed over the low sand dunes as the tide receded beyond the mangrove belt.

The Malay's head came up with a sudden jerk. Drawing his hand from the bared throat of the monster, he held it aloft exultantly.

A pearl of peculiar luster and orient gleamed between his finger and thumb. The sun rays seemed to illumine it with supernatural radiance as he held it up for the Jap's inspection.

"If a thief cares not where he puts his arm, comrade, there are always good hiding-places for a ten thousand-dollar pearl!"

A chuckling sound escaped the Jap as he leant forward to inspect the pearl which the desperate Insumi had thrust into the monster's throat.

"Insumi was born with a crease in his palm. I saw Sashino look into his hand before they swung him to the shark. I could not hide a bead in mine!"

A few days later Insumi, his left arm swathed in bandages, met his two confreres at the house of a Chinese pearl buyer near Deliverance inlet. After much haggling and delay Insumi received \$50 for his share in the deal.

The Most Beautiful Queen.

Queen Helena of Italy, who played such a big part in the entertainment of President and Mrs. Wilson on their visit to Rome, has been called the most beautiful queen in the world, and the most cultured and gracious as well. She speaks French, German, English and Spanish fluently, in addition to Italian and Latin. She knows Greek as well and is familiar with the literature of all ages. She is a great lover of flowers, fine old lace and rare jewels. In Rome she takes interest in the social life of the court; in her country home at Monza she is a country woman; in the Alps she is as hardy a climber as the Tyrolese, going over glaciers, along narrow paths or to the edge of a precipice with charming indifference.

Airy About It.

"Where are you going, John?"
"To raise the wind."
"What for?"
"To meet a draft."

Prompt Returns From Shipments



When you ship Grain, Butter, Cheese or Fruit, put through The Merchants Bank a Draft on the buyer. This is the business way of securing prompt and satisfactory settlement.

It saves time and possible loss.

THE MERCHANTS BANK

Head Office: Montreal, OF CANADA Established 1864.

ATHENS BRANCH, F. W. CLARKE, Manager.

Sub-Agency at Frankville open Thursdays. Branches also at DELTA, LANSLOWNE, LYN, ELGIN, WESTPORT.

Seasonable Goods

We have several lines of Children's and Misses' Gingham Dresses at prices ranging from 60c up.

White Skirts

Have just put into stock a White P.K. Skirt which we are selling in all sizes at \$2.00.

Other lines of White Skirts at \$2.50, \$3, and \$3.25.

White Hosiery

In all sizes for Children and Ladies, Two Specials in Ladies sizes, White Silk Lisle and White Tuskan Silk Hose for 50c pair.

Try us for White Canvass and Tennis Shoes.

T. S. KENDRICK

Athens

Ontario

Reporter Advts. pay, if you don't think so, try one now and prove it for yourself

If YOUR CAR is running smoothly leave it alone

BUT---

when the "machine" goes wrong, there's a right way to fix it---That's what our Garage is for.

Ask our regular customers how they like our work.

THE Earl Construction Company

Genuine Ford Repair Parts

GARAGE AND AUTO SUPPLIES

Athens

Ontario