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AUSTIN G. L. TRIBUTE,
Editor and Proprietor

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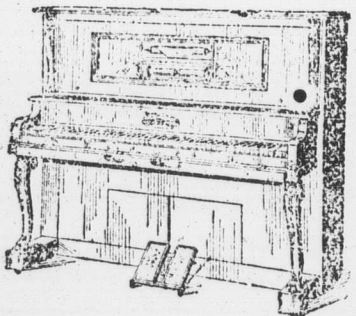
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Miss Todd's
Mistake

By Clement E. Rushton

"Snub-nosed!"

"Freckled!"

"And homely as sin!"

"But we must pamper and coddle this dear ancient lady of ours on account of the shekels."

Miss Tabitha Todd gasped. Her hand fell away. She made a dash for the heartless tell-tale phonograph and shut it off.

"Outrageous!" she almost shrieked.

"Abominable!" she added and went to the mirror and surveyed herself. Yes, she was snub-nosed, and yes, she was freckled. As to her homeliness there was no question. Her faded old eyes filled with tears and her lips puckered.

"It isn't that I am that," she breathed brokenly. "It's the heartlessness of it, 'after my shekels!' Willis, whom I loved as an own son! Clara, who was to be a joint heiress! A shallow, faithless, undeserving pair of wretched schemers. Well, I am warned in time, thank goodness!"

It had all come about through her nephew, Willis Rand, and his wife, Clara, whose guest she was, leaving her alone in the house that morning. They had treated Aunt Tabitha like an own mother. So far her week's visit had attached her more than ever to this happy-spirited young couple, who, in the absence of any very material wealth, seemed to live and thrive on love and kisses.

Miss Todd bustled from the room, to reappear ten minutes later ready for the street, suitcase in hand. She proceeded to remove the wretched record from the instrument. She replaced it where she had accidentally discovered it, way upon the plate rail. She loved the phonograph, but had tired of those so often played records in the cabinet and had resolved to try this old one to while the time away.

"There!" she voiced tartly. "They shall never know how their perfidy came to be exposed."

Then Miss Tabitha Todd scrawled a few lines on a sheet of paper, left it on the table and flounced from that treacherous roof, on fire with indignation and resentment.

It was four hours later when Willis and Clara returned. Willis was first to discover the note. "What in the name of wonder does this mean?" he ejaculated, and both, petrified, read: "Do not ever speak to me, write to me, or even think of me again."

"Why!" gasped Clara.
"What!" cried Willis. "Oh, Aunt Tabitha has gone crazy!" He rushed upstairs, to find her belongings gone. Then he hurried to the nearest telegraph office and indited a wire to the home of their missing relative.

"Anxious. Clara worried to death. What has happened?" the telegram ran, but there came no reply.

Clara wrote the next day, but the letter, unopened and enclosed in another envelope, came back. Willis called up Aunt Tabitha on the long-distance telephone, but as soon as his voice was recognized the irate old maid hung up the receiver.

"It's no use," Willis told Clara finally. "She has taken some perverse kink and won't be conciliated."

Miss Todd passed a desolate year in her lonely village home. Many a time a longing thought to see her discarded relatives intruded on her mind, but she banished it resolutely. She took in several cats as pets, superseded them with canine favorites, then in turn with canary birds and began to develop fads and eccentricities that aged and soured her.

One day Miss Todd was compelled to go to the city on business. She sighed drearily as she recalled the warm greetings a certain home had once held for her. She transacted her business and had to put in the afternoon as best she could, for there was no home train until late afternoon.

Finally she paused to read a bill-board in front of a little bistro of a theater. It announced that "the English players" were to give a matinee that afternoon, program "the sterling old standard drama, 'She Stoops to Conquer,' preceded by the equally ancient, but famous skit, 'The Biter Bit.'" Miss Todd entered the theater.

The curtain rose. She was only indifferently interested, she fancied, but her mind aroused mightily as the curtain rolled up and a stage dressing room was the scene. A faded, bedizened queen of tragedy, powdered, rouged and furbelowed, was going on in her part and her obsequious maid and her husband were hypocritically flattering her as to her beauty and ability. But as she left them; behind her back they derided her through gestures and grimaces. Then, the instant the door closed after the actress, the following colloquy ensued:

"Snub-nosed!"

"And freckled!"

"Homely as sin!"

"But we must pamper and coddle this dear ancient lady of ours on account of the shekels."

Miss Todd came upright with a shock. Why! those were the very words of the phonograph. Then—then—she breathed and thought fast. Malignant spite to strike into

her mind. She arose from her seat and went out into the lobby. She walked up to the main usher.

"Will you tell me, sir," she began—the drama they are playing. Is it very old?"

"Very old, Miss," bowed the profuse usher.

"As—as old as I am?"

"Over twenty, you mean," propounded the polite usher. "Yes, indeed, Miss, it was written over two hundred years ago. It is a great favorite with amateurs, school exhibitions, church entertainments, amateur clubs and all that, but never acted as it is in this country until—"

But Miss Todd had vanished. With speed, an excited, distracted creature, she reached the street. She hailed the first cab she met. It was old and shabby, but she did not mind that. If it had been an express wagon, in her present frame of mind Miss Todd would have engaged it had it then been going her way.

Miss Todd's way was the way to the home of the Rands. She was lashing herself and pitying them all the way. Her eyes had been opened. She had now recalled that Willis and Clara had belonged to an amateur dramatic club. The colloquy she had caught over the phonograph was, of course, a record of their parts in the play they were to give.

Dear, persecuted children! How she had unjustly misjudged them! Could she ever forgive herself?

When she reached the little home once so dear, to her, now so longed for by her repentant spirit, she found a moving van in front of it and two men carrying out a piece of furniture.

"What's this?" she snapped out.

"Seized for debt," vouchsafed one of the movers.

"Seized—debt!" almost shrieked Miss Todd. "What—how do you mean?"

"Just what I say. Mr. Rand went surety for a friend, who left him in the lurch. Lawyer brought suit, judgment. Rand and his wife are at his office now, giving notes for deficiency, for furniture doesn't cover full amount."

"Where's this hideous persecutor of my dear darlings?" quavered Miss Todd and after informing the man that the money would be paid at once to move nothing from the house, the energetic lady started for the office of the lawyer.

Money covered the sordid features of the occasion, tears, confession, reconciliation, smiles, kisses the pathetic element of the case.

Back in the old home Miss Todd continued to dwell upon the circumstances.

"And I am snubbed," she insisted. "Grecian-classic," declared Willis. "And freckled."

"So is Clara, since she had to do her own washing. True sign of a fair complexion."

"And homely as sin."

"What! you, the belle of the village when you were a girl! Tell that to the marines and some of the twenty odd young fellows whose hearts you broke by refusing to marry them."

And all this put Miss Tabitha Todd in fine humor.

"Well, there's the shekels, now," she pursued finally. "I'm going to divide them between you loyal two, provided you give me a home here for the rest of my days."

POISONOUS BITE OF FISHES

Attacks of the Octopus and Other Revilers of the Sea Are Explained by Pieron.

It used to be supposed that cuttlefishes suffocated crabs with their suckers and then tore them open with their beaks. But the method is more subtle, says Knowledge. In 1895 Krause showed that the secretion of the posterior salivary glands of the octopus was very toxic, and it was supposed that the octopus gave a poisonous bite. But Pieron has recently shown that the octopus at least does not bite the crab until after death. The paralyzing secretion is probably wafted into the crab with the respiratory current.

Similarly, in regard to bivalves it was thought that the cuttlefish forced the valves asunder by fixing suckers to each valve and then pulling in opposite directions. But Pieron has shown with cockles, mussels, scallops, and the like that the toxic juice first paralyzes the adductor muscles. In the case of the cockle the octopus breaks some of the teeth on the posterior margin of the shell, so that the salivary juice may get in more readily. After paralysis has set in force is employed, but it does not require much. The secretion from the stomach of the starfish has apparently the same paralyzing action on bivalves.

Art Never Grows Old.

A great work of art is never old-fashioned; because it expresses in final form some truth about human nature, and human nature never changes—in comparison with its primal elements, the mountains are ephemeral. A drama dealing with the impalpable human soul is more likely to stay true than a treatise on geology, writes William Lyon Phelps in the Bookman. This is the notable advantage that works of art have over the works of science, the advantage of being and remaining true. No matter how important the contribution of scientific books, they are alloyed with inevitable error, and after the death of their authors must be constantly revised by lesser men, improved by smaller minds; whereas the masterpieces of poetry, drama and fiction cannot be revised, because they are always true. The latest edition of a work of science is the most valuable; and in literature, the earliest.

Greenham—Girden

On Wednesday evening of last week at the Methodist parsonage, Charles Raymond Greenham of Athens, and Emmeretta Girden of Lyndhurst, were united in marriage by Rev. T. J. Vickery. They were attended by Mr. and Mrs. J. Peterson.

DEATH OF GEORGE HOGG

There passed away on Sunday at 1.30 a.m. after an illness of two weeks, George Hogg, at the home of his nephew, Mr. Wm. Whaley, Glen Morris. Deceased was in his 73rd year, and was born in Elmsley in Lanark county, the son of the late William Hogg. His home was in Perth, where he had retired after an active life in agriculture. For the past few years, he had been in the custom of spending his winters with his nephew, at whose home he died.

Mr. Hogg's wife predeceased him a number of years ago. Surviving him are one sister, Mrs. Henry Whaley, formerly of Soperton; Mr. W. J. Hogg, Perth.

The funeral took place from the residence of Mr. Wm. Whaley, Glen Morris, on Tuesday to the Athens Methodist church, where service was conducted by Rev. T. J. Vickery. The body was placed in the vault, and will be interred at Perth.

Among relatives from a distance were: Mr. W. J. Hogg, Perth; Mr. W. Hogg, Poltarnore, Que.; Mr. and Mrs. Trotter, Chantry; Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Jackson, Plum Hollow; Mr. Watson and Mr. Whaley, Delta; Mrs. Alonzo Orr and daughter, New Dublin; Mrs. Wm. Freeman and Mrs. Guttridge, Forfar.

In religion, deceased was a Presbyterian, and in politics, a Conservative.

Honor Roll for Wiltsetown School.

Sr. IV.—Bessie Parish.

Jr. IV.—Marion Earl, Joseph McAvoy, Mazie Redford.

Sr. III.—Maude Aigue.

Redford.

Jr. III.—Sadie McAvoy, Clifford Redford.

Sr. II.—Beatrice Parish, Ina Aigue, Harry Roddick.

Jr. II.—Georgina Roddick.

Sr. Pr.—James McAvoy, Polly Aigue, Laura Redford.

Jr. Pr. II.—Watson Parish.

Jr. Pr. I.—Lorne Burnham.

Average attendance—12.95.

V. J. Beaman, Teacher

Frankville

Mrs. Geo. N. Hill is ill.

Mr. Chas. Lehigh is very low and little hope is held for his recovery.

Mr. Fred Pattemore of Harlem and Albert Gile spent the week-end here.

Mrs. W. M. Hanton spent a few days last week with her sister, Mrs. W. Drummond, Druid, Sask., at their old home. Mrs. Drummond came east with her family at Christmas time and has been seriously ill for some time at the home of her mother, Mrs. John Robb.

The announcement of the death at Bancroft of W. H. Leavitt came as a painful surprise to his former associates here, where he resided for some years and taught the village school. While here he married Miss Melissa McCrea, daughter of the late Colonel McCrea.

R. H. Connor sold last week to W. Drummond, of Druid, Sask., a pure bred Durham bull calf, six months old for \$100.

J. I. Smith, proprietor of Farmers Friend cheese factory, held his annual meeting last week in Montgomery's hall. There was a large attendance of patrons, and the different reports showed the season of 1917 to have been the most successful in the history of the factory. Over \$36,000 was paid to the patrons for their milk. Mr. Smith was selected salesman. He will also receive a larger price for manufacturing, viz., 2 1/2 cents per pound.

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A. O. NORTON.

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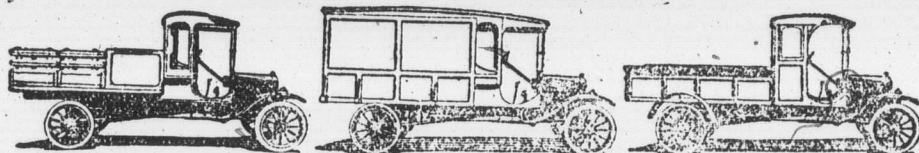
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