THE ATHENS REPORTER, MAY 9, 1917



She is are very pale pale, when the brides time com cs, however roseate they may be at other times — and there is a look in the violet eyes which goes beyond the vision of love liness that confronts her in the laceframed Venetian mirror. The dress is a marvel of millinery construction; the veil is a masterplece of Mallnes handiwork; the pearls that bloom here and there on her hair, and on the thick satin, are priceless and fam-ous, but in her heart of hearts Signa for none of them. The two maids sigh into speechless rapture as, on their knees, they bend back and re-gard her; but she is utterly unconscious

She sees-not her own bridal-decked loveliness, but the handsome face of the man whom she loves, and who loves her. It is of him she thinks, and the reflection of her own peerless beauty affects her at all, it is only to putting this question to herself: Will he think me beautiful-will he

be satisfied?"

Gradually, with slow precision, al most reverence, the maids slip on the pearl and diamond bracelets, arranger the Malines vell so that it covers the figure and transforms it into an apparttion lovely enough to ravage the heart out of a man; then they say in a breath:

"You are ready, Miss!" Signa starts softly and looks at

them. "I am afraid you have had a great deal of trouble," she says. Lady Rookwell's maid shakes her

head emphatically. "Oh; no, no, miss! It has been a

pleasure; and you do look very, very lovely.

"Oh!" echoes a voice at the door, and Laura Derwent enters. "Yes, I knew it! I said so from the first! My drar, you are just one of those few women who really lock well in weddingclothes. As a rule women look piti-able, actually pitiable. I don't know whether it's their feelings or the deadwhite of the things, but most of them have a red nose; it's a fact, positively. remember Flora Welby-she was the beauty of the last season, you know, not me-she looked positively ghastly in her bridal costume. The poor thing prayed with tears in her eys that we would let her have just one dash of color somewhere, just a red rose, or anything, you know, but of course, it was impossible. But you-my dear, you are a vision!"

You must think I want a dash of color," says Signa: "You will send me away crimson with your flatteries, Laura, dear. The plainest of the plain would look nice in this array of finery.

And you are-but no matter, as And you are-but no matter, as they say in the play; well, they are all ready. By this sime I expect Lord Delamere is fidgeting in the vestry, though I suppose that is libel; he wouldn't be out of countenance any-where, would he? Will you come down row; dear? Some of them have already gone? Signa is about to follow, when there

comes a knock at the door, and a

May I come in ?"

and The door opens. in bursts Archie, and anids: the shrieks of the maids he flings himself into Signa's arms, who takes him into her beloved embrace as if the Malines and white n were indeed nothing better than linen.

you abandoned child!" exclaims Laura, in a fine frenzy of horrified

"the next best thing is to be the carl's wife. Don't you think you'd better go wife. Don't you think you'd better go downstairs, my dear young savage?" "There's no hurry," says Archie, seating himself on the bed and swing-

"Oh, Master Archie!" murmurs one of the maids, reproachfully. "So they are," he says. "They want-ed.me to have some, but I knew hetter, I saw the breakfast laid in the diningfrom as I came in, and I'm saving up for that. Mind you give me a big piece of cake, Signa! Hector says that you'll cut it yourself, and he's bought such a splendid knife, with blue stones down the bu blue stones down the ivory handle, for yor to do it with -but I wasn't to men-tion that, though! I say."

"Well," says Signa, smoothing his curly hair with her white hand, her violet eyes dwelling en him fondly.

"Isn't he a swell, too? He's got a long blue coat and patent leather boots, and a shiny hat----"

"And didn't you hug him and rough his hat?" asked Laura, laughing; 'that would make it complete.'

"But Hector isn't half as swell as his fellow, the other earl, who is to be best man; he's dressed like the fashion plates in the tailor's shop, and he says 'Haw!' after everything." He means Lord Clarence!" ex

claims Laura, with a mock groan. "Yes, that's his name; Hector calls him Clarry for short, you know. And I say, Signa, there's the most levely flowers you ever saw waiting for you in the vestry; there's seven bunches; we bought 'em in Covent Garden las we cought on in cover, Garden last night, and yours is all white. Oh, here they are," he adds, coolly, as a maid brings in a magnificent bouquet of snowy blossoms, "Fine, aren't they? But I am forgetting my mes-"Fine, aren't

they? But I am forgetting my mes-sage. He told me to say, if I saw you, that I was to give you his love, and tell you to be quick." "And so you sit and talk for a quarter of an hour and keep us all waiting!" exclaims Laura, haughing reducmantly "the away. Signa sand

rdignantiy, "Go away, Signa, send aim away, There is no more dreadful him away. cature on the face of the earth than Loy!

Cently but determinedly they bustle Archie out of the room, and the bridesmaids, conling up, surround the bridesmaids, conling up, surround the brides, and the start is made. The duchess has already gone, ser-

eral carriages have followed in the wake of hers, and the bride's carriage now comes up, drawn by a magnificent Lair of greys, which my Lord of Delamere has procured at a fabulous price

A thrill of excitement runs through the richly dressed crowd as Signa puts in an appearance, and her beauty tells upon them more than her magnificent dress and costly lewels.

"Every inch a countess," says Mr. Plumbe, emphatically, "Lord Dela-mere is a lucky man." The duke has effered to give her away. "Though, by George! if I were a single man I'd keep her myself," he remarked were than once this. remarked more than once this morning-and screws himself into a corner of the recomy carriage to make room for the thick satin and fairy-like loce, and the beautiful greys dash toward the

church. "Don't be nervous, my dear," he "Don't be nervous, my dear," he Says, in his fatherly fashion, as the carriage pulls up and the strains of the organ can be heard. "It will soon be over the strains of t be over.

"I am not nervous," says Signa, with a faint smile; "but-but I was thinking that if this is a quiet wedalarm for the wedding dress. "Signa, thinking that if this is a quiet wed-den't let him crush you all to pieces ding, how trying a grand one must like that! Great heavens! he's tread-be!" His grace chuckles. "You're right, my dear," ie says. "You're right, my dear," ie says. mat, who took his sweetheart out for a walk, and when they came to a church said, with an air of surprise, 'Hallo! here's a church-let's get mar-ried!' He was a sensible young fellow, Fut then, you see, he wasn't an earl. If you must marry an earl, why, you raust put up with the consequences!" I fut then, you see, he wasn't an earl, If you must marry an earl, why, you faust put up with the consequences!" As they alight from the carriage the choristers' volces can be heard studing an anthemic mark. Signa, half in a decam, with her hand upon the dute's arta, walks up the path an lenters the clutch, and as she down to obe seen with and toyed as a daughter, and whose future happiness was his one an autoeni; and Signa, half in a Gram, with her hand upon the duke's orm, walks up the path and enters the clutch, and as she does to she sees a tall, stalwart figure, clad, in the con-

that flashes in those eyes as they light upon her. Quite in opposition to tradition, he comes a step or two to neet her, and, taking ner hands, leads her to the altar, as if he were too impatient to wait. Then the rector, pale and nervous

begins the service amidst the deathlike stillness of the crowded church. As if in a dream, Signa stands th till the pealing out of the organ and the rising of the choir voices proclaim that the service is over, and that Lord

that the service is over, and that Lord Delamere has taken to him self for wife Signa Grenville. There is the usual flutter of excite-ment as Lord Delamere, taking her arm within his. leads her down the aisle to the vestry, and the old ladies. who have been for some inscrutable reason crying their eyes out during the ceremony, hastly dry them, and stand up to stare at the young couple. The vestry is so small that only a few besides the principals manage to crowd in, though everybody is anxious crowd in, though everybody is anxious to subscribe his or her name to the resister. For years there has not been such a wedding as this in Northwell, and probably many years will roll away before there is such another.

away before there is such another. "You sign here, my lady," says the clerk, with a little cough that is an admirable copy of the rector's. "Just on this line, my lady," he has to re-peat before Signa can be made to understand that "my lady" means her. With a little start and a crimson flush she takes the guill and writes here name_the name that is har are er name -the name that is hers no

longer. No sooner has she done so than his grace, who has been edging near her rather suspiciously, takes her hand and with a smile says:

"An old man's privilege, my dear: Delamere won't mind, eh?" kisses her forehead. Signa, all trembling and blushing.

shrinks back a little, but Hector press-es her hand, and nods with a bright laugh. Then every one who can get near having written his name, there is a general move to the carriages. As the brilliant assemblage passes down the lane, lined with children and

backed by a large crowd of people in holiday attire, cheer after cheer rises. his grace coming in for a good hearty "hurrah;" but a burst of spontaneous admiration greets Signa and Lord Delamere, and, at a signal from the school-mistress, the children upset their baskets of flowers upon the path, Signa, smiling, with suspicious moisture in her lovely eyes, as she walks to her carriage on Hector's arm. treads on a carpet of white blossoms.

"I'd 'a said it was a waste," growls Whitefield, who had put on his best, and stands amongst the crowd: "a regular waste, if it was for any one else: but she's beautiful enough to walk on flowers all the rest of

days!" With a clang the steps of the carriage go up, the footmen spring up be-hin, the grays, who have been chafing their hearts out, dash away for the Villa, followed by a long line of carriages, and for a few minutes Sig-na and Lord Delamere are alone.

they Neither of them speaks; but look into each other's eyes, and he takes her in his arms and kisses her; perhaps it is better than words at such a moment.

"It ought to have been at the Sa-voy," says Laura, in co. and the Sasays Laura, in an audible whisper, when they are all scated at the breakfast-table, and the gentle clatter of knives and forks and the popping of champague corks chime in, not inharmoniously, with the chatter of the guests. "It was a splendid wedding. I aever saw anything go off better. And as for Signal"-she stops and, smilles across the table at the bride in her white satin and veil-"she was like a vision, When I'm married, I shall look

shastly; white-faced people, with my colored hair, always do." "Is that the reason one meets so many men in the dumps at times?" says his grace. "I never could under-stand why you refused so persistently," and he chuckles.

It is a very merry breakfast, and in this affords a strong contrast to the usual bridal meal. Never has Lady Rookwell been in more amusing vein. or his grace in better humor; while Hector—unlike the ordinary bride-groom, who generally looks as if he had strayed into the company by mistake, and heartily wished himself out again—is as full of wit and geniality as he was at Lady Rookwell's dinner party when he made Lady Bumbleby laugh so much. But presently there comes a pause. and the rector, getting up and looking very much as he does on Sunday in the pulpit, clears his throat, coughs. and begins his speech. It is not necessary to set it down at length. There perial. great wish and care, and almost shed tears when he spoke of the happiness which it afforded him to welcome "his tears when he spoke of the happiness which it afforded him to welcome "his dear young friend" as his nephew." Pale, but each and self poisessed, her and her dying for her. And never till searcely suppressed, but there was a her dying day will sh forget the bint. when

Spring Days are Joy Days for the man or woman who is wise enough to jump from the heavy foods of Winter to the cereals, fruits and green vegetables of Spring. Two or three Shredded Wheat Biscuits with berries and milk and some green vegetables make a delicious, nourishing meal. Puts the body in top-notch condition for the day's work.



Made in Canada.

Hector, Lord Delamere, rose to return thanks for the health of the bride, pro-pceed by the duke. Tall and distinguished- with his handsome face so full of happiness that the haggard lines seem to have disappeared and left him ten vears

younger; with his broad blue ribbon across his white waistcoat -- he looked a worthy successor to the long line of ancestors who had made the name Delamere famous in the annals of their country.

"My dear friends," he says, "how should a man most fittingly express the love and pride which swell his heart when he hears the good wishes of his friends expressed on behalf of the woman he loves more than life it-self! That this is the crewning hour of my life, who can doubt who know the dear girl I have won for a wife, but I am all unworthy to wear so great a treasure, that all my days will be spent in watching over and guard ing it. I can only say, in simple honest words: I thank you in name and in my own for your wishes. and in return I trust that one and all may learn the deep and solemn joy which is my lot to day"

Simply, almost gravely spoken, the words seem to sigk into the hearts of all of them, and when the deep, musi-cal voice trembles slightly as he speaks of her unworthiness, there is so much of the pathos of a strong man's remorse for the past, that a sudden film comes over Lady Rookwell's sight, and a tear trickles down her

cheek. As for Signa, she sits half amazed and bewildered by the occasion: it is all so wonderful that she can scarcely realize that he who stands beside her is her husband, and that the solemn words of reverent devoted love are her tribute.

It is an awkward moment, but for tunately Archie steps in to the rescue. "Aren't you going to cut the cake. Signa?" he says, abruptly, and with a look that tells how hard it has been to keep the question back. Ah! the cake, Archie!" says Hec-

tor, and he gives Signa the jeweled knife, and drags the enormous cake near to her. She gets up and plunges in the knife.

Archie kneeling on his chair and staring with excitement. Perhaps it is because she is a little

nervous, or feels herself the centre of so many eyes, but her hand trembles, and she holds the knife so awkwardly that it slips, and the keen steel edge cuts her finger. It is the merest tri-fle of a cut, and no one notices it but Heetor, whose eyes are as keen as the knife-blade where his darling is con-cerned. Without a word he takes up her lace handkerchief and binds round her hand, and she slips it under the table.

"You have performed your little ceremonial," he says, aloud. "Now 111 do the real work," and he cuts some



medicine a mother c

What is a Christener Derwingeloes his best To make this warring world love's dwelling place; Who rends the veils of greed and self-

unrest Which hide his brothers from their

hush

an omen

(TZ What i

Father's face; Who, stumbling oft, yet up the stoeps doth plod And helps wayfarers toward Christ's

shining goal By service to his fellowmen till God Makes his abode within his strug-

gling soul; Who bears aloft his torch, though tears and fears" Obscure it oft and dim with doubt's

dissent; Inwarped by woe, though battle

scarred by years Of toll for peace and human betterment.

The Christian greets life's onset undismayed

And dying, meets life's Master un-afraid. -New York Sun.

Millinery Whims.

Smart new cheapeaus are extremely

simple and trimmed with grosgrain ribbon hows. Leghorn, creamy and yellow in tone,

makes some of the smartest sports hats. Picturesque and beautiful are the

large, floppy hats of horsehair and trimmed with roses. Flyaway wings trim some of the

quite stunning sailor hats For daytime wear many hats black lisere straw have facings of of Georgette crepe in color.



Some Charming Ideas in the Latest Out

Seen in Shops Where As Women Delight.

This is one of the delightful seasons in shopland-things new and novel crowd the cases and racks, and one is able to discover no end of novelties for her own wardrobe or the furnishing of her home

NEW FRENCH BLOUSES

Somehow or other the Canadian wo man never wears so many colored blouses as the Parisienne. The French woman perhaps has more of an eye woman perhaps has more of an eye (and liking) for color, and so she wears the most fascinating waists in many different hues. Some new Par-is blouses, lately arrived, show this tendency. They are exquisite little affairs, of sheer velles, or fine ba-tistes or linens, in solid colors, in pretty stripes; and the most pleasing formal effects. And to make them figured effects. And to make them more bewitching 'and the styles, though simple, are lovely) they have net frills and pipings.

A BRACELET PARASOL.

Is just what its name implies. Mi-lady uses it as a sunshade, and when not fulfilling this mission wears it as bracelet. Parasols, like umbrellas, are shorter

Parasols, like imprehas, are shorter, this year. This new parasol has a short, rather thick ferrule, through which is slipped an enam?-like ring in 'color to match or harmonize with the oever. By this ring the parasol is

same material as the skirt.

locking.

tories.

mas Paine.

NEW SHOES.

NEW HANDBAGS.

-----It takes ten mills to make one cent

unless the mills happen to be glue fac-

everywhere its home, and lives where there seems nothing to live on -Tho-

makes

Prejudice, like the spider.

and usually straight. Covers are quite gay, and of bright flowered,

Co., Brockville, Ont. QUALITY IN CHICKEN MEAT

ones." The Tablets are sold by cine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine

(Experimental Farms Note.) (Experimental Farms Note.) Crate feeding on milk mashes will do more to put quality in chicken meat than any other practice. The small portion of the consuming pub-lic that have eaten crate, milk fed poultry have no desire to purchase the range and yard-fattened birds, as there is such a great difference in the quality of the meat of the birds handled under the two different sys-tems.

tema Crate feeding on milk mashes is a simple process that may be practised on few or many birds. At the Experimental Station for Vancouver Island, slat crates to accommodate eighty birds were prepared, and five birds of an average weight of three and one-half pounds were confined in each section. These birds were fed for a period of fourteen days, and made an average gain of two pounds per bird. The meal mixture used was 60 per cent, wheat middlings and 40 per cent., corn meal. To this meal mix-ture was added three ounces of salt for each 100 pounds used. The birds were starved for twenty-four hours and given a mild dose of Epsom salts before feeding commenced. They were fed sparingly the first day, and the quantity of feed increased at each meal until they were on full feed at the end of the third day. The allotted quantity of meal for each feed was The meal mixture used was 60 60 per 40 per quantity of meal for each feed was mixed with sour skim rillk to the consistency of porridge. Three feeds were given each day at intervals of six hours. Crit was supplied once each week, and chopped green Swiss chard weas given daily at noon.

The quantity of the meal mixing and skim milk required for a pound of gain was but one pound, thirteen and a half ounces of meal and three builds four ounces of meat and three pounds four ounces of skim milk. Valuing the meal at three cents per pound and the skim milk at fifty cents per hundred pounds, the cost of each pound of gain was given and a built cents.

a half cents. Starting with three and a half pound thin birds and increasing them pound thin birds and increasing them to five and a half pounds high quality birds at a cost of fifteen cents each, the five and a half pounds of first quality chicken meat was sold for twenty-seven cents per pound, which was an advance of nine cents over the ruling price for the not specially fed birds. Thin three and, a half pound birds was avery seven cents birds were celling at eighteen cents per gound or sixty-three cents per bird. The added fattening weight brought them up to the five and a half pound weight, and increased the quality, and value of the original three and a half pounds so they were sold for one dollar and forty-eight cents per bird. In other words, a sixty-three cent chicken was, by the crate milk feeding method, at a cost crate milk feeding method, at a cost of fifteen cents, converted into a first-quality chicken that sold readily at one dollar and forty-eight cents. Quality in table poultry will sell it. Quality in table poultry will lift the industry to the level attained by oth-er competing food products. Cull poul-try will always be just as hard to cell as cull angles. Try area milk in color to match or harmonize with the ocver. By this ring the parasol is carried (upside down, to be sure) over the wrist. The handles are of shining woods and upside down to be sure over the wrist.

count wit VOII

ing on your veil

But Signa only holds him the tight-er, and Archie, utterly regardless of the consternation, clings to her and pushes her veil aside that he may kiss he beautiful face.

"I am so glad you have come, dear," she gaya. "Don't be frightened. Laura, he won't hurt my finery. I was waiting and hoping you would come,

I should have been here long 's for " he says, slowly, "but they kept me in the drawing room," I don't be lief of they wanted my jo see you." "You barbarian, we knew what has be you'd work." says Laura, trying to "ray him as ay." fore

"at last I got away, and -but I say, Signa, what an awful swell you look; gost like a figure on a Twelfth cake!"

hanks," said Signa, laughing, but on't you wish you were going to ry here yourself?" says Laura. 't dance on her vill, von wicked Do you know how much that

bey Do you know how much that the start of the marter?" reforts Archiv, with her ty superiority. "If it could a thorsand pounds it is valida't marter. The risk do not know how rich like-tor is" You could to go and stay with her is to is. By! You can have the what, you like people treated us have onlices and her here. Signs, he is no bis just for pocket money where he's away, you know," and by prove do from ene of his numerous is a brand new ten pound note: d he!" says Signal, softly, her es beautyr as gratefully and more by than if he herd given it to her. (a) contains an gratematy - unit mote see than if he lend given it to be re-"That was very kind. Archie." "Fundl' reduces Archie: "I should by the he is kind. You'd say so if you'd be with us. We're - or I, rather, be-ranse he's been busy-have had no the of a time. The beam ve had no I've been of a time. I've been "tree theatres with the valet: and I've get a pony, which he says I can keep in the Grange Pables; and I've got a big St. Bernard, rend ohl no end of things. It is nice to be an earl, isn't it, Miss Derwent?" "Charming," says Laura, anxicusly rarranging the veil and lace which Archie's embrace had disarranged;

2 and 5 lb. Cartone

giving the first, a huge one, to Archie

Cutting the cake is generally a signal for the retreat of the bride, and al-ready the grays are pawing up Lady Rookwell's neat gravel path "Come, my dear," says Laura. and Signa is borne off.

A maid has been engaged to meet them in Paris with Lord Delamere's valet; so that Laura, as she puts it, really has to carn her bread as head bridesmaid; she and her maid are seeing to the packing of the immense Im

The two have begun to divest Signa of her bridal attient the maid hand-ling the co-tiv garments as if they were something almost too precious Suddenly Laura, on her to touch. knees before the dress, utters a faint ery of alarm. "My dear! Why, what's this?"

"What?" esks Signa, looking down, "Oh, that!--what a pity!--1 cut my

in vegue and there are attractive but-ton shees of black kid-kin with white kid-kin tops and comparatively low heels, which combine common sense heels, which combine common sense and fashion at the same time. New sports shoes are of dull black cairskin in laced style, with white kidskin tops, and the low, broad heels which this style demands. Are enermous and tur from conser-vative. Colored stones, especially jade and amothyst, are particularly popular just now. Some have huge drops, ethers large hoops in addition to the stone at the top. And many stones are covered with dainty gold tracery to make them more elaborate. tracery to make them more elaborate. D

of half a century ago, just as it is among the live ones of to-day. Only exceptional quality can explain such permanent popularity.

"Let Redpath Sweeten it." 2 Made in one grade only-the highest ! 10, 20, 50 and 100 lb. Bags.

striped or plain silks NEW SKIRTS.

A SPLENDID RECORD And separate skirts are very much

the fashion just now—are of the pret-tiest silks imaginable, and as gay or demure as macemoiselle wishes. One lovely skirt was of silk tricotine in an No department of the C. P. E. has more care or thought devoted to it than the handling of baggage, for the exquisite changeable violet shade.Pontraveller owes so much of his good gee with satin stripes made another skirt, which had a pointed side yoke ending in pleats, and a straight front temper and comfort to the knowledge that his trunks are handled carefully and delivered on time. The amount of and back. And among the other new-nesses the Poiret blouse skirt is not to be overlocked—it comes in various colors and has an overblouse of the baggage handled on so large a system is phenomenal—no less than 7,839,652 individual pieces being forwarded dur-ing the year 1916. There must have been quite a number of families on the move, for the first includes 25,309 baby carriages. Milk cans form an important element in the work of the bacgara department are in order to There is a handsome new high-laced Inere is a nandsome new high-laced boot of deep brown glazed kidskin with a kid-kin top in champagne col-or. It has the proper Louis heel and blind cyclets and is uncommonly goodbaggage department, as in order to ensure the rapid delivery of milk from the farm to the city dweller passenger trains are used. The total number of Black and white footwear continues milk cans forwarded during the year 1916 was 1,162,472.

1916 was 1,162,472. The most convincing proof of the care with which baggage is handled on the C. P. To is given in the figures of claims paid on loss, damage, pil-ferage. Out of nearly eight million pleces of baggage handled, the amount rely on how way only \$1,721.79. pieces of loggage handled, the amount paid on loss was only \$1.791.79; on damage only \$1.962.08, and on pilferage only \$571.07. the cost to the company in fifes respect being only five cents per hundred parcels.

This is a record of which Mr. J. O. Apps, the popular general bagaage agent of the Canadian Pacific Rail-way, may well be proud, and is suffi-cient to show that the so-called "bagaage smasher" has been entirely eliminated, if indeed he ever existed, between Digby, N. S., and Victoria, B. C. B. C.

The fear of war is worse than war liself.-Italian Proverb.

liself.---Haltan Proverb. First Business Man--Senator Skin-num has promised to lend his influ-ence to our plan. Second Business Man--Yes but when Senator Skinnum lends his influence he generally charges a pretty "igh rate of interest. "Do their lives blend well?" "Very. She has the gray matter and he has the long green."-The Lamb.

With frames for those who are tired of the much-used drawstring style, are of the softest, loveliest Mocha leath-er. They come in pretty greens, soft tans and grays, and in new shapes, and will harmonize with spring gowns and softest. was a favorite name among the long-forgotten food products and suits.