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Women and Home

WHAT WOMEN ARE WEARING IN NEW YORK

Long skirts carry germs, they say; short skirts make one look fat; But to reach the hem of a skirt today a germ must be an acrobat.

Writing for the United Press upon what is being worn in New York Hedda Hoyt says: "There is no visible sign of long skirts returning soon. Skirts are growing shorter, if anything. Five out of six women on sees on Fifth Avenue are wearing skirts carrying from twelve to fourteen inches from the sidewalk.

Short Sleeves Still Favored
"This same shortness is found in sleeves, in spite of the fact that most of the leading designers have been making their fall gowns with long tight-fitting sleeves. Women who have known the comfort of short sleeves refuse to accept the uncomfortable long sleeve, either for street wear or for dress wear.

"Many of the best dressed women in New York are wearing new fall frocks made with sleeves which are mere shoulder caps or sleeves which extend between the shoulder and the elbow and with these short-sleeved frocks they are wearing gloves which extend almost to the elbow.

"Generally the fall frock has some sort of a short cape wrap. Many of them have the new five-eighths length coats which match the frock. These ensemble suits are very popular just now and will be worn until the weather demands a fur coat.

Variety in Shoes
"As to shoes, vamps are neither long nor short but are a happy medium which will meet with the approval of those who like short, French vamps, as well as those who prefer longer vamps. Evening slippers show longer vamps than shoes for day wear. Silver brocades lead with the single strap over the instep, either made in simple pump styles, or as evening foot wear and these are ankle straps and cut off effects made in leather are not being worn so much.

"Just a word about the silver slipper; one should always be sure to wrap all metal cloth slippers in black paper when not wearing them, as this prevents them from tarnishing. Most of the shoe shops will supply one with this paper.

The Fall Glove
"Gloves of short gauntlet lengths are more popular than longer types. This applies to the glove which is worn with the tight-fitting sleeve. With the long, tight sleeve, the glove pulls up over the cuff of the sleeve and since most gloves have decorative cuffs, this fashion is very effective.

"Chamoisette gloves are now being made in the finest of weaves, so that one can scarcely distinguish them from sueds which are so popular this season. One can purchase several pairs of chamois gloves for the price one would pay for one pair of suede. Chamois gloves do not soil as quickly as suede gloves and they are washable, which makes them doubly attractive. They are made in the latest of novelty styles and for every wear, at least, are in quite as good taste as the real sueds.

The Ca' O' The Heather

Where is the tryst sae sweet as the ca

As that o' the purple heather?

It leaps at the ca, it tugs at the heart

Till wi' pain and wi' langin', the saut

tears start.

Oh! the ca! the heart grippin' ca!

Oh! the peace an' the joy o' the early morn.

As you clam up the purple hills,

When the roscate mist o' the caller

day dawn

A' the sky wi' its glory fills,

Oh! the ca! the loud clamorous ca'

o' the heather.

The woodlan' sang is a gladsome

thing,

An' the ca' o' the wide open sea,

But the saft low thrill frae the

purple hill

Is the ca' the saft sabb'in' ca' o'

the heather.

Some nights in my dreams, the

purple gleams,

An' becons like luv o' a maiden

The mist o' the Ben, the sun break-

in' through,

An' the heather wi' diamond dew

laden,

Oh! the ca! the sweet burnin' ca' o'

the heather.

I've sat by the sea an' its restless

tide,

I've guddled the burn sae swift an'

fleet,

But aye the heather hills fae me

Hae brocht sic memories fend an'

sweet.

Oh! the ca' the absent ca' o' the

heather.

The plains all sae bonnie in simmer

pride,

The sang o' the birds the lowin' o'

kine,

But Scotlan's heather bell an' flower

Oh! the ca' the soul grippin' ca' o'

Hae hills sae fu' o' Auld Langsyne

the heather.

There's naethin' sae dear as hame,

sweet hame,

Though it be a wee biggin'-but an'

heather.

An' sae the heather hills are aye the

sane.

Auld Scotia's purple heather, moor
an' fen
Oh! the ca' the wist fu' lanesom' ca'
o' the heather.

The ca' o' the heather my ain hame
ca'
Like a pibroch it sounds o'er the sea
For doon in my heart the echo
comes back,

Oh! the sweet purple heather for
me,
The hear thrillin', soul thrillin', ca'
o' the heather.

J. D. KEACHIE.

LET'S FORM THE HABIT

By Ida M. Thomas
Let's form the habit of thinking that
good
Lies uppermost in the hearts of
men.

It isn't unlikely that if we would,
We'd suddenly find our world imbued
All those about us, not one now
and then—
With the kindly spirit of brother-
hood.

For the thought of good is a tiny
seed.

We plant it but do not realize
It may grow, some time, to a gra-
cious deed.

And to its rearing we pay small heed,
Until some day we open our eyes
On a garden unmarred by stone or
weed.

Let's form the habit of thinking that
good

Is not a plant so hopelessly rare,
That we need to search in some far-
off wood—

Alas! we never have understood!—
For it grows in profusion every-
where,

If we only look for it as we should.

THE BLUSHING BRIDE

Who to the altar goes,
Down the centre of the church,
Between the friend filled rows,

There's Billy, whom she motored
with,
And Bob, with whom she swam;

There's Jack, she used to golf with
him,
And Steve, who called her lamb,

There's Ted, the football man she
owned,
And Don of tennis days,

There's Herbert, yes, and blonde
Eugene,
And there is Harry, High School
beau,

With whom she used to mush,
No wonder she's a blushing bride,
Ye gods—she ought to blush!

**OUR FAINTED NATURE'S SOLI-
TARY BOAST**

Woman whose virgin bosom was
uncrossed

By the last shade of thought to sin
allied,

Woman above all women glorified,
Our fainted nature's solitary boast,
Purer than foam on central ocean
lost.

Fairer than Eastern skies at day-
break strown

With fancied roses; than the un-
blemished noon

Before her vane begins on heaven's
blue coat,

They more falls to earth, yet some
I ween

The suppliant knees might bend
As to a visible power in which doth
blend

All that was mixed and reconciled in
thee;

Of mother's love with maiden purity,
Oh high with low, celestia with
terrene.

Wordsworth

WELL NOT TO HEAR

The art of not hearing should be
learned by all. It is fully as im-
portant to domestic happiness as a
cultivated ear, for which both money
and time are expended. There are
so many things which we ought not
to hear, so very many which, if
heard, will disturb the temper, cor-
rupt simplicity and modesty, detract
from contentment and happiness, that
everyone should be educated to take
in or shut out sounds according to
his or her pleasure.

ON READING BOOKS

We hear a great deal of the im-
portance of the selection of the
books we read, but not nearly
enough of the even greater impor-
tance of the manner in which we read
the books after the selection has
been made. Jeremy Collier once
said, "A man may as well expect to
create strength by always eating as
to become wiser by always reading."
It is thought and digestion
which makes books serviceable." It
is quite true that, as Bacon ex-
plained, "Some books are to be fast-
ed, others to be swallowed, and some
few to be chewed and digested," but
this, after all, comes under the head
of selection.

The whole question comes down
to the real purpose of our reading.
If it is mere gratification or to re-
lieve ennui we may be as superficial
or as thorough as we choose. If we
read for relaxation alone we may skip
pages which do not interest and ab-
sorb as little as we please; the fact
that for the time being we have di-
verted ourselves into new channels
justifies what might otherwise be
considered as wasted time; to follow
Jeremy Collier's analogy, we may say
that the appetite sometimes craves
food which is lacking in nutrition.
But the human mind can no more be
sustained by such food than can the
body, and our intellectual palate
sooner or later demands real suste-
nance.

Books have become so common
that their significance is sometimes
lost, yet it should not be difficult for
us to pause long enough to realize
fully that the paper, the type, and the
binding of the volumes we read are
merely the vehicles which convey to
us truths which are intrusted to us
as stewards, and that it is our privi-
lege as well as our responsibility, after
assimilation, to pass these truths
on in richer form to those around us.
—The Tablet.

KINDNESS AND COURTESY

Everyone runs up against trying
people some time or another, but
unfailing patience and the proverbial
gentle answer are the most effective
weapons, for most people are really
decent in spots and respond to a
kindly word or action in a very
gratifying way, and as courtesy is
catching, we may as well pass it
along.

But a veneer won't do, you see,
it won't wear so well. The smallest
reversal chips it and reveals disap-
pointing gaps. No, courtesy must
be of a genuine, positive, quality.
Good manners spring naturally from
a kind heart; and when viewed from
this point what a simple thing is that
much envied possession—a charming
manner.

If we could only realize the value
of kindness and courtesy in ourselves
as well as in others, we would think
it worth while cultivating that char-
m of manner which is one of life's
greatest lubricants. And then, as
it is contagious, we should soon find
even our pet aversions of surly
neighbors to improve.—The Tablet.

A GOOD ALPHABET

Attention at both work and play,
Busy all the livelong day;
Courteous at home and school,
Diligent to keep the rule;
Earnest in whatever you do,
Friendly with your classmates, too,
Generous of hand and heart,
Honest in life's every part;
Innocent of all that's mean
Jolly as a king or queen;
Kind, whenever your footsteps roam,
Loving to the ones at home;
Merry in the sun and rain,
Neat in dress, but never vain;
Orderly in desk and books,
Patient in your thought and looks,
Quiet when 'ts time to be
Ready others' needs to see;
Steady in your every aim,
Truthful, though it brings you
shame;
Utilizing in the fight
Vim and courage for the right;
Willing others to befriend;
Xemplary to the end;
Youthful till life's set of sun,
Zealous till success is won.

IT USUALLY IS

Enna, Meena, Minal, Mo—
Catch a song on the radio;
If it's squeaky, don't let go,
Tune it in a little mo'.

A BOY'S DECISION

The finest time in all the year
Is when the pumpkin pies appear.
You find the fruit twist rows of
corn.
A pumpkin never blows its horn,
But modest like-out there is lies
All ready for the pumpkin pies.

Its yellow sides shine in the sun,
It surely is a lot of fun
A-linnet pumpkin in the field,
And when they make a bumper yield
It fills my life so full of joy,
That I am happy as a boy.

I shout and sing a wave my hat
When I have found a pumpkin fat.
The finest fruit that nature grows—
You just ask anyone who knows
The taste of red hot pumpkin pie,
The finest thing in life, oh my.

TOLEDO

Toledo, Nov. 15.—Mr. and Mrs. Dun-
can McClure were Perth visitors on
Friday, the 7th inst.

Misses Laura and Dorothy McClure,
of Perth, spent the Thanksgiving hol-
idays with relatives and friends here.
William Walsh, Jr., has returned
from the Canadian West where he
spent the autumn.

Several from outlying points spent
Thanksgiving with their parents and
included Yates Marshall and Denton
McClure, of Smith's Falls Collegiate
Institute; Miss Marguerite McNamee,
of Brockville, who was accompanied
by her friend, Miss Fennell, of that
town.

William Moran was a recent visitor
at the home of his son in Plattsburg,
N.Y.

W. C. Dowsley, I.P.S., of Brockville,
visited the Toledo school on Thursday.

His many friends hope to hear of
a better report soon, from James Gray,
who had to be removed to a Brock-
ville hospital on Thursday morning.

Mrs. George Pepper recently dis-
posed of her farm to Joseph Carr, of
Frankville, and she and her daughter,
Miss Irene Pepper, purpose taking up
permanent residence in Smith's Falls
in the near future.

Some of our local Nimrods have
returned laden with spoil. Robert Mac-
kie was hunting in the district north
of Ashton, while Bert Ladouceur was
with a party which went to the Dal-
housie lake region.

Give your family home baking

In the homes where mother does the baking,
the children's cheeks are rosy, their eyes
are bright and clear, and their bodies
strong, healthy and quick-growing. Home
baking is easy with

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