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THIS is the time for enrollment for those purposing to write on the Civil Service examinations in November. 90 vacancies will be filled from the list of candidates writing in May.

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E. J. PURCELL, Agent

DIGGING TRENCHES.

How Soldiers Under Fire Provide Their Own Cover.

In the reports of the war in Europe it is frequently stated that the advanced lines of the armies threw up entrenchments, and it is difficult for the ordinary reader to understand how this is done, for to him anything like a fortification appears to be a matter of considerable time and labor, which could not be accomplished with the enemy raining shot and shell. What these protections are and how they are formed is clearly explained in the special war issue of a recent magazine.

The advancing line may have suffered great losses, or the ammunition may be running low. At all events, it finds itself unable to gain ground to the front. To retreat would be fatal. It must remain where it is—some of the men find natural cover, but many must provide artificial protection from the enemy's rifle fire. The men are laying down as flat as they can. To rise, even to a kneeling position, means death or a disabling wound. The necessity for cover under these circumstances caused men to devise the lying-down trench, sometimes called the skirmishers' trench. It gives cover from rifle fire to a man lying down, but is absolutely no protection from shrapnel bullets. The height of the parapet should not exceed one foot. The trench itself is about two and a half feet wide and about six feet long. It can be constructed by one man in soft ground, using the portable entrenching tools, in about 30 minutes. Under fire, as outlined in the foregoing, the man being compelled to remain in the prone position, he can mask himself from view in from 10 to 15 minutes and complete the trench in 40 to 45 minutes. In this position, and in view of the small number of portable entrenching tools carried by the company, the man would be obliged to use his knife bayonet to loosen the earth and the cover of his meat can to shovel it in front of him. One of the methods of working suggested by the text books is to dig a trench 18 inches wide as far back as the knees; roll into it and dig 12 wide alongside of it and down to the feet; then roll into the second cut and extend the first one back to the feet. This trench was seldom used in the Manchurian war. The best that can be said for it is that men can obtain slight cover under a hot fire with a minimum of casualties because it involves less digging, and they are partially protected from the very beginning of the work.

The World's "Victoria Crosses."

Great Britain may well feel proud and boast of her military decoration, the Victoria Cross, which is only conferred for conspicuous acts of bravery on the field of battle.

France confers her distinctive badges in the well-known form of the Legion of Honor.

Austria confers her Ancient Order of Marie Therese.

Germany's equivalent of the Victoria Cross is the Iron Cross, which, it is said, the Kaiser has already given to 38,000 of his soldiers in the present war.

Russia distributes her Cross of St. Vladimir sparingly to her successful soldiers.

Denmark has one of the most illustrious orders of chivalry, the Order of the Elephant, which ranks even with that of the Order of the Garter.

Spain is truly proud of her Order of the Golden Fleece, which is, and has been, most sparingly conferred.

Italy never fails to decorate her soldiers with her Military Medal of Merit.

Politely Kills Teuton.

Lieutenant de Lupel of the French army has endeared himself to his command by a most unusual exhibition of what they are pleased to term "old fashioned French gallantry."

Accompanied by a few men, Lieut. de Lupel succeeded in surrounding a German detachment occupying the station at Mezieres. The lieutenant on searching the premises came upon the German officer hiding behind a sack of coal. Both men leveled their guns and for a moment faced each other.

"After you," finally said the Frenchman courteously. The German fired and missed, and Lieut. de Lupel killed his man.

The French soldiers cheered their leader, and he has been praised everywhere for his action.

Men and Angels.

The judge had listened wearily for hours while many and eminent counsel had wrangled on a single matter of law. One member of counsel for the defence remarked that the speculation of the learned counsel for the prosecution was as idle as the medieval inquiry into the question of how many angels could stand on the point of a needle.

"Well, gentlemen," remarked the judge, taking notice, "so far as the court is aware, that matter was never settled by a decision. We do not know how many angels can stand on a point of a needle, but the court holds that these proceedings here in fact establish the fact that a great many angels can find a halting place on a point of law." After that the case moved on to a finish.

The Cure.

There was a suburban lady whose house one summer was quite overrun with moths. A tramp told her that in return for a square meal he would give her an infallible moth cure. She set a square meal before the tramp. He devoured it, then said:

"All ye need to do, ma'am, is to hang yer moth filled clothes and carpets and things on a line and beat 'em with a stick. Good-bye to yer moths then."

"Will that kill them?" asked the lady.

"Yes, if ye hit 'em," said the tramp.

'KIT' HAS PASSED AWAY: FAMOUS WOMAN WRITER

Hamilton, May 16—Thousands of devotees will learn with deep feelings of regret of the death here to-day of Mrs Kathleen Blake Coleman, known to Canadian newspaper readers as "Kit," after two days' illness of pneumonia.

The unexpected death of Mrs Coleman in the prime of life, has ended a notable career in Canadian journalism, and deprived the profession of one of its brightest minds. Mrs Coleman was a pioneer in journalism for women in Canada, and her work has been an influence for the success and high standing of the profession.

Although only fifty-one years of age, the late Mrs Coleman had been so long engaged in literary work, and so long in the forefront of American women writers, as to convey the impression that she was years older. Born at Castle Blakeny, west of Ireland, May 1864, and educated at Dublin and Brussels, the late Mrs Coleman came to Canada in 1884, and entered upon a journalistic career in 1890, first with "Saturday Night." For twenty-one years she edited the "Woman's Kingdom" in the Mail and Empire of Toronto. During this period she attracted an immense following. Her remarkable personality, freshness of style, and the mastery of her subjects endeared her to her evergrowing public.

She first gained international prominence by her letter to Toronto from the Chicago World's Fair.

During her lengthy career as an active journalist she covered many notable assignments. She was at Chicago in 1893; San Francisco, 1894; Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, 1897, and acted as the first woman war correspondent during the Cuban War in 1898. Among the famous murder trials she attended were the Thaw trial, New York, 1907, and the Kinrade trial, Hamilton, 1909. Not a woman writer on the American continent could beat "Kit" on a story worth while, said a newspaper man who has known her and her work intimately for the past twenty years. Her letters from the Chicago World's Fair were masterpieces of description. As correspondent in the Spanish-American war she underwent hardships and surmounted obstacles which would have daunted many male correspondents. In her ordinary work she contrived to impress her individuality, and to invest the commonplace subject with more than ordinary interest.

In all her writings she showed remarkable versatility. A biographer once styled that of all the women writers in Canada "Kit" was the most practical, the most brilliant, witty and kind. Independent of her newspaper duties she contributed to magazines, and found time to write a volume of poems. She was the author of a delightful series on Dickensland, the result of explorations in those portions of London made famous by the great English novelist. Her interests were extended to horses, dogs, and music. She was a noted breeder of Bedlington terriers, and a winner of many valuable prizes.

Death of Francis W. Wiltse

The death occurred on Sunday morning, May 16, 1915, after a year's illness of Mr Francis W. Wiltse, aged 75 years. The deceased was born near Athens and was a member of one of the pioneer families of the township of the rear of Yonge. He spent the major portion of his life there, going to Brockville some 17 years ago, where he has since resided. He accepted a position at the Eastern Hospital as an attendant which he held for 15 years with satisfaction to himself and to his employers, rising to the position of supervisor. Besides his wife he leaves one sister, Mrs John Blanchard of Addison. He was a Methodist in religion and a member of the Wall street church. He was also a member of the A.O.U.W. By the death of Mr Wiltse a fine type of man has gone to his reward. He possessed an affable disposition, an upright and honorable character, in fact was a person whose word was as good as his bond. He was a staunch Liberal in politics.

The funeral took place here yesterday.

Found Gem Jar Full of Money

Two young lads, Richard Richmond and Harry McGibbon, while playing about the yard at the rear of Richmond's bakeshop, Port Hope, came across a jar which appeared to have a green lining. Curious to find out what this thing was, the little fellows managed to take the top off, and to their surprise and delight, roll after roll of money fell out. The boys felt like real millionaires, and after straightening it all out they found they were wealthier by about three hundred dollars. The money was turned over to the police and is now awaiting an owner.

Mrs Wesley Bone, who lives near by, had been house-cleaning and remembers of throwing out some old gems very similar. It this prized jar came from Mr Bone's residence, in all probability the money it contained was saved by his former wife. If the owner cannot be found, the money of course, will return to the boys.—Cobourg Post.

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See H. B. WILLSON, Agent
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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Now that we have assumed control of THE REPORTER, published at Athens, Ont., it is quite necessary that subscription accounts be adjusted. All accounts for subscription as the dates appear on the label of the paper you receive this week, are due and payable to me and we respectfully request a prompt settlement. Many are in arrears both in the United States and Canada, and should be settled. The subscription price to any part of Canada is \$1.00 per year and to the United States \$1.50 per year, both payable in advance. It costs us 52c a year to send a paper to the U.S., thus the subscription should be paid in advance. Kindly keep this in mind and remit amount you owe at once.

Yours truly,
T T SHAW

Clean Up! Clean Up! Clean Up!

By Walt Mason—Now let us give the war a rest, the route, the siege, the rally, and gaily shed our coat and vest and go and clean the alley! Let's gather up the dogs and cats which have this life departed, and let tin cans and bricks and hats off to the dump be carted. In winter you may voice your views, which you believe important, and base long sermons on the news, but in the spring you can't. Then every able-bodied man should whoop the "Clean Up" slogan, and chase the old tomato can, the castoff hat and brogan. So let us clear our bulging brows of trifling thoughts and harrow, and gather up the old dead cows and work rake and harrow. The rubbish left by careless men, and lazy human cheques, will bring a host of germs again and they will bring punk diseases. And forty billion flies will come with many microbes soaring, and round our weary heads they'll hum, and keep us busy roaring. Clean up! Clean up! On every block let all the workers rally! No man should stand round and talk until he's cleaned his alley!

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MEN WHO CHECKED GERMANS

London, May 15—From wounded men who have arrived in England from the fighting north-east and north-west of Ypres comes splendid confirmation of the magnificent heroism of the Canadians. Their courage and unswerving tenacity have won the admiration of the whole army.

In the London Hospital lie wounded men who fought in that great action. There are Canadians and there are men of other regiments which were hurried to their support. If you wish to hear the full tale of what the Canadians did you must question our English soldiers. The English soldier is not very impressionable, but praise of the Canadians springs to the lips of the men who reinforced them.

"From Thursday evening to Friday morning," said Sergeant-Major Robinson, of the 1st Yorkshire and Lancashire Regiment, who lies in the hospital with a wounded ankle, "the Canadians held on to a position which was really untenable. Their left wing was exposed, and the Germans worked round it; the Canadians reformed to face the enemy and to keep themselves from being surrounded. The left wing was a vital point and any weakening of the Canadians would have given the Germans an enormous advantage in the fight for Ypres. If the Canadians had not held on the Germans might have been masters of Ypres to-day. We who were hurried to their support know what they did, and the whole army ought to thank the Canadians."

"The 1st Yorkshire and Lancashire had come back for four days' rest. On Thursday we were kicking a football about when we saw troops retiring. Without waiting for instructions we stood ready to move at once when ordered. At one o'clock on Friday morning the order came for us to move up to St. Julien and off we set. For two hours we held reserve trenches by the canal and then we went forward again and lay down in the open fields waiting. Everybody knew that to the north-east the Canadians were holding the Germans in check, and we saw and cheered their wounded, as they came back. We knew that if any men could hold out the Canadians would. And they did."

Death at Augusta

Henry Saunders a respected resident of Augusta, passed away on Tuesday, May 11, 1915. He was a son of Mr and Mrs Wm. Saunders of Augusta and was 38 years old.

He is survived by his wife who was Elizabeth Alkerton, together with his parents, four brothers and three sisters, namely: William, in Winnipeg, Man.; Albert, Hugh and Lorne, of Augusta; Mrs Arthur Raven, Transcona, Man.; Mrs Frederick Preston of Prescott, and Mrs Delbert Baker of Augusta.