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THE FIGHTING HOPE

By Virginia L. Wentz, from Wm. J. Huriburt's Play



"I HAVEN'T BEEN PARDONED, ANNA; I ESCAPED!"

scandal? Go to court; testify all you like in Temple's behalf, and I'll swear you've been living here with him. D'ye think the jury will accept your word in his favor without proof, mind you, when it's your husband who is accusing him and you?"

"You scoundrel!" cried Temple, making a rush upon him. "You skulking, dirty little scoundrel!"

Half choking, Granger fought but he was as nothing in the hands of the enraged giant who held him. Then Craven touched his friend firmly on the arm.

"Let him go, Temple. Don't kill him. He isn't worth it."

Granger, released, still choking, managed to stammer: "I'll say it, I'll publish it. What'll you two look like then? I can block any testimony she can give. Pretty good story for the papers, eh? And they're on my side anyhow."

"He's right, Temple," whispered Craven aside. But Granger overheard and with a flash of triumph turned to his wife.

"Come along, I say. Come along—now, or I'll telephone my pretty story immediately. Once out, you know, it'll go like wildfire!"

And then, just outside the window, there sounded a low, shrill whistle. That whistle caused Granger, the momentary cruel dictator, to collapse suddenly into Granger, the cringing thief.

"They're following me; they're on my track; they'll get me! Save me! Oh, save me! I haven't been pardoned, Anna; I escaped! Don't you understand? I was a trusty!"

But the woman only stared at him dully. Mrs. Mason furtively left the room at last.

"When Mrs. Mason told me what you were doing here I knew I must get you away; I feared you would discover my guilt. That's why I came; that's why I risked getting the pardon. I thought you'd help me to get away. Oh, for God's sake, hide me, Anna!"

"They're asking for him," said Craven, returning from the hall. "They are downstairs asking for him."

"Tell them he is here," replied Anna sternly. She was adamant now.

In desperation Granger rushed to the door through which Craven had passed out and again locked it. Temple stood passively by, letting Anna work her own will. The knob of the locked door turned twice, then rattled.

The convict crept, shuddering, to his wife's feet. Then from the deep springs of her woman's tenderness there came one last drop of pity. She walked to the window and opened it. He should have his last chance.

He comprehended and, with one last grateful look at her, darted through the window into the blackness of the night.

Anna dropped tremblingly into a chair and peered fixedly, strainedly, out into the darkness.

The sharp report of a pistol rang out, followed by a second and a third. The woman in the chair moaned.

In a few minutes Craven came to the door and rattled again. Temple unlocked it and met him on the threshold.

"It's all over with Granger," said Craven. "He's dead." Then at a look from Temple he retreated, leaving the two alone.

"You heard?" asked the man gravely. The woman bowed her head a little lower in a sort of requiem prayer. Then:

"Poor, poor Robert!" murmured she, the pity of her heart surging to her lips.

For an indefinite space there was silence, she praying, he, standing by the mantel, reverently guarding her.

But presently as she began to sob "My boys, oh, I want my boys," he crossed over to her. He laid his hand protectively on the bent, shining head.

"We'll get them, dear," he said simply.

She looked up, dazed for a second, pushing her way back to him through a blur of tears.

He knelt beside her; he took her little cold hands in his and tried to warm them against his cheek, wet like her own. She seemed so frail now, so slight a thing, so helpless to battle against such great odds. He yearned to comfort her and gather her to him as he would a child.

But gently she fended him off.

"Not yet, not quite yet, not tonight. But, oh, if you knew how the heavens were opening to me, beloved!" Her eyes shone upon him like stars. "I don't think that anything, anything, anything in the whole wide world can ever make me feel tired again. My fighting hope is at rest, and my boys will learn from a man how they shall be men."

THE END. THE JOKE PROVED FATAL.

It Was a Gray Bearded Old One That Got in Its Deadly Work.

"What became of Bill Richardson?" I asked of a quaint character I met in one of my travels on a western railroad.

"It came about in this way," said the commercial agent who tells the story.

"The reply of my companion for a day was: 'He died from the effect of the joke that had been played on nearly everybody in that town. It may have been an old one when the morning stars shouted together for aught I know, but it was new in our town and was sprung by a Maine Yankee who had been living in our burg for several years. His name was Charley Davenport, and he died many years ago. In his shuffling way he went from store to store and said that he had just heard that a well known citizen had got shot. Then the people who had listened asked where the man got shot. Davenport said in his drawing voice, 'He bought 'em.'"

"That very night, after everybody who had bit had got through cussin' Davenport, Bill Richardson, the old hotel keeper of the town, was shot. Every one knew Bill Richardson. As soon as the accident occurred a friend of Bill rushed to a nearby doctor. He was a member of one of the big churches and was as well known for his piety as he was for curing nearly everything that came his way. But he was a very sensitive man. Richardson's friend who called on the doctor was greatly excited.

"Doc was upstairs when he was summoned to the window by loud knocks. He raised the window and asked what was wanted. The man below replied that old Bill Richardson had got shot. Now it happened that Davenport had sold doc that day on the old gag, and he was as mad as a harried hornet about it. So when the man below told him that old Bill Richardson had got shot doc forgot about his religion and yelled back: 'You go to blazes. I know where he got 'em!' And with that he slammed down the window and went to bed.

"Before the friend of old Bill Richardson could find another doctor old Bill had passed away. He might have died anyway, but if it hadn't been for that old joke he would have had a chance. The joke didn't stop with old Bill's death. It was soon noised about that doc had cussed from his window, and he was hailed before the church session and there was a smart scandal for several days, but when it was explained how doc had been sold he was declared not guilty. I lived in the town several years after that and as long as I did I never heard of anybody playing a joke of any sort."—New York Herald.

School Becky Sharp Attended. If one had to select a single Thackeray shrine in London for a pilgrimage it might well be Walpole House, or Chiswick hall. This was not only the house where Thackeray as a nervous, shortsighted boy was placed at school with Dr. Turner and was so miserable that he tried to run away. It possesses that other interest which makes the scenes of Mr. Pickwick's imaginary adventures more historic than those of Dickens' real life, for Walpole House is certainly Miss Pinkerton's academy, and here is the spot where Becky Sharp scandalously hurled back the dictionary. Lloyd Sanders, studying Old Chiswick, admits indeed that Thackeray borrowed some details for Miss Pinkerton from other houses. But Walpole House is the basis. Here, too, when it was a boarding house Daniel O'Connell ate his dinners, and here Charles II.'s Duchess of Cleveland probably ended her days.—London Chronicle.

Purely Personal

Baltimore Baltimore, Fresh Oysters at Mat Addison's Heavy street

Mr. Ben Brown, left on Tuesday morning for Tilston, Manitoba, on business relating to the death of his uncle there.

Charles Greenham has purchased from David Perry, Glen Elbe, the McE. Bratney property, Sarah St.

Clinton Stewart, Addison, has purchased the Scott property near the C.N.R. Station.

Mrs. Benjamin Livingston, Elgin St. has leased her farm near Guide-board Corners, to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bogart, Plum Hollow.

George Robinson and family moved last week to their new home, the Washburn property, corner of Elgin and Wiltse streets.

John Bigalow and family have leased the Norman Hawkins property Wiltse St.

A sale of the horses brought east from Moose Jaw took place on Saturday last in the yards of the Armstrong House.

On Saturday afternoon a sale of the household effects of the late Mrs. Mary A. Halladay, took place at her late residence, Main St. west.

The remains of the late Mrs. Lawrence Botsford were placed in the local vault on Thursday last week. As the other members of the family were ill, a memorial service will be held later.

The remains of the late Mrs. Mary A. Kavanagh, Fairfield, arrived per 3.20 train Monday afternoon, and were conveyed to Christ church where a brief service was conducted by the Rev. George Code. Deceased was the mother of our local barber Abel Kavanagh.

A native of this place, Miss Lillian Blackburn, passed away last week at Philipville, where she has resided for some years with her uncle, Mr. Phelps. Mrs. James Ross, Church St., an aunt of the deceased, attended the obsequies.

Mr. and Mrs. George Churchill and son, Winston, Smith's Falls, left for home on Monday after spending the past week here attending the funeral of Mrs. Churchill's mother, Mrs. Halladay, and attending to details of business.

Last week George Bulford underwent a second operation at Brockville, and is now considered on a fair way to recovery. Mrs. Bulford spent a couple of days last week with her husband.

Miss Gladys Johnston, Main St. came home from Brockville, where she is teaching, and spent last week attending her sister, Mrs. Frye, Soperston, who was very ill, and for whom a nurse could not be procured.

Miss Bertha Hollingsworth, teacher at Elmda, was invalided home last week by a severe cold.

Word has been received from Halifax of the birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Knowlton. The youthful father is a native Athenian.

Mr. and Mrs. Mort, Topping were at Charleston last week attending some sick friends.

Wm. Towriss spent a few days last week with relatives at Garretton.

Mrs. Eass, Newboro, returned to her home on Thursday, of last week. She had been called here by the death of her sister, Mrs. M. A. Halladay.

Mrs. Wm. Hawkins, Brockville is here this week looking after her property near the C.N.R. Station.

Miss Gertrude Vickery has recovered sufficiently from her recent accident in Ottawa to return on Monday to the Capital to resume her studies at the Normal School.

Miss Carrie Robinson spent a couple of days last week at Hard Island in her childhood home, now the property of Philip Yates. She was the guest of her friend, Miss Hazel Yates.

Miss Cora Grey arrived from Brockville on Wednesday evening of last week to spend another millinery season here.

Rev. J. B. Howe, Westport, is announced to occupy the Methodist pulpit next Sabbath.

The date of the Easter meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society has been fixed for April 1.

Mr. John Foster, who experienced a paralytic stroke a few weeks ago is improving.—Waterous Signal, Sask.

Members of the Blue-bird mission circle are planning for a public meeting on the evening of March 31.

Mrs. F. A. Larke, Brockville, is to give and address and a missionary pageant entitled 'The Torch Bearers' by local talent, is in course of preparation.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Rowsome, Athens, Ont., announce the engagement of their daughter, Francis Betty, to Dr. Garner Harrison Wright, only son of Dr. and Mrs. H. A. Wright of Seattle, Washington. The marriage to take place in early summer.

Dr. D. C. Brown, a graduate of the Athens High School and Toronto University and the Great Northwestern Medical College, of Chicago, only son of G. W. Brown, of Athens, is now a specialist on diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat, practising in the city of Bisbee, Arizona, where he has a wife and two boys, 9 and 7 years old. Dr. Brown graduated in Toronto University 28 years ago.

In Memoriam

In loving memory of the beloved wife of Rcy Robinson who died March 8th, 1919.

We miss thee, Oh no tongue can tell How much we loved thee, nor how well, God loved thee too, and He saw best, To take thee home with Him to rest. Mrs. G. W. Robinson and family

A. H. S. Reports

FOR JAN. AND FEB.

Junior Matriculation Class.—L. Curtis 80, M. Hollingsworth 77, R. Burchell 74, D. Kendrick 70, C. Brown 70, A. Taber 67, G. Percival 67, N. Young 65, A. Seymour 64, W. Bulgar 61, J. Shea 61, M. Godkin 60, A. Beale 60, A. Gray, 58, M. Taber 56, C. Miller 54, M. Alguire 53, M. Fleming 52, B. Davis 52, H. Fleming 51, E. Peterson 45, G. Robinson 30. (Partial) I. Code 59

Normal Entrance Class.—L. Curtis 92, D. Kendrick 83, C. Brown 81, G. Percival 76, M. Hollingsworth 76, A. Seymour 74, J. Shea 74, N. Young 74, A. Taber 73, M. Godkin 71, W. Bulgar 70, Mary Alguire, 69, C. Miller, 64, M. Seymour 64, M. Taber 64, A. Beale 64, M. Alguire 62, M. Fleming 61, A. Gray 60, M. Conlon, 59, H. Tackaberry 59, H. Fleming 58, M. Hollingsworth 56, B. Davis 54, N. Mulvena 53, W. Slack 53, A. Richards 52, E. Peterson 50, G. Robinson 30.

Jr. III.—E. Tatt 94, C. Earl 89, F. Leggett 86, J. Bates 85, W. Brown 77, M. Kenny 76, G. Yates 75, C. Vickery 69, A. Scott 68, L. Guttridge 66, H. Beale 65, E. Kilborn 62, A. Comerford 61, R. Whitmore 59, L. Steacy 54, L. Taylor 53, J. Heffernan 51.

Form II.—L. Sheffield 82, J. Code 79, L. Phelps 78, A. Hazelton 77, H. Rabb 77, K. McAvoy 76, K. Heffernan 76, H. Roddick 75, H. Avery 74, M. Bulgar 71, A. McAvoy 71, E. Davis 71, M. Earl 69, M. Howe 68, H. Mains 68, M. Brown 67, C. Heffernan 66, V. Dancy 65, R. Taylor 65, M. Lyons 64, B. Kelly, 64, S. Vickery 62, V. Topping 60, L. DeWolfe 60, R. Kirkland 60, E. Eaton, 59, I. Layng 58, K. Beale 56, W. Morris 55, M. Johnston 49, L. Coons 47.

Form I. B.—C. Townsend 78, S. Burchell 78, R. Steele 71, F. Wiltse 69, I. Alguire 68, C. Kidd 68, D. Peat 66, G. Conlon 65, Z. Topping 63, C. Yates 62, C. Layng 62, B. Gray 61, H. Rowsome 62, K. Hull 57, S. Tennant 56, G. Phelps 56, C. Wiltse 55, S. Hollingsworth 54, G. Barker, 54, B. Trotter 53, A. Code, 48, A. Scott 48, N. Baxter 47, Z. Leeder 47, A. Judson 45, H. Ferguson 40, H. Stevenson 39, V. Wiltse 39.

Form I. A.—B. Bates 83, M. Sheffield 76, A. Webster 71, J. Judd 68, B. Roddick 67, F. Kavanagh 66, B. Breese 65, G. Acheson 63, T. Watson 63, M. Jackson 62, G. Johnson 62, G. Gray 61, M. Charlard 60, C. Hudson 58, M. Gibson 58, V. Irwin 57, T. Stafford 56, N. Rathwell 56, F. Wing 56, E. Spence 55, L. Earl 55, M. Earl 54, E. Brown 54, C. Wiltse 53, A. Hudson 53, J. McAvoy, 52, J. Hutchings 50, C. McFadden 50, G. Hewitt 49, E. Kearney 49, M. Seymour 49, W. Mustard 48, E. Whitmore, 46, B. Leeder 43, B. Breese 43, B. Parish 36.

Obituary

Mrs. Elmer Halladay.

On Friday morning, Feb. 27, the citizens of this vicinity received a shock when they learned of the sudden demise of an esteemed resident in the person of Mrs. Elmer Halladay. The deceased was in her usual good health and had attended to her household duties on the day before her death.

Mrs. Halladay's maiden name was Mary A. Warren and she was a native of Elgin, Ontario. Deceased was in her seventieth year. Her husband predeceased her twelve years ago.

In religion she was a faithful member of the Methodist church and a life member of the W. M. S. To know her was to appreciate her good qualities, an her life can be summed up in these words: "Many daughters have done virtuously but thou excellest them all."

She is survived by one daughter, Mrs. George Churchill, of Smith's

Falls and four grandchildren, and two give and address and a missionary pageant entitled 'The Torch Bearers' by local talent, is in course of preparation.

Mrs. Lawrence Botsford.

A very sad death occurred on Thursday morning, March the 4th, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Botsford when Mrs. Lawrence Botsford passed away from pneumonia, following a severe attack of influenza. Deceased who was Miss Jennie Guy of Vernon was a bride of only three months. She leaves besides her sorrowing young husband, her parents six brothers and three sisters. After a short service at the house on Thursday afternoon the remains were conveyed to Athens and placed in the

vault. Mr. and Mrs. Botsford, sr. and two sons are very ill of influenza and they with the bereaved young husband have the sympathy of their many friends in their sorrow and affliction.

SHELDON'S CORNERS.

Mrs. W. Traister of Syracuse, N.Y. is here nursing her mother, Mrs. M. Hollingsworth, who is in very poor health at present.

A. Mavety and M. Whitmore are recovering from flu attacks. Mr. and Mrs. D. Hayes were recent visitors at F. Hayes.

H. Stewart spent a day at T. Cowle's last week. Miss Ruby Whitmore was a week end visitor at her home here.

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WE MAKE A BETTER CAN

Reduced Prices on Quantity Lots

THE Earl Construction Company

Genuine Ford Repair Parts
GARAGE AND AUTO SUPPLIES
Athens Ontario

Wall Papers

It will soon be the season for them.

This is simply an intimation, that our stock this year is much larger, more varied and complete than ever, also that you can buy your borders from us at roll prices.

In addition to our large stock on hand we have a sample book of strictly high class papers from which you may make your selection and procure any quantity you may require.

Call and give us the opportunity of showing them to you.

T. S. KENDRICK
Athens Ontario

Get Your Brunswick Phonograph at A. Taylor's, Athens

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Sunday School. Lesson XI. March 14, 1920.

John on the Isle of Patmos. Print 1; 4-18.

COMMENTARY—I. The Revelation of Jesus Christ (vs. 1-3). The Revelation is an unfolding or a revealing of the future that God gave to His Son Jesus Christ, who gave it by an angel to John, the apostle. John made a faithful record of what was revealed to him, as being the word of God and the testimony of Jesus. A blessing is pronounced upon those who shall read or hear the words written and shall observe them.

II. John's introductory words (vs. 4-8). 4. To the seven churches which are in Asia—The message from Jesus is addressed definitely to the seven churches of Asia. By Asia is meant the extreme western part of Asia Minor governed by a Roman proconsul. The names of the seven churches are given in v. 11. Grace, and peace—Paul used a similar form of greeting in the Epistles which he wrote to seven different churches. From him—From Jehovah, i. e., God to come. Eternity of existence is here declared. He now exists, he existed in the past and he will exist forever. Seven spirits—This term must certainly mean the Holy Ghost, as it stands between the names of the Father, the Son and the Spirit. The faithful witness—The testimony of Jesus is true and faithful. No part of it is to be taken away. The first-born of the dead—The firstborn of the dead. It is true that Lazarus and others were raised from the dead, but they were raised to die again; Jesus arose from the dead to live forevermore. Washed us from our sins—This implies both that he made an atonement for our sins and that the efficacy of the atonement had been realized by individual believers in the washing away of personal sins in the blood of Christ. Made us kings and priests—Christ has made his followers a kingdom to be priests unto God.

7. Behold—The raptured vision of the sacred writer saw the coming of the Lord so clearly that it seemed all but realized. With clouds—See Acts 1: 9-11. Every eye shall see him—His coming will be visible to every member of the race. They also which pierced him—Not only the righteous shall see him, but also those who would not believe in him, and also those who were responsible for putting him to death. Shall wail because of him—It is he that tells us that all tribes of the earth must mourn, either now for the woe our sins caused him, or then for the woe they will cause us—Cam. Bib. 8: 1 am—The Lord God is now speaking. Alpha and Omega—These are the first and the last letters of the Greek alphabet, indicating "the beginning and the ending."

III. A vision of Jesus (vs. 9-20). 9. I John—The writer identifies himself. There is no doubt about his being the Apostle John. Companion in tribulation—He was suffering persecution in common with his fellow Christians. In the kingdom and patience of Jesus—John and those whom he was addressing were not only companions in tribulation, but also companions in Christ's kingdom, enjoying all the benefits of citizenship therein. They were also companions in suffering with patience whatever of distress there might be in consequence of their relation to the Son of God on the island in the Aegean Sea, not far from the western coast of Greece. It is about seven miles in length and about a mile wide. 10. I was in the Spirit—John was in a state of spiritual rapture. The Lord's Day—The day on which Christ rose. 11. Write in a book—For a permanent record and the last letters of the seven churches to be named. Unto Ephesus—This and other places mentioned are in the western part of Asia Minor. 12. Turned to see the person whose voice was heard. Seven golden candlesticks—These were seven separate lampstands, made of gold, and hence, precious. 13. Like unto the Son of man—Like unto a son of man—R. V. This was Jesus Himself. Garment, down to the foot—A garment representative of priestly dignity. Golden girdle—This girdle was not worn about the waist, but over the breast, holding together the folds of the garment. 14. White like wool—White is a symbol of purity. The description of the physical appearance of Christ here given is in harmony with that of the transfiguration. His eyes were as a flame of fire—Here was a supernatural brilliancy, indicating his clearness of vision. 15. Fine brass—burned in a furnace—The brass here is not the metal, but as the sound of many waters—Nothing could be a more sublime description of majesty and authority than to compare the voice of a speaker with the roar of the ocean. Barnes, 16. In his right hand seven stars—The stars may represent the angels or ministers of the seven churches. Out of his mouth, etc.—The two-edged sword fittingly represents the divine word. Jesus' words were of divine authority. 17. I fell at his feet as dead—John was overcome by the brightness and glory of Christ's person and by the sound of His voice, which was like "the sound of many waters." He right hand—The right hand is indicative of power and authority, but when Christ laid His right hand upon John, he expressed His love for him and thus encouraged him in his time of need. I am the first and the last—This expression denotes Christ's eternity of existence. 18. Liveth. We dead—He assures His servant that the doctrine which He had been preaching was true. Christ used this

expression and the one before it and the one after it in describing Himself. Alive for evermore—Jesus was not to suffer death again. Have the keys of hell and of death—In rising from the dead He conquered death and unlocked the abode of the dead. The dead shall rise again. 19, 20. The apostle here received his commission. He is to record what he then saw regarding his own times and what should be in the future. Scholars differ in their views regarding the angel sent to the churches. Some hold the view that they are the guardian angels of the several churches. Others that they are the personified spirits of the churches. A third view is that they represent the pastors of the several churches. The last view seems reasonable.

Questions.—Who wrote the Book of Revelation? Under what circumstances was it written? What blessing is pronounced in the third verse? To whom were the messages sent? What is meant by the expression, "I am Alpha and Omega"? Describe the appearance of Christ as he appeared to John. What effect had his appearance upon the apostle? What do the seven stars and the seven candlesticks represent?

PRACTICAL SERVEY. Topic. The glorified Christ the centre of the Revelation. I. Patmos. II. The banished apostle. III. The glorified Jesus revealed.

I. Patmos, Patmos, the scene of John's banishment, a rocky and barren island about twenty-five miles in circumference, situated near the coast of Asia Minor in the Aegean sea. It was used as a place of banishment by the Roman Emperors. The cave which is the traditional scene of the Revelation is still shown. A celebrated Greek monastery, built above it. The Book of Revelation has been the subject of much controversy, but the abounding external and internal evidences remove any doubt of its authenticity of canonicity. It asserts itself to have been written by John too plainly to be understood of any other than the apostle. The testimony of the early church seems to fix the date A. D. 94 or 95. Varied methods of interpretation have been applied to its contents, the kernel of which is however best expressed by the name it gives itself, "The Revelation of Jesus Christ"—the revelation, manifesting, appearing of Jesus Christ. It discloses Christ in his Person, offices, and future administrations, when he shall come from heaven (Acts 1: 11). There are two schools of interpreters, the historical and futurist. The former holds that all or nearly all of the prophecies of the book in the history of the Jewish race or of pagan Rome; the latter, that most of the book refers to events yet future, and which precede, accompany or follow the second advent.

II. The banished apostle. It is unanimously agreed that John was banished to Patmos. Tradition says that he was banished after ineffectual attempts had been made to end his life by immersion in boiling oil. The general testimony of ancient authors places it in the latter part of the reign of Domitian, at the date assigned for the Revelation. He was banished to Patmos for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ. The Master himself declared that the world hated him because of his testimony that "the works thereof are evil." The revelator saw under the altar the souls of those beheaded "for the testimony of Jesus." Evil resents reproof and vents its antagonism on the witness. A pronounced Jew, the Jew, which is a living rebuke to wrong doing, will awaken antagonism. III. The glorified Jesus revealed. The lesson centres in the sublime vision of the glorified Christ given to the veiled. It affords us the first view of him since his ascension. The description is overwhelmingly magnificent. One is not surprised that the enraptured seer was overpowered with the glory and "fell at his feet as dead." It was too bright for mortal vision. Only the glorified saints will enable men to contemplate it. Glory of person corresponds to the glory of character. Royalty and majesty combine with priestliness in the disclosure. In the lesson he is revealed as Judge of the churches and of the world in the fuller revelation, and Priest invested with royal prerogatives. W. H. C.

Sentenced to Immediate Death It happens every time you treat a corn with "Putnam's"—Corn dies—never returns. Nothing so certain and painless as Putnam's Corn Extractor—try it. Fifty years' success guarantees its merit. 25c bottles at all dealers.

STALKING SEALS. How Mammals Are Hunted in Northern Canada. The seal sun naps on the Arctic ice are continually disturbed by his dreams of his enemy, the polar bear, or at least that seems a reasonable way of interpreting his behavior, for after sleeping for thirty seconds or perhaps a minute, he will wake up, raise his head as high as he conveniently can, which is fourteen or sixteen inches, and make a complete survey of the horizon. If nothing suspicious is seen, this survey takes about ten seconds, after which he drops his head on the ice again and slips a minute more.

Sometimes the ice is a little rough in his vicinity and you can crawl up and shoot him from behind cover, but more frequently he has chosen a level expanse where no concealment is possible, and you must, therefore, approach him realizing that he is going to see you before you are near enough to shoot. No mammal that is known has eyesight which at all compares with that of a man. A wolf can see you under favorable conditions a little more than half a mile away; a caribou at a little more than a quarter of a mile, and a seal commonly at about three hundred yards, if you are standing up, or one hundred and fifty yards if you are lying down. You can talk unconcern-

Women of Canada Testify



Mrs. Joseph Braudry, R. E. 2.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is made of lady's slipper root, black cohosh root, unicorn root, blue cohosh root and Oregon grape root. Dr. Pierce knew, when he first made this standard medicine, that whiskey and morphine were injurious, and he has always kept them out of his remedies. Women who take this standard remedy know that in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription they are getting a safe woman's tonic so good that druggists everywhere sell it, in liquid or tablet form.

WEEK AND NERVOUS Tillsburg, Ont.—"I found Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription an excellent medicine for the ailments of women. I had become very weak and nervous. I was just miserable when I began taking the 'Favorite Prescription' and it proved most beneficial. It so completely restored me to health that I have never had any return of this ailment. I do advise the use of 'Favorite Prescription' by women who suffer with womanly troubles."—MRS. GEO. WALKER, P. O. Box 490.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is made of lady's slipper root, black cohosh root, unicorn root, blue cohosh root and Oregon grape root. Dr. Pierce knew, when he first made this standard medicine, that whiskey and morphine were injurious, and he has always kept them out of his remedies. Women who take this standard remedy know that in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription they are getting a safe woman's tonic so good that druggists everywhere sell it, in liquid or tablet form.

edly toward a seal until less than four hundred yards away, after which you begin a careful approach. You crawl ahead on all fours while he sleeps and you lie flat and motionless while he is awake. It might seem that something could be gained by wearing white clothing to match the snow, but this is the reverse of wisdom, for the seal's one enemy that he fears is a polar bear, and the polar bear is white. If a seal sees anything that is suspicious and white he takes discretion to be the better part of valor, and dives promptly into his hole. If the suspicious object is black, he assumes that it is probably another seal that has come out of another hole to attack him, and he will begin again to stalk the hunter to stimulate a seal. When the seal first sees you his actions are unmistakable. He turns so as to face you directly; he raises his head a trifle higher than before, and instead of bending his neck to survey the complete horizon he looks at you steadily and intently. You must be careful that his first view of you shall be a broadside view, for a seal's head resembles a seal most in that position. It is best to lie still with one's head on the ice for about half a minute; but the seal knows the habits of his own kind as well as the careful hunter knows them, and if you were to lie motionless for more than a minute at a time he would strongly suspect that you were not a seal, and in two minutes he would probably be convinced that you were a human being, and would go into the water. It is necessary, therefore, after about half a minute of quiescence, to raise your head seal fashion twelve or fifteen inches above the ice, keep it there about eight or ten seconds, and drop it on the ice again. By the time this has been repeated three or four times the seal is commonly convinced that you are a seal, and will begin again to stalk the hunter to stimulate a seal. If he is more suspicious than ordinary it may be possible to move your feet a little as well. Like many other animals, a seal is commonly lousy and scratches frequently with his hind flippers. If a man lying flat flexes his legs from the knee the motion is similar to that of a seal scratching with his hind flippers. These tactics must be used with the greatest tactical seal, and when once his regular naps are resumed you move ahead snake-wise while he sleeps and play seal whenever he is awake, watching you.

Approaching a seal in this fashion is tedious at best, for it takes an hour and a half or two hours to get within fifty to seventy-five yards.

ELEPHANTS OF SIAM And Their Wonderful Work in Lumbering. The elephants are our chief stand-by in Siam, and without them teak could not be worked as it grows in such inaccessible places that no logging machine could be brought near the trees, says Abby Beatrice Prather, in Asia Magazine. Elephants can climb like cats. It is marvellous to see them pick their way up and down steep slopes, but sometimes they lose their foothold. One of our elephants fell down a steep river bank last year, his head against a rock and broke his neck. The work of the elephants consists of climbing up to the fallen trees and pushing or rolling them down hill to a spot where it is level enough for dragging chains to be attached. Then they drag the logs down to the nearest floating creek, often six or seven miles away. An elephant can handle from fifty to seventy logs per season, which lasts from about the first of June till the end of February. Then it becomes too hot for them to work, and they go into rest camps until the next rains. The elephants do their

best work in floating streams, working the timber with the current, releasing logs from jams and rolling the stranded logs back into the water. The elephant drivers have a special "elephant" language which the animals understand—a special elephant vocabulary with such terms as "Push sideways," "Roll," "Pull out," "Stop," "Lift your chin." It is very interesting and exciting to watch the elephants at work in high water. They are magnificent swimmers. When they swim from bank to bank, herding the logs that require their special attention, you see nothing of them, except the tips of their trunks through which they breathe, and the mahouts, or drivers, who are generally in water up to their waists. If a big attack or jam breaks suddenly when elephants are working they know the danger of being overtaken. They trumpet and clear off to either bank or swim down stream as fast as they can go. I once saw an elephant working at the head of a jam, sit off a rock and get swept under the stack. We all believed that he was a goner, but he cry now and then we were surprised to see his trunk come up through the logs, such in a long breath and disappear. The trunk would reappear each time further down stream. He finally emerged at the foot of the jam, very much blown, but otherwise none the worse for his accident. But he would not go near a pile of timber in high water for a year afterwards. This particular work is called "hunding."

ears. More than once they have been able to give us information of that kind which has led to arrests. It will be remembered that in the famous Slingsby baby case Justice Bargarve Deane, who had heard the evidence of Sir George Frampton, the famous sculptor, as to the extraordinary resemblance between Mrs. Slingsby's ear and that of the boy, found that the baby was that of Commander and Mrs. Slingsby. But the court of appeal and the house of lords upset the verdict. Our ears may not yet be an infallible test of our identity; but they have already reached the stage of being a tell-tale. It remains only for some Bertillon to find means of placing them on a card index, and the criminal will be definitely undone.

SLIGHTLY MIXED. Lady (to soldiers widow): "So your dear little boy was born after your husband's death?" Soldier's Widow: "Oh, yes; he's what they call a preposterous child."

Many a man is a decided bore who never used a corkscrew in his life.

Pale, Wan Cheeks A Sign of Anaemia To Have Good Color and Health The Blood Must Be Kept Red and Pure. Many women who had good color and bright eyes in their girlhood grow pale and colorless and lose much of their charm when they become wives and mothers. Why is it? When the fading color in the cheeks and lips is accompanied by a loss of brightness in the eyes and an increasing heaviness in the step and a tendency to tire easily, the cause is to be sought in the state of the blood. Many causes may contribute to the condition of the blood known as anaemia. Care of the home, overwork, lack of outdoor exercise, insufficient rest and sleep, improper diet, are a few of them. The important thing is to restore the blood, to build it up so that the color will return to the cheeks and lips, brightness to the eyes, and lightness to the step. To do this, nothing can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They begin at once to increase the red corpuscles in the blood, and this new blood carries strength and health to every part of the body. The appetite improves, digestion becomes perfect, and energy and ambition return. Proof is given in the statement of Mrs. Alex. Archibald, Cornwall, Ont., who says: "Two years ago my health began to fall. I was suffering from headaches, pains in the back and sides, and a constant tired out feeling. I had used a lot of medicine, but instead of it helping me I seemed to be growing weaker. My friends urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and while I felt disheartened at my experience with other medicines, I decided to do so. To my great joy I soon found the pills were helping me, and their continued use for a time fully restored my health. If I did not give my experience with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, in the hope that it may point the way to health to some other poor sufferer." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can be obtained through any medicine dealer, or may be had by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

YOUR EARS BETRAY YOU

The science of identification is a fascinating one, says London Tit-Bits. Everybody is familiar with the finger print method. Infallibility is claimed for this by the police, but there are some experts who refuse to believe that every one of the thousands of millions of people who inhabit the world has a different design on the under side of his ear thumb. Is it possible that some other system will be discovered? There is the eye, for instance. Here we have one of the most wonderful mechanisms known to man. All eyes differ, and in addition to that there is what we might call the setting. There are hazels with deep sockets, blues with prominent brows, browns with soft overhanging skin, and so on. Then there is the index of expression—surely a source of inexhaustible variety. Who does not know the cold, steele glare of the man without a soul, or the flashing eyes which speak of ardor, love, passion? Between those extremes there are countless shades. A police officer declared to the writer that it is possible that scientists will one day discover a means of identification by the eyes. "But the camera," he adds, "holds out most hope. All that is wanted is a system of photographing the numberless details which go to make up the human eye. Here is a vast field for inventors. A fortune awaits the successful man."

Then there is the ear, a less romantic portion of the anatomy, but equally full of possibilities. In fact, aurals idiosyncrasies are sometimes so pronounced as to strike the most unobservant among us. "We cannot yet rely implicitly on ears as a means of recognition," declares a Scotland Yard official, "but all the same, they frequently lead to detection. I was on duty in the city some time ago when I saw a man approaching with ears of a very curious formation. They spread like semaphore, and the lobes, or fleshy parts, were very noticeable. I instantly recalled that the person suspected of a big diamond robbery had an exactly similar peculiarity. I went up to him and tapped him on the shoulder. 'You are' I said, mentioning his name. He was taken by surprise and muttered something to the effect that I was mistaken. 'I am not,' I said, 'Please come with me to the station.' "He made no demur. We quickly applied the finger-print test, and very soon he was safely in prison for a stay of five years. "The ear is also a common guide for the public. They cannot divine what sort of print a man's thumb will make, but they generally notice anything out of the ordinary about his

Cook's Cotton Root Compound. A safe, reliable regulating medicine. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, 1 1/2, No. 2, 3; No. 2, 50c per box. Sold by all druggists. Free pamphlet, address: THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Wholesale.)

Cotton Growing in China. Now that China has decided what kind of cotton seed does best in that country, and is distributing it by the ton to farmers, cotton growing starts on a new geographical development. The time may yet come when the Chinese laundryman, far from home, will crouch over his collar that he is still longing for the old plantation. Work done for several years in four experiment stations indicates that out of forty varieties of seed the kind known as "Trico" is best suited for Chinese cultivation. It appears that "Trico" yields 141 catties to the mou, which is the Chinese way of saying something more than 1 1/2 pounds per one-sixth of an acre, for the catty weighs about one-third more than the English pound. The Chinese pound, for that matter, is called "kin," but for some reason, foreigners prefer to call it a "catty."

"Smith is a queer cuss," remarked Brown. "How's that?" asked Jones. "Every time he gets into hot water he sets cold feet," replied Brown. Knoxville Journal and Tribune.

WOOD'S PHOSPHORINE The Great English Preparation. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new blood in old veins. Used for Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despondency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Fading Memory. Price \$1 per box, six for \$5. Sold by all druggists, or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. No pamphlet mailed. THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT.

Pale, Wan Cheeks A Sign of Anaemia

To Have Good Color and Health The Blood Must Be Kept Red and Pure.

Many women who had good color and bright eyes in their girlhood grow pale and colorless and lose much of their charm when they become wives and mothers. Why is it? When the fading color in the cheeks and lips is accompanied by a loss of brightness in the eyes and an increasing heaviness in the step and a tendency to tire easily, the cause is to be sought in the state of the blood. Many causes may contribute to the condition of the blood known as anaemia. Care of the home, overwork, lack of outdoor exercise, insufficient rest and sleep, improper diet, are a few of them. The important thing is to restore the blood, to build it up so that the color will return to the cheeks and lips, brightness to the eyes, and lightness to the step. To do this, nothing can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They begin at once to increase the red corpuscles in the blood, and this new blood carries strength and health to every part of the body. The appetite improves, digestion becomes perfect, and energy and ambition return. Proof is given in the statement of Mrs. Alex. Archibald, Cornwall, Ont., who says: "Two years ago my health began to fall. I was suffering from headaches, pains in the back and sides, and a constant tired out feeling. I had used a lot of medicine, but instead of it helping me I seemed to be growing weaker. My friends urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and while I felt disheartened at my experience with other medicines, I decided to do so. To my great joy I soon found the pills were helping me, and their continued use for a time fully restored my health. If I did not give my experience with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, in the hope that it may point the way to health to some other poor sufferer." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can be obtained through any medicine dealer, or may be had by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SOME TIMELY RECIPES.

TOMATO AND CORN SOUP. Wash and cut into pieces two quarts of fresh tomatoes or take one quart of the canned. Add one tablespoonful of finely-chopped ham, one small blade of mace, one-half of a bay leaf, two sprigs of parsley, four cloves and one cupful of water. Cover and simmer slowly for an hour, add one tablespoonful of butter rubbed to a paste with two tablespoonfuls of flour and stir until the soup is slightly thickened. Add salt and pepper to taste and press through a sieve. Return to the fire, and add one-half of a pint of green corn scraped from the cob, and simmer for five minutes.

CABBAGE SALAD. Let such portion of a head of cabbage as is needed stand in cold water half an hour or more to become crisp. Drain, and cut in very fine shreds. Dry on a clean cloth. When ready to serve, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Mix thoroughly, then mix again with a boiled dressing.

OATMEAL MACAROONS. Two and one-half cups rolled oats, two level teaspoon baking powder, two eggs, one cup sugar, one tablespoon melted butter, one teaspoon vanilla, few grains salt. Stir the baking powder into the rolled oats. Beat the eggs well and add the sugar and vanilla and salt. Add this mixture to the rolled oats and mix thoroughly. Drop from a teaspoon on to a buttered tin and bake in a quick oven.

FIG PRESERVES. Weigh the figs and allow an equal weight of sugar. Wash them, cover with cold water and let stand for 24 hours, drain and drop them into boiling water and simmer until tender. Return to the cold water for two days, changing the water once; then make a syrup with the sugar with one-quarter of its bulk of water, add for every five pounds the thinly pared rind of a lemon and one-quarter of an ounce of green ginger; add the drained figs and simmer for half an hour then bottle and seal.

BOILED POTATOES. Cut cold boiled potatoes, white or sweet, lengthwise, in slices three-eighths of an inch thick. Dip these in melted butter, sprinkle lightly with salt, and broil over a fire, hinged broiler over a bed of bright coals or under a gas flame until lightly browned on each side. Spread with maitre d'hotel butter and serve at once.

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MARKET REPORTS TORONTO MARKET

Table with columns for Dairy Products, Eggs, Butter, etc. and prices.

Table with columns for Meats-Wholesale, Beef, Pork, etc. and prices.

Table with columns for Sugar Market, Wholesale and Retail prices.

Table with columns for Winnipeg Grain Exchange, Fluctuations and prices.

DREAMS SHOW DESIRE. Those of Children Are Frank While Adults Are Camouflaged. A London physician has made written records of dreams of over five thousand school children between the ages of eight and sixteen years, and finds that they support the belief that a dream is merely the expression of some desire, but changed in expression by one's subconsciousness in order that it may not awaken the sleeper. Frequently sub-consciousness itself is caught napping, and the sleeper awakens in a fright and says that he has suffered from a nightmare.

Again the subconscious mind does its work so cleverly that the wish or desire of the sleeper is often disguised so that an expert in the study of dreams has difficulty in uncovering the theme, but the London physician found that the dreams of children are fairly frank, while those of students from 18 to 22 years were so thoroughly camouflaged that he abandoned their study.

The eating element dominated in children between the ages of eight and 14, being more common with the children of the poorer classes than with those well-to-do. It appeared, too, that an appreciable increase in these dreams was noted toward Christmas. What seemed unusual was that dreams in which fear was predominant was more common among boys than among girls, while with both sexes the fear of an old man was most common. The fear of animals was also common, but the type of animals differed with the sex of the dreamers, as the boys were in fear of lions, tigers and bulls, while the girls were terrorized by dogs, mice and snakes.



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SIR WILLIAM'S WILL

Without doubt, Hesketh Carton was a fluent and effective speaker, and possessed of a self-possession and self-command which even those who knew him best did not suspect.

Lady Danby beamed on him as he pressed her hand, and he was telling the coachman to drive on, when she checked him suddenly and said: "Oh, I have some news for you! Miss Bramley and Mollie have returned!"

As a rule, every candidate is more or less hampered by some disadvantage; but Mr. Hesketh Carton's opponents could discover no blot on his escutcheon; he appeared to be one of those rare men without a past; he was popular with his workmen, and in every way a respected member of society; there was really nothing in his life which the other side could lay hold of, and Hesketh went about with an air of smiling modesty and a white waistcoat—emblem of a blameless life.

The polling day approached, and the usually quiet Bramley worked itself up to a state of excitement which was as exhilarating as it was novel. It was arranged that Hesketh should address a big meeting on the eve of the poll, and one or two politicians from London were coming down to support him.

As Hesketh was returning from canvassing that afternoon he met the Danbys, who were driving through the town with the conservative colors attached to the horses' rosettes and the coachman's whip. They pulled up to exchange greetings with the popular candidate, and the crowd, which always gathered round Hesketh Carton when he appeared in the street, looked on approvingly and, indeed, admiringly, as he leaned on the carriage gracefully, and conversed with his usual ease and self-possession with Lady Danby.

"It's quite a foregone conclusion," she said. "Everywhere I go I hear there is no chance for the other man, and I really feel quite sorry for him. We are all looking forward to your speech to-night, and I hope you have not been tiring yourself."

"No, indeed," said Hesketh, in his soft voice. "Yes, I hope that I shall win, Lady Danby; and it will be very ungrateful of me if I do not, for no candidate ever had kinder or more zealous supporters. I shall never forget all you have done for me; it is impossible that I should even try to thank you."

Lady Danby beamed on him as he pressed her hand, and he was telling the coachman to drive on, when she checked him suddenly and said: "Oh, I have some news for you! Miss Bramley and Mollie have returned!"

"Oh, I have some news for you! Miss Bramley and Mollie have returned!"

His eyes did not flicker for a moment, and his face expressed just the proper amount of pleasure. "So sudden and unexpected!" said Lady Danby. "No one knew they were coming back. They arrived about a couple of hours ago. Lord Danby met them, and said they looked so well. Wonderful thing, change! It is not only news, but good news for me; for if you could persuade Miss Bramley to canvass for you—ah, it's almost too late for that, I'm afraid—but, if you could get her to appear on the platform to-night with the rest of us! Oh, that would be splendid!"

"I will see," said Hesketh, with a little nod and a smile. The carriage drove on, and he went home. A pile of letters stood on his desk, and he took one up and opened it mechanically, but dropped it and stood looking before him thoughtfully. Yes, it would be a great thing for him if Clytie would consent to appear on the platform among his supporters, and he experienced a thrill of gratification, of pleased vanity, at the reflection that she, who had refused him, should be present at one of his triumphs; for, with the quiet confidence of the eloquent man, he knew that he should speak well that night. A very large majority of the audience would be members of his party; there would be excitement, enthusiasm, in fact, triumph—a foretaste of the great and crowning triumph that awaited him to-morrow. Yes, barring accidents, to-morrow he would be a member of Parliament, another step up the ladder of his ambition. His political success would be a happy augury of the future. The master of Bramley and the possessor of Sir William's wealth, to what heights, social and political, might he not rise!

He changed, dressed carefully, and went up to the Hall. The servants were in a state of excitement and bustle, and Sholes came forward with a smile on his expansive countenance, expressive of his delight.

"You've heard the news, I see, sir," he said, as if he were bubbling over with joy. "The young ladies have come home! Come home quite unexpected and suddenlike. None of us knew, excepting Lord Stanton. His lordship went up to London to meet them. I beg your pardon, sir, I'm keeping you standing!"

"I came up to welcome the young ladies," said Hesketh. "I don't know whether they will be too tired to see me, but I will come in on the chance."

He waited in the drawing-room, looking round with half-closed lids, and deciding the style in which he would have it redecorated, when it came into his hands. The door opened and Mollie entered. She had a small parcel in one hand and some flowers in the other, so that it seemed that she could not shake hands. She was very brown, not so fat-freckled, and her eyes looked at him and then hurriedly at the floor. "How do you do, Mr. Carton? We've come back, you see. Oh, yes, we are very well—both of us." Her eyes rested on his face for a moment, and she went on still more hurriedly: "We've heard of your great doings in Bramley. You are going to be a member of Parliament. How nice! It was very kind of you to spare time to come up, and so soon. I'd ask you to stay to tea, but I am so busy unpacking."

Hesketh Carton murmured the proper response, then said: "I am afraid you will consider my

request an unreasonable one, but I have been hoping—how earnestly, you may guess!—that you and Miss Clytie would be present on the platform at my meeting to-night."

Mollie's eyes flashed for an instant, but she hid them quickly. "How kind of you!" she exclaimed. "But I am afraid it is quite impossible. Clytie is rather tired—it has been a long journey."

"You must tell me all about your travels," he said.

"Yes," she assented. "Oh, by the way, I have a little present for you, a souvenir. You mustn't open it now. It is only a trifle, and now, I really must go up to Clytie! Good-by! I wish you all the success—you deserve, Mr. Carton."

She put a small box in his hand, instead of shaking hands, rang the bell for Sholes to show him out, and, with a nod and again that strange, quickly hidden flash in her eyes, ran out of the room. He went back to the house at the works and tossed the box, unopened, on his writing-table.

The dinner at the Chillingfords was an extremely lively one. Everyone felt so certain of success, and the party drove down to the Hall in carriages liberally decorated with Mr. Hesketh Carton's colors. An immense crowd awaited them at the entrance to the Hall; the interior was packed; a thunder of cheers rose from the mass as the party, with Mr. Hesketh bringing up the rear, ascended the platform. Hesketh Carton, with a charmingly modest smile, sat down and looked over the audience with that all-comprehensive gaze which is so soon acquired by the public speaker. Suddenly he started, and his eyes grew fixed on a man seated in the middle of the third row. The face of the man was that of "the insolent fellow" with whom he had had a vulgar and unpleasant disagreement at Withycombe; but the man was no longer dressed in working attire; he wore the conventional clothes of a gentleman, and wore them well. What did it mean? Had the fellow come there to make a disturbance? If so, thought Hesketh, with satisfaction, he would no doubt, and very properly, be roughly handled.

Lord Chillingford, the chairman, was on his feet, made the usual stammering speech of the ordinary country gentleman, and was followed by one of the great men from London, who warmed up the audience and prepared the way for the candidate. At this moment, Hesketh Carton saw Mr. Granger come on the platform, and, with a friendly smile, he beckoned him to a seat in front which had been modestly left vacant.

Mr. Granger was passing to it, with a murmured apology for being late, when his eyes fell on a gentleman in the third row. He started, stared, and half unconsciously rose from his seat, as if forgetting the place and the rest of the audience, and approached the edge of the platform. Before he could recover from his astonishment, it had been noticed by those around him, and many eyes were focused on the young man at whom the old lawyer was staring.

Suddenly some one—it was Lady Chillingford—murmured a name; it was "Sir Wilfrid Carton." It was caught up and ran around the platform, some of the occupants of which rose and stared with intense curiosity and interest, which seemed to be contagious, for the audience in the back of the hall began to look in the same direction and to murmur the name. The incident had now become so conspicuous that Mr. Granger was compelled, so to speak, to make some movement; so he came down the front steps of the platform, and, going straight up to Jack—for it was he, and we will let him bear his old name—and, holding out his hand, said, with a voice that was a little unsteady: "How do you do, Sir Wilfrid? I need not say that I am rejoiced to see you!"

Now, Jack had followed Clytie and Mollie by a later train, because he did not wish to appear in public at first, in his proper character, as their fellow traveler; but, on the other hand, he did not wish it to be thought that he had skulked into the town; so Clytie and he, both ignorant of Hesketh Carton's murderous designs, had thought it a good thing for him to attend the meeting. If he were recognized—well, the excitement which would be caused by his appearance would be swallowed up by the larger one of the election, and Jack would get over the fuss attending his unexpected return more easily than he would otherwise have done.

That Mr. Granger should catch sight of him, and publicly recognize him, of course did not come within their calculation. Jack rose and shook Mr. Granger's hand, whispering: "For goodness' sake, don't let me make a scene!" He made room for Mr. Granger beside him, hoping that the recognition would pass, if not unnoticed—it was too late for that—but without the fuss which Jack hated and dreaded.

But the audience, already strung up, caught at his name, and, rising to its feet en masse, shouted and cheered him.

It was impossible for the chairman to ignore the incident, and Lord Chillingford rose and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am delighted to find that we have in our midst the son of our old and valued friend, Sir William Carton. We have all deplored his absence, and I am sure you will permit me, in your name, to accord him a hearty welcome, and to invite him to come upon the platform here and support his cousin, Mr. Hesketh Carton."

The audience applauded vociferously and shouted: "Go up to the platform, Sir Wilfrid! Welcome back to Bramley! Go up where we can see 'ee." (To be continued.)

A druggist fired a shotgun at a burglar who entered his store, putting the intruder to flight, and thus saving about \$175 in his cash drawer, but smashing with the shot a \$250 showcase and \$250 worth of bottles.

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ROYAL YEAST CAKES

are now packed in square packages. Each package contains five cakes, which are equal in quantity to six round cakes. All dealers are authorized to guarantee that the quality of the round and square cakes are identical in every respect.

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A druggist fired a shotgun at a burglar who entered his store, putting the intruder to flight, and thus saving about \$175 in his cash drawer, but smashing with the shot a \$250 showcase and \$250 worth of bottles.

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however, of an approaching death or some other kind of disaster.

In certain phantom hands would appear to be even commoner, for nearly all the old families have at one time or another come under the spell or ban of maled fingers.

There is—or was before the war—an inn in Saxony that was once a private house, and which was haunted by a huge hand that used to descend at night from the ceiling and impart to whoever was present all the sensations of strangulation.

According to tradition, a certain countess, who originally owned the house, got rid of her infirm husband by having him strangled there by an idiot of monstrous size, and as a punishment for the crime, her family and house were ever after haunted by a hand, inconceivably huge and hideous and cruel.

What Did He Mean? The minister had eaten a very good dinner and was getting ready to leave for a long time. He happened to glance at the eighteen-year-old daughter.

"Well, well," he laughed. "I suppose that pretty soon I'll be coming back to marry this young woman to one of the interesting young men of the congregation."

The irrepressible eight-year-old son spoke up: "Oh, no, you won't," he offered. "Mary is going to be an old bachelor."

The family laugh told him that he had used the wrong word. So straightway he started to make it right. "I mean an old witch," he asserted more positively than before.

He Says They Are Surely the Best

FRANK HANNON SWEARS BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

States that they cured his backache after other medicines had failed and that he would not be without them.

Corcoran, Joliette Co., Que., March 8.—(Special)—Claiming that he is completely cured of backache from which he was a severe sufferer, Mr. Frank Hannon, a well known resident here, is shouting the praises of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"After trying various medicines for my backache," Mr. Hannon states, "I finally bought a supply of Dodd's Kidney Pills. From the start of the treatment I felt benefitted and now I am completely cured."

"I therefore proclaim Dodd's Kidney Pills the finest on the market. I would not be without them." Dodd's Kidney Pills strike right at the seat of the trouble, the kidneys. They are no cure-all. They are simply and purely a kidney remedy. But as cured kidneys strain all the impurities, all the seeds of disease, out of the blood, Dodd's Kidney Pills naturally get credit for curing a number of different diseases.

Ask your neighbors about Dodd's Kidney Pills.

WHAT FACTORS INFLUENCE SEED YIELDS IN ROOTS? During the last few years considerable quantities of field root seed, including mangal, Swede turnip and carrot seed, have been raised by the Dominion Experimental Farms' System for the purpose of safeguarding against a threatening shortage in the supply. Much valuable information has been accumulated on the subject of root seed production, the more so because, while engaged in seed growing as an emergency undertaking, the Experimental Farms' System at the same time desired to gain reliable data bearing on the possibilities of making root seed growing a permanent agricultural industry in Canada.

One of the more important subjects in connection with root seed growing which have been investigated is the question of under what conditions the heaviest possible seed yields may be expected. This question is, of course, of particular interest, as the size of the seed yields will largely determine the profit from seed growing.

In the first place, it is necessary that the roots to be used for seed raising are absolutely sound when planted out. Our experience is that planting of roots which show signs of disease or rot, especially at the crown, leads to most disappointing results. Such roots may linger along for some time, but sooner or later they die off, with the result, of course, that the seed field becomes patchy and consequently gives a comparatively low yield per acre.

In the second place, the seed roots should be planted as early as possible in the spring. The earlier they are set out the heavier are the seed yields which may be expected. This applies to all kinds of field root seed crops and has been demonstrated over and over again.

In the third place it is absolutely necessary that the land is in good tilth and in a high state of fertility. Several experiments conducted the last few years have most decidedly shown that the land must be in the best shape if good seed crops are to be expected. An experiment carried out at Ottawa in 1915 gave results to the effect that an application of 30 tons of barnyard manure to the acre, or of a commercial fertilizer, composed of 500 pounds of superphosphate, 200 pounds of nitrate of soda, and 200 pounds of muriate of potash, increased the seed yield of mangels with almost 50 per cent. Experiments carried out later have not only substantiated this result, but also shown that a still greater increase in the yield may be realized if the land is given both manure and artificial fertilizers in liberal quantities.

Sound roots, early planting and rich and are the main factors which determine the size of the yields. It should be added, though, that the yields are also influenced, to a not unimportant degree, by the supply of farm labor that may be available and by the size of the seed fields. Profitable root seed growing requires plentiful labor at certain periods and under present conditions the writer would say that to a farmer who has not had years of experience in root seed growing one or two acres may be a large acreage, because with a small acreage, the yield is apt to be much greater per acre than if the acreage is so large that it cannot be handled conveniently.—M. O. Malte, Dominion Agrostologist.

Hardening Metal. It is well known that rapid cooling of hot metals hardens them. That the opposite is true has recently been demonstrated in striking fashion by the General Electric Company. One of their scientists annealed American ingot iron surrounded by hydrogen gas for three hours at a temperature above 1,600 degrees Fahrenheit. The product was very little harder than the softest copper and can be whittled with ease.

DR. WARD The Specialist

79 NIAGARA SQUARE, BUFFALO, NEW YORK. Men, Are You In Doubt

As to your trouble? Have you some skin eruption that is stubborn, has resisted treatment? Is there a nervous condition which does not improve in spite of rest, diet and medicine? Are you going down hill steadily? ARE YOU NEURVUS and dependent, weak and debilitated; tired morning; no ambition—lifeless; memory gone; easily fatigued; unstable and irritable; lack of energy and confidence? Is there falling power; a drain on the system? Consult the old reliable specialists!

SYMPTOMS OF VARIOUS AILMENTS. Weak and relaxed state of the body; nervousness; dependency; poor memory; lack of will power; timid, irritable disposition; diminished power of application, energy and concentration; fear of impending danger or misfortune; drowsiness and tendency to sleep; insatiable sleep; dark rings under eyes; weakness or pain in back, kidneys, dyspepsia, constipation, headache, loss of weight, insomnia. Dr. Ward gives you the benefit of 25 years' continuous practice in the treatment of all chronic, nervous, blood and skin diseases. The above symptoms, and many others not mentioned, show plainly that something is wrong with your physical condition and that you need expert attention.

Men, why suffer longer? Let me make you a vigorous man. Let me restore your physical condition to full manhood. Don't be weak any longer. Make up your mind to come to me and I will give the best treatment known to science—the one successful treatment based on the experience of 25 years in treating men and their ailments.

Dr. Ward's Methods Unrivalled, Thorough and Permanent. Do you realize that you have only one life to live—do you realize that you are missing most of that life by ill health? A life worth living is a healthy life. Neglect of one's health has put many a man in his grave.

I have been telling men these things for many years but still there are thousands of victims who, for various reasons, have not had the good sense to come and get well.

Specialist in the treatment of nervous conditions, nervous exhaustion, backache, lumbago, rheumatism, stomach and liver troubles, acne, skin diseases, catarrh, asthma, rectal troubles, piles, fistula and blood conditions.

OFFICE HOURS: 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Sundays—10 a.m. to 1 p.m. FREE CONSULTATION—EXAMINATION. Before beginning treatment you must make one visit to my office for a personal physical examination. Railroad fare will be considered as part payment of fee. Canadian money accepted at full value.

79 Niagara Square, Buffalo, N. Y.



BABY'S OWN SOAP

In the interest of your skin, insist on Baby's Own Soap. Cleansing—Healing—Fragrant. Always Soap Limited, Mpls., Montreal.



SUCCESS and Independence.—Do not depend on what you earn but on what you save. The Standard Bank of Canada can very materially assist you to win success and secure independence.

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ATHENS BRANCH
W. A. Johnson - Manager

The Athens Reporter
ISSUED WEEKLY

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\$1.50 per year strictly in advance to any address in Canada; \$2.00 when not so paid. United States subscriptions \$2.00 per year in advance; \$2.50 when charged.

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Legal and Government Notices—10 cents per nonparel line (12 lines to the inch) for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.
Yearly Cards—Professional cards, \$9.00 per year.

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Black Type Readers—15 cents per line for first insertion and 7 1/2 cents per line per subsequent insertion.

Small Advs—Condensed advts such as: Lost, Found, Strayed, To Rent, For Sale, etc., 1 cent per word per insertion, with a minimum of 25 cents per insertion.

Auction Sales—40 cents per inch for first insertion and 20 cents per inch for each subsequent insertion.

Cards of Thanks and In Memoriam—50c
Obituary Poetry—10 cents per line.
Commercial Display Advertising—Rates on application at Office of publication.

William H. Morris, Editor and Proprietor

THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1920

ONTARIO RURAL SCHOOL FAIRS.

During the year 1919 the Ontario Department of Agriculture, through its agricultural representatives, distributed seeds and eggs to 78,946 pupils in 3,278 rural schools of the province. R. S. Dunean, B.S.A. writing

in the Agricultural Gazette for January states that the following quantities were distributed:—1,890 bushels of potatoes, 432 bushels of grain, 16,575 packages of root seeds, 30,700 packages of vegetable seeds, 21,900 packages of flower seeds and 11,045 dozens of eggs of a bred-to-lay strain of Barred Plymouth Rocks. These figures give some idea of the magnitude of the school fair movement in Ontario.

The first school fair was organized in 1909 with three schools taking part. Ten years later 357 rural school fairs were held in the province and the pupils had 69,848 home plots and made 111,823 entries. It is estimated that about 250 people saw the first school fair in which 58 pupils took part, while last fall 92,600 children and 107,590 adults attended the school fairs in Ontario. This is truly a wonderful growth.

Phillipsville

On the eve of the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Chase to their new home in South Augusta a number of their friends invited them to the Hall for the evening. Charles Charland read an address and presented them each with lovely wicker chairs. Mr. Chase replied to the address for himself and Mrs. Chase. After which the ladies spread the tables with the High Cost of Living. After tea was over the evening was spent in music and speeches, and rehearsing the years that have past while Mr. and Mrs. Chase and family have spent among us, hoping that they may have many happy years in their new home. Lawrence Joyce has purchased a farm at the Tincap and will remove there on the first of March.

About 50 friends and neighbors met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joyce on the eve of their departure and Mrs. Acheson, read an address and presented Mr. Joyce with a writing desk and Mrs. Joyce with a lovely chair and their son with a leather covered couch to rest his weary body on.

The ladies at this loaded the table with high cost of living. Each and every one enjoyed the feast after which the evening was spent in short speeches and jokes, etc.

The friends and relatives of Miss Lillian M. Blackburn were shocked on Wednesday morning to hear of her death. She has resided at the home of her uncle W. B. Phelps for several years. The funeral service was at the house on Thursday. The remains were conveyed to Elgin vault later to be laid at rest in the cemetery at Phillipsville.

Mr. and Mrs. Case Davison, Miss Verna Davison, of Brockville and Mrs. James Ross, of Athens, attended the funeral of Miss Blackburn on Thursday.

A baby boy has arrived to brighten the home of Mr. and Mrs. William French.

We were pleased to have that delayed January thaw but the roads are in a bad condition since.

Leeds

Mr. Alex. Bruce and family have moved to Morton, Mr. Lester, who bought the farm has taken possession. Mr. Eugene Elgers, still remains quite poorly. Messrs Harold, of Brewer's Mills

and Lawrence Edgers, of Smith's Falls, are home for a week.

Mrs. Jas. Somerville, Sr., is on the sick list.

The funeral of the late Mr. John Niblock, of Sweet's Corners, was largely attended, last Thursday, which was held at St. John's church. The remains were placed in the Seeley's Bay vault.

Mr. Hamond Lillie, met with a most serious loss on Sunday morning last when the floor of his cow stable went down, and six cows were killed.

Mrs. Will Kirkland and children visited her parents, at Sand Bay last week. Her sister, Miss Vera Slack, accompanied her home.

Mr. Howard Earle is spending a few days in Brockville visiting his sister, Mrs. William Somerville.

The milk meeting of our local cheese factory was held last Tuesday evening.

Glen Morris

Miss Cross, who has been nursing at Mr. W. H. Whaley's, has returned home to Athens.

There has been a great deal of sickness in this neighborhood, but nearly all are convalescent now.

Mrs. Allen, Escott, who came here to nurse her sister, Mrs. Burnham, is seriously ill of pneumonia.

Mr. T. Bailey, Winchester, was a guest of his sister, Mrs. K. Wiltse, last week.

Masters Hubert and Raymond Heferman, Charleston, were guests of Roswell Morris on Sunday.

Master Cecil Pipe is slowly recovering from his serious illness. Dr. Paul, Athens, is attending him.

R. Covey and family were Charleston visitors recently.

Miss Cora Stevens is able to be out again after suffering from an attack of muscular rheumatism.

Mrs. Maria Morris is visiting her daughter, Mrs. M. Earl, Wiltsetown.

Mr. Stanley Howard is ill with influenza at the home of Dr. Howard, Kingston.

Frankville

Mrs. Frank Strikefoot continues very low.

Miss Sliter, teacher, spent the weekend, guest of Mrs. (Rev.) Comerford.

Owing to the impassable condition of the roads Mr. Pepper did not go out to Fortiton on Saturday to meet the Brockville mail.

A number from here went to Jasper on Thursday to attend the funeral of Dr. Leacock.

Walker Hanton spent last week in Toronto.

The ladies of the W.M.S. are making preparations for a St. Patrick social.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Medicine.

Hall's Catarrh Medicine has been taken by catarrh sufferers for the past thirty-five years, and has become known as the most reliable remedy for Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure acts thru the Blood on the Mucous surfaces, expelling the Poison from the Blood and healing the diseased portions.

After you have taken Hall's Catarrh Medicine for a short time you will see a great improvement in your general health. Start taking Hall's Catarrh Medicine at once and get rid of catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

to be held in Montgomery's hall on March 17th.

Owing to illness, Alma Comerford did not attend school last week.

Joseph Carr, who has had a bad attack of erysipelas, is not gaining very fast.

Jas. I. Smith's family, having been quarantined for scarlet fever for two months, have all recovered, and received their liberty last week.

Mr. W. D. Livingston and Mrs. M. Livingston are spending a few days in Smith's Falls.

The funeral of Mr. and Mrs. Ben. Tate's two-months-old baby passed through en route to Toledo to be placed in the vault.

A Cheerful Prospect.

Will R. MacDonald of Washington rented a farm a few miles outside of the city to escape the din and noise of town. But he soon tired of the trouble of looking after the place.

"I'm going to hire a manager to look after this farm," he told his family at breakfast one morning. "Then I won't have any more trouble. He can occupy a room on the top floor, and we will all have a quiet, easy time."

MacDonald leaned back and smiled serenely in anticipation of the coming rest and peace.

That night as the new manager passed through the hall on his way upstairs MacDonald stepped out and asked him if he cared to have the afternoon paper.

"No, thank you," replied the fount of rest and quiet. "I have a flute on which I always practice two hours before going to bed."—Popular Magazine.

The Famous River Ganges.

The river Ganges, in India, is famous for two things—its alleged purifying influence on all who bathe in it and its mudiness. For ages there has been a belief among the Hindus that a dip in the Ganges, particularly at Benares, where the water is full of impurities, is a safeguard against the cholera, typhoid fever and other infectious diseases. An analytical examination of the river water at Benares has revealed the interesting fact that the Ganges is fairly alive with bacteria antagonistic to the bacilli of cholera and typhoid. The plague ridden Hindu who plunges into the river to bathe in it and even to swallow a few mouthfuls of the muddy water provides himself with a vast army of useful microbes which will quickly sweep out of existence and out of his system the deadly microbes of disease. So there must be some merit in the reputed medicinal virtues of the Ganges after all.

Charleston

The roads are in a very bad condition.

Mrs. Robert Foster has been somewhat indisposed for the past couple of weeks.

Work has begun drawing earth to level up the grounds around the Fleishman cottage.

The snow on the lake melted last week and has now frozen so as to form a sheet of ice. The travel on the lake has not been good for the past month. W. Crozier, Outlet, came up across the lake on Saturday.

Thomas and James Hudson and sister, Miss Sarah, all very ill of influenza, are able to be around again. Percy Finley and sister, Miss Maggie, are also convalescent.

There is much sickness in Charleston and vicinity. Mr. and Mrs. E. Latimer, three sons and one daughter, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Botsford and two sons and Mr. and Mrs. Fargo and family are all ill of influenza.

Mrs. Ida Smith, Newboro is here caring for her sister Mrs. Latimer and family who are ill.

Born—At St. Vincent de Paul hospital, Brockville, on Tuesday, March 2nd, to Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Webster, a daughter.

Our school has been closed on account of so much sickness among the pupils.

Mrs. Mary Kelsey was called to Ottawa, by the illness of her daughter, Miss Eva. She returned last week and reported her daughter much better.

J. Kelsey has been sawing wood at Lyndhurst.

A milk meeting was to have been held at Oak Leaf cheese factory on Thursday evening but owing to so much sickness the attendance was so small no business could be done.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Hayes are spending a few days with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hayes, Sheldon's Corners.

Rockspring News

Mrs. A. G. Hay is sick with a bad cold.

Several attended the funeral on Sunday afternoon of Willie Morrison, whose body was brought home Saturday from Douglas, Ont. His death was due to influenza, having been ill only a week.

Mr. Willie O'Neill is confined to the house with chickenpox.

Mr. Ed. Kennedy is getting settled in his new home, the Barber house.

Mr. Richard Johnson is moving to Greenbush, and Howard Tackaberry has moved back to his farm.

Miss Keitha and Mr. Forest Giffin are able to be out after their illness.

Mr. Harold Richards, who was sick with the grippe, is able to be around as usual.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Reynolds and daughter, Doreen, spent Sunday with Urish Guinness, the day being Doreen's first anniversary.

Mr. Albert Morrison, Brewer's Mills, came home Sunday morning to attend his brother's funeral.

Dominion and Willis Pianos

Both are First-Class Instruments

Brunswick Phonograph

Sample of Each Instrument on Demonstration

Small Second-Hand Auto Truck for Sale at a Bargain

Empire Milking Machines

Singer Sewing Machines

Several Good Farms in Vicinity of Athens

A. Taylor & Son

Athens Ontario

Fancy Candy and Fruits

We Have a Choice Selection in Both lines

E. C. Tribute

FURNITURE

When you are planing to purchase any kind of Furniture, a visit to our store will enable you to make choosing easy.

A GOOD STOCK ALWAYS ON HAND

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In All Its Branches

PROMPT ATTENTION IS OUR MOTTO

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Athens, Ontario Rural Phone

GO TO:—

Athens Lumber Yard and Grain Warehouse

FOR:—

Building Lumber Shingles Lath Doors Sash Portland Cement Prepared Lime Asbestos Plaster Land Fertilizer Etc.

Feed for Horses, Cows, Hogs and Hens Carload of Choice Yellow Corn Just Received

5 Roses Flour—None Better

Feet That Never Touch the Floor

A worn floor spoils the look of your home and is impossible to repair, but if you keep your floors painted, feet cannot touch them. Let the paint wear but save the wood. Save the Surface and you Save all.

SENOUR'S Floor Paint

is easy to use, dries very hard with a high lustre and will withstand a great amount of hard wear. No skill is required in using SENOUR'S FLOOR PAINT. Anyone can apply it. The result will greatly enhance the beauty of your home and much labor will be saved for the floors will be very easy to keep clean.

Come in and let us give you full particulars. We have a full range of shades in this and every other MARTIN-SENOUR Product. There is a MARTIN-SENOUR Paint or Varnish for every need. We will be glad to advise you.

Earl Construction Co.
ATHENS, ONT.

"Save the surface and you save all - Paint & Varnish"

Perils of Thunder Mountain

By Albert E. Smith and Cyrus Townsend Brady

NOVELIZED FROM VITAGRAPH PHOTO PLAY

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EPISODE I

On every side the great snow-capped mountains of the range thrust their heads far into the swamping reaches of the sky. As far as the eye could reach jumbled masses of beetling cliffs and gleaming domes arose in height above height like the inconceivably vast waves of a sea. Between these monsters of the range lay canyons that the rays of sunlight never reached the bottom of. And it was in one of these secret hiding places of Nature that there lay veins of rich, yellow ore of a richness to cause the beholder to blink his eyes and his heart to give a great jump when he first contemplated it.

Such was the secret treasure place found by Old John Carr, lifetime prospector and miner. In the closing days of his life, and known to no living man but him. Above the brink of a precipitous cliff whose walls fell sheer away into dizzy depths, the fur-capped head of a man with a long silver beard slowly arose. Assisting himself up by means of an alpenstock he clambered above the brink and stood upon its edge, tall and straight, a rugged specimen of the fearless tribe that ever has forced its way into the most secret places of nature.

For a full minute he stood straight and sharp cut as a statue outlined against the sky as he ran his eyes slowly over the wide spreading panorama that lay before him. The country was without habitation, not even the smoke of a distant fire being visible, except in one place. This came from a valley in which there stood a substantial log cabin with a huge stone chimney at one end.

This cabin nestled far below and not a great ways from the crest of the big ridge, or summit of the peak. Close by were sheds and stables for horses, a corral adjoining them. John Carr, pioneer in this wilderness, was paying them a silent farewell.

The sun climbing the eastern sky bathed him in a flood of golden light. He took his alpenstock and thrust it firmly into the rocks so that it stood upright, then fastened his red bandana handkerchief to it after the manner of a flag. Next taking from the breast pocket of his fur bordered mackinaw a letter, he fastened it to the base of the staff. As the alpenstock now stood with the red cloth waving from its top in the mountain breeze, it was an object which could be seen for a long distance. Once more, he turned his face to the scene below.

From out of the corral an Indian came strolling and passed into the house, while the rough hand of the old miner for an instant swept itself across his face.

"There never was a better Injun than Rainface," he murmured. Then turning suddenly he leaped straight out into the air and downward beyond the ridge. Thus it was that John Carr departed from the scene which had known him for so many years.

Within the cabin far below Rainface was putting logs upon the fire.

From an adjoining room where they had just finished their breakfast John Davis and Ethel Carr emerged. The man was tall and powerfully built, dressed in winter outing costume, while the girl wore Indian leggings and a short home-made jacket trimmed with fur. The adopted daughter of John Carr, Ethel had been brought up in the mountains almost as uncontrolled as the creatures of the ravines themselves. Her hair falling down her back, was plaited, Indian fashion, and fastened with a bow. Although she was 18 years of age, in her youthful dress she looked far younger.

"It is hard to learn to eat like one of your ladies of the cities, where they think they are so nice," she protested with a little pout. "You are always scolding me because I don't use a fork when a spoon or knife is so much more convenient. I wish you would let me eat the way I want to." John smiled.

"You will get used to it soon enough. And remember that you soon have got to take your place among the other ladies of the world." From the kitchen came the generously proportioned figure of Bridget Wegan, middle aged, cheerful of face, motherly. Reproachfully she turned upon Davis.

"Oh, have the poor baby alone, Mister Davis. Sure what matter does it make if one uses a spade or a hoe so long as the ditch is dug. And if a body gets the vittles into one's mouth, small matter how they get them there. 'Tis a little thing to worry about, is it not, Rainface?" The Indian granted.

"Fingers plenty good enough for me," he returned solemnly.

Still smiling Davis took down a pair of snowshoes from the wall, while the girl followed his example. Drawing on his gloves he turned upon his companions.

"Anyway we'll have our last day on the snow. Where do you suppose Uncle John is, Rainface?" The one addressed shook his head.

"Me not know. But when master go away with the sun sometime he come back with the stars. If he not come pretty soon, me go find him." Bridget once more entering from the

kitchen, thrust a well-filled rucksack into his hand.

"Now on your way the two of ye, and don't come back to bother me. You'll be glad enough to eat this with your ten fingers before the day is over, for niver a spoon or fork did I bother to put up with the vittles." Playfully she shoved them out upon the snow.

Running ahead of him lightly as a rabbit, Ethel shouted back her challenge to the laboring man.

"You may know more about knives and forks than I do, Mister, but I dare you to race me upon snowshoes." At once he accepted the def, only the next moment to find himself floundering upon his face in the white smother.

She led the way a few yards in advance of him, skimming over the shimmering surface with the lightness of a wind-blown leaf, at last vanishing into a cluster of somber spruce with a defiant wave of her hand. Clumsily Davis passed on in pursuit, gaining confidence and speed as he progressed. Yet so good a start of him did she have that when he entered the thick growth she had mysteriously disappeared. Perplexedly he stared about.

From half a dozen yards away the girl, crouching behind a boulder, watched him as amusement spread over her face. Then suddenly reaching down she gathered up a handful of the snow, pressed it into a ball and threw it. Fairly upon the side of his fur cap it struck him and burst, powdering his cheek with its virgin whiteness. He cast his glance about.

"Come out," he dared her.

Through the stillness of the mountain air her voice came tauntingly.

"You may know more about knives and forks than I do, but there are other things in this world. Is it possible that you do not even know how to follow a trail in the snow?"

Ethel provoked that he had not thought of so simple a thing, John directed his eyes to the tell-tale surface. Close at hand lay the blurred signature of her broad clad feet, leading unerringly to her hiding place. He sprang forward, scooping up a handful of the snow as he ran.

"For that, Miss Impudence, I'm going to wash your face."

Five minutes later, despite his awkwardness upon his laced footgear, he had tired her out, caught her, held her prisoner. Half laughing, half crying, she struggled in his arms as he prepared to carry out his threat. Entreatingly her face turned itself to his.

"I didn't mean it—please don't," she gasped. His hand dropped.

"Very well," he returned gravely. "For this once you are pardoned."

Noon found them deep in a canyon through which a stream came roaring down from the great peaks. From a dead tree the man cut the smaller branches, piling them high and building a roaring blaze. From the rucksack he dragged the coffee pot and thrust it into the coals, while she held a frying pan and slice of bacon aloft.

"A fish to go with the bacon," she laughed.

From the pocket of her jacket she drew a line and hook, while he with his small woodsman's ax lopped off a slender pole. Baiting her hook she cast it into a pool beneath a rock; the next instant her voice arising excitedly.

"I've got a whopper. Come quick—quick and help me."

He looked up from the fire which he had been renewing just in time to see her slip and go sliding toward the stream. Frantically he grasped at her, but quick as he had been he was too late and with a despairing cry she threw up her hands and disappeared in the rushing flood.

At the imminent risk of his life he darted down the edge of the stream, slipping, sliding, his eyes glued upon her body as it was swirled on. Close before them was the brink of a cataract, and well he knew that unless he could grasp her before she reached it she would be torn to fragments by the sharp fangs of rock that lay below. With a reckless leap he landed upon a boulder that stood at the very crest of the wildly downplunging torrent and thrust forth his hand. By great good fortune his fingers closed upon her arm, and bracing his feet in a crevice he dragged her half drowned from the stream. For a moment she lay weakly gasping in his arms.

"Hurt?" he cried as he wiped the water from her face. She struggled faintly, escaped his arms and stood upon her feet.

"And just to think I never let go of that line," she said as she began pulling it in. The next instant a trout was flopping at their feet.

Full of admiration he gazed upon her.

"You are as game as they make them," he said seriously. Her hand fell upon his sleeve.

"Anyway, I owe you my life. It was magnificent the way you pulled me out. I had no idea you were so strong."

Afternoon found them dry, one the worse for their experiences, approaching the cabin together. Before the door

Rainface, coming from the corral, stopped them.

"I am going to meet Master," he said. Without giving them a chance to reply he hurried on his way.

Within the cabin Bridget confronted them, arms akimbo.

"And what is the meaning of this?" she demanded as her sharp eyes ran them up and down, their wrinkled clothing telling all too plainly the story of their ducking. "Miss Ethel, 'tis me that's askin' what ye have been up to." The girl's arm stole around the ample waist.

"I fell in, Bridget, and he pulled me out. Otherwise I should have gone over the falls."

"I told Rainface that the pair of ye would get into some divilment," she said with a disapproving sniff. "Suddenly the door was thrown open and Rainface stood before them."

"Master no come. See the flag," he said as he pointed to the alpenstock upon the mountain side high above. "You and me must go and see."

Side by side they toiled up the steep ascent. John, leading, picked up the letter which lay at the foot of the staff, and tearing it open read:

"And so having lived long on this mountain I am going to try another life. I leave dear Ethel and what I have to you, John, and your cousin Hawk Morgan. When you are together in the cabin my faithful Rainface will give you my papers. You will then know what to do. God bless you—and farewell. Your uncle, John Carr."

Silently, he and the Indian strode to the edge of the abyss and looked down. Far below them a pair of wolves were sneaking away from a dark object that lay upon the snow, and still without words they began scrambling down the almost sheer descent. Fifteen minutes later they stood before torn clothing, a gun, a cap and other scattered things. Wolf tracks were everywhere. They uncovered their heads.

They retraced their steps to the cabin and entered. Their looks told the gressome story. With a little cry Ethel ran to John and turned her face upon his shoulder. Gently his arms stole about her.

"And you are going to leave me—now after this dreadful thing has happened?" she asked at length when he had told her all. He nodded.

"I must go tonight. It was John Carr's last wish that I find Hawk Morgan and bring him back here for the reading of the will. These good friends will take care of you, child, until I return." Kissing her lightly upon the brow he turned away.

John Davis, knowing but little of his cousin Hawk Morgan, found him in San Francisco. Drawing him aside from the gambling table at which he had almost lost his last dollar briefly he told him the conditions of John Carr's death. The face of Morgan lit with an evil grin.

"And you don't know what the terms of the will are, or whether he had anything to leave?" John shook his head.

"No. I had not seen him for years until he sent for me to visit him a week ago. He said he wrote you at the same time."

"I never got the letter," growled Morgan. "Meet my friend, generally and popularly known as Spider Bellax." Disapprovingly Davis looked into the ill-favored face of the man who stood before him.

"All I know about the matter is that John Carr left you, Hawk Morgan, and me joint guardians as it were of a little girl." Morgan uttered a brutal laugh.

"Good God! I wash my hands of that part of the inheritance at least. I don't want to be saddled with any female critter—of that age anyway."

But I suppose we have got to go back together and find out what it is all about." Suspicious, already disliking each other, they left the place.

Rainface, entering the cabin, found Ethel sitting moodily upon a couch. A week had gone by, a week without word of Davis and worry had haunted her like an evil spirit. Without speaking the Indian pointed down the trail, and with her heart leaping like a bounded ball she arose and rushed to the door.

"He is coming back. Do you suppose he will like me as well—dressed in this?" For the first time she had taken her hair from its long braid, and gone, too, were the moccasins and leggings. The simple skirt that now came to the top of her neat shoes was that of a woman of the cities; her whole costume and manner wonderfully transformed from the girl of the wilderness to the woman of civilization." Bridget drew back in wonderment.

"The man who wouldn't be after loving a woman like you would not be a man at all, at all, but a haythen without soul or red blood in his veins," she said admiringly. Morgan, throwing open the door, stood gazing first at her and then at the closely following John.

"I thought you said she was a little girl," he laughed.

"I was a little girl when he knew me, but trouble has made me a woman," was her reply. The bold eyes of Morgan devoured her.

"And a blamed fine one at that. Here, come and kiss your guardian."

"If I did not let him kiss me, what right have you to expect such a thing?" she demanded. With an exclamation of disgust John took Morgan by the arm.

"I'd wait a while before proposing such a thing, if I were you," he said sternly.

"Supper," announced Bridget from the other room. Hungry from the journey of the day in the mountain air, Hawk turned from the girl.

"All good things in their time, and supper for us now," he announced.

They finished eating and gathered about the table of the living room, wondering what the last words of John Carr might be. Rainface, producing the will and plan, handed them to Davis and the latter, spreading the map upon the table, began to read from the other paper.

"My Last Will and Testament," it began. Eagerly they bent forward. "—therefore my said nephews John Davis and Hawk Morgan are directed to work said mine. After setting apart ten per cent to each of them, and a like amount to my adopted daughter, Ethel Carr, of whom they are made joint guardians, and five per cent for the maintenance of my faithful servants the Indian Rainface and Bridget Wegan. All the other profits are to be devoted to the use and benefit of the John Carr Foundation for the support and assistance of war widows and orphans according to the plan herewith marked exhibit 'A,' and furthermore it is my wish that in case of the death of one administrator, the other succeeds to the double duty of trust and guardianship with double the revenue to himself."

Silently they sat looking into each other's face as the full meaning of the words branded themselves upon their minds, then with a muttered imprecation Morgan bade Bridget take the girl away. Morgan leered after their retreating forms.

"Damn fine girl. I wouldn't mind having her along with my share of the legacy." Ignoring John's look of contempt he went on:

"Of course we won't pay any attention to that widows' and orphans' rot in the will. We'll work the mine, take all for ourselves and fight, play or draw for the girl." Rainface, who had

been sitting stolidly in a corner beside the fireplace, raised his head after the manner of a mountain lion that is awakened from his sleep. Coldly John made his reply.

"I cannot believe that you mean what you have said. The wishes of Uncle John must and shall be carried out. As for Miss Ethel, we'll let her choose between us if she wishes either one." Hawk Morgan closed his fists.

"All right. If you want to quarrel over it you will have plenty of chance. I wanted to get along quietly with you, but if that don't suit you we will make it war to the knife."

"Go as far as you like," returned John icily.

Rainface, though he had said nothing, had not been idle. From the long braid of coarse hair which fell down his breast he loosened a number of hairs, knotted them together into an



Silently the Murderous Weapon Descended.

almost invisible line then drew a fish hook from his pocket. This he fastened to the line; then arising passed to the table and fastened his pipe from the tobacco jar which sat upon it. Seeing that neither of the quarreling men were paying any attention to him he deftly fastened the hook through the plan, then lighting his pipe went back to his seat by the fire. Here while smoking imperturbably he quietly pulled the hair line and dragged the plan from the table and to him across the floor, slipping it into his pocket just as the quarrel came to an end. Morgan abruptly arose.

"Very well. We will let the matter rest until morning. You take the will and I'll keep the plan." Astonishment lighted his face as he glanced at the vacant place upon the table where until a few moments before the plan had reposed.

"It's gone!"

"Where?" demanded John. Morgan cast his eyes about, letting them rest upon Rainface who seemed to be dozing in his chair.

"You can search me. Neither does the Injun know, for I saw it lying there after he filled his pipe and he has not been near the table since."

"That is another thing we have got to let go until tomorrow. I am going to sleep in the harness room. There's a stove there." Midway in his crossing the floor the fish hook attracted his eye and bending picked it up. No sooner did he see the hair attached to it than he understood all. With a smile and a knowing glance at the Indian he passed from the room. As the door closed behind him the head of Rainface arose from his breast and his black eyes centered themselves upon the face of John Davis.

"Him bad white man," he said with a jerk of his thumb in the direction of the departing one. John smiled.

"Maybe we have only seen his bad side, Rainface. I guess he will turn out all right when he has had a chance to think things over." Throwing his cigar aside he said "good night" and passed into the lean-to room, and seating himself upon the bed drew the will from his pocket and began to read it carefully, all unconscious of the fact that the malignant face of Hawk Morgan was peering at him from the darkness without.

An hour passed, and Morgan, cautiously opening the door of the harness room, lighted the lamp and stood in the center of the floor as he took quick mental inventory of what the room contained. Saddles and parts of harness hung upon pegs and half a dozen lariats lay about. Selecting one of these he went over its length carefully, then tying a handkerchief across his face he divested himself of his coat and picked up one which had belonged to John Carr. Creeping back to the cabin he peered in a window. Rainface sat nodding before the fire. Securing a ladder the prowler climbed to the roof. Cautiously he peered down

the broad chimney, then loosening a piece of mortar dropped it into the smoldering fire below. Awakened by the noise and flying ashes, Rainface bent forward to see whence the disturbance had come. As his head and shoulders appeared within the range of vision of the downpeering one on the roof, Morgan swiftly dropped the loop of his ravel about the other's form and drew it taut. Rainface, jerked upward so that his toes barely touched the floor, was fairly caught, but comprehending the meaning of it all he squirmed until he managed to draw forth the plan that he had hidden in his bosom. With a last effort he dropped it upon the coals and the paper, old and dry, burst into a blaze. With a twist of the rope about the chimney, Morgan leaving his victim securely trussed up, came clambering down and entering the cabin swiftly searched the Indian's clothes. Finding nothing and filled with rage he stepped back just as Rainface with a conclusive kick upset the table, spilling its contents clattering upon the floor. Quick as the dart of a weasel the prowler left the room.

Attracted by the noise of the falling objects Ethel and John rushed into the room. The suspended body of Rainface needed no explanation, and whipping a knife from his pocket John slashed the imprisoned one free. Rainface, sinking to a chair quickly told them all.

"Me not know who he was. Him have a handkerchief across his face, but wear old coat of master. Anyway me burn the map." Silently he pointed at the few flaky ashes upon the coals.

"Some prowling thief that was passing this way," said John lightly. "He won't come again. All we can do is go back to sleep, little girl." For the first time realizing that she was clothed only as she slept, the girl turned and fled from the room.

The door of the harness room again opened and once more Hawk Morgan entered. His face was dark with anger and disappointment that all his efforts proved unavailing in that no plan had been found, and clenching his fist he shook it in the direction of the cabin.

"I'll get you yet, Davis, and then the fortune and the girl will be mine." His glance fell upon a heavy bowie knife that hung in its sheath on the wall, and taking it down he tested its edge. Then with a flash of his teeth he picked up a hay rake from the floor and severed it just behind the wooden prongs. Then with a leather strap he bound the handle of the knife fast to it and crept out into the night, his deadly lance firmly gripped. Catlike he crept toward the cabin.

Within the lean-to John, who had been reading by the light of a lamp upon the shelf, had fallen asleep with the glow still falling over him. His bunk was against the lowest side of the lean-to, and in order that he might be ready for instant action should the mysterious prowler return had removed only his coat, vest and boots. A blanket was thrown partly over him and his revolver lay upon the table at his side.

Carrying a wooden horse to the side of the lean-to and carefully placing it in position, Morgan again mounted to the roof. With a hatchet he pried up the weather strip and looked through the crack between the shrunken boards and gazing down upon the exposed breast of the sleeping man. Cautiously he pointed the lance down through the opening.

Slowly, silently the murderous weapon descended, inch by inch drawing nearer to the heart of the sleeping one. A moment more and it would have been buried in the recumbent form, but at that moment the guardian angel, which so often watches over us in our helpless moments, intervened to save a life. Through the crack above a great snowflake sitting down fell upon the cheek of the sleeper, and at its cold impact, John opened his eyes. And though the thrust of Morgan was as quick as the strike of a serpent, the movements of John were even quicker. One upward sweep of his hand and he had grasped the lance just above the murderous knife.

Now ensued a silent struggle between the would-be assassin upon the roof and the one who was fighting for his life below. Taken at a terrible disadvantage, prostrate upon his back and with nothing but his naked hands with which to ward off death, John Davis struggled for his life. Three times the terrible weapon half wrenched from his grasp, poured itself into the bunk, but each time a desperate twist of his arms and body diverted it so that the keen point pierced nothing but the blanket. It did not seem that he could much longer avoid a fatal thrust. At any moment the blade might pierce through his fingers, half severing them, and should that happen the instant the cold steel would pierce his vitals. And realizing his advantage and the helplessness of the one below, Hawk Morgan put all his strength into a final desperate downward thrust.

(END OF FIRST EPISODE)



The Bold Eyes of Morgan Devoured Her.

HAVE YOU ASTHMA?

Do you endure the misery of Asthma with sleepless nights, difficult breathing, coughing, or wheezing? How ever bad your case, quick relief is guaranteed by the use of

TEMPLETON'S RAZ-MAM CAPSULES

This preparation is the result of a study of thousands of cases. It has been derived through the use of the most potent natural ingredients. Write for free sample to Templeton, 112 King St. W., Toronto.

Sold by reliable druggists everywhere for \$1.04 a box.

CITY OF MYSTERY.

None Have Read Picture-Writings of Copan.

Copan is a city of mystery. The people who once thronged its streets and bowed at its altars are long since gone, leaving no record of their existence save the hoary stones of their city. These stones, out of their pyramids, walls and monuments, bear their story carved in the Maya characters. But no one has ever succeeded in interpreting the stories, and no scholar has arisen wise enough to read the picture-writings of Copan.

Ruins of this oldest city of the Maya Indians may still be seen by those sufficiently persistent and enthusiastic to seek them out. A little Indian village in western Honduras, and the river on which it lies keep the name of Copan alive to-day. To visit the ruins of the great Copan you must seek out this village by train and then go a long journey on horse-back. Just beyond the village lies the old Maya metropolis.

The only inhabitants of Copan to-day are queer figures of the Maya gods that peer out of unexpected hiding places like the creatures of a bad dream. Wonderfully carved many of them are, grotesque in attitude and expression, according to the artists' conception of the beings of the other world.

When Copan flourished, how it fell, and what became of its last people, no one knows. The city is as desolate as only a deserted city can be, oppressive and sad even in the bright sunlight of a tropical mid-day. — "Niksah," in Indianapolis Star.

"Cold in the Head"

is an acute attack of Nasal Catarrh. Persons who are subject to frequent "colds in the head" will find that the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will lead to chronic Catarrh of the Blood and render them less liable to colds. Repeated attacks of Acute Catarrh may lead to Chronic Catarrh of the Blood and the Mucous Surfaces of the System.

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System.

All Druggists, 7c. Testimonials free. \$100.00 for any case of catarrh that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will not cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

LOYAL TILL DEATH.

South African Ostrich is a True Monogamist.

Fifty-five years ago the ostrich was not a domesticated bird in South Africa. True, a few wild ostriches had been captured and kept in captivity for private or public exhibition, but no attempt appears to have been made to farm them seriously. The few ostrich feathers that reached European markets were from wild ostriches, and, commercially, were considered much damaged. Nevertheless, they fetched over high prices, which naturally drew attention to South Africa to the possibilities of the ostrich-feather trade.

The more venturesome stock-breeders and speculators practically started the present extensive ostrich farming industry by offering very high prices for eggs, chicks, or full-grown birds. The Kalahari—the favorite haunt of the wild ostrich—was searched for eggs and chicks, but the demand for some time continued to exceed the supply.

In a comparatively very short time hundreds of domesticated or half-wild ostriches were successfully reared, partly with the help of incubators; but the loss by death through lack of experience was for a long time considerable. Fortunately this drawback has since been largely overcome by the application of new methods, which, taken in conjunction with greater attention to selection for breeding purposes, has put South African ostrich farming foremost in the world.

In the life of the ostrich there are some characteristics that deserve

TO:DAY

in medicines, as in every other necessity, the public is satisfied with nothing but the best. This explains the ever-increasing demand for Zam-Buk. Not only is this great balm the best household remedy to-day, but it is also the most economical.

Zam-Buk's superiority is due to the fact that it is all medicine, containing none of the coarse animal fats or harsh mineral drugs found in ordinary ointments. Again, the medicinal properties are so highly concentrated that they contain the maximum amount of healing, soothing and antiseptic power, so that a little of this balm goes a long way.

Another reason why Zam-Buk is most economical. It will keep indefinitely and retain to the last its strength and purity. Best for skin diseases and injuries, blood-poisoning and piles. All dealers, 50c. box.

Zam-Buk

mention, because they have been frequently misread or misunderstood.

In the wild or natural state ostriches pair in the spring. Once paired, they remain paired "till death do them part." The female, or hen bird, makes a shallow hollow in the ground away from water-courses for her nest. During the sitting period the male remains on the nest by night, the female by day. As the eggs are in greater danger of wild animals by night, this mutual arrangement between the parent birds is as obvious as instructive. On the approach of danger, the parent bird sitting on the nest will put its neck and head flat on the ground in front of it, for by doing so it can be easily mistaken for an ant-heap or low bush. Even while going in search of food it may resort to this deception.

In the domestic state they retain the characteristic. In course of time they will no doubt cease to be monogamists—a fate that seems ever to await animals selected by man for domestic use.—Family Herald.

MARCH WEATHER DANGEROUS TO BABY

Our Canadian March weather—one day bright, but sloppy, the next lull and cold—is extremely hard on children. Conditions make it necessary for the mothers to keep the little ones indoors. They are often confined to overheated, badly ventilated rooms and catch colds which rack their little systems. To guard against these colds and to keep the baby well till the better, brighter days come along, a box of Baby's Own Tablets should be kept in the house and an occasional dose given the baby to keep his stomach and bowels working regularly. The Tablets are a mild but thorough laxative which never fail to regulate the stomach and bowels and thus they relieve colds and simple fevers and keep the baby fit. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

UNFAIR TO WIFE BEATERS!

Some men are peculiar. Take, for instance, R. B. McAlilly, of the Peace of Louisville, Miss., who has just posted up the following notice:

"To the citizens of the Fourth District—This is to notify you that when you commit any misdemeanor come to my office plead guilty and pay up. Misdemeanors from \$5 up. Whipping your wife from \$25 up.

Now what do you think of that? We know what you'll say—precisely the same thing that we say, that this is a clear bid for the woman vote and a gross violation of the rights of Man with a capital M. The absurdity of it, that a man should be taxed for beating his wife than for committing any other ordinary misdemeanor. Where is the justice of that? Where the fairness, where the equity? We pause for reply.

No reply apparently being forthcoming we will answer the question ourselves. There is neither justice, nor fairness nor equity in the thing. Just stop to consider: Man is the acknowledged head of the household, the Superior Being, the Lord and Master, the Big Noise, the Main Squeeze, the Chief Gazebo. The wife, by common consent, is only a Two Spot. In some countries, for instance, any property she owns belongs to the husband and she can not legally will it away from him—which, as all husbands will agree, is only right and proper. The noble India—with the accent on the noble—has the right idea of things. He lolls around in the sun all day while the Squaw splits the wood, draws the water, tills the soil, bears the children, cooks the meals and does other such little trifles. The Indian is Heap Pig Chief while the Squaw is just the Squaw. And so it is all through life. The man is the Boss.

Under such circumstances the question naturally arises why should this Mississippi Justice of the Peace tax a man \$25 for beating his wife and only \$5 for getting drunk. Has a wife-beater no rights that the law can

For Spanish Influenza

THE LINIMENT THAT CURES ALL AILMENTS—

MINARD'S

THE OLD RELIABLE—TRY IT

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., Ltd.,
Yarmouth, N. S.

respect? Must a husband merely because of this implied threat on the part of this Justice, be denied the blessed privilege of giving the lady of his house a playful tap or two over the eye when the spirit moves him? Or must he ever hereafter be constrained before he begins his punning, to ask himself the question "Is it worth the \$25?" Perish the thought!

LOOKING FOR HIM.

"Where's that infernal proofreader?" shouted an irate man with blood in each eye.

"He certainly would be right hard to find now," said the editor uneasily. "What's he done this time?"

"In that advertisement for my valveless motor he turned the second v into a u!"

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

NOT IN THE KITCHEN.

"Did I understand you to say that you didn't have any company in the kitchen when I was out, Kate?"

"Yes, mum, that's what I said."

"But I smell the tobacco from a pipe all through the house."

"Yes, mum, the policeman was here for half an hour, mum, but we were in the drawing room."

Get a Packet, and Realize what an infusion of Really Pure Fine Tea Tastes like

RSALADA

Black, Green or Mixed - Never Sold in Bulk

THE GNU

Has the Most Terrible of All Voices.

Few people know what a satisfactory animal is the gnu. Quite a number of hooded animals, like the ibex and the sacred ox, are more tiresome combination of Burbanisms, but the gnu has qualities all his own. His head is homely to an unpaired barn—flat nose and very broad mouth and ears misshapen and uncouth. His body is that of an exceedingly powerful pony, with strong neck and rakish tail. His galvanic energy puts to shame the glorious abandon of a cat on a tin roof.

When I arrive before his enclosure, he has usually retired to the shed in which he sleeps, and stands in the doorway with faraway eyes. Efforts to entice him forth are futile. I turn at last as if to go, and as I move, he bursts forth with the most heathenish cry that ever clattered from an animal throat. If it resembles anything it is the trench klaxon that warns of an impending gas attack—a series of staccato shrieks which would shake the teeth from a band saw. I don't see how he can stand the noise he makes. Am a rabbit with the voice of a gnu and lions will slink from his path.

Reaching the bars of his enclosure in three or four astounding leaps, the gnu halts, with head averted and feet wide apart, ignoring me utterly. When I move to right or left, he remains motionless until fifteen feet are between us, then he closes the distance with a bound, shrieks terrifically twice or thrice, and once more affects to be utterly oblivious of my presence. When finally I leave him, the clatter of his fearful voice pursues me for hundreds of feet, drowning all other sounds.—Atlantic Monthly.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

A FLAT CUSTOM.

"Did you kiss the bride?"

"No. That always struck me as being much like kissing your own sister—not particularly thrilling."

SPHON'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND

will knock it in very short time. At the first sign of a cough or cold in your horse, give a few doses of "SPHON'S." It will act on the glands, eliminate the disease germs and prevent further development of the disease. "SPHON'S" has been the standard remedy for DISTEMPER, INFLUENZA, PINK EYE, CATARRH, FEVER, COUGHS and COLDS for a quarter of a century.

SPHON MEDICINE COMPANY, Goshen, Ind., U.S.A.

WOMEN WHO KILL.

A Few of Them Have Been Real Mercenary.

Do women commit cold-blooded murder? That there have been thousands of women killers within a generation we know. But are their slayings not always either what the French call crimes passionnelles, or killings of revenge, or homicides French call crimes passionnelles, or castings due to pathological conditions—insanity, neuritis, hysteria or epilepsy? In a word, do women kill, as countless men in every age and clime have killed, for exclusively mercenary motives and with calm premeditation?

These old but ever fresh questions are revived by the confession and life-long sentence of Mrs. Amy E. Archer Gilligan in Connecticut. A few days since, this mature woman herself brought to an end a three years' fight against charges of the state which inferentially involved the deaths of perhaps 40 human beings.

This woman was not emotionally or erotically concerned with any of her victims. At no point was any hatred or passion against any one shown. She tried to plead insanity, but repeated examining boards of physicians found her all too sane. She had simply murdered a number, and perhaps a very large number, of old men and women to profit a few hundred dollars extra on each transaction.

A complete and perfect Borgia, one with few parallels.

But if Lucretia Borgia's record, true or fabulous, in no way compares to this story, there are other women along the backwaters of history, old and new, whose doings will add evidence to support the truth that woman may kill and does kill as calmly and consciously as man.

The celebrated Marie d'Aubray, Marquise de Brinvilliers, 1630-76, is one of the best examples from olden times. Having exhausted her husband's fortune and disposed of him, she poisoned her mother, father and

BAEY'S COMFORT

Is the first thought of every mother, that is why Mothers Own Infant Tablets are used to keep baby well and strong.

For constipation, indigestion, teething, colic, worms, skin eruptions, etc.

For sale at all Druggists or sent direct on receipt of price, 25c per box.—Address, Mothers Own Medicine Co., Toronto, Ont.

other relatives in startling succession, to possess herself of their money. She finally poisoned her lover by mistake, was caught and decapitated. The only crime of her many in which any emotional elements were at play was her last, and it was more accident than crime.

France has had a number of other examples. Marie Bompard, that abnormal child of crime, will be example sufficient. In 1888 this young girl formed a hot with her lover, one Eyraud, to lure Gouffe, a rich notary, into an apartment and there strangle him. She went from Paris to London with Eyraud and there bought the paraphernalia of her crime—a large trunk and a strong colored cord to match a dressing gown. With this equipment she and her lover returned and then she led the smitten Gouffe into her room and sat in his lap in a chair. She slipped the strong cord of her gowns about his neck and remarking what a lovely necktie it would be hid behind a drapery, tugged at the cord. In a few minutes Gouffe was dead. His body was hidden in the trunk and she sat beside it all night. She and her paramour were caught after prolonged search. Indeed, she brazenly walked in the prefect's office and said she had heard he was looking for her, hoping to shift the blame to Eyraud. Both had already been convicted. The girl had done her crime only to get money.

Are Your Bowels Stagnant? Have You Indigestion?

When a Quarter Will Buy You a Guaranteed Remedy, Why Not Use It To-Day?

Many a person carries around in their system a cesspool composed of half-digested, putrid, decaying food that the overloaded stomach can't get rid of because of constipation. No wonder that anæmia, blood washes, headaches and rheumatism are so common. No better cure is known than DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS OF MANDRAKE AND BUTTERNUT. Taken at night, you're well next morning. They flush out the system, sweeten and tone the stomach, improve digestion, filter and purify the blood, restore lost complexion, give vim, buoyancy and robust good health to young and old. To look, feel and always be at your best, use DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS regularly, 25c per box.

SEASONABLE RECIPES

CUCUMBER SALAD.

Peel and thinly slice as many fresh cucumbers as may be desired. Drop into a pan of ice water and let stand of a teaspoonful of salt and let stand for 20 minutes, then drain thoroughly. In a bowl put one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of white pepper and three tablespoonful of olive oil. Stir for a moment, then gradually add one tablespoonful of vinegar, stirring hard. If properly prepared the mixture will be slightly thicker than oil and no large globules of the vinegar can be seen; this must not be put together until the last moment, as the oil will soon separate if allowed to stand. Place the drained cucumbers in a salad dish, pour the dressing over them and

DR. MARTEL'S PILLS FOR WOMEN'S AILMENTS

Thousands of women have testified in the last 25 years regarding the healing qualities of Dr. Martel's Pills. A Scientifically Prepared Remedy for delayed and painful menstruation. Sold only in a Patented Tin-Envelope Cover Box. At your Druggist, or direct from Dr. Martel, 211, East Beaver Creek Road, Toronto, Canada.

Placing the Whale.

Scientists class the whale as a mammal, but the Board of United States general appraisers in New York has ruled that whale meat is fish, for purpose of levying import taxes.

The whale meat which was the subject of the discussion was imported at Seattle, and was classified by the customs officers as "fish in tin packages not specially provided for," and duty was levied at the rate of 15 per cent. ad valorem. Importers contended that the merchandise was meat, and in a lengthy decision there was not a single fact to support statements that the flesh of the whale, if it is meat, is ordinarily accepted as a meat of commerce.

"It is use as meat," said the board, "is so limited that we have the right to accept it as conclusive that commerce has not placed it in the domain of meat; therefore we must give it the meaning understood by ordinary people of common intelligence."—The Nation's Business.

LITTLE DIGNITY CHASERS.

To tell the doctor you've got the grip and have him tell you you had better go home; you've had enough.

De Vinci Thought of Tank.

Italy has just celebrated the fourth centenary of Leonardo da Vinci's death. His name has often been mentioned during the war and his prophetic genius recalled. It is known that he intended to build airplanes for war purposes, but it is now claimed also that he was the first to think of the tank. In his letters to Il Moro he speaks of armored cars which could shelter the occupants and drive right amongst the enemy's masses, slaying and shattering all opposition. It is unfortunate that more is not known of Leonardo's intentions, and of the way in which he proposes to propel his craft. Horses might possibly have been intended, for if a horse could carry less weight than the armored motor, protection in these days was more easily got than now. But it is certainly very singular to read that his cars were to charge ahead while the infantry would follow behind—for this is exactly what happened four hundred years after his death.—Manchester Guardian.

Are Your Bowels Stagnant? Have You Indigestion?

When a Quarter Will Buy You a Guaranteed Remedy, Why Not Use It To-Day?

Many a person carries around in their system a cesspool composed of half-digested, putrid, decaying food that the overloaded stomach can't get rid of because of constipation. No wonder that anæmia, blood washes, headaches and rheumatism are so common. No better cure is known than DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS OF MANDRAKE AND BUTTERNUT. Taken at night, you're well next morning. They flush out the system, sweeten and tone the stomach, improve digestion, filter and purify the blood, restore lost complexion, give vim, buoyancy and robust good health to young and old. To look, feel and always be at your best, use DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS regularly, 25c per box.

ENGINE DRIVERS.

Men Who Have Travelled Some Millions of Miles.

The city man who journeys thirty miles a day to and from his office would probably be astonished to learn that a single year's travelling would take him as far as Calcutta, and that every three years he covers a distance greater than that around the earth at the equator, says London Answers.

And yet he is a "stay-at-home" compared with hundreds of men who seldom give a thought to their performances. Many an engine driver six years has a mileage running into seven figures. When Benjamin Jeans stepped down for the last time from his footplate on the London and Birkenhead express, he could boast that he had travelled 4,000,000 miles, having reeled off his "world circuits" at the rate of approximately three a year for fifty-four years. Another express driver on the L. & N. W. Railway, Thomas Beck, had completed a record of 2,000,000 miles when he retired.

When that fine old skipper, Captain Greenstreet, turned his back on the sea a few years ago he had crossed the equator 75 times and the Cape of Good Hope 95 times. He had made 92 voyages to and from Australasia, and had left behind him 2,500,000 miles of sea-roaming.

And even that wonderful achievement was eclipsed by H. Stevens, a steward on board Cunard liners, whose record of Atlantic crossings reached a total of 3,400,000 miles.

Compared with such astounding feats of globe-trotting, pedestrian records seem insignificant. But there are several men living to-day whose tramping has covered hundreds of thousands of miles. Among them, W. Moore, a letter-carrier, walked 270,000 miles in thirty-two years over Yorkshire roads, and Richard Williams, in six years more, placed the enormous journey of 415,000 miles to his record as a Shropshire postman.

FOR SALE

OATMEAL MILL

Capacity 140 barrels. Owner retiring from business. Apply, 39 Front Street East, Toronto.

HELP WANTED

WANTED

FIRST CLASS KNITTER, EXPERIENCED on Dub'd Flat Fashioning Machine. Good wages paid to capable man. Best working hours. Work in daylight mill. Mercury Mills, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE.

GENTLEMAN'S HOME IN THE SUBURBS of Tillsonburg is offered for the sacrifice price of \$15,000, could not be built to-day for \$20,000. Two acre round, combination barn and garage, house solid brick construction, 3 stories, cut stone foundation, some hardwood floors, hot water heat, 8 ornamental mantels, electric light and gas, excellent decorations and fixtures, plate glass windows, avenue of maples, numerous ornamental trees, shrubs, property is in first class condition and repair. Owner will take city property or fruit farm in exchange. J. D. Biggar, 235 Clyde Block, Hamilton, Ont. (Regent 384).

BEANS

Send Samples. State Quantities.

MORROW & CO.

39 FRONT ST. E., TORONTO, ONT.

Many a man is a decided bore who never used a corkscrew in his life.

Where Service is not Sacrificed to Size

THE HOUSE OF PLENTY

Send Samples. State Quantities.

Walker's House.

FARMS FOR SALE

90 ACRES—NEAR DUTTON—SPLENDID old land; the underdrained; \$5,500; very easy terms. James Routledge, 57 West Avenue South, Hamilton.

VIRGINIA FARM—37 ACRES—IN best agricultural section State; highly productive; well fenced and watered; nice eight-room house; bank barn; good orchard; \$21,000; easy terms; 500 other fine farms. Wilder & Co., Charlotteville, Va.

GOOD DAIRY FARM—26 ACRES— sell on terms of exchange; \$12,000. Owner, Box 7, Brantford.

148 ACRES, WELLINGTON COUNTY 10 acres \$35 per acre, choice clay loam, in a high state of cultivation, no waste land, good water supply, convenient to town, school and church, rural mail and telephone, the buildings are nearly new and valued last year at \$9,000 by Fire Insurance valuator. This farm has never had a crop failure and is second to none for producing grain or hay. Terms reasonable. Box 3, Moorefield, Ont.

320 ACRES CHOICE LAND FOR sale at very low price east half section 34-40 west of 4th Meridian, 10 miles north of Cadogan, Alberta. 50 acres ready for crop; 150 acres ready for crop after discing, balance summer fallow and unbroken land. Home 120x120 ft. 16x24, 16x18 and 16x12 ft. an abundance of good water; handy to school and church. Price \$2500. One-third cash, balance 5, 6 or 7 year annual payments with interest at 7 per cent. per annum. Ad. Dress S. W. Trusler, Camanche, Ont.

OVERLOOKING DUNDAS—19 ACRES fruit and garden land, beautifully located, substantial 7-room house, with appropriate barn and out-buildings; approached by a driveway, bordered by evergreen trees and shrubs. Fruit consists of peaches, plums, pears, grapes, etc., and soil is fertile and suitable for gardening. Will sell either or sub-divide. This is a most desirable and profitable suburban home. Price \$10,000. 235 Clyde Block, Hamilton, Ont. Regent 384.

\$10,000 CHOICE PEACH FARM near Vineland station, 3 storey frame house, 8 rooms, bath and toilet, hardwood floors, large veranda, cement cellar, good barn and stable, cement floors, all new, abundance good water, hard and soft. In addition to the peaches there are apricots and cherries, good assortment small fruits; well located. A money-maker and will take city property in exchange. D. Biggar, 235 Clyde Block, Hamilton, Ont. Regent 384.

MISCELLANEOUS

A DOMINION EXPRESS MONEY ORDER for five dollars costs three cents.

APPLES EGGS POTATOES

I buy any quantity of Apples, Eggs, Potatoes, Parsnips, Carrots or Turnips. Will quote you prices on any other vegetables or good butter.

D. B. GORDON
Cor. Mary and Macaulay, Hamilton, Ont.
(Phone Regent 3049)

FOR SALE

KNITTING YARNS LAMBS' WOOL four-ply, fingering yarns in sixteen colors. Just the thing for SWETERS, FULLOVERS, TOWELS and children's wear. Made in Canada by Canadians from pure LAMBS' WOOL and nothing else and somewhat resembles the high class English yarn, but so much cheaper, as you buy direct from the spinners. Price twenty cents per skein or three dollars per pound. Small sample skein, twenty cents, postage free. Also heavier yarns in homespun style, all wool, to wash at home, in GREY, BLACK and WHITE at one dollar, fifty per pound. Large sample skein, thirty cents, postage free. Postage extra on all orders under ten dollars. Georgetown Woolen Mills, Georgetown, Ontario. NOTE—CARDERS and SPINNERS WANTED, USED TO COUNTRY LIFE.

FOR SALE

OATMEAL MILL

Capacity 140 barrels. Owner retiring from business. Apply, 39 Front Street East, Toronto.

HELP WANTED

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FIRST CLASS KNITTER, EXPERIENCED on Dub'd Flat Fashioning Machine. Good wages paid to capable man. Best working hours. Work in daylight mill. Mercury Mills, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.

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Walker's House.

A Budget of News From the Old Land

The rateable value of London is now £255,500,000. After mauling several pullets on a North Bedfordshire farm, a fox killed the sheep-dog.

Mr. Blackham, of Forest-road, Moseley, has celebrated her 100th birthday. She was born near Cheshire. Sir Edward Nicholl, M.P. for Penryn and Falmouth, has given £20,000 to the South Wales and Strays' Home.

Her dress composed of 50z. sugar bags, a woman went to a fancy dress ball at the World's Fair, Islington, as "Reduced Sugar Ration."

Four shaving brushes, infected with anthrax germs have been found at Newport (Mon.) among a consignment of foreign manufactures.

The South Wales memorial to Lord Rhonda is to take the form of an oil portrait by Sir J. Solomon, A.R.A., and the foundation of a mining scholarship.

Mr. J. R. Llewellyn, the Welsh school-organist, has given £1,000 to the Aberdare County School, to endow two leaving scholarships in memory of his late father.

Returning from an ordination service, the Rev. W. J. McMillan, Presbyterian minister, was killed in a collision between his motor-car and a road-roller near Belfast.

Miss Baden-Powell has presented Miss Olive Simmonds, of the 1st Clacton (St. James) Girl Guides, with a medal for saving a wounded soldier from drowning at Clacton.

Home Office returns show that 1,083 fatal accidents occurred in the mines and quarries of the United Kingdom last year, compared with 1,201 in the preceding year.

Mr. Duncan Bruce, a well-known angler and landowner, while fishing from the rocks at Murchalls, on the east coast of Scotland, was swept into the sea by a huge wave and drowned.

A fund to purchase War Saving Certificates for each child orphaned during the war has been opened in the village of Bradfield, near Reading. The children will be given the certificates in ten years time.

Threatened with boycott, the Friary Brewery Company, Guildford, Surrey, who proposed to limit their voluntary pension scheme to non-union employees, have now decided that all their workers shall be eligible.

The War Office reports that since the Armistice 3,893,149 officers and men have been demobilised or discharged from the Army. Of these, 867 officers and 7,213 other ranks were released during the week ended January 28.

Canon W. E. Pryke, Chancellor of Exeter Cathedral, has died, aged 76. At a bell-ringer's funeral at Thames Ditton a peal of handbells was rung over the grave.

About £258,000 has been realised by the sale of Lord Harrington's Gaws-worth and Bosley estates, Cheshire. Mr. Frank S. A. Hatchard, of Pontefract, one of the best known men in the West Riding of Yorkshire, has died.

Mainly through increased wages and bonuses to civil workers, there is a prospect of Liverpool rates being double those of 1914.

A scheme to extend the Alfred Dock Berkenhead, by building a new lock costing £680,000, has been approved by the Morsey Dock Board.

To help them in starting a steam trawler company, Comrades of the Great War at Ramsgate are asking the Admiralty for a vessel as a naval war trophy.

Fountainville Presbyterian Church, Lisburn-road, Belfast, has been completely destroyed by a fire which originated in the heating apparatus boiler-house.

Ten ships were turned out on the Clyde during January, with an aggregate tonnage of 39,910 tons. This figure is within 90 tons of the record output for January in 1912.

Four of the late Mr. Fairfax Murray's drawings by Turner were sold at Christie's, London, for £3,696, one "The Vale of Ashburnham," realizing £1,800, against £441 in 1908.

After being on strike a week for "wet time" allowance (compensation for wages lost through bad weather), 300 bricklayers and laborers at Neath, Glam., resumed work on the old terms.

A woman bell-ringer, Miss Stephens, of Chertsey, Surrey, has rung her first peal of "grandsize triples" (5,040 changes) in 3 hr. 15 min.—a feat that very few women campanologists have equalled.

The death is announced in Edinburgh of the Hon. James W. Moncrieff, third son of the first Baron Moncrieff, of Tillibolee. He was one of the leading lawyers in the Lothians and was 75 years of age.

During the past year there has been an increase in the number of depositors in the Leicester Savings Bank of 4,470, and the bank now has deposits of over £2,000,000, belonging to the workers of the town.

Mr. William Mackinder, the Socialist, who exposed the enormous profits made by spinners, has been elected a member of Bradford City Council by a majority of 1,221 votes over Mr. George Smith, Conservative.

A chain of oil tanks will soon round the coast of England. Several of these tanks are already established at the mouth of the Mersey, at Mid-dlesbrough, and other large ports, but these are only solitary links in the proposed chain.

Scholarships at the Royal Academy of Music, Marylebone-road, N.W., have been awarded to Desire MacEwan, London, for composition; Morgan Lloyd, Wales; Israel Schlaen, London; and Paul Beard, Birmingham, for violin playing.

Arrangements for the sale of the National Shipyard at Chepstow to Lord Glanely's syndicate are, it is understood, completed. The purchase price is about £600,000. With this sale it is hoped that the loss on the National Shipyards will be reduced to about £5,500,000.

A gipsy woman, reputed to be 104, lives with other nomads near Portliff, Glam.

A Wigan man, who has been an inmate of one of the Lancashire county asylums since 1880, has just died. A child has been born in a caravan in Newport (Mon.) Castle, which was erected in 1126 by Robert Earl of Gloucester.

The baby son of David Burns, of Kilsyth, Glasgow, has died of injuries caused by inhaling steam from the spout of a kettle.

A German field gun has been declined by the Farnham Rural District Council, the feeling in one parish being that "the gun might have caused the death of some of our men."

Marie Lantier, who has died, aged 80 years, had for almost 50 years been in the continuous service of the late Rev. Robert Baginrie, Scarborough, and later of his family.

Mr. Henry Barlow, a magistrate and county councillor, has died at Kettering, at the age of 62. In 1912 Mr. Barlow was president of the Master Bakers' and Confectioners' Association.

A Hull boy threw in the fire a souvenir pencil-holder made from a loaded cartridge-case. An explosion occurred and blew off one of the boy's fingers and a thumb. His mother's head was injured.

Known as "Wimbledon's Own," the 19th Brigade, R. F. A. was given a great welcome home. A German gun, captured by them, was handed over to the corporation, and placed in South Park Gardens.

From May 1, 1913, to January 29 of this year, the Handley Page commercial aeroplane carried 4,061 passengers and 44,906 lb. of freight between Paris and Brussels. In that period 74,743 miles were flown.

The boys of Mill Hill School have presented Mr. John L. Cope, the leader of the British Imperial Antarctic Expedition, with a Samoyede dog to be called "Sir John" after Sir John McClure, the headmaster. The dog will serve as a sled dog.

In a raffie at Caterham, Surrey, for a £22 watch, 2d. tickets were sold, each stamped with a different time. The watch was wound up, and the holder of the ticket marked with the time at which it stopped won the watch.

The death has occurred at Ford, Devonport, of the Rev. Albert Thomas Head, for over 40 years an active public man in Plymouth and district. On his retirement a year ago he was the doyen of Baptist ministers holding pastorates in the west. He was in his 72nd year.

Mr. Percy French, the entertainer, who died at Liverpool recently, belonged to a well-known Irish family. He rendered his humorous Irish songs all over the British Isles and in America, being accompanied on many of his tours by Dr. Houston Collison, the clergyman-musician.

A cradle prize in a competition at Gosport, Portsmouth, was won by a colonel.

Only 27.9 per cent. of the electors voted at the last borough council elections in London, compared with 4. per cent. in 1912.

The Rev. William Owen, the Welsh poet and antiquary, vicar of Llanelltyr, near Dolgelly, Merioneth, is retiring.

Knocked down by a motor-car in Adelaide-street, W. C., Eddies-Sergt. Tyler, Hampstead division, died in hospital.

In response to a pupil appeal, 150 bars of soap were contributed by a Guilford Nonconformist congregational hospital.

Carnegie Hero Fund trustees have sent £1,000 to a fund for dependents of the 31 men who were killed in the Levant Tin Mine, Cornwall, on October 20.

Miners at the Pemberton and Orrell Collieries Wigan, have raised £10,000 for the widows and children of fallen soldier comrades.

Sir Edward Elgar, the composer, has been elected an honorary corresponding Academician of the Academy of the Royal Institute of Music at Florence.

Sir Harry Foley Vernon, whose death is announced at the age of 87, was at M. P. for Worcester as long ago as 1868. He was created a baronet in 1885.

The Rev. Dr. W. A. H. Collison, of St. John's Church, Great Mary'sborough-street, London, W., and a drawing-room entertainer, collapsed in the street at Haverland, Flintshire, and died almost immediately.

Lord Haddo, son of the Earl of Aberdeen, and a member of the London County Council, has lodged a petition against the proposal to sanction Sunday games in the parks.

About £4,000 has been offered to Cambridge University by the widow of Professor J. Couch Adams, the astronomer, to establish the John Couch Adams scholarship.

In the War Office quadrangle the King's Challenge Shield for cadet rifle-shooting was presented to the Royal Marine Cadet Corps, Deal, who have won the trophy 5 times in six years.

Since its foundation in 1882, the British Dominions Emigration Society (formerly called the East End Emigration Fund) has assisted 27,343 people to emigrate to places in the Empire.

Captain Reginald Cox, the son of the Right Hon. Reginald Cox, the Dublin physician, shot himself dead in the Union Hotel, Belfast. He had been seriously disabled in France.

As a tribute to the war service of the East Surrey Regiment, the Trinity Chapel at All Saints' Church, Kingston, is to be converted into a memorial chapel at an estimated cost of £3,000.

While playing in a game of football between the Tower Hamlets and Spelling Town, George Bristow, 25, of St. George's-in-the-East, London, was struck in the chest and died from tubercular meningitis.

At an Aldershot inquest on the body of a woman named White, who was found dead in bed, it was stated that she was an enormous eater. Her heart weighed 4 oz. above the normal and her liver 24oz. more than it should have weighed.

During a recent accident at West Elliot Colliery, New Tredegar, a miner named Geoffrey Fletcher displayed great bravery in rescuing a companion.

Mr. P. Richards, M.P., Mr. C. Edwards, M.P., and Mr. Albert Thomas (miners' agent, New Tredegar) have presented the Chief Inspector of Mines with a request, signed by officials and workmen who took part in the rescue work, that Fletcher should be granted the King Edward Medal.

Trial is inexpensive.—To those who suffer from dyspepsia, indigestion, rheumatism or any ailment arising from derangement of the digestive system, a trial of Parmelee's vegetable Pills is recommended, should the sufferer be unacquainted with them. The trial will be inexpensive and the result will be another customer for this excellent medicine. So effective is this action that many can certainly rely on their use where other pills have proved ineffective.

OTTOMAN EMPIRE REDUCED TO DUST

Turk Frontiers to Hold Only 6,000,000 People.

Navy Wiped Out, Sultan's Sway Small.

London cable says: The once powerful Ottoman Empire was finally reduced to dust by the Allied Supreme Council to-day through its decision to so restrict Turkey's future frontiers that they will contain a population of only 6,000,000 as compared with Turkey's pre-war population of 30,000,000.

Territorially, the Turkish sway, formerly extending from the Danube to the Red Sea, is now limited to a small corner of Anatolia. At the same time the Sultan, titular successor to Mohamet the Prophet, will exercise his Caliphate from a circumscribed area in and around Constantinople, under the perpetual menace of British, French and Italian naval guns.

This, the Supreme Council announced to-day, will be Turkey's punishment for her war against the Allies and the Armenian massacre.

Following a long discussion with Admiral Earl Beatty, who was called in to attend the morning session, the Council also determined to wipe out the Turkish navy. The warships that are left to Ottomans will be either scrapped or apportioned among the Allies. Only a few revenue cutters will be allowed to fly the Crescent.

Turkey's monetary indemnity has not yet been fixed. A commission was appointed, however, to investigate the Ottoman finances, and its report will be made the basis of financial reparation.

A woman always has time for reflection when she sees a mirror.

HUNGARY MAY BE A MONARCHY

Allies Will Not Protest Such a Course

Provided No Hapsburg Is On Throne.

London Cable—The question was raised in the House of Commons to-day whether the Government's intention had been drawn to the murder of Bela Soszoyi, editor of the newspaper Nepszava, at Budapest, and whether Great Britain would protest against such a regime as has continued since the overthrow of the Hungarian Soviet Government.

Sir Hamar Greenwood, Under-Secretary of Home Affairs, replied that the British Commissioner at Budapest had constantly urged on the Hungarian Government the necessity of diluting and punishing the guilty parties in this and similar cases. Great Britain, however, would hardly feel justified, he added, in protesting against the Hungarian people's right to choose any such regime as they prefer, provided there was no restoration of the Hapsburg dynasty and no hostilities were undertaken against neighboring states.

Alexander Voevod, Premier of Roumania, in an interview printed in the Pall Mall Magazine, to-day regarding the appointment of Admiral Horthy as Regent of Hungary is quoted as follows:

"The new Hungarian Regent will try in every possible way to effect a restoration of the dynasty with Charles as King. Under Horthy's direction the Allied Supreme Council will at a ripe moment, be flouted and a kingdom established.

"The Hungarians believe the Allies are too weary to take serious action. There has been a secret mobilization in Hungary of all men between the ages of 18 and 26. Arms have been obtained in Austria and efforts made to obtain munitions in Warsaw."

Internal parasites in the shape of worms in the stomach and bowels of children sap their vitality and retard physical development. They keep the child in a constant state of unrest and if not attended to, endanger life. The child can be spared much suffering and the mother much anxiety by the best worm remedy that can be got, Miller's Worm Powders, which are sure death to worms in any shape.

"SIR JOHN MOORE"

On October 19th, six geese came into my place, I went out and called to these six geese, and the old gander answered. He knew me. I got twelve ears of corn, and threw one of them at him. Just as I did so the four baby geese jumped in the air but he called them and they dropped down. Then I threw more ears of corn, and each time the thing would happen; he would sound the low note and every time he did so the geese would come down. By the time I had thrown the eighth ear I was convinced that all was well, and they did not fly any more. It was interesting to watch him trying to educate them to take the kernel off the ear, but it was hard on them. He would get a kernel off and drop it down, but it was fully fifteen minutes before he got those goosings to take the kernel in the air but he called them and they had come all the way from Hudson Bay without a mouthful and had dropped down there. The old gander had led them all the way down.

My mother-in-law's daughter and I coaxed the old gander and his five goslings into the coop and she held the door while I went in and clamped a tag on his leg. After I tagged him I took him to the door and threw him out—this same old gander had been telling the boys and girls to eat the corn and stay there and not be afraid. When I threw the gander out, did he fly to the lake? To know the answer I tried to love him forever. You cannot show me any of his actions that one need be ashamed of, not one.

This old gander went out, and when he was about two rods away he turned around and looked back. You can hear him calling for the rest of his family in that little catch per. If I came right back to the door until every one of his family had been liberated; he stood right there and fought for them. We caught him the second time, put a cuff on each leg and named him "Sir John Moore" and we put on the tag this verse of scripture: "No good thing will I withhold from them that walk uprightly."

They migrated as usual and, on March 17th following, the boys said, "Look, Dad," with the two cuffs on his legs, looking for more corn. Five of his family had returned; he had taken care of them down in the southern states all winter, and brought them back. The last one in to appear they disappeared and my heart sank when I opened a letter from Fort George, James Bay, and found four of the tags. The letter read: "The Indian says that seven geese came into their decoys, and they killed four of them. Each one had a tag on it." You know just how I would feel, although that is part of the game. To the fellow who wants to shoot, let him say this: I am not opposed to a man shooting a bird or two, but will you not join with us in limiting your bag? Remember, the bird that falls out of the air from our deadly aim gives you and me a little pleasure, but deprives thousands of people of pleasure and recreation in seeing it alive. Let us consider that: let us think it over.—Jack Miner, Kingsville, Ont., in National Conference on Game and Wild Life Conservation (Commission of Conservation, Ottawa).

Mother Graves' Worm Extirminator will drive worms from the system without injury to the child, because its action, while fully effective, is mild.

ACUTE AGONY. (Birmingham Age-Herald.) "I thought the prima dona seemed upset about something."

"She had a quarrel with her accompanist just before the concert began and he revenged himself on her in monstrous fashion."

"What did he do?" "Just when she was reaching her highest note he struck the wrong key."



"I am a student and would like if you could take me on as a bricklayer."

"Bricklayer? No! We might start you as an architect with a chance of working yourself up."—Korsaren, Christiania.

Warts are unsightly blemishes, and corns are painful growths. Holway's Corn Cure will remove them.

IMMIGRANTS TOTAL 57,702

Who Came to Canada During Last Fiscal Year.

Stiffer Selection for the Future.

Ottawa Despatch—A total of 57,702 immigrants to Canada during the last fiscal year is reported in the annual report of the Department of Immigration and Colonization, tabled in the House of Commons to-day. Of these 40,115 came from the United States, 9,914 from the United Kingdom and 7,673 from other European countries. This compares with immigration in the preceding year of 71,314 from the United States, 3,178 from the United Kingdom, and 4,833 from Continental countries. The decrease in the immigration from the United States is therefore 43 per cent. over that of the preceding year.

The closing of a number of immigration halls and the retirement of 100 employees whose usefulness was past is reported.

The immigration of unaccompanied British children is expected to be resumed this year, after being suspended since 1916. Since then 29,634 applications have been received, chiefly through children's homes, for permission to enter Canada.

The congestion of shipping consequent on the return of dependents of Canadian soldiers from Europe is expected to obtain for another year; 28,465 dependents have been returned since July, 1917, and it is estimated that between 30,000 and 35,000 remain to be repatriated.

The report states that there has been no relaxation in regulations governing the admission and rejection of passengers into Canada along the international boundary, and closer attention will be paid in the future to the selection of intending settlers in Canada.

The expenditure for the Dr. Rutherford commission on races and betting, so far has been \$7,200,000, according to a statement on unforeseen expenses tabled in the Commons last night.

Internally and Externally it is Good.—The crowning property of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is that it can be used internally for many complaints as well as externally. For sore throat, croup, whooping-cough, pains in the chest, colic and many kindred ailments it has curative qualities that are unsurpassed. A lot of it costs little and there is no loss in always having it at hand.

NEW TO GOLIATH. Willie (just home from school)—"I say mother, why was Goliath surprised when David hit him in the head with a stone?"

Mother—"I'm sure I don't know." Willie (triumphantly)—"Because such a thing had never entered his head before."

PROSPERITY. "Is he prosperous?" "I guess so. Instead of the family doctor he now consults a specialist."

Eliza.—Chico go. Plain Dealer.



Doctor to (patient): "You should try to take a little more interest in your business." Patient: "I'd like to; but the law won't let me. I'm a money-lender."—London Opinion.

The Churches

Methodist Church

Rev. T. J. Vickery, Pastor
 Sunday Services:
 Morning at 10.30 Evening at 7.00
 Sunday School at 2.30 p.m.
 Through the week Services:
 Monday: Cottage Prayer Meeting 7.30
 Epworth League 8.00 p.m.
 Wednesday: Mid-Week Prayer Service
 at 7.30 p.m.

Christ's Church
 (Anglican)

Rev. George Code, Rector
 1st and 3rd Sundays in month 8.30 p.m.
 2nd, 4th and 5th Sundays at 11 a.m.
 Sunday School at 2.30 p.m.
 Service every Friday evening at 7.30.

Baptist Church
 R. E. Nichols, Pastor.

Plum Hollow 2.30
 Athens 10.30 a.m.—Memorial Service for
 the late Mrs. Lawrence Botsford, Subject—
 Last Things. 7 p.m. Athens—Subject—
 Are we nearing the end.

CONSULT
F. E. Eaton
 FRANKVILLE
 Auctioneer

When you want to get
 the best results obtain-
 able—Moderate charges.
 Write or Phone to Mr.
 Eaton at Frankville or
 apply at Reporter Office
 for dates, bills, etc.

TENDERS WANTED.

Tenders addressed to the under-
 signed, will be received by the Council
 of Rear Yonge and Escott up to
 March 27th, for crushing 1000 cords
 of stone for the township roads, this
 season. Tenders can be made to use
 the township crusher and spreading
 wagons, or contractor to furnish the
 complete outfit.

R. E. CORNELL, Clerk,
 Athens P.O., Ont.

TENDERS WANTED.

The Council of Rear Yonge and Es-
 cott ask for tenders, up to March
 27th, for the whole or parts of 100
 cords of stone for County road No. 9,
 to be piled on concession road near
 the Kincaid bridge.

R. E. CORNELL, Clerk,
 Athens P.O., Ont.

DR. PAUL

Physician and Surgeon
 Post-Graduate New York Hospitals.
 Office and Residence in the home for-
 merly occupied by Mrs. Norman
 Brown, Reid St., Athens.

B. F. SCOTT, Licensed Auctioneer for
 Leeds and Grenville. Addison, Ont.
 Write or phone.

W. A. DOWSETT

Licensed Auctioneer for
 Leeds and Grenville
 Phone 38, Smith Falls

EATON—The Auctioneer

Sales conducted any place in Leeds County
 at reasonable rates. Farmers' Sales and
 Real Estate a Specialty. Write or call on
 A. M. EATON ATHENS, ONT.

Dr. Chas. E. McLean

Physician, Surgeon and Accoucher
 Office Hours: 11 to 12 a.m., 1 to 3 p.m.
 7 to 8 p.m.
 Office: Henry Street, Athens
 Phone Calls Day and Night

Auditors' Report

AUDITORS' ABSTRACT STATE-
 MENT.

Receipts and Expenditure for Rear
 Yonge and Escott, 1919, also
 Assets and Liabilities.

RECEIPTS

Taxes for 1918	\$ 2,030.12
Taxes for 1919	13,400.00
School Grants	2,011.81
Road Grants	1,189.59
Cheque from County Treas- urer, cost of Beale's Bidge.	2,673.43
Miscellaneous	225.19
Total	\$21,529.64

EXPENDITURE.

Salaries and Printing	\$ 720.90
Cheque to County Treasurer, cost of Beale's Bridge	2,673.43
Roads and Bridges	4,691.10
Charity	91.00
County Rate	3,561.45
School Purposes	3,707.29
Debentures	521.73
Miscellaneous	153.10
Total	\$21,120.00

ASSETS

Cash on hand	\$ 409.64
Uncollected Taxes	2,088.27
Town Hall Property	1,400.00
Stone Crusher and Wagons.	1,300.00
Total	\$ 5,197.91

LIABILITIES

Balance of Principal, High School Debentures	\$ 3,283.16
Balance of Principal, Public School Debentures	52.40
Balance due High School for Maintenance	1,008.00
Total	\$ 4,343.56

(Signed) D. MORRIS,
 W. C. BROWN, Auditors.

5000 FACTS ABOUT CANADA.

"Canada in a nutshell" is an apt
 description of the popular "5000
 Facts About Canada," the thirteenth
 annual edition of which is out for
 1920, as compiled by Frank Yeigh,
 the well known Canadian authority.
 It is a most striking illustration of
 the trade finances, industries and re-
 sources of the Dominion in concrete
 form, and will prove a revelation to
 even the best informed. This new
 issue contains a wealth of new mat-
 ter, including final War facts. It
 contains no less than 50 chapters of

facts all told, ranging alphabetically
 from "Agriculture" to "Yukon." Cop-
 ies may be had from newsdealers
 or by sending 25 cents to the Cana-
 dian Facts Publishing Co., 588 Huron
 Street, Toronto.

AUCTION SALES

Thursday March 11th, Household Furniture
 at H. A. LaForty's, Delta

For Sale

FOR SALE—Bull Calf—Why use a
 scrub bull when you can purchase
 a choice young bull calf sired by a
 son of Hill-Crest Count Ormsby
 (dam's record, 7 days, 30 lbs. butter,
 721 lbs. milk), butter, 1 year, 1,113
 lbs., milk 29,000 lbs.; calf is most
 white, dam is giving 60 lbs. day.
 Price \$30. Thomas Horsefield, Ath-
 ens, R. R. No. 4.

21 OXFORD DOWN SHEEP FOR
 SALE—In good condition, expect
 lambs May 15. Apply to James
 Keyes, 4 miles South of Athens.

LARGE HOUSE for sale—On Wiltse St.
 Athens, Good Barn and Stable—Large lot
 Hard and soft Water in the house, apply
 to T. Foley, Route 4 or E. Taylor, Athens

Pure Bred Holstein Cow, due to freshen
 May 1, also Pure Bred Heifer Calf 3 mos.
 old—apply to P. Y. Hollingsworth, Athens

Champion Evaporator 3x12, used for one
 season only—apply to F. W. Scovill, Athens

FRAME HOUSE—and Lot for Sale on
 Wiltse St. Athens—Apply to A. G. Palmer
 or J. Chapman, Plum Hollow.

ONE ROAN MARE—coming 9 years old
 apply to John Ross, Athens.

WANTED

WANTED—A Competent woman for
 general housework, good wages and
 fare paid to Toronto. Address,
 Mrs. Donald Spaidal, 15 Montclair
 Ave. Toronto.

WANTED—Two good tailoresses, to
 begin work at once; steady employ-
 ment. Apply by letter or person-
 ally to A. Thomson, Tailor, Athens,
 Ont.

IMERSON—The Auctioneer

Write or Phone early for dates or call the
 Reporter and arrange for your Sale.
 H. W. IMERSON, Auctioneer

CANADIAN
 PACIFIC RY.

The following Winter train service
 now in effect provides excellent con-
 nections to and from Ottawa, Mon-
 treal, Toronto and Intermediate
 points.

LOCAL TIME TABLE

to and from BROCKVILLE.

Departures.	Arrivals.
5.40 a. m.	7.25 a. m.
*8.10 a. m.	11.45 a. m.
3.15 p. m.	1.30 p. m.
6.20 p. m.	*10.10 p. m.

*New Sunday train for Ottawa and
 return.
 For rates and particulars apply to,
 GEO. E. McGLADE
 City Passenger Agent

A. J. POTVIN, City Ticket Agent
 52 King St. West, Cor. Court House Ave
 Brockville, Ontario Phones 14 and 350



PRINTING
 SERVICE
 Department

Easily accessible by
 Rural Phone
**THE ATHENS
 REPORTER**

Borrow to Buy Cattle



"Mixed Farming" is the big money-
 maker today. Of course, grain and fruit
 and vegetables pay well—but beef and
 bacon, butter and cheese, are piling up the
 profits for the farmer.

Milk more cows—fatten more cattle—
 raise more hogs. If you need money to do
 it, come to The Merchants Bank. We are
 glad to assist all up-to-date farmers.

THE MERCHANTS BANK
 OF CANADA

Head Office: Montreal Established 1864.
 F. W. CLARKE, Manager.
 Athens BRANCH.
 Branches also at: Delta, Lansdowne, Lyn, Elgin, Westport.
 Sub-Agency at Frankville open Thursdays.
 Sub-Agency at Rockport open Wednesdays.

FISH FISH FISH

Cheaper and More
 Wholesome than Meat

Fresh Salmon, Herring and
 White Fish
 Salt Cod Fish Salt Herring
 Smoked Herrings

By the Dozen or in Boxes, save Your Meat
 for Summer and use FISH

Joseph Thompson
 Athens Ontario

Fresh Groceries

We have a Good Fresh Stock of Groceries
 and Provisions in stock at all times and we
 solicit your patronage.

R. J. CAMPO

Athens Ontario



Eye
 Glass
 Perfection

Resolved
 to Start
 the
 New
 Year

By having our Eyes examined and fitted
 with serviceable and becoming glasses at
 a moderate expense, at

H. R. Knowlton

Jeweller & Optician Athens, Ontario



The
Standard Bank
 of Canada

Statement of the business of the Bank for the
 year ended 31st January, 1920

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Balance brought forward from January 31st, 1919.	\$ 227,326.90
Profits for year ending 31st January, 1920, after deducting expenses, interest accrued on deposits, rebate for interest on unmatured bills, Provincial taxes, and making provision for bad and doubtful debts.	776,510.19
Total	\$1,003,837.09
Dividend No. 114, paid 1st May, 1919, at the rate of 13% per annum.	\$ 113,750.00
Dividend No. 115, paid 1st August, 1919, at the rate of 13% per annum.	113,750.00
Dividend No. 116, paid 1st November, 1919, at the rate of 13% per annum.	113,750.00
Dividend No. 117, payable 1st February, 1920, at the rate of 13% per annum.	113,750.00
Contributed to Officers' Pension Fund.	25,000.00
Contributed to Patriotic and other Funds.	3,100.00
War Tax on Bank Note Circulation to December 31st, 1919.	35,000.00
Reserved for Dominion Income Tax.	45,000.00
Reduction of Bank Premises Account.	75,000.00
Balance carried forward.	360,537.09
Total	\$1,003,837.09

GENERAL STATEMENT

31st January, 1920

LIABILITIES

Notes of the Bank in circulation	\$ 6,766,218.00
Deposits bearing interest (including interest to date)	\$49,940,378.87
Deposits not bearing interest	24,078,643.26
Total	74,019,022.13
Dividend No. 117, payable February 2nd, 1920.	113,750.00
Former Dividends unclaimed	377.00
Balances due to other Banks in Canada	1,249,983.65
Balances due to Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada.	973,612.08
Bills Payable	189,543.23
Acceptances under Letters of Credit.	1,720,921.24
Liabilities not included in the foregoing.	6,438.85
Capital paid up.	3,500,000.00
Reserve Fund.	4,500,000.00
Balance of Profit and Loss Account carried forward.	360,537.09
Total	\$93,405,405.27

ASSETS

Current coin held by the Bank.	\$ 1,731,283.45
Dominion Notes held.	11,193,837.75
Deposit in the Central Gold Reserves.	3,500,000.00
Total	\$16,425,121.20
Notes of other Banks.	\$ 424,380.00
Cheques on other Banks.	3,633,129.31
Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada.	825,234.88
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities not exceeding market value.	4,145,309.53
Canadian Municipal Securities and British, foreign and colonial public securities other than Canadian.	8,262,809.61
Railway and other bonds, debentures and stocks not exceeding market value.	908,193.80
Call and Saver (not exceeding thirty days) Loans in Canada on bonds, debentures and stocks.	2,786,957.07
Total	20,987,064.20
Other Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less rebate of interest)	\$37,412,187.40
Liabilities of Customers under Letters of Credit as per contra.	1,726,921.24
Real Estate other than Bank Premises.	4,915.86
Overdue Bills, estimated loss provided for.	114,672.70
Bank Premises, at not more than cost, less amounts written off.	1,385,358.39
Deposit with the Minister for the purposes of Circulation Fund.	175,000.00
Other Assets not included in the foregoing.	123,071.18
Total	\$93,405,405.27

W. FRANCIS,
 President.
 Toronto, 31st January, 1920.

C. H. EASSON,
 General Manager.

Auditor's Report to the Shareholders.

I have compared the above Balance Sheet with the books and accounts at the chief office of The
 Standard Bank of Canada, and the certified returns received from its branches, and after checking the
 cash and verifying the securities at the chief office and certain of the principal branches on 31st January,
 1920, I certify that in my opinion such Balance Sheet exhibits a true and correct view of the state of the
 Bank's affairs according to the best of my information, the explanations given to me, and as shown by the
 books of the Bank.

In addition to the examination mentioned, the cash and securities at the chief office and certain of
 the principal branches were checked and verified by me at another time during the year, and found to be
 in accord with the books of the Bank.

All information and explanations required have been given to me, and all transactions of the Bank
 which have come under my notice have, in my opinion, been within the powers of the Bank.

G. T. CLARKSON, F.C.A.,
 of Clarkson, Gordon & Dilworth, Toronto, Canada.

Toronto, February 16th, 1920.