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Furniture and Undertaker
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The Athens Reporter

GENERAL LIVERY
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Clifford C. Blancher
Prompt Service Athens, Ont.

Vol. XXXVI. No. 12

Athens, Leeds County, Ontario, Thursday, December 9 1920

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We sell both Bell and Dominion Pianos

Organs

For those who prefer an Organ we recommend a Bell or Dominion.

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Farms We have several good farms in the vicinity of Athens for sale and we consider the price is very reasonable---If you want a farm we can save you time and money.

A. Taylor & Son
Athens Ontario

LOCAL NEWS

ATHENS AND VICINITY

AUCTION SALES.

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The manager will be glad to attend your sale personally, and assist in any way feasible.

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Consult the Manager and ascertain his method in defraying your advertising costs.

All Laundry Soap 10c bar at the Bazaar
Ice Cream, also Oysters in plate or bulk at Maud Addison's.

Stock Clearing Sale of Millinery—All Fall and Winter models at Special Prices until close of season. Your inspection invited—Cora O. Gray, Millner, Main St., Athens.

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Call at McLean's Grocery if you want something extra in the Meat Line—Ask for the manager of the Meat Dept.

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Mr Manford Flood was in town this week to attend the funeral of his grandmother.

Hear the new Christmas Records at E. C. Tributes.

We are sorry to learn that Mr James Wiltse has been confined to his home during the past week.

Mrs Mary Duclon, has returned home having spent the past few days at Williamsburg visiting her sister Mrs Melvin Trickey who has been ill.

Mr Kermit Thornhill had the misfortune of cutting his foot last week while helping his sather in the woods and is under the care of Dr. Moore.

On Saturday Nov. 20th, about seventy members of the Catechumen Class of the Methodist Sunday School enjoyed an Indoor Picnic. Games of all kinds were indulged in, after which refreshments was served. Rev. Mick of Ganauque was a guest of the class and gave an interesting talk to the children. Miss Belle Wiltse, the teacher of the class is to be congratulated upon the success of the afternoon, this is a yearly event and is always looked forward to.

The Missionaries for the Holiness Movement Church who left Montreal the 11th, of Sept. reached England on Sept. 20, they then went to Belfast Ireland, where they were detained until Nov. 14th, when they took passage from Folkstown, Englnd for Egypt. His message came direct from Miss Bertena Green one of our Athens young ladies who is with this party.

Holiness Movement Church—Services as follows Sunday—Sabbath School 1 p. m. Service 2 p. m. Prayer meeting Dec. 17 th, 1920 at 7 p. m. at the home of Mr. Rarson Browns. A welcome to all is cordially extended
A. D. Dewar Pastor.

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The council of Rear of Yonge and Escott will meet on Wednesday, December 15 th, at one O'Clock.

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Brockville Furriers since 1888

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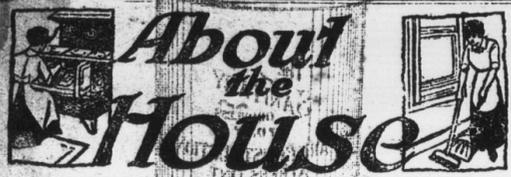
BROCKVILLE

Excels All For Purity, Flavour and Aroma

"SALADA"

TEA

If you have not tried it, send us a post card for a free sample, stating the price you now pay and if you use Black, Green or White Tea. Address Salada, Toronto



About the House

Jelly and Butter from Same Apples.

Quarter apples without peeling or removing the core. Cover with cold water and boil slowly. I find they boil down much easier without burning than if peeled, and the peel gives color to the jelly. When they are thoroughly soft pour off some of the juice for jelly.

Put the rest through a coarse colander, season to taste with cinnamon and sweetener. From a gallon of quartered apples cooked, I get about three cups of juice and have three pints of apple butter. I use three-quarters of a cup of sugar to one of juice and boil five minutes. The juice can be poured off carefully through a sieve before stirring the apples and it will need no straining.

For the apple butter I use about one and one-quarter cups of sugar and one teaspoon of cinnamon to the amount of pulp. You will find that it is better to cover the apples with cold water and not cut in smaller pieces than quarters, as this allows the juice to be extracted without the apples being broken up so soon and they do not burn so easily.

Kimono Carelessness.

No matter how many children you may have or how much housework you may have to do, do not let yourself fall into the kimono habit. It may sound exaggerated but it is nevertheless true that this one habit alone has broken up happy homes. Once let it get its clutch on a woman and she loses all proper pride in her appearance.

It is difficult sometimes to look neat and trim and it is perilously easy to slip on a kimono. If Father is out of bed "the wrong way" and she will not burn and the son-in-law, mislays something or she upsets everything hunting for it, it is certainly hard for Mother or Daughter to resist just a kimono.

Even in such an awful state of affairs as this, it will take scarcely a moment longer to slip into one of those convenient house dresses that one can buy very inexpensively almost anywhere. They look neat and trim—some of them are even "fetching."

Every woman and every girl owes it to herself to be neat and attractive looking at the breakfast table. Which will make a husband or son of brother the more devoted; to carry about with him all day the image of you eating the morning meal in a slouchy kimono with your hair carelessly twisted up "any old way" or the recollection of the same you neatly dressed and looking as fresh and sweet as the morning itself? I do not think it would take the average man very long to decide which picture he would prefer. It is all very well to quote the old saying about the way to a man's heart being through his stomach—far be it from me to declare its fallacy—but experience (my own as well as other people's) has taught me that if a woman wishes to keep a man attentive, she must please his eye as well as his stomach.

It is not always the busiest woman, by any means, who is addicted to the kimono habit. For we all know that the hardest worked people somehow

The Real Trouble With the School.

"What is the matter with the schools?" How many people have grumblingly asked you that in the past few years?

Certainly something is wrong somewhere when boys and girls are allowed to blunder through the public and high schools, even into college, unable to spell the commonest words, and seemingly, entirely ignorant of the simplest rules of grammar; when they looked dazed over a problem in compound interest; when they tell you Prussia is a country somewhere in Asia, and are not just clear as to the date of the capture of Quebec.

It is quite the fashion to rail at the teachers and superintendents and school boards! But, really, are they wholly to blame? I'm wondering if we haven't been a little rough on teacher especially. Can we expect her to do more in her six hours with our young hopefuls than we are able to accomplish in the other eighteen?

After all, the teachers do about as well as can be expected with the material they have to work on, and the subjects they are expected to cram in. We start the children off in the morning with minds filled up on movies or cheap stories, and stomach filled with griddle cakes and coffee, and then expect the teacher to do what we could not do, get ideas into a befuddled brain. What child could remember whether "i" or "e" comes first, if he is wondering just what happened to the herd after the villain bound him hand and foot in the deserted mine and started the fuse? How can he remember nominative forms when his brain is fed by blood poisoned from faulty feeding?

Then the amount of work we expect teachers to do in a day. In country schools, one teacher for eight grades. In city schools, time wasted on fads, a dab of music, a smatter of drawing, an hour or two of manual training, a quarter of an hour off to listen to some uplifter expound on his original idea for elevating the human race, periods of making dolls for French children and giving playlets to raise money for Armenian children. True, we want the children to help the suffering. But do we want them to do their charitable work in the time allotted to learn their mother tongue and the multiplication tables?

The trouble with the schools harks back to the parents. Teachers and school boards do exactly as we let them. After all, school officials are elective and teachers are public servants, paid out of our pockets. When parents get ready to stop carping and unite to insist that the schools teach essentials, a change will come. Whether the child belongs to the home or the state doesn't make any difference in this case, because we are the state. We can say what our children shall be taught if we get together.

The great cry is that the modern child doesn't want to work. In that he is not one whit different from his forebears. No one wants to work. The difference lies here, his forebears were made to work.

Life has been made too easy for the child of to-day. No drudgery to be allowed in the modern school. Learning is to be made easy and pleasant. It can't be done. It may be made pleasant by a real teacher, but to the average child learning can never be made easy. It must be drill, drill, drill. A certain amount of drudgery is necessary not alone to drive the facts home, but to develop his character, give him "spine."

Parents and teachers are both at fault here. The average parent is too spineless himself to make a child do unpleasant tasks. It is so much easier to do it oneself than to insist that the child do it. And teachers have hard work to counteract home training.

The schools need a stirring up. The place to begin is with the parents, and not with the teachers.

Make your light food nourishing

Put a spoonful of Bovril into your soups, stews and pies. It will give them a delicious new savouriness, and you will be able to get all the nourishment you require without making a heavy meal.

BOVRIL

A new machine counts coins of all denominations without needing separate attachments operates continuously or will stop automatically when set amounts are counted and when operated by hand will count more than 1,500 coins a minute.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Colds, Etc.

PHILIP'S SNOW SUDS

BY W. A. BARTLETT

According to a water power company in Lewiston, Maine, which has kept a record of snowfall for many years, more snow fell there during February, 1920, than during any previous February.

Philip Fales, who lives in this town, has a story to tell of his experience with the snow. He says that on the morning of the 15th of February, he was engaged in cleaning snow from the roof. The ice from previous storms and the snow from the present storm had filled the gutters on the front and east roofs of the Fales house, and the snow from the present storm had piled up on the roof until it was piled up to the ridgepoles.

As there was no way of getting on the main roofs, which were steeply pitched, Philip concluded that it would be necessary to start his avalanche from below. The snow hung above a roof at the back door; a path had been cut to the door by the snow, and the snow had been thrown up on each side until it had been about seven feet high.

The sun had been shining all the morning, and the water was running down the long icicles in streams. Getting a long, round pole, Philip opened a window a little to one side of the small roof, and found himself directly under the mass of "dazzling" white snow.

The thought of starting a great body of snow was fascinating. It did not occur to him that there was any danger. He first broke off the long icicles and sent them clattering to the ground. He then looked over the edge of the pile of snow down into the path and made up his mind to jump into the snow on one side of the path after he had finished his task. Standing as near the edge as he dared, he began to push his pole into the snow above him and beyond the ice-piled gutter. He worked it along from the edge of the east roof to the junction with the south roof. As the snow did not move, he shifted the pole farther and began to lift it.

Then something happened. With a sudden scraping roar the great mass of snow slid off the slate and came down the roof. The swift and tremendous rush struck Philip with such force that it carried him with it as if he had been an insect in its path. Clinging instinctively to the pole in his desperation, the boy fell with a jar that knocked out his breath, and then came a sense of cold and suffocation.

In the midst of that sudden catastrophe, Philip was conscious of wondering why he was not crushed and smothered at once. He realized that he was in a sitting posture and had been thrown against the side of the path. His fall had apparently been broken by snow that had reached the bottom of the path before him. His head pained him and he became aware of the pressure of the pole against his forehead.

As the boy began to be distressed from lack of air, he turned his head a little to the right, which relieved the pressure from the pole, and gave him more space for breathing. His hands still grasped the pole, but the moist and heavy snow made it impossible for him to move. He struggled desperately and tried to turn the pole in case anyone should be looking, but the beating of his heart sounded like a series of explosions in his ears, and he seemed to be fighting his own breath and trying to get away from its enveloping and stifling atmosphere. His lungs pained him.

The pole had evidently struck the bottom of the path, with its upper part resting against the wall above Philip's head, and it made just enough resistance to the damp snow immediately in front of his face to keep

him from being quickly suffocated. Reasonable Mrs. Fales, who was the only one in the house, heard the rush of snow and the thud of its fall. It occurred to her that Philip had still something about getting the snow off the roof, but she had no idea of the danger that was in store. Being up on the roof, she hastened to a window looking over the yard, and then discovered the window open near the small roof. Her heart grew cold within her as she saw the great heap of snow that had only filled the path but rose above the windows on the lower floor. She saw the pole protruding, and it seemed to her that she could see it move a little. Filled with terror, she ran downstairs to the back door and flung it open. A mass of snow fell in upon her, and snow still filled the doorway to the top. In her fright Mrs. Fales forgot to summon the neighbors, but remembered that the way toward her phone call for firemen, but instantly realized that her boy would not be alive when they arrived. Then with sudden calm she determined that she must save him herself. If he was where the pole extended above the snow, it could not be more than four feet from the door where she stood. Very carefully she grasped an iron coal shovel and raced back to the door with its wall of snow. She thrust the shovel into the mass, and was almost buried by it as it fell in on her.

There was no place to shovel it except into the little hallway and the kitchen beyond. Covered with snow and standing in it to her waist, the desperate mother flung it behind her as she tunneled her way toward her boy. One minute, two minutes, three minutes the shovel went into the almost solid mass of packed snow, while the gasping breath of the laboring and excited woman told of the strain under which she worked. Then the shovel hit something and laid bare a bit of cloth. It was Philip's coat. Very carefully she removed one more shovelful, and the arm and hand appeared.

Propping the shovel, she quickly removed the snow from the boy's face with her bare hands. The eyes were closed; the head drooped to one side; there was no response to her calls. The hands, which clasped the pole, were limp, and Mrs. Fales loosened their grip; then with infinite care she pushed back the snow from the boy's face and drew him out of the cavity his body had made.

Great strength seemed to be given to her hands and arms as she drew the still form to her. She heard the snow fall behind her from time to time and knew that at any moment they might be overwhelmed.

At last she released the boy from his position and with one dive and a rush drew him out through the snow, on through the hall, and into the kitchen. There she fell down in a sort of hysterical exhaustion, but in thanking that at least one peril was past. Then she listened for the beating of the boy's heart. Yes, it certainly was beating rhythmically and strongly.

She turned Philip from side to side, raised and lowered his arms to reduce artificial respiration and then dashed cold water into his white face. Soon there was a deep, fluttering breath. Philip's eyes opened, and, raising his hand and drawing it across his face, he said feebly, "Hello! What's happened?"

(The End.)

Hospital for Sick Children

COLLEGE ST., TORONTO.

Great Provincial Charity Makes Christmas Appeal to Friends of Childhood.

Dear Mr. Editor:

The most vital fact in our public health service throughout the province is, as you know, the tremendous strides made in child welfare work. Modern science is harking back to the ancient proverb that "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." It has been the privilege of the Hospital for Sick Children—the greatest institution of its kind upon the continent—to find that ounce of prevention.

In bygone days dependence was put more largely in medicines. Nowadays there is a closer partnership between the pediatrician and Dame Nature. Since the erection of our Baby's Ward and the establishment of well babies' clinics the infant mortality in Toronto alone has been reduced from 155 to 82 per thousand. Further statistics which might be given would merely corroborate the actual life-saving value of the Hospital's work. And it is unnecessary to explain to you that the information as to the researches which make such a record possible is at once communicated to the Health Officers and practising physicians throughout Ontario.

Consequently the Hospital has surely a claim upon the Christmas-time generosity of every friend of little children. An institution which is securing the new-born child twice the chance, not merely of good health, but of life itself, is entitled to the abundant support of the public.

During the past financial year, revenue from all sources fell one hundred dollars a day behind necessary expenditures.

It has always been the ambition of the Hospital for Sick Children to

gain not only the support but the sympathy of the people of Toronto, and so to-day, with a debt exceeding \$150,000, it appeals to your readers to help along with some gift, whether it be great or small. A contribution of \$2,000 from an individual or a society gives the privilege of naming a cot for all time; a donation of 25 cents will run the whole Hospital for half a minute. Between these two amounts there is surely some sum which can be sent by everybody to the secretary-treasurer at 69 College street, Toronto, as a token of interest in a charity whose field is as large as this province. The Hospital for Sick Children is one of the largest and most highly regarded in the world. It is an institution in which the people of Ontario may take legitimate pride, for it is through their generosity that success has been possible.

Two hundred and fifty children, pale of cheek or with twisted limbs, will be the immediate beneficiaries of the Yuletide remembrances of your readers. Thousands more throughout the coming year will benefit by their kindness.

IRVING E. ROBERTSON,
Chairman of Appeal Committee.

Robin Redbreast.

Sheila had just gone down to the country with her mother. It was the first time in her life she had been out of dull, drab, dreary London.

Directly after breakfast she climbed down from her chair, and ran out into the garden.

Presently she came flying back again, bubbling all over with excitement.

"Oh mummy—mummy!" she cried. "Do come and look!"

"What is it, my dear?" asked mother.

"Oh mummy, there's a birdie outside, and it's got red cheeks right down to its knees!"

Madrid's Washerwomen.

The laundry women of Madrid are probably the finest of their profession in the world. Nowhere else does the linen come home so delightfully clean and it is all accomplished with cold water. Within sight of the windows of King Alfonso's palace, any day of the week, including Sundays, may be seen acre after acre of snow-white linen spread out to dry along the banks of the Manzanares. In the turbulent waters of this creek, for it is nothing more in spite of its sonorous name, virtually all the washing for the million or more inhabitants of Madrid is done.

A closer corporation than that of

Eggs to Order.

The aim of all poultrykeepers is to produce the largest eggs during the winter months as possible.

As spring approaches, the time for hens to lay their eggs, we must humor our birds and induce them to lay by producing, as far as possible, the conditions of spring. We may then hope for a plentiful supply of eggs during the winter.

To do this we should see that the poultry-houses are clean, dry, and warm. Although draughts should be avoided, a current of fresh air should pass through the house, preferably above the heads of the birds. Deep scratching litter, to encourage exercise, should cover the floor, and the houses made to face south. Never place them under trees, which have a dismal way of dripping on to any thing underneath them.

As green food and insects enter largely into the spring menu, they should be also in the winter feeding. Add a little extra meat meal to the mash to take the place of the insects supplied by Nature, or, better still, mix some liquid blood—obtainable at the butcher's—with the water used for the mash. This brings the birds on to lay in a wonderful way.

Green food should be liberally supplied, and the corn buried deeply in the litter; this encourages scratching, and so supplies the birds with the necessary food for keeping the hens in A1 condition.

If these points are carefully studied and carried out, the problem of winter eggs will be largely solved.

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Strange as it may seem, up to the year 1748 officers of the British navy had no distinctive uniform, although one had been adopted in the French service as early as the middle of the previous century. An examination of the portraits in the National Gallery at Greenwich reveals "every variety of cut and complexion" of dress, and the officers appear to have been habituated according to their tastes; sometimes extremely fanciful, sometimes grotesquely.

G. E. Mairwaing gives the story in the "Mariner's Mirror" (England). Most of the crack captains in the navy designed special uniforms for their own ships. In 1743, when on a visit to the Viceroy of Canton, Anson dressed his barges crew in scarlet jackets and blue silk waistcoats trimmed with silver, but such was the incongruity of dress in the service at the time. In 1741 an English officer went into active service wearing a jockey cap.

In 1746 an attempt was made to obtain some uniformity, and at a meeting a committee should be appointed to wait on the Duke of Bedford and the Admiralty, and if their lordships approved the scheme it was to be introduced to his majesty. It was approved and prominent naval officers were invited to appear in uniforms of their own design in order that a suitable one might be chosen. Among the officers was the handsome Captain Philip Saumarez, whose blue and white uniform was eventually the one chosen.

The story goes that when it was proposed to the Duke of Bedford that the colors of the uniform should be red and blue he replied: "No thinking has determined otherwise for having seen my daughter riding the hawk a few days ago in a habit of blue faced with white it took the fancy of his majesty, who has appointed it for the uniform of the royal navy."

Future of Peace River Valley.

James C. Leach, known as an author of books dealing with the pioneer history and development of western Canada, has returned from an extended tour in the Peace River Valley, British Columbia.

Miss Leach, "will some day be one of the garden spots of Canada. It is settling slowly. That is due to the home-seekers' dread of cold. But it is a beautiful place to live. In summer its lush wild meadows and riotous abundance of wild flowers suggest the tropics. In winter its climate is tempered by chinook winds. Wheat yields thirty and forty bushels to the acre. The vegetables are wonderful. Livestock appear to have been habituated to the climate. It is 600 miles long by 200 wide, an area equal to that of Texas, Kansas, Iowa and Missouri combined, which supports a population larger than that of all Canada. The Canadian Pacific Railway recently took over the line that is the market outlet of the country and will have it rehabilitated by next summer. The rich agricultural and live stock region, I predict, will enter upon a period of rapid and remarkable development."

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DON'T RISK MATERIAL

Each package of Diamond Dyes contains directions so simple that any woman can dye any material without streaking, fading or running. Dyeing is so easy—take no other dye!

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Bulk
TORONTO SALT WORKS
J. CLIFF TORONTO

We have been making BURKUP PATTERNS for HOOKED RUGS SINCE 1892

Wealthy people are paying fancy prices for home-made rugs. Sixty dollars was marked on one in a Boston store, which was recently. Sixty cents will start you making your own. Finishing work, easy to learn, just pulling loops of rag or yarn through a burkup pattern, using cast-off clothing, underwear, blankets, etc.—making beautiful rugs of which you will be proud, and from which you will take years of comfort. Not a fad, as we have been making burkup patterns for hooked rugs for nearly thirty years.

Send us 25c for a rug hook, and 35c for a small door-mat pattern, 18 x 22 inches, stamped in colors on burkup, total outlay 80c, and you are ready to start. We will send you easy directions for hooking if you ask for them.

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Write us for further particulars, or send your parcels direct to

Parker's Dye Works Limited Cleaners & Dyers

791 Yonge St. Toronto

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For Purity, Flavour and Aroma

SALADA

TEA

If you have not tried it, send us a post card for a free sample, stating the price you now pay and if you use Black, Green or Mixed Tea. Address Salada, Toronto



About the House

Jelly and Butter from Same Apples.

Quarter apples without peeling or removing the core. Cover with cold water and boil slowly. I find they boil down much easier without burning than if peeled, and the peel gives color to the jelly. When they are thoroughly soft pour off some of the juice for jelly.

Put the rest through a coarse colander, season to taste with cinnamon and sweeten. From a gallon of quartered apples cooked, I get about three cups of juice and have three pints of apple butter. I use three-quarters of a cup of sugar to one of juice and boil five minutes. The juice can be poured off carefully through a sieve before stirring the apples and it will need no straining.

For the apple butter I use about one and one-quarter cups of sugar and one teaspoon of cinnamon to the amount of pulp. You will find that it is better to cover the apples with cold water and not cut in smaller pieces than quarters, as this allows the juice to be extracted without the apples being broken up so soon and they do not burn so easily.

Kimono Carelessness.

No matter how many children you may have or how much housework you may have to do, do not let yourself fall into the kimono habit. It may sound exaggerated but it is nevertheless true that this one habit alone has broken up happy homes. Once let it get its clutch on a woman and she loses all proper pride in her appearance.

It is difficult sometimes to look neat and trim and it is perilously easy to slip on a kimono. If Father is out of bed "the wrong way" and you will not burn and the son and daughter resist just a kimono.

Even in such an awful state of affairs as this, it will take scarcely a moment longer to slip into one of those convenient house dresses that one can buy very inexpensively almost anywhere. They look neat and trim—some of them are even "fetching."

Every woman and every girl owes it to herself to be neat and attractive looking at the breakfast table. Which will make a husband or son of brother the more devoted; to carry about with him all day the image of you eating the morning meal in a slouchy kimono with your hair carelessly twisted up "any old way" or the recollection of the same you neatly dressed and looking as fresh and sweet as the morning itself? I do not think it would take the average man very long to decide which picture he would prefer. It is all very well to quote the old saying about through his stomach—far be it from me to declare its fallacy—but experience has taught me that if a woman wishes to keep a man attentive, she must please his eye as well as his stomach.

It is not always the busiest woman, by any means, who is addicted to the kimono habit. For we all know that the hardest worked people somehow

Make your light food nourishing

Put a spoonful of Bovril into your soups, stews and pies. It will give them a delicious new savouriness, and you will be able to get all the nourishment you require without making a heavy meal.

BOVRIL

seem to find time for neatness and order.

The Real Trouble With the School.

"What is the matter with the schools?" How many people have grumblingly asked you that in the past few years?

Certainly something is wrong somewhere when boys and girls are allowed to blunder through the public and high schools, even into college, unable to spell the commonest words, and, seemingly, entirely ignorant of the simplest rules of grammar; when they looked dazed over a problem in compound interest; when they tell you Prussia is a county somewhere in Asia, and are not just clear as to the date of the capture of Quebec.

It is quite the fashion to rail at the teachers and superintendents and school boards. But, really, are they wholly to blame? I'm wondering if they haven't been a little rough on the teacher especially. Can we expect her to do more in her six hours with our young hopefuls than we are able to accomplish in the other eighteen?

After all, the teachers do about as well as can be expected with the material they have to work on, and the subjects they are expected to cram in. We start the children off in the morning with minds filled up on movies or cheap stories, and stomach filled with griddle cakes and coffee, and then expect the teacher to do what we could not do, get ideas into a befuddled brain. What child could remember whether "r" or "e" comes first, if he is wondering just what happened to the hero after the villain bound him hand and foot in the deserted mine and started the fuse? How can he remember nominative forms when his brain is fed by blood poisoned from faulty feeding?

Then the amount of work we expect teachers to do in a day. In country schools, one teacher for eight grades. In city schools, time wasted on fads, a dab of music, a smatter of drawing, an hour or two of manual training, a quarter of an hour off to listen to some uplifter expound on his original idea for elevating the human race, periods of making dolls for French children and giving playlets to raise money for Armenian children. True, we want the children to help the suffering. But do we want them to do their charitable work in the time allotted to learn their mother tongue and the multiplication tables?

The trouble with the schools harks back to the parents. Teachers and school boards do exactly as we let them. After all, school officials are elective and teachers are public servants, paid out of our pockets. When parents get ready to stop carping and unite to insist that the schools teach essentials, a change will come. Whether the child belongs to the home or the state doesn't make any difference in this case, because we are the state. We can say what our children shall be taught if we get together.

The great cry is that the modern child does not want to work. In that he is not one whit different from his forbears. No one wants to work. The difference lies here, his forbears were made to work.

Life has been made too easy for the child of to-day. No drudgery is to be allowed in the modern school. Learning is to be made easy and pleasant. It can't be done. It may be made pleasant by a real teacher, but to the average child learning can never be made easy. It must be drill, drill, drill. A certain amount of drudgery is necessary not alone to drive the facts home, but to develop his character, give him "spine."

Parents and teachers are both at fault here. The average parent is too spineless himself to make a child do unpleasant tasks. It is so much easier to do it oneself than to insist that the child do it. And teachers have hard work to counteract home training.

The schools need a stirring up. The place to begin is with the parents, and not with the teachers.

Coin Counting Machine.

A new machine counts coins of all denominations without needing separate attachments operates continuously or will stop automatically when set amounts are counted and when operated by hand will count more than 1,500 coins a minute.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Colds, Etc.

THE SNOW SIDE

BY W. A. BARTLETT

According to a water power company in Lewiston, Maine, which has kept a record of snowfall for many years, more snow fell there during February, 1920, than during any previous February.

Philip Fales, who celebrated his thirteenth birthday by the night, forces engaged in shovelling snow from the roofs. The ice from previous storms had filled the gutters on the south and east roofs of the Fales house, and the snow had accumulated until it was piled up in great drifts and masses reaching almost to the ridgepole.

As there was no way of getting on the main roofs, which were steep, Philip concluded that it would be necessary to start his avalanche from below. The snow hung above a roof that covered a small hall or entry at a back door; a path had been cut to the door repeatedly and the snow had been thrown up on each side until it was about seven feet high.

The sun has been shining all the morning, and the water is running down the long icicles in streams. Getting a long, round pole, Philip opened a window a little to one side of the small roof and found himself directly under the mass of dazzling white snow.

The thought of starting a great body of snow was fascinating. It did not occur to him that there was any danger. He first broke off the long icicles and sent them clattering to the ground. He then looked over the edge of the pile of snow down into the path and made up his mind to jump into the snow on one side of the path after he had finished his task. Standing as near the edge as he dared, he began to push his pole into the snow above him beyond the ice-piled gutter. He worked it along from the edge of the east roof to the junction with the south roof. As the snow did not move, he shoved the pole farther and began to lift it.

Then something happened. With a sudden scraping roar the great mass of snow slid off the slate and came down. The swift and tremendous rush struck Philip with such force that he carried him with it as if he had been an insect in its path. Clinging instinctively to the pole in his desperation, the boy fell with a jar that knocked out his breath, and then came a sense of cold and suffocation.

In the midst of that sudden catastrophe, Philip was conscious of wondering why he was not crushed and smothered at once. He realized that he was in a sitting posture and had been thrown against the side of the path. His fall had apparently been broken by snow that had reached the bottom of the path before him. His head pained him and he became aware of the pressure of the pole against his forehead.

As the boy began to be distressed from lack of air, he turned his head a little to the right, which relieved the pressure from the pole and gave him more space for breathing. His hands still grasped the pole, but the moist and heavy snow made it impossible for him to move. He struggled desperately and tried to turn the pole in case anyone should be looking, but the beating of his heart sounded like a series of explosions in his ears, and he seemed to be fighting his own breath and trying to get away from its enveloping and stifling atmosphere. His lungs pained him.

The pole had evidently struck the bottom of the path, with its upper part resting against the wall above Philip's head, and it made just enough resistance to the damp snow immediately in front of his face to keep him from being quickly suffocated.

Meanwhile Mrs. Fales, who was the only one in the house, heard the rush of snow and the thud of its fall. It occurred to her that Philip had said something about getting the snow off the roof, but she had paid little attention to the matter. Being up stairs, she hastened to a window, then going out on the yard, and then discovered the window open near the small roof. Her heart grew cold within her as she saw the great heap of snow that not only filled the path but rose above the windows on the lower floor. She saw the pole protruding, and it seemed to her that she could see it move a little.

Filled with terror, she ran down below. The snow hung above a roof that covered a small hall or entry at a back door; a path had been cut to the door repeatedly and the snow had been thrown up on each side until it was about seven feet high.

There was no little to shovel it except into the little hallway and the kitchen beyond. Covered with snow and standing in it to her waist, the desperate mother flung it behind her as she tunneled her way toward her boy. One minute, two minutes, three minutes the shovel went into the almost solid mass of packed snow, while the gasping breath of the laboring and excited woman told of the strain under which she worked. Then the shovel hit something and laid bare a bit of cloth. It was Philip's coat. Very carefully she removed one more shovelful, and the arm and hand appeared.

Topping the shovel, she quickly removed the snow from the boy's face with her bare hands. The eyes were closed; the head drooped to one side; there was no response to her calls. The hands, which clasped the pole, were limp, and Mrs. Fales loosened their grip; then with infinite care she pushed back the snow from the boy, packed it away from his face and began to draw him out of the cavity his body had made.

Great strength seemed to be given to her hands and arms as she drew the still form to her. She heard the snow fall behind her from time to time and knew that at any moment they might be overwhelmed.

At last she released the boy from his position and with one dive and rush drew him out through the snow, on through the hall and into the kitchen. There she fell down in a sort of hysterical exhaustion, but in thanksgiving that at least one peril was past. Then she listened for the beating of the boy's heart. Yes, it certainly was beating rhythmically and strongly.

She turned Philip from side to side, raised and lowered his arms to produce artificial respiration, and then dashed cold water into his white face. Soon there was a deep, fluttering breath. Philip's eyes opened, and, raising his hand and drawing it across his face, he said feebly, "Hello! What's happened?"

(The End.)

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The Madrid washerwomen can scarcely be conceived. Some of those working here have been in the profession forty years, not always as past mistresses, for they have to serve an apprentice ship lasting many years before they are permitted to undertake work on their own account. A woeful reception meets any newcomer coming with a bundle of linen to wash. All kinds of insults are hurled at her by the regulars, her linen disappears as if by magic and is found again only after long search. An ma not an ordinary dirty linen pinner is in even worse case. She is splashed with suds and is lucky if she escapes with his clothing intact.

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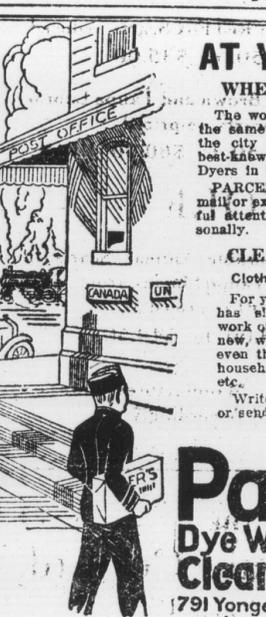
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Great Provincial Charity Makes Christmas Appeal to Friends of Childhood.

Dear Mr. Editor:

The most vital fact in public health service throughout the province is, as you know, the tremendous strides made in child welfare work. Modern science is harking back to the ancient proverb that "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." It has been the privilege of the Hospital for Sick Children—the greatest institution of its kind upon the continent—to find that ounce of prevention.

In bygone days dependence was put more largely in medicines. Nowadays there is a closer partnership between the pediatrician and Dame Nature. Since the erection of our Baby's Ward and the establishment of well babies' clinics the infant mortality in Toronto alone has been reduced from 155 to 82 per thousand. Further statistics which might be given would merely corroborate the actual life-saving value of the Hospital's work. And it is unnecessary to explain to you that the information to the researchers which make such a record possible is at once communicated to the Health Officers and practising physicians throughout Ontario.

Consequently the Hospital has surely a claim upon the Christmas-time generosity of every friend of little children. An institution which is securing the new-born child twice the chance, not merely of good health, but of life itself, is entitled to the abundant support of the public.

During the past financial year, revenue from all sources fell one hundred dollars a day behind necessary expenditures.

It has always been the ambition of the Hospital for Sick Children to

gain not only the support but the sympathy of the people of Toronto, and so to-day, with a debt exceeding \$150,000, it appeals to your readers to help along with some gift, whether it be great or small. A contribution of \$2,000 from an individual or a society gives the privilege of naming a cot for all time; a donation of 25 cents will run the whole Hospital for half a minute. Between these two amounts there is surely some sum which can be sent by everybody to the secretary-treasurer at 69 College Street, Toronto, as a token of interest in a charity whose field is as large as this province. The Hospital for Sick Children is one of the largest and most highly regarded in the world. It is an institution in which the people of Ontario may take legitimate pride, for it is through their generosity that success has been possible.

Two hundred and fifty children, pale of cheek or with twisted limbs, will be the immediate beneficiaries of the Yuletide remembrances of your readers. Thousands more throughout the coming year will benefit by their kindness.

IRVING E. ROBERTSON,
Chairman of Appeal Committee.

Robin Redbreast.

Sheila had just gone down to the country with her mother. It was the first time in her life she had been out of dull, drab, dreary London.

Directly after breakfast she climbed down from her chair, and ran out into the garden.

Presently she came flying back again, bubbling all over with excitement.

"Oh mummy—mummy!" she cried. "Do come and look!"

"What is it, my dear?" asked mother.

"Oh, mummy, there's a little outside, and it's got red cheeks right down to its knees!"

Minard's Liniment For Burns, Etc.

Athens Reporter

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The Fan as a Military Defence.

Who invented the fan? Eve, said the
essayist, when she fanned herself with
a palm leaf; Venus, declared the poet,
Oliver Wendell Holmes, when she de-
auded one of her doves, a fan-tailed
pigeon, of his plumes:

"My bird, I want your train," she
cried;
"Come, don't let's have a fuss about
it;

I'll make it beauty's pet and pride,
And you'll be better off without it."
He determined to yield to an impulse
The goddess spoke, and gently strip-
ped

Her bird of every caudal feather;
A strand of gold-bright hair she clip-
ped
And bound the glossy plumes to-
gether.

A pretty fancy and a charming fan,
even if we cannot accept Venus's off-
hand assurance that he poor, submis-
sive dove would be better off without
his tail. But, whatever its origin, the
fan in the Orient, an attribute of both
sexes, has belonged, down all the ages
of Occidental civilization, to woman
alone. "Woman's weapon," it has
been often called—a dainty weapon,
wielded only in wars of gallantry be-
tween the sexes, to be sure. It has
taken the great war to reveal the fan
as a thing of serious military value,
although not as an aggressive weapon
but as an important means of defense
against one of the most subtle and
hideous perils of the newer warfare.

This fan, so different from the pretty
plaything of elegant ladies, was in no
poet's fancy, but in sober fact, the in-
vention of a woman. Her name is
Hertha Ayrton, and she is English.
Mrs. Ayrton, the widow of a man of
science, and scientific herself, was

interested during the war in the prob-
lem of expelling poisonous gas from
the trenches, from dugouts and from
hollows in uneven ground, where it
lay long after the attacking wave had
passed over. She discovered that the
proper way to use a fan is not to
wave it about, making the air undulate
over a wide space, but to bring it
down sharply from the perpendicular
to the horizontal, driving the air be-
fore it in steady puffs and setting up a
fresh current from behind. On this
simple principle she constructed the
antigas fan.

The Ayrton antigas fan is not more
than twenty inches square, is con-
structed of light material, and works
on the hinge-and-spring principle. It
was used by the British troops during
the last months of the war, and the
soldiers gladly testify to its effective-
ness. The inventor has given public
demonstrations in London with glass
models of dugouts and tunnels, from
which smoke, which was employed in-
stead of gas, was quickly expelled.

At one of these demonstrations, Mrs.
Ayrton, with a three-inch fan, sat at
one end of a six-foot table while smoke
was poured down from a funnel at the
other end. The action of the miniature
fan not only dispelled the fumes but
quickly gained such control over them
that the current of air set up pre-
vented the smoke from coming out of
the funnel. The use of this antigas
fan in cases of accumulated sewer gas
has also been crowned with success,
the fan in this case being applied at
the manhole. Her ideas are being ap-
plied in factories, motion-picture
theatres, mines, and wherever noxious
gases are generated, and they may
even revolutionize our whole theory of
ventilation.

To His Mother.

It was at Rouen that he decided to
do it. Sitting in the quiet and comfort
of the Y.M.C.A. hut, he reviewed the
possibilities of the next few days and
found them decidedly grim. His out-
fit was to go straight into action, and
that until now he had always resisted.
He would write a farewell letter to
his mother in case he should fall.

His mother was a widow, and he
was her only son. It seemed like giv-
ing in to death to write this letter—
like signing his own death warrant.
Yet if he should fall, there was one
thing he wanted his mother to know.
Slowly, and with infinite difficulty, he
wrote his message.

Only one passage concerns us, and
its glory is such that all motherhood
should know it.

"Dear Mother. One thing especially
I want you to know. You're been an
unhappy life. Let this bring you
joy. Your wish has always been my
law. When I left home for business
seven years ago, you told me that you
wished me never to drink, gamble or
swear. It was wise of you to use that
word 'wish.' Just because it was not
a command, but the anxiety of your
great love to me, I have always re-
spected it. From that day to this, I
have never tasted strong drink,
gambled, or sworn, or done anything
else I felt you would be ashamed of.
Dear mother, don't grieve if I fall. I
believe in Christ, and I shall go with
a clean soul to God."

The letter was closed and sealed
and dispatched to a friend, to be sent
to his mother, if necessary. Before he
slept that night he determined, on his
knees, to resist all gloomy forebod-
ings.

A week later orders came to his bat-
talion that a strong German machine-
gun post must be captured. A Com-
pany was given the task, and failed.
C. Company, our young hero in com-
mand, was ordered to take the gun.
Through a hail of bullets they swept
to victory.

A month went by, and the young
officer was standing one day in the

It Is Not Easy.

To apologize,
To begin over,
To admit error,
To be unselfish,
To take advice,
To be charitable,
To be considerate,
To keep on trying,
To think and then act,
To profit by mistakes,
To forgive and forget,
To shoulder a deserved blame,
BUT IT ALWAYS PAYS.

trenches. Snipers were busy, and he
had been seeing that his men were
not carelessly exposed at any point.
Wearily he leaned against the back
wall of the trench. Suddenly came an
impulse to move his position. He could
not explain it; nevertheless he obeyed
and swung around on his elbow. Ping!
A German bullet sank into the wall
in the very spot against which his
head had rested. So the days and
nights went by with escape after
escape. Still he struggled to main-
tain his confidence in life.

Soon after the armistice he return-
ed home. Never will he or his moth-
er forget the night when—after much
thought—he banded his mother that
letter. She had shed many tears in
life—but never such tears of perfect
joy and pride. When they knelt to-
gether in overwhelming gratitude it
was as if they heard a Voice saying,
"Woman, behold thy son! Son, behold
thy mother!"

Said to be the largest in the world,
and 400 miles in width, a new oil-
field has been discovered in Western
Canada.

German lace manufacturers are
copying English patterns, and send-
ing lace to Great Britain to sell at
twenty per cent. less than the home
production.

Solving the Secrets of the Sea.

No more distinctly scientific body
than the British Association exists
anywhere in the world, yet among the
papers that fill the program of its an-
nual meetings there are always some
that have a wide popular and prac-
tical interest. At the latest meeting
the address of the president, Prof. W.
A. Herdman of the University of Liver-
pool, was devoted to oceanography,
a subject on which he is an authority;
and although the paper touched the
scientific imagination in pointing out
the immense field for study in the
chemical, geological and biological
story of the oceans and ocean life, it
also dwelt upon the very practical mat-
ter of the food that we get or could
get from the sea.

One of the things that President
Herdman would do is to make some
kind of census of the oceans, as a
basis for calculating how much food
they can be made to yield and what
laws can be agreed upon for the pro-
tection of fish. It is evident from
history and geology and archeology
that man has always got a consider-
able part of his food from the sea, yet
it is the one field in which, with un-
important exceptions, has estab-
lished no individual rights and done
no productive work. On land he has
multiplied the gifts of nature a hun-
dredfold and improved them in quality
as well as in quantity; but what na-
ture gives him from the sea he has
taken in its casual form and quantity,
and been content.

The future is likely to see a great
change. It has been proved that an
area of the sea can be made to yield

a greater income than an equal area
of good farming land, and only a be-
ginning has been made as yet. The
oyster business, the lobster business
and the salmon business are almost
the only departments of the great in-
dustry of fishing in which anything
has been done to make the supply per-
manent. All the other important fish-
eries of the world—the cod, the stur-
geon, the mackerel, the herring, the
halibut, the swordfish—have been con-
tent to trust to luck and to go on de-
pleting a natural supply that they have
done nothing to increase or even to
maintain.

As an illustration of the important
secrets that the sea may hold, the
story of the tilefish is worth recalling.
The first of the species to be caught
were taken south of Nantucket in 1879
and were at once declared by the
United States Fish Commission to be
an excellent food fish. For two years
or so they came to market in con-
siderable quantity. Then, in 1882, the
schooner Navarino sailed for two days
and a night through water the surface
of which was covered with dead fish
to the estimated number of 250,000
to the square mile. For a long time
no tilefish were caught; then, a few
years ago they began to reappear and
are now plenty again. Men of science
believe that the cause of the disaster
was a sudden shifting of the Gulf
Stream and a replacing inflow of cold
water from the Labrador coast, but
no one knows surely. "Hast thou
entered into the springs of the sea?
or hast thou walked in the search of
the depth?"

The Handwriting on the Wall.

The trail that leads to a thief is
often tortuous, but that identification
sometimes hinges on the most trivial
circumstances is illustrated in a story
from The Recollections of a Police
Magistrate in the Canadian Magazine.
A railway station at a small town in
Ontario had been robbed and, besides
some money, a number of express
orders and railway tickets had been
taken.

Before the numbers of the stolen
orders had been reported, one of the
orders was cashed in Toronto by a
woman who signed her name as "War-
ren." The teller could not give a de-
scription of the woman but remembered
that another young woman, who was
also at the wicket, had given a little
smile of recognition to the woman who
was getting the money. It was easy
to find the second woman, but she
proved to have no recollection of the
person wanted, except that she had
attended business college with her for
a short time two years before. She
could not remember her name, but
promised to try to recall it. A few
hours afterwards she was still unable
to recall the name, but she remember-
ed having seen the girl write it on
the wall of the cloak room of the
college.

At the spot described the name was
found. The principal of the college
remembered something of the girl and
thought she had been staying with
friends in Toronto. The city directory
was next consulted, but of the five
families of the name in the city none
had a Margaret, and it was a Marg-
aret that was wanted. It was decided
to call on all the addresses. The first
one was that of a house showing signs
of wealth and responsibility. It hard-
ly seemed worth while, but the inspec-
tors touched the bell, and almost im-
mediately a refined-looking young wo-
man answered.

"Is Miss Margaret—here?" they
politely inquired.

"That is my name."
It was a shock to the inspectors, but
they proceeded quickly with their
questions. Indignant denial was the
first attitude. Then slowly came the
admissions. She had cashed the check
for a young man with whom she had
attended a country school many years
before. She led the way to a lodging
house in a near-by street, where the
inspectors captured two men and
seized the rest of the stolen goods.
One of the men a year previous had
been a station master at the place
that was robbed.

Miss Margaret little thought, when
she wrote her name on the wall, that
she was laying a trap to land her
friend and one of his chums in prison.

Illness Cured by Merriment.

The power of the mind over con-
tagious disease is well illustrated by
Charles L. Leland in his "Have You
a Strong Will?" He cites the case of
the celebrated physician, Hufeland,
who recalls a personal experience, as
follows:

"I, myself, am an example that an
established case of contagious illness
can be cured by a glad exhilaration of
spirits. It happened in the year of the
war, 1807, when a pestilential fever
broke out, that I had to attend many
who were ill with it. And one morn-
ing I felt that I had every symptom
of the disorder—giddiness, mental
dullness, weakness of the limbs—every
sign that I must suffer for many days
before the malady would break out.
But duty commanded, and others suf-
fered more than I. I determined to go
through all the morning's work as
usual, and to enjoy a midday dinner
to which I was invited. At this din-
ner, I gave myself up as much as I
could to merriment, drank intention-
ally more wine than usual, went with
an artificially excited fever to my
home, went to bed, had a profuse per-
spiration, and rose in the morning
cured."

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

Fletcher's Castoria is strictly a remedy for Infants and Children. Foods are specially prepared for babies. A baby's medicine is even more essential for Baby. Remedies primarily prepared for grown-ups are not interchangeable. It was the need of a remedy for the common ailments of Infants and Children that brought Castoria before the public after years of research, and no claim has been made for it that its use for over 30 years has not proven.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrup. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Comfort—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

Your subscription to
The Reporter will be
appreciated.

A Terrible Explosion.

The strictest precautions are neces-
sary in storing and handling the ex-
plosives that are used in the diamond
mines of South Africa. The need of
such stringency was emphasized by
an explosion that wrecked a dozen
magazines near the compound of the
Victoria Mining Company three years
before Mr. Gardner F. Williams as-
sumed the management of the De
Beers Company. In his book, The
Diamond Mines of South Africa, Mr.
Williams describes the result of the
explosion:

The shock was felt from Dutoitspan
to the farthest limits of the west end
of the camps, and terror-stricken peo-
ple rushed out of their houses to see
a vast heaving cloud of smoke rising
hundreds of feet into the sky.

The magazines were dashed to
pieces, as the Kimberley papers re-
ported, by the terrible power of the
explosives. In most instances the gal-
vanized iron was broken into tiny
atoms as if by myriad hammers, and
cartridges were scattered far and wide
through the debris, exploding in vol-
leys or in scattering blasts for many
minutes after the explosion. One
large stone was thrown as far as the
Central Company's offices, a distance
of two miles, and smaller ones to the

west end, three miles from the maga-
zines. In the most distant parts of
the camp there was a startling break-
age of windows, lamps and chandel-
liers; and the hotel bars and canteens
were so heavily pelted that the floors
were swimming with what we might
call dynamite cocktail, a liquid com-
posed of every liquor under heaven,
from Cape Smoke to Heldsieck and
Pommery. Witnesses of the explosion
thought that hundreds of people had
been killed and injured; but almost
miraculously, as it seemed, only two
persons were killed, one a white, the
other a black.

A Thrifty Book Lover.

There are some singular discounts
allowed in the book trade that on one
occasion were happily illustrated by
Mark Twain. One day while the hum-
orist was connected with a publishing
house he went to a bookstore and,
picking up a volume, asked the price.
He then suggested that, as a publish-
er, he was entitled to fifty per cent.
discount. To this the clerk assented.

"As I am also the author of the
book," said Mark Twain, "it would
appear that I am again entitled to
fifty per cent. discount."

The clerk bowed. He could not deny
it.

"And as I am a personal friend of
the proprietor," Mark modestly con-
tinued, "I presume you will allow me
the usual twenty-five per cent. dis-
count? If so, I think I may as well
take the book. What's the tax?"

The clerk took out his pencil and
figured industriously. Then he said
with great obeisance, "As near
as I can calculate, we owe you the
book and about thirty-seven and one-
half cents."

France bought from the British all
the railway lines they laid down in
that country.

"I see," remarked a gentleman as
he paid a small newsboy for his
paper, "that you are putting up a
good many new buildings in your
town." "That is the only kind we
put up here, sir," replied the little
fellow, with a touch of civic pride.

Your World Power.

Would you be at peace? Speak
peace to the world.

Would you be healed? Speak
health to the world.

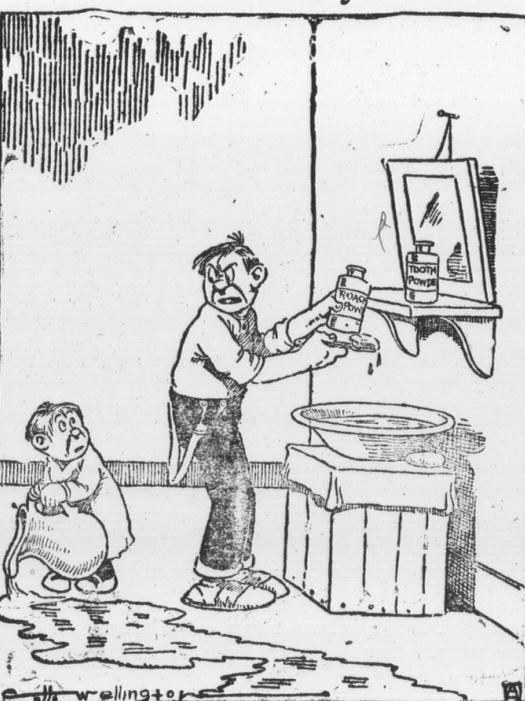
Would you be loved? Speak
love to the world.

Would you be successful?
Speak success to the world.

For all the world is so closely
akin that not one individual may
realize his desire except all the
world share it with him.

And every Good Word you
send into the world is a silent,
mighty power, working for
Peace, Health, Love, Joy, Suc-
cess to all the world—
Including yourself.

—and the worst is yet to come





The Wind.
I love the wind. Sometimes it plays
As softly in the trees
As though a lady gently touched
Our old piano keys.

At dawn it blows my curtains pink;
They gently stir and sway—
That means the wind would have me
dress
And come outdoors and play!

The stars and moon and sun are
friends
That every child can see,
But best of all I love the wind—
It says so much to me!

The Lost Bequilt.
Caroline was very much interested
when her father bought a piano for
her older sister, and when she saw
the large box that the piano was packed
in she was more interested than
ever. She knew right away that the
box would make a beautiful play-
house, and she begged so hard for it
that her father had it carried down
into the orchard and set up, just like
a real house, on a foundation of
brick. Two stout planks propped it
in place, and there was a roof of
tanned paper and oilcloth curtains to
keep it dry.

Caroline moved into the little house,
bag and baggage, and all summer
long she played there. The furnish-
ings were a dolls' bed, bureau and
table, and a little chair for herself.
The thing that she valued most was a
colored patchwork quilt that her
grandmother had made at the age of
eight. The quilt was always neatly
spread on the dolls' bed, where it
looked very pretty with its pattern
of red, white and green stars.

On rainy days Caroline sat snug in
her little house and listened to the
rain on the orchard leaves; on fine
days she and the dolls had birds and
bees for company, and now and then
a gray squirrel, which came peering
about, full of curiosity. Caroline
named the squirrel Frisky Tail. When
the canning season came, Caroline
played that she was canning, too.
She gathered bright berries and lit-
tle wild apples and cooked them in
water in the sun on the orchard wall.
After that she put them into bottles
and then labeled the bottles and set
them away on the pantry shelves of
her playhouse.

One day toward the end of Septem-
ber Caroline decided to go over to a
near-by field and see whether she
could find a few more late apples to
can. She put her playhouse in order
before she left; and as she turned to
go she noticed with pleasure how pret-
ty the patchwork quilt looked on the
dolls' bed. A ray of sunlight was

shining through a crack right on the
red star in the centre.

When she came back an hour later
the patchwork quilt was gone. Though
she turned everything upside down,
she could not find it. What could
have happened to it? No one ever
came to that spot except herself. She
searched in vain for days.

One frosty day in November, when
the nuts were rattling merrily to the
ground, Caroline ran down to the
woods to gather chestnuts. The
shortest way was through the orch-
ard, for the best chestnut trees grew
near the orchard line.

"I must take only a pocketful," she
said to herself. "It wouldn't do to
rob Mr. Frisky Tail."

As she turned to leave a little later
she caught sight of something bright
sticking out of a hole just above her
head in an old gnarled tree. She
went closer and looked carefully. The
thing was red and green and white
in color, and it had a very familiar
look.

Caroline gave a little jump, caught
hold of the bright object and jerked
it out of the opening. It was the
long-lost patchwork quilt!

She was so pleased to find her
treasure that she did not stop to
wonder about it. But after she had
run as far as the orchard a thought
struck her. She crept softly back to
the woods and hid behind a tree.
Presently she saw something appear
at the edge of the empty hole—some-
thing gray, with two round black
spots on it. It might have been al-
most any squirrel's face, but to Caro-
line it looked very much like the face
of Mr. Frisky Tail.

Her heart smote her. She remem-
bered her sad feelings when she lost
the quilt. "I can't take it away from
him," she said. "He had tucked it
into his house so nicely, and now he
looks so sad."

She found a long stick and ran
back to the tree. The squirrel darted
out of the hole when she came
near and dashed to the top branch,
where he sat and chattered at her.

When Caroline had pushed the quilt
back into the hole she waved her
hand to him.

"There's your quilt," she said.
"Now do stop scolding!"

Then she went home and made her
dolls a tufted blue quilt of cheese-
cloth. When she next went to the
woods only one corner of the patch-
work quilt was to be seen. The third
time she went even that had disap-
peared.

But the dolls were well content
with the blue cheesecloth quilt; and
all winter Caroline liked to think of
a certain warm nest in the woods that
she had helped to furnish.

Zulus Are Loyal.

The chief of the Zulu nation, his
ringed headman and many minor
chiefs, recently assembled in the
Court House at Maritzburg, South
Africa, and delivered speeches of af-
fection and esteem for the retiring
Governor-General, and through him,
for the British King, for whom they
now profess unbounded loyalty, though
it is not many years ago that the
Zulus were mortal enemies of the
British.

There was an enthusiastic demon-
stration, reports a Durban, Natal, dis-
patch, and the building was packed
with courtly, dignified Zulus, some of
them in frock coats and wearing
medals received for bravery in the
world war, but others, also we-medal-
led for valor in Europe, had reverted
to their primitive native costume.
Chief Manzolwandhli, son of Cete-

wayo, the chief who fought against
the British, as the representative of
Zulu royal blood, voiced his thanks
"for the beneficent British rule,"
while Chief Mini declared that as "the
Zulus had given assistance in the
world war, they were ready to give
that assistance again whenever need-
ed, and were prepared to die for their
King and country."

The Key.

The tongue is the key of the mind,
And whenever it opens the secret-
lung door,
What lies in the storehouse behind,
Whether gems or mere rubbish, is
hidden no more. Oriental.

Canada is now the second nation
in the world in the manufacture of
automobiles, number of cars owned
and the per capita distribution.

Romantic Story of Marquis Wheat.

The story of Marquis wheat is as
interesting as a plot of a novel, says
a writer, for the hundreds of millions
of bushels that are now grown annu-
ally on the continent of North Amer-
ica are descended from a few isolated
grains.

In 1841 a Scotchman who had been
working for David Fife, near Peter-
borough, Ontario, returned to his na-
tive country under promise to send to
his employer a Scottish bonnet, or
Glengarry. As soon as he arrived in
Glasgow he bought the bonnet, and
while taking a stroll along the Broom-
felaw came upon a boat unloading a
cargo of fine wheat. He filled the
bonnet with a sample of the wheat
and sent it to his friend Fife in
Canada.

Fife sowed the seed in the spring
of 1842, but cattle broke into his gar-
den, and only three heads came to
maturity. Being interested in his
friend's gift, Fife saved the wheat,
and in 1843 had a pint of seed, which
multiplied as the years went by; and
by 1870 Red Fife, as this new wheat
was called after its color and its own-
er, became a favorite in Ontario. It
was also known as Scotch Fife and as
Glasgow wheat—though it was not
grown in Scotland, and the experts,
when they examined it, pronounced it
a Galician variety. Investigation proved
that the vessel in the Glasgow

docks in 1841 had come with a cargo
of wheat from Danzig, the chief out-
let for Galician grain.

Red Fife was the staple Canadian
wheat in the seventies, but it was slow
to ripen, and the early frosts black-
ened many a first-class field of it. In
1888 a botanist named Saunders crossed
it with more than fifty other vari-
eties, but failed to solve the problem.
The flour thus produced was too yel-
low for the market. In 1903, however,
his son, Dr. Charles E. Saunders,
chanced to hit on an ear of Red Fife
that his father had crossed with Hard
Calcutta, and in the following year
succeeded in growing twelve plants.
The yield was less than a pound of
seed, but it ripened early, and the
grains were plump. He named it Mar-
quis, after the governor-general of
Canada, the Marquis of Lorne.

In 1907 all the seed that could be
spared—twenty-three pounds—was
sent to the experimental station at
Indian Head, Saskatchewan. It lived
up to expectations, and two years
later four hundred samples were dis-
tributed to Canadian farmers. Their
reports were enthusiastic. The early
wheat, so long sought, had been found.
Since then its fame has spread widely,
and Marquis wheat is now grown not
only in Canada, but in Minnesota and
the Dakotas, where rust has hitherto
played havoc, and where early har-
vests prevent losses through frost.

Neighborhood Co-operation.

Farmers are often said to be the
most independent folks on earth. In
reality we are that all right, but with
the first syllable detached from that
word, we're dependent.

Not so far from here there is a
lawsuit hanging fire that has cost
one wealth landowner about \$10,000,
and the suit is not yet settled. Many
others concerned with the same suit
are poorer by hundreds of dollars.
Lawyers richer—yes. The ditch could
have been dug many times over for
the amount of cash already spent.
And there are dozens of similar cases
all over the country.

One man or a set of men may want
a ditch cleaned or straightened up.
Others do not see that it will benefit
them any, and so they fight it.
They admit that it will benefit the
community, but it would cost them
more than they would be benefited.
Result—a fight. Later they may
want something of the same sort
done. Because the first crowd made
them pay for what they didn't want,
they expect to even things up. Re-
sult—another fight.

To-night a neighbor was here with
a petition on a township school mat-
ter. So far as being a patron of the
school is concerned, I am not inter-
ested. Yet I signed the petition. I
know it will cost some money. Some
of my neighbors are doing the same
thing to-night. The time will come
when we may want a petition signed
that will not interest the other fel-
lows. And we will expect them to
sign it. It's a poor sport who won't
use the golden rule after the other
fellow used it first.

In our neighborhood there is an
open ditch that has to be cleaned every
few years. So far we have arranged
between us jointly to hire a surveyor
to lay the job out and figure out the
portion that each one of us is to clean
out. And so far it has always been
done. Either we do the actual work
ourselves or we hire a ditcher to do
it for us. There are some men who
are benefited more than others, and
some who could get along very well
with no ditching done. Yet these
fall in line, and we have a satisfac-
tory deal every time.

No matter whether we want to or
not, we've got to consider the other
fellows' improvements. In any work
of this kind the tax that pays it is
collected from farms in the county
and township that are not benefited.
Yet the same farms want improved
roads or ditches, and your farm helps
to pay. It is only helping each other
and distributing the cost over more
years. I know of several farmers
who refused to sign a stone road
petition because they didn't have any
use for a road at that point, or not
much use. Yet later, when there was
a road they did have use for, and
they circulated a petition, they ex-
pected everyone to sign for accom-
modation.

This is what I like to hear a man
say, and this one has signed three
or four road improvement petitions
that will cost him extra taxes but
give him very little benefit: "Yes, I'll
sign that petition. You fellows need
a road. Some time I may want a
road myself."

Even though it is morally right, it
does not pay financially not to come
and go with the needs of your neigh-
bors. One can't get along without
neighbors very well, though some
folks try to. Wait till you get sick
and see how it works.

As a Special Favor.

There had been a difference of opin-
ion in the preacher's family, and
youthful Elizabeth thought that she
had received the worst of it. So at
prayer time she was resentful and un-
happy, but she went through her usual
petitions.

"O Lord," she finally prayed, "make
all the bad people good. And, God,
if you can, please make all the good
people nice."

Poor Father!

Billie: "Pa, what's a dirigible?"
Father: "Now, Willie, haven't I told
you not to frigate your poor father
with your questions, and persecute
him with your impositions just as if
he were a cyclorama of inflammation!"

Memorial Trees.

A tree to honor soldiers?
Choose it not carelessly!
For the elm, though tall and stately,
Is a lady sort of tree.
Dropped round with lovely fringes as a
lady likes to be.

And the willow, ah, the willow
Old churchyards knew so long.
Too full of tears, too drooping
Is for a soul so strong.
It left, on a poppled hillside, young
lips scarce hushed from song.

A good tree for a soldier
Sure is the stalwart oak,
Strong from the time its leaflets
Their acorn she-th have broke.
Till the great boughs shout defiance
to the north wind's mighty
stroke.

And if the twinkling poplar
Recall the pains of France,
It yet is worthy, guarding—
Trim, tapered like a lance—
One who has marched white highways
with poplar shades advance.

Then choose we for our soldier
Green boughs where songs may be;
A stem erect, befitting
His body's gallantry,
When (slighting bronze and sculpture)
we praise him with a tree!

The Bible and Shakespeare.

Many young writers hear that Lin-
coln formed his style on the Bible and
Shakespeare and think that the wisest
course for them is to do likewise. We
cannot fill our lives too full of the
Bible—at any rate most of us to-day
do not; and the stern, rugged, vigor-
ous, or sweet and tender, English of
the Scriptures is as fruitful a model
for literature as it is for life. But the
case with Shakespeare is altogether
different. His plays are an exhaustless
mine of delight for those who love
imaginative beauty, but they are bad
models for a young writer. Shakes-
peare was the richest and most fertile
poet the world has ever known. But
his merits are inimitable.

If the young author is determined to
pick out special models, he cannot do
better than to choose the classical
prose of the eighteenth century; prose
that does not pretend to lofty imagi-
nation, but that is eminently simple,
supple, easy and vigorous, the prose
of Swift, Addison or Goldsmith. Yet
far better than any particular models
is a wide reading of great writers of
very different types. Turn from
Chaucer to Thackeray. Mix Dryden
with Dickens. And let a sure and
adequate English of your own flow
out of the blending of the most vari-
ous styles and temperaments.

But more important than any study
of models is the training and disciplin-
ing of your own mind. The greatest
needs of a writer of the present day,
of any day, are brevity and lucidity;
and the one essential preliminary to
writing clearly is to think clearly. The
greatest writer of the world, from this
point of view, said that the two main
elements of style are precision and
color. Color is the gift of God. But
precision can be learned, and the way
to learn it is to think out your subject
clearly and accurately before you put
pen to paper.

First, train yourself to the habit of
expressing everything simply, ener-
getically and directly. Then fix your
whole soul on the great book of life,
the inexhaustible record of human
passion and emotion and experience.
There was never a better precept for
an author than the intense, transfigur-
ing line of Sir Philip Sidney:
"Fool," said my muse to me, "look
in thy heart and write."

Thought He Needed Roses.

A shy young man had been calling
on "the sweetest girl in the world" for
many months; but, being bashful, his
suit progressed slowly.

Finally she decided she ought to set
things going, so the next time he called
she pointed to the rose in his coat
and said, "I'll give you a kiss for
that."

A crimson flush spread over his
countenance, but the exchange was
made. Then he grabbed his hat and
started to leave the room.

"Where are you going?" she asked,
in surprise.
"To the—er—florist for more roses,"
he called back from the front door.

Production by Canadian Indians.

The value of the crop taken off the
Greater Production farms on the In-
dian reserves in the prairie provinces
this year will be worth, it is estimated,
\$2,500,000, and the profits on the op-
erations will run to well over \$1,000,-
000. Wheat on these farms in Alberta
has thrashed as high as 45 bushels to
the acre and graded No. 1 Northern.
Thus, in times of peace, is the Domin-
ion benefiting from a work inaugurat-
ed as a war measure.

In the early part of 1918, it came to
the attention of the Government, anx-
ious to bring about the greatest possi-
ble production, that only a small por-
tion of land on the Indian reserves in
the west was under cultivation. Arrangements were accordingly made
to lease these reserves for cultivation
and an appropriation of \$300,000 put
at the disposal of the Inspector of In-
dian Agencies to be used in encourag-
ing the Indians to greater production
of grain and cattle. Machinery and
horses were purchased, reserves fenced
where necessary, buildings erected,
and seed and livestock secured. The
Indian population of the reserves were
called upon for every effort and nobly
responded by putting in long hours
on the Greater Production farms and
speeding up production on their own
farms.

These Greater Production farms, as
they were called, have been success-
ful and, in addition, have encouraged
work and effort on the farms the In-
dians already had under cultivation.
From the point of view of the money
invested, the results have been emi-
nently satisfactory, and they are great-
ly still from the point of view of ben-
efiting and encouraging the Indians to

take greater interest in modern and
scientific agriculture.

The exact returns for 1920 are not
yet available, but there is no doubt
that they will surpass the output of
1919, which was gratifying and fully
justified the experiment. In 1919 the
number of acres operated under the
government plan in Alberta and Sas-
katchewan was 20,448. The effect of
the campaign can be seen in the man-
ner in which the Indians increased
production on their own farms. The
extent of acreage cropped in 1918
showed an increase of 24 1/2 per cent.,
and in 1919, of 65 per cent. The total
increase of acreage by individual In-
dians and on the Greater Production
farms was 94 1/2 per cent. In addition
to the crop, the increase in the num-
ber of cattle raised was substantially
higher.

As an example of the activities of
Canada's western Indians, the figures
of the Blackfeet reserve at Glacier
may be mentioned, on which area
Greater Production farms, two in
number, were established, cultivating
8,000 acres. The reserve consists of
175,000 acres and has a population of
685 Indians, of whom 142 are farming,
and 120 are in the two boarding
schools of the reserve. A total of 8,
500 acres are under cultivation ex-
clusive of the Greater Production
farms, whilst three coal mines are op-
erated, by the same labor, and owned
by the Indians. The tribe owns six
threshing machines, seven large trac-
tors as well as much privately-owned
farm machinery, on the 147 farms of
160 acres each privately tilled.

The estimated production on this re-
serve from the farms owned by the
tribe, exclusively, is for the year, 150,-
000 bushels.

Hearing With the Eyes.

Inventions have just been perfected
which visualize the sound of human
speech.

These are for the instruction and
education of deaf-mutes. One appar-
atus, called a vocal phonoscope, has a
circular frame over which a thin mem-
brane is stretched.

A metal plate attached to the mem-
brane bears a pointed pin or thorn.
Against this pin rests a small plate of
brass. This apparatus can only be
used in a dark room.

Words spoken into the funnel cause
the membrane to vibrate. The vibra-
tions are transmitted by the pointed
pin to the brass plate resting against
it. To this plate is attached a tiny
mirror, upon which a ray of light is
focused.

As the mirror is moved by the vi-
brations of the membrane, the re-
flected ray of light draws designs on
a screen. Deaf-mute pupils soon learn
to recognize sounds by the designs.

Self-Starter Needed.

Father (upstairs): "It is time for
that young man to go home."

Young Man: "Your father is a
crank."

Father (overhearing): "Well, when
you don't have a self-starter a crank
comes in handy!"

Buy Thrift Stamps.

Bearers of the Gospel.

These twelve Jesus sent forth, and
commanded them, saying, Go not into
the way of the Gentiles, and into any
city of the Samaritans enter ye not;
but go rather to the lost sheep of
the house of Israel.—St. Matt. 10, 5.

St. Mark tells us that Christ or-
dained the Twelve Apostles "that they
should be with Him, and that He
might send them forth to preach"
(St. Mark 3, 14). It must have been
a denial as well as a joy when He
sent them forth; a denial, in that He
would be left without their compan-
ionship, which was dear to him; a
joy, in that they were to go out and
proclaim the coming of the kingdom.
Our Lord in His humanity loved His
companions (St. John 13, 1) and de-
sired to have them with Him as He
preached and worked miracles. He
was lonely, He loved men, and that
blessed fellowship which, since Chris-
tianity was established, has created
the church and human brotherhood,
was a part of His blessed work.

Two Sides of Life.

The apostles had the double privi-
lege of learning from Christ and then
going out to preach. It was typical
of the Christian life. We are to com-
mune with God and in our individual
life learn of Him and find joy in the
learning, and then we are to do our
work under the guidance of the Holy
Spirit, bringing to others the truth
we have been taught. We cannot ne-
glect either side of life. It is impos-
sible to work happily and profitably
unless we have first been with
Jesus in the Quiet Hour. It is un-
worthy for us to have the Quiet Hour
and hear Christ speak to us and then
fail to go at His command and tell
men of His love. We must not ne-
glect either of these privileges. They
both go together. Back and forth the
disciples went, now having the compan-
ionship of Jesus, and now going as
messengers to tell men that the Mes-
siah had come.

It seems a little strange that
Christ told them to confine their
preaching at first to the Jews. They
were not to go to the Gentiles or to
the Samaritans who had separated
themselves from the Jews dwelling
in Judea and Galilee, but they were
to go to the lost sheep of the house
of Israel. They were to begin at
home. And so must we. It is not
easy to lead to Christ and His wor-
ship and service those of our own
households, but we must begin there.
Missionary work in foreign fields
must not be neglected, but we must
first do all we can to make Canada a
Christian land, and I love to think
of these men, Peter and John and

James, going first to their own homes
and then to their brethren of the
Jews. The foundation for the Chris-
tian church, which would so soon com-
prise the Gentile world, was to be
laid among the people of Abraham,
Isaac and Jacob, to whom the prom-
ises were made.

Christ's Instructions to Us.

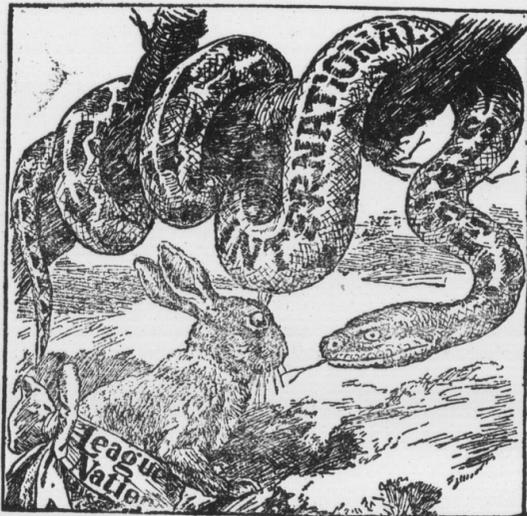
Note, first, how the apostles were
to throw themselves into the work.
Nothing must impede them, no per-
sonal interest or burdensome plans
must delay them. They must leap, as
it were, to the task as if sent out in
haste to deliver great news. It is this
enthusiasm for the world's conver-
sion that we need now.

Again, they were not to be afraid.
They would be called upon to suffer,
but no matter, for their names were
written in Heaven and cruel men could
not hurt their souls.

Thirdly, the value in Christ's sight
of those who go out to preach is am-
ply proven by the Master's words,
"God cares for little birds, though they
be sold so cheaply in the market
place. How much more must He care
for His own children as they go out
to bring back home the Father's wan-
dering sheep! The love of Jesus for
the twelve is one of the glories of
the gospel, and it brings Him very
near to every man who tries to make
the world better because he has
caught a vision from Heaven.

And then finally Christ declares
that even the smallest deed of kind-
ness has a blessing. I have found
great comfort in those last words
about a cup of cold water given to
a little one. We long to do some
great thing—to sweep a multitude
into the Kingdom, to make the world
good in a day, to subdue human pas-
sions and conquer cruel tongues. And
finding that we cannot, we are
ashamed. But here is a feeble soul
to whom we can speak a word of
comfort, with whom we can have a
little prayer—and the Master sees
and blesses. So holy is the illustra-
tion, that whenever any one gives me
a glass of water it seems like a
sign of hidden grace. We can do no
great things as men measure great-
ness. Nay, we may seem to fail in
men's eyes as they turn from us.
But if in Heaven some little child
shall come and take our hand and
say, "You helped me once long ago
on earth," what will all the pains and
sorrows and disappointments of the
world-life matter? To love Christ,
to tell the gospel story and to help
somebody to come to Him—that is to
go out as the apostles did and to
know that Jesus sends us.—Rev. F.

W. Tomkins.



MORAL SUASION.

The Rabbit: My offensive equipment being practically nil, it remains
for me to fascinate him with the power of my eye!

GREEK PLEBISCITE FAVORS RESTORATION OF CONSTANTINE

Overwhelming Majority for Return of Former King—Faction Feeling Runs High.

Athens, Dec. 5.—The plebiscite held to-day has shown an overwhelming majority in favor of the return of former King Constantine to the Greek throne, despite the notification of the Allies that the Sevres Treaty between the Allies and Turkey must be modified should the former sovereign return to the throne.

The voting closed at sundown and the full result probably will be published to-morrow, here were no serious incidents. The Greek Princes now in Athens voted in the morning. The balloting was not secret. Soldiers went to the voting places in platoons, carrying photos of Constantine.

One of the voting stations was in a cathedral, where groups of boys were distributing ballots on which was written the name of Constantine for the affirmative or the voter wrote the equivalent for "no" if he wished to vote negatively. The slip of paper was then handed in and dropped in a box.

In political circles it was stated to-day the whole situation now lay in

the hands of Constantine, with any solution possible. The Venizelists predict that while Constantine received a heavy complimentary vote in the plebiscite, he would abdicate in favor of his son, Prince George, Duke of Sparta.

The question of finance is the main disturbing factor in the situation, the army alone costing 4,000,000 drachmas per day. Up to this time the army's expenses have been paid by vouchers to the International Allied Financial Control Committee.

French and Greek soldiers have engaged in a brawl at Saloniki and three men have been wounded. There have also been clashes in Smyrna between civilians and soldiers regarding the singing of a Venizelos song and a Creton regiment has been disarmed. At some points feeling is running so high that the Venizelists are refusing to eat olives, which are the Constantine emblem.

Last night the city was brilliantly lighted and military bands in the streets played the "Constantine" march while hundreds of children sang it. Thousands of war workers filled the city's cafes and streets.

Winnipeg Has Her First Woman Officer

Winnipeg, Dec. 6.—Mrs. Jessie Kirk, Labor, is a member of Winnipeg's City Council for 1921, and is the first woman to hold such office in this city. Completion of the count in Ward Two for the three candidates to be elected for two-year terms put Mrs. Kirk among the winners to-day. The other successful candidates are Thomas Boyd and J. A. Mackeracher, both of whom ran on the citizens' ticket. Ernest Robinson, a Labor member in last year's Council was defeated.

Great Britain and Italy Trade With Soviet

London, Dec. 6.—The Daily Chronicle's political correspondent states that the British Government has acquiesced in the French representatives with the proposals of the Russian trading agreement, which is in course of negotiation with the Moscow Government. The Italian Government is also proposing to trade officially with Russia under an agreement. The attitude of the French Government is that France cannot enter into any such relations. The French will, however, permit their private traders to trade with Russia, but there will be no official cognizance on the part of the French Government.

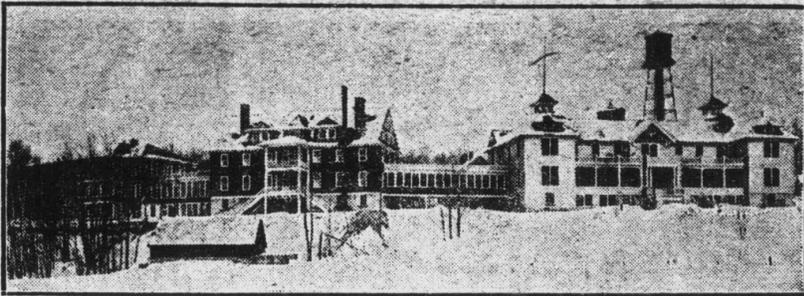
GLASGOW RAID ON SINN FEINERS BY POLICE REVEALS ARSENAL

Propaganda Literature as Well as Explosives Seized by Police—Six Persons Arrested.

A despatch from Glasgow says:—Three men and three women, whom the police believe to be active Sinn Feiners, were arrested here early on Thursday morning. The police raid was carried out in several houses in the Garngad district, and, in addition to the arrests, large quantities of firearms were captured.

A charge of treasonable conspiracy against his Majesty's Government and the forces of the Crown has been made against the persons in custody. The activity and scope of the Sinn Fein in Scotland has been known for some time to be fairly extensive in several areas, and the captures are regarded as of great importance. "A regular arsenal" was the description applied by one of the 100

officers who raided the houses, and its aptness may be gauged from the fact that the seizures included ten pounds of gelignite, large quantities of gun cotton, gun powder and fusing material, detonators and hand grenades, two revolvers and a pistol. Quantities of Sinn Fein literature, drill book of the "Irish Republican Army," and a membership card of the Sinn Fein organization also were found. Garngad is a typical working-class district, and the prisoners, two married couples and a young man and woman, understood to be sweethearts, were of working-class appearance. They came before a local magistrate at the district Police Court on Thursday and in accordance with the usual procedure were remanded to the Sheriff's Court.



SCENE OF EARLY MORNING FIRE AT GRAVENHURST.

The main building of the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives was burned to the ground shortly after midnight Tuesday morning. Two hundred patients who were in this building were all got out in safety. Arrangements have been made to bring these to the Toronto Free Hospital, where they will be cared for temporarily. Good work was done by the nurses in helping the patients and by the Gravenhurst Fire Brigade in fighting the flames.

Photo shows the Main Building on the right, Administration Building in the centre, and the Infirmary on the left.

Canadians Win at Chicago Show

Chicago, Dec. 5.—Canadians are jubilant over the showing they have made at the Live Stock Show. Their triumphs have been especially worthy in the horse classes.

By winning the Grand Champion Stallion prize in the Clydesdale event, C. A. Weaver of Lloydminster, Sask., takes back one of the most coveted awards of the exposition.

Canadians have also been prominent at the grain and hay show, where J. C. Mitchell of Dahinda, Sask., took the wheat prize, and John W. Lucas of Calgary, Alta., the oats event.

FOUR CANADIAN AIRMEN HONORED

Memorial in London Church Unveiled by Duke of York.

London, Dec. 6.—Names of four Canadian members of the Royal Air Force occupy prominent places on the memorial which the Duke of York unveiled at St. Alban's Church on Wednesday. The Canadians are Lieuts. Charles Ronald Leduc and Allen George Daw, both of Ottawa; Harry Hall Gunther, Listowel, and Charles Wheelock, Orangeville. All were killed on duty while stationed at Joyce Green Airdrome in war time. This was the chief airdrome for the defence of London from German raiders.

Representatives of the Canadian High Commissioner were present at the unveiling, also General Lord Horne, formerly Commander of the First Army in France; Air Marshall Sir Hugh Trenchard and the Home Secretary. The memorial is in the form of a Celtic cross of Cornish granite and is in the church yard. There also is an oak tablet inside the church door whereon are inscribed the names. The latter includes the name of an Australian, Lieut. Graham Salmon, believed to have been the only airman killed over London in its defence. He was killed July 7, 1917.

Canada Imports More From U.S. and Exports Less

Washington, Dec. 6.—Great Britain and Japan were the only ones of the larger countries that took less goods from the United States in October than during the same month a year ago; while Canada, Mexico, Chile, Germany and the Dutch East Indies were the only countries from which the United States received more goods than during the corresponding of 1919.

Goods shipped to Great Britain were valued at \$160,973,621, a decrease of \$4,000,000, while shipments from Great Britain to the United States were valued at \$33,617,133, a decrease of \$8,000,000.

Exports to Canada of \$86,643,891 showed an increase of \$19,000,000, while imports from Canada were \$71,541,276, a decrease of \$16,000,000.

WEST CHINA IN GRIP OF FAMINE

Five Provinces Face Starvation Unless Speedy Help Comes.

Tientsin, Dec. 6.—Already death is beginning to reach the starvation victims throughout the five affected provinces. Many distress camps are reported, but by Christmas the stricken area will be one vast graveyard despite all that can be done.

The streets in Tientsin, Pekin and in other cities are now thronged with the starving, who beg from door to door, and it is impossible to give to all. The refugee camps are growing out of bounds, and already many are starving to death in the mud huts.

Missionaries and other foreigners fear the indifference of official China may have a dampening effect on foreign contributions, but they appeal for aid to save as many of the starving wretches doomed to die, unless foreign assistance intervenes, as is possible.

A conference will take place in Pekin to-day at which two members each from the Pekin International and the Tientsin International, Shantung and Honan Provincial Famine Committees will decide on the method for the alleviation of the famine sufferers. The Rev. Edwin Carlyle Lobenstein, an American Presbyterian, will preside at the meeting.

The meeting will also cable an appeal, backed by the China Continuation Committee, which is the National Christmas Council, asking the committee composed of all the Mission Boards in the United States and Canada to urge a Christmas drive for famine aid, and advising the use of Chinese students in America to voice public appeals.

Outside aid, consisting of both grain and money, is needed to carry on the great work by these bodies.

Canada's 1920 Crops Valued at \$1,636,664,900

Ottawa, Dec. 6.—A total value of \$1,636,664,900 for the field crops of Canada during 1920 is estimated by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics in a statement issued to-day. This compares favorably with 1919, when the figure was \$1,452,437,500, and with 1918, when the total estimated value was \$1,372,935,970. The bureau states that the final returns published in January next may show values less than those now estimated, as there are indications of a continued fall in agricultural prices.

Irish Republicans Aided Germany

A despatch from London says:—Premier Lloyd George stated in the House of Commons on Thursday that documents found in the possession of Eamonn de Valera when he was arrested in May, 1918, would be included in those which the Government was about to make public. These documents, asserted the Premier, implicated the Irish Republican army in the German conspiracy.

PASTOR-INSPECTOR TO AWAIT HIS TRIAL

In the Meantime Allowed Liberty on \$20,000 Bail.

A despatch from Windsor, Ont., says:—Rev. J. O. L. Spracklin, pastor of Sandwich Methodist Church and Essex County Liquor License Inspector, was released in \$20,000 bail on Thursday, after he had been committed to jail by Magistrate Gundy, in Windsor Police Court, to await trial on a charge of killing "Babe" Trumble, proprietor of the Chappell House, Sandwich, Nov. 6.

Provincial Officer James P. Smith took Spracklin to Sandwich Jail after court had cancelled the \$20,000 bail bond on which the minister had been released after his arraignment a week ago.

Later in the day County Judge Coughlin ordered that Spracklin be admitted to bail, fixing the amount at \$20,000. This was furnished by J. A. Stone and William Wright, members of the Sandwich Methodist Church, who previously had gone on Spracklin's bond.

The charge upon which Spracklin will be tried is "For the slaying and killing of Clarence B. Trumble."

It was announced that when the case comes up for trial the request of Mrs. Trumble, widow of the slain man, for the substitution of some representative of the Crown to act as prosecutor, instead of Crown Attorney J. H. Rodd, will be granted.

\$40 is Record Price for Hay

A despatch from Hamilton says:—Hay reached the highest price on record in these parts on Thursday afternoon, it was said, when it sold for \$40 per ton. Three farmers who brought loads in and sold them stated that they received \$76, \$81 and \$80 respectively for them.

When the snow comes the price of hay will be even higher than \$40 per ton, was the opinion hazarded by two of the farmers.

Soviet Executed Forty Daily

A despatch from Paris says:—No less than 1,206 persons, an average of 40 a day, were sentenced to death by Moscow revolutionary tribunals and executed in Moscow during September, according to the official Soviet organ, "Isvestia."

The same paper throws light on the desperate fuel situation in Moscow by stating that 5,000 wooden houses have been torn down in Moscow to provide fuel for the people.

New States Not Admitted to League

Geneva, Dec. 6.—The sub-committee for the admission of new states decided to-day to recommend that Armenia and the states carved out of Russia be not admitted to the League but that they be permitted to cooperate on the technical organizations of the League.

The Prince of Wales' London estate includes Surrey's famous cricket ground, the Oval.

Weekly Market Report

Toronto.
Manitoba wheat—No. 1 Northern, \$1.84 1/4; No. 2 Northern, \$1.82 1/2; No. 3 Northern, \$1.78 1/2; No. 4 wheat, \$1.69 1/2.
Manitoba oats—No. 2 CW, 54 1/2%; No. 3 CW, 50 1/2%; extra No. 1 feed, 48 1/2%; No. 1 feed, 46 1/2%; No. 2 feed, 43 1/2%.
Manitoba barley—No. 3 CW, 95c; No. 4 CW, 78c; rejected, 71 1/2%; feed, 71 1/2%.
American corn—\$1.05, nominal, track, Toronto, prompt shipment.
Ontario oats—No. 2 white, 45 to 48c.
Ontario wheat—No. 2 Winter, \$1.60 to \$1.70, per car lot; No. 2 Spring, \$1.56 to \$1.60, shipping points, according to freight.
Peas—No. 2, nominal, \$1.75 to \$1.80.
Barley—78 to 83c, according to freights outside.
Buckwheat—No. 3, 95 to \$1, nominal.
Rye—No. 3, \$1.45 to \$1.50, nominal, according to freights outside.
Manitoba flour—\$11.10, top patents; \$10.50 Government standard.
Ontario flour—\$7.25, bulk seaboard.
Millfeed—Car lots, delivered Montreal freights, bags included: Bran, per ton, \$38 to \$40; shorts, per ton, \$40; good feed flour, \$2.75 to \$3.
Cheese—New, large, 27 to 28c; twins, 27 1/2 to 28 1/2c; triplets, 28 1/2 to 29 1/2c; old, large, 32 to 35c; do, twins, 32 1/2 to 33 1/2c.
Butter—Fresh dairy, choice, 49 to 50c; creamery, 2nds, 55 to 58c; finest, 58 to 61c.
Margarine—35 to 37c.
Eggs—No. 1, 65 to 68c; selects, 74 to 75c; new laid, in cartons, 85 to 90c.
Beans—Canadian, hand-picked, bus, \$4 to \$4.50; primes, \$3 to \$3.50; Japans, 9 1/2c; Limas, Madagascar, 10 1/2c; California Limas, 12 1/2c.
Maple products—Syrup, per imp. gal., \$3.40 to \$3.50; per 5 imp. gals., \$3.25 to \$3.40. Maple sugar, lb., 27 to 30c.
Honey—60-80-lb. tins, 25 to 26c per lb. Ontario comb honey, at \$7.50 per 16-section case; 5 1/2-2 1/2 lb. tins, 26 to 27c per lb.
Smoked meats—Rolls, 35 to 37c; hams, med., 43 to 46c; heavy, 38 to 40c; cooked hams, 58 to 63c; backs, boneless, 58 to 62c; breakfast bacon, 48 to 53c; special, 56 to 58c; cottage rolls, 40 to 42c.
Green meats—Out of pickle 1c less than smoked.
Barrelled meats—Bean pork, \$41; short cut or family back, \$48; for same back, boneless, \$55 to \$54; pickled rolls, \$60 to \$64; mess pork, \$38.
Dry Salted meats—Long clears, in tons, 27 to 29c; in cases, 27 1/2 to 28 1/2; clear bellies, 30 1/2 to 31 1/2; fat backs, 28 to 25c.
Lard—Tierces, 27 1/2 to 28 1/2c; tubs, 28 1/2 to 29c; pails, 28 1/2 to 29 1/2c; prints, 30 to 31c; shortening tierces, 19 to 19 1/2c per lb.
Choice heavy steers, \$11.50 to \$11.75; good heavy steers, \$10.50 to \$11; butchers' cattle, choice, \$9.50 to \$10; do, good, \$8 to \$9; do, med., \$6 to \$7; do, com., \$5 to \$5.50; butchers' bulls, choice, \$8 to \$9.50; do, good, \$6.25 to \$7; do, com., \$4 to \$5; feeders, best, \$9 to \$10; do, 900 lbs., \$8.50 to \$9.50; do, 800 lbs., \$7.75 to \$8.25; do, com., \$5.25 to \$6.25; canners and cutters, \$8 to \$4.50; milkers, good to choice, \$100 to \$165; do, com. and med., \$65 to \$75; lambs, yearlings, \$9 to \$9.50; do, spring, \$13.25 to \$13.75; calves, good to choice, \$16 to \$17; sheep, \$5 to \$7.50; hogs, fed and watered, \$14.75; do, w. ghed off cars, \$15; do, f.o.b., \$13.75; do, country points, \$13.50.
Montreal.
Oats—Can. West, No. 2, 77c; Can. West, No. 3, 73 1/2c. Flour, Manitoba Spring wheat patents, firsts, \$11.10. Rolled oats, bag 90 lbs., \$3.90. Bran, \$40.25. Shorts, \$42.25. Hay, No. 2, per ton, car lots, \$31 to \$32.
Cheese, finest Easterns, 19 to 20c. Butter, choicest creamery, 47 to 47 1/2c. Eggs, fresh, 67 to 70c. Potatoes, per bag, car lots, \$1.85 to \$1.90. Good veal, \$13 to \$14; med., \$9 to \$13; grass, \$5 to \$5.50. Ewes, \$4 to \$5.75; lambs, good, 11.50; com., \$8 to \$10.50. Hogs, selects, \$16; sows, \$1 less than selects.

REGLAR FELLERS—By Gene Byrnes



A PARTY FROCK



No. 9743—Dress, Price, 35 cents. Sizes 16 to 20. Transfer Design—No. 969. Price, 25 cents.

CHILDHOOD CONSTIPATION

Constipation—that disordered state of the digestive tract which is nearly always caused by improper feeding—can be readily regulated by the use of Baby's Own Tablets.

MONEY ORDERS

"Burke's Peasage," one of England's best-known annual handbooks, was first published in 1820.

For most make and models of cars your old worn-out parts replaced. We carry the largest stock in Canada.

A Strange Conversion.

How a woman was converted to Christianity by a Brahmin is told by a recent writer.

Cecilia, a poetess, was an earnest student of strange and mystical teachings.

THE TREASURE OF GOOD HEALTH

Easily Maintained Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. There is not a nook or corner in Canada, in the cities, in the towns, in the villages, on the farms and in the mines and lumber camps, where Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have not been used.

Making Markets.

To a very large degree, production is controlled by profits and the ease of marketing the products, but sometimes, as in the live stock industry, markets have to be created.

Surnames and Their Origin

HOMER.

Racial Origin—Anglo-Norman. Source—An occupation.

While the Normans spoke French they were really a Teutonic race. Indeed, a large part of the blood of modern France, particularly in the north, was originally Teutonic.

CASEY.

Variation—Cahasey, O'Casey. Racial Origin—Irish. Source—A given name.

The Irish family name of Casey is one which, strangely enough in view of its Irish form, so complicated to our English-acustomed eyes, has developed very few variations in its transition into English spelling.

Perfect Hands.

A prominent British artist says that in the perfect hand of a woman the third finger is longer than the first, or index finger, while in a man the perfect proportions are a longer first finger than the third.

Quick relief from RHEUMATIC pain

BAUME BENGUE

REWARD OF SUBSTITUTES. THE LEMING HULES CO., LTD. MONTREAL. Agents for Dr. J. J. LeBlanc. RELIEVES PAIN.

The Mayflower's Flag.

During the preparations for celebrating the tercentenary of the sailing of the Pilgrims, it has been discovered that the painting of the Mayflower in the House of Parliament depicts the ship flying the modern Union Jack.

WANTED

Send for list of inventions wanted by Manufacturers. Fortune has been made from simple ideas. Patent Protection booklet and "Proof of Concealment" on request.

DOG DISEASES

How to Feed and How to Cure. Mailed Free to any Address by the Author.

SHILOH

30 DROPS STOPS COUGHS. A Gift Book for All—Young or Old, Protestant or Catholic.

CASCARETS

"They Work while you Sleep." Do you feel all tangled up—bilious, constipated, headachy, nervous, full of cold?

OUCH! ANOTHER RHEUMATIC TWINGE

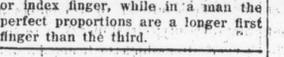
Get busy and relieve those pains with that handy bottle of Sloan's Liniment.

Sloan's Liniment

What Sloan's does, it does thoroughly—penetrates without rubbing to the afflicted part and promptly relieves most kinds of external pains and aches.

ONLY TABLETS MARKED "BAYER" ARE ASPIRIN

Not Aspirin at All without the "Bayer Cross"



The name "Bayer" identifies the contains proper directions for Colds, Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuritis, Joint Pains, and Pain generally.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Mono-acetic-acid-ester of Salicylic-acid.

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Classified Advertisements

If you want an interesting, expensive Christmas Gift, buy five centers and we will mail you...

AGENTS WANTED

For the sale of the new and improved "Coca-Cola"...

IMMORTALITY

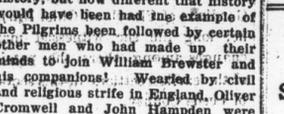
Swedenborg's great work on Heaven and Hell, and a real world beyond...

Easy Task!

"Well, doctor, do you think it is anything serious?"

"DANDERINE"

Stops Hair Coming Out; Doubles Its Beauty!

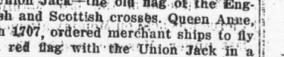


Cuticura For All Skin Irritations

Battle with Cuticura Soap and hot water to free the pores of impurities...

MOTHER!

"California Syrup of Figs" Child's Best Laxative



DOG DISEASES

How to Feed and How to Cure. Mailed Free to any Address by the Author.

SHILOH

30 DROPS STOPS COUGHS. A Gift Book for All—Young or Old, Protestant or Catholic.

CASCARETS

"They Work while you Sleep." Do you feel all tangled up—bilious, constipated, headachy, nervous, full of cold?

OUCH! ANOTHER RHEUMATIC TWINGE

Get busy and relieve those pains with that handy bottle of Sloan's Liniment.

Sloan's Liniment

What Sloan's does, it does thoroughly—penetrates without rubbing to the afflicted part and promptly relieves most kinds of external pains and aches.

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A Man and His Wife



will find it an advantage to have a Joint Bank Account in The Merchants Bank. Each can make deposits and draw cheques over their own signatures; a convenience in case of sickness or in the absence from home of either party. In case of the death of either, the Joint Account becomes the sole property of the survivor, without any legal formalities whatever.

THE MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

Head Office: Montreal. Established 1854.
Athens and Frankville Branches. W. D. Thomas, Manager.
Delta Branch. J. R. Carr, Manager.

FRESH FRUITS

Oranges Grape-Fruit
Lemons Apples
Sweet Potatoes
Malaga Grapes

Choice Confectionery

Neilson's Chocolates

E. C. Tribute

ABOLISH FINANCIAL WORRY PROLONG YOUR LIFE

A CANADIAN GOVERNMENT ANNUITY WILL DO IT

Gives a larger return for life than is obtainable from any other form of investment with absolute security.

Free from Dominion Income Tax.

Any person resident or domiciled in Canada over the age of 5 may purchase, to begin at once, or at any later date desired, an Annuity of from \$50 to \$5,000, to be paid in monthly or quarterly instalments.

Any two persons may purchase jointly.

Employers may purchase for their employees.

Apply to your postmaster, or write, postage free, to S. T. Bestedo, Superintendent of Annuities, Ottawa, for new booklet and other information required. Mention age last birthday.

Xmas 1920

The Christmas season draws nearer and nearer and now's the time to pick out your Christmas gifts for men and boys.

We've a splendid stock of Furnishings and Clothing, just showing the things that men and boys would like to get for Christmas gifts.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS TIE SALE THIS WEEK

Nice Christmas Ties, put up in fancy boxes; worth \$1.50 and \$2.00. On sale this week for **95c.**

Beautiful Christmas Ties, put up in fancy Christmas boxes, Ties that are worth \$2.50 and \$3.00. On sale this week for **\$1.35**

The GLOBE Clothing House

"The Store of Quality"
BROCKVILLE ONTARIO

OBITUARY

Mrs. SEBE WASHBURN
On the twenty sixth of November Mrs. Sebe Washburn departed this life in her 91th year. Mrs. Washburn death removes one of the oldest residents of Leeds County, having been born on the 4th, of July 1827. On the farm until recently owned by Mr. Ford Wiltse. She was a daughter of Sals Blancher, Sr. a pioneer from the State of Vermont and his wife Mary Booth. She was one of a family of eleven that that grew to be men and women and became residents of this section namely, Charles, Albert, Sals, Francis, Chaney, Mrs. Thomas Robinson, Mrs. Joseph Wiltse, Mrs. Philip Wing, Mrs. Murry Bates, Mrs. Samuel Wiltse, and Mrs. Washburn. The late Mrs. Washburn was a son by her first husband, John Nelson Brown who died in 1865. She married Henry Washburn 1871, died in 1879. She leaves three grand children Mr. Lewis Brown, Brockville, Mrs. Merrill Stevens, Daytown, and Mrs. Gardiner of Cleveland Ohio. During her long life she witnessed many changes among others the passing of the earliest settlers in this section of Leeds County.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Washburn was held on Saturday Nov. 27th, 1920 from the home of her granddaughter Mrs. Merrill Stevens, Daytown, in Athens Methodist church where services were conducted by Rev. S. F. Newton, assisted Rev. R. E. Nichols. Interment was made in Athens Cemetery.

MANFORD PIERCE
The funeral of the late Manford Pierce was held on Monday afternoon last under Masonic order. The remains proceeded from the residence of his mother to Trinity Church where Rev. Boyle preached the sermon. Interment taking place in the Oak Leaf Cemetery.

L. O. L. Annual Meeting

On Friday evening Dec. 3rd, in the Lodge room Athens, the annual meeting of Loyal Orange Lodge No. 331 was held and the following officers were elected and duly installed, Brother W. J. Moore, W. M.; Brother George Moulton, D. M. Brother W. H. Jacob, chaplain. Brother John Davis Rec. Sec; Brother Wesley Henderson Financial Sec'y; Bro. Eber Cowles, Treasurer; Brother R. Berney, Director of Ceremonies. L. Kelly, First Lecturer, Brother Mac Henderson, Second Lecturer, Committee: Brother Harold Jacobs, Brother, Fred Hollingsworth, Brother Johnson Morris.

W. J. Moore W. M.
John Davis Rec. Secy.

Dr. Christopher G. Johnston, of Milwaukee, formerly a member of Trinity Church Oak Leaf, presented to his home Church a handsomely carved solid oak pulpit, in loving memory of his parents, which was dedicated to the glory of God, by the Bishop of Ontario, on the occasion of his annual visit, on Nov. 24th, although Dr. Johnston could not be present in person, he sent a letter to the congregation which was read by the Rector. The Bishop an eloquent dedication sermon, after which he "laid his hands" on seven candidates for Confirmation.

Guideboard Corner's

Mr. Jas. Sheldon is busy this week getting out winter wood for himself and his neighbors at "The Lilies"

Miss Dorothea Wright spent Monday afternoon with friends in Athens. The school children are eagerly looking forward to their annual treat and Christmas tree on closing day. How good it is to be a child!

May we say a word or two of our admiration of Mr. C. C. Slack's poem which recently appeared in Recorder and Times. It was indeed a pleasure to read it over more than once before turning away from it. Mr. Slack is quite at his best when he writes on heart and home subjects. His beautiful and touching tribute to mothers, found in so many of his poems is most appealing.

While speaking of poets, we may add that we have missed the pretty legendary lore from the pen of Mr. Earl.

Redan

Mr and Mrs Wm. Gray gave a musical evening given by Mr. Horsfield, Mr. Rickson, Mr. Eaton accompanied by Miss Grace Cameron after which the later part of the evening was spent in games and dancing then a dainty lunch was served. All report having a enjoyable evening.

Mr. Milford Pritchard is recovering from jaundice.

Quite a number from attended the New Bliss Box Social.

Mr. Charles Richardson and Frederick Gray made business trip to Athens last week.

Farewell Address to Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Bresee

Mr. and Mrs. Bresee and Beatrice We your friends and neighbors have assembled here this evening to say farewell and spend a few hours in social intercourse with you, before your departure for your new home.

It is needless to say, we regret very much, that you have found it necessary to change your place of residence. No neighbor but truly can say, that your life in our midst has been one of usefulness and kindness. It has been and will serve, as an example for the youth of our present community. Those of us who know Mrs. Bresee feel that her life has been an inspiration to us. The high ideals and the many good thoughts, which she has presented to us have helped us, and will still linger with us, in many trying hours.

Mr. Bresee has always rendered an efficient and willing service in a public capacity, and his associate and have felt his influence to be a power for good. His progressive ideas in farming have helped to raise the standard of our community.

We know that the young friends of Miss Beatrice will miss her presence. We are glad that Mr. Bresee's mother, while leaving the district, will not be so far away but that she will be able to enjoy frequent visits with her old friends and neighbors.

Although there is much more we might be said we write in voicing our sentiments by asking you to accept this combination book-case and see return we hope you will make good use of it in remembering your old friends.

In the new community to which you are going we feel sure you will make many new friends. "Make new friends, but keep the old. One is silver the other gold." Signed on behalf of your friends and neighbors of "Dear Old Home Society"

W. L. Sheffield.
E. W. Rowsome.

Auction Sales

MRS. WM. YATES—Saturday Dec. 11th, at one o'clock, Household Furniture, A. M. Eaton, Auct.

W. J. SEYMOUR—on Tuesday Dec. 14th, two miles west of Toledo, Farm stock and Implements
H. Imerson Auctioneer

\$100 Reward \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Catarrh being greatly influenced by constitutional conditions requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts thru the blood on the mucous surfaces of the System thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work.

MONTREAL AND LOS ANGELES.

Wayne Green has accepted a position in the G.T.R. offices, Montreal. Blanche Tennant has accepted a position as stenographer for Mappin & Webb, Jewellery House, Montreal. C. McVeigh has left for Los Angeles; where he expects to take a stenographic position.

These were some of the items appearing in the Saturday Bulletin of the Brockville Business College, Oct. 23rd. Similar success awaits those who enroll as students at the New Year Term, January 3rd, 1921. Fees: For 3 months, \$45; each extra month, \$8. No extra charge for text books.



Retired

THE money you spend during the long years of toil will not help you to live comfortably in retirement, in old age. It is only the money you are saving now that will bring ultimate independence.

Our Savings Department makes saving easy for you.

THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA
Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits \$9,566,537.00.
ATHENS BRANCH
W. A. Johnson - Manager

COMING

Under the Auspices of The Athens Athletic Association

The Enterprise Amusement Company will present

The Heart of HUMANITY

Town Hall
ATHENS

Wed, Dec. 15th

The only Canadian War Picture, a Picture long to be remembered.

Came and See Your Local Boys in Action.

Doors Open at 7.15 Show 8.15 p.m.

Admission Adults 45c

Children under 15 35c, under 10, 25c

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years
Always bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Watson*

Xmas--

Is almost here, now is the time to GET what you want at reasonable prices---
SPECIAL PRICES

We Have a Good Miscellaneous Stock of Jewelry, including Wrist Watches, and we also have a number of Watches on which we can quote you very Special Prices—

R. J. CAMPO

Athens

Ontario

The Churches

Methodist Church

Rev. S. F. Newton, Minister

10.30 a.m.—
7.00 p.m.—
Sunday School—
1.30 p.m.—Catechism Class.
2.30 p.m.—Sunday School.
Cottage Prayer Meeting Monday at 7.30 p.m.
Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7.30 p.m.

PARISH OF

Lansdowne Rear

Rev. V. O. Boyle, M.A., Rector

3rd Sunday in Advent

Christ Church, Athens—
2.30 p.m.—Sunday School and Bible Class.
7.00 p.m.—Evening prayer.
Trinity Church, Oak Leaf—
3 p.m.—Evening prayer.
St. Paul's, Delta—
9.30 p.m.—Sunday School.
10.30 a.m.—Holy Communion.

Baptist Church

R. E. NICHOLS, Pastor

Plum Hollow—
9.30 a.m.—Sunday School.
10.30 a.m.—Church Service.
Athens—
11.00 a.m.—Sunday School.
7.00 p.m.—Church Service.
Subject—"Some things that need reviving"
Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7.30 p.m.



The following winter service is now in effect, giving excellent train connections to Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal and intermediate points, also to Western Canada, and Pacific and Atlantic coast points:

Local Time-Table To and From Brockville, Daily Except Sunday.

Departures.	Arrivals.
7.50 a.m.	11.20 a.m.
3.15 p.m.	11.55 a.m.
5.50 p.m.	8.00 p.m.

Sunday Service.

Departures.	Arrivals.
7.50 a.m.	8.00 p.m.

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 530

Car and Truck for Sale

FOR SALE—Studebaker 7-passenger Car with Touring and Limousine Tops, which are interchangeable, price \$950 Cash. Also One Motor Truck \$750. apply to John W. MacKay, care of Reiley & Co., Brockville

FOR SALE—Frame Garage 12x18 built new this spring. Apply to Clarence Gray 2 miles west of Athens on Lyndhurst road.

STRAYED—to the farm of the undersigned one black and white heifer on or about the last day of October. The owner can have the same by proving property, paying for her keep, and this advertisement Herman Shea, Sheatown, Ont.