

The Athens Reporter

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Athens, Leeds County, Ontario, Wednesday, December, 22 1915

3 cents a copy

BROCKVILLE'S GREATEST STORE

Useful Gifts For Men.

- Handsome Ties, in pretty holly boxes, at \$1.00, 75c, 50c and 25c.
- Re7al Coat Shirts, new patterns, all sizes, \$1.25 and \$1.00.
- Sweater Coats \$5.00, \$4.50, \$3.75, \$3.00, \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.50
- Suspender Sets in handsome boxes, \$1.00, 75c and 50c.
- Sets of Garters, Arm Bands and Suspenders, in pretty box, \$1.25, \$1.00, 75c, 50c.
- Arm Bands in neat burnt wood box, 25c.
- Silk Scarfs or Mufflers \$6.50, and all prices down to 75c.
- Silk Sox in black or new colors, \$1.00, 75c.
- Silk Umbrellas, choice selections of handles, \$4.00, \$3.00, down to \$1.50.
- Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens, \$3.50, \$3.00, \$2.50 and \$1.00.
- Initialed Linen Handkerchiefs, 6 in box, each 50c, 35c and 25c.
- Silk Initialed Handkerchiefs, large size, at 50c each.
- Thermo Bottles, quart size, at \$1.95 each.
- For Soldiers, Khaki Flannel Shirts, \$1.75.
- Silk Handkerchiefs, 50c.
- Mercerized Khaki Handkerchiefs, 2 for 25c.
- Khaki Knitted Ties, 50c.
- Swagger Sticks, Officers Canes, Money Belts, etc.

The **ROBERT WRIGHT CO.** Limited
BROCKVILLE CANADA

Christmas Greetings!

We take this opportunity of wishing our many friends and customers in Athens and surrounding country a very happy Christmas.

Our business for 1915 has been very good, and with your co-operation, we expect next season to do another successful business.

R. Davis & Sons
BROCKVILLE

FOR **BACKACHE and RHEUMATIC PAINS**
USE **HAZOL-MENTHOL PLASTER**
25c. and 1 Yard Rolls, \$1.00. Davis & Lawrence Co., Montreal.

SUITS That Stand Out

From the ordinary in the crowd are the regular products of our work rooms. You get none but fashionable clothes here, because that is the only kind we produce. Try us on your new suit and see how perfectly we fit you, and how well the clothes are made.

M. J. KEHOE

Clerical Suits a Specialty.

Confessed Murder of Six Years Ago

Simcoe, Dec. 19.—Emerson D. Shelley was executed Saturday morning at the county jail for the deliberate murder of Christian W. Shoup, a farmer and small miller, in Wasingham Township, on May 15 last. The object of murder was robbery. Shelly signed a confession some days ago, in which he said that he planned to rob Shoup. He was laid his victim on the road and demanded his money at the point of a revolver. Shoup attempted to seize Shelley when the latter shot him dead and ransacked his pockets. Shelley also confessed that on Aug. 16, 1909, he had murdered a blind man named Hall in Wasingham. Hall was killed with a shotgun as he was seated in a chair in front of his log cabin. Shelley, in his confession, states that the murder was the outcome of a dispute with Hall. Shelley was arrested at the time, but claimed that he was firing at a bird in a nearby grove, and hit Hall by accident. He was acquitted. In his confession Shelley introduced the names of several other Wasingham people whom he claimed planned and assisted in numerous robberies which he had taken part in.

Shelley was arrested several times during the past six years, but escaped conviction until June, 1913, when he was sentenced to two years less one day in the Central Prison for theft. He had been released but a few weeks when he shot Shoup.

Rev. A. B. Farney, of Trinity Anglican Church, minister to the condemned man, who had confidently expected Executive clemency until the visit of alienists last Thursday. The doctors pronounced him perfectly sane.

Killed Instantly on Railway

Saturday morning early a sad accident occurred on the Grand Trunk Railway at Turcotte by which Ronald Kennan a very popular brakeman, lost his life. There were no eyewitnesses to the unfortunate occurrence, but it is thought that the victim was stepping from one car to another and slipping fell between the cars. He had previously given a signal to the engineer and that was the last seen of him in life. When the train reached Coteau he was missed and later his body was found on the track. He was cut in two, and other wise mutilated. The victim was well known in Brockville. He had been on the Brockville-Montreal division for a few years. Before that he was a conductor on the Central Vermont line and lived at St. Albans Vt. He was a man of fine physique. He was one of the most efficient employees in the service of the company, and a great favorite with his workmen. He leaves a wife and five children. Profound sorrow was felt over the news of his untimely death. He was about 38 years of age.

Attempted Murder

Smith Falls News.—What was scheduled to be a real shooting affray miscarried by a hair's breadth in town Sunday evening. The result is that an Italian named James Brondo is in the County Jail at Perth awaiting trial on the charge of attempted murder at the Spring Assizes.

Sunday night about 9.30 Chief Phillips arrested Brondo, and he was brought before the magistrate Monday morning at 9 o'clock and again at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. He was remanded for trial at the Spring assizes.

It seems that Brondo quarreled with a fellow-countryman in a house at the north end of the town and Brondo, enraged, drew a revolver and pulled the trigger twice with the weapon held close to the chest of the other man. It was a miracle that the weapon did not explode, as it was fully loaded, and two of the cartridges bear the imprint of the hammer. They are of 32 calibre, centre fire, and will be used as evidence at the trial next spring.

Old People suffer from attacks of sudden exhaustion, weak heart action and prostration. The best aid is Ferronin, the invigorating tonic, which stimulates the digestion and strengthens the whole body. Large bottles \$1.00. Davis & Lawrence Co., Montreal.

To Pay by Check

All the soldiers are to be paid by cheques in the future. That is the new order of the paymasters, both of the organized units and the paymasters in recruiting offices. The cheques are on the Bank of Montreal and being government cheques, no war tax is necessary on them. In the past the soldiers have been paid in cash. The change is viewed with favor generally by the paymasters, especially in the cases where the paymaster is also the recruiting officer. It avoids the dangers of mistakes in paying out in cash, but it is under stood that the real reason for the change is that the government may have a closer tab on the pay.

Wishing One and All a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

WANTING CHRISTMAS GIFTS AT ROOHN'S SHOE STORE

ATHENS, - - - ONTARIO?

Township Council.

The Council of the Rear Yonge and Escott met on Wednesday, 15th inst., at 1 o'clock.

Members all present. Minutes of last regular meeting and two special meetings were read and adopted.

Bylaw to provide for municipal elections was passed, with polling places at Elisha Stevens, Albert Morris and Ann Derbyshire's, John A. Rowsom, F. D. Spence and John Mackie, D.R. O., M. C. Bester, Geo. Heffernan and Philip Robinson, poll clerks. Nomination at one o'clock, Dec. 27th.

Gordon Young's township tax \$20.89 not to be collected on account of loss by fire.

The Treasurer was instructed to pay and requested by High School Board. Fence bonus paid Malvin Livingstone. . . . 110 rods, \$22 00
James Coghlan . . . 20 " 4 00
Michael Cox . . . 42 1/2 " 8 07
Richard Wills . . . 140 " 28 00
Richard Ferguson . . . 40 " 8 00
Edward Davis . . . 40 " 8 00
John Cox . . . 40 " 8 00
Michael Hudson . . . 80 " 14 40
Joseph Clow . . . 95 " 17 10
George Hayes . . . 76 " 18 68
G. F. Osborne . . . 24 " 4 32
James H. Alguire . . . 23 " 4 14
James Love . . . 40 " 8 00

Other accounts paid:
T. T. Shaw, printing for year. \$45 00
T. R. Beal, legal service and advice 10 00
Dr. M. H. Moore, attendance and med. Stevens family, in 1914 3 25
Spence Bros., work on towline 3 00
Samuel Spence, 2/3 value sheep killed by dogs 8 00
F. Blancher, stringers and repairing bridge 2 00
Geo. W. Robinson, selecting jurors and adjusting school sect. assessments 6 00
Mrs. Donnelly, ad for tenders 45
Michael Cox, drawing tie and putting in 2 culverts 12 00
Irwin Wiltse, salary as treasurer and expenses 40 08
R. E. Cornell, bal. of salary, care of hall, selecting jurors and expenses 141 25
H. A. Lorty, inspecting weeds and storage of wagons 4 50
S. W. Kells, 2 days on town line roads 5 00
A. M. Ferguson, select'g jurors 2 00
Tos. Heffernan, on town line and Sheatown roads 2 50
W. J. Moore, when roll of 1914 is completed 45 00
Council adjourned until 27th, after nomination.
R. E. CORNELL, clerk.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

E. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Mrs. Fred Olds Dead

A sadness and gloom has been cast over the community by the death of Mrs. Fred Olds, which occurred Tuesday morning of last week about nine o'clock, at her home in Greenbush. She had been in poor health for nearly two years first by having typhoid fever, after which she never fully recovered her former health. In April of this year she again took the same disease. And was only able to be around all summer. She spent five weeks in St. Vincent de Paul Hospital, Brockville under treatment and for the past three months has been confined to her bed. She was an only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Connell of Greenbush and was thirty-three years old. Besides her parents, she leaves to mourn her loss her husband, two little girls, Irma Reba, and one brother Charles Connell. She leaves a host of friends and relatives who will regret her death as she was a good neighbor, true friend with a most cheerful and jovial nature and Christian character, always ready to help in all church work in time of need.

Dropped Dead on Ice

John Tyo, a life-long resident of Massena, died suddenly near his home at that place on Friday. He had gone to the river to water his cattle in the afternoon, and a young man named Vincent Frego, while skating, found Mr. Tyo lying dead beside a hole in the ice. Heart failure was given as the cause of death. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Mary Plamondon, of Cornwall; two sons and a daughter, four brothers and three sisters.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER
CONTAINS NO ALUM

HEALTHFUL BISCUIT CAKE

MADE IN CANADA
E.W. GILLETTE COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.
WINNIPEG, MONTREAL

'T'WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

To-morrow—Christmas! On the streets and in the shops a tired, hurrying, laughing, jostling Christmas crowd, bundle-laden. Old darkies selling holly wreaths and mistletoe disputed the curb with ferret-faced, raucous-voiced young men, who jingled the small silver in their pockets and loudly besought passers-by to stop and watch the tumbling Bear. Alley children with pinched, dirty little hopeful faces, scurrying through the crowd hand in hand, taking a vicarious Christmas joy in the store windows. All the world roundabout selling, buying, planning, seizing the pleasures of the moment, enjoying in prospect those of the morrow. High carnival in honor of Father Christmas, with peeling snowflakes for confetti.

Christmas—yet not a Christmas. For the spirit of the feast is peace, and never since the angels sang their inspired message to the shepherds at Bethlehem had war so racked the world.

"Men of good will" who this day a year ago had come home gift-laden to cheerful firesides and happy children lay to-day huddled under a frozen blanket of earth, with the winter's snows for coverlet. Over half the floods of Europe their homes stood like ragged teeth, a bit of broken wall and a cold chimney. No good St. Noel would fill the little shoes this year with toys and sweetmeats. War had frightened the jolly old saint away, and the little shoes were in tatters from endless miles of wayfaring.

In the big, hurrying city of the new world where Jason Blake had made his fortune the war, thank God, was little more than a many-reared, melodramatic motion picture, showing morning and night on the printed pages of the newspapers. It thrilled and interested him as a diversion twice a day. Sometimes it drew tears from the eyes of the many, and money from the pockets of the few. Moneyed men, like Jason Blake, had damned the war wholeheartedly at first, but had taken to smiling contentedly instead as foreign exchange got back to a working basis and foreign orders for shoes and blankets and automobiles. For grain and beef and army mules began to flag a golden song over the Atlantic cables.

Jason Blake was secretly proud of his reputation as "a hard man." A newspaper paragraph had lately described him as a "commercial dreadnaught." Blake had shown the clipping to some of his cronies at the club. "The dreadnaught, however," he had observed with a pleased pomposity, "is sometimes vulnerable. The best of us have our weak side. Now, I think mine must be my fondness for children. I could never be harsh to my child."

"An admirable weakness," his friends told him—which, of course, was what he wanted to hear.

Blake was the more complacent over this "admirable weakness" because his 10-year-old daughter, Dorothy, was the image of her mother, who had used the banker very badly, indeed. He would not have minded being over a widower or a man whose wife had hated being a man whose wife had to be away from him. However, he was indulgent to little Dorothy, with her spun-gold hair with its trick of curling in little tendrils about her temples, just as her mother's had done, and her mother's imperious, romantic, knight-errant temperament.

The banker was spreading his afternoon in his office downtown over a report on some timber properties in Alaska. The report pleased him, as did the snowflakes he could see when he raised his eyes from the typewritten pages to the window. It was snowing hard, which he thought was quite the proper thing for the day before Christmas. He liked snow. It never inconvenienced him. The child had the wet helped him be thankful for his far-lined coat and electrically comfortable at the club the evening before. It was one of his idiosyncrasies that he never spent Christmas eve at home. It was on a Christmas eve eight years ago that his wife had left his home. There had been an unpleasant scene. She had told him that he had a money bag for a heart and that the money in it was counterfeited. He sighted off to think of it. Poor man! His only offense was that he was ten years older than the girl he had married, and a man of affairs. He had given her everything that a rightly-organized woman's heart should crave—jewels without stint, dresses beyond telling, French maids and French motors, a cottage at a modish watering place, a town house that was the envy of their fashionable neighbors, and yet she had gone. The fact that he had given her so little of his society and less of his love was, he

Stiff, Enlarged Joints Limber Up! Every Trace of Rheumatism Goes!

Even Chronic Bedridden Cases Are Quickly Cured.

Rub On Magic "Nerviline"

Just think of it, five times stronger and more penetrating than any other known liniment. Soothing, healing, full of pain-destroying power, and yet it will never burn, blister or destroy the tender skin of even a child.

You've never yet tried anything half so good as Nerviline for any sort of pain. It cures rheumatism, but that's not all. Just test it out for lame back or lumbago. Gee, what a right fire cure it is for a bad cold, for chest tightness even for neuralgia headache it is simply the finest ever.

For the home, for the hundred and one little ailments that constantly arise, whether earache, toothache, stiff neck, or some other muscular pain—Nerviline will always make you glad you've used it, and because it will cure you, keep handy on the shelf a 50c family size bottle; it keeps the doctor's bill small; trial size, 25c; all dealers, or the Catarrhose Co., Kingston, Canada.

Moral Crisis of the War

It would be a singularly unfortunate thing if any European public should mistake the present outbreak for peace agitation in the United States. Three separate and utterly dissimilar elements are represented in this present agitation. First, the sincere pacifists, who belong to precisely the same group which in France and Great Britain proved more useful to Germany than the Prussian army corps; second, those who, seeking personal or commercial advancement, have seized upon peace talk and activity as the cheapest and most advantageous method of advertising personalities otherwise obscure or wares on sale in every market place; third, the German propagandists, who are eager to assist their fellow countrymen in reaping the fruits of their great labor and sacrifices. This is the census of the contemporary peace movement in the United States, and it is in no true sense representative of American opinion.

As contrasted with these groups there is a considerable well-defined group of Americans who recognize the moral crisis in the great world war has now arrived, and the next few months will decide whether the war is to prove one of the greatest landmarks in human history, one of the most beneficial and splendid struggles for liberty and righteousness that has ever taken place, or whether it is to perpetuate the evil that the war has disclosed, and leave the new generations to wrestle with the same perils and the same dangers which have for nearly 50 years turned back the wheels of progress and subtracted so much from the development of the world.

The military crisis of the great war came in August and September, 1914; it was met by France almost single handed, and it was met and mastered. On the field of the Marne it was decided that the Prussian dream of world supremacy, attained by one gigantic, terrible, merciless sweep, by a defiance of all the laws of men and God, was not to be realized. Inferior in numbers, resources, preparation, the French, by devotion, genius, sacrifice, rolled back a third barbarian inroad upon the civilized world, and threw back the Hun and the Arab.

So much France and Belgian troops rendering valiant but slight aid. This was the French contribution to the sum total of human happiness and freedom, a contribution no whit inferior of which are even now too little understood by English-speaking nations. This done, there remained to hold the barrier erected against the flood, to man the walls which, like those the Romans built in their time against the outer darkness of barbarism, were the sole protection of our civilization against a destruction as terrible as that which laid Rome in ruins and carried fire and slaughter over the face of the world that had been civilized.

Such was and remains the French contribution. This Americans day by day are learning to appreciate more fully and admire more generally. What Marathon and Valmy were to the human race, what Poliers and frequently appeared in a "broadside" while the term became one of reproach.

felt, only incidental. He had married late in life and money, though perhaps it will not cover a multitude of sins, like charity, should at least cloak a few peccadilloes.

Their second baby had been born a month after she had left his house. It was characteristic of the man that he had never seen its face. He had not even inquired whether it was a boy or a girl. And perhaps it was characteristic of his wife's steadfast pride that she had sent him no message. He had heard of the event quite casually, and had commissioned his lawyers to interview her for him. She sent back word that she could take care of herself and the baby very well. That closed the incident. Jason Blake sometimes wondered how she managed, as she had no money of her own. She had put on her oldest clothes when she left, and had left the jewels he had given her. Well, he had been willing enough to support her. He would never run after her with money. It was a sop to his vanity to reflect that women who are about to become mothers sometimes do strange things.

It was growing dark in his private office. Time for the club, a cocktail and dinner. A solitary clerk was hovering about the outer office, anxious to get home to the real work of the day, trimming the Christmas tree. Blake never liked employees who watched the clock. "You seem very anxious to be gone, sir," he said coldly to the clerk.

"I've got a little Christmas tree to trim at home, sir," explained the clerk. "You know it's Christmas eve, sir." The clerk wasn't very sure whether big men like Jason Blake ever gave a thought to very small events like Christmas.

"Stran," said Blake smiling. "Good night to you, Waters, and a merry Christmas." The clerk stared at Blake. He was mentally comparing the poor devil's lopsided dollar tree with the magnificent affair that half a dozen carpenters and decorators and electricians were at that moment installing in the drawing room of the Blake mansion.

Dorothy Blake still believed in Santa Claus. She loved him as she would a doting, but somewhat stern, old grandfather. He was alternately a threat and a promise. She couldn't understand, though, why Santa Claus, who was a saint, and therefore had all Heaven to draw upon for beautiful playthings, so often overlooked poor girls and boys. Maybe the girls had little children of their own who wanted toys for Christmas, and Santa had only left-overs for the rest of the world. Then, of course, the rich children would have to come first.

Dorothy was sitting alone, curled up in a big leather chair in front of the fire in her father's library, at the precise moment Jason Blake handed his beautiful seal-lined overcoat to the boy at the Cosmos Club. Old Mrs. Kennard, her nurse, had seen no harm in slipping out for a cup of tea with her widowed cousin—especially as she knew from long experience that the master never came home before midnight Christmas eve.

Dorothy had been "drawing pictures" in the smouldering logs. She had summoned out of her childish fancy and heart's desire a gentle mother face in the glowing heart of the embers, and the image of a playmate, a little brother she thought it must be. A brother would be delightful, even better than Brownie. She had Brownie beside her now, tucked warmly under her arm. He was a soiled and ragged old Teddy Bear, her playfellow since three Christmases ago. He was the dearest thing in her lonely little world. She played with him, scolded him, loved him all day long.

"Brownie," she said to him, in her solemn childish voice, "you're only a teddy bear, so I don't suppose you can see my mamma and my little brother here in the fire. I do wish they'd really and truly come to live with us." She now lay up in the firelight and looked at his whiskered, fuzzy little face. "Why, Brownie, I do believe you're crying. There, now, don't be a jealous old teddy bear. You're mother's own little pet. I'd love you just the same if I had a million little brothers. Yes, indeed I would." She leaned back in the big hollow of the chair, crooning and hushing him, and then held him very tight.

She heard the knob turn and the big mahogany door swung on its hinges. Some one walked over to the big library table. There was a rustling and a discreet, "but not a word," uttered and saw the solemn back of the butler vanishing over the threshold.

"Wake up, Brownie," she commanded. "It's the evening papers, come let's you and I read them." She spread the one with the most pictures on the hearth rug. Newspapers were a forbidden diversion to be pilfered only when opportunity offered.

"Oh, Brownie, here's all about the

Moral Crisis of the War

are slowly beginning to understand the battle of the Marne was to another world, threatened by a storm which burst upon earlier generations of men. But there remains another task. It is still for the organized forces of civilization to restore to the world that was so shaken and injured by the barbarian outbreak of 1914, and to bring from the savage invaders themselves the last semblance of a reward which they have gathered solely by their violation of all the rules and laws that represent the sum total of civilization and human progress.

Peace now would not mean immediate Prussian supremacy. The worst of the dangers that threatened us all a year ago is banished. But peace now would mean that Germany, the Germany that is expressed by those who now dominate and direct Teutonic fortunes, would take home from this struggle rewards which would be but the incentive to new inroads and fresh efforts to complete the conquest of Europe and the utter destruction of the liberties and happiness of the small peoples and the numerically weaker races. It would mean that Prussian rulers would still have something to show their people as the fruits of their leadership and the justification of their command.

A premature peace would be but an interruption to the progress of a campaign and a crusade of Germany against all civilization. It would mean that those who conceived, planned, directed the present onslaught would have a new opportunity to gather up their strength, profit by their errors, extend their preparation. It would mean that the next generation of men would have to go back to the trenches in which the present have lived and died for so many months. It would postpone, but it would not abolish the peril.

For what the French and British are now fighting is not a nation, it is not a people, it is an idea. It is the idea which carried Napoleon from Madrid to Moscow and led French armies from the Channel to the Holy Land. It is the idea of world domination, of the superior race, of the right of one nation and one race to enslave, subdue, crush other races, merely because it possesses greater numbers and a larger genius for adapting to the work of destruction the lessons and discoveries of the modern age.

There is no question of dividing Germany, there is no question of partitioning the provinces whose people are by choice and loyalty Teutonic. No such ambition to-day stands in the way of world peace. Peace is impossible because the Germans, having invaded Belgium, France, Poland, Serbia, claim as the reward of their efforts the right to rule over France, Belgium, Serbia and Polish people, claim the right to transform the violence and might people who would be what ancestry and tradition make them into unwilling Germans, that the grandeur and power of the German people may be expanded, and the empire of the Hohenzollerns and the vassal Hapsburgs may be the mightiest on the face of the earth.

So long as this German idea remains peace would be an empty sham. Until that day when the German people are willing to renounce the dream of domination over alien people and unwilling races, there can be no peace and every temporary truce is a danger, not a respite. The time when the German people will renounce this dream has not yet come. So far as it is possible to judge, the rulers of Germany remain now as faithful to the doctrine of world power as they were sixteen months ago, when they launched their thunderbolt. Believe that they are willing to make sacrifices which are essential to an enduring peace.

This, then, is the moral crisis in this tremendous conflict, and in this crisis the gravest responsibility must rest with the British people. The French have done their part, and what they have done will remain forever prized by those who love liberty. Much the British have done, but their sacrifice as compared with the French, is still slight. The great work which is to be done must be done by the nation whose resources are still undiminished, whose numbers have known no such losses as France has suffered in her magnificent campaigns.

For many Americans the chief interest, the real concern, now must be as to what part the British people will choose to play. Peace on terms which will mean little or no immediate sacrifice for the British can be had at any time. But such peace as is now possible will leave France and Belgium, if temporarily evacuated by the Germans, exposed to a new storm a few years hence. It will leave the Serbs still at the mercy of the Austrians and the Poles under the domination of the Prussians, whose rule in Poland has been one of the most brutal examples of race slavery in world history.

THE GERRYMANDER.

Gilbert Stuart's Cartoon Made the Political Trick Notorious.

Gilbert Stuart, who is best remembered for his portrait of Washington, was also a cartoonist, and it was he, according to James Melvin Lee, in *Cartoons Magazine*, who designed the famous Gerry-mander cartoon.

In 1811, writes Mr. Lee, the struggle between the Democrats and the Federalists for the control of Massachusetts was extremely bitter. The Democrats had elected Elbridge Gerry governor and had carried both houses of the legislature. To retain his supremacy they remapped the senatorial districts and divided the power of their political adversaries by paying no attention to county boundaries. In Essex county the relation of the district to the town was most absurd, and a map of the county thus laid out hung in the office of the Massachusetts Sentinel.

One day as Stuart gazed at the map he remarked that the towns as they had been assembled looked like some monstrous animal. A few touches of his pencil added the wings and claws, and he christened the creature a "salamander." At the suggestion of Editor Russell, the name was changed to "Gerry-mander." The cartoon thereafter frequently appeared in a "broadside" while the term became one of reproach.

They went to the station house in a taxicab to save time.

"I'll take the child, ma'am," he suggested, "so's not to wake her." She had fallen asleep again. Brownie clutched tight under her arm.

"You'll not," said the woman. "A mother's always strong enough to carry her own baby."

Jason Blake confronted her at the lieutenant's desk. Her head was bent close to the little rose face under its fur-trimmed bonnet. He put his hand on her arm roughly.

"Give me my child," he commanded. The woman looked up. "Hush," she said slowly, "you'll wake her. You know she's my child, too, Jason."

"Dorothy!" he exclaimed. He whipped off his seal-lined overcoat and flung it around the woman's thin shoulders. "You should have better sense than to come out like this—you'll catch your death of cold."

The woman smiled. "Here is the boy, Jason. He has your eyes. I named him after you."

"Good night, gentlemen," said Jason Blake, "and a Merry Christmas to you." He handed the lieutenant a tight little package that showed yellow under the electric lights.

"This is Mrs. Blake," he continued, "and we're going home to help trim the Christmas tree."

As the limousine sprang forward he leaned over and whispered "and I've got the handsomest present in town for you, Dorothy my dear. It's been waiting for you all these eight long years."

YOUNG MEN!

Arrange to Attend the One Month Course in
Agriculture, put on by the Ontario Department of Agriculture,
AT ATHENS
Commencing Jan. 11th, 1916
and Continuing to Feb. 11th.

Embracing practical instruction in farm crops,
Breeding, feeding and judging of live stock,
Care of poultry, orchard and garden, etc.

NO ADMISSION FEE.
NO EXPENDITURE FOR TEXT BOOKS.

STAFF OF INSTRUCTORS:

WALTER H. SMITH, B.S.A., Agriculturist.
R. E. BEGG, of Guelph College, Assistant.
Twelve Experts from the Department of Agriculture, will spend a day each, giving practical instruction along their respective lines.

Secure an announcement, giving full particulars of the course from
WALTER H. SMITH, B.S.A.,
Department of Agriculture, Athens, Ont.

POSITIVE RESULTS!

Brockville Civil Service List (Nov. Exams.)

Preliminary Exam: H. Foster, J. Leeder, W. Todd, G. Smith.

Qualifying Exam: L. McKinley.

3rd Div. Clerks Exam: W. T. Todd (appointed to Finance Department immediately)

Special Stenographers and Typists Exam: 4 young ladies took the remarkably high standing of 89 p.c., 87 p.c., 86½ p.c. and 77 p.c.

Last Thursday the following wire wire was received:

W. T. Rogers, Principal Brockville Business College: Have Misses Girardin & Hart, who took 89 p.m. and 87 p.c., report at Ottawa to-morrow. Another will be called Jan. 10th.

W.M. FORAN, Civil Service Commissioner.

85 Commercial positions have been filled by your graduates since June. This is the College to patronize. New term opens Jan. 3rd.

Brockville Business College

Electric Restorer for Men
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Polly's Christmas Stocking

By BERTHA M. MASTERS



POLLY DANE sat up in bed and blinked her sleepy eyes. The nursery was very quiet, except for the snapping of the coals in the grate. The fire made a soft glow of red light on the ceiling, and the figures on the Mother Goose wall paper seemed alive.

It was Christmas eve, and it seemed to Polly that she had been asleep for hours, yet the big clock in the lower hall was only booming eleven times.

"I wonder if Santa Claus will find Lucinda's stocking?" thought Polly. "Praps by and by I'll go and see if he has been there."

Polly closed her eyes and thought about Lucinda Ames, who was cook's little girl. Lucinda was as black as night, but she was just Polly's age, and Polly liked her.

Lucinda told most of her secrets to Polly. That was how Polly knew that



"SANTA CLAUS HAS BEEN!" CHUCKLED POLLY.

Lucinda wanted a little "white folks" dollie instead of the cunning black babies that people gave her.

Polly went to sleep and woke up with a start. She was sure that she had been wide awake all the time, yet from the mantelpiece there hung a fat, bulging stocking.

"Santa Claus has been!" chuckled Polly, and she slipped out of bed and pattered across the floor.

What a lovely, knobby, mysterious looking thing her stocking was!

Polly felt of the toe.

There was money—real money! And peeping at her from the top of the stocking was the sweetest little baby doll you could imagine.

"Oh, dear, I do hope that Santa Claus has brought Lucinda one just like it!" sighed Polly. "I believe I'll see!"

Barefooted, with her little white gown trailing on the red carpet, Polly pattered silently along the hall until she reached the door that led into the wing where the servants slept.

The first door was Maggie's and the second door led into the room where Susan, the cook, slept with her little girl Lucinda.

From the knob of this door hung a big white stocking and, like Polly's, it was bulging with knobby things. But alas! From the top of Lucinda's stocking there peeped a black baby doll.

It was black—instead of white. How poor Lucinda would cry!

Polly's heart beat very fast as she gently took the black baby out of Lucinda's stocking and tucking it under her arm, she ran back to the nursery.

She had to climb on a chair to reach her own white baby doll, but soon she had taken it out of her stocking and put the cunning black baby in its place.

"I never had a black dolly, and they are so dear and cunning," Polly told herself while she hugged her own precious baby to her breast.

She hugged the baby doll all the way back to Lucinda's door and she kissed it fondly as she tucked it in the top of Lucinda's stocking.

When she passed the door of her mother's room she did not see four eyes watching her.

And the most beautiful surprise of all came after breakfast!

Polly's father found two especially nice presents for Polly and Lucinda, who was crazy with delight over her white baby doll.

Santa Claus certainly does do funny things! On the Christmas tree were a white baby doll for unselfish Polly and a dear little black one for Lucinda!

AROUND THE HOLLY TREE

by CLARISSA MACKIE

IT was the day before Christmas, and it had been snowing all the morning.

The Marsden children sat around the living room fire and sang Christmas carols and talked about the millions of people who were sending gifts to loved ones, just as the wise men brought gifts to the Christ Child under the Christmas stars.

Suddenly they noticed that Clarice was very thoughtful.

"What is the matter, Sis?" asked Gordon, the oldest boy.

"I am thinking of our dear woods people and how the snow has covered their food so that they may starve to death while we are having a happy Christmas," said Clarice.

Gordon whistled in dismay. "Oh, I never thought of them!" he said.

"I don't want my gray squirrels to starve to death!" said Paul.

"And Mr. Rabbit and his family," added Mabel.

"Or the snowbirds. I saw a whole flock yesterday!" cried Gordon eagerly.

"Or my own dicky bird!" lisped Baby Nan, pointing a fat finger at the canary's cage in the window.

They all laughed and kissed little Nan.

"And what about you, Cousin Marion?" they asked of the little girl who was visiting them.

"I'm thinking about Mr. Rabbit, too," said Marion. "I was thinking it would be nice if Santa Claus remembered him."

Gordon got up and danced a horn-pipe. "Let's have a Christmas tree for the woods people!" he shouted.

What a racket there was as they all rushed into the hall after caps and cloaks and overshoes!

Clarice and Gordon disappeared in the kitchen and were gone a long time. When they came back they carried a little basket.

Baby Nan was taken to her mother's room, and the merry youngsters ran shouting across the snowy garden to the path which led to the woods.

How quiet the woods were when they were in the shadow of the pines and hemlocks!

Suddenly some twigs crackled, and a beautiful deer bounded lightly away and disappeared among the trees.

"He was hungry," said Gordon. "See how he has eaten the twigs from the hemlocks."

All over the snow were the footprints of little animals—rabbits, squirrels, even the trail of a fox which Gordon and Paul pointed out.

And threading in and out like a pattern of lacework were the dainty footprints of birds.

"Poor little woods people!" sighed Clarice. "I'm afraid the snow has covered all the seeds and pine cones."

"Where shall we have the Christmas tree?" asked Mabel, jumping up and down with delight.

"Here!" cried Marion, pointing to a small holly tree. "See, it is already trimmed with red berries!"

"Just the thing," said Gordon, opening his basket. "Now, youngsters, step up and help yourselves to goodies to put on the Christmas tree."

"Here are nuts for the squirrels, bits of suet for the blue jays and the snow birds, some lettuce and carrots for Mr. Rabbit and his family, some canary seed to scatter on this cloth and apples for everybody."

What a wonderful Christmas tree that was! Everybody helped to trim it, and when the lettuce and carrots had been tied on to the lowest branches so that the rabbit family could reach them the young Marsdens all drew away and hid behind a clump of hemlocks.

Bright eyes must have been watching the holly tree, for very soon the guests began to arrive at the Christmas party. Such a twittering of birds and cracking of nuts and crunching of carrots and crisp lettuce! Don't you think their little hearts sent up thanks to the loving Father, who had reminded the Marsden children not to forget his little woods people?

And as the children raced across the snow toward home they sang Christmas carols until they were overheard by a great sleigh load of people coming from the railroad station.

"Merry Christmas!" they called. "Merry Christmas!" And the sleigh stopped and took them all in, for they were all going to spend Christmas at the Marsdens. There were Marion's father and mother, and there were aunts and uncles and grandparents. "Merry Christmas!" they all said to each other, for they were happy.

And I'm sure if you could have understood all the twittering and chattering around the holly tree in the woods you might have learned that the woods people were saying "Merry Christmas!" too.

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T. T. SHAW, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

Drainage Law Decision
 A recent decision of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of Ontario in drainage case will be of interest to municipal legislators in the United Counties. The decision sets aside a drainage scheme propounded by the township of Anderson against the township of Colchester, in the county of Essex. The report of the engineer and the decision of G. F. Henderson, K.C., sustaining the report, have been absolutely set aside and the principle for which council contended, particularly as to the Vancouver drain in South Gower, has been sustained as correct. The formal judgment by the Appellate Division is as follows:
 "That the Municipal Drainage Act can not be invoked to justify a drainage scheme upon which money is to be thrown away where a drainage scheme cannot be carried out at cost in excess of the benefit—the work should not be proceeded with and the Drainage Referee has power to prevent the work being proceeded with where there is an appeal to him from the report of an engineer."

Hockey at Elgin
 The annual meeting of the Elgin Hockey Club was held in the Empire Hotel on Thursday evening, December 16th, 1915. The president, Mr. A. H. Brown in the chair.
 Officers elected for ensuing season were as follows: Hon. president, Rev. Father McKiernan, P.P.; president, A. H. Brown, N.P.; vice-president, A. L. Campbell; treasurer, A. L. Window; secretary, E. P. Cass; team manager, "Eddie" Murphy; assistant manager, J. S. Dargavel; captain, Harold Fahy; delegates to executive meetings J. C. Drummond, Bayard Johnston.
 The prospects of the team are regarded as particularly bright, and supporters may anticipate a superior class of work.

Nursery Medicines—Perry Davis Pain-killer is needed in every nursery to apply for cramps and colics, and for sore throat, bruises, etc. 25c and 50c bottles.

Charleston School Concert
 Despite the heavy rain which fell on Friday evening, Dec. 17, a large crowd assembled at the school house, the attraction being the concert, which for some weeks had been looked forward to with pleasure by both young and old.
 The program opened with the song, "We'll never let the old flag fall," sung by the pupils and a few who, a few years ago were pupils. The program opened at 8 o'clock and lasted till 11. Dialogues, songs and recitations, one after the other, were all well executed. Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Kavanagh had charge of the musical part of the program. S. Godkin acted as chairman. A tree laden with gifts for the little folks was very attractive.
 The pupils presented their teacher, Mr. Wm Cockrill, with a fountain pen. The singing of the national anthem brought a very pleasant evening to a close.

Penitentiary Surgeon
 It is stated Dr. Robert Hanley, of Kingston, has been selected by the department of justice as successor to Dr. Daniel Phelan surgeon of the provincial penitentiary at Portsmouth. The salary is to be \$1,300 a year, and the new surgeon is to be allowed to continue his practice. The retiring surgeon received \$2,400, but he could not engage in practice. The justice department is reverting to the old system prior to 1896, when the late Dr. O. S. Strange was surgeon.

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 Cannot Make Appeal
 Leave to appeal to the supreme court was denied the Smith Falls Public Hospital by the second appellate court. The hospital did not agree with the divisional court's decision in awarding Mrs. Margery Levere \$900 damages for injuries received from contact with a hot brick while she was a patient at the institution.

SHERWOOD SPRING
 December 20
 Misses Bertha and Gladys Eligh spent a day recently with their cousin, Miss Florence Dickey, Yonge Mills.

Miss Fanny Latham was a visitor on Sunday at the home of her uncle, Mr. Geo. Stewart.

After Christmas Sunday, our Sunday School will close for the winter months.

Mr. R. Brown, Riverside, spent Thursday last with relatives here.

Mr. John Quinsey, Caintown, is a visitor at Mr. Geo. Clow's.

Mr. and Mrs. Sandy Morrow, Malorytown, spent Sunday last with Mr. and Mrs. Arden Clow.

Our school closes Wednesday, the 22nd, for the Christmas holidays. A number from the Collegiate in Brockville, are already enjoying their vacation at their homes here.

PHILIPPSVILLE
 December 19
 Miss Maude Halladay has returned home from the West for the holiday season.

Mortimer Brown has returned home from the Northwest where he has spent the past two years with his brother who is line inspector between Edmonton and the Klondyke.

Rev. Mr. McFarlane of Elgin and Rev. Dr. Myers of Lyn, exchanged pulpits on the 19th inst. Rev. Mr. Collins of Athens Baptist church occupied the pulpit of the Baptist church of this place on Dec. 19.

The Methodist and Baptist schools are busy practising for their Christmas entertainments.

Miss Johnston of Forfar, has been reengaged to teach our school for another year.

John E. and Manford Godkin have purchased the Soper farm, and have leased it to Earl Trotter for a term of years.

Mrs. George returned home on the 18th inst from the hospital in Brockville where she has been ill for several weeks.

The Philipsville cheese and butter factory is still making 500 pounds of cheese a day.

Herbert Richards and family have moved into the house lately occupied by S. Farden.

Acheson Bros. shipped a car of hogs to Montreal on Saturday.

DAYTOWN
 December 20
 The recent thaw has spoiled the sleighing.

Thos. McGrogan and brother have purchased a sawing outfit.

Robert Elliott and son are cutting wood for Campbell Bros. and J. H. Wood.

Mrs. Harry Phillips is supplying the people with geese for Christmas.

Mrs. Philip Stevens, is in Brockville Hospital receiving treatment.

CHARLESTON
 Mrs. J. E. Godkin and children of Markine, Sask., arrived on Tuesday to spend a few weeks with friends here.

Mr. Clifford Green returned home on Tuesday from Caron, Sask., after an absence of nine months.

Harry Halliday received a letter last week from Pte. George Grant, written in the trenches in France.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Green and Miss E. A. McAndrew were last week visitors at J. Websters.

JUNETOWN
 Misses Winnifred and Mary Warren and Mr. Harold Warren were visitors at Mr. Francis Fortune's on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walton T. Sheffield, Athens, spent one day last week at Mr. Jacob Warren's.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude N. Purvis and little daughter, Jean, of Purvis street, spent Sunday evening at Mr. James S. Purvis'.

Mrs. Chas. Pierce returned home last week from visiting friends at Lansdowne.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Ferguson and Master Willie visited relatives at Athens one day last week.

Miss Arley Purvis has returned home after spending the past three weeks with her sister, Mrs. C. N. Purvis, Purvis Street.

Rev. W. W. and Mrs. Purvis spent one day last week in Brockville.

Miss Beatrice Avery and Miss Fern Warren, Brockville, and Miss Gertrude Scott, Gananogue, are spending the Christmas holidays at their homes here.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Tennant and children spent Sunday evening at Mr. J. S. Purvis.

Mr. and Mrs. Eli Tennant spent Friday last in Brockville.

After tonsillitis, bronchitis attacks or fevers take a few bottles of the Palatable "The D. & L." Emulsion, which will soon rebuild your full weight and strength. 50c and \$1.00 bottles.

The service on Sunday morning in the Methodist church will be at 11 o'clock instead of 10.30. Congregational song service will be held at the usual hour in the evening.

M'Bride is Out: Bowser Premier
 Vancouver, B.C., Dec. 15.—On his forty-fifth birthday, and after serving his native Province of British Columbia twelve and a half years as Premier, Sir Richard McBride to-day handed his resignation to the Lieutenant-Governor. He will go to London shortly after the New Year, where he will succeed J. H. Turner as Agent-General for British Columbia. Turner's resignation has been in the hands of the Cabinet here for some days. Hon. W. J. Bowser, Attorney-General has been entrusted by Lieutenant-Governor Barnard with the formation of a new Ministry.

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 Cures headache in 20 minutes by the clock. 25c per box.
 Advertise in the Reporter.

A CHRISTMAS TELEPHONE

(By Alice E. Allen.)

Dorothy left her playthings in a heap on the floor. She pulled her chair to the telephone on the desk. She climbed into it. Her curly head reached the mouthpiece. She unhooked the receiver and put it to her ear, just as father did.

"Number?" said a voice so quickly that Dorothy jumped.

"Two-nine-six," she said clearly. "That was what father said. In a minute, close to Dorothy's ear, it seemed, another voice spoke.

"Hello!" it said pleasantly.

"Is this Santa Claus?" asked Dorothy as much like her father as possible.

"Yes," said the voice, sweetly. "What is it?"

Dorothy hesitated.

"You don't sound just like Santa Claus," she said.

"Well, I am," the voice laughed. "But who is that—some little girl?"

"I'm Dorothy Grant."

"Dorothy Grant?" The voice seemed surprised. Dorothy hastened to explain.

"Dorothy Grant, 234 Park place," she said. "Don't you know me?"

"Oh," cried the voice, "of course I do now! But I've never seen you, have I? You are Mr. John Grant's little girl, are you not, Dorothy?"

"Yes," said Dorothy. "But, you see, he isn't home. He isn't ever, kept Sundays and Christmas and Thanksgiving and such days. That's why I had to ask you. There isn't any one in the house except Rhoda and Sofia. Sofia's so old she's deaf. You aren't deaf yet, are you, Santa Claus?"

"Not yet," laughed the voice. "I can hear you quite well. Go on."

"Sofia takes care of the house and father, and Rhoda takes care of me. But they don't understand about Evelyn. And she'll be here, when father'll be here, it will be too late, cause to-morrow's Christmas. And you must give Christmas gifts on Christmas, mustn't you?"

"Yes," said the voice. "What is it you want, Dorothy?"

"It's about Evelyn. I didn't hear it myself till Rhoda told me to-day when she dressed me—that is, I didn't hear all of it. You don't know Evelyn, do you?"

"Why no; I think not."

"I was just about sure you didn't, cause, you see, you've never given her a single thing, she says. And she's older'n me—a little. She's always been lame, but she's never been sick till now. Think of being sick at Christmas time! And the doctor says she must have fruit and nice things to eat. And she can't, you see, because Rhoda says it took every cent there was saved to pay up the doctor."

"Where does Evelyn live?"

"There with Rhoda. And it's up ever and ever so many stairs. I don't know how you'll ever get there. Are you so very old?"

"It's 22 Monroe street. I've been stout."

"Not so very. I climb stairs yet quite easily."

"I know you'd help me if you only knew about it," cried Dorothy.

"What does Evelyn need most besides the nice things to eat?"

"She needs most everything," said Dorothy. "I bought her a Teddy bear with my own money. She just had to have him. But a dolly is quite necessary, too. Don't you think so?"

"Very. And some picture books."

"Oh! And a chair that won't hurt her back—a soft, comfy one."

"A pretty gown."

"And some slippers."

"And flowers."

"Must anything you have left over?" cried Dorothy, in great excitement.

"Evelyn'd like anything, cause she hasn't anything, to begin with."

"I see," said the voice, gently. "Well, have a lovely Christmas for Evelyn. Now, isn't there something you'd like for yourself, Dorothy?"

Dorothy hesitated.

"There is one thing," she said, slowly. "I've never ever told father. But I do want it dreadfully."

"What is it?" encouraged the voice.

"I want—mother all my very own," said Dorothy. "Barbara has one and Connie. And Maude has one and two grandmothers besides. Why, even Evelyn has a mother—a sick one. Mine died, you know, when I came. And I would like another one."

"Yes," said the voice.

"It'd like a pretty little one, with dimples, like Connie's mother. She isn't hardly ever real cross, even when Connie tears her gown. And she kisses Connie real often, and puts her to bed every single night, and tells her stories. But most any kind would do if father liked her. She'd have to stay here, you know."

A mischievous little laugh sounded in Dorothy's ear. But in a minute the voice said:

"Is that all, Dorothy?"

"Yes, thank you," said Dorothy, as father had taught her.

"You dear, quaint little thing!" cried the voice. "May I come to see you soon?"

"Why, of course, Santa Claus," said Dorothy.

"But wasn't Santa Claus funny to ask that, father?" asked Dorothy. Father had surprised her by coming home before her bedtime, and she was telling him that that happened. "Of course, he's coming. Doesn't he always? Why should he ask if he could?"

Father chuckled.

"What number did you ask for, Dorothy?" he said.

"Two-nine-six," said Dorothy, "the one you always say."

Father gave a long, low whistle. Then he asked:

"Was Santa's voice deep and gruff?"

Dorothy shook her head.

"It was low and sweet, and every little way it had laughs in it," she said.

After Dorothy had gone her happy

way to dreamland Mr. John Grant went to the telephone.

"Two-nine-six," he said.

In a moment there came to him a voice, low and sweet, with laughs in it. "Is this Miss Annie Claus?" he asked.

"Yes. And this is Mr. Grant?"

"Yes. You had a conversation with my little daughter this morning, Miss Claus?"

"Yes—bless the child! How did she know me and my number?"

"She didn't, but—bless the child—she tried the only number she remembered and found you. She was trying to get Santa Claus."

"Santa Claus?"

"Yes."

Annie Claus laughed.

"I understand now," she cried. "That was why she asked if I were deaf yet and stout. How funny and sweet and dear of her! Well, thanks to her and to Evelyn, I've played Santa's part and had the loveliest Christmas I ever had so far."

"It was good of you, Annie," said John Grant.

"Good?" Annie Claus questioned. "One would do anything for Dorothy."

"Would one?"

"Anything one could," amended Annie in suspicious haste.

"You have Evelyn's gifts ready?" asked Mr. Grant.

"All ready. You should see—"

"And Dorothy's?"

"Dorothy's?"

"The one thing she wants—she told me, Annie. Is it ready?"

"Not quite."

"But, Annie, to-morrow is Christmas, and Christmas gifts must be given on Christmas."

A mischievous little laugh rippled over the wire.

"Dorothy stipulated that in the selection of her gifts her father must be pleased," said Annie Claus.

"That needn't bother you. You have shown his preference for a year and more, haven't you?"

"Yes, unless he has changed his mind."

"He hasn't, Annie, and never will. Don't you believe that?"

"Ye-es."

"Well?"

"Come over to my Christmas tree to-morrow night, you and Dorothy, Evelyn will be here. Well talk things over."

"Thank you; we'll come without fail. But Dorothy—and Dorothy's father—will be sadly disappointed if Dorothy's gift isn't ready."

"Perhaps it will be."

"Annie—really?"

But Annie Claus had rung off.

CHRISTMAS SERMON.

Aged Wavvans—Taught a Curate

"She shambled along through the mud with her streaming clothes and clouted boots, and we entered my little room. My thoughtful landlady had made my table ready. A plate of hot toast was standing in the fender; the kettle sang vociferously, as if impatient to be used; in front of the fire stood my slippers and an easy chair."

"To my surprise, my poor, worn, haggard companion raised her dripping hands and burst into tears with the words, 'O, what luxury!'"

"That was the best Christmas sermon I ever heard, and the only one I have never forgotten."—Youth's Companion.

THIS ARTICLE REMOVED

THE OTHER STOCKING.

Once Santa Claus, as in he came, Loaded with toys and many a game, Saw two little stockings hung side by side. Close to a fireplace, broad and wide. "It'd like a pretty little one, with dimples, like Connie's mother. She isn't hardly ever real cross, even when Connie tears her gown. And she kisses Connie real often, and puts her to bed every single night, and tells her stories. But most any kind would do if father liked her. She'd have to stay here, you know."

A mischievous little laugh sounded in Dorothy's ear. But in a minute the voice said:

"Is that all, Dorothy?"

"Yes, thank you," said Dorothy, as father had taught her.

"You dear, quaint little thing!" cried the voice. "May I come to see you soon?"

"Why, of course, Santa Claus," said Dorothy.

"But wasn't Santa Claus funny to ask that, father?" asked Dorothy. Father had surprised her by coming home before her bedtime, and she was telling him that that happened. "Of course, he's coming. Doesn't he always? Why should he ask if he could?"

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"Two-nine-six," said Dorothy, "the one you always say."

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"Was Santa's voice deep and gruff?"

Dorothy shook her head.

"It was low and sweet, and every little way it had laughs in it," she said.

After Dorothy had gone her happy



His Christmas Gift

John Semple's steps became slower as he toiled up the hill to the familiar farmhouse gate.

The curtains had not been drawn, and the family was intent on decorating the Christmas tree.

"By Jove," he muttered to himself, "I'd forgotten it was Christmas eve." He leaned beside the big elm just inside the gate, and he reached his hand up with almost a caressing movement against its gnarled old trunk. His fingers touched a smooth place on the bark, and long-forgotten thoughts curled his hard mouth into a boyish smile. Quickly he struck a match and held it to the tree. Yes, there it was—J. S. and M. R. enclosed in a rude heart. "I wonder where Mary is to-night," he said to himself.

As if in answer to his question, the great door opened and a girl came running down the path, followed by a stalwart lad, who called: "Mary, Mary, stop a minute!" But she did not stop. On she came to the old elm tree.

John Semple stepped hurriedly just outside the gate where one of the great square posts hid him from view.

As the girl reached the tree she put both her hands up to the carved letters and a sob rose in her throat.

The man who had followed gently put his arms around her and said: "Don't cry, Mary, darling. I am sure if Jack could know he would be glad that I love you and am going to take care of you. I know I can't be as splendid as dear old Jack was, but you do love me a little, don't you, Mary?" he asked wistfully.

The girl put both her hands on the boy's shoulders. "Yes, dear, I do love you, but I want to be loyal to poor Jack. He loved me so much, you know, and when I think of him dying 'way up there in the Philippines, with no one near it seems treason for us to talk of love."

"But I loved you before Jack did, dearie, and stepped aside when I saw how it was between you. Now Jack is gone forever, but I am here alive and I love you."

Solemnly the girl looked into her lover's eyes, and then her face was raised to his. He bent and kissed her, and with his arm about her, they went back to the house.

"How pretty Mary has grown," John Semple murmured as he stood again by the elm. "When I turn up I am afraid Tom's chances will be poor," he said, cynically, "even if he is the better man."

Then he squared his shoulders and walked up the path briskly. At the door, just as he raised his hand to knock, he caught a glimpse through the window of a white-haired old lady, walking with feeble steps across the room. For a moment she unconsciously stopped under the mistletoe that hung under the central light, and a splendid old gentleman stepped up with a courtly bow and kissed her.

John Semple bent down over the dog. "It's up to me, old fellow," he said, "to deliver my Christmas gift now."

Once more he patted the dog, and quietly, with head erect, walked toward the gate. After a moment the dog followed and when they both passed the elm tree he was at his master's heels. "I am sorry, old fellow," said John Semple, "but it won't do. You must go back. I have to put you, also, into the package I am leaving them. Go back to the house, old chap. I know you'll keep my secret. It isn't for me to spoil their merry Christmas," he said as he turned and walked out into the darkness.

A Song of Epiphany

High in the azure come of night
The star shines over Bethlehem,
O' shining Christ! so sweet and warm,
With business head on Mary's arm,
What can you know of wrong or harm,
Or sorrow, like the sons of men.

Three kings kneel by the manger-bed,
His sign had drawn them from afar,
Their silent cameo light without,
They sought the spot with many a doubt,
But now was sned them round about
The radiance of the Star.

Rich gifts they laid at Mary's feet,
Frankincense, gold and fragrant myrrh—
The little Christ looked down and smiled,
Held closely by His mother's mild,
He touched with soft hands of a child
The three kings as they kneel to her.

But Gaspar held one tiny foot
A moment in his hand,
Whispered and vept with lowered head—
"I see a path this foot must tread,
Yea! but sharp stones it shall be led,
For God doth so command."

And Melchior raised to bearded lips
One straying hand, so rosy white:
Pleading, "O Thou in heaven above,
Who even the hearts of men may move,
Save from the fear this hand of love,
Protect it by Thy might!"

Then sadly touched the downy head
Bethsazar, grave and stately there:
With tears he said: "O cruel thorn
By which this mild brow must be torn!
O robes of mockery! Crown of scorn!
Which the Lord of all must wear!"

But Mary smiled and gently said
"To the sorrowing sages kneeling there:
"In love, through pain, He came to me,
So, too, His path on earth must be,
To paradise through Gethsemane,
In love His cross to bear."

—Elizabeth G. Reynolds, in Woman's World for December.

SHELTER FOR SANTA CLAUS

(By Hollis Carter.)

A subdued "Oh!" echoed from all sides as Santa Claus slipped down the chimney and made his jovial bow to the children. They had been told that they must keep very quiet or the Christmas saint would go away without leaving any presents, so the involuntary "Oh!" was hushed almost as quickly as it was formed.

The children of the streets glanced about apprehensively. Perhaps even this would result in their being turned into the street by the fat policeman who had been detailed by the captain to see that no piratical youth led a raid on the tree ahead of time.

But nothing so untoward happened. Officer Cassidy still beamed upon their pleasure, and at the other end of the room Santa Claus in a funny falsetto voice was making a speech of welcome, and telling them how glad he was that the young ladies of the guild could give such good reports of every child.

"You are some present here," he concluded, "one for every child, and candy and an orange, too."

He approached the tree, and Bess Fairley stepped forward to assist. In some fashion she stumbled, and the great tree with its twinkling lights went crashing toward the side of the platform. There was a flare of light as the candles caught the resinous needles, and in an instant the flames had communicated with the long streamers of evergreen that festooned the room.

Cassidy was all action.

"Turn in an alarm on the corner," he commanded the janitor, who had stolen in to see the fun, then, raising his voice, he continued, "Come on out y' run, every blessed wan of yez or I'll run yez all in."

Up front the young girls of the guild were pleading with the guests to be quiet, but Cassidy's stentorian voice had a better effect. The children, who had huddled in little groups in the aisle, uncertain which way to turn, now made a rush for the door, headed by Cassidy's admonitions into avoiding a panic. Then the members of the guild hurried after them as the firemen rushed up the stairs.

Amy Vaughan in her Santa Claus costume huddled in a doorway on the opposite side of the street and watched the progress of the fire, unconcerned of the biting cold. The December dusk had fallen and no one noticed the shivering figure, or, if they did, they supposed her to be one of the mock Santa Clauses, set up on the street corners by the Salvation Army to solicit contributions for the army's Christmas dinner to the poor. Only Cuthbert Bonner, turning in at his own doorway opposite the burned building, noticed the shaking figure.

"How now, Sir Santa?" he greeted. "Is the street corner too cold or have you deserted your post of watchfulness for the fascinations of a fire?"

Amy shrank back into the shadow. Of all persons, Cuthbert was the last she wished to see in her present plight. The heavy white beard and the full wig were ample disguise and she had only to disguise her voice.

"I'll go on in a moment," she promised. There was little need of vocal disguise. Her teeth chattered so that she could scarcely make herself understood. Something in the tone attracted Bonner's attention and he looked more closely. The costume was more elaborate than those provided by the army. The loose coat was of thin cotton flannel, as were the others he had seen, but the cut was not the same, and the wig and beard were expensively made. In a flash he remembered there was to have been a Christmas tree in the burning hall. This was some lad whom they had imported to play Santa Claus.

"Burned out and your remainder team ran away, eh?" he said, with a chuckle. "Come up to my rooms, my boy, and shed those absurd garments while I have a cab called for you."

Amy shuddered. "Shed those garments indeed!" She was glad that Cuthbert thought her a boy, but the mistake might be embarrassing and she muttered some excuse about going on presently.

"Nonsense," was the reply. "You'll freeze to death in ten minutes more. Come on."

He held open the door, but Amy shrank back into the vestibule. Without more ado Bonner caught her by the arms and led her inside. His rooms were on the first floor and presently she was standing in his sitting room when an open fire diffused a grateful warmth.

"Now warm up and tell me all about it," commanded Bonner as he deposited his burden in front of the fire. "I bet I can tell you. Your clothes are burned up and you are afraid to go home in these. That right?"

Amy nodded her head. Her teeth had stopped chattering now, and she was afraid to notice the omission, for he ran on:

"Let me give you a piece of advice, my boy," and he said half seriously. "No matter how you trick yourself out, you hold on to your money after this. It's a good plan to follow. My man's making you a cap of hot coffee, and you'll lend you one of my overcoats and then I can go home in a cab. It's not often that I have opportunity to offer shelter to his highness of Christmas Land, and I want to do it up brown. I'd offer you my something stronger, but it's not good for boys. Feet wet?"

Amy shook her head, though the thin slippers she wore under the oilcloth boot top were soaking wet. A sneeze betrayed her and Bonner gave a shout.

"You little Ananias," he cried, "they are wet. Take them off while I get dry ones."

He vanished through the doorway, but was back in a moment with a pair of fur-lined slippers.

"They are a trifle long for a boy like you, but they're dry and warm," he

said, as he came toward the girl. "Slip off those things and get into these. 'Come,' he added, as Amy made no move to obey. "You've at least been foolish in a good cause."

He knelt to take of the wet footgear, but as he raised one unwilling foot and saw the dainty slipper which the oilcloth hid he rose to his feet and stepped back.

"I beg your pardon," he said in slight confusion, "though it is your own fault for letting me continue in the belief that you were a boy. I remember now, a girls' guild hired that hall."

"You were not to blame," said Amy. "It was your own kindness. If you don't mind I will put these on. I will call you when I am done."

When she did call Bonner entered with a trap. "Here is the coffee," he said, briskly, and when you are ready to go there is a cab at the door. This coat will give you protection from the cold. You can send it back by the cabman. He will be paid for the round trip, so you need not worry about that."

Amy smiled as she saw that he had provided a moustache cup for the coffee. It was like his thoughtfulness. She need not even remove the mask-like beard.

"I've a maiden aunt who sends me one every Christmas," he explained, as he saw her look at the cup. "She lives in the country where such things still flourish, and she sends one every year because she knows that bachelors break things so often. Dear old soul, she doesn't know I have a round dozen on the shelf at this very moment. I'll get the thirteenth to-morrow."

"I wonder if you will ridicule my present," said Amy, suddenly speaking in her natural voice, and tearing off her beard. "Your year of probation is up and my answer is—"

"Yes?" he asked, as he sprang forward.

"Yes," assured Amy. "I'm sorry, dear, that I ever doubted you. It was all a mistake. Your hospitality to Santa Claus is the final evidence of your goodness."

"Bless the old saint," said Bonner. "I'm glad I offered him shelter."

"I'm glad, too," said Amy, demurely. "He has brought me the best present of all."

ABOUT THE MISTLETOE.

Popular Christmas Plant in Olden Times Was Sacred.

Although in the majority of Canadian and English homes mistletoe is displayed at Christmas time, it is remarkable how little is known of this curious plant. Mistletoe is a parasitic growth appearing most frequently on apple trees, although it is also found on evergreens and on poplar, hazel, hornbeam and oak trees, but very rarely on the last named. It is an evergreen bush about four feet in length, thickly-crowded with branches and leaves. Unlike all other plants, its leaves extend down as well as up. The plant flowers every year, but does not bear the little white berries until it is four years old. The mistletoe proper is a native of Europe, red plant, because its berries grow in clusters of three—emblems of the Trinity. The ancient Celts used to hang sprigs of mistletoe around their necks as a safeguard from witches. The maid that was not caught and kissed under the mistletoe at Christmas would not be married within a year, so the tradition goes. According to the old rules the ceremony was not properly performed unless a berry was pulled off after each kiss, and presented to the maiden. When the berries were gone she privilege ceased.

THE CHRISTMAS DINNER

—A family affair.
—If you have no family, find one.
—In the olden days big families were the rule.
—But the dinner was not complete without a visiting stranger.
—Rich and poor sat together from a dozen sires at Christmas.
—That was in the feudal days, when the great halls would seat a hundred people.
—Emphasis was placed then upon the dinner and less upon the Christmas gifts, etc.
—The early Christmas dinner were very heavy functions, requiring enormous quantities of food.
—Those big banquets were marked by great and rich variety, in fish, meats, fowls, puddings, cakes, pies, etc.
—Many a Christmas dinner of the early times was not more than a carousal, and the diners were notorious for their excesses.
—The bear's head was the most distinguished dish; mince pie was regarded as a Christmas dinner essential of them.
—The English national dish of plum pudding was introduced at the time of Charles II, when Christmas dinners were not in keeping with the religious aspect of the day.
—The modern Christmas dinner differs greatly in the various lands. In France it includes poulet, cooked and garnished as the French do such things to perfection.
—Roast geese stuffed with chestnuts is favored by Germans, who include pork boiled with sauer kraut, beef with sour sauce, black pudding, smoked goose and baked apples.
—Eels are the principal dish at the Italian dinner (which are eaten at any time in the evening between eight and midnight); the eels being served each rolled in a laurel leaf, one to each guest.
—Whenever Christmas dinner is served, the turkey is the chief dish. No American Christmas is quite complete without turkey, which has become not only a national but a worldwide feature of the Christmas dinner.

A CHRISTMAS GAME.

A Yuletide version of the donkey party is played thus: On a sheet sketched or pasted a design of a Christmas tree. Have each branch of the tree marked in a circle containing a number, using the numbers from one to ten or one to twenty-five, according to the size of the tree. Each person playing is blindfolded in turn and is given a resette with which he must "decorate the tree." Each person aims to pin his or her resette on or near to the highest number of the tree. Each competitor has three trials, the three numbers to which he pins the resette being written down to his credit by the hostess, who keeps tally. The one whose three numbers added together give the largest sum total wins the first prize.

SUGGESTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS

Real French Ebony Toilet Articles with silver mounts or initials.
Genuine Parisian Ivory Toilet Articles.
Leather Goods—Purses, hand bags, writing cases, music cases, collar and cuff boxes, necktie cases, etc.
Jewel Cases, fancy clocks, etc., in real gold plate.
Ladies' and Gentlemen's umbrellas, detachable handles, sterling silver and gold-filled mountings.
Our usual well-selected stock of jewellery and kindred goods are this year, if possible, more attractive than ever.
Our standard for Quality is high and every article will be found exactly as represented.
Price Values Unsurpassed.
Articles to be engraved should be selected early.
We invite your inspection of our stock.

H. R. KNOWLTON, Jeweler, Athens

ATHENS GRAIN WAREHOUSE.

Good time now to lay in a supply of

FLOUR.

Don't scold the cook.

Give Her 5 Roses Flour.

Bran, Shorts, Middlings and Feed Flour will be no cheaper.

Stone ground BUCKWHEAT FLOUR makes the BEST PANCAKES.

ATHENS Grain Warehouse!

LUMBER

Now on hand, a stock of plank and dimension lumber suitable for general building purposes and a quantity of rough sheeting lumber.

Any order for building material will be filled on short notice.

Present stock includes a quantity of

FOUNDATION TIMBER SILLS, SLEEPERS, ETC.

A large quantity of slabs and fire-wood.

F. Blancher

ATHENS

REAL ESTATE AGENCY

E. Taylor, Auctioneer, has opened a Real Estate Agency at his office in Athens and has now several desirable properties in village and country for sale at very reasonable prices.

If you want a residence in Athens or a farm in this vicinity, or if you have any property for sale, consult The Athens Real Estate Agency

Subscribe for the Reporter

DICK'S BAZAAR.

Just received at the "BAZAAR" One Ton of FINE CONFECTIONERY a full supply for Christmas Holiday Trade, at prices that are bound to sell it.

The Greatest Selection of Candy that was ever offered to the buying public of Athens and vicinity. All we ask is that you call and look the assortment over.

Our General Line of Goods

Of which the public are well aware, is well assorted and the supply ample for one and all. Our prices, as usual, are the lowest, and the prices of our goods are not affected by the war.

Our Showing of Fine China

Can not be excelled, and all other lines of goods likewise.

Don't forget that we have a Fine Range of GROCERIES.

If wanting to purchase a Watch, or anything in the Jewelry line, see us before making your selection. It will pay you to do so.

R. J. CAMPO, - - Proprietor.

Local and District News

We want everybody in this district to read THE REPORTER.

—For sale—Second hand cutter but little used. Apply to H. H. Arnold.

Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Quigley left Athens last week for Toledo, where Mr. Quigley has purchased the Leggett House.

—Great reduction in price of all Ladies' and Girls' Jackets, both Cloth and Fur, at H. H. Arnold's.

Lieutenant "Gus" Coon a former A.I.S. boy, has been transferred to his home battalion, the 156th Leeds and Grenville.

A family of Indians, Comstock by name, residing formerly in Brockville, have leased George Ireland's place by the mill-pond. They are selling baskets through the village.

—Misses G. Girardin and H. Miller of The Brockville Business College, have taken positions, the former with Civil Service at Ottawa, the latter with J. A. Johnston & Co., Brockville.

In a recent issue of Queen's University Journal, appears an excellent cut of Kenneth Rappell and a short sketch of his life. He is captain of the hockey team this year, vice-president of the Political Science Club, and president of Arts '17

At Elgin Monday night six men residing in the township of Bastard were charged with being intoxicated in a local option municipality, the presiding justice of the peace being Messrs. Davidson and Connor. Two pleaded guilty and were fined \$20 and costs, three were dismissed and one case was adjourned for a week. L. V. Fitzpatrick appeared for the last four named and C. R. Deacon for the prosecution. The man whose case was enlarged stated that he had two drinks, but that he was not intoxicated.

On Sunday afternoon last a serious accident occurred to Mr. D. C. Healy, Smith Falls. Accompanied by his wife he was driving a spirited team of horses. The animals became frightened and ran away. Mrs. Healy jumped from the cutter escaping injury. Mr. Healy clung to the lines and was dragged a considerable distance before the horses were stopped. An examination of Mr. Healy later at the hospital showed that he had sustained a broken hip and other injuries. He will be confined to the hospital for some time.

Village Council Meetings

Special Meetings, Dec. 4 and 5

The statement of Merchants Bank showing a debit balance of \$1099.13 on Oct. 30 was received.

A by-law was passed with a view to a settlement by the several municipalities interested, with regard to the County Roads expenditure as set forth by the Counties Council.

Jacob—Sheldon: That an order be drawn on the Treasurer in favor of D. A. Cummings & Co., Brockville, in settlement of insurance premium on Town Hall and furnishings, amounting to \$88.

The time for returning the collector's roll was extended 10 days to Dec. 25. The request of the Athens High School Board for an advance from the Athens High School district for \$1,200 for maintenance and \$400 for permanent improvements; the village share being \$408 and \$136 respectively; was granted.

The report of Dr. W. H. Moore as M.H.O. for year 1915 was read, which showed that in respect to communicable diseases, only one case occurred, that being typhoid fever.

Sheldon—Jacob: That this council acknowledge with thanks the contribution of \$101.75 donated by the Women's Institute to be used for installing street lamps.—Carried

Reeve Holmes and Councilor Sheldon were appointed a committee to provide a recruiting office in Athens, requested by Sheriff McCammond of Brockville.

A by-law was passed providing for Nomination Meeting to be held in the Council Chamber of the Town Hall on Dec. 27, and election to take place Jan. 1916.

The following accounts were ordered paid:

Earl Con. Co., supplies and gas-oline	\$64 67
C. C. Slack, repairing stage	4 45
A. R. Brown, hardware	90
Mrs. Donnelly, printing	28 49
E. J. Purcell, hardware, gasoline	25 07
E. J. Purcell, Clerk of Court	6 30
G. N. Purcell, drawing engine to fire	2 00
J. P. Lamb & Son, supplies	4 34
J. Lamb, salary and postage	36 70
J. F. Gordon, salary road com.	15 00
W. H. Jacob	15 00
A. M. Lee 1/2 year salary	32 50
A. M. Lee, reg. fees 3 quarters	5 80
A. M. Lee, postage and express	2 95
F. Blancher, salary 2 mos.	31 26
G. W. Brown, caring for tramps	3 46
Geo. Gainford	1 50
T. B. Beale, professional services	10 00
Athens Reporter, printing	48 20
H. F. Davison, street lamps	46 40
Wm. Hillis, cartage and frgt.	14 37
Levi Scott, installing lamps	1 25
Jno. Shes	1 50
Chas Greenham	50

It pays to Advertise.

Purely Personal Items.

Mr. W. J. Morris of Delta, was in Athens on Saturday.

Miss Marjorie Moore has been engaged to teach Washburn's school.

Miss Mulvaugh, Lansdowne, was a recent guest of Miss Orma Mulvaugh.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Barlow of Delta, visited Mr. and Mrs. B. Alguire last week.

Miss N. Taggart, Westport, was recently a guest of Mr. Almeron Robinson.

Mr. Frank Connell of Brockville, is in Athens, a guest of Mrs. Eliza Addison.

Miss Lulu McLean, nurse-in-training at Kingston General Hospital, is home for Christmas.

E. E. Lehigh of Regina, Sask., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hanton, Frankville.

Miss Pearl Moore of Athens, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Milton Leach of Montague.

Mrs. J. E. Godkin, and children of Markinch, Sask., are visiting at the former's old home.

Miss E. Morris of Delta, recently visited friends in Athens, a guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Purcell.

Mr. and Mrs. T. McConnell of Lyndhurst, were last week guests at Mr. Archie Mulvena's.

Mr. and Mrs. Anglin of McIntosh Mills, paid a visit to friends in town, a guest of Mrs. Bredin.

Miss Loreen Phelps of Delta is a Christmas guest of her grandmother, Mrs. Elmer Halladay.

Mr. Starling Morris is on his vacation from Queen's University, Kingston, where he is a student in Arts.

Mrs. Rooney and Miss Alma Graham, Lyndhurst, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Kendrick last week.

Mr. W. J. Cobey has returned home after spending the season making cheese in Winchester district.

Mr. Lloyd Scott is taking the N.C.O. course at Brockville. He enlisted a few days ago in the L. & G. Battalion.

Mrs. C. Kilborn has closed her home here for the present and gone to spend the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Hendrie, near Lyn.

Miss Clio Leeder of Mallorytown, is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Cobey, Elgin street.

Albert Carr and family have returned from Spencerville where they spent the dairy season and taken possession of their house near the mill-pond.

Mr. Samuel Ray and Master Cecil Ray and Mr. William Nickles were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Moore.

Mrs. and Mrs. F. R. Moore and Miss Lena Moore were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Leach of Montague on the 12th.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Leach and Mr. John Livingston and Miss Lena Moore of Montague, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Moore Friday last.

The wish of the Reporter for one and all is a Merry, Merry Christmas and a Bright and Prosperous New Year.

The usual Christmas services at Trinity church, Oak Leaf, and Christ's church, Athens, will be at 8:30 a.m. and 11 o'clock respectively.

When wanting fresh, select oysters, fruit, confectionery, etc., call at Maude Addison's, Athens.

A Christmas tree entertainment is taking place at Hard Island to-night. An autograph quilt made by the pupils will be sold by auction.

St. Paul's Presbyterian S.S. Christmas entertainment was held last night and the program which included several dialogues, was much enjoyed.

Model schools having closed, and Normal schools having broken up for vacation. The pupils from this district are enjoying the Christmas season at their homes here.

Don't forget that Friday evening, Dec. 24th, 1915 is the last chance you will have to guess on the "Bazaar" drawing contest.

Her Burns Fatal

Brockville, Dec. 17.—As a result of burns from her clothing catching fire on Tuesday morning of last week while preparing lunch, Mrs. Harold Albery of Brockville, died Friday morning. Hot coals had been placed in a scuttle for removal, and her light dress coming in contact with it caused flames to envelop her body. She was only lately married, and the wife of a prominent young citizen and musician. She was the daughter of the late Allan Turner of the local customs staff at Brockville.

Local and District News

Subscribe for The Reporter. Send in any news items you may have.

Born—On December 20, 1915, to Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Webster, 202 Gloucester street, Ottawa, a son.

A sergeant and a private of the 59th Battalion, were in Athens last week looking for recruits. John Corr, who had just returned to his home here from cheese-making, promptly enlisted.

—For Sale: 10 cents off a Dollar on FURS, Children's Headwear, Coats, &c., This Week Only, and a Santa Claus given to each customer. E. J. GRIFFIN, Furrier, 46 King street W., Brockville.

The December meeting of the Women's Institute will be held on Wednesday the 26th at 2.30. Following this a 40c tea will be served in the Institute rooms, to which everyone is invited. Good musical program.

The WINNIPEG EVENING TRIBUNE of Friday, December 10, contains a cut of Capt. Will W. Kennedy, well known in Athens. The TRIBUNE says: "Capt. Kennedy is one of the assistants of Lieut.-Col. James Lightfoot, who has charge of recruiting in Area A—the southern portion of the province. Capt. Kennedy is looking after East Kildonan, Elmwood, St. Boniface, Norwood and Transcona, and is meeting with great success. Several years ago he was a newspaper reporter and during his spare time studied law. Then he was called to the bar and is now a member of the legal firm of Kennedy & Kennedy, but he has left the law business to look after itself, while he fights for his country."

Farm for Sale

The John Dockrill farm, about two miles south of Athens, consisting of about 160 acres First-class dairy farm, well watered, good buildings. Immediate possession. Apply to 451. T. R. BEALE, Athens

Cattle and Horses

For Holstein cattle any age, pure bred or grade; also horses, any style for any purpose—Apply to S. HOLLINGSWORTH, Athens

NOMINATION MEETING.

A public meeting of the Municipal Electors of the Township of the Rear of Yonge and Escott, will be held on Monday, Dec. 27th, 1915, at one o'clock in the afternoon, at the township Town Hall, Athens, for nominating a reeve and councillors for 1916, and in case a poll be required the votes of the qualified electors will be taken from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on Monday, January 3rd, 1916, at the several polling sub-divisions of the municipality. R. E. CORNELL, Returning Officer.

THIS ARTICLE REMOVED

A Reward of \$10

Will be paid to the person furnishing information which will lead to the conviction of anyone interfering with or damaging the street lamps, or any public property in the Village of Athens.

F. Blancher, - Village Officer

COON COATS

We are showing exceptional values in

Men's Coon Coats!

These are our own manufacture, made from choice selected skins, well made and lined with best quilted Italian lining.

The skins from which these coats are made were purchased before the big advance in raw furs.

Now is the time to profit by our early purchases. Buy now before they become scarce. Sizes 40 to 50 bust.

Prices \$75 to \$100.

Ladies' Furs of all descriptions at moderate prices.

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Good Furniture

There are two kinds of furniture, but we keep only the best, made by reliable manufacturers. We carry a good line of

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- Bedroom Suites
- Dining Room Suites
- Rockers, Couches, Easy Chairs
- and you can get what you want here at REASONABLE PRICES
- Good value and your satisfaction goes with every sale.

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PICTURE-FRAMING

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—FOR— Xmas Gifts

We will have our usual choice selections of Floral Gifts for Christmas Gifts Givers. Prompt and safe delivery by Parcel Post or Express to any town or city in the Dominion, Guaranteed.

- Beautiful Plants in Bloom - For Gifts
- Rich and Desirable Palms and Ferns - for Gifts
- Superb Christmas Roses - For Gifts
- Spicy Carnations - For Gifts

A Box of our Beautiful Xmas Flowers, assorted, to the value of \$2.00, is a desirable gift to a Sweetheart, Sister, Mother or Friend.

ORDER NOW!

Xmas Holly, Mistletoe, Wreaths and Decorations in complete supply as usual. BOWLS OF GOLD FISH are new and novel Xmas Gifts

The HAY Floral & Seed Co. FLORISTS, BROCKVILLE, Ont.