

The Athens Reporter

Vol. XXXII. No. 51

Athens, Leeds County, Ontario, Wednesday, Dec. 26, 1916

3 cents a copy

BROCKVILLE'S GREATEST STORE

Toyland Is Open—

And who doesn't enjoy a visit to Toyland! Christmas with out toys—without Santa Claus, and all the mysterious fairy land of fancy and delight would not be Christmas at all. Now is the time to see Toyland at its best. Now is the time to make the most careful selections. If possible, shop in the morning—you'll find it much more satisfactory.

Umbrellas for Gifts

An Umbrella is a very practical and useful gift. We are making quite an elaborate showing of all the different styles for men and women. Beautiful handles of ebony, boxwood, congo, etc., richly mounted in gold or silver. Gloria tops, silk and wool tops, neat tight-rolling effects, at \$1.00, \$3.50, \$2.75, \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.75, and \$1.50.

Special Gift Handkerchiefs

Thousands of Handkerchiefs—an infinite variety to select from.

Men's Mercerized hdkfs, with colored borders, 3 for.....25c
Men's White Line Hemstitched hdkfs, Initialed, 50c, 35c, 25c
Ladies' Hemstitched initialed Linen hdkfs, 35c and.....25c
Men's Khaki hdkfs, with red initial, 3 in a case all ready for mailing, for.....50c
Ladies' Initialed hdkfs, 3 in red case ready for mailing.....25c
Ladies' Crepe de Chine hdkfs, with colored borders.....20c
Ladies' Special Embroidered Corner hdkfs. in great variety, 2 for.....25c

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

THE STORE WITH Useful Christmas Gifts

A Big Selection of Christmas Gifts for soldiers training here as well as overseas

Khaki Riding Breeches \$5.50

Khaki woolen socks, Gloves, Mufflers, Fox's Puttees, Handkerchiefs, Towels and Puttees.

Our store is full of new Christmas Gifts of high-class quality and you are invited to visit our store and see our showing.

R. DAVIS & SON, BROCKVILLE

SOS FURS

Nothing is more important to the Fur Shipper than doing business with an Honest—Reliable—Responsible—Safe Fur House.

"Ship to Shubert"
the largest house in the World dealing exclusively in American Raw Furs, where you will always receive an Accurate and Liberal Assortment, the Highest Market Prices and the most "Shubert" Efficient, Speedy, Courteous service.

Write for the latest edition of "The Shubert Shipper" containing valuable Market information you must have.

A. B. SHUBERT, Inc. Dept. C327, CHICAGO, U.S.A.

In Demand

Within a short time, nearly forty students of the Kingston Business College were appointed to excellent Government positions, and at the last Civil Service examination, the students of this popular school were the only successful candidates in the Competitive examinations for government positions at this examination centre, Kingston. This speaks well for the work done at this school. Every recent graduate of this college has been placed and it cannot prepare its students fast enough to supply the demand for office help. Winter term begins on January 3rd.

Reporter Advertisements Bring Results.

SHERWOOD SPRING

Dec. 18

Mr. and Mrs. Blake Dickey, Yonge Mills, called on relatives here, recently.

Miss Mabel Mallory, Mallorytown, was a visitor at Mrs. Annie Eligh's on Sunday last.

Sleighs come into general use here on Friday and sleighing is quite good, promising to be better for Christmas.

The "Rawleigh Man" called on his customers here last week, with his usual line of goods.

Mr. John Quinsey, Caintown, was a recent visitor at Mr. Arden Clow's.

A number of our young people attended the I. O. O. F. "At Home", at Mallorytown, Dec. 8th and reported a good time, the attendance being the largest for some years.



THE REPORTER WISHES ALL ITS READERS A VERY HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

"The French Litany of The Trenches" Nothing To Worry About

You have two alternatives; either you are mobilized or you are not. If not, you have nothing to worry about. If you are, you have two alternatives; either you are in camp or at the front. If you are in camp you have nothing to worry about.

"If you are at the front you have two alternative. Either you are in reserve or on the fighting line. If you are in reserve, you have nothing to worry about.

"If you are on the fighting line you have two alternatives. Either you are scrap or you don't. If you don't, you have nothing to worry about.

"If you do, you have two alternatives; Either you get hurt or you don't. If you don't, you have nothing to worry about.

"If you do, you have two alternatives Either you get slightly hurt, or you get badly wounded. If slightly, you have nothing to worry about.

"If badly, you have two alternatives; either you recover or you don't. If you recover you have nothing to worry about. If you don't, and I have followed my advice clear through, you have done with worry forever."

Bishop Sends Christmas Greetings

My Dear Brethren:

Once more it is our privilege to send you our Christmas greeting. The clouds of war still hang heavily over us. Sorrow and mourning are still abroad. Ever more plainly is heard throughout our land the voice of Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted because they are not. Is it then a mockery to send forth a message of good cheer at such a time? Thank God it is not; for however dense the gloom of sadness, one light can pierce through it, the Light of the World, at the commemoration of Whose birth we bid you rejoice. In Him lies our only ground for hope that God Will shall prevail over Strife, and Love and Peace reign in place of Hatred and war. Pray then with all your heart and soul to "The Heaven-born Prince of Peace" at this Christmas-tide that before this Holy Season comes around once more, this awful conflict may have ceased.

Further, just because at this time which ought to be so happy, there are throughout the length and breadth of the Empire numberless mourners for some young life taken from them by this cruel War, our hearts should go out in loving sympathy and special acts of kindness to all who in any way need our help. For this is the festival of Divine Love Incarnate, to Whom our best offerings of love are due. As chiefest of these, be sure to offer "Yourselves, your souls and bodies" in the Holy Eucharist to Him Who was, as at this time, born to be your Saviour. Follow that up by special acts of love and generosity and kindness to others, and then indeed your Christmas will be a happy one for you will win God's Blessing, bestowed upon all who strive to imitate Him Who went about doing good." We pray that each and all of you may have a happy and blessed Christmas.

W. L. Ontario
Edward J. Kingston

The 73rd Battery Actively Recruiting.

Recruiting is nothing new to the men in Athens and vicinity as each and every one has probably had several invitations to enlist in one battalion or another.

The 73-d Sportsmen's Mounted Battery presents an opportunity for any man who is interested in athletics to get overseas with the big guns. The 73rd will go to the front as a unit as all batteries go to the front intact, and are not broken up in England and sent to France in drafts.

The battery is commanded by Major E. C. Barrett who is a very efficient officer.

PHILIPPSVILLE

Harry Best who has rented Wm. Chant's farm for a number of years has now bought a piece in Forlar, and Wm. Chant will work his own farm next year.

Richard Kirkland has leased Peter Nolan's farm for a number of years.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Whitmore were the guests of the latter's father in Delta.

W. Phelps spent his 78th birthday, the 2nd of December, with his brother, L. N. Phelps in Delta.

The Sabbath schools of the Methodist and Baptist churches are very busy practising for the Christmas entertainments.

W. Chase is shipping wood by C. N. R. to Smith Falls.

Harry Wood has sold his half interest in the Philippsville cheese factory to Robert Preston, of Chantry. Harry has bought a factory at Sand Bay, Ont.

R. C. Haskin has his dam bridge nearly completed; the bridge and the mill were both washed away in the flood last spring.

Mrs. J. W. Downey spent a few days with her brother, D. W. Downey, in Brockville.

John Jakes has moved in and taken possession of the late Christie Steven's homestead.

W. C. Steven's sale of live stock called out a large crowd.

The merchants claim that their sales of Christmas goods are moving very briskly already.

Death of Edward Wiltse

An aged and respected resident of Athens in the person of Edward Wiltse aged 83 years, passed away at the Industrial Home, which he entered about six weeks ago as an inmate.

Deceased was a quiet industrious person and for many years had lived alone, eking out his living as best he could in an honest way. This fall his eyesight failed him and he was nearly blind. He also became very feeble and gladly entered the Home for care and comfort. He arose as usual and dressed on Saturday morning and while ascending the stairs was seen to fall, death ensuing in a few moments. The funeral took place Saturday afternoon in the Methodist Church and was conducted by his pastor, Rev. T. Vickery.

WINNER OR WASTER WHICH ARE YOU ?

On a recent public occasion the Honorable the Minister of finance for Canada, in addressing a representative Canadian audience, dealt with the urgency of everybody doing, even in the smallest way, their share towards aiding the Empire.

It is well to remember that every dollar thrown away extravagantly does one hundred per cent more good to the enemy than one dollar saved by ourselves.

The wealth of the world finally filters through individual dollars, and if the curse of extravagance strikes deeply enough, our ruin is bound to follow.

Save a dollar TO-DAY and do a hundred per cent more for the Empire than your extravagant neighbor does for the enemy.

The Merchants' Bank

OF CANADA.

ATHENS BRANCH,

F. A. ROBERTSON, Manager

Death of Alvah Hunt

The Grand Menlow Record, of Minnesota, contains the following notice of the death of a former Athenian:

Alvah Hunt an old and honored resident of our village, passed away at his home here on Monday morning after several weeks of illness. He was born at Athens, Ontario, Canada and at his death was 73 years 7 months and 16 days of age. He was married Nov. 18, 1862 to Diantha Wiltse. To them were born four children, two of whom died in childhood.

They came to the United States in the spring of 1870 and located at Minnetonka, Minn. The next year in the fall they came to Grand Meadow and settled here. They lived on a farm northeast of town for a couple of years and afterwards Mr. Hunt entered the grain business in Grand Meadow, which he was interested in for several years.

Mr Hunt was honored by all who knew him as a man who stood by his view of right. He was a good neighbor and a kind father and husband. He did his duty in the community in which he lived at all times.

He leaves to mourn his loss his wife and two sons, Martin L., of Brown's Valley, Minn., and Levi W., of Los Angeles, Cal. Both sons were here at the time of his death. A twin brother Abner Hunt of Dexter, Minn., also survives.

Short services were conducted at the home Tuesday afternoon by Rev. Hughes. Interment was in the Grand Meadow cemetery.

Township Council Meeting

The Council met on the 15th inst. at one o'clock. Members all present. Minutes of last regular and special meetings were read and adopted.

By-law to appoint Polling places, etc., was passed with places of polling at Elsha Stevens' in No. 1, Albert Morris' No. 2, and Burton Algaires' No. 3 was passed.

Councillor Laforty was appointed to inspect roads in Div. 4. Bonus on wire fences was paid to Huron Rowroom 4 05, A. Taylor 19 28, Jos. Barrington 4 77, Robert Foster 3 68, D M Webster 800, Robt. Allingham 17 10, W Jacob 6 48, W Sturgeon 7 15, Wm Whaley 16 00, John Cox 7 20, S Godkin 2 72, Jas Keyes 3 20. Other accounts paid: G W Robinson selecting jurors 2 00, Jas Love overpaid on taxes collected 1 98, A Tribute printing 53 80, Irwin Wiltse salary as treasurer and exp 51 74, A Henderson 1 sheep killed by dogs 10 00, R Findlay same 7 00, J E Bruce tile 79 75, W H Jacob rep wagon and 1 tile 2 30, Kholar Wiltse, work and lumber Wiltse bridge 4 20, R E Cornell salary 171 10, A M Ferguson salary as reeve 20 00 selecting jurors 2 00, W J Scott salary 20 00, Thos Heffernan salary and inspecting road 22 00, H A Laforty salary and road inspection 27 00, S W Kelly salary and road inspection 25. T R Beale legal services 10 00, J F Harte M D, M H and Indigent officer 40 00, H Burnham repairing piers of Wiltse-bridge 13 88, G F Osborne delinquent Statute Labor and work in Div 8 24 72, W C Brown breaking road, John Flood bal due on crushing 101 69, Roy Heffernan repairing Beale's Bridge 3 00.

Council adjourned to meet after the 22nd inst.
R. E. Cornell, Clerk

LOCAL ITEMS

—Hides and live poultry wanted— at C. H. Willson, Athens. 22

According to reports from Charleston Lake, Webster Bay is frozen over and the skating is good.

Mrs. Hodgins, of Selby Ont., was a recent visitor in the village a guest of Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Stevens.

—While doing your Christmas shopping, make the Bazaar your headquarters. Whether you buy or not you are perfectly welcome—remember that.

Mr. Robert French, of Portland has taken up residence here with his daughter Mrs. Rahmer.

—Hockey Boots, all sizes at H. H. Arnold's

Mrs. J. Jones of Poole's Resort, is spending a few days at her old home, Victoria street.

—Bring your butter and eggs to the Bazaar where you will get the highest prices.

Mr. Kenneth Grant of the Merchants' Bank was called to his home at Renfrew by the death of his mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Harman Smith, of Kingston, motored to Athens Wednesday and spent a day or so here guests of his brother Mr. N. E. Smith.

—We have "To Rent" and "For Sale" placards, size 11x14 inches printed in black on heavy yellow cardboard. If you have a vacant house get one of these placards and post it up. There are 15c each.—Athens Reporter Office.

Mr. H. C. Phillips received by express last week a 12 lb. Puget Sound salmon from his nephew, Mr. S. L. Davison, Seattle. The fish was a beauty, and proved to be just as good as it looked.

Mrs. F. Barrington of Grand Forks, Dak., has been spending a week in Athens a guest of her aunt Mrs. T. G. Stevens, with whom she made her home prior to her marriage. Mrs. Barrington was enroute to New York.

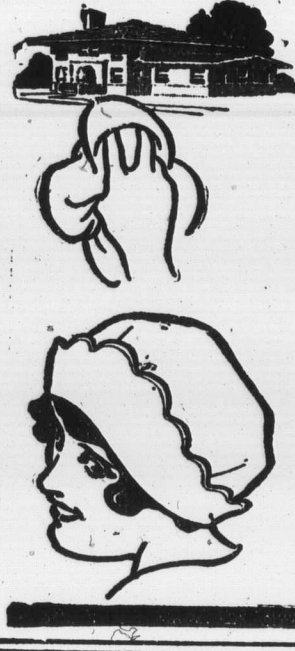
—You will find a fine selection of stationery and also perfumes both in bulk and in fancy boxes at the Bazaar.

Mrs. Arnold Docksteder and her niece, Miss George, from Winchester, Ont., are guests at the home the former's brother, S. J. Dillabough.

The Epworth League of the Methodist church held its regular monthly literary social evening on Monday at 8 o'clock. There was a good attendance of league members and their friends, and all report a pleasant time.

In order that it may not conflict with nomination on the 22nd, the meeting of the South Leeds Board of Agriculture advertised to be held in the Athens Town Hall, has been postponed until the next day, Friday, Dec. 23. For particulars, see posters.

Among the graduates of the Toronto Dental College which were posted on Saturday last we were pleased to see the name of Ross V. McLaughlin, a former Athens boy and graduate of the A. H. S. Ross returned home last June from overseas, having spent a year with the Dental Corps in Belgium and France. For the present Dr. McLaughlin has taken a position in the office of his uncle, Dr. C. C. Nash, Kingston.



There are so many uses for Old Dutch that it's a household necessity



THE FIRST GUNS

Auspicious Opening of the Great Campaign to Raise Six Million Dollars for the Canadian Patriotic Fund.

Ottawa, Dec.—The officers of the Canadian Patriotic Fund are greatly elated over the encouraging outlook for the fund in Ontario in 1917 owing to the generous action of the County Councils of Simcoe, Victoria and Dufferin at the fall sessions recently held. The decision of these Councils marks the real beginning of the campaign, which will reach its climax in January and February to raise at least six millions in this province in 1917. As this is a million dollars more than was subscribed for 1916, it has been felt by the fund authorities that much of the success of the campaign would depend on the increase of the grants made by the County Councils. The three counties which have already acted have done so well and shown so generous an example that the chances of attaining the desired sum are now considered greatly improved. Simcoe, which in the past has left the support of the fund largely to the township and town councils, has decided to make a general levy on the whole county for the purposes of the fund. This implies taxing not only the rural districts, but such important centres as Orillia, Collingwood, Barrie and Midland. The sum to be given is \$10,000 a month, making the fine aggregate of \$120,000 in the year. This is a large increase over 1916, and the county councillors by unanimously supporting the grant, have shown not only their appreciation of the fund, but their political courage, for naturally the majority of them will be offering for re-election in January and will have to justify their action before their constituents. But more than this, the Simcoe councillors expressed the hope that the voluntary grants by individuals and organizations would be continued. The county grant represents two and one-half mills on the dollar. Victoria, a county much smaller in wealth and population, has also excelled itself, and has raised its contribution from \$2,500 a month to \$5,000, or a total of \$60,000 in the year. This means a tax of three mills on the dollar. It is a noble grant, and places Victoria well up in the front rank of Ontario counties for generous giving, as it is for recruiting. Dufferin, in 1916, gave \$500 a month. It has decided to quadruple this for 1917, and will give \$2,000 a month—a splendid increase. The fund's campaign has certainly started with a bang!

Corns Applied in 5 Seconds Cured Quick Putnam's Extractor in 24 hours.

Great Statue Blaze of Light

The Statue of Liberty in New York harbor was 30 years old on Oct. 23. On that day subscriptions of the American people to flood light the statue were closed with what has been termed "Liberty Day" collections throughout the United States. With this fund it has been arranged to permanently flood light this gift of 400,000 French people to the people of America, so that at night it may be seen far out upon the Atlantic. The night of Saturday, Dec. 2, was fixed for the rededication of the statue as "Liberty Enlightening the World." These words were first used by Auguste Bartholdi, the illustrious French sculptor, when he placed the statue in 210 cases aboard the French warship Isere, in April, 1885. Engineers from General Electric Company, working in conjunction with Government engineers, stretched a transmission cable from the New Jersey shore to Bedloe's Island, which carries current to light up the hundreds of great reflectors required to evenly illuminate all sides of the immense statue and its base, which covers nearly an acre of ground. HISTORY OF STATUE, 1874—Franco-American union established in Paris to undertake construction of Statue "Liberty Enlightening the World." 1875—Auguste Bartholdi, illustrious French sculptor, made the first

small model of the proposed statue. 1876—Hand of the statue, 15 feet long, completed and displayed at Centennial Exhibit in Philadelphia. 1877—Congress fixes site either on Governors or Bedloe's Island, leaving choice to be made by General W. T. Sherman, who confirmed Bartholdi's selection of Bedloe's. 1878—Head of the statue, measuring 17 feet from neck to cranium, finished and exhibited at the Paris Exposition. 1880—Entire statue completed. 1881—"Liberty Enlightening the World" mounted in Paris. 1884—Statue formally presented to the United States on July 4th by M. de Lesseps and accepted by L. P. Morton, United States Minister. 1885—Statue taken apart and brought to the United States in 210 cases on board the French man-of-war Isere. 1885—New York World in four months raised over \$100,000 in contributions from 120,000 patriotic American cities to provide pedestal for the statue. 1886—On October 28th President Grover Cleveland, members of the Cabinet, governors of many states and distinguished members of the diplomatic corps, besides a delegation from France, headed by M. Bartholdi, Count de Lesseps and Admiral Jauries, dedicated the statue. These exercises were accompanied by a great procession through New York streets and a naval parade in the harbor. 1916—Congress authorizes flood lighting, provided \$30,000 is raised to install it. 1916—October 28th, the thirtieth anniversary of the dedication of the statue, fixed as the final day upon which contributions will be received from American people to flood light the statue. 1916—December 2nd "Liberty Enlightening the World" permanently flood lighted for the first time, with President Wilson officiating at the notable ceremonies. DIMENSIONS OF STATUE, The statue weighs 450,000 pounds, or 225 tons. The bronze alone weighs

Table with 2 columns: Measurement (Height from base to torch, Foundation form pedestal, etc.) and Value (Pt. in., 151 1/2, 205 6/8, etc.)

CAUTIONS.

(Washington Star) "How do you account for the election result?" "I don't try to account for it," replied Senator Sorghum. "That's too far ahead. Until the official count is over I don't intend to quit prophesying on the result."

A Pimply Face or Poor Complexion Quickly Restored

Thousands of young men and women would be handsome and attractive were it not for unsightly pimples, blackheads and rough uneven skin. Custom seems to recommend lotions and salves; but unfortunately their effect is but temporary. These disfiguring blemishes do not originate in the skin—their birth in every case goes back to the blood, which must be cleansed of humors before the pimples depart for good. A physician who has made a careful study of such cases, says that the quickest cure comes from a blood-purifying medicine like Ferrozone. The minute Ferrozone strikes the blood its good work begins. Poisons and foul matter are expelled. Every trace of humor is driven out, and the whole life current is supplied with nutrient and health-giving qualities. You can always tell a Ferrozone complexion when you see it—the cheeks are clear and rosy, no signs of sallowness—the eyes are bright, and expressive because rich, red blood is circulating through the whole system, carrying health, energy and strength with it. Not only will all skin eruptions disappear, but an increase in vital strength, an all-round improvement will be apparent. No rebuilding tonic could be more efficient. Get Ferrozone to-day—Good for young and old, for well folks and sick ones, too. 50c per box, or six boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or direct by mail from The Catarhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

City Knights Rescue Girls

(Chicago Tribune.) THE PHILOSOPHICAL CABMAN. She was sixteen, and her two bulging suitcases seemed discouragingly heavy as she swung alone across the platform of the union station. A cabman, leaning on his sleepy horse, straightened up as she approached. "Drive me to the B—Hotel," she ordered.

"This particular cabman had seen a bit of the world. He knew 'cabbies' were made to see nothing and obey order. It wasn't at all the usual thing, but—" "Your number is goin' to be th' Y. W. C. A.," he retorted. "You wouldn't fit at the B—." "I won't go to the Y. W. C. A.," retorted his fare. "I don't want to, and I've got \$50, and I'm going to the B—." "Get in, then," said the cabman, with moody resignation. Straight to the Young Women's Christian Association he drove. Up the steps he tugged the two suitcases. The girl, perforce, followed. "Sit here," directed the autocrat, "while I speak to th' lady a minnit." There was a moment's conference with the superintendent. "Now," he said, "you can do what y' loike wit' here." And he departed, minus his fare. The girl explained. She was, she said, Desira La Rosa, from Green Bay, Wis., travelling abroad as a dancer in vaudeville, parents and all other relatives dead. She wanted to go to the B—Hotel, and there she proposed to go, if she could find a cabman that wasn't too fresh. She did, however, accept the invitation to dinner. The superintendent



was pondering her next step when a policeman called with perfunctory inquiries concerning one Mary Brown, of Chilton, Wis. She had run away, according to a telegram from her parents, and was to be sent back in a moment. The superintendent, incredulous, kept her charge from being arrested, but they convinced her the next morning. Mary Brown's parents came with letters addressed to Mary by a man at the B—Hotel. They told of a glowing future in Jacksonville, Miss. Mary had run away in the night to join the writer. Mary, contrite now, went back home. But first she led her father to a cab stand at the union station, and a cabman, leaning on a sleepy horse, was paid a fare that violated all the city ordinances.

THE CHIVALROUS TELEGRAPHER. A week ago yesterday a young woman came from Minneapolis. She waited all day at the station for a friend who didn't come. Tired out, she fell asleep. When she awoke her purse was empty. Someone suggested she telegraph her parents for money to go back home. The telegrapher read her message, recalled the rule that customers' affairs are none of his business and violated it. "They'll give you something to eat at the Y. W. C. A.," he ventured. "And, say—I'll be off duty in a minute. I'll take you over there." While she was braking her long fast in the dining-room a dapper young man called to ask for "the girl who was robbed." "I know her brother," he said. "I want to take her to him." The girl said she had no brother, and the young man was sent about his business. Undismayed, he returned the next day with insistent profers of assistance. "That was the man who robbed

The Nova Scotia "Lumber King" says: "I consider MINARD'S LINIMENT the best LINIMENT in use. I got my foot badly jammed lately. I bathed it with MINARD'S LINIMENT and it was as well as ever next day. Yours very truly, T. G. McMULLEN."

her," said the superintendent. "When I asked about it he fled a second time, and that was the last of him. The girl—I won't tell you her name—is safe home now in Minneapolis. THE SKEPTICAL POLICEMAN. "Please, mister," chorused two girls, 7 and 9 respectively, "where is a nice cheap hotel?" "Huh?" returned the guardian of the law. "A hotel," explained the older punctiliously. "Yessir. Our stepmother doesn't like us, and our—our own mother, you see, is in California, an' we're going to her." The policeman suggested the Y. W. C. A. and told the wanderers how to get there. The girls were the daughters of a south side physician. "Do what you like with them," was his amazing answer when the superintendent telephoned. But after a bit of argument he changed his mind. And the girls weren't even punished.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Technical Matters. In some quarters it is held that Russia is the greatest single field in the world for new business. The feeding problem of New York City will be appreciated when it is realized that there are—counting permanent residents and the "strangers"—nearly six millions, and that they devour in a year's time from \$800,000,000 to \$1,000,000,000 worth of food. Salt was once used for money in paying the soldiers. It was called "salerium," hence the word salary. Russia has 10,000 lepers taken care of by 21 institutions. By means of the camera it has been discovered that 530 feet below the surface of the water darkness was much the same as that on the earth on a clear but moonless night. The total number of trees in the streets of Paris is 86,000, and of these 26,000 are plane-trees, 16,000 chestnuts and 14,000 elms.

Tomato seeds ground and pressed into leaves constitute a valuable cattle fodder. Every old bank note is a menace of disease, but gold coins are generally clean of contagion.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc. The Exclusive X Club.

One of the most exclusive of clubs was the X, whose last surviving member was Lord Avebury. It was founded by a little coterie of literary scientists, including Sir Jos. Hooker and Herbert Spencer, and though intended to comprise ten members, never got beyond nine, because no tenth was found who came up to the two requirements of mental calibre and intimacy with the other nine. Many names for the club were suggested and rejected before a member's wife proposed terminating it after the unknown quantity X.—London Opinion.

Remember, also, that because you can give little is no reason why you should not share in the joy of Christmas giving. If you have nothing else to give, write a cheery Christmas letter, telling your friend the old old story, that you think of her, and care for her, and wish her well at Christmas time.

A WOMAN'S MESSAGE TO WOMEN

If you are troubled with weak, tired feelings, headache, backache, bearing down sensations, bladder weakness, constipation, catarrhal conditions, pain in the sides regularly or irregularly, bloating or unnatural enlargements, sense of falling or misplacement of internal organs, nervousness, desire to cry, palpitation, hot flashes, dark rings under the eyes, or a loss of interest in life, I invite you to write and ask for my simple method of home treatment with ten days' trial entirely free and postpaid also references to Canadian ladies who gladly tell how they have regained health, strength and happiness by this method. Write to-day. Address, Mrs. M. Sumners, Box 8, Windsor, Ontario.

What Christ Came Into the World For.

I must confess that I like the sentiment I read a short time ago, thus expressed by its author: "I could who talk facts, I like; people who talk theories, I fly from." I think, upon the whole, that I shall always use the first kind of people better than clever ones. I believe we owe more to the former, too, and learn more from them of human nature, which, after all, is what we want to know. I am sure we have been given wrong ideas of things. Human nature is lovely; it is unhuman nature that we want to get rid of. God is human; that is what Christmas shows. If you want to know what God is like, look at the Man who was the Son of God, but who always loved to call himself the son of Man. What did He come into the world for? Not to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved. He did not come to call all the people, who thought they were good, around Him. He distinctly said, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance." What is repentance? Turning from the wrong to the right. Did He come to save me? That is exactly what He did come for. His name shall be called Jesus because He shall save His people from their sins. Ah, you say, "His people," but I am not one of His people. Yes, you are. We are all the people of His pasture. You may be a prodigal son, but you are a son; you may have been among the swine, but that is not your home. At any time you can say, "I will arise and go to my Father. I am going home." And Christmas is a good time to start for home, and to become in heart a child.

MELP WANTED. WANTED—GIRLS TO WORK ON knit underwear—seamers and finished stitchers preferred. We also teach learners, any girl with good knowledge of plain sewing; good wages; ideal factory conditions. Zimmermann Manufacturing Co., Ltd., Aberdeen and Garri streets, Hamilton, Ont.

WANTED—LADIES TO DO PLAIN and light sewing at home, whole or spare time; good pay; work sent any distance, charges paid. Send stamp for particulars. National Manufacturing Company, Montreal.

FOR SALE. 2 POTTER CYLINDER PRESSES—A half sheet Double Demy and a half sheet Double Royal with good knowledge of their use. Well suited for a Country Printing Office. Address, Times Printing Company, Hamilton, Ont.

PILES CONQUERED by the druggist way. Simple and effective treatment of hemorrhoids. THE ARONA CO., 106 North Bay St., A. Hamilton, Ont. Can.

Knife Duels in Mexico. A duel between cattle herders on the Mexican plains is about as savage and deadly a manner of fighting as one could possibly imagine. Each opponent extends his left arm and a third party binds their wrists together with a thong or rawhide. He then places a knife in the right hand of each, and the fight is on. Needless to say, it does not last long. Every stab must be calculated upon to do damage, and it often happens that both duellists receive fatal wounds. Yet, in spite of the severe rules of the game, there are men who become experts and terrorize a whole neighborhood. They pride themselves on being able to strike so quickly and so surely that they can kill an opponent with the first blow and get away unscathed.—Exchange.

AN INTER STING BOOK

No publication issued by the Canadian Pacific Railway is better known all over the world than the "Annotated Guide," describing every station along the line. Issued originally at the suggestion of Sir William Van Horne, it has passed through many editions, and is now a fair-sized book owing to the great increase in the extent of the railway system. It is interesting to look over the early issues to see how Canada has progressed. In 1888, for instance, Winnipeg had a population of only 25,000, Fort William 1,400, Regina 800, Calgary 2,400, Lake Louise had not been discovered, and Vancouver was proud of its 5,200. Indian Head was famous for the Bell Farm, of which the "Annotated Guide" remarks: "The furrows on this farm are usually ploughed four miles long, and to plow one furrow outward and another returning is a half day's work for a man and team. The work is done with an almost military organization, ploughing by brigades and reaping by divisions." Toronto is described as "distinctly Western in its activity and energy."

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper. JUST THE REVERSE. (Boston Transcript) New Boarder—The dealers say that the high price of eggs is caused by their scarcity. Boarder—Huh! The scarcity of eggs in this joint is caused by their high price. Billy—Do you doubt the deaths of my love? Milly—No, the length of it.

Wear Those Comfortable Old Shoes This Winter And Show Your Patriotism and Thrift—Inexpensive Rubbers or Overshoes Will Protect Your Feet. The spectacular rise in leather prices has a significance far beyond its painful effect on our personal expenses—it is becoming a serious matter for the Government and our soldiers at the front. The war is using up leather much faster than it is being produced. The reserve, particularly of high-grade leather, is steadily diminishing. If the soldiers are to have plenty for shoes and equipment, and if the Government is to be able to procure it at prices within reason, civilians must economize on it to the limit. This is the reason well-worn shoes are no longer a discredit, but an honor—an evidence that the wearer puts patriotism before pride, thrift before vanity. Fortunately the prevailing moderate prices of rubbers and overshoes make this practicable. In most cases they cost little more than before the war, and a very small expenditure for either will protect the feet dry and comfortable, and guard the wearer's health. Many are also following the sensible course of wearing rubber boots or "rubbers and socks" for working around the stables, in the woods, or in the fields during the cold, wet weather. Not the least of their advantages is their cleanliness around the house. Wearing rubbers or overshoes is one of the rare cases where virtue brings its own reward, for in addition to the very considerable money saving, what is there that affords such solid comfort as a well-worn pair of shoes? Saving Shoe-Leather Is a Public Service as Well as a Private Economy

Redpath SUGAR was a favorite name among the long-forgotten food products of half a century ago, just as it is among the live ones of to-day. Only exceptional quality can explain such permanent popularity. "Let Redpath Sweeten it." Made in one grade only—the highest!

The Lesson of Mazie

"Have you seen my Mazie?"
The alert Sam O'Connor, newspaper man and "star" on the —, paused in his haste to catch the subway train and glanced into the appealing eyes of the haggard woman at his side. No, he hadn't seen Mazie, but a subtle something permeated his customary reserve, accustomed as he was to pass scores of town-and-outs in the course of his duties, and he halted. Perhaps he was prompted by the fact that it was Christmas eve, when, according to all intents and purposes the world was preparing to rejoice on the morrow, and then again it might have been the "oh," uttered with the despair and abandon of a lost soul, as the woman shrank and grasped a kindly mail-post for support.



The night was falling: the street lamps began to twinkle; the night life of the city had begun. Wearily the woman, fairly well dressed, but with a faraway look in her eyes, her cheeks paled with cold and hunger, and the lines of worry pictured on her kindly face, swayed to and fro against the friendly support. Past the two swept the night life of the city.
"No, I haven't seen Mazie," he said, adding meditatively: "Who is Mazie?"
"You don't know Mazie? Why, she's my little girl; my poor little girl," she said, as if pitying the ignorance of big Sam, and continuing: "She came to New York three years ago. When she first came here she was a stenographer. She wrote to me every week, and then every two weeks. At last, when no letters came, I tried to hear up under it, but I worried and worried, and, unable to stand it longer, I came here hoping to find her. For four days I have scanned the passing faces in vain. I have asked policemen to aid me. A few were kindly. Others have laughed and told me to tell it to the 'Sarg.' Can't you help me to find Mazie?"

Sam, touched to the quick by the poor mother's plea, gave up all intention of going home on the subway train that night. He had a mother in the long ago—one of the best—who had taught him the difference between good and evil, right and wrong, early in life. He had strayed from the straight road often, and from participation and the object lessons of others knew the pit-falls of the big city—and he feared for Mazie. He knew what the poor mother little realized—the almost impossible task of finding the girl. His duty plain, he resolved to become the temporary guardian of the poor stranger, none too warmly clad, and probably wanting in nourishment.

His trained faculties were quick to evolve the possibilities. He piled his questions—name, last home address, place of employment, friends' names mentioned in letters and many others—rapidly, and soon his fund of desired information apparently complete, he turned his attention to the immediate future.

Sam stood pensive for a moment, and then said his plan was up to the needs of the situation, said: "I'll find Mazie for you, if possible, if you will follow my directions. I'm sorry the chance of success is small, but we'll do the best we can. It is necessary that you care for yourself first, otherwise you will be ill and unable to continue your search. Come with me."
Dazed and weak, almost childishly she followed where he led to a quiet restaurant. With a steaming meal she became preoccupied and failed to note the disappearance of the Samaritan. Her first realization of his absence came as he returned and smilingly informed her that he had telephoned to a friend, who would care for her that night, and on the morrow they would plan for continuing the search.

He left her at his friend's home, realising the magnitude and the hopelessness of his quest, but resolved to do his part in dispensing of Christmas cheer.
He hailed a cab and shot first across town and then up Fifth avenue until he came to the home of Broker Jones, who had once employed Mazie.
He knew nothing of her whereabouts and declared he didn't want to know. He said Mazie had been discharged for insubordination, and Sam, knowing the brand of employer he must be, asked no further questions along that line. By careful dursing he secured the name of a girl employee who had been friendly with Mazie. This call was but the first of many Sam made that night, all to seemingly no avail.

Sam, however, had hopes, and returning to his room in a downtown hotel, lounged about. He pulled a slip of paper from his pocket and mused: "Yes, it's a chance, a lone chance, that's all, but who can say there is no hope."
"I'm curious about Mazie. I wonder if she is one of the army who have accepted the boarding house as the apotheosis of the home? Gracious, how many are there in this great city whose hearts never go out to the old roof-tree home-in the country and the dearest memories of tender associations. How many a boy and girl has shifted the environment of life until they no longer think of the dear old mother and father at home? Later they will regret their negligence—in the years to come when the dear one who they glaved for them is no more and regrets are useless. I wonder if this be the case with Mazie? But many a heart is heavy on the day of 'Peace on earth, good will to men,' and from indications this poor old mother will be no exception. However, Sammy, let's turn in, mayhap the Kylie Elletson of the morrow may cheer the heart more than we think is possible."
And Sam slept.
Bright and clear Christmas morning dawned. Sam arose and after a hearty breakfast went to his friend's home. After an hour's earnest conversation he prevailed upon the searching mother to stay there during the day, then with his day's work done to go to her home with him, he in turn promising to pursue the search for Mazie. Early that evening they entered the

A charming little frock of Deltt blue taffeta, handsomely embroidered in a rose design, the skirt gracefully draped slightly, below the hips. Billowy tulle sleeves and underskirt also of blue tulle with a band of silver embroidered insertion add a very pleasing note to this delightful afternoon gown.

woman's little cottage in a small country village, the mother weeping as the memories of the past enshrouded her. Sam resolved to do his duty, but longed sincerely for his early accomplishment. The kitchen fire was soot lighted, and the friendly tea-kettle began to sing. As Sam gazed he wondered at the invention which had followed a similar gazing years before. A knock aroused him from his reverie, and as he listened exclamations of "Mother" and "Mazie" told him his task was ended.

Mazie's story was soon told. She had seen Sam's advertisement in a morning newspaper and had hastened home in fear and trepidation, breaking her contract with a theatrical company which weekly endowed her with the magnificent salary of \$14 for twice-a-day appearance as a chorus girl. When she first went to the big city she worked in place after place as a stenographer, but her periods of employment were everywhere short, and her money dwindled. Her attire suffered and soon she was unable to find employment at her chosen work. She drifted until she found work clerking in a store, scrimped and saved enough money to secure, on the installment plan by the way, presentable clothes, and found a sympathetic manager who placed her in a chorus. She had planned to return home as soon as she had acquired the equivalent of the capital with which she had left it. She did not write, because she did not want "mother to know of her position.

It had caused mother and herself untold suffering, but the happy reunion washed the sands of the past, and on this Christmas night Mazie promised to never again stray to the big city.
Sam was happy that night as he returned to the city and realized with a new import the words of Him who, in the long ago, said: "Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these, My brethren, ye do it unto Me."

One Christmas Morning.

When at last 'twas Christmas morning, and you slipped from bed to creep
When you looked about the hallway to the landing dark and deep,
And then downstairs with wee bare feet to find the missing sock,
'Twas the hour before the daybreak, but you thought not of the clock,
And you hunted for the stockings that were hanging away up high,
And so full of funny bulges that were hanging away up high,
You see yourselves as children when with big eyes shining bright
You opened up your stocking and went dancing with delight.
It was really Christmas morning and no Santa Claus in sight,
You opened up your stocking and went dancing with delight.
Canta'd left you in your socks!
Then you hunted for the stockings that were hanging away up high,
That having lost our jolly saint we all
Try to remember the fancy
That we loved so might be true,
When you feared old Santa would get stung when coming down the flue.
Now the earlier little children who are waiting for the saint,
Listen gladly as we tell of him, and all his glorious point,
Then when through the star-rib heavens,
And we all slipped downstairs barefoot to find the missing sock.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

From thus happy heavens descending
Herald angels in their flight,
Nearer winging,
Clearer singing,
Thrilled with harmonies the night:
"Glory, glory in the highest!"
Sounded yet and yet again,
Sweeter, clearer,
Fuller, nearer,
"Peace on earth, good will to men."
Shepherds in the field abiding,
Roused from sleep, that gladsome morn
Saw the glory
Heard the story
That the Prince of Peace was born;
"Glory, glory in the highest!"
Sang the angel choir again,
Nearer winging,
Clearer singing,
"Peace on earth, good will to men!"
Sweet the angel singers onward;
Died the song upon the air;
But the glory
Of that story
Grows and triumphs everywhere;
Then when through the star-rib heavens,
Sounds that glorious song again,
Hear it nearer,
Sweeter, clearer—
"Peace on earth, good will to men!"
—J. R. Newell

Brinker—Yes, your wife's clothes have cost me a good bit of money. Tinker—My wife's clothes! What do you mean? Brinker—Why, every time your wife gets a new gown, my wife must have one just as expensive!—Judge.

The Christmas Spirit

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."
As Jeanie sat on the old meadow stile, in the radiant splendor of the September afternoon, she was thinking of a Sabbath morning when her father sat on his knees, reading the sacred word to his family. It had been a bright summer morn, and the very scent of the roses and lavender, and the busy hum of the bees, seemed to come back to her.

It was her father's custom to require Jeanie and her little sister Dot to repeat a verse, when he had finished reading. That morning, Jeanie's verse was, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me." "What does that mean, papa?" Jeanie had asked.
And papa had said: "Why, my dear, it means this: If you were to see a poor beggar, sitting by the wayside, and gave him food, drink or shelter, the great Lord would regard your kindness just the same as if bestowed upon Himself!"

This was the memory that came back to Jeanie as she sat on the old stile. She repeated the verse softly to herself, then, with tears rising in her blue eyes, she glanced over her shoulder in the direction of the village church-yard, where her father now slept.

Childhood's sorrow, however, is short-lived. She soon dried her tears, and began to jingle the two silver dollars in her pocket. Two round silver dollars! Oh, how hard and pickingly she had worked for them, picking berries in the hot sun, for the village market.

When they were earned and she held them in her little brown hand, mamma had said: "They are yours, Jeanie; you shall do with them as you like. Buy a new hat for yourself, girl."
"Mamma, no, no, please," Jeanie cried breathlessly. "I will do without the hat; let me buy the dolly with the eyes that go to sleep, and the darling little bed to put her in, for Dot the dear. Oh, mamma, she has wanted them so long."

"Do just as you please, Jeanie, the love you worked hard for your money," mamma had said.
And now Jeanie was on her way to the village, to make her purchase. Dot was weakly, and somewhat dejected—poor little mite—and could not accompany Jeanie. But Jeanie had kissed her when she set out, and said:

"Now, sit here, and be patient, and watch for me, Dot; I'll hurry as fast as ever I can, and you shall have the big dolly in your arms, the very minute I get back."
Jeanie thought of Dot as she jingled the two silver dollars in her pocket; and, springing from the stile, hurried across the meadow. When she came close to the great elm that stood by the wayside, she stopped short. Sitting beneath it, was a man with a bandage across his eyes, and a little dog at his feet. The dog had a forlorn look, and his master was clad in rags. Jeanie looked on in silence, for some minutes; and then drew a little nearer.

"Good man, are you blind?" she asked.
"No, not entirely," answered the man. "I've had a sunstroke, and the light hurts me."
Jeanie's tender heart was moved. She drew still nearer, and patted the little dog.

"What makes you sit here?" she asked, at last. "Why don't you go home?"
"I am trying to get there, but walking makes my head hurt."
"How far away is your home?"
"Nearly a hundred miles."
"Oh, how surely don't mean to walk that far?" cried Jeanie.
"I did; but I can't make much headway now."

The man laughed scornfully; a sad, half-desperate sort of laugh.
"Because I haven't got a cent, little one."
"Poor man," said Jeanie, "are you hungry?"

"Not very; I got a bite on the road."
"But you're tired and sick?"
"Yes."
There was silence a minute or two. The elm leaves rustled overhead, and the little dog watched Jeanie with wistful entreating eyes.
"How much would it take to carry you home, poor man?" she asked, suddenly.
"Two dollars."
The child recoiled, as from a blow. A hot color rushed into her cheeks, and her lips quivered. She put her hand in her pocket, and clutched the two silver dollars.

"I'm sorry for you," she said, hurriedly, "but I must go—indeed I must go."
She started off at a rapid pace, her hand still clutching the money in her pocket. Presently she stopped, however, and looked back; and between her heavy respirations, she repeated the verse, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me." Five minutes went by. Jeanie looked towards the village, and then towards the man beneath the elm tree.

"It is just as if the great Lord Himself was sitting there," she said, at last in an awed tone. And slowly turning, she retraced her steps. When she reached the tree, her childish lips were almost colorless, so terrible had been the struggle, but in her eyes shone a steady and resolute resolve. She put her hand in her pocket, and drew forth the money.
"Here, poor man, take these two dollars, and go home," she said.
The man pushed up the bandage from his eyes, and looked at her.

"What?" he cried, in surprise, noting aside her extended hand. "No, I can't take it."
"You must. It is my very own. I earned it picking berries. I was going to buy a big dolly; but—but—"

her voice choking. "I'd rather give the money to you. We couldn't say our prayers to-night, Dot and I, if I left you sitting here."
She forced the money into his hand.

"What's your name?" he asked.
"Where do you live?"
"Jeanie Goodwin's my name—I live across yonder, at Halsewood cottage. Good-bye!"

The last few words ended with a sob, and Jeanie turned away, to hide the tears she could not keep back.
"Dot, we won't grieve, will we?" she whispered, that night, clasping her little sister, as they nestled together in the same bed. "Only think, Dot, 'tis just the same as if the great Lord Himself had been sitting there, under the elm trees, and we gave our money to Him. We won't fret about the big dolly, Dot?"

"No, of course," answered Dot, obligingly, "and the rag dolly's just as good, after all."
Years went by: years of patient and incessant toil to the widow and her children, at Halsewood cottage. But their combined efforts failed to keep want from their door. Dot was almost helpless, and the mother herself was frail, and at last fell ill. The heavy burden of care rested on Jeanie's shoulders.

One winter afternoon found her very sad of heart. Her mother was in need of nourishment and medical attention, poor little Dot's pale face betrayed her lack of strong, wholesome food, and a debt hung over the cottage, which would soon make them homeless. Suddenly she remembered that it was Christmas Day. But, alas! there was no Christmas cheer for them, much less Christmas gifts. And yet how she would have liked to buy some little trifle for Dot!

Jeanie stood in the door, and looked out at the fast falling snow. She was a tall, slender girl, graceful as a young willow, and with a sweet, sad face, and tender, resolute eyes. It was an inclement afternoon; but Jeanie was determined to face the storm. She had formed a purpose.

"Dot," she whispered, approaching her sister's low chair; "I'm going to see Dr. Farnsworth. I shall not be gone long, dear."
She left the cottage, crossed the field, with a rapid step, the snow heaving in her face. The old meadow-stile still stood at the crossing, and just beyond it the giant elm tree. Jeanie paused for breath a minute; her eyes filling with tears. It saddened us, sometimes, to see how strong and changeless nature is, when the dearest treasures of our hearts seem to be slipping away from us.

Jeanie hurried on, under the snow-laden branches of the elm tree, and along the self-same path her children had trod on that memorable day when she was on her way to purchase the big dolly. She did not recall the circumstances, however; other and graver thoughts filled her mind.

She reached the village after a fatiguing walk, and made her way to Dr. Farnsworth's residence. The old physician's son, a young disciple of Esculapius, just returned from abroad, and getting ready to step into his father's shoes, occupied the sitting-room into which Jeanie was ushered. He rose to his feet, politely inquiring in what way he could serve her.

"Thank you; but it is old Dr. Farnsworth I wish to see, please," said Jeanie, in her sweet soft voice.
And the young doctor left the room, thinking he had never seen a sadder or a lovelier face.

"Why, bless my soul, here you are, and I had just ordered my buggy to come over and see you," exclaimed the elder physician when he appeared.
"Then you know my mother is ill?"
"No, I didn't; is she ill?"
"Yes, sir; she's been ill for weeks," replied Jeanie, speaking rapidly, lest her courage should fail her; "but she wouldn't allow me to come to you, sir, because—because we haven't the money to pay you. But I can't see her for want of medical aid; and if you'll only go to see her, sir, if there's anything I can do, any sort of work—"

"Never mind, never mind," interrupted the doctor; "we'll settle all that hereafter. You should have let me know long ago. Come to the fire and warm. You didn't walk over?"
"Yes, sir, I walked; but I'm not cold; and please, sir, if you'll be good enough to go at once—"

"Yes, yes; my buggy will be around in ten minutes. I was just coming over to see you, Miss Jeanie. I've got a letter for you."
"A letter for me, doctor?"
"A letter for Jeanie Goodwin. That must be you. It came enclosed to me—from Marshall. One Rathburn, a lawyer, sent. Here it is."

Jeanie received the letter, and looked at it with wondering eyes. She could scarcely break the seal, her fingers trembled so. Dr. Farnsworth busied himself with his medical bags, a suppressed twinkle in his eyes.
The substance of the letter was as follows: A man, named Hiram Burns, dying recently at Marshall, had left a will, bequeathing a pretty cottage and grounds, and something over six thousand dollars in cash to Jeanie Goodwin, a little girl, living at Halsewood cottage, some two miles from Berryville, said Jeanie Goodwin having given him two dollars, to pay his way to Marshall some seven years before, when she found him sitting by the wayside, ill and penniless, and he, Hiram Burns, desiring to repay the debt, with interest.

"Oh!" exclaimed Jeanie, clasping her hands.
"Oh!" echoed the doctor, looking up. "Now, there's luck, young woman! You'll be able to pay my bill, you see. I've written back to Rathburn; and, if you say so, I'll take you down to Marshall and see that you're not cheated. And now a Merry Christmas to you."



The notable feature of most of the winter suits is their simplicity of lines. However, the lavish treatment of fur makes up for this plainness. The suit shown is navy blue duvetyva with flaring coat and skirt, the cuffs and front having navy silk crocheted buttons. The high collar is of possum fur.

Some weeks later, as soon as her mother was able to make the journey, they went down to live in the pretty cottage at Marshall, and, not many months after, Jeanie married Dr. Farnsworth's son.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK.

A Christmas Story of Gordon's Toy Castle on the Hill.

Last Christmas little Gordon Bruce had a fine, large Christmas tree and lots of toys, just as many other St. Nicholas boys and girls had. The tree was up in his playroom, a great, big, sunny room that used to be called the "nursery" when he was a baby.
A few days after Christmas Gordon's mother said: "Now, Gordon, I think we will have to take down your Christmas tree, for it is getting all dried up and the little spruce needles are dropping all over the floor and the mud has to sweep them up every day."

Gordon was sorry to have the tree taken down, for it looked so bright and Christmas-y, and he knew it would be a whole year before he would have another Christmas tree, so he asked his mother if she wouldn't wait just one day more. I think this is the way almost all the girls and boys feel. And his mother said she would wait until tomorrow.

It was a rainy day, and as none of his little friends were with him he began to play with all his toys one after the other; there were many of them, and some of the little ones were still hanging on the tree.

Gordon's father came from Scotland and he had read to Gordon many stories of the old days in Scotland, when the great generals and the noble lords lived in sirring castles set high up on the mountains, so that the soldiers could not get near them. Now among Gordon's Christmas presents was a tiny castle, just like the one he had seen in the books his father read the stories from; and with this castle came a lot of soldiers.

So this day Gordon got out his castle and soldiers and began to play with them. First he got a chair and put a big, thick rug over it to make it look like a step hill; then he set the castle on top of the hill and stood the soldiers on the ground at the bottom of the hill—all in a row. He was making believe that the soldiers were trying to get up to the castle. Then he dropped some beautiful colored glass marbles that his Uncle George had given him, down on the floor of the castle. The marbles rolled out of the front door of the castle and down the rug to the bottom of the hill, and bang! they would bump right against the tall soldiers and tumble them down. One after another Gordon would roll the marbles down until by and by every one of the soldiers would be knocked over, and as they were only wooden soldiers, of course they couldn't get up by themselves. Then Gordon would stand them all up in a row again and roll the marbles down the hill until not a single soldier was standing. It was lots of fun for Gordon, for you know it really didn't hurt the soldiers a bit, for they were only made of wood and their uniforms were just red and blue paint.

The next day Gordon's mother took down the tree, and packed up the beautiful things that were on it, and put them away until next spring.

THE LIGHTS OF XMAS EVE.

They glimmer and glow on the trodden snow
Where the busy shoppers come and go;
Sleazy and clear and full of cheer,
Flashing the olden message dear.
"It is more blessed to give than receive."
O cheery lights of Christmas Eve!
Their radiance pours on the crowded
And the jumbled shelves of the city
Stores,
Mid bundle and waste and stock displaced
Where hardy buyers buy in haste
Least some one, forgotten, to-morrow
O dazling lights of Christmas Eve.
But their faintest light is shed to-night
In the homes where Christmas trees
With tinsel swang, and with stockings
Hung
The gaily garlanded boughs among
Waiting to hold what Santa will leave,
O happy light of Christmas Eve!
—Walter G. Doty, in the Edison Monthly.

ORIGIN OF SOME CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS

We are apt, most of us, to observe the customs and traditions of the Yule-tide with the feeling that they had their birth with the first of the greatest festivals of Christendom. The Christmas tree, the gift giving, the candles, the holly and the mistletoe have become so identified with our celebration of Christmas that they seem as inherent and peculiar to it as the radiant points to the Star of the Nativity. And yet it is to antiquity and heathendom that we owe the customs we observe, the stock phrases we utter and even the mince pie, without which no Christmas dinner is complete. The Germans, the Scandinavians, the Jews, the Romans, the Goths and the Saxons have all contributed to make our Christmas festival. "Merry Christmas!" It is an old clip from the stroke of twelve that ends the vigil of Christmas eve until the last candle has burned out on Christmas night. If we think of it at all we accept "merry" as meaning lively, sprightly and gleesome, and wonder a bit perhaps at its preference. As a matter of fact, when the English first used the old Saxon word in this connection, spelling it "merrie," it meant simply pleasant and agreeable, but we cling to it in spite of its changed character.

The day before Christmas we bring into the house a great fir tree that is made the centre of the festivities. It is an old German legend that has provided us with this pretty custom. Saint Wilfrid, the tale runs, was one day cutting down one of the sacred oaks of the Druids. Suddenly a great wind seized it and it fell, split in four pieces. Behind it Saint Wilfrid saw a young fir tree standing staunch and unharmed, pointing a green spruce to the heavens. He thereupon proclaimed it a holy tree and the tree of the Christ child because its leaves were evergreen and its majestic spruce pointed heavenward. He asked the people to gather about it in their own homes, where it would shelter nothing but loving gifts.

On Christmas eve we illuminate the tree with many flickering candles—unless we prefer safety to sentiment, when we make use of the electric lighted devices. One may choose among several picturesque accounts of the origin of this practice. In medieval times when the forests seemed peopled with nothing but sacred trees, there was a tradition of particular holiness being invested in an illuminating tree. Then the ancient Jews held a Feast of Light about Christmas time in which candles were an important feature, so that their use may oddly enough have been thus adopted by the Christians. The huge Yule candle signified the coming of the light into the world. The most beautiful idea is that our use of candles is derived from the fact that probably when Christ was born twinkling lights were burned in every house.

The holy and mistletoe indispensable for holiday decoration were originally identified with some pagan festivals. There is a tradition that holly is the bush in which Jehovah appeared to Moses. The mistletoe was an object of great veneration to the Druids, although only when it grew upon an oak tree. The propriety of kissing under the mistletoe is a relic of an old Scandinavian custom. It seems that Balder, the Apollo of the North, was hated by one Loki because "everything that springs from fire, air, earth and water" had given promise not to hurt the former handsome gentleman. Whoever it was had thus coerced all things of the earth and sea, had some how neglected to mention the matter to the insignificant mistletoe. So Loki straightway made an arrow of mistletoe, and being an unprincipled chap induced blind Hodder to shoot Balder. Little good did it do him, however, for the gods resorted to magic to the goddess of Love to keep. Everyone who passed under it received a kiss to show that it was the emblem of love, and not death. The popularity of mistletoe was unabated for centuries, but one old writer says: "Mistletoe was abandoned in the Christmas decking of churches together with kissing at the services, because both were found to set the young ladies and young gentlemen a-ragging of the marriage service."

And dear old Santa Claus, or Saint Nicholas, or Kris Kringle, as you prefer—what delightful myths from antiquity have presented him with his redness and his whiskers and sack of toys! The Scandinavian legend relates the coming of Odin, the winter god, who visited earth at the time of the Winter Solstice or Feast. Odin rode a white horse and preceded by wolves and ravens was supposed to lead an army of souls that had died during the year. As Christianity triumphed it was only over the unappetizing that he was thought to have power, and his army came to be composed only of the souls of children to whom he became a friend. Eventually he was said to bring the toys and gifts to the children on earth. We are satisfied now to tell the children that he comes down the chimney with his pack of gifts and disappears without being beheld by mortal eye. In a little Moravian village in Emmaus, Pennsylvania, which is the only place in this country where this custom is observed, Saint Nicholas, or Peltzackel, is yearly impersonated by some villager, and visits every household on Christmas eve to distribute gifts.

The mince pie is a survival of the immense pies that the early Christians used to make in the form of a cradle or manger. After several centuries the pies were made smaller in size, but were still made to carry out the idea of the manger, in a sort of coffin shape.

Muggins—Yes, he married her for her money.
Mervin—How did it pan out?
Muggins—Oh, she makes him feel like 30 cents.

WHAT WILL YOUR ANSWER BE?



I WONDER WHERE HE IS NOW!

He is "Somewhere in France," fighting for YOU. Are we doing our full duty towards his dependents?

NEWS TOPICS OF WEEK

Important Events Which Have Occurred During the Week.

The Busy World's Happenings Carefully Compiled and Put into Handy and Attractive Shape for the Readers of Our Paper — A Solid Hour's Enjoyment.

TUESDAY.

Four German planes were brought down by French aviators. The new Connaught Tunnel, in the Selkirk Mountains, B.C., is in use. The Roumanians said that very little oil was captured by the Teutons. The British troops have made remarkable progress in German East Africa. Saskatchewan voted by an overwhelming majority for the abolition of the liquor dispensaries. New obstacles, opposition from municipal councils, are appearing in the way of Hydro progress. The Ontario Government has a cow which it is claimed has made a new record in milk production. Practically every one of the graduating class in the Dental Faculty of Toronto University has decided to enlist. Fifteen hundred dollars was realized for the Red Cross by the sale of a baby steer at the Union Stock Yards, Toronto. Dr. Charles Hastings, Toronto, addressing the Canadian Club, said money spent upon public health returned fourfold. Mr. J. W. Flavell, Chairman of the Imperial Munitions Board, said Britain now expects much from Canadian manufacturers. John E. Chisholm, Conservative, defeated ex-Speaker Hon. J. A. Sheppard for the Moose Jaw seat in Saskatchewan Legislature, by a majority of 70. Premier Lloyd George has issued an eloquent appeal for the co-operation of his colleagues.

WEDNESDAY.

Wm. Gray, M. P. for London, is dead, after a lengthy illness. General Lyantey is mentioned as the next French War Minister. The Irish Nationalists went on record again as opposed to conscription. Father Lacombe, the celebrated pioneer missionary of the west, is dead. The known dead in the Peterboro fire now number six, and the missing nine. Bishop Sweeny of Toronto was elected President of the Social Service Council. J. H. Marceau was chosen Provincial candidate by the Liberals of East Nipissing. Grave concern was caused by unofficial reports that Lloyd George was ill with pleurisy. Arthur Henderson, member of the new British Cabinet, uttered a warning against becoming war-weary. Bonded warehouses as a result of a recent case at Chatham may be closed up by the license authorities. B. F. Justin, K.C., has been appointed county judge in Peel, in succession to Judge McGibbon, retired. Principal A. C. McKay was praised for his work in overseeing expenditures upon the Technical School, Toronto. Railways and shippers are likely to reach a compromise upon the question of increased demurrage rates. The Dominion Railway Board reserved judgment upon the application to extend free express delivery to the outskirts of the city. Wm. Mackintosh, Inspector of Public Schools in Hastings county from 1873 to 1915, died of cerebral hemorrhage at his home in Madoc, aged seventy-two. Mr. J. W. Flavell, Chairman of the Imperial Munitions Board, met munition makers in conference, telling them promises of deliveries in 1917 must be lived up to.

THURSDAY.

The German casualties to date are announced to total 3,921,860. An Austrian Archduke has been proclaimed Regent of Poland. Another Prussian Prince was reported to have been killed in military service. The people of Spain have been forbidden by their Government to supply Teuton subs. A crisis has been reached in supply of power for the Hydro-electric Commission. General Logie has ordered a thrift campaign to prevent waste at Exhibition Camp. The Ottawa Free Press is to be amalgamated with The Journal, as The Journal-Press. Mr. George H. Hale of Hale Bros., publishers of The Orillia Packet, died at the age of 70 years. The military funeral of Major John R. Meredith took place from St. James' Cathedral, Toronto. Their Excellencies the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire were tendered a civic reception at Montreal. The St. Lawrence season closed with no serious accident, the first clean sheet in sixty-four years. The ore shipping season just closing has broken all records, each month from April to December making a new record. Trustee W. H. Shaw, of the Toronto Board of Education, was elected Illustrious Potentate of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine. Capt. Charles Gesner, a Crimean veteran, acting as watchman, was killed by a car at Toronto while placing danger lights in position. Mr. R. B. Bennett, M.P., speaking at Edmonton, said the present was the last voluntary effort at enlistment the people of Canada would be asked to make. It is feared that one or more wrecks have occurred on Georgian Bay, as much lumber has drifted ashore, and a lifebuoy of the steamer McIntosh was picked up at Tobermory. Five sailors on the steamer Corsica were found to have tampered with mails between the United Kingdom and Canada. Three were sentenced to three years in penitentiary and two were let go on suspended sentence.

FRIDAY.

Premier Hearst delivered two patriotic addresses at Brockville. Russian planes and guns did effective work on the western front. The Canadian Connaught Rangers have cancelled their proposed visit to Ireland. More vessels were reported to have been destroyed by German raiders. Great Britain will take steps to avenge the "judicial murder" of Captain Blaikie. Hon. A. E. Kemp, Minister of Militia, was elected by acclamation in East Toronto. Inland Revenue returns for the year show a greatly reduced consumption of liquor and tobacco. Dr. A. B. Macallum, addressing the Empire Club, Toronto, extended a general invitation to join a crusade for research. D. S. Burdick, who was an enthusiastic bicyclist after he had reached ninety years, died at Ingersoll in his ninety-eighth year. Judge Coatsworth gave two men a chance to get into khaki, pointing out that the men found guilty were not of the criminal classes. District representatives of the Department of Agriculture were criticized at the annual meeting of the Ontario Beekeeper's Association. The missing Canadian torpedo-boat Grilse limped into the harbor of Shelburne, N.S., but six of the crew had been washed overboard. Finance Commissioner Thomas Bradshaw of Toronto reported that almost 80 per cent. of the taxes levied for 1916 had been collected. The Italian steamer Aigiers, which had broken adrift in a gale, and for whose safety fears were entertained, came into Halifax under her own steam. Militia authorities are being criticized by letter writers, who say eligible men are being kept in "bomb-proof" jobs at Exhibition Camp which could be filled by women. A Dominion Prohibition Committee has been organized in a conference at Ottawa of representatives of temperance organizations from all the Provinces, with the object of pressing for immediate total prohibition as a war measure.

SATURDAY.

The Governor-General has given permission to a Toronto firm to call

the new palatial hotel "The Devonshire."

Major John Parks of Toronto was decorated by King Peter for his services in reorganizing the Serbian army.

Captain Alexander McKenzie of Woodbridge was awarded the Military Cross for conduct at the Battle of the Somme.

A proposal to allow women to practice as lawyers at the Quebec bar was defeated by the Legislature of that Province.

The death occurred in Kingston of Jabez Stonness, aged 70, who owned large interests in mica and feldspar mines in that vicinity.

Berlin claims that the Roumanians are retreating in Dobruja, but admits that Russians have been victorious in the Carpathians.

Two young men were arrested in Toronto charged with attempting to defraud the insurance companies by padding the claim after a fire.

Captain Theo. Coleman, husband of "Kil," the famous Canadian newspaper woman who died two years ago, was married in London, England.

Dr. Hastings, Medical Health Officer of Toronto, stated that he could find no indication of the existence of combines to raise the price of food in the city.

The MacLean Highlanders Battalion, which has been successful in securing recruits in New Brunswick and British Columbia, desires to be allowed to recruit in Toronto.

The Niagara Power Company supplied the electricity necessary to meet the Hydro crisis after the officers of the company heard of the urgent need of the munition plants.

A representative of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will visit Canada in January to raise money towards building larger hospitals in which to care for wounded horses at the front.

MONDAY.

Prof. Hugo Munsterberg dropped dead at Cambridge, Mass. Portuguese troops will fight with the French on the west front. Several ships suffered by collision in a very thick fog off Britain. Work on the Welland Canal has practically ceased till after the war. Lieut.-Colonel (Dr.) A. R. Gordon died at Toronto after a lengthy illness.

A lad of fifteen was with a party of soldiers who returned yesterday from the front. The campaign to raise \$125,000 for the new Masonic Temple closed at Toronto with more than the objective obtained.

Hon. A. E. Kemp, at a luncheon tendered him by Toronto, said the war's burdens are being borne by the whole people.

Miss Mary Joinin of Kitchener, sole supporter of her invalid mother, was suddenly seized with heart failure while waiting on her.

A British cruiser off the United States coast repeated the warning given a week ago regarding the presence of a German raider.

W. T. Allan of Collingwood was nominated by the West Simcoe Conservatives to succeed the late Hon. J. S. Duff in the Legislature.

Fire to-day destroyed the Dominion Atlantic Railway freight shed and three cars of freight at Windsor, N.S. The loss is estimated at \$20,000.

Mr. W. F. Maclean, M.P., and Ald. H. H. Ball had a warm time at the annual meeting of South York Conservatives, the attitude on the nickel question being criticized.

The average weekly budget for food in a workingman's family in November was \$10.05, an increase of 65 cents over October, and of \$2.03 over the weekly cost in November, 1915.

Damage Hun Trenches.

LONDON, Dec. 18.—On the British front in France a raiding party entered the German trenches near Bantsart, inflicted a number of casualties and bombed dugouts. Another raiding party entered the trenches of the foe south-west of Wytschaete and destroyed machine gun emplacements. East of Ypres the Germans blew up a camouflaged Sunday morning. The British gunners threw out a barrage and they caught therein a party of the foe engaged in approaching their infantry trenches north of Hill 60 in the Ypres salient. This raid was frustrated. Some artillery activity prevailed north of the Ancre and north of Ypres in the night.

To Meet in Petrograd.

BERLIN, Dec. 18.—The correspondent at Stockholm of The Lokal Anzeiger telegraphs that during the meeting of the last Roumanian Crown Council it was resolved that the Roumanian foreign office should be transported to Petrograd, the other ministries for the present being established at Kiev. The Roumanian Parliament, it is reported, will meet at Petrograd, King Ferdinand is said to have declared that he would stay one week in Russia and then go to England.

Roumanian Wheat Seized.

LONDON, Dec. 18.—Adolph von Batocki, President of the German Food Regulation Board, has arrived at Budapest to attend the Austro-Hungarian food conference, says a despatch from Copenhagen to the Exchange Telegraph Company. Herr von Batocki is quoted as declaring that the Austro-Germans seized 60,000,000 bushels of grain and maize in Roumania, ensuring to the Central powers sufficient supplies until the next harvest.

Britain Will Stint Food.

LONDON, Dec. 18.—Britain is preparing to settle down to a period of war life approximating the conditions that have existed for so long in Germany. After New Year's there will be war bread, restricted travelling facilities, and sugar allowances. The new orders will have a beneficial effect on the country's finances, reducing imports considerably and thus benefiting exchange. From the steps already taken it is evident the new Government contemplates drastic changes that are bound to get the support of the people.

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There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years, doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, it is now pronounced incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only Constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

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—Also—
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ONE-WAY FIRST CLASS FARE AND ONE THIRD
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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Lesson XIII. Dec. 24, 1916. Unto Us a Son is Given—Christmas Lesson.—Isaiah 9: 2-7.

Commentary. I. Light in darkness (vs. 2, 3). 2. The people that walked in darkness—Isaiah had been showing the deplorable condition into which his people had fallen because of their sins. Ruler and subjects were far from God.

The perfect throughout are those of prophetic certainty; the writer is transported into the future—Cam. Ed. The prophecy is twofold. In its lower sense, there was its fulfillment in the temporary and partial removal of the Assyrian oppression; but in its higher sense its fulfillment meant the coming of Christ.

Deliverance from oppression (vs. 4, 5). 4. Thou hast broken the yoke—The prophet in his vision saw so clearly that deliverance from oppression was coming, that he spoke of it as already realized.

The Messiah (vs. 6, 7). There is a great difference between the sentiment of this verse and the one which precedes it. The word "introduces the reason for the victory, deliverance and joy that were coming to the nation and to the world, unto us—One of the names of Jesus is Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us."

organizations and nations that act in harmony with the Prince of Peace are not engaged in strife and warfare. The horrible wars of the world, and all wars are horrible, indicate the absence of the spirit of the Prince of Peace.

IV. Messiah's kingdom (v. 7). 7. Of the increase . . . no end—The kingdom of Jesus Christ is an expanding and an enduring kingdom. Its progress can not be stopped. It is irresistible. Earthly kingdoms have their rise and fall, but the kingdom of Christ shall have no end.

Questions.—Who is the writer of the words of this lesson? When and where did he live? Who was king in Judah at the time he wrote these words? To what people did he write? What was their condition? Whose coming did he foretell? How was the Messiah to come to earth? What names are given to Christ and what do they mean? Describe the kingdom which he was to establish.

PRACTICAL SURVEY. Topic.—The divinity of Christ. I. The foundation of the world's hope. 1. The foundation of the world's hope. The foundation of the world's hope, in his prophecy Isaiah contemplated the world at large in a picture of the spiritual conditions as they were and would be when Jesus should come.



"A RAPID GROWER."—From "La Baionnette," Paris.

The descriptive lines, starting at top and from left to right are: (1) That's a contemptible little weed, Willie; 'British Army,' I call it! (2) However, by the end of the year it had begun to sprout. (3) And a few months later was still making growth. (4) During 1915 it developed fast and began to throw out long spikes. (5) And early in 1916 it became too prickly to be pleasant. (6) It is no longer a "contemptible little weed" but more than ever—the "British Army."

The Kingdom of the Prince of Peace in its essential laws and principles differs from all the kingdoms of men. It wins its way among men by the inherent power of its own excellence, terminating war and conflict, restoring love and order.

Mother is Here

It was the day before Christmas. There were, however, no preparations—as far as any one could see—in the home of the Noxons. Mrs. Noxon was in bed, in fact the bed had been her place of abode for some weeks.

to herself, sorrowfully, "he has always said she was such a good and devoted mother. He is an only child, Martin is, and his mother is a widow." Over and over the words repeated themselves, "an only child and his mother a widow."

"Mr. Arfur's" Christmas Gift

Henrietta, on the rug by the fireplace, was absorbed in her occupation, which was the putting off of all Ariminta Endella's articles of wearing apparel, and the putting them on again. When the last garment had been adjusted to her satisfaction, she found time to look at "Mr. Arfur," who sat by the window, a picture of doldrums.

mum Girl of having moods," Arthur observed, looking at her reflectively. "A fellow I know has different names for her—Moonlight, White Rose, Laughing Water, gentleness, beauty, wisdom. The fellow has admired her when she was gay, and when she was serious, but never before has he seen her when she was unreasonable."

HER HUMBLE LOVER

The thing is still warm from its contact with her beautiful face, and a thrill of delight runs through him as he slips it on, remonstrating the while; then, with another touch to the bend of seaweed, he faces the pelting rain again, and goes down to the boat.

It is some hours since they started; it is long past lunch-time, and he knows, though Signa would not admit it for the world, that she must be hungry. He hopes that there may be, by some chance, some biscuits left in the locker, if Archie had not eaten them all.

Hoping against hope, he climbs into the boat and searches. With a thankfulness which is deep and devout, he discovers not only a dozen or two of biscuits, but a tin mug and a canister of coffee, with the small keg of fresh water—the usual commissariat of a coasting boat.

With these under his arm he returns to the cave, and, looking in, says, as merrily as he can:

"I hope you are not hungry, Archie. Are you, Miss Grenville?"

"I am, and so is Signa," says Archie, promptly; she just said so.

Signa colors with annoyance.

"Archie! I— Don't pay any attention to him, please. I had a capital breakfast, and can wait—oh, hours!—for dinner!"

Hector Warren almost chokes.

"There is no occasion," he says. "What do you say to a cup of coffee?"

Archie claps his hands, but Signa laughs incredulously.

"Really?" she says.

"Really," he retorts. "See here; I found these in the locker of the boat. Whitefield must have left them by mistake or intention. We'll drink Whitefield's health, in either case."

And he stoops down and enters the cavern with his precious prize.

"Have you any letters about you, you don't care for?" he asks.

Signa turns out her pockets and hands the contents to him, and he takes a pile of letters from his. Signa sees that some of the envelopes are stamped with crests and coats-of-arms, and remembers the fact afterward.

"Thanks," he says. "I dare say I shall be able to find some brushwood dry enough to burn."

And away he goes again.

"What a wonderful man Mr. Warren is, isn't he, Signa?" says Archie, clasping his small knees with an air of intense enjoyment. "It's like Robinson Crusoe, isn't it? I thought he only cared for books and that sort of thing, didn't you?"

"It is my conviction that he has saved our lives, Archie," says Signa, musingly.

"Yes, dear, he is a wonderful man. Hush! here he is!" she adds, as Hector Warren enters with an armful of broken twigs and brushwood.

"Here we are," he says, cheerfully. "We'll soon have a fire. Now for your letters, Miss Grenville! You are sure you don't mind?"

"Not in the least," she says, laughingly; "I would burn the most precious correspondence for a cup of coffee."

"Well, I've seen gold-diggers in California give a handful of gold-dust for one," he says, lightly.

And he goes down on his knees, and piles up the brushwood scientifically.

"Let me do that," says Signa, eagerly; but he shakes his head.

"By no means; you would scratch your hands, and the smoke would get in your eyes, and that would never do. I should think the coffee dearly purchased at such a price; eh, Archie?"

"At any rate," says Signa, "I intend to do something."

And she seizes the tin mug, and pulling the cork from the little wooden keg, begins to pour some water into the mug; but seeing rather an anxious look in his face, she pauses.

"Am I doing wrong?" she asks. "I was going to wash it out."

"Hem," he says. "But you mustn't use too much fresh water. It would be rather difficult to sink a well, and I expect that this little keg holds all the fresh water there is in St. Clare!"

Signa sighs a little.

"I never thought of that," she says half vexed, half laughing. "Women were born without brains. I am afraid!" and she poured out the water very gingerly.

"Oh," he says, lightly. "I have had to rough it so often that I have grown cautious. I remember once when we were crossing Sahara that the Arabs got short of water, and allowed us three spoonfuls to wash ourselves with."

Archie laughs, open-eyed.

"What wonderful places you have been to, Mr. Warren!" he says. "I wish I could go. I shouldn't mind not having to wash!"

Hector Warren laughs, also and the youthful ring of the laugh strikes Signa with a feeling of surprise; looking at his face she notices how bright and joyous it is; notwithstanding the fact that he is wet to the skin, something has made him happy. She herself is conscious of a subtle sensation of delight and enjoyment, and as she leans back and watches the flames, curling round the blackened coffee-pot, she finds herself wishing that the storm may hold out at least for another hour or two.

Like Archie, too, she is thinking what a wonderful man this mysterious visitor to Delamere Grange must be, and she finds it difficult to realize that Hector Warren, bending with a smile over the coffee-pot, and stirring up the fire, can be the Hector Warren who, dressed in evening attire, parried Lady Rookwell's questions with such calm, impressive self-possession; there was as much difference between his manner as his appearance—between the distinguished-looking patriarch and the still patriarch, but easy, stalwart form in the rough jacket.

All unconscious of her regard, Hector Warren watches the pot, and at the critical moment lifts it from the fire with a crooked stick.

"There is some sugar, Miss Grenville," he said, "but, apologetically, I am sorry to say, no milk!"

"I don't care," says Signa, cheerfully. "How beautiful it smells! and to reflect that one thinks so little of one's cup of coffee in the morning! Ah, to enjoy luxuries one wants to be cast on St. Clare and short of necessaries."

"That's true," he says, filling the cup; "but I wish we had some milk! Wait a moment!" he exclaims, struck by a sudden idea, and out he darts.

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"He is gone to find a cow!" says Archie, with suppressed delight; but Signa sighs.

"All through the pelting rain again!" she murmurs.

In a few moments, before the coffee had time to cool, he comes back, smiling and triumphant, with something in his hand.

"An excellent substitute for milk," as the labels don't say on the marmalade pots, and he opens his hand and shows her a couple of eggs. Don't be afraid; they are seagulls; and they won't taste fishy if I pour away the white."

And before Signa could recover from her astonishment he neatly breaks the eggs, lets the white drip away, and pours the yolk into the cup. "Now, if you will stir it with your pencil-case," he says, nodding to one that hangs on her watch-chain, "it will, at any rate, look like coffee with milk."

"It's nectar!" says Signa. "Oh, never did coffee taste so delicious!" and she hands the mug to him with girlish admiration, half a dozen other womanly sensations expressed in her violet eyes.

"Thanks to our friend, the worthy ship-builder," he says, and, without tasting the coffee, he hands the mug to Archie.

"Aren't you going to have some, Mr. Warren?" cried Archie.

"Oh, I'll have some presently," he answers, carelessly and Archie takes a long pull and hands the cup back to Signa.

She takes it and put it on the ground beside her without a word, but there is a curious expression in her face. She knows that he will not drink out of the same cup, out of respect for her.

Quite unconscious of all that is passing in her mind, he produces the bis-

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Please Mention This Paper.

Signa takes it and drinks now in real earnest, and the ice thaws in a moment; her eyes glow with the old, and a never light, and as she leans back and munches the biscuit, the hard ship biscuit which would have filled the soul of Aunt Podswell with horror, but which tastes so sweet and is so welcome to these three—she laughs softly.

"If my uncle could see us now!" she says, with keen enjoyment of the vision his face calls up.

"Ah," he says, rather gravely. "Don't let us think of them at the Rectory. There will be an account to stir over this, I am afraid."

"Do not be uneasy," she says. "It is very likely we shall not be missed. Archie and I often do not turn up to lunch and there are no inquiries made. If we get home to dinner—"

He looks up at the sky, still black with heavy clouds and pelting rain.

"I hope we shall," he says; "and I trust you will not be missed. At any rate, it was all my fault; I had no business to cross the bar. I shall never forgive myself."

"Don't think of it," says Signa. "Don't say a word—at least not yet. Don't let us anticipate; it spoils one's happiness."

"You are happy?" he says, in a low voice.

"I should be supremely happy," she says, "if I were not haunted by the knowledge that you are wet through."

He laughs.

"Don't let that trouble you; it is not of the slightest consequence; it will not matter in the very least. Indeed, I am nearly, if not quite, dry now. The air of this cavern soon dries one. If you and Archie are not wet, all is exceedingly well."

And he stirs up the fire, so that he may see the beautiful face in the glow of the burning wood.

soon be over; and he does not mean the storm only.

"Suppose you were to tell us a story?" says Archie, with the cool assurance of his age. "Do, Mr. Warren; you must know a lot. I don't mean fairy stories—I've got past them, but something real."

Hector Warren is silent for a moment; then, as he stirs the fire slowly, he says:

"I think I know what you mean; wait a minute," says Archie; "and try way of example, he throws himself full length, leans his face on his hands, and stares up in Hector Warren's face."

Hector Warren pulls the heap of dry-seaweed into a larger couch, and pats it coxingly.

"Will you not also make yourself comfortable?" he says, in the musical, winning voice that Signa can no more resist than his tone of command. Without a word she coils herself up and lies down, her eyes fixed on the fire.

"Once upon a time," he begins, carefully avoiding the violet eyes that beam softly in the firelight, "there was a man—he was a very young man, which accounts for his foolishness—who had read so much about the world that he determined to see it for himself. In the books he read, the world was described as being so full of beautiful things, of things worth seeing, great countries and lovely scenery, and fine adventures, noble men and great souled women, that the young man—we will call him Viator, Archie—grew discontented with his stay-at-home lot, and never rested until he had started on his travels."

"I should have liked to have been him," said Archie, emphatically.

"Yes, well, he was happy for a time," goes on the story-teller. "He saw strange countries and beautiful scenes, and a multitude of men and women, whom the world called noble and high-souled, and for a time he enjoyed himself very much, oh, very much indeed. But presently, after a very little time, alas, he grew discontented. He got tired of strange countries and the beautiful scenes, but he could not have borne this and even enjoyed himself, but unfortunately for him he was too keen-eyed, and he got disappointed with the men and women. He found that most of the men whom the world called noble and high-souled were only great and noble on the outside, like the giants you see in the pantomime, who are only made of pasteboard and have a very ordinary-sized man moving about inside them."

"I know," said Archie, wisely. "Only sham giants."

"Exactly. And no word some of these great men were sham indeed, and the real men inside them very small and mean—smaller and meaner than others of the world did not think so much of. And Viator was very disappointed. But he could have borne that if the women had answered to the lofty idea he had formed of them. He thought them the noblest, the purest, the holiest creatures; and it was his ill-luck to meet with those who were like the giants, all these things outside. He found women, who looked like angels, ready to sell themselves for gold to the first man who came with a little and a wedding ring; he discovered that their smiles meant nothing, that their dove-like eyes were simply masks to covetous, ambitious minds, and that there was not one of them who could resist the temptation of power."

"I understand," says Archie, lightly. "Go on."

Hector Warren stirs the fire again, and glances at the graceful figure curled on the sea-weed; but the violet eyes are fixed on the fire, and make no sign.

"Well, Viator was terribly disappointed, and he grew discontented and bitter, and he felt that he should like to creep into some spot, like this, for instance—and hide himself away. But he could not do this. He had been travelling about so long, always moving and seeing the world, that he found he could not rest; and although he had tired of strange countries, and seen through the giants, and unmasked the beautiful angel-ladies, he could not rest."

"Poor Viator!" says Archie, "what an unhappy man he must have been."

"He was," says Hector Warren, quietly. "Very unhappy; just as unhappy as you would be, Archie, if you had learnt to dislike your dinner, and were still bound to go on eating it. Well, he wandered about, finding no good in anything; he was a foolish young man, and he tried strange things, all sorts of things, but it was all of no use, and he wished himself dead; he wasn't a good sort of young man, you see."

"I'm afraid he wasn't," assents Archie.

"Not by any means," says Hector Warren, glancing at the prone figure that lies as motionless as if asleep.

"Well, one day he chanced to find himself in a quiet place right out of the world, as it were, and he rested there for a day or two; but he soon got tired, and was starting off for some other place—anywhere, it didn't matter to him—when he chanced to meet a young girl."

"Was she very beautiful?" asks Archie.

Hector Warren pauses for a moment, then he throws some wood on the fire, and resumes:

"Yes, in his eyes she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen."

"What was she like?" demanded Archie, imperiously.

Hector Warren is silent again, and he looks out on the sky before continuing:

"I don't think he ever asked himself that question. He knew and felt that she was beautiful, and if he tried he could have told the color of her eyes and her hair, and described her altogether, but he just felt that she was beautiful. But it was not only because he thought that she was beautiful in every way. He felt that if one of the fairies you are so fond of were to touch her with a wand, and make her ugly in the opinion of others, she would still be beautiful to him."

For a Quick Pick-Up Luncheon try that most delicious, nourishing, whole wheat food, Triscuit, the shredded wheat wafer-toast. It contains all the body-building material in the whole wheat grain, including the bran coat which promotes healthful and natural bowel movement. It is real whole wheat bread without yeast, baking powder or chemicals of any kind—an ideal food for children because it compels thorough mastication and ensures perfect digestion. A crisp, tasty "snack" for picnics or excursions. Toast in the oven and serve with butter, soft cheese or marmalades.

Made in Canada

"Then he was in love with her," says Archie, shrewdly.

Silence for a moment, while the fire flames up, showing its light on the story-teller's handsome face, now grave and almost solemnly sad.

FANTASTIC GOLDFISH.

Some Curious Shapes Produced by the Experts of Japan.

Japanese fish breeders took advantage of one of nature's pranks to obtain this much decorated goldfish. Years ago a Jap found in his aquarium a fish with two tails. He was so well pleased with the novelty that he undertook to make it the basis of a new type. Thus the one accident by nature became the grandfather of a race of two-tailed fish. We call them Japanese fantails.

Not satisfied with the double tail, the breeders next set to work rounding the bodies of their fish into round, balls. Breeders first picked out the fish with the shortest bodies and bred them every year by painstaking selection. Fish with shorter and shorter bodies were produced until today the accepted type of Japanese fantail has a body as round as a ball.

Not all fantails are alike. One with the ends of the tail cut off flat is called the square tail. Another with a slight inward curve to the edges of the tail is called vul tail. A third, with a deep cut out tail, is named the ribbon tail.

All these varieties have long tails and fins. You will recognize them instantly when you see them in an aquarium floating about like bits of lace in the water.

ST. VITUS DANCE CAN BE EASILY CURED

A Tonic for the Blood and Nerves With Rest, All That is Needed.

Many a child has been called awkward, has been punished in school for not keeping still or for dropping things, when the trouble was really St. Vitus dance. This trouble may appear at any age but is most often met between the ages of six and fourteen. The most frequent cause of the disease is poor blood, aggravated by indoor confinement, or mental strain at school. Under these conditions the blood fails to carry nourishment to the nerves and the child begins to show listlessness and inattention. Then it becomes restless and twitching of the muscles and jerking of the limbs and body follow. A remedy that cures St. Vitus dance and cures it so thoroughly that no trace of the disease remains is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills which renew the blood thus feeding and strengthening the starved nerves. This is the only way to cure the trouble, and parents should lose no time in giving this treatment if their child seems nervous or irritable. Mrs. William A. Spies, Cannington, Ont., says: "My only daughter, now fourteen years of age, was troubled for several years with St. Vitus dance. She was so bad that at times she would lose control of her limbs and her face and eyes would be contorted. We had medical advice and medicine, but it did not help her. In fact we thought the trouble growing worse, and finally we had to take her from school. About a year ago and giving her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and by the time she had taken five boxes she was completely cured, and is now a fine, healthy girl. I firmly believe we owe this to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and are very grateful for her restoration to perfect health."

You can get these pills from any dealer in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

BLISSLESS SOLDIERS.

British soldiers who have lost an arm in the war are doing some amazing feats. Indeed, with the artificial limbs now offered it is possible for a persevering man to almost equal nature.

Queen Mary Auxiliary Hospital at Southampton is exclusively for disabled soldiers and sailors. The King and Queen visited the institution founded by Mrs. Gwynne Holdord, and were deeply impressed. At one of the branches the King saw a Tommy working and found that though he had lost an arm and leg at Armentieres, he is now able to do useful work. With a special clip taking the place of a dummy right hand he used a variety of tools under the King's inspection, and afterwards took a match

from a box and lighted it with dexterity and ease.

"Can you shake hands?" asked the Queen of an armless private of the First West Ontario Regiment. "Try me, Your Majesty," promptly replied the Canadian. The Queen shook hands with him, laughing merrily at the convincing grip of the artificial hand.

Professor Laveran showed the French Academy of Science a remarkable substitute for a missing arm invented by Professor Aurar. The arm hand and fingers are of aluminum and very light. With a glove on it is almost impossible to perceive the limb is artificial. Certain movements of the thorax acting on fine steel wires, give to the hand and arm almost all the movements of the natural limb. Mutilated soldiers equipped with this device played the violin, made cigarettes and gave out change for a bank-note before the Academy.

A pupil of the London School of Art went out to the front early in the war and lost the use of his right hand. He has now taught himself to draw with his left hand and his work is considered as good as he ever did with his right.

ONLY SHOWED THE ONE.

(Puck)

First Playwright—If the manager had only had more time, he would have shown me all the rare objects in his studio.

Second Playwright—Was he very busy?

First Playwright—Just had time to show me the door and nothing else.

Magic "Nerviline" Cures Toothache, Earache

IT RELIEVES EVERY EXTERNAL PAIN.

Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Tight Chest and Hoarseness.

It's when sickness comes at night, when you are far from the drugstore or the doctor, that's when you need Nerviline most. Experienced mothers never without it, one of the children may have toothache. Without Nerviline—a sleepless night for the entire household. With Nerviline the pain is relieved quickly. It may be earache, perhaps a stiff neck, or one of the kiddies coughing with a bad chest cold. Nothing can give quicker relief than vigorous rubbing with this old-time family remedy.

Nerviline is too useful, too valuable to be without. For lumbago, lame back, sciatica or neuralgia there is no liniment with half of Nerviline's power to penetrate and ease the pain.

As a family safeguard, as a means to ward off sickness, and to cure the minor ills that will occur in every family, to cure pain anywhere, you can find nothing to compare with old-time Nerviline, which for forty years has been the most widely used family remedy in the Dominion. 25c per bottle. All dealers sell Nerviline.

TO KEEP HEALTH.

Green Vegetables, Fresh Fruits, Play Important Part.

The cultivation of "simple" or those medicinal herbs and plants commonly used by older housewives as home remedies for many of the ills that flesh is heir to has so declined and decayed that it may be said to have virtually passed away. One of the greatest demands made by the old-fashioned remedies upon the garden "simple" was for "spring medicines." This demand is rational and still exists, but it is generally met in another way by the present generation.

Recourse is had now, not so much as to what are called herbs, but to vegetables and fruits. More and more persons are using "spring medicines" and are generally cultivated things well known and such as spinach, kale, cauliflower, carrots and other green and leafy vegetables. These foods are the real blood purifiers and health restorers.

A medical writer, in explaining the reason why these foods are useful, said: "The spring vegetables are good because they fill the bowel with indigestible residue and tend to increase mobility or relieve blood stagnation; they also because the carbohydrates residue, a poor medium for the nefarious activities of the colon bacilli and allied parasites which produce the febrile autointoxication and spring fever."

The explanation of "spring fever," or the "tired feeling" is that this condition is due to the failure of the ductless system to get properly, and thus allowing accumulated products to poison the blood. It is accepted as a fact by students of the human system and the relation of food to it that a highly nitrogenous diet, especially a meat diet, put a heavier strain upon the ductless gland function than a carbohydrate or vegetable diet.

One great factor in the health of people living in a climate where there is winter is that transportation facilities now make it easy for them to obtain green vegetables from the south at seasons when such things cannot be grown at home, and the industry of raising and shipping green vegetables from the south in winter has expanded at an amazing rate during the past 10 or 20 years, and is constantly increasing.

The winter diet of people of moderate circumstances in the north is not so good as it once was, not being confined to meat, bread, potatoes, dried beans and other heavy nutritious but heavy foods varied by things until spring and summer.

What has been said of green vegetables may also be said of fresh fruits. Both the quantity and water consumption of fruit is increasing, and this is playing an important part in promoting the general health of the people.

Most persons know very little about the ductless glands in relation to health, but the latter are of special importance, and a man of medicine has written that if these glands function activity that secretion, entering the blood, help to destroy the poisonous circular which build up. If they do not function actively the poisons accumulate until they overtake the man and he falls into that condition which we call sick.

There is no doubt that fresh fruits and green vegetables are playing an important role in keeping down the sick rate.—The Exchange.

GRIDS PRINTED. YOUR NAME. As many as you wish at a rate of 3c for 15c post paid. Low prices. Good work. J. Layton Cain, Woodstock, Ontario.

A UTILITARIAN.

(Boston Transcript)

"What church does your new neighbor belong to?" the caller asked. "She's a utilitarian. I understand," responded old Mrs. Blunderby.

There are 26 museums of safety and institutes for the study of industrial hygiene in the world, 22 in Europe, three in the United States and one in Canada.

Low spirits, discouragement, the blues usually result from a tired brain and exhausted nervous system. Start the rebuilding process to-day by beginning the use of the greatest of nerve restoratives.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

CURES ALL KIDNEY DISEASE

RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, DIABETES, RACIACHES

123 THE PHARMACY

Athens Grain Warehouse & Lumber Yard

Just received 1000 bushels smoked wheat from Winnipeg elevator fire—splendid hen feed.

Western Yellow Corn at lowest possible price.

Ground mixed feed, corn, oats and wheat—our own grinding, good value.

Another drop in prices for Flour, Wheat, and Oats.

ATHENS GRAIN WAREHOUSE

LOCAL ITEMS

Mrs. Richard Gairford is ill at her home on the Oak Leaf road.

Mr. Wm. Gibson has moved into the double house on Elgin street owned by Mr. A. M. Lee.

—Full stock of Lumbermen's rubbers and socks at old prices—H. H. Arnold.

A shipment of new books has been received, and will be placed in circulation at the Public Library this week.

Mr. E. M. Dagg, teller in the Merchants' Bank here, left this week for Orillia.

Married, at Winnipeg, Dec. 6, 1916, Miss Blanch Niblock and Mr. Montie Alshire, both of Hamiota, Man. They will reside in Hamiota.

Mrs. Jacob Morris was called to Delta on Saturday by the serious illness of her sister-in-law, Mrs. James Morris.

—All Ladies' and Girls' cloth and fur coats reduced in price to sell quick.—H. H. Arnold.

Miss Gladys Cannon of Almonte, was a guest of her sister Miss D. Cannon.

Mrs. Charles Henderson, of Meniskam, Alta., arrived to-day for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Let Kelly.

Mr. Wm. Reynolds and cousin, Miss M. Garble, of Toledo, were weekend guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jack McKenna.

An error was made last week in the notice regarding the Baptist S.S. entertainment to be held on Thursday evening, Dec. 21. The admission should have read fifteen cents instead of twenty-five.

A Patriotic assembly was held in the Athens Town Hall Friday evening last and was exceptionally well attended. The financial object of the event was the raising of a fund for the Leeds County boys of the 156th Battalion.

—A Christmas gift worth while— Give your friends or members of your family library tickets and watch the enjoyment they get from them. The Athens Public Library contains books for readers of all ages. Tickets calling for 25 books, 50c; tickets for 12 books, 25c. Buy them this week at Mrs. Donnelley's or at the library Saturday evening.

FRANKVILLE

The household effects of the late Joseph Hanton will be sold by auction this week.

Mr. Ezra David, having sold his farm to Mr. Prpan of Lyndhurst, will hold an auction sale of stock and implements on Thursday Dec. 14.

The farmers Friend cheese factory has closed for this season.

Mrs. Francis Richards is preparing to leave this week to spend the winter with her brother, Dr. Harry Stone, of Cal.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Richards were in Brockville last week attending the funeral of the latter's uncle, Mr. Jos. Parker.

The body of Mrs. Charles Mallory, of Alexandria Bay, was brought by her husband to the home of her uncle, Mr. Joel Church, and the funeral service was held at the home on Friday by Rev. Mr. Comerford. Interment in the Lehigh cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. Mack Judson was in Brockville to-day on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pattimore, of Smith's Falls, spent last week at her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Merley Holmes.

DELAYED INAUGURATION.

Why Washington Had to Wait Until April 30 in 1789.

Although March 4 is the date set by law for the inauguration of our presidents, there was one occasion when the rule was not observed, for George Washington was inaugurated on April 30, 1789, instead of March 4.

When the constitution had been ratified by the requisite number of states the Continental congress by resolution of Sept. 13, 1788, set the first Wednesday of the following March (March 4, 1789) as the "time for commencing proceedings" under the new form of government.

Owing to delays of various kinds, such as difficulties of travel, etc., members of the first congress were very slow to assemble in New York, and a quorum of both houses was not obtained until April 6. The counting of the electoral vote, the notification of Washington and his journey from Mount Vernon to New York took until April 23, and his inauguration was set for April 30.

His term of office was, however, construed as having commenced on March 4, the date set by the Continental congress for the inauguration of the new government, and so it came to an end on March 4, 1793, although it lacked nearly two months of the four years provided for by the constitution.

CASTORIA

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

Ammunition

We are headquarters for Remington and Dominion shells and cartridges. Get your fall supply now!

EARL CONSTRUCTION COMPANY ATHENS, ONT.

PUT THESE ON YOUR XMAS LIST

Among the large assortment of articles that may be presented as Christmas gifts, Jewelry of the quality found in our store always holds its own.

BROOCHES Gold and gold filled. Set with pearls and combinations of colored stones. Priced up to \$20

BRACELETS Correct designs and beautifully finished. Quality high. Prices low.

WATCH FOB'S For Ladies or Gentlemen, gold-filled quality. Very attractive patterns. Price \$1.50 and up.

TOILET ARTICLES Silver, Ebony or Grained Ivory. Single pieces or complete sets in cases, 25c to \$15.

See our complete stock

H. R. Knowlton Athens

ESTRAY

Four calves, three white and one black strayed from my premises about Nov. 1. Return to

W. E. JACKSON Plum Hollow 51 tf

LOST

A gold and blue enamel military pin, 8th Brigade C. M. R. Finder please return to

MRS. H. E. CORNELL, Athens 50-51

Nomination Notice

The Public Meeting for Nomination of candidates for the Offices of Reeve and Councilors for 1917 in the Municipality of the Village of Athens, will be held on Friday, December 22, 1916, at 7:30 p.m., at the town hall, Athens; and if an Election is required, the poll will be taken in the two polling subdivisions of the Municipality on Monday, January 1, 1917.

A. M. LEE, Returning Officer

Nomination Notice

The Public Meeting for Nomination of candidates for the Offices of Reeve and Councilors for 1917 in the municipality of the Rear of Yonge and Escoto, will be held on Friday, the 22nd day of December, 1916, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, at the township townhall, Athens; and if an Election is required, the Poll will be taken in the several subdivisions of the Municipality on Monday, the first day of January 1917.

R. E. CORNELL, Returning Officer 50-51

FOR SALE

A fine six roomed brick house with brick kitchen, on Main street, next to Town Hall. Good well and garden containing raspberry bushes and grapevines. Driveshed and stable on premises. Apply to

R. E. ANDRESS, Athens 50t

FOR SALE OR TO RENT

Two houses near the High School.

49-52 G. W. BROWN

TEACHER WANTED

Qualified teacher for S. S. No. 2, Rear Yonge. Apply stating salary to

M. C. BATES, Athens 52

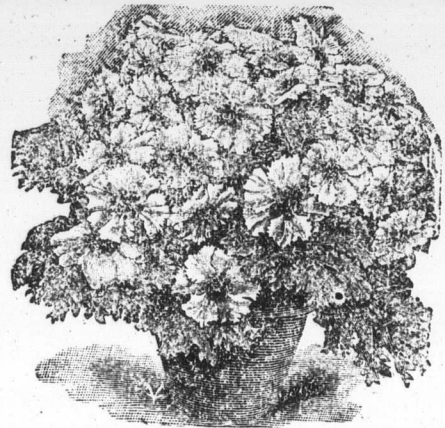
GET THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT---

YOUR EARLY ORDERS ARE SOLICITED FOR XMAS FLOWERS

OUR STOCK IS VERY CHOICE AND COMPLETE

GORGEOUS XMAS PLANTS AND BEAUTIFUL XMAS CUT FLOWERS

Write us for Descriptions and Prices.



Be cheerful Keep the old flag flying by your buying

On Christmas Morning, what will please her more than a box of our roses.

Imagine the effect of a radiant blooming plant, or a sweet scented bunch of Carnations, received Christmas morn.

GIFT FLOWERS—Roses, Orchids, Violets, Carnations, Lily of the Valley, Chrysanthemums. These may be sent safely by Parcel Post or by Express anywhere within two hundred miles of Brockville.

GIFT PLANTS—Ferns, Palms, Heath, Azaleas, Cyclamen, Primroses, Xmas Cherries. These are delivered by Express safely anywhere in Ontario or Quebec.

And we deliver in any town or city in Canada or the United States or the United States by Flowergram service. Ask us about it.

HAY'S GREENHOUSES THE HOME OF FLOWERS BROCKVILLE

WHY DOES THE CANADIAN PATRIOTIC FUND REQUIRE SO MUCH MONEY?

This question is often asked, by persons and by municipal councils, when the matter of liberal giving to the Fund is brought before them.

They are entitled to the most complete answer, for the Fund is the people's. They created it, and it is they who must maintain it.

Now for the reasons. There are 149,230 of them.

The Fund asks for so much money because Canada has given her men so lavishly to the Great Cause. Between 300,000 and 400,000 have volunteered. If their families need help, this Fund provides it. In October 53,693 families did need it. These families comprised 149,230 persons, nearly all either mothers, wives or children. Is it any wonder that so Great a Need requires so Great a Fund?

HOW GREAT IS THE NEED OF MONEY?

| | |
|---|--------------|
| The sum expended in October, 1916, was..... | \$891,814.00 |
| The average payment to each family was..... | 16.29 |
| The average payment to each person was..... | 5.73 |
| The cost of administration was..... | 15,464.00 |

(In above averages, sums paid for broken periods not included.)

Pay special attention to the figures concerning cost of administration—including expense of campaigns for raising money. It is the ambition of the managers of the Fund to keep the cost of raising and disbursing it below that of any voluntary fund ever created in Canada. Their aim is to hand to the soldiers' families as nearly as possible one hundred cents for every dollar subscribed. They succeed in handing 99 1/2 cents. The sum received in October as interest on moneys in banks was about \$11,500. Take this from the cost of administration. The remainder is \$4,000. And that, therefore, is all that had to be deducted from sums paid in.

That is to say, of every \$100 paid by generous givers, \$99.46 reached the families.

Is not that economy which should give confidence to every subscriber?

Does the magnitude of the Fund, as well as its importance, begin to impress you, Mr. Citizen-who-is-being-asked-to-subscribe-\$100, or you, Gentlemen of the Municipal Council, who are being urged to vote \$100,000 for 1917? Does the REQUEST look as large as it did now that you know something more of the NEED?

| | |
|--|--------------|
| Since the war began the people of Canada have subscribed to this Fund..... | \$16,495,000 |
| For 1917 they will be asked to give—and will give..... | 12,500,000 |
| Of this sum Ontario is being asked to guarantee—and will guarantee—at least..... | 6,000,000 |

This is one million more than in 1916, but every dollar will be required for Ontario's families. Not much chance for individuals or counties to economize by cutting down their contributions, is there? On the contrary, the giving must be on a scale more generous than ever. And why not? If we can't FIGHT, isn't it a Privilege rather than an Obligation to PAY?

ONE WORD MORE:

No man should ignore his personal responsibility towards the families of those who are fighting for him, simply because his Municipal Council is taxing him slightly for the same object. He owes these people far more. Perhaps he is too poor to pay more. If not, it is up to him to give a generous cheque to his local Patriotic Fund Committee, or mail it to

THE CANADIAN PATRIOTIC FUND, VICTORIA STREET, OTTAWA



SOME OF THE 149,230 REASONS WHY THE FUND NEEDS SO MUCH MONEY

REPRESENTATIVE WANTED

At Once for ATHENS and District for "CANADA'S GREATEST NURSERIES" Spring list of Hardy Canadian Fruit and ornamental Stock, including McIntosh Red Apple, St. Regis Ever-bearing Raspberry, and many other leader. New illustrated Catalogue sent on application. Start now at best selling time. Liberal Proposition.

STONE & WELLINGTON The Fonthill Nurseries (Established 1887) Toronto, Ontario 47-9

Furniture

When intending Purchasing any kind of Furniture visit our store before doing so.

A Good Selection to Choose From

Undertaking

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

GEO. E. JUDSON ATHENS, ONT.

Bell Phone 41. Rural Phone 28

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED
In all countries. Ask for our INVENTORS' ADVISER, which will be sent free. MARION & MARION.

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

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. H. R. BRIGHT PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ACCOUCHEUR OFFICE HOURS: (Until 8 a.m. 1 to 3 p.m. 7 to 8.30 p.m. ATHENS

DR. C. M. B. CORNELL. Cor. Pine and Garden Streets BROCKVILLE PHYSICIAN SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR

DR. T. F. ROBERTSON COR. VICTORIA AVE AND PINE ST. BROCKVILLE ONT. EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE.

J. A. McBROOM Physician and Surgeon X-Rays and Electricity employed in treatment of cancer and chronic diseases COURT HOUSE SQUARE — BROCKVILLE

DR. A. E. GRANT. VETERINARY SURGEON AND DENTIST. RESIDENCE: R. J. CAMPO'S. OFFICE: Cor. Main and Bell and Rural Phones. Henry Sts.

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