

# The Athens Reporter

Vol. XXXIII. No. 14

Athens, Leeds County, Ontario, Wednesday, April 4, 1917

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#### Dreaming

Crawl C. Slack

Had I a cheese and car of spuds,  
I'd trade them into cash and duds,  
I'd sell my "Ford" and buy a car,  
And be a wealthy produce czar.  
'Twould matter not when I'd the dough  
What I might do, where I might go,  
I'd join the politician's club,  
Where they serve up the choicest grub,  
Where I could guzzle beer and wine,  
And with the favored be in line.  
The law would not molest me then,  
For I'd be classed with privileged men.

For as a rule the "blind-pig" snubs  
Don't spy around political clubs,  
The working wretch with but a dime  
Is he who pays or does the time.

Sir Kemp perhaps might make me Col.  
Then I would be the ladies' doll.  
I'd buy a dozen army suits  
And give away some graft worn boots.  
I'd make a military stir.  
Perhaps the powers would make me Sir.

My wife would then be right at home,  
You bet she would be goin' some  
With chauffeur, maid and limousine.  
Say she would be a social queen,  
She then could visit swell cafes,  
Serve purple lunches and pink teas,  
And have T. Eaton's catalogs  
Bound up in cloth or kid or dog.  
With departmental stores close by,  
Belinda would be stepping high.  
Course, we'd live at Toronto where  
Old old maids abound and misfits are.  
Perhaps you'll take this as a lark,  
But you'll find them at Queen's Park.  
They have the nickle and the duds,  
They're swimming in the social suds.

The Press would eulogize my guff,  
And term it worthy, brainy stuff.  
They'd brand me as the wisest sage,  
And quote me on the women's page  
So that all the growing kids might see  
What graft and knaving did for me.  
Some mother's kid might bear my name  
And I'd be handed down to fame.

I'd go to England and I'd take  
Belinda just for show-off sake.  
There she would be of little use  
As many colonels an excuse,  
But she could eat and be a guest,  
And help short circuit all the rest.  
And too, it might be such a thin,  
She'd come in contact with the King.  
I see Bob Rogers got the shunt,  
Belinda, she might do the stunt,  
Although she's not so big a skin,  
She has some gall and might get in.

Alas, I've neither cheese nor spuds  
Nor reputation nor fine duds,  
My reputation years ago,  
I lost, when youth was in the blow.  
Redemption now is past my power  
It wouldn't suit the time or hour.  
Once prophets said e'er twenty-one,  
The hangman's rope would end my fun,  
But somehow justice slipped a cog,  
And left those prophets all agog,  
For I am wrinkled, gray of pate,  
An also ran, an out-of-date,  
But I'm permitted yet to stay  
With honest folks out here at A.

#### Glen Morris Honor Roll for March

Sr. IV—Roswell Morris, Albert Ferguson, Vera Hudson.

Jr. IV—Charles Heffernan, Clifford, Hudson, Francis Stevens.

Sr. III—Helen Morris, Cora Stevens, Ernest Ferguson.

Jr. III—Carroll Beale, Nellie Ferguson, Ferr. Spence.

II—Lloyd Ferguson, Vincent Heffernan, Mills Howard, Arden Spence.

Pr.—Willie Howard Elmer Covey. No. on roll—30

Average attendance—19 4  
Mabel M. Jacob, Teacher

#### Townsend—Fair

Mr. Clark Townsend, Long Point, and Miss Mildred Fair, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Fair, Dulcemaine were married on Wednesday at the Methodist parsonage Lansdowne. Rev. Dr. Cooper performed the ceremony.

Elgin Enjoys "China and the Chinese"  
There was a large gathering at the Methodist Church, Elgin, on Thursday March 22nd when the Rev. A. H. Barker of Delta gave one of his popular Illustrated Lectures, entitled "China and the Chinese." The gathering was presided over by the Rev. Stillwell. The lecture was under the auspices of the Ladies Aid and they were well pleased with the success of the evening. This is the second time in a month that Mr. Barker has visited Elgin and he is under promise to lecture for the Patriotic Fund shortly.

#### Death of Mrs. Thomas Vanarnum

Friday, March 23 at 1.30 o'clock the death occurred at the family residence, 145 Pearl street west, Brockville, of a most highly respected citizen in the person of Mrs. Thomas Vanarnum. The deceased had been ill for some weeks and bore her sufferings with great fortitude and resignation. She was born at Forthton and was a daughter of the late Peter Booth. She is survived by her husband and one daughter, Mrs. A. E. Hagar, wife of Captain, the Rev. A. E. Hagar, now overseas and chaplain to the 156 Battalion. Another daughter who predeceased her mother was Mrs. James Thompson, the wife James Thompson, M. P. P., East Peterborough. She was a woman of many excellent qualities. For several years the deceased lived in Athens. The funeral which was private took place Saturday afternoon at 1.45 at the house. The remains were brought to Athens for interment and were accompanied by Mr. Thos. Vanarnum, Mrs. A. E. Hagar, Brockville, Mr. Jas. Thompson, M. P. P., and son Charles, Toronto.

#### Delta Sees "Canada in Khaki"

On Tuesday, March 27th a good house greeted Mr. Wilmot Younz, Lieut. Douglas and others who visited the Town Hall, Delta and gave their entertainment "Canada in Khaki." They were assisted by local talent directed by the Misses Jessie Dawson and Vera Birch. But for the stormy nature of the evening there would have been a big crowd. The Revs. A. H. Barker and G. Calvert took part.

#### Register of Available Labor

April 3, 1917

Editor Reporter:—

I am in receipt of a communication from the Director of National Service District number 3, which reads in part as follows:—

"I desire to draw your attention to the fact that the farmers of this Province are very seriously handicapped in their farming operations through the shortage of help and as seed time is rapidly approaching this lack will be more keenly felt; and as the call for more food by the Empire is urgent, and the farmers are urged to undertake greater production in order to meet the insistent demand, it must be obvious to all that to meet the great need something out of the ordinary will have to be done, and as immediate action is necessary in order that timely aid may be given, I would ask you to ascertain what available help may be secured in your village."

Complying, therefore with the least possible delay, to this emergency call I have arranged that those who wish to enter this department of service may come and register at the office of village clerk, A. M. Lee, Elgin St. Athens, and that farmers who need help may apply at that office and secure the same while the supply holds out.

Thanking you for space in your valuable journal.

Sgd.

M. B. Holmes  
Reeve

#### SHERWOOD SPRING

April 2

Mrs. Widdis Stewart, and son Clinton, Addison, visited friends and relatives in Saerwood Spring, recently.

Mr. James Eligh who has been ill at his home here is still under the doctor's care.

Sugar making is in full swing and a good run of sap is reported.

Messrs Robert Mallory and Howard Trickey Mallorytown Landing, called on friends here, on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Stewart, were recent visitors at the home of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brown, Riverside.

Letters were received here recently from Pte. Allen Clow saying he had been promoted to Lance Corporal.

Mr. Elton Eligh spent the week end in Athens and was accompanied home by his little son, Harold.

#### SAFETY FIRST

This is preached and taught for protection by all large corporations employing men in operative work.

Life Insurance Companies agree to protect your relatives when you die. Accident Insurance Companies protect you from danger of travel or daily occupation.

You can be a Safety First and Life Insurance Company in one on a moderate scale by laying aside a few dollars every day.

The money is as much yours as though in your own pocket, with this difference: the Bank takes care of it and makes it earn interest for you.

## The Merchants' Bank OF CANADA.

ATHENS BRANCH.

F. A. ROBERTSON, Manager

#### LOCAL ITEMS

Easter Sunday is early this year, occurring on the 8th instant.

Pte. Leonard McConnell, of Kingston, is a guest of friends here.

Miss E. Stewart, of Frankville, is a guest of Mrs. E. Prichard.

Mr. Ora Grundy left this week for Toronto.

Messrs. Ed. Parish, Jas. Scott and Roy Alguire left this week for the Canadian West.

Mr. John Earl, Main Street East, is very ill. His daughter, Mrs. John Jones, Hamilton, has arrived to assist in his care.

Two men were fined \$10.00 and costs in Westport recently for violation of the Ontario Temperance Act.

Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Wiltse were last week recipients of a box of oranges from friends in California.

The work of installing the new telephone exchange is going forward rapidly.

Ice in Charleston Lake is lifting slowly, endangering property in the vicinity of the village.

Gunner Hibbert Johnston, of the R.C.H.A., Kingston, is a guest of his parents here.

In the future no more commissions will be granted in the Canadian Expeditionary forces in Canada, according to an announcement made at Ottawa last week.

Special yearly rate given by having your piano tuned regularly by our expert. C. W. Lindsay Ltd., Brockville.

The Reporter will next week publish a very interesting letter from Private John Corr, who is serving his country "somewhere in France."

Mills Johnston, of the C.E.F., is very ill in a military Hospital in England. His condition is causing his relatives some uneasiness.

Ten telephone poles on the Delta road were split by lightning Sunday morning.

Mr. Alex Eaton purchased the stock of Mr. E. A. Putnam who has discontinued business to take charge of the new Rural telephone exchange.

Among the names recently brought to the notice of the Secretary of War for valuable services rendered on the field is Staff Sergeant H. H. McNish, of Lvn. The young man was a member of the First Battalion in the first contingent and has been wounded once.

Mr. A. E. Donovan, M. P. P. has secured a grant of \$400.00 to be expended during the summer on Charleston Road. This is the largest grant that has ever been secured for this much used road. Mr. Donovan will again see that a large quantity of salmon fry and bass fingerlings are placed in the lake.

The body of Mrs. W. H. Baker, of Bellamy's, was found this morning in Mud Creek, after a search which commenced Sunday morning following her disappearance scantily clad in night dress, kimona and slippers.

#### NOTICE

By laws of the village of Athens strictly prohibit hens running at large at any time. Owners take notice.  
F. Blacher, Village Officer

A legal holiday this week—Good Friday.

When you need your piano tuned write C. W. Lindsay Ltd., Brockville.

Mrs. Alex Taylor is ill and confined to her home on Wiltsie Street.

The St. Lawrence became free of ice last week.

Ganacque is proposing a summer Carnival at the Thousand Islands in the year 1921.

Brockville Times: Roy Mullen has appeared on the taxi-stand with a Dodge car.

There is a possibility of the Fifth Division of which the 156th Battalion is part, being moved to Scotland for training purposes.

Mr. Adam Duclon leaves this week for Fairfield East where he intends making cheese this season.

The next meeting of the Orange Grand Lodge of Ontario East will take place at Kingston in 1918.

Brockville bricklayers, masons and plasterers will charge 55c per hour after April 15th.

Mr. Robert Mackie has taken possession of the Wiltse Street residence which he recently purchased from J. McKinney.

Capital expenditure totalling nearly seven million dollars is proposed by the Hydro Electric Commission of Ontario for the fiscal year ending Oct. 31st, 1917, according to further supplementary estimates tabled in the Legislature last week.

Word has been received from Lillestrom, Sask., of a distressing occurrence during a wild storm a few weeks ago. Asa Wiltse a native Athenian, was overtaken by the blizzard and, while wandering about to find his way in the night, nearly perished from exposure. In the gray dawn he arrived at a shack and sank down exhausted. He is now a patient in Moose Jaw hospital.

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ATHENS, ONT.

## Sun Glasses

Do your eyes need protection from the strong sunlight? Let us show you our stock of Sun Glasses. They are carefully made, do not obstruct the vision, and strengthen the eyes but make vision pleasant.

Priced 25c, 40c, 50c, and 75c

**H. R. KNOWLTON**

Jeweler and Optician  
ATHENS

CHINA'S MODEL CITY

Latest Undertaking Would Put it in Suburbs of Hong Kong.

For a good many years schemes have been entertained from time to time for the erection somewhere in South China of a model city for the use of the well-to-do Chinese.

One scheme went so far as the organization of a city at Hengshan, not far from Kingman and within a short distance of Hong Kong.

The latest undertaking of this sort is for the construction of a model suburb of Hong Kong along the most modern lines for the housing of wealthy Chinese.

Increasing numbers of wealthy Chinese from various parts of south China are coming to Hong Kong to

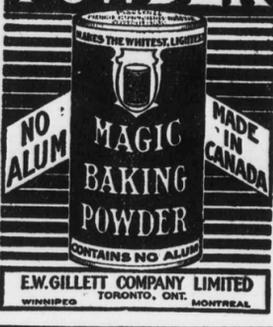
MINARD'S LINIMENT is the only Liniment asked for at my store and the only one we keep for sale.

make this city their permanent residence. The result has been a constantly increasing need for houses for such people and a growing demand on their part for homes so situated that they can be among their countrymen.

The reclamation of the land for this suburb is being undertaken by the original syndicate, the plan being that the construction of tenements, private residences, piers and warehouses shall be undertaken later.

The plan includes the erection of four piers with space for warehouses

MAGIC BAKING POWDER



Contains No Alum. E.W. Gillett Company Limited. Toronto, Ont. Montreal.

If need for them arises on the water front of the reclaimed land. The depth of the water now over the side averages about one and a half fathoms.

Unless delayed by a lack of machinery it is expected that the reclamation will be completed in about two years.

The Eternal English Sparrow. The same little sparrow was a pest in ancient Egypt in the time of Rameses.

The Wood Pewee. With ashy breast and olive wing. In leafy maze and lonely tree. Upon a dry branch balancing. Sat little walling wood pewee.

A. McKim Limited Advertising Agency New Executive. The new Executive of A. McKim, Limited, Advertising Agency of Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and London, Eng., has been announced.

Since his death, these experienced men have been carrying on the work in the same efficient way that has characterized "McKim's" for so many years.

The plan includes the erection of four piers with space for warehouses

SPEED HIGH IN AIR.

Aeronautical Theory Borne Out by Bird Migration.

The statement that a flying machine with a normal speed of 40 miles an hour would travel at a height of 5 miles at 150 miles an hour—made by Dr. Graham Bell, is supported by an ornithologist.

That birds use this quality of the air now seems probable. Some of the migrants arriving in England have been observed to dive down from an incalculable height, as has often been observed in Heligoland.

It is true that many birds have been observed to fly low during migration. Swallows usually have been seen flying at a low elevation, and even to cover 100 miles an hour.

Clever Hindu Jugglers. It is admitted that the Hindu jugglers and acrobats are the most skillful in the world.

Deepest Sea Near Shore. The deepest parts of the sea are not in the middle of the oceans, as may be commonly supposed, but near the shore.

The Whiners. I don't mind a man with a red-blooded kick. At a real or fanciful wrong; I can stand for the chap with a grouch, if he's quick.

THE ONLY MEDICINE FOR LITTLE ONES

Mrs. Timothy Bowers, Blenheim, N. B., writes: "I have always used Baby's Own Tablets for my three children and I can speak very highly of them as I could not get along without them."

Over Africa by Rail.

It is now possible to cross Africa by rail and water in great comfort. Kings in Africa could always travel in comparative comfort; but one not a king had difficulties to contend with, which are being slowly removed by the steady extension of the means and methods of civilization.

Minard's Liniment lumberman's friend. "Don't you consider an order of rare beef improper?" "Why, no?" "Because it isn't done, you know."

TRADE BRIEFS.

Imports from Nottingham, England into the States in 1916 amounted to \$2,300,546, an increase of \$4,033,419 over the imports of the previous year.

Artificial limbs are needed at Havre France. The French Government supplies to soldiers the first limb needed, and it is asserted that the contract with several American firms for the supplies required at military hospitals.

Teacher Has Not Lost One Day in a Year

MRS. ROGER GIVES CREDIT TO DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Before that she suffered from Sciatica, Neuralgia, Nervousness and Other Troubles Coming from Sick Kidneys, which Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured.

"My trouble came from a strain," Mrs. Roger states, "and I suffered for thirteen months. Backache, heart fluttering, sciatica, neuralgia, dizziness and falling memory were among my symptoms."

Others of Mrs. Rogers' symptoms were nervousness, that tired feeling, irritability and a dry harsh skin that itched and burned at night.

The Hangman's Stone.

There is a large boulder lying in a field near Foremark, England, which is known throughout Derbyshire as the "hangman's stone."

The Age of a Horse.

To tell the age of any horse, inspect the lower jaw, of course, and the sixth front tooth the tale will tell.

A MESSAGE TO WOMEN!

I ET a woman ease your suffering. I want you to write, and let me tell you of a simple method of home treatment.

DRS. SOPER & WHITE

Piles, Eczema, Asthma, Catarrh, Pimples, Dyspepsia, Epilepsy, Rheumatism, Skin, Kidney, Blood, Nerve and Bladder Diseases.

Call or send history for free advice. Medicine furnished in tablet form. Hours—10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 2 to 6 p.m. Sundays—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

ANTIQUES

Have you any old articles of merit which you are desirous of disposing of—such as Antique Furniture, Old Plate, Brassware, Prints, Engravings, Old Arms, Armour, Curios, etc.?

ROBERT JUNOR

62 KING ST. E., HAMILTON, ONT. THE HOUSE FOR GIFTS. Importers and Dealers in China, Glass, Fancy Goods and Antiques.

RIBBONS FOR SUMMER HATS.

Warm-weather hats show a liberal use of ribbons, particularly those hats of the sports variety. So far the ribbons employed are mostly narrow, but milliners prophesy the wider ribbons for hats, once the narrow ribbons have gained an assured entree.

Very narrow velvet ribbons are sometimes braided into bands, wide bands, for sport hats, the ends being left loose to form a fringe, and huge tassels, sometimes the sole trimming of a sports sailor, are fashioned of these narrow ribbons.

The narrow grosgrain ribbons, however, continue to be of first importance in sports millinery, both in simple bands and in most unusual bows.

"Narrow ribbons," says one ribbon manufacturer, "are now in demand for millinery, but one never knows when the wide ribbons will have the field."

Three Classes in Chile. Although Chile is a republic, and all men are theoretically equal in the eyes of the law, yet in reality this is not so.

Extreme poverty hardly exists in Chile, as it is found in the people of Europe, and it would not exist at all if reasonable economy and foresight were practiced by the working classes.

Let it be granted that the working classes of Chile can earn a fair wage, either as skilled or unskilled workmen. It is almost impossible for the worker to find a decent dwelling to make a home in which the very minimum of cleanliness and comfort can be found.

Because of the war, chicory is selling high in England—at from \$125 to \$140 a ton, whereas in normal times it can be bought for \$35 to \$40 a ton.

HELP WANTED.

WANTED—SECOND HAND FOR WASH finishing department, work chiefly heavy woollens and blankets; good position for right man. State age and experience. Slingsby Mfg. Company, Ltd., Brantford, Ont.

WANTED—PROBATIONERS TO train for nurses. Apply, Welland Hospital, St. Catharines.

MONEY ORDERS. IT IS ALWAYS SAFE TO SEND A Dominion Express Money Order. Five dollars costs three cents.

AGENTS WANTED. NEW MONEY-MAKING MARVELL. Strange secret discovery. Kalmite revolutionizes clothes washing. Ideas positively abolishes rubbing, washboards and washing machines; \$1.00 guarantee; absolutely harmless; worn in unobtrusive territory protection. The Arma Company, 21 Provincial Lane, Montreal, Que.

Haiti's Food Trains. Nearly all the produce for the feeding of the population of Port-au-Prince, Haiti, is brought in on the backs of onkeys. The public square are converted into open-air market places, and here the buying and selling goes on from early morning until 4 or 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when the caravans begin their toilsome journey homeward.

GLASS CUPS. The first glass cups were made at Alexandria. Some were colored like Bohemian glass and decorated with glass patterns, imitating precious stones and cameos.

HAIR GOODS

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. Mailed at lowest possible prices. Consistent with high-grade work.

MINTZ'S HAIR GOODS EMPORIUM. 62 KING ST. W. HAMILTON, ONT. (Formerly Mme. I. Mintz.)

A WHOLE REGIMENT

The Toronto Star at considerable length goes into the make-up of the various departments of a newspaper as follows:

It is a mistake to suppose that the editorial department of a newspaper is the department that turns out the editorials. That is only a part of its field. The department prepares all the reading matter, except advertisements, that appears in the printed pages, and it is divided into a variety of branches. The news staff gathers and writes the news; the editorial staff, composed of the editorial writers, interprets the news, draws conclusions from facts, or comments on the facts. In most newspaper offices of North America the head of the news staff is called the managing editor. Under him is one group of men called the local staff, another designated the telegraph room, and others known as department editors.

Advertisement for The New Series CHEVROLET FOUR-NINETY. THE CAR FOR BUSINESS—THE CAR FOR PLEASURE. Canadians who want a reliable automobile fully equipped with every device necessary for comfort and convenience in motoring, choose the Chevrolet Four-Ninety. Price \$695. CHEVROLET MOTOR CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED, OSHAWA, ONTARIO.

There is a Chevrolet dealer in your locality anxious to give you a demonstration. See him before you buy your first motor car. Write Oshawa for a new catalogue showing all Chevrolet models.

# HEAVY GAINS BY HAIG'S MEN ON WEST FRONT

## British Cavalry Are Doing Good Work Against the German Forces.

# HUN LEADERS THERE

## Kaiser and Hindenburg Visit Front—Foe Plots to Poison Horses.

Paris Cable.—The trench forces which penetrated beyond Coucy, and those who have cleared the Coucy Forest further north are almost in contact; and when the junction is made they will be prepared to strike directly at the German position in the St. Gobain Forest. Simultaneously columns from the old Soissons line are pressing the enemy back there toward Anizy, although the German high command has thrown masses of new troops there to prevent the Champagne line being rolled up.

London Cable.—The Germans are continuing to offer energetic resistance on the northern part of their new line in France, but the British continue to move forward steadily nevertheless, and to-day captured the village of Neuville-Bourjonval, east of Ypres. Many casualties were inflicted on the Germans. The Germans evidently regard Croisilles as a point of great technical importance, and are contesting the approach of the British to it in force, but are being hard pressed.

The British gained considerable ground south and west of Croisilles yesterday. The Germans fell back, fighting as they withdrew, and suffered heavy casualties.

In the capture of Neuville-Bourjonval, 8.12 miles southeast of Bapaume, the Germans suffered heavily. In this engagement as well as the one near Croisilles, the British casualties are reported to have been light, the character of the country furnishing good cover for the attacking troops. This is indicated by the number of machine guns which the British are capturing, showing that the machine-gun crews are being put out of action. The cavalry has taken a considerable number of machine guns by charging their emplacements.

Still further south British outposts now hold Villeveque, Aestrellers and Vaux. The line of the British advance at this point thus forms a wedge directed at St. Quentin, the apex of which is about five miles west of the city.

Thursday's report from British headquarters in France reads:

"The village of Neuville-Bourjonval was captured this morning after a short fight, in which the enemy lost heavily. We took a few prisoners."

Thursday night's French report said: "From the Somme to the Oise the day was relatively calm. In the Margival sector there was active artillery fighting."

# CHAMPAGNE COUNTER-OFFENSIVE

Meanwhile the counter-offensive of the Germans in Champagne is being vigorously prosecuted, but without apparent results. The scene of the counter-offensive is along a 15-mile front, starting about 25 miles east of Rheims. Attacks in force in this sector, the Germans undoubtedly will make a determined stand. Their position is strong, as they have had unlimited time in which to prepare it far from shell fire, so the problem again arises of smashing down this defense with sufficient artillery to permit another move forward.

Minor actions continue all along the line between the German rear-guard machine gun detachments and the British infantry and cavalry patrols, but nothing approaching the proportions of a battle has yet developed. The Germans have placed great reliance on their machine guns, as many as a score having been found grouped in one position during the retreat. They have also fortified every possible position in the line of retreat, including barbed wire entanglements, about cow barns and pigeons.

The German heavy artillery is coming into play again from fixed positions back of the Cambrai-St. Quentin line. It is reported that the German Emperor recently visited the territory over which the Germans retreated, having come with Field Marshal von Hindenburg and given his approval of the methods adopted during the retreat.

The British have discovered a plot to spread disease among cavalry horses, a German agent having been found with a vat of bacteriological cultures in his possession and instructions how to use them. The Germans left behind in a manner of trap, of which, however, the British and French received information.

To prevent smoke from blackening a chicken when singed: A simple way is to use any light-colored manila wrapping paper. Newspapers invariably smoke the chicken.

Sand is used for cattle bedding in Holland, in many respects is said to be superior to straw and other things which are more generally made use of.

# GLOOMY OUTLOOK

## Painted by Bavarian Minister Before Landtag.

London cable says: A gloomy picture of the food situation in Bavaria was drawn by Minister of the Interior Brettreich, in an address before the Landtag on Tuesday, according to a Berne despatch to Reuters. Minister Brettreich is quoted as saying that the recent stocktaking had shown that conditions were very serious, and that there was a deficiency of 90,000 tons in Bavarian breadstuffs. Conditions outside Bavaria, he said, were even more unfavorable.

The Minister said that it could not be denied that during the war a certain friction had arisen between North and South Germany, chiefly due to the administration of the war. He said there were more than seventy different war organizations in Germany, and that a greater consolidation would have been preferable. After predicting that the coming weeks would be very hard on the people, he concluded: "But we must hold out. If we lie down, England will squeeze the blood out of our finger nails. Even if the war ended to-morrow, the bitter weeks are not over. Only one thing is left—to hold out."

# JUNKERS STILL ARE OBDURATE

## Fight Election Reform in the Prussian Diet

## Despite the Warning That Came From Russia.

London Cable.—Under the headline, "Prussian Electoral Reform; Strong Junker Opposition," a Times Amsterdam special of Thursday says: "The debate on constitutional reform in the Upper House of the Prussian Diet yesterday was mainly remarkable for the strong opposition offered by conservatives to all proposals for increasing popular rights. General von Kleist began by denying there was any special urgency for reform, and scoffed at the idea that men in the trenches were concerning themselves with the question of a parliamentary vote. For him the further democratization of State institutions means the restriction of the rights of Federal States and extension of parliamentary rights meant restriction of the rights of the Crown. Everyone in Prussia had freedom except for stealing and murdering. He cried, 'Hands off, old Prussia!'"

Similar language was used by Count von Roon, who declared: "Our Prussian fatherland and the heart of the German Empire would be ruined by a liberal democratic electoral franchise. My highest war aim is to maintain the crown and monarchy heaven high." Duke Ernst Gunther Zu Schleswig-Holstein repudiated these speakers as not having spoken in the name of the conservative party.

However that may be, the Anzioger pointed out two days ago that there was no great difference in opinion among the conservative party, for which it said reform meant the undermining of monarchical authority as well as the foundations of the Prussian State.

Merr van Ertreimbach, Minister of Public Works, ostensibly defending von Bethmann-Hollweg, emphasized the fact that the Chancellor insisted that reforms and especially electoral reform, would have to be postponed until after the war.

The Koelnische Volks Zeitung says the proposal to institute in the Reichstag electoral franchise for Prussia will never have a majority in the Upper House, and perhaps not a dozen advocates. The emphasis laid on the postponement of reform in spite of the many smooth utterances of other speakers was the most important feature of the debate, from which it is perfectly evident no serious reforms will be introduced until military defeat has impressed all the elements.

The Reichstag has adopted all three readings of the emergency budget. Both Socialist parties voted against the measure.

"Edward Bernstein, Socialist," says the address, "delivered a speech justifying his opposition to the budget. He said experience had strengthened his distrust in the Government. America was converted into an enemy by neutrals filled with displeasure toward Germany. A good and sincere peace must be striven for at the speediest moment. Herr Bernstein added that the events in Russia under the leadership of the Socialists strengthened the confidence that the Social-Democracy was able to fulfill its old peaceful program."

Dr. Peter Spahn, leader of the Catholic Centre party, denied that the Reichstag as charged by the Prussian Herrenhaus, has even meddled with things reserved for the emperor and the Bundesrat. He added:

"If America comes to war with Germany we have confidence in the ability of the leaders in the army and navy to settle with her."

"Russia must be judged soberly, and we must not interfere."

Discussing the attitude of the Prussian Herrenhaus, Herr Mueller contended that the members of this House had started the new submarine campaign from fear of a new orientation. The statement caused a commotion, after which Herr Mueller proceeded declaring that the Bavarian King emphasized that the people were ripe for a general, equal and direct franchise.

Jude Johnson, one of our prominent henpecked men, is sure that if he took the time he could trace his wife's ancestry back to the Norman conquest. —Atholton Globe.

# THROUGH THE U-BOAT ZONE

(Special Canadian Press Correspondence by Stewart Lyon.)

On Shipboard, March.—"To-night we shall be in the submarine zone." After a week at sea, playing Follow my Leader to a big cruiser, which acted as escort, the news whispered by one of the ship's officers was almost welcome. It meant danger and an increase of precaution, but it quickened the lethargic occupants of the smoking room and afforded a wide scope for conversation that had become languid and fragmentary.

The wireless operator had done his best for us. From the U. S. naval wires at Arlington on the Virginia Heights—just across the Potomac from Washington—he had picked up the daily story of "watchful waiting" plus "reasonable precautions." President Wilson had no admirer aboard and there was open scoffing when it was announced on the bulletin board that theoretically he favored compulsory service.

From the British station on the coast of Cornwall came official reports with familiar names in them that brought before the mind's eye of officers returning to the front, some particular stretch of trench in the Salient that had become to them an ever present nightmare. There are many salients on the western front, but for Canadians there will always be one "Salient," the deadly line around Ypres.

The bulletins contained little news of the sinking of ships by German undersea boats and opinion was divided as to whether this was out of consideration for our feelings, or because the Hun was really doing badly. Among a group of naval officers who had been on duty in American waters since the war began and had been recalled for service on the home station, there was the most cheery optimism as to the outlook. No one considered it at all possible that Germany's submarine blockade could prevent Britain from getting all the food and supplies needed to carry on the war.

"The sea is very big," said a young midshipman in an endeavor to put into words the confidence he felt that the German submarine campaign would fail. The sea is very big—and very empty, too, at the present time. In a week of steady steaming in clear weather we have seen but one vessel—a British tramp westward bound. The smoke from another was noticed this morning, but she did not come into view. The tramp when first sighted was dead ahead, but when she saw the hulls of three vessels—one of them manifestly a warship—rise on the horizon, she hauled off to the southwest. Our watch dog promptly drew out of line and followed, signalling to the stranger as she went. At a speed that must have been well up to her record of almost twenty-six knots, she overhauled the tramp, established identity, gave some good advice and was back again at the head of the procession in an amazingly short time.

To compare small things with big I have seen a shepherd's collie on Loch Lomond side scamper off after an erring sheep, bring it back to the flock, return to his station at the shepherd's heel over the backs of his charges and yawn in a bored way as if to say "it's all in a day's work you know," much in the same fashion as the big cruiser rounded up the tramp.

A signal officer watching the incident, said he favored boarding every time. The tramp was no doubt all right and her identity seemed to be satisfactorily established, but somewhere in these waters there was probably a ship that was nothing but German submarines—especially take off—and for his part he would take nothing for granted. On the New York station, where she had been for the time, there was too much consideration for the feelings of the neutrals. The Admiralty had not been disposed to make more trouble than was absolutely necessary, because of American aversion to the exercise of the right of search. Now that there was a possibility of the United States coming in, Britain should do everything possible to tighten the blockade.

For another day after the tramp passed us the ship's routine remained much the same. Exercise and drill on crowded decks is not very fascinating as a spectacle for the home civilian whose point of vantage is a stateroom window, and whose ears are filled with shouts of "Hans down! Ahah! turn! Double!" and other words of command, mingled with the noise made by hundreds of men manœuvring along a narrow strip of deck. The troops get a lot of fun out of the proceedings when the vessel rolls and are undoubtedly kept in much better condition than would be possible were drill and exercise suspended.

Now that we are in the submarine zone there are new elements of interest. The weather is no longer a topic of idle conjecture. For the first time in my sea-going I find sailors who are longing for fog. Fog is no friend of the submarine. The other afternoon mist came down that seemed to shut out everything beyond about half a mile. "Better than three escorts," declared a sailor, with a sweep of his arm out toward the bank of mist which, relatively dense near the water, was noticeably thinner fifty feet up. The submarine is practically blind in weather of that sort. The periscope is useless in piercing the heavy mist near the surface, while if the undersea boat ventures up, its chance of being seen and hit by a watchful gunner is much greater than its chance of seeing the passing ship.

The sailors and ships officers are greatly interested in the submarine problem. Britain's merchant seamen are not financially protected as her soldiers and naval seamen are against this added peril of the deep. If they are killed by the explosion of a torpedo, or drowned as a result of

the torpedoing of their ship, there is no pension for their families from the national treasury, and in rare instances only from other sources. The owners of merchant ships do not assume responsibility for "the acts of God" or the doings of "the King's enemies." The seaman must insure himself. Even his clothes constitute an insurance risk. If he pays two shillings on his outfit the insurance company will pay him five pounds when the Hun sends his ship under and leaves him on the ocean plus a lifebelt and minus his togs. It is a grievance of the merchant seaman and officers that they are forced to run extra risks in the submarine zone without any hope of compensation for their families from the State, but they face the situation without flinching, and do their best to escape the snares of the enemy.

To-day the game of Follow my Leader is no longer a monotonous procession in a straight line. The vessels zig-zag in all sorts of unexpected ways. At one moment the ship ahead will be some distance off on the port bow. A little later she will be as far away on the starboard. Speed has been materially increased. The reason for coal economy in the early part of the voyage is now apparent. Every ounce of steam is to be used in making a fast finish through the danger zone. The boats are all ready for instant use, and one has been lowered to the level of the promenade deck and lashed into position there for instructional purposes.

going to be kept up to the extent." A member of the House suggested that an appeal for recruits be made to Ireland. John Dillon interjected: "If it had been left in our hands we would have given you another hundred thousand men."

# DISCUSS MAN POWER IN SECRET

After a debate, in which the Government proposals came in for a considerable amount of criticism, Winston Spencer Churchill urged that unmarried men of forty-two or forty-three years of age in their full vigor should be taken rather than convalescents, which he characterized as a cowardly thing to do. He accused the Government of tinkering with the question of man-power and advocated a secret session to discuss the questions of man power and tonnage.

Mr. Bonar Law agreed with Mr. Churchill that this was a cause for a secret session, although it was doubtful if even in such a way the Government would be justified in giving all facts and figures. After Easter, however, the Government, he said, would consider the matter.

The bill passed the second reading by a vote of 178 to 18.

# EVERY RAID SUCCESSFUL

## Canadians Secure Their Aim in Each Case.

# Huns Kept On the Jump, and Lose in Morale.

London cable says: The following communique covering the operations of the Canadian corps from March 1 to March 25 was issued by the Canadian War Records Office to-day:

If it be said that a week has passed on the Canadian front without incident it must be understood that the terms is used only in a comparative sense. The minor operations carried out by the Canadians, any one of which in itself would make a thrilling story if the full details could be told, have been overshadowed by the important advances scored by our troops in other regions.

The Canadians have not had the luck to capture a "Bapaume" or a "Peronne" during the past week, but there has been no slackening in our activity which keeps the enemy perpetually on the qui vive, or in our own vigilance.

The best evidence of the unflinching watch kept by the Canadians is the record each week of enemy attempts at aggressiveness which end in disaster to themselves.

Towards dawn one day a raid was attempted against our lines by a party of about 50 Germans. The enterprise was announced to us by a heavy artillery barrage which must have cost the German Government a large sum of money without any appreciable return. The party never reached our line. Rifle fire and bombs from our outposts and the prompt response of our artillery caused them to turn back short of their objective.

On another day a small party of the enemy attempted in broad daylight to raid one of our posts situated in a crater. The operation caused them several known casualties, and ended in a hurried retreat to their own lines. Small events which disclose the unsatisfactory state of the enemy's morale are of frequent occurrence. One morning two of the enemy walked across "No Man's Land" into our trenches in the gray of the dawn. They stated that they were Poles, and that for this reason they were badly treated by their officers.

Not only was their share of the scanty enemy rations curtailed, but they were given double tasks whenever unpleasant work was to be done.

In our operations we succeeded in capturing a number of prisoners. Five of these, all unwounded, were taken in the course of a raid conducted by one of our battalions. On this occasion, as against our casualties of three slightly wounded, the known losses to the enemy were two killed and eight wounded. Dugouts in the enemy lines were bombed and much damage done.

For the most important of the week's raids our men were divided into parties, each with its own objectives. None of them failed in their task, although the enemy line was strongly held and was hand-to-hand fighting. The objective of this little enterprise was to kill Huns and in this the raiders were eminently successful.

Compared with the great advance of the troops elsewhere these operations are mere pinpricks, but it must be remembered that they are all part of the great plan. Their value is not adequately represented by the mere record of the enemy casualties or dugouts blown in.

Similarly the work of our patrol attracts no great attention but it has secured us the unquestioned control of "No Man's Land." It is by the constant use of these harassing tactics that we have gained the upper hand with the enemy.

# 2,104 PRISONERS Taken by French Recently Around Monastir.

Paris cable: Referring to operations in the Eastern war theatre, the official report says: "After a violent artillery preparation the enemy attacked the trenches which we had captured on March 26, around Tsevana Stena, in the region west of Monastir. The attack was stopped short by our barrage fire. The prisoners numbered twenty-six, bringing the total taken by us in the latest operations around Monastir up to 2,104, of whom 29 are officers. We captured also six bomb-throwers and sixteen machine guns."

One swallow doesn't make a summer," quoted the Wise Guy. "But one cocktail has made many a fellow crow," added the Simple Mug.

# SETTLE DOWN TO GREAT TASK TO WIN VICTORY

## Russian Soldiers and Workers Are Strong for the War.

# A QUEER STRIKE

## "Bosses" Would Quit, but the Men Compe! Their Continuance.

Petrograd cable says: Impressions of my visit to Riga justify the hope of maintenance of discipline and efficiency in the Russian army. During the difficult period which necessarily follows the revolutionary upheaval, officers and men realize their responsibility before the nation and allies for a continuance of the war, and undiminished vigor will be their first duty. The seditious propaganda is fast losing its sway over the minds of even the most ignorant.

The chief of the local militia stated that 40 or 50 persons daily had been arrested on arrival at Pskoff disguised as soldiers, and even officers, on suspicion of acting as agents of the old regime. Many of them proved to be spies and informers in the pay of the old Government of Germany, and their undoubted presence was as "agents provocateurs" among the ranks of the revolutionary bodies. The arrest of the editor of Pravda, the organ of the Russian Social Democratic Labor party, casts discredit upon the activity of the extremists.

Archbishop Andrew Prince Vkomki, the new metropolitan of Petrograd, explains in a pastoral letter that the abdication signed by Nicholas necessarily absolves them from the allegiance they owed him when he was the lawful sovereign. The last lingering doubts as to the legality of the new order is thus removed.

# LOYALTY OF FACTORY WORKERS.

The factory workers have reversed the usual order and prevented a strike, threatened by the "bosses," who had been deposed or had had their authority curtailed as the result of the new liberty and equality. In a certain munition factory the disgruntled administration, seeing their old berths slipping from their grasp, decided to declare the factory on strike, but the workmen, inspired by the appeals of the new Government for the support, refused to walk out. On the contrary, they insisted that the foreman directing the engineers should begin work with them at daybreak and put in an equal number of hours.

"Every hour is precious," declared the spokesman of the workers. "We must work to support our comrades at the front. Every man who goes on strike will be treated as a traitor, and we will not guarantee his safety."

A patriotic spirit appears to have gripped the workmen quite generally, in strong contrast to their attitude toward the former regime. One group has given assurance that the eight-hour day—universally applicable now—will not operate to diminish the output, since, if it is necessary, the men will work sixteen hours daily.

# ENGINEERS NOT AMENABLE.

At a meeting of engineers, however, a more pessimistic view was expressed. Many complaints were lodged that the workmen had changed roles and insisted upon dictating terms as to hours and conditions. One of the chief sources of protest is the insistence of the workmen that they must unconditionally administrators and replace them with men of their own choosing, often from their own ranks. The appointment of an arbitration board, formerly demanded by the workmen, is now desired by the bosses, but declined by the workmen.

Instances are recorded of workmen disciplining their former "bosses" by carrying them in a wheelbarrow, head enveloped in a sack, and depositing them on a dump. The condition exacted for reinstatement was an apology for past offences.

Delegates have been chosen by the engineers, who hope to arrange amicable relations through the council of workmen and the Ministry of Trade and Industry. Some factories are already working out a plan of profit-sharing.

# STUDYING WAR.

# U. S. Embassy in London is Getting Pointers.

London cable: The entire staff of the American Embassy, some of whose members are devoting all their time to the work is preparing information for the Government at Washington, which is expected to be useful in the event of war with Germany. The British Government is displaying the utmost cordiality in providing the desired information, which covers economic rather than military features of war preparations. The subjects have to do with transportation, finance and organization of new departments, such as those of munitions and blockade. A feature is being made of war work for women, especially in munitions factories.

"Do you know you are charged with being an expert in grabbing what in Congressional circles is termed 'pork'?" "Don't contradict the rumor," replied Senator Sorghum. "It may cause unfavorable comment in a general way, but it's likely to help me with some of the influential folks at home." —Washington Star.

THE ATHENS REPORTER  
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION  
To Canadian points—\$1.50 per year in advance.  
To United States—\$2.00 per year in advance.

Business notices inserted in local columns or 5 cents per line every insertion.  
Small advt. card per year, such as Societies Business, etc., \$1.00.

Condensed advertisements 25 cents each insertion for 4 insertions; subsequent insertions, 10 cents each.  
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AUSTIN G. L. TRIBUTE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

LOCAL ITEMS

Mr. William Glover, of Jones Falls, is a guest of Mr. Glenn Earl.

Mr. Gordon Rappell, of Buffalo, is visiting friends in this district.

The Misses Stella and Vella Johnston spent the week-end at their home at Oak Leaf.

The meeting of the W. C. T. U. which has twice been postponed, will be held to-morrow night.

Easter Service at St. Paul's Presbyterian church, Athens, Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.

Mr. Lewis Stevens, who has been in the employ of C. H. Buell, Brockville, has gone to Gananoque, where he will work in the Robertson bakery.

Friends of Mrs. Mary Rabb will be pleased to learn that her condition has improved in the last few days. Mrs. Rabb's hip was fractured by a fall while on a visit to Glen Morris relatives.

Some recent changes in the staff of the Merchants' Bank here include the transfer to Lyn of Mr. Lavelle Murphy and the entry into junior work of Mr. Vernon Baker, an A.H.S. student. Miss Seymour, who had been ill for a time, has resumed her duties.

Miss Phoebe Holmes, returned missionary from Hong Kong, China, will give a talk on her work there. In the Pentecostal mission, Athens, on Sunday night, April 8, at 7.30, she will wear the attire customary in the field. Though only a girl, she has labored for six years under the scorching sun of the Orient. One should not miss hearing her account of how she kept body and soul together in that disease-ridden country. No collection will be taken. A cordial welcome is extended to all.

W. I. Notes

The Womens' Institute meeting on Saturday March 31 was well attended. The Sec report showed that during the month 8 pails had been sent to soldiers from our town who are serving in France. The Institute has also sent a box of Red Cross supplies valued at \$27.00 to Toronto. In order to continue sending pails of cheer it was decided to have a shower for our own soldiers who are serving in 156th Battalion. The date is fixed for the afternoon of Wed. Apr. 18th from 3-6 all ladies of the town and vicinity are invited. Following the business session Mrs. Chas. Yates gave a very excellent address on the subject "Refinement in the Home." A number of musical selections were very much enjoyed. Further particulars of shower and list of articles to be donated will be given in next week's paper. Committees appointed will meet in the Library room on Saturday evening.

The Athens Womens' Institute recognizing the great food crisis that today faces the entire civilized world, are taking steps to assist in the promotion of production. They are soliciting the aid of the girls and boys and this week both vegetable and flower seeds are being placed in the hands of the public school children or any high school pupil not more than 14 years of age who may wish to assist in gardening. Settings of eggs are also being distributed. In the autumn a village school fair will be held, when it is hoped that there will be an exhibit of vegetables and flowers, supplemented by girls' and boys' handicraft that will be a credit to the community. Parents are asked to help. Encourage and instruct the boys and girls in every way possible. Make every foot of ground produce something. The amount you raise for your own use leaves that much more on the market for some one else. Gardening is pleasant and profitable. It is also this year a patriotic duty.

His Undesirable Inheritance

A Clergyman's Efforts to Get Rid of It.

By BARBARA PHIPPS

The new rector, Mr. Chiverly, or, rather, his wife, had moved his effects into the rectory, made vacant by his predecessor, and he was in his study, the furniture still disarranged, struggling with his next Sunday's sermon. Mrs. Chiverly came up from the basement. She had been much worn by moving and had struck the usual number of snags in that irritating process. Judging from her expression, she had now come upon a new one of the most exasperating character.

"Well, my dear?" said the rector, looking up from his work inquiringly and anxiously.

"What do you suppose?"

"I give it up."

"The basement is full of empty bottles."

"What kind of bottles?"

"Whisky bottles, brandy bottles, gin bottles, wine bottles, siphons—all kinds of bottles that should never be in the house of a clergyman, especially one who has preached total abstinence."

"Send them away," replied the rector, turning again to his sermon.

"What! Send them away! How could that be done without publicity? And publicity you know very well would result in an awful catastrophe to us. The town would ring with your condemnation. Your parishioners would be obliged to condemn you, innocent or guilty. Your resignation would be demanded."

Mr. Chiverly was evidently moved by such injustice.

"But, my dear, these bottles have not been brought here by us. They were left here by Dr. Parkinson, who has just vacated the rectory."

"Not by Dr. Parkinson alone, but by a number of his predecessors. Quite likely some incumbent needed a stimulant and started the pile. The next added to it. The next, being confronted by the problem now before us, took no action, and so the tide of bottles has been steadily rising. Quite likely it started in the cellar. It has climbed, to the basement. We cannot let it remain where it is, for we need the room. Besides, if discovered it would prove our ruin."

The rector cast his eyes up to the ceiling for a solution of the momentous problem. He had been struggling successfully with the ancient theological problem of foreordination, but this one of empty bottles staggered him.

"I'll tell you what you do," he said, his expression lighting up—"get rid of a few of them at a time."

"How?"

"To a junkman."

"Have a junkman calling every few days and seen by the neighbors carrying out empty bottles? Oh, James, how impractical you are!"

"How would it do to box them up and ask our grocer to call for them? Mr. Wilkins is very kindly disposed toward me. I will explain the matter to him."

"And he will explain it to Mrs. Wilkins, and she will explain it to her dearest friend, and the dearest friend will spread it broadcast."

Mr. Chiverly heaved a sigh. His wife continued:

"There is but one way out of it. They must be sent to another town to some intimate friend or relative of ours who will dispose of them without risk to us. Your brother Edward would be a good person to receive them. Once in his hands, he can easily dispose of them. But we must pack them so that no one will suspect what the cases contain."

"We might put on them 'Glass; handle with care.'"

"Oh, James! How stupid you are!"

"It would give the impression that they were tumblers and such things."

"Do you suppose our neighbors, who are ever on the lookout, seeing these boxes marked glass, would not at once suspect?"

"I'll order the cases sent, and next Monday you can begin the packing."

Mr. Chiverly heaved a sigh that his weekly day of ease after a hard Sunday's work should be devoted to so unattractive and laborious a service, then resumed his work on his sermon, while his wife went out to continue the arranging of the disordered furniture. In due time the cases arrived. Mr. Chiverly did the packing and the marking, and they were ready to be shipped. A wagon came to the door, the goods were carried out, and Mr. and Mrs. Chiverly fell into each other's arms in transports of relief.

"Thank heaven!" said Mr. Chiverly. "They're gone."

"Oh, James, you've no idea what a load is lifted from my shoulders."

"Do you think any of the neighbors took notice?"

"No; I was looking between the slats of the window blinds and saw no one watching."

"Good. Edward will receive them and dispose of them. And now I must settle down to my legitimate work. Please see that I am not disturbed in my study."

A month passed. One morning at breakfast Mrs. Chiverly remarked to her husband that it was strange they had heard nothing from his brother

about the cases sent him. Mr. Chiverly, who was about to raise a cup of coffee to his mouth, stopped short and seemed to be trying to recollect something.

"What is it, dear?" asked his wife, somewhat anxiously.

"N-n-nothing. I was trying to remember about writing Ed."

"Surely you wrote him?"

"Of course. That is, I wrote the letter. What I was trying to remember was posting it."

Mrs. Chiverly frigidly rose from the table, went to the study and after a few minutes' search came back with a letter addressed to Edward Chiverly, Esq., Cheltenham. The rector looked surprised and crushed.

"I wrote it the day I was packing the bottles," he said lugubriously. "I intended to take it out and post it the same evening, but I was so tired that I went to sleep on the sofa."

Mrs. Chiverly did not deign to reply. She sent their oldest boy out with the letter and, rising from the table, went upstairs without a word to her husband. She had scarcely done so when there was a ring at the doorbell. Mr. Chiverly answered the summons, and there stood a man with an express company's receipt book.

"Sign here, please. Seven dollars and fifty cents."

The rector cast a glance at a wagon standing by the curb and recognized the boxes he had packed a month before.

"W-w-what's this?" he stammered, paling.

"Goods returned, uncalled for."

Mr. Chiverly caught at the doorpost for support. As soon as he recovered his voice he asked the man to wait a minute and, staggering back into the hall, called his wife.

"What is it?" she asked, aghast.

"The bottles."

"What about them?"

"They're at the door."

"Oh, my goodness gracious! What's happened?"

"Edward, not receiving any explanation about them, probably refused to receive them or pay for them."

"Didn't you put on them who they were from?"

"No."

"Why didn't you?"

"I dare not. If they had fallen into the wrong hands it would have been a dead give away."

"Oh, James, what shall we do?"

"There's nothing to do but pay all charges—\$7.50—and send them again."

"We can barely scrape enough money together to pay the \$7.50."

"Well, then, pay it."

Mrs. Chiverly gathered all the money in the house, even borrowing from her son's savings bank, to make up the required amount. Mr. Chiverly had a dollar bill in his vest pocket besides. Taking it to the express driver he bribed him to take the boxes to his home, promising that they would be called for the same night.

"What are you going to do?" asked his wife on his return to her.

"I'm going tonight to take them and dump them in the river."

"You will do no such thing."

"Why not?"

"Suppose any one should see you doing it?"

"I shall be dressed as a cartman."

"That won't help the matter. You will be traced the same as if you were seen trying to get rid of some one you had murdered."

"I'm going to risk it. We can't stand this business any longer. I'm going to get rid of the bottles if I have to swing for it."

Mr. Chiverly's blood was up. His wife's efforts to dissuade him were in vain. When night came he shaved off his whiskers, appropriated a suit of old clothes intended for a poor man he had befriended and started for the house of the expressman. On the way he tried to hire a wagon, but could find no one who would trust him with his team without going with him. So he changed his mind and decided to rely on the expressman.

"See here my man," he said on reaching the house. "I want you to go with me and get rid of these cases. Have you a box opener handy?"

The man brought the tools and opened one of the boxes.

"You see," said the clergyman, "what they contain. Will you go with me to the river to throw them in?"

"There's no need to do that," replied the man. "I'll get rid of them by selling them."

"Do so," cried Chiverly rapturously, "and pocket the proceeds."

"All right. You're sure there's no skulduggery about it?"

"None in the least. These bottles were accumulated by other persons than myself. I simply wish to get rid of them."

"All right. I'll send you anything there is over or above half the profits, less cartage."

"Please don't," urged the rector imploringly.

The man consented. Mr. Chiverly then wrung his hand gratefully and hastened home. Once there he doffed his old clothes, put on his nightgown and went to bed.

For weeks, indeed months, never was there a ring at the rectory doorbell but Mr. and Mrs. Chiverly started as though they were expecting an arrest for murder. And whenever a cart was heard stopping before the door the lady would peep through the blinds to assure herself that the bottles were not back again before answering the summons.

However, in time the dread wore away and the pair finally found comfort. They remained in peaceful possession of the rectory till Mr. Chiverly was made a bishop.

"What an awful difference, dear," said his wife, "it would have made had the secret of the empty liquor bottles got out."

**PURVIS STREET**

The farmers in this section are today very busy tapping their sugar bushes.

Mr. and Mrs. James Manhart attended the funeral of Mr. Charles Nunn of Lyn on Thursday last.

Miss Beatrice Dickey attended the marriage of her sister, Miss Hazel Dickey last week.

Mrs. Bolton of Lilies is now the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Geo. Herbi-son.

Mrs. Norman Baile spent a few days in Brockville.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Graham attended the funeral of Mr. John W. Tennant on Thursday last.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Herbi-son, on March 23rd, a son.

Miss Alice Horton of Soperton is the guest of Mrs. Wellington Eaal.

Mrs. James Pottinger has returned home from the Brockville Hospital able to be around again.

**CHARLESTON**

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Crozier went to the Outlet on Sunday to see the former's mother who is seriously ill.

Howard Letimer left on Wednesday for Scott, Sask. His wife and children were unable to accompany him as little Bernice is ill with the mumps.

The Misses Alice and Marion Fye, Miss Andry Kenney Long Point; The Misses Williamson, Soperton; Miss L. Slack and E. Slack, Sand Bay and B. Moore, Lansdowne were recent visitors at H. Frvea.

Miss Katie Halliday, of the Brockville Business College spent the week end at her home here.

The new wharf is just about completed.

At Bracebridge, Ont. to Sgt. and Mrs. Roy G. McLaughlin, a son, (Kenneth Keith). Mr. McLaughlin has been spending the winter with her father at her old home in Bracebridge, her husband, Sergt. McLaughlin went overseas last November with a Winnipeg Battalion and is now at Shorncliffe in the Canadian Postal Corps and when last heard from by Athens friends was in charge of a truck delivering mail to three camps, St. Malin's Plain, Sandling and Dibgale and carried same 40 or 50 miles a day. Sgt. McLaughlin who is a former Athens boy was a R. R. Mail Clerk with headquarters in Winnipeg when he enlisted for overseas in the early part of 1916.

**FARM FOR SALE**

110 acres more or less, 1 1/2 miles east of Athens, on the Brockville road, 80 acres under cultivation, the balance good pasture land. On the premises are erected a good stone house and outbuildings. This farm was owned by the late Erastus Rowsom, and is one of the best in the county of Leeds, well watered, convenient to churches, schools and cheese factories.

Apply to  
HENRY D. ROWSOM  
14-17

**Zutoo**

Will cure any headache in 20 minutes, will nip a cold in the bud, will relieve the monthly pains of women, and in every case it leaves you Feeling Good.

**THE SCARLET Tanager.**

**He Wears His Gaudy Fireman's Suit Only In the Summer.**

The country folk call the scarlet tanager the firebird. His feathers set the woods on fire. Reversing the figure, the firebird puts out the torch of the sun and pales the plumage of the oriole that has come to fly "in tropic splendor through our northern sky."

This tanager of ours is not much of a songster. He does not have to be. All he has to do is "stand on" in the show in order to share applause with the gold tongued wood thrush and the mellow noted meadow lark. Seemingly the tanager thinks that his call is to be preferred to his song, for he calls forty times where he sings once. The tip of a tree gives him the best stage setting for his beauty, and there he perches, looks the sun in the eye and chir-churs by the hour. His mate is a modestly garbed female, who is willing to attend to home duties while Beau Brummel gallivants abroad.

It is only for a season that the tanager wears his fireman suit. Nature's rule that he must change his clothes when September is spent may seem foolish to him, but he obeys to the feather. In due and drab he goes south, where he tells an unbelieving and brilliantly plumaged company of tropic birds of the wonder of his summer dress.

**Swearing on the Bible.**

The method of swearing by the Bible came into use at a very early period, practically with the establishment of courts of law in Christian countries. It was the ordinary method of swearing when America was settled by Europeans and was naturally adopted here. Oaths were common before the Christian era, and any form may be used that conforms to the religious belief of the person to be sworn. Hebrews are often sworn on the Pentateuch, keeping on their hats, and their oath ends with the words, "So help me, Jehovah." A Mohammedan is sworn on the Koran.

**He Made the Sale.**

"Yes, the property is cheap enough. Why do you want to sell it?"

"You won't give me away?"

"No."

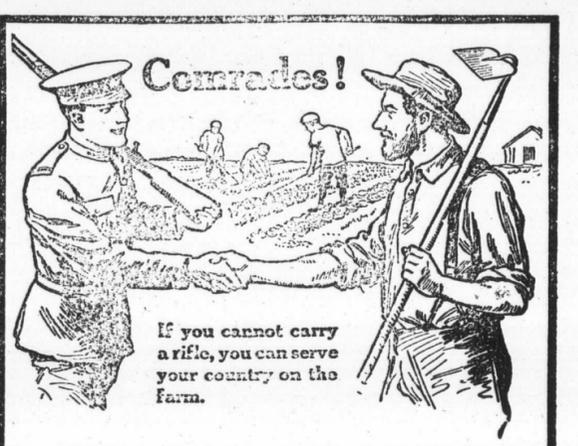
"Well, sir, it's because I'm the only man in this neighborhood that doesn't move in high society, and I'm lonesome."

**Sample.**

"George didn't keep his engagement with me last night," said the girl who was betrothed to him.

"I'd give him a piece of my mind," said her mother.

"Just a little sample of married life,"



"The plow is our hope," declared Right Hon. David Lloyd George, the Prime Minister of Great Britain. The tremendous significance of these words in the face of a world shortage of food must be a matter of concern to all. It points out the path of duty to men and boys unable to enlist in the army but capable of helping to increase production.

**Help the farmer increase production**

At this supreme hour when ample food production is one of the indispensable means of victory, the country faces a serious shortage of men and boys on the farms. The Department of Agriculture emphasizes the urgency of every man and boy taking to heart this splendid opportunity for patriotic service.

**Boys** Decide now to help in the war. If you are between the ages of 14 and 18, and have good term record, you can secure promotion at school by enlisting for farm service any time between April 20th and May 20th.

Parents are urged to encourage their boys to enlist for farm service. The physical and moral welfare of your boy will be advanced by a summer spent close to Nature; an interest will be awakened in an important industry of the country that will be a help to him in his whole future.

**Men** The Department appeals to retired farmers, to men following no occupation (retired), to business men who can spare at least a portion of their time, to all men who can arrange their affairs so as to help some farmer. Every man is invited to enlist for farm service.

Confer with your District Representative of the Department of Agriculture, or write or visit Ontario Government Employment Bureau, 15 Queen's Park, Toronto.

**Ontario Department of Agriculture**  
W. H. Hearst, Minister of Agriculture  
Parliament Buildings Toronto

Give **Nelson's** Chocolates

**THE CHOCOLATES THAT ARE DIFFERENT**

**J. P. LAMB & SON, ATHENS**

# The Girl at Clancy's Ball

She Had One Short Romance.

By CHARLES ALBERT WILLIAMS  
Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

John Harmon of the Morning Bulletin puffed abstractedly upon his cigar and gazed around the tumultuous hall. It was the night of Boss Clancy's ball. The dancing floor was crowded with rotating men and women. Girls of the shop and factory swayed and gyrated in the clasp of men, coarse featured and unintelligent.

Harmon roused from his contemplation of the noisy scene and turned to his companion, Mowbray of the Recorder.

"If anything's going to break here tonight let it come soon," he remarked. Mowbray shrugged indifferently.

A young girl, her face flushed from the last dance, hurried toward the reporters' table. She was a frail little creature of twenty, blue eyed and blond. Frequently as she approached she looked back and fluttered a frightened glance at a man following her.

"Excuse me," she said half breathlessly, halting before the newspaper men and addressing Harmon. "Help me out of this, please. This man has been annoying me—wants me to dance with him. I'm afraid of him."

"Sit down," Harmon said crisply. He faced her and affected a conversation.

The man came up presently and, pausing only to glare belligerently at Harmon, reached over and seized the girl's arm.

"Never mind your dandy dude friend," he blurted; "spiel this with me." The girl drew back and shook her head.

"Come on," the stranger insisted, retaining her arm.

The girl made a sudden, violent movement and wrenched herself from his grasp. He leaned forward to clutch her, but Harmon caught his hand.

"What's the use?" he remarked, laughing. "You can't make the girl dance. Don't insist. You'll cause a scene."

The stranger turned to Harmon, his mouth drawn into a menacing snarl.

"Don't mix in this unless—" He waved his hand threateningly. "Well, you don't want to be sorry, do you?" He became enraged at Harmon's cool glance.

"Who are you, anyway?" he bawled. "Know who I am? I'm one of Clancy's men."

Harmon smiled. "I'm not at all interested in your pedigree," he said. "It seems to me you might let her alone in spite of it."

A malignant light glowed in the stranger's eyes.

"Say," he said, "I do things my own way." His voice rose to a shout. "An' this is my gal, see!"

He placed his hands upon Harmon's shoulders. Before the reporter could rise from his chair he was hurled backward, but he caught the edge of the table and escaped a nasty fall.

With lips compressed in an effort to control an outburst, he scrambled to his feet and stood silent a moment considering what he might best do to avert the fellow's violence and yet assist the girl.

He opened his lips to speak, but was interrupted by the cry of "A fight!" which went up from a nearby table.

There was a scuffling of feet, and a group of eager eyed, expectant men and women gathered about them. Mowbray stepped between the two men.

"Steady, John," he said. "This sort of thing is hardly"—

Harmon felt a ringing blow upon his head, then suddenly he went blind and unconscious.

Later, in the hospital, he opened his eyes wide and staring. He stirred uneasily and rolled his pounding head upon the pillows.

Somewhat indistinctly he saw the many cots and heard the heavy breathing of those about him. He was bewildered for a space, but sensations of dull, pulsating pain assured him he was back in a real world.

He wondered just what had occurred, but, contenting himself with the reflection that he would soon learn all from Mowbray, he fell asleep.

He awoke in a world of sunshine and less pain. Save an occasional intermittent numbness and throbbing at the temples he was comfortable.

From the nurse who brought him breakfast he learned that it was almost midday.

"A young woman called to see you early this morning," the nurse told him as he handed her the tray.

"A young woman?" he asked.

The nurse nodded. "She said she'd be back."

Young woman? Harmon was plunged into perplexity by the incident and turned at once to the consideration of this new phase of his adventure.

Of the many young women of his acquaintance he could think of none who might call upon him in his present predicament. One would doubtless visit him upon hearing of his plight, but she had left the city only the preceding afternoon to visit her people in Chicago.

Though he abandoned the enigma after fruitless musings, it recurred to him several times as he lay glancing idly over the morning newspapers.

He was pleased to see that they had omitted any reference to the incident at the ball. For this he mutely thanked Mowbray.

In the evening as the lights were being switched on the nurse announced the return of his visitor.

A few moments afterward she appeared in the doorway. Harmon recognized her in one sweeping glance as she approached his cot—the girl at the ball.

"Well?" he said, repressing his astonishment. She looked timidly down at him.

"You know me?" she asked in a frightened tone. He nodded and smiled to put her at her ease. There was an embarrassed pause.

"I felt I ought to come and thank you," she broke in. He made a careless gesture.

"Quite unavoidable, Miss"—

"Rogers—Sadie Rogers," she prompted, a touch of color appearing in her thin, white cheeks.

Harmon lifted his head and bowed an awkward acknowledgment.

"What happened to me?" he asked.

"No one seemed to know anything about it," she explained, "except that you were hit with a bottle. They couldn't find out who did it. I'm glad, anyway, nobody was arrested. I'd have gone, too, I suppose."

Harmon nodded comprehension.

"How did you find me?" he went on.

"Your friend told me who you were and where they had taken you," she replied, smiling.

She had been standing with her hands behind her as they chatted. Suddenly she made an impulsive little movement and thrust forth a small cluster of roses.

"Will you take these? They help me say 'thanks,'" she said.

Harmon looked at her in surprise and for the first time observed closely her appearance. There was no health in her cheeks, and she looked worn and weary.

The cheap finery of the previous evening had vanished, and in its place had come a coarse black skirt, an ill fitting blue jacket and a broad, flat hat that seemed to accentuate her pale, blue eyed wistfulness.

"It's nice of you," he said at length.

A queer little smile flashed across her face, and she placed the flowers in his hand.

Sadie, faint voiced and diffident, called at the hospital each day thereafter. Her visits were brief and uneventful. She remained for a few moments to exchange the usual commonplaces with Harmon. Always, despite his protests, she brought a cluster of fresh roses.

In the beginning Harmon had decided not to permit her to continue to see him, but she sounded a sympathetic note in his nature, and he found himself unable to send her away.

Though she seemed a poor, pitiable bit of drift, she revealed traces of uncultivated intelligence and refinement, and he became interested in her. In the end he resolved to learn more about her and, if possible, to help her.

"You are going home tomorrow?" she asked on the evening of the last day.

"Not really home," he replied, laughing. "I hail from the country." Her tired face brightened.

"Indeed! I'm from up state myself."

"You're all alone here?" he inquired.

She nodded slowly.

"Tell me about coming here—everything," he invited.

She plucked at a jacket button and seemed reluctant to answer, but after a moment said: "Well, father wasn't a much account man, so when mother died I hired out. We had folks up from New York, and I heard so much about the city I thought it was a great place. So I came.

"I'm not a fool," she continued, with a dispirited smile. "Up in the country I went to school as long as I could, but when I got down here it didn't help me any."

"What could I do? I didn't know anything about offices. I wasn't a type writer, and there wasn't much time to decide, so I went into one of the big stores."

"What I make just about goes round for room and meals and something to wear. Once in awhile there's a moving picture show."

"Clancy's ball was free, so me and a couple of girls went there. But I'll know better next time."

"You know, I'd like to do better, to learn something that'd help me. I tried night school, but I couldn't stand it after working all day. And I can't learn from library books," she concluded, sighing.

Harmon was intent upon every expression of her face.

"Wouldn't it be better if you married soon?" he asked.

She shrugged her shoulders wearily.

"I've thought a lot about that," she said slowly, "and I don't think I can marry the kind o' men I meet."

Harmon looked at her in thoughtful silence.

"Suppose I could help you in a way," he said directly. "would you let me?"

"How?" Her glance was quizzical.

"A young woman at one of the settlements—she's money and could help you that way. She'd fix it so you'd have time to study. Later on you could get a place in an office, and then better things would be possible."

Sadie's wistful blue eyes shone with sudden interest; then she frowned her doubt.

"You're sure she could do it?"

He nodded. "Yes, she's soon to be married and give up her work. She'd be delighted."

"She's going to marry you, maybe?" she asked, dropping her eyes.

"Yes," he answered.

Her voice fell to a whisper. "Oh, I see," she said. She bowed her head and stared at the floor. Then she raised her face and, smiling, extended her hand. "Goodby," she said.

## CHARM OF THE BIBLE.

Its Poetic Beauty and the Marvel of Its Word Pictures.

Then some of us who cared for literature took up the Bible casually and found its poetic beauty. We read the book of Job—which, by the way, Mr. Swinburne is said to have known by heart—and as we read it even the stars themselves seemed less wonderful than this description of their marvel and mystery:

Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in its season? Or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?

Or we read in the thirty-seventh chapter of the book of Ezekiel of that weird valley that was full of bones—"and as I prophesied there was a noise, and behold a shaking, and the bones came together, bone to bone"—surely one of the most wonderful visions of the imagination in all literature.

Or we read the marvelous denunciatory rhetoric of Jeremiah and Isaiah or the music of the melodious heart-strings of King David. We read the solemn adjuration of the "King Ecclesiast" to remember our Creator in the days of our youth, with its haunting picture of old age, and the loveliness of "The Song of Songs" passed into our lives forever.

To this purely literary love of the Bible there has been added within the last few years a certain renewed regard for it as the profoundest book of the soul, and for some minds not conventionally religious it has regained even some of its old authority as a spiritual guide and stay. And I will confess for myself that sometimes as I fall asleep at night I wonder if even the most picturesque of modern writers has written anything to equal the Twenty-third Psalm.—Richard Le Gallienne in Phoenix.

## When the World is Full.

The mean decennial rate of increase in the population of the world is 8 per cent, and at this rate the 23,000,000 square miles comprising the fertile regions of the earth, which Ravenstein computed can only support 207 persons per square mile, will have their maximum population of 5,994,000,000 persons in the year 2072. This estimate allows fourteen persons per square mile in the 18,000,000 square miles of steppes and deserts.

## FAMILIAR PHRASES.

A Few of the Many Gems We Get From Alexander Pope.

With the exception of Shakespeare, Pope is the author of more familiar phrases than any other writer of modern times. Here are a few of his gems:

"Shoot folly as she flies." "Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

"Man never is but always to be blessed." "Whatever is is right." "The proper study of mankind is man."

"Grows with his growth and strengthens with his strength." "Order is heaven's first law." "Worth makes the man and want of it the fellow."

"Honor and shame from no condition rise; act well your part—there all the honor lies." "An honest man's the noblest work of God." "Thou wert my guide, philosopher and friend."

"Woman's at best a contradiction still." "Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined." "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" "A little learning is a dangerous thing." "To err is human, to forgive divine." "Beauty draws us with a single hair." "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." "Damn with faint praise." "The many headed monster."

## TOOK AWAY HIS BREATH.

When Davison Heard Morgan Wanted Him For a Partner.

"Mr. Morgan wants to see you in his library at 3 o'clock," was the message received one day by the vice president of a New York bank.

He hadn't the slightest idea what the veteran financier could want with him. He had met Mr. Morgan, as most other financiers had, during the parlous days when the master mind of them all was trying to stem the 1907 panic, but had not seen anything of Mr. Morgan until the spring of the following year when, with Senator Aldrich and other members of the monetary commission, he had spent a Sunday at Mr. Morgan's London home. Between then and the receipt of the above message in the fall of 1908 he had seldom spoken to Mr. Morgan.

Promptly at 3 o'clock the young banker, wondering what the matter could be, rang the bell of the famous Morgan library. On being ushered in he almost collided with Mr. Morgan at the entrance to his private room.

Mr. Morgan shook hands and bade the puzzled visitor be seated.

"Do you realize it is pretty near the 1st of January?" he asked.

The young banker, very much at sea, agreed that it was. This was about the middle of November.

"Are you ready?" asked Mr. Morgan.

"Ready for what?" queried the astonished visitor.

"For what?" echoed Mr. Morgan. "You know I want you to come and join my firm on the 1st of January."

"You never said anything about it, Mr. Morgan."

"I thought you knew by my expression what I thought of you," said Mr. Morgan.

"Mr. Morgan, have you ever fallen from an eighteen story building?"

It was Mr. Morgan's turn to be astonished.

"No," he replied, scrutinizing his visitor.

"Well, I never have before, and it will take me a minute or two to catch my breath."

Mr. Morgan laughed.

And that was how Henry P. Davison, then only forty, was notified of his selection as a partner in the greatest international banking firm in the United States.—B. C. Forbes in Leslie's.

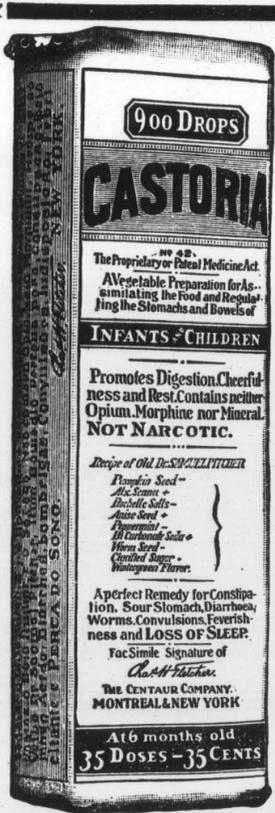
## The Day of the Carver.

Carving was once a serious thing. The sixteenth century carver was a professional. He had to make the joint fit the guest. The size of his slices was the thing. Then he had to know his guests and cut accordingly. A lord, for instance, at the table, and a pike was dished up whole. Smaller fry, and the pike came on in slices. The same procedure with pig. The rank of the diners decided whether it should appear at table in gold leaf or naked, whole or sliced. With bread, too, there was a difference. New or three days old baked was at the discretion of the carver as he sized up the visitors. And as for the apportioning of the titbits according to precedence there was no end. The old time carver, in fact, was born and then made.—London Standard.

## Difficult Feat.

Two boys stood in front of the entrance gate of a football field. They had no money, but they were determined to outwit the gatekeeper somehow and get in and see the game. They suggested scheme after scheme to one another, and finally the older boy said:

"I got it now! We'll walk in backward, and he'll think we're comin' out."—Exchange.



**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.

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Always Bears the Signature of

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## 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

## Two Days Easter Sale

THURSDAY AND SATURDAY

WE were fortunate in buying from a clothing manufacturer three sets of Spring Samples, and we put on sale for Thursday and Saturday, just in time for Easter trade. Samples consist of Men's and Boys' nice Spring Overcoats, Raincoats, Odd Trousers, the very latest in new Spring Suits, nice conservative models, and some of the very latest Norfolk and Pinch-backs for young fellows and boys, mostly all sizes among them. It will pay you to come to us and buy your Spring Suit now. You will find a sample suit here just what you want.

10 per cent discount for Easter on all our regular lines of Men's and Boys' Spring Suits and Furnishings. We have the very newest in Spring Shirts, Ties, Gloves, Hats and Caps.

**Globe Clothing House**  
Brockville, Ontario

## The New Suits & Coats For Women and Misses

Another large shipment of Suits and Coats just came to hand, our stock is now overflowing with the season's new models. Just that difference about them from those you see elsewhere.

It is every woman's aim, consciously or unconsciously, to be different. You will find individuality about our garments. "There's a touch and a go" and swing of spring in every coat or suit on view.

Suits for Women and Misses in all new shades, at.....\$15.00 to \$40.00

Coats for Women and Misses in all new shades, at.....\$5.90 to \$30.00

**C. H. POST**

BROCKVILLE.

The Exclusive Women's Wear Shop.

## Boys' Clothing

Choose His Spring Suit at Craig's and He Will be Doubly Delighted

The more discriminating his taste the more it will please him. There are dozens of new patterns and styles here, and no matter what you choose for him you can't go wrong.

Our BOYS' CLOTHING DEPT. is replete with the finest stock of Boy's Clothing ever shown in Brockville.

Plain Norfolks, pleated Norfolks, pinchback models, Priced from \$5.00 to \$15.00

Several of these styles have two pairs of bloomers.

Boys' Blouses 50c., 60c., 75c., and \$1.00.

**The Robt. Craig Co. Ltd.**

Brockville, Ont.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

LESSON II. April 8, 1917. Jesus raises Lazarus from the dead—Master Lesson.—John 11: 17-44.

COMMENTARY.—I. Mourning over the death of Lazarus (vs. 17-19). 17. When Jesus came—Jesus had been at Bethabara, in Perea, the place where John the Baptist had preached and baptised. He went there from Jerusalem where the Jews had tried to arrest him (John 10:39, 40). He did not enter into Bethany, but came into the vicinity. Four days—It was said that Lazarus had been in the grave four days, though he knew it without being told. Lazarus must have died on the day that messengers told Jesus he was sick. Jesus tarried two days and occupied one day in journeying to Bethany, making four in all. It is the custom in that country to bury the dead on the day that death takes place, for decomposition speedily follows. 18. Bethany—The name means "house of dates," probably from the abundance of date palms formerly growing there. It is on the eastern slope of the Mount of Olives. It is now a wretched Moslem village. The Arabic name is El-Azariyah, or The Lazarus. Fifteen furlongs—One and seven-eighths miles. 19. Came to Martha and Mary—The family must have been prominent in the community as well thought of by the Jews, even though they were in close friendship with Jesus. To comfort them concerning their brother—it was part of the Jewish ceremonial of mourning that many, ten at least, should come and console (Gen. 37: 35, 2 Sam. 12: 17; Job 2: 11). It is said that the usual period of mourning was thirty days; three of weeping, seven of lamentation, twenty of sorrow. But the instances in scripture vary.—2 Sam. 1: 11. Resurrection Power in Jesus (vs. 20-23). 20. Martha went and met him—Jesus halted outside the village, and as soon as Martha heard of his coming she went to meet him. "Her position here, it may be said, is obviously that of the elder sister, the head and manager of the household."—Smith. It is natural that she should be the first to go forth to meet the Master. Mary still sat in the house (R. V.).—The same characteristics of Martha and Mary, respectively, are seen here in the incident described in Luke 10: 38-42. The sitting posture was usually assumed by those who were mourning. 21. Lord—Master, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died—Martha does not reproach Jesus for not having come, but regrets that he was not present to heal him while he was sick. There was not time for Jesus to reach him after word was sent to him that Lazarus was ill. She expressed her confidence in his healing power, but supposed that he must be present in person to do the work. 22. Whatsoever thou wilt ask of God—Her words indicate that she believed Jesus could ask the Father to raise the brother from the dead and his prayer would be answered. She had probably heard of the raising of life of the widow of Nain and of the daughter of Jairus. She must have known of the Old Testament miracles of resurrection from the dead. Her declaration of faith must have been pleasing to him. 23. Thy brother shall rise again—Although Martha understood these words to refer to the final resurrection of the dead, she must have been comforted; yet it is evident that Jesus was giving her the promise of raising Lazarus to life. 24. I know that he shall rise again—Martha did not believe in the resurrection of the dead, for she believed in the resurrection of the dead. She was assured that Lazarus would be raised "in the resurrection at the last day." That did not satisfy her present desire. She longed for his restoration to life at once.

25. Jesus said unto her—Life recognized the deep agitation of her soul and spoke the word that must have moved her deepest moral and spiritual nature, as it has moved hearts all down the ages. I am the resurrection, and the life. I am the resurrection, and the life. In connection with the words resurrection and life, Jesus is the only source of life. He is the giver of life and the restorer of it. Jesus employs the present tense, saying, "I am," not, "I will be." He gave Martha to know that he had, at that very instant, power to restore Lazarus to life. He that believeth in Me—To have life in Jesus then was to accept Him as the Messiah, to acknowledge His divine power and to receive Him as Saviour and Lord. To believe in Jesus now means the same. The believer submits fully to the divine will and becomes a new creature in Christ Jesus. Though he were dead—Though he die.—R. V. Jesus did not assure men that they would not die physically. Yet shall they live—Believers in Jesus did not die physically. Yet shall they live—Believers in Jesus are not subject to eternal death. They are spiritually alive and He who is the source of all life dwells in them. 26. Whosoever liveth—Physically, shall never die—Believers in Christ shall never die eternally. Believers in Jesus have given utterance to most profound truths applicable to individuals, and He asked Martha, to whom he was speaking, if she believed what he had said. The importance and efficacy of faith can not be overestimated. 27. Yea, Lord—The question Jesus put to Martha was direct and pointed, and the reply she gave was no less so. The blessing that comes to the soul that thus implicitly believes in Jesus is inexpressibly great. It is when one becomes thoroughly submissive and trustful that this heart cry, "Yea, Lord," is uttered. Then art the Christ—Which or not Martha had fully grasped the sublime truths which her Lord had spoken, she grasped the thought of His Messiahship and declared her faith in Him. 28-32. Martha's interview with Jesus was deeply comforting to her. From it she returned to her sister and told her that the Master was calling for her. She went quickly to meet Him and when she saw Him, she made the same statement that Martha had made before her, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." Jesus was soon to disclose to her and Martha and to all the world His power over death. Such a manifestation

of His power would have been sufficient to convince them of His divinity, and would have declared His deity to all the ages.

III. Lazarus raised to life (vs. 33-44). 33-42. Jesus saw Mary weeping, and the Jews who came with her were also weeping in sympathy for her. He was deeply moved, and we have an exhibition of his sympathy for the sorrowing. "Jesus wept," and the Jews were convinced of his love for Lazarus. They asked among themselves if he who had given sight to the blind could not have kept Lazarus from dying. Upon his arrival at the cave which formed the tomb of Lazarus, he ordered that the stone which covered the entrance should be taken away. Martha's objection that the body had already become decomposed was met by the words of Jesus. "Said I not unto thee that, if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God?" When the stone was removed, Jesus offered a prayer of thanksgiving to the Father for hearing him. 43. When he had thus spoken—With the Father. He cried with a loud voice—It was unusual for Jesus to speak in loud tones, but he spoke thus on this occasion that all the people assembled might hear. Lazarus, come forth—The voice of Jesus reached the ears of the living about the tomb and it reached also into the abode of the dead. It was a commanding, authoritative voice. The call was for Lazarus to come forth from the state of death into life—from the tomb to the realm of the living. 44. He—Lazarus—came forth—He who uttered the command, "Come forth," imparted the life that enabled the dead to obey. Bound with graveclothes—His hands and feet were probably wrapped separately with strips of cloth, holding the spices in place. Face was bound about with a napkin—The cloth was placed under the chin and fastened over the head. Loose him—Jesus gave directions to have the grave clothes removed from the living Lazarus, for they were no longer needed.

Questions.—Where was the home of Lazarus? Where was Jesus when word came to him that Lazarus was sick? Why did not Jesus go at once to him? Relate the conversation between Jesus and Martha. What did Mary say to Jesus? Why did the Jews conclude that Jesus loved Lazarus? Describe the raising of Lazarus to life. What effect did it have upon the opposers of Jesus?

PRACTICAL SURVEY.

Topic.—A sympathizing Saviour.

I. Sounded the depths of human woe.

II. Established faith in himself.

I. Sounded the depths of human woe. As soon as Martha and Mary apprehended danger, they sent for Jesus. Two sharply contrasted types of natural character are exhibited in these two sisters. Martha's creed was sound, but not complete. She thought clearly, professed her faith with boldness, with no hesitation or qualification. Jesus did not minister to Mary by discourse as he did to Martha. He dealt with her according to her nature and temperament. Martha had fully grasped what Jesus was in relation to God, but not what he was in himself, the Source and Giver of life. Her faith had not risen to the divinity of his Person and mission. Her love was stronger than her faith. She did not see the connection between Christ's deity and the good of all concerned. Jesus did not try to annihilate Martha's grief, but to infuse it with another spirit. The death of Lazarus had spread a dark shadow over the hearts of many. Jesus beheld death in all its dread significance as the wages which sin had wrought. Humanity in all its sin and misery was portrayed in that gathering; at the grave of Lazarus. Jesus knew how much the darkness and sorrows of death were intensified and aggravated by the state of ignorance and unbelief in which the world lay. His grief was connected with man's misery. While in his divine thought and sorrow Jesus penetrated to the root and source of all evil, the mighty attendant suffering awoke in him the truest and deepest compassion and tenderness toward all men. His tears were human, but his compassion and sympathy were divine. By his example he gave sanction and limit to sorrow, the limits in which sorrow is sacred and hallowing, and beyond which it is harmful and weakening. The peace which found expression for its woe in tears found expression for its sympathy and pity in the reaching out a hand to help.

II. Established faith in Himself. As it regarded the manifestation of the glory of God, the arrival of Jesus was neither too early nor too late. By His delay Jesus tried the character of all who knew the case. The restoration of Lazarus from death was more beneficial to faith than His presence and His words. The great work of His growth and confirmation—of His faith involved their greatest good. This alone could bring them into closer union with Christ and with the Father and open to them the door of the spiritual kingdom and fully present to their view the grand and real visions of Jesus as their King in all his beauty. Martha set a practical example to Jesus' words. She set his promise in the remote future and made it impersonal, placing Lazarus with all the other dead. That which lifted her beyond the atmosphere of doubt was Jesus' exposition of the things concerning Himself. His first purpose was to get their minds away from death. His next purpose was to get them to identify Himself with the resurrection. Jesus set before Martha a specific fact and challenged her faith on definite teaching about Himself. He called upon her to believe in His personal, present power and the union of His people with Himself. Jesus connected the seeing of God's glory with the exercise of faith. The words of Jesus at the grave expressed His recognition of God as His Father, his consciousness of the Father's regard and His consideration of the people in His devotion. By a natural, filial instinct his heart rose out of its depression into confident communion with His Father. His solemn thanksgiving expressed gratitude for the assurance of power to accomplish the miracle, confidence that as the Son He always stood within the Father's favor, care for the multitude that they might be prepared to believe

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BEEF CATTLE SITUATION—DURING WAR AND AFTER

Holdings Are Badly Depleted, European Herds are Decimated, and Demand Will Soon be Satisfied—Breed Well, Feed Well and Weed Well is One Expert's Advice.

(By John Gardhouse.)

During the last five years there has been a marked decrease in beef cattle holdings in Canada—some 600,000 fewer cattle being held now than in 1912. In all provinces except Saskatchewan and Alberta this decrease has been general, but was far more marked in Ontario than in any other. We find, moreover, that there exists a great shortage of beef beef the world over. When the war is ended this shortage will be felt very keenly, not only in this country, but all over the continent of Europe as well. Therefore we are safe in saying that there never was a time in the history of the country when it was of as great importance as it is at present for the people of Canada to think, and think most seriously, of the position this country is likely to be in with reference to the future supply of beef producing animals.

HOW CANADIANS MAY BENEFIT.

We are now in the third year of the greatest war the world has ever known, and which has in several ways had its effect on the beef supply of the world. In consequence, we find that breeding operations are completely disorganized, especially in the countries where the war is raging. It will be impossible in those countries, even under the most favorable conditions, to get back to the breeding of anything like a reasonable supply of good beef cattle for some time after the cessation of hostilities; and that points out the road to opportunity to Canadians. Most of the European countries will have to get part of their breeding stock at least from this North American continent in order to build up their herds again, and may be compelled to buy large stores of the beef which will be required in those countries as well. There is no reason why Canadians should not secure an important part of this trade, providing we breed and feed the proper type of animal.

I know I am safe in saying that it is most important from the standpoint of the individual farmer and of the nation as well, that a solid foundation should be laid by the conservation of all good breeding females possible. As a war measure the British Government has already imposed restrictions against the slaughter of calves and females. I am afraid that a measure of this kind, even in war times, would not be advisable in this country. Yet we have only to visit some of the live stock markets to find that even at this time a great many calves of the beef breeds, and large numbers of useful heifers and cows, which should be spared, are finding their way to the block. We continually face the danger involved in the loss of such large numbers of good beef bred calves, and in the slaughter of very many bred and serviceable cows and heifers, many of which are in calf when slaughtered. This is certainly short-sighted practice—to say the least—on the part of those who sell them, and is a most serious loss to the country at large.

EXPORTATION OF FEEDING CATTLE.

In the matter of exportation of our stockers and feeders we find as a result of this business, that large

numbers of young, unfinished stuff have been dumped on the market at a time when prices are ordinarily the lowest. In 1915 there were exported from Western Canada to the United States 96,499 head, and of this number probably 70 per cent. were stockers and feeders. And, as you will no doubt remember, there was an abundant supply of all kinds of feed for live stock at that time. Fortunately we find that the recent campaign carried on by the Live Stock Branch, Ottawa, to conserve as far as possible the breeding stock, has had a very beneficial effect.

In spite of the fact that the census of June 20th last shows a heavy decrease in the total number of beef cattle within the Dominion, the marketings at the different stock yards in Canada during the past year have

reason to believe that the trade for commercial stock will be maintained, at very profitable rates.

With so many men taken from the land by the war, including experts in breeding and feeding, it is perhaps more than ever necessary that careful attention should be given to the breeding and feeding of the right type of animal, as it is only by maintaining animals in a thoroughly healthy condition, that the best and most profitable results can be secured. I trust that those who remain at home will render no less valuable aid by helping to maintain and increase, in every way possible, not only the live stock of the country, but the yield from the land as well. The importance of renewed exertion on the part of every Canadian farmer and live stock man cannot be overestimated.



For profitable feeding we must have animals that are "good doers." Breeding the cows to the right kind of bull, therefore, is more than half the battle.

been exceptionally heavy—especially so during the last few months—partially on account of the scarcity and high prices obtainable for meat producing animals. Due to these high prices it has been an exceptionally good year for beef raisers, even though large numbers of unfinished animals have been conspicuous at practically all the markets. Many farmers, we believe, might have made even more money had they not been in such a hurry to send their stock to market, but had spent a little more time and money in properly finishing them.

A noticeable feature of the year has been the splendid trade in pure bred cattle at fairly high prices. I have been informed by the accountant, that registrations in the beef breeds in 1916 have increased 4,91 over those in 1915. There is every reason to believe that the high price of feed and the scarcity of labor, it is more than ever essentially in this country that nothing but the right type of pure bred sires should be used, and it is just as important that liberal yet economical feeding be practised, in order to obtain the best results, with the least possible waste.

MUST CONSERVE GOOD FEMALES.

Considering that there are not enough beef producing animals to supply the normal demand, the following facts stand forth clearly: 1st. Prices will continue high; as long as the supply is not equal to the demand cannot expect anything but high prices. 2nd. The high market prices are bound to continue to have the effect of drawing from the breeder many good cows and heifers which should be retained for breeding purposes. 3rd. The fact that so many good females find their way to the block will have a tendency to keep the supply down for perhaps a number of years. 4th. It is well to keep in mind the length of time it requires to produce a good beef bullock. 5th. Looking to the future, with the evidence we have before us, we may safely predict that for some years to come, beef cattle will be scarce and high, and it will be good business, both from the standpoint of the breeder and farmer, as well as of the nation, to breed all good cattle possible, retain the females, and feed and care for them well.

—The Canadian Countryman.

A DARING FEAT.

Marvelous Swordsmanship of an Indian Sergeant.

Indian swordsmen are acknowledged to be unrivalled. An extraordinary performer, who was a sergeant in one of the native regiments is thus spoken of in Colonel Barras' book, "India and Tiger Hunting": "He was a fine-looking fellow, in the prime of life, and notwithstanding the frightfully critical nature of what he was going to do, he moved about with perfect ease and calmness. In one hand he held a very long double-edged sword, sharp at the point and with edges like razors. With the other hand he led his little son, a child aged about six years, who was also clearly accustomed to what was about to follow. "From the little fellow's evident enjoyment of the scene it was plain that failure on the part of his father was quite beyond the limits of his imagination. As soon as the usual preliminaries had been gone through, such as walking around and saluting to the commanding officer and principal officers, the father placed his little boy in the centre of a circle, with a small lime (a kind of lentil), about twice the size of a walnut, under his heel. "Then, taking up his stand at a few feet from the child, he grasped firmly the hilt of the sword and began brandishing it rapidly in the air.

The blade was thin and finely tempered, so that it could be seen to quiver and undulate throughout its entire length as it flashed in the rays of the setting sun. Suddenly the muscles of the athlete might be seen to stiffen themselves; an instant's pause, then a sudden and lightning-like swoop, and the lime under the boy's heel was safely severed. "Then, the boy having taken up his position as before, a small open box, about the size of those we use for tooth powder, was placed on the ground at his feet. It was filled with a black powder called soorma, used by the natives for darkening eyelashes. Round this little box and about the boy's head the sword was now made to play with redoubled velocity. In the midst of the most dazzling passes the weapon would dart towards the little box, and then reappear, steadily poised at the full stretch of the professor's eyes, in front of the eyes of the child; then a sudden turn of the wrist, and a very dark line of powder was lying on the boy's lower eyelashes, placed there by the sharp point of the long sword. The same was then done to the other eye. This feat was performed weekly, always with undeviating success, and was the most wonderful instance of nerve and steadiness ever witnessed."

Before they are married he tells her she's as light as a fairy when she sits on his knee, and after they are married he asks her where'd she get the notion a man could hold up 150 pounds on one knee for half an hour without his leg going to sleep.—Macon Telegraph.

MARKET REPORTS

TORONTO MARKETS.

Table with columns for Dairy Produce, Eggs, new-laid, Cheese, Butter, etc. and prices.

Table with columns for MEATS—WHOLESALE, Beef, fore-quarters, Cattle, etc. and prices.

TORONTO CATTLE MARKETS.

Table with columns for Export cattle, Butcher cattle, Stockers, etc. and prices.

OTHER MARKETS.

Table with columns for WINNIEPEG GRAIN EXCHANGE, Wheat, etc. and prices.

Table with columns for MINNEAPOLIS GRAIN MARKET, Minneapolis—Wheat, etc. and prices.

Table with columns for DULUTH GRAIN MARKET, Duluth—Wheat, etc. and prices.

CHICAGO LIVE STOCK.

Table with columns for Cattle, receipts, Market steady, etc. and prices.

BUFFALO LIVE STOCK.

Table with columns for East Buffalo, Receipts—Cattle, etc. and prices.

Camels and Dromedaries.

No matter to what extent the railway may be constructed in certain parts of the world, the camel will probably never cease to be the principal means of transportation in the desert, over the greater portion of Egypt and the Sudan. The desert world, of course, he absolutely impossible without this animal. He was created for it and thrives in it better than anywhere else. His broad, soft foot enables him to traverse deep sands where the horse would sink to its knees and quickly perish. The camel lives on almost nothing, the scanty herbage of the desert and the twigs of the thorny mimosa being his favorite food; but, as everyone knows, his most valuable quality in this relation is his ability to travel many days during the hottest days of summer without drinking. The African camel is a native of Arabia and has only one hump. The camel and the dromedary differ only in breed, just as the draught horse differs from the racer. The burden camel, called gamal by the Arabs, never changes his regular walk of two and a half miles an hour under a load which never exceeds 300 pounds for a long journey, for his strength must be estimated by what he can carry after exhausted by hardship and privation. The dromedary or riding camel, is much swifter. With no other load than his rider, a bag of bread, dates and a skin of water, he can accomplish 100 miles a day in an emergency. "Pride goes before a fall, you know." "Maybe it does; but it goes a lot quicker after one."—Boston Herald.

over death. Such a manifestation

# HER HUMBLE LOVER

He is in evening dress, and looks as fresh and ready as if he had not been hard at work all day answering a thousand questions and directing everything as usual.

"I am sorry I am so late," he says, taking Lady Rookwell's hand, then he goes over to Signa, and taking both her hands, kisses them, the old lady's eyes softening as she looks on. "I had to get home and dress," he explains, still holding Signa's hands as he speaks.

"You need not have done so. You could have dined in your shooting jacket."

He laughs.

"It was all over whitewash and paint," he says. "You would have taken me for the foreman. Poor man! It is well it is the last day. I left him on the point of insanity and exhaustion! Ah, what's this?"

"Lady Rookwell—"

"Put that spray in her hair, sir," says Signa, almost piteously. "Don't keep us in suspense, dear Lady Rookwell!"

"My dear," says her ladyship, almost scornfully, "he's coming!"

"Who's coming?" asks Hector Warren, coolly.

"Who's coming?" asks Hector Warren, coolly.

"Who!" retorts her ladyship, indignantly. "As if there could be any other than one 'he.' Who? Why, Lord Delamere!"

Signa leans back, and her eyes droop, but whether with displeasure or indifference Hector Warren cannot tell.

"Oh," he says, looking at her, and not at Lady Rookwell, "indeed!"

"Yes," said Lady Rookwell, her eyes fixed on her letter. "She says that she has received a note of acceptance"

her eyes. What is Laura Derwent, or any other professional beauty, to her while she has her lover and idol?"

"The post bag has arrived, my lady," says the butler, with the tone of an archdeacon giving out his text. "Bring it in," says Lady Rookwell at once. "There must be a letter from Laura—there is," she adds, as she tumbles the contents of the bag on to the table and pounces with jeweled fingers on an envelope.

"Hem, ah! what!" she utters a shrill shriek.

"What's the matter?" asks Hector Warren, with a smile, while Signa eyes her with mingled amusement and alarm. "Has she thrown us up at the last moment, or sprained her ankle and can't come?"

"No, no, it's nothing of that kind. She'd come if she sprained both ankles," replies Lady Rookwell. "It's not that; it's—what do you think?"

"We don't know what to think," says Signa, almost piteously. "Don't keep us in suspense, dear Lady Rookwell!"

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"Yes," said Lady Rookwell, her eyes fixed on her letter. "She says that she has received a note of acceptance"

## THE COLONEL SAYS:

"Zam-Buk is a valuable addition to every soldier's kit." This remark was made by Lieut.-Col. A. C. B. Hamilton-Gray, R.C.E., Wellington Barracks, Halifax, N.S. He says further:

"I can speak from personal experience, as I have used Zam-Buk myself for cuts, burns and rheumatism, and believe there is nothing to equal it."

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Don't forget to put some Zam-Buk in your next parcel to the front. All druggists, or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto; 50c. box, 3 for \$1.25.



"And Miss Derwent—when does she come?"

Lady Rookwell picks up her letter. "She will be here at noon to-morrow; I am sending the carriage for her. It is only a note she has written, but it is full of you."

"Of me!" he says, smiling.

"Yes, I told her how hard you were working, and she is not ungrateful. She says that she will thank you personally to-morrow, and bids me ask you to lunch here."

He shakes his head, laughingly.

"I am sorry," he says, "but I must postpone the pleasure of meeting her until the evening."

"What?"

"I must, indeed," he says. "I am compelled to go to Woolstaple to-morrow."

"To Woolstaple? Why! What for?" demands Lady Rookwell, amazedly.

"Must I really tell you?" he says, laughingly; "well, then, I must buy a pair of dancing shoes."

"Nonsense!" and Signa laughs.

"It's sound sense, on the contrary," he says. "I can't dance in these, and you know I have to dance."

"You can send for half a dozen pairs, and try 'em on," says Lady Rookwell, with an amused air.

"So I could," he admits, "but that is not all. I want my hair cut."

"You—you—" she begins, but he interrupts her.

"No, Lady Rookwell, I can't send my head into Woolstaple, even to please Miss Laura Derwent. I must draw the line somewhere. Don't be alarmed. I shall return in time to escort Signa to the Grange."

"And what time will that be?" demands her ladyship, irritably.

"Oh, about 10 o'clock," he replies. "Signa will not care to go before that."

"That will be quite early enough," says Signa. "But won't you be very tired after your journey?"

He looks round at her with a smile.

"Not too tired to take you to the ball," he answers. "No, I don't care to stay and drink wine by myself, Lady Rookwell; I'll come with you, if I may, into the drawing-room."

It is a very pleasant evening they spend. Hector and Signa sing and play, and Lady Rookwell listens and approves, and then she kindly goes to sleep, and leaves them as much alone as if she had gone to bed. Yes, it is a very happy evening, and Lady Rookwell wakes with a start, and looking up at the clock, says:

"Now, Hector Warren, it's time you went."

Signa has arranged to stay the night, and go to the Grange from the villa. He rises with a sigh, and a curious look on his face.

"Good-night, Lady Rookwell; I shall

come a little before ten for Signa."

"But you can't," she says. "I am going to take her with me; I didn't think of that. Of course, I must be there with Laura, to receive the people."

"I forgot that," he assents, with a look of disappointment. "Never mind. I shall be at the Grange at ten. Good-night. This has been a very happy evening; you think me ungrateful sometimes for all your kindness; to-night I should like to say a word to convince you that I am not insensible to it," and, as he holds her hand, he looks into the sharp, kindly eyes with grave earnestness.

"Why to-night?" she asks.

He shrugs his shoulders.

"Because—well, say, I feel good. But thank you a thousand times for all your kindness to Signa and to me," and he bows his head, and Signa reverently touches the old lady's forehead with her lips.

"There—there!" she exclaims, petulantly; but her eyes soften, and she turns and leaves the two alone.

He holds Signa to his heart for a moment in silence; then he whispers: "Good-night, my darling! Good-night. I shall see you to-morrow at 10. You are not displeased that I cannot come earlier?"

"Displeased!" and she lifts her eyes to his, reproachfully. "Why should I be? Everything that you do, and say, and think is right."

He does not speak for a moment, but his lips quiver as he turns to her again.

"May Heaven make me less unworthy such great love!" he murmurs; then he goes.

CHAPTER XXII.

At noon of the eventful day, the lady whose name has been on everybody's lips for the last three weeks arrives, gliding into the drawing-room of the villa, clad in a Parisian traveling costume that fits her to a fault, and followed by a maid, who is almost as fashionably and expensively dressed as her mistress.

Signa, looking up as the great personage appears, sees a tall, graceful woman, with a perfectly oval face, of that delicate whiteness which belongs to a certain type of blonde, with dark eyes, and naturally golden hair, which is rendered apparently, all the lighter by contrast with the auburn eyebrows.

A beautiful woman, without a doubt and endowed with a subtle charm, which Signa recognizes instantly.

"Yes, here I am, dear," she says, giving both her delicately-gloved hands to Lady Rookwell, and just touching her with a kiss. "Here I am, you see, and safe and sound. I'm strong enough to bear all your scolding, Jeanette," to the maid who stands waiting, "they will show you my room—I suppose. I have my old room, dear?—get my imperial unpacked, Jeanette, please, and lay out two dresses on the bed." The maid goes, and Miss Laura Derwent gives Lady Rookwell another dainty kiss and laughs, a low, self-possessed and self-amused laugh. "How well you look, dear! But surely"—and she glides toward Signa, who has been watching her with curious interest—"surely this is Miss Grenville, of whom you have written so much? Why don't you introduce me?"

"You haven't given me time," retorts Lady Rookwell.

The beauty laughs again, and taking Signa's hand, bestows a dainty kiss upon her also.

"Never mind, I can introduce myself. My dear, I am so glad, so really glad to see you! I seem to have known you, oh, for years. Aunt has written volumes about you—volumes!"

"Laura, don't be ridiculous!"

"It's true, I assure you, I quite feared to meet you, you were described as such a paragon."

"I am not very terrible," says Signa, smiling.

"No, not a bit of a paragon," laughs Laura Derwent. "But I can well understand aunt's enthusiasm."

And she gives a frank, candid nod of admiration. Signa laughs, and the beauty laughs in harmony.

"And you have heard nothing but bad of me, of course," she says, taking off her hat and traveling cloak, and dropping them on to the sofa. "I'll go upstairs directly—I want to rest and talk a little first." To Lady Rookwell: "I do hope you haven't been setting Miss Grenville—by the way, would you be offended if I commenced to call you Signa at once? I should be sure to do so before the day was out."

"By no means," says Signa. "I think"—and she smiles—"most people call me Signa."

"I don't wonder at it. You're just the sort of woman that other women pet, and men go mad over."

"Now, Laura!" says Lady Rookwell, quietly.

"Oh, you think I shall make her vain, do you?" And the low laugh sounds again. "No, I shan't. My dear Signa, don't you believe all aunt tells you about me. I'm not so frivolous and bad as I'm painted—by her, at least. Oh, how delightful it is to be in England again! But there—after I have been here a few weeks, and get back to Paris, I shall be sure to exclaim, 'How delightful it is to be in France again!' My dear, you see, I am quite candid, I am just like a weathercock—here, there, and everywhere, with every passing wind of fancy. There, aunt, that's as true a picture as ever you could paint. How comfortable this room looks! And, oh, I am really so tired, and so glad to be here! Aunt, have you seen the new bonnet? I give you my word that it is the most absurd thing you ever saw."

"Laura Derwent," retorts Lady Rookwell, "I had something else to think about these last few weeks than the fashionable bonnet."

"Ah, me, you are going to begin!" says the beauty, holding out her white hands with a little gesture of resignation. "I wanted it off as long as I could, but I see I am to have it. Well, go ahead!" as the Americans say, and overwhelm me."

Lady Rookwell grins.

"I wouldn't waste my breath," she says, grimly.

Laura Derwent laughs.

"Well, you have wasted enough ink and paper over your reproaches. Do you know"—and she turns with a graceful sweep to Signa—"I am almost frightened myself at what I have done. But that is just like me—I am always getting into scrapes by my impulsiveness. I don't suppose such a thing was ever done before as to ask

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### BIDDY AND ME.

(Written for the Times by Charles J. Bullin.)

I know a sweet lass, and Irish is she,  
O the fairest of women, is Biddy to me;  
There's nothing can touch her, no, not her own care,  
I'm looking my fortunes with Biddy to share.

When her dark eyes are flashing, I then  
Have a care,  
For a storm there is brewing, O betwixt her and I,  
She'll stand for no triflers, I plainly can see.

Yet, I love the fair vixen, it's Biddy for me.

She's a fine little girl, with a tongue of her own,  
When she lets loose that weapon, my arguments blown;  
Should the music get started, I hurry to quit,  
For she sticks like a tartar when doing just punctures my logic with shafts of her wit.

I declare she's a terror, and always can hit;  
Sure, I never can hope to learn half of her tricks,  
For a drive from her shoulders, means home with the bricks.

Yet, sweet is her nature, and tender of heart,  
O, a dear little girl, just right from her part;  
She's thoughtful of others, and thinks some of me,  
And she'll stand for no triflers, I plainly can see.

Not one in the bunch can take Biddy from me.

I think very soon, I, a preacher shall be,  
And ask what he'd do with sweet Biddy, my son and me;  
I suppose he will say: look here Mr. Man.

### THE ISSUE.

(Hochester Post Express)

There are men with whom friendship without compromise is impossible. There are men, as there are animals, with whom it is absolutely hopeless to attempt to establish good relations. No permanent and reliable entente can be had with a lunatic. No dependence can be placed upon a fierce and fanatical sectary, for such have often caused their best friends or their own near kinsmen to be burned to death in the name of heretical views. There is no basis on which to build a good understanding with a man who claims the right to assassinate any one who gets in his way, and it is impossible for one nation to maintain a friendship with another which does not hold its laws by moral laws.

It was inevitable that we should break with Prussian militarism, and it seems inevitable that we shall come to blows. No other nation has rights which Prussianism respects. It is a supremely selfish system, utterly conscienceless, which would not hesitate to wreck the world or to ruin any nation it could not dominate. Some of the proponents of frightfulness may be really sincere in believing that they have a superior, divine right to rule the nations of the day, but they are wrong. It is possible that the Kaiser is sincere in his declared belief that he is the rightful man of God in managing this world and that as such he has a moral right to trample upon the rights of other nations. He has said this in substance again and again; and while it can be argued that he says it only for the effect it has upon a class of his subjects simple enough to be impressed thereby, it is by no means certain that he is not so far deluged as to actually believe some part of what he says.

There will be little possibility of peace or progress in the world as long as a nation holds this belief, or rather two nations—Teuton and Turk—hold it enough to hold their own for three years in a war against the rest of the human race. Thus theory must be extricated. This idea must be extinguished. It must not be left a foothold of a finger hole to which to cling. The right of every people to govern itself, to speak its own language, hold its own faith, lead its own life must be as well established and as universally admitted as is the right of a citizen of a civilized state to worship God in his own way. No government must be left on its knees, prayed or hunted enough to claim the right to murder everybody that gets in its way. Genchis Khan, Nero, Attila took this position and were miserably successful in maintaining it until the world. But times have changed and the

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Branches Throughout Canada

from him, and that he has promised to be here at ten o'clock to-morrow night! What do you think of that, my dear!" and she eyes Signa with queer amusement.

Signa looks up.

"What do I think of it?" she says, with a laugh. "Why should I concern poor little me?" and she glances at the handsome face beside her as if adding that nothing is of any consequence so that her lover be there.

"And what do you think of it?" demands her ladyship, turning to Hector Warren.

He helps himself to the entree a footman has brought him before replying.

"I don't see how Delamere could have refused," he says. "It would have been churlish, and might have seemed as if he repented giving Mrs Derwent permission to do—what she has done."

"Of course," says Signa, who would equally have said "of course" if he had said exactly the opposite.

"Well!" says Lady Rookwell, emphatically. "That is the climax! It is a good thing that it wasn't known before, or I should have been mobbed, positively mobbed, for cards! It is really considerate of him to keep it quiet till the last moment!"

A shade of annoyance or irritation passes over Hector Warren's face.

"Why should all this fuss be made about Delamere?" he asks, quietly. "One would imagine that he was a sort of monstrosity, instead of being an ordinary man who has chosen to live on the continent instead of vegetating in England."

"You forget what he has done on the continent," says Lady Rookwell, grimly. "If the stories that are told of him are true—"

"Ah, I forgot the stories," he says, and there is a tone of contempt in his voice. "Ah, yes, I see. Poor Delamere! Do you think the virtuous woman I beg your pardon—the distinguished and aristocratic sues-of to-morrow, will shun him like a plague-stricken wretch, Lady Rookwell?"

"Do I?" and she chuckles. "Why, they will surround him, and make much of him, as they surround homey. What will it matter to them? He is Lord Delamere, with thirty or forty thousand a year, and three or four estates, and one of the oldest titles in England! Such a man may do anything—anything, with impunity!"

"I see," he says, calmly. "Signa, will you select the least sweet of those biscuits for me?" Signa picks out a biscuit with her white fingers, deftly, and puts it on his plate.

## IMPURE BLOOD IN THE SPRING

**The Passing of Winter Leaves People Weak and Depressed.**

As winter passes away it leaves many people feeling weak, depressed and easily tired. The body lacks that vital force and energy which pure blood alone can give.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are an all-year-round blood builder and nerve tonic, but they are especially useful in the spring. Every dose helps to make new, rich, red blood. Returning strength commences with their use and the vigor and cheerfulness of good health quickly follows.

There is just one cure for lack of blood and that is more blood. Food is the material from which blood is made, but Dr. Williams' Pink Pills double the value of the food we eat. They give strength, tone up the stomach and weak digestion, clear the complexion of pimples, eruptions and boils, and drive out rheumatic poisons.

If you are pale and sallow, if you feel continually tired out, breathless after slight exertion, if you have headaches or backaches, if you are irritable and nervous, if your joints ache, if your appetite fails and food does not nourish nor sleep refresh you, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will make you well and strong. To build up the blood is the special purpose of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and that is why they are the best spring medicine. If you feel the need of a tonic at this season give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial and you will rejoice in new health, new strength and new energy. Do not let the trying weather of summer find you weak and ailing. Build yourself up now with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—the pills that strengthen.

Ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and do not be persuaded to take anything else. If your dealer does not keep these Pills they will be sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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**CURES THE SICK**

And prevents others having the disease no matter how exposed. All good druggists and turf goods houses.

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Just tie to that Duchess as soon as you can! Any man who has sense enough under his hat, won't hesitate long when he's looking at that!

Such a fine Irish rose, right now you must look, Or another will steal her, then where is your luck?

The preacher was sure he could warrant the job, And ask us as tight as a door to its knob; When that is accomplished, there's nothing just tend to the Duchess, and sailing is clear: They tell me that Biddy's a swell little cock, Knows more about that, than is found in a book, And since I believe in conserving my health, Why tying to Biddy's like marrying a fool.

I heard of a fellow, 'twas just 'tother day, He married a Princess, some distance just what's in a Princess, I never can see.

Why Biddy's a Queen, what's a Princess to me? And now it's settled, this fine Irish Pearl promised to be just my own little girl; Though the world's full of women, all fair as can be, She's alone in her glory, Queen Biddy for me.

**Apples.**

Eat them.  
Eat them raw.  
Eat them cooked.  
Eat them any way.  
They're a delightful food.  
And they are also medicine.  
There is no better dessert than an apple.

A bit of cheese or cake goes well with it.  
Many an abused stomach would jump with joy if given an apple instead of the ubiquitous pie.

A girl must have a lot of cheek to boast that her face is her fortune.

Colored glassware is a fad. There are pretty vases in pale blue or rose color.  
And baskets of iridescent glass will add to the beauty of the table.  
Black glass with silver deposit is unusual and attractive.  
This last may be had in Lily or fruit bowls as well as other pieces.

**Novelty Glassware.**

### The High Cost of Indigestible Food

falls heavily upon the household where there is no intelligent direction of the food supply. Expensive high proteid foods, such as beef and pork, impose a heavy burden upon the liver and kidneys. They are not as nutritious as cereals and fruits. Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits with milk supply all the nutriment needed for a half day's work at a cost of only four or five cents. Cut out meat and eggs, eat Shredded Wheat Biscuit with green vegetables and fruits, and see how much better you feel. For breakfast with hot milk or cream. Made in Canada.

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**MADE HIS WORKMEN RIVALS.**

How Charles M. Schwab Spurred Them on to Greater Efforts.

In telling how he increased the efficiency of one of his departments Charles M. Schwab, the famous steel man, says in the American Magazine:

"It was near the end of the day; in a few minutes the night force would come on duty. I turned to a workman who was standing beside one of the red mouthed furnaces and asked him for a piece of chalk.

"How many heats has your shift made today?" I queried.

"Six," he replied.

"I chalked a big '6' on the floor and passed along without another word. When the night shift came in they saw the '6' and asked about it.

"The big boss was in here today," said the day men. "He asked us how many heats we had made, and we told him six. He chalked it down."

"The next morning I passed through the same mill. I saw that the '6' had been rubbed out and a big '7' written instead. The night shift had announced itself. That night I went back. The '7' had been erased, and a '10' swagged in its place. The day force recognized no superiors. Thus a fine competition was started, and it went on until this mill, formerly the poorest producer, was turning out more than any other mill in the plant."

**STING OF THE HONEYBEE.**

About the Most Effective Internal Machine in Existence.

In proportion to its size, the sting of the honeybee is probably the most effective internal machine in existence.

The stinging apparatus is smaller than that of a rattlesnake, yet a single sting has been known to kill a man. When we realize that it is almost invisible and consider what it can do we cannot fail to be astounded. It seems the very quintessence of devilishness.

The honeybee's sting is complicated—so complicated that many words and much ink have been used in discussing its construction and use.

It is generally conceded that the sting consists of a shaft of three parts, the principal one being a sheath within which move two barbed lancets. Like the barbs of a fishhook, the lancets are not easily extracted from the flesh into which they have been driven. The sheath and the lancets combined form a hollow tube through which the poison flows from the poison sac.

Two hairy, soft projections, evidently very sensitive, inform the bee when she is in contact with a stingable object.—Popular Science Monthly.

**Frohman's Little Safe.**

When Charles Frohman was treasurer with Haverly's minstrels he conceived a novel stunt of arousing curiosity in small towns. He bought a small iron safe, about three feet high, and on it had painted in big letters, "Treasurer, Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels." Now actually there was little need for this safe, but it was always carried on the first load of baggage that went to a hotel. It would be placed in a conspicuous place, and then Frohman, waiting until the proper moment, would bustle up to it with an air of great importance, open it, put in two or three \$100 bills, close it and go away. When the crowd had gone he would slip back and get the money out again. It proved a good advertising stunt.—Charles Frohman, Manager and Man.

**The White House.**

A prize of \$500 was offered in Washington's administration for the best design for a house to serve as a home for the president in Washington. James Hoban, an Irishman from South Carolina, was the successful competitor. His sketch contained so many wings and colonnades that the public was horrified, and frills and gingerbread decorations were eliminated. The result was the two story White House as we know it now. Washington laid the cornerstone of the building in 1792. It was completed in 1799, the year of Washington's death.

**Liberty and Equality.**

Liberty is never the fruit of philosophical deductions, but rather of everyday experience and of the simple ideas arising from facts.—Mirabeau.

Liberty—I say it with a sigh, men are perhaps not worthy of thee. Equality—they desire thee, but they cannot attain thee.—Turgot.

**John O'Grat's to Land's End.**

The distance in English miles between John O'Grat's, at the extreme north of England, to Land's End, in the farthest south, is about 480 miles as the crow flies, though by the ordinary lines of travel, of course, the distance is something more than that.

**Cause of the Trouble.**

Specialist—Your heart is acting rather irregularly. Is there anything worrying you? Patient—Not particularly. Only just now when you put your hand in your pocket I thought for a moment you were going to give me your bill.—Puck.

**When He Remembers.**

"Willie, don't you know that it is wrong to fight?" "Yes, ma. I know it's wrong, but I never think of it that way unless the fellow who tackles me is one I'm sure I can't beat."—Detroit Free Press.

**Must Have Been in the Dark Age.**

"How many years ago did he live?" "Who?" "The man who said that two could live as cheaply as one?"—Detroit Free Press.

He who is firm and resolute in will moulds the world to himself.—Goethe.

**TITLES IN**

Where There Are Nobles and Peasants

Contrary to the laws existing in England and Sweden, in Russia when a lady belonging to a titled family marries a Russian gentleman without a title she takes her husband's name entirely, and the only right left to her of her former title is to write on her visiting cards and official papers "Mrs. So-and-so, born Princess, Countess or Baroness So-and-so." Her children are called by their father's name. There are only a few exceptions to this rule.

In Russia no middle class or gentry are known. There are only nobles and peasants. The czar, however, grants sometimes for special merit the right to be styled a nobleman and also for the same reason the titles of count and baron and occasionally that of prince.

All those merchants who have kept their firms always flourishing for a hundred years have the right to receive the foreign title of baron. This law was made by Peter the Great over 200 years ago, but the merchants very seldom accept this title and generally decline the privilege.

In former days when the peasants were still slaves they had no family names, but were called by their father's Christian name. Peter's son was called son of Peter—in Russian Petrov; so also Smirnov—Simon's son; Ivanov—Ivan's (John) son, and so on. When slavery was abolished and the emancipation proclaimed by the Emperor Alexander II, they all kept these names. Since then many of them have received the right to belong to the class of nobles.

The Russian clergy, belonging to the class of peasants, for it very seldom happens that nobles become priests, have special family names. Their names mean always a feast day or a precious stone or something connected with the church. In former days the clergy was a class apart, and a son of a clergyman was bound to be a clergyman, and when they first entered the church they chose a name for themselves.—London Answers.

**ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.**

The "Key of the Mediterranean" Has Had a Stormy History.

England has been in possession of the rocky promontory of Gibraltar since 1704. From that time to this it has been a crown colony under the administration of a governor. By reason of its important strategical position it is called the "key of the Mediterranean."

Gibraltar has had a stormy history. In 711 the rock was taken by the Arab chief Tariq, who called it Jebel-al-Tarik (Hill of Tariq) and built a fortress on the promontory. Part of these ruins is still extant. In 1309 it was taken by the Castilians, only to be recaptured by the Moors in 1333. It was held by them until 1462. Following the taking and sacking of Gibraltar in 1540 by Barbarossa, extensive military works were built there by order of Charles V.

In 1704 the promontory was captured by a combined force under Sir George Rooke and the Prince of Hesse-Charles of Austria. The moment it fell into their hands the British admiral threw off the alliance with the Austrians and took complete possession of the works.

British possession since that time has been unbroken, although it was under a Spanish siege for nearly three years and eight months, beginning in 1779. Twice the garrison was on the point of falling because of the starvation of its defenders.

**Line and Staff Officers.**

Broadly speaking, the distinction between a line officer and a staff officer is that between the fighter and the nonfighter. The staff officer has non-military duties. He may, for example, be a member of the medical corps, an instructor at a military institute or have charge of some administrative department of the army or navy. The word is also used for those men attached to the staff of the commander in chief. A line officer is literally that; he is the man in the field or on a battleship to do the actual fighting.—New York Sun.

**Where Eating Is a Trade.**

"Maccheroni" eating is a trade with the street beggar of Italy and apparently a satisfying one to men and boys gifted with copper interiors immune to heat. One of the most familiar cries of the beggar is, "Signore, dame cinque soldi, mangia maccheroni!" ("Mister, gimme a nickel for macaroni!") And usually the plea ends with a lugubrious whine, "Oh, muori di fame!" ("Oh, I am dying of hunger!")—National Geographic Magazine.

**Cold Calculation.**

"Quality is more to be desired than quantity," said the man of artistic inclinations.

"Not always," replied the practical person. "A diamond is pure carbon, but you can't get the action from it that you can from a ton of coal."—Washington Star.

**Made a Home Run.**

Willis—I played golf yesterday for the first time. Gillis—How did you make out? Willis—Fine. Made a home run right at the start. I hit the first ball into the tall grass in left field and ran around the whole eighteen holes before they found it.—Puck.

**A Cutting Retort.**

"I wish you were more like Mr. Green. He never has any business engagements downtown at night." "That's so. But you don't see Mrs. Green riding around town in an automobile of her own, do you?"—Detroit Free Press.

**Instructive Sermon on the Jews**

"The Jew in the Light of Prophecy and the Present World Conflict." This was the subject of a most instructive, interesting sermon preached in the Baptist Church, Delta, by the Rev. Albert H. Barker on Sunday last, March 25th. After tracing the close association of the Jews with the Turks, for years past, Mr. Barker dealt with the many references in the Scriptures to the persecutions proffered and their bearing upon the Gentile nations. His explanation in regard to "The Period of the Gentiles" seemed to be made very clear. He proceeded to show various developments made in recent years by Germany, France and Great Britain; also to show from prophecy that these things are indicated as also the great commercial standing of the Jew in every warring nation to-day. He gave facts which surprised his hearers, as gathered from the various war fields of Europe. Mr. Barker has had some unique opportunities in his past experience with Jews of the Rabbi and Educational Classes of getting first hand knowledge as viewed by pious Jews. So interesting was the address that Mr. Barker has been asked to repeat the sermon at an early date and to in some way put on record the chief points of his discourse. Mr. Barker's illustrated historical lectures have been well attended in every part of the District with one exception, Athens. These lectures are illustrated by over 100 pictures and illustrated by means of a powerful lime light.

**JUNETOWN**

March 26 Miss Laura Ferguson Yonge Mills, is visiting Mrs. John Herbison.

Miss Myrtle Purvis spent a few days last week with her sister, Miss Fred Tennant, Caintown.

Mr. and Mrs. Hilliard Earl, and family of Rockfield were, guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Herbison, on Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Tennant, Lvn, spent one day last week at Mr. Jacob Warren's.

Miss Janet and Mr. W. H. Ferguson, visited relatives in Athens on Thursday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fitzsimmons, Rockport, spent Thursday and Friday here with Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Warren.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Fortune, Miss Orna, and Mr. Harold Fortune, Mr. Robert Eartune, and Mr. Ben Ferguson, attended the funeral of the late Mr. Chas Nunn, at Lvn, on Thursday.

Master Stewart and Russel Tennant, Caintown, spent Thursday and Friday at Mr. James Purvis's.

Miss Edna Green, Kilkenny Street, is the guest of her cousin Miss Orna Fortune.

Rev. W. W. Purvis, and Mr. Ross Purvis spent Friday last in Brockville.

Miss Lulu Warren and Miss Olive Foley, Lansdowne, spent the week end here with Mrs. John Herbison.

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**FOR SALE**

For \$10 at the home of Mrs. Helen E. Cornell, a Standard Sewing Machine, in good condition. This notice will not appear again.

**CARD OF THANKS**

Mr. and Mrs. James White, Daytown, wish to extend their heartfelt thanks to all who tendered kindness and sympathy through the sickness and death of their beloved son, Frank.

**NOTICE**

Notices of future events of any kind and for any purpose, at which an admission fee is charged, collection taken at the door or revenue derived in any other way, are classed as advertising, and will be charged at the regular rates of this newspaper.

**OLD NEWSPAPERS**

Old newspapers may be obtained at the Reporter Office at 1c a pound. We have some in 25 pound bundles.

**Ice-Cream**

Homogenized and Pasteurized — that spells **NEILSON'S** — the perfect Ice Cream

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State of Ohio, City of Toledo, ) s.s.  
Lucas County, )  
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.  
FRANK J. CHENEY,  
Sworn before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1916.  
(Seal) A. W. GLEASON,  
Notary Public.  
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.  
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.  
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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After Easter, reasonable rent, call and see 13-14 **MRS. N. SHOOK**

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**FARM FOR SALE**

The Albert Wiltse Farm about one-half mile south of Athens consisting of about 80 acres, about 15 acres fall ploughed, together with farming implements, wagons, bobsleigh, seeder, mower, horse rake, plough, harrow etc. Immediate possession. Apply to **IRWIN WILTSE** Athens

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You want to "do your bit" in these strenuous times. You desire to contribute your quota to the "National Service." It is necessary to keep the wheels of industry turning.

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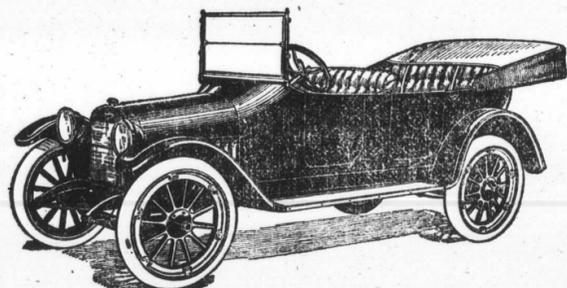
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Are built right. They are wonderful in quality of workmanship, material and appearance. As to performance, the McLaughlin has an enviable reputation. No better value for the money can be secured in a motor car than you get in the McLaughlin.

We have on display a McLaughlin Four-Cylinder Touring Car in our show rooms, and we shall be glad to have you call and inspect it.

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