

A Budget of News From the Old Land

Ilford is to have a woman school attendance officer. Deposits at Glasgow Saving Bank have increased by £1,800,000 during the year. For a bet a Hoxton street hawk ate nine mice pies and drank a quart of ale in 15 min.

Patrick James Daly, of Chatham, an Indian mutiny-veteran, has died, aged 89. Miss Mary Jane Curtis has celebrated her 50th year as a patient in the Royal Hospital and Home for Incurables, Putney.

leaving the cotton mills in South-East Lancashire for the coalpits. Found lying on a sofa with a deep gash in his throat, a razor at his side and two pet dogs tied to the couch, an elderly man, George Brookes, has died at Dudley.

AUTO BANDITS GET LONG TERMS

Five Years Each for Two Men and Woman. Used Ammonia On Their Victim.

Toronto Report - Sentences of five years each at Kingston Penitentiary were imposed by Judge Coatsworth in the sessions yesterday on George F. Wilson, W. F. Chaminski and Pearl Pringle, alias Norman, the auto bandits, who squirted ammonia over Donald Selvage, taxi-driver, and afterwards beat him up and robbed him on Runnymede road.

QUEBEC MURDER. 22nd Batt. Veteran Found Shot to Death.

Quebec Dispatch: Lucien Morrisette, a great War Veteran, who was three years overseas with the 22nd French Canadian Battalion, was murdered in cold blood last night in a dark street in Levis, just across the river from Quebec. Morrisette was forty years ago and single, and was employed in the yards of the Canadian National Railway in Levis.

On the evidence of companions of the dead man last night, the police have arrested Romeo Remillard, the son of a resident of Wolfe street, who is alleged to have been complicated in the shooting.

COMPLETE DEFEAT Of German Navy, Shown in Kiel Inspection.

London Dispatch: The Reuter correspondent with the International Naval Commission at Kiel, says the commission inspected the dockyards there on Saturday and left Monday for Berlin. There was virtually no activity around the harbor during the stay of the commissioners.

SAM GOMPERS CONDEMNS REDS

"Completely, Finally, and for All Time." Even Russ Workers Against Lenin.

Washington Report - Writing in the current number of the Federationist official organ of the American Federation of Labor, Samuel Gompers, condemns Bolshevism "completely, finally, and for all time."

WILL PROTEST NOBEL AWARD

Paris Dispatch: The action of the committee on the Nobel prizes in giving the award for distinction in chemical research to Herr Haber, a German inventing and perfecting poison gas, is to be the subject of a protest by chemists in Entente countries.

FOUR CREMATED In Burning of Historic House Near Winnipeg.

Winnipeg Dispatch: (By Canadian Press.)—Three men and a five-month-old child perished in the flames that burned to the ground the old historic hermitage, Headingly, ten miles west of Winnipeg, at 1 o'clock this morning.

FLEET SCUTTLED HAS BEEN FREED

London Cable - Admiral von Reuter, the chief officer of the German fleet at Scapa Flow, who gave the order for the scuttling of the German warships there last June, has been set free by the British authorities. The Admiral has returned to Germany, it was announced to-day.

CHEAPER COAL. British Miners' Demand On the Government.

London cable—The miners' delegates when they meet Premier Lloyd George to-morrow, intend, according to report, to demand the Government reduce immediately the price of industrial and export coal and proceed with the limitation of coal owners' profits, the limitation to be retroactive. They also will demand that the Government take steps to reduce the price of food and clothing to a reasonable basis.

BUDAPEST HAS GONE INTO MOURNING.

Budapest Special Cable: Count Albert Apocyni is engaged in writing Hungary's answer to the terms of peace submitted at Neuilly by the Peace Conference. He said to-day there were many clauses which were impossible of fulfillment.

BERLIN WORRIES. Threatened Collapse of Coal Production.

Berlin, Jan. 25.—The Government is worried over the threatened collapse of the nation's coal production in consequence of the miners' demands for a six-hour shift. The convention of the Westphalian factory owners, and various trade unions, held at Muenster, has sent a communication to the National Coal Commission, pointing out that a further reduction of coal deliveries would force the immediate shutting down of many industries and declaring that if a six-hour shift is adopted it would result in the falling off in the production of coal of 1,500,000 tons monthly.

KOLCHAK'S LIFE IN REAL DANGER

London, Saturday, Jan. 24.—Confirming a report that Admiral Kolchak, former head of the Omsk Government in Russia, is a prisoner of the revolutionists at Irkutsk, The Daily Mail's Harbin correspondent, in a dispatch dated Thursday, says the indications are that he will be tried, and that his life is in danger.

ALL RIGHT THERE.

The Professor—A man should have a solid foundation for his career and that means he should have a good head on his shoulders.

CANADA AGREES TO BELGIAN TERMS

For Big Contract for Railroad Equipment. Finance Minister's Proposal Explained.

Ottawa Dispatch: It is understood here that large American firms are interested in the fact that the Belgian Government is in the market for fifty locomotives, 18,000 freight cars and a number of passenger cars.

WIRELESS FROM OTHER PLANETS

London Dispatch: Discussing the mysterious signals described yesterday by Signor Marconi as having been received in the form of interruptions of the Marconi wireless instruments, Sir Frank W. Dyson, Astronomer Royal, to-day admitted that, in his opinion, it was quite possible to get waves from other planets.

DEPORTED REDS. Soviet Ark's Passengers Now in Petrograd.

Washington Dispatch: The 200 radicals recently deported to Soviet Russia by the United States Government have reached Petrograd, and are quartered at Smolny Institute, according to a cable message from Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman. The message was made public by Ludwig C. A. K. Martens, Soviet "Ambassador," and reads:

GERMAN SPOKE AT LABOR MEET

"We were met at the Soviet border and at Petrograd with tremendous enthusiasm. Our reception was inspiring. Enjoying the hospitality of Petrograd, the deportees are quartered at Smolny Institute. They will be sent to work wherever they desire. The people here are cold and hungry but their spirit and devotion are marvelous. After two weeks we will go to Moscow."

Talked Sound Sense at Great Paris Meeting.

Paris Cable: Germany had a spokesman at to-day's session of the International Labor organization, when Carl Rudolph Legien, President of the German Federation of Trades Unions, and delegate of German workers, addressed the meeting.

NEW STANDARDS. (Life).

Suitor—Please, I'd like to marry your daughter. Father—But can you support her in the manner in which her favorite screen heroine is accustomed to live?

HER CONDITION. "Do you thoroughly understand cooking with a gas range?" "I shoo' do!" replied Miss Maude Waddles. "I've done spearmined wid' em twell I's plumb incompetent. Yassum!"



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The Athens Reporter
ISSUED WEEKLY

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William H. Morris, Editor and Proprietor

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1920

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Medicine.
Hall's Catarrh Medicine has been taken by catarrh sufferers for the past thirty-five years and has become known as the most reliable remedy for Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure acts thru the Blood on the Mucous surfaces, expelling the Poison from the Blood and healing the diseased portions.
After you have taken Hall's Catarrh Medicine for a short time you will see a great improvement in your general health. Start taking Hall's Catarrh Medicine at once and get rid of catarrh. Send for testimonials free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, etc.

Wood Wanted

Tenders will be received for 20 cords of body maple, 24 inches long, delivered at the Athens Town Hall.

Applications will be received by the property committee:—M. C. Arnold and Geo. T. Gifford.

WANTED

Athens High School wish to erect a permanent memorial to ex-students who died while serving King and Country during the Great War. They wish to have this list as complete as possible. The following information regarding ex-students is desired. Name in full, age, rank, unit, where killed, date of death, honours won. Address replies to Jas. E. Burchell, Sec'y of Memorial Committee, Athens Ont.

\$100—REWARD—\$100

One Hundred Dollars Reward will be given by the Charleston Lake Association for information that will lead to the conviction of the party or parties who this winter broke into cottages at Charleston Lake.
W. G. PARISH, S. C. A. LAMB,
President, Secretary

WANTED

WORK WANTED by Mrs. Wm. Roberts. Either home or out.

WANTED—Good farm, capable of carrying 20 head of milkers. Apply to A. W. Johnston, Post Office Athens.

WANTED—One set of two-ton Bolster springs. Submit best offers to the Reporter Office.

THE FIGHTING HOPE—From Page 1

It's modern, independent halt.
This mood would never do. The prim New Englander saw it. "I say, Anna, what you need is to have a little visit with your children. Mr. Temple will excuse you for a day. I know. You can run out to see them, and—"
"Oh, but I can't—I can't, you see," cried Anna in an extremity of desire and duty. "A day? Why, just in that very day the evidence I'm seeking might come—a letter, a telegram, a telephone message. Look here, Mrs. Mason!" Opening a drawer of her desk, she took out a handkerchief. One corner of it was tied in a hard knot over many tiny scraps of paper.
"As Mr. Temple was leaving the room just before you came in he tore up this letter and threw it in the wastebasket, you understand? You ask me often why I am so white in the mornings when I come down to breakfast. Well, it's because I haven't slept. It's because I've been passing the night trying to piece together just such scraps as these. Always—always with no result."

"Nothing works against him. Everything—every little bit of evidence works for him. A little side light on his splendid fighting qualities here; another on some unknown patrician act of kindness to some fellow being there. Oh, it's horrible, horrible! As I say, the whole of life seems to have got mixed—jumbled. Yet I must go on hoping against hope for the children's sake."
"Dearie, I know what I'll do. I'll run out myself tomorrow and see them and fetch you back direct word. Would you like it?"
For reply, in an abandon of gratefulness, Anna drew the elder woman down to her and kissed her again and again.

That afternoon, taking a stroll in the garden, Anna's heart felt lighter, and her dimples stirred incipiently, remembering Mrs. Mason's promise.

"Tomorrow," she said softly, stopping for a second before a rosebush



WILL JONES

TOGETHER THEY EXTRACTED THE SKIRT, and leaning her cheek down to one of the Gloire de Dijon triumphs. "Oh, tomorrow, please come quickly!"
A thorn caught her skirt as she was in the act of moving on.

"May I help?" asked Burton Temple, advancing. Unknown to her he had been reading in the little vine covered pagoda opposite. Cato at his feet. Together they extracted the skirt, a fragile texture transparent with lace, a faint perfume in it. He noticed that she wore a porte bonheur on her arm with a turquoise in it. It made the skin look white, or the skin made it look blue. The petty common service broke the spell of formality which usually existed between them in the library.

"Are you going farther down the path? May I walk with you?" he asked, and, having received the assent of her head and a nonchalant "if you wish," he began:

"Do you know what I was thinking about, Miss Dale, as I sat there in the pagoda? I was wondering where I had met you before. Since the very first day you came I have often wondered that. I have seen you before—oh, no, there is no doubt about it—but where I can't recall."

"In some other incarnation, I dare say," laughed she. "Was it when we were swinging from trees or not so long ago as that? Could it?—yes, she would tempt the fates and be downright courageous—"could it have been in the days when I was in the Exchange building. One meets so many—"

"The Exchange building? Ah, precisely! I recall it all now, and how I used to find myself unwittingly looking for you after that first day. But I was called south, and when I came back you had vanished." He spoke reminiscently.

"The first day? I don't quite understand," queried she.

"I was coming down in the elevator, hurried to death, my mind in a frightful state of turmoil. I found you watching me from some crowded corner, and I looked directly into your eyes." He studied her now with a smile serious and tender. "I looked, and it was like bathing one's face in a pool of spring water after a hot journey," he ended simply.

It came back with such unmistakable vividness to Anna that she spoke spontaneously:
"You did look worried."
"Oh, you remember, too?" he cried. "I can't tell you how glad that makes me. I couldn't get you out of my mind somehow. You see, I never did get you out of my mind. Some faces stay with us. Yours stayed."

The woman beside him had become very grave, feeling the beat of her pulse quicken with the distant surge of a strange joy, a joy indistinct as the tremor of an unrisen sun, yet all pervasive. Realizing her danger, def-

ly she veered her mood.
"Yes, I passed our old elevator boy on the street a few months ago," she remarked casually, stooping to pat the mastiff's head. "I remembered his face, too, though it had been over a decade since I saw him."
The man's face was rueful as he nodded appreciation of her tactics.

Below them was the broad expanse of the Hudson, scintillating as a sapphire in the glow of the summer afternoon. A yachting party steaming up river waved hats and handkerchiefs at them in pure good fellowship. It seemed good to be alive. Temple pulled two chairs under the shade of the trees, and they sat down. In the distance the cliffs of the Palisades rose and beckoned alluringly.

"Do you know what I used to call them, those cliffs?" said he, seeing his companion's eyes upon them. "My enchanted palaces. When I was a child the palace of enchantment meant the future, the mysterious, ineffable future when I should be grown up, when I should be a man, when the world would be my garden, the world and life and all their riches mine to explore, to adventure in. And, oh, the people by whom the world and the future were inhabited, the cavalading knights, the lovely princesses! Love and glory and all manner of romance, I had them for the wishing. Did you ever have such an enchanted palace, Miss Dale?" asked he whimsically.

"Yes," acquiesced she softly, falling in with his mood, the sympathetic bond which always asserted itself when she was not on guard, drawing her once again. "Oh, yes; I, too, had my enchanted palace, a many-planned palace built of gold and silver, ivory, alabaster and mother of pearl; the fountains in its courts ran with perfumed waters." Her voice trailed off dreamily, and Temple thrilled with the music of it. "And its pleasure was an orchard of pomegranates. One had no need to spare one's colors, you know." She turned to him with an adorable smile.

"I know." He was at one with her now, responding intuitively to the play of her emotions. "And the stars left their courses to fight for you, and the winds of heaven vied with each other to prosper your galleons—wasn't it like that?" He looked at her; she was scarcely listening; she was watching the sunlight catching on the tops of the Palisades. It was just as well; he was safer in his inspection of her so.

"Uh-huh! Like that," she said; her ears mechanically following his words. "I dare say," she went on musingly, "it must be that we pass the enchanted palace while we are asleep. Surely, at first, it is before us—we can see it glistening in the distance, like the peaks yonder. We shall reach it tomorrow, next month, next year. And then one morning we wake up—and it is behind us. We've passed it, and we can't turn back. We must go on." Her voice ended in a little, half sob.

The sight of a tear trembling on her lashes cost Burton Temple a hundred conflicts with himself. He felt a sudden warmth behind his eyes and in his throat. All he did, however, was to look big, hold his tongue and envy the dead their enforced responsibility.

"I—I'm not often agitated," said Anna, rising, with an odd, stary smile, "and you must pardon me that display of overstatement." But before he could have spoken: "I must really go in now. I've promised Mrs. Mason to play a game of pachisi, or cribbage, or something," she faltered. So Temple, elaborately commiserating, escorted her up the red gravel path.

Anna was growing excessively uneasy. For quite two hours now she'd been anxiously expecting Mrs. Mason's return from Westfield. What could be the matter? At the very least it must be the measles. Finally, however, her elder friend came in smilingly, disarming all fears.

"And how's the new nurse getting on with them? Does she make Robbie wear his rubbers on wet days? Is his cold quite gone? Is Harold's finger well again? Have they hid that horrid penknife?" Anna was untying Mrs. Mason's veil and pouring out her questions in a torrent.

Mrs. Mason assured her that the boys were both well and happy, that the new nurse was doing beautifully and that, except for a few hours when the rascals had her locked in the chicken house, she was having a fine time.

"Oh, she won't mind an inconsequential thing like the chicken house," laughed Anna, handing Mrs. Mason her veil pins, "when once she's used to those boys. They locked their mother in one day, and I had to spank them, poor little dears. Oh, but I'm sick with longing for them—sick!"

"I know, dearie," soothed Mrs. Mason, patting her on the back. "But I've something else to tell you. You couldn't guess why I was so late coming back? No? Well, I've been up to see Robert."

"You have!" Anna started never so slightly. "Is he well? Is he keeping up? What did he think about my being here?"

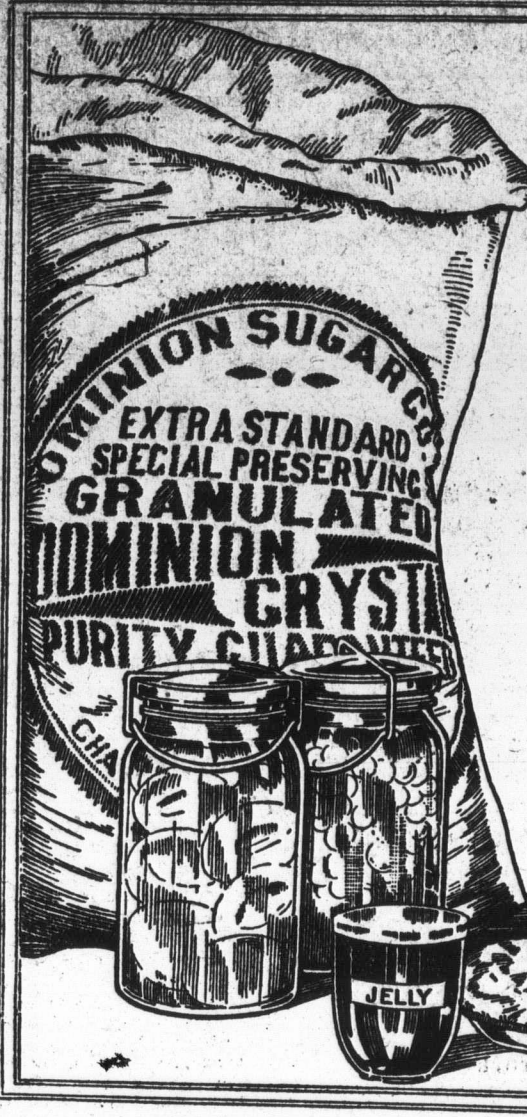
"Oh, he's well, and he's keeping up. They're all very good to him. They feel he is up there through a miscarriage of justice. They treat him kindly. They've made him what they call a 'trusty.'"

Anna was listening with strained attention.

"You explained to him, didn't you, Mrs. Mason? You made it clear just why I left home? You made him understand that I am in a position here to find out the truth that will convict the man who has done this thing?"

Mrs. Mason plucked several imaginary threads off her skirts to hide her confusion.

(Continued Next Week)



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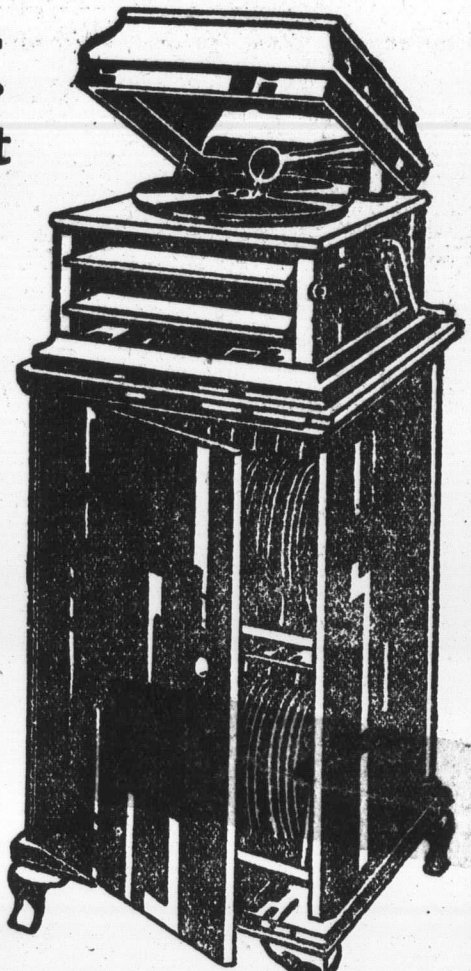
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A Side-Show Romance

By JANE OSBORN

(Copyright, 1914, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Outside of her improvised tent Maia could hear the voices of the eager young "barker," shrill against the background of jazz music that came from the veranda beyond, and the buzzing of voices of the crowds that she could indistinctly see outlined through the canvas that hid her from the rest of the men and women, girls and boys who had assembled on the Woodmere lawn for the fete that was to raise enough money to tide over one of the local charities through the summer.

"This way to have your fortune told," went on the persistent young "barker," "greatest gypsy in the world. Come and have your fortune told. Learn your past and know your future. This way, ladies and gentlemen."

Then another higher pitched boyish voice—the voice of the barker for a rival attraction.

"This way to see the wild animals! Greatest menagerie in the world! Largest alligator in captivity. Fiercest bear in the world! Eats 'em alive! Hugs 'em to death! This way, this way. Best show on the grounds."

And then the incessant "This way to have your fortune told. Greatest gypsy in the world. Cross her palm with silver and she'll tell you your fortune."

And still Maia sat within her close little tent, none too comfortable beneath the heavy lead of chains and tawdry jewelry that embellished her costume. Moreover her hair was hanging loosely on her shoulders and the mask across her face was oppressive. But worst of all, she was sitting there in her tent wasting her time and the vocal energy of her willing young aid with the megaphone outside without having the satisfaction of taking in any money.

She wondered what she would tell the people when they did come; it didn't seem exactly easy. Still, it was all in the day's work, and if Mrs. Stanley Burton chose to keep her on at a graduate nurse's salary to idle her time away in this fashion, why it really wasn't going to disturb Maia.

For Maia had not been back from her long months of Red Cross duty in France many weeks, and even a respite such as this from the more trying sort of nursing was bringing welcome relief to overwrought nerves. She had gone to Woodmere to take charge of Bobby Barton's strained knee, but the ten-year-old Bobby had recovered rapidly.

Meanwhile Alicia Barton had flatly refused to sit in the stuffy tent telling fortunes, though she had been promised by her mother to the committee and duly advertised as one of the "side shows." As a last-minute substitute Maia, about to return to town, had been urged to stay a little longer for the purpose of taking Alicia's place. And Alicia had gone sailing and Maia had been put into the gypsy costume specially made for Alicia, and Mrs. Barton was sure if Maia kept her mask on no one would know the difference.

Meantime Bobby Barton, entirely recovered as to his strained knee and more than enthusiastic over the one who had brought comfort and diversion to his irksome days of convalescence, was continuing to "bark" outside her tent.

As minutes passed and no shadow darkened the entrance of her tent Maia was aware of a slight disappointment. Then she heard her barker:

"Greatest attraction on the grounds. Hey, why doesn't some one come and get their fortune told? Apparently Bobby, too, was becoming discouraged.

Then through her mask Maia was aware that some one was rapidly making for the tent entrance. She felt an unexpected sense of confusion—stage fright, it seemed—and she shuffled her fortune cards nervously. She had gone into the operating room duty often with far less nervousness than this.

There was a fumbling at the tent flap, a sidewise shuffling of the feet and then a dark face was thrust inquiringly in. It wasn't an unkind face nor an especially ferocious one, and its expression was one more of inquisitiveness than anything else, but still one doesn't encounter even gentle brown bears every day and it was with difficulty that Maia changed a shrill scream of terror into a terrified, "Oh, please somebody do something. The bear!"

But somebody and a good many somebodies had done something. Bobby had seen the vanishing black legs of Bruno, dropped his megaphone and had seized the trailing rope.

"Hey, you menagerie people, your bear's loose," he called to the group of tents across the path, and before Maia had time to think just what was the wisest course of action when meeting a bear single-handed, "the menagerie" people had come, four or five of them, and had dragged off their entirely harmless and spiritless bear, who had prowled off in an unguarded moment.

But every one in that part of the Woodmere lawn had heard the commotion, and like wildfire spread the information that a ferocious bear had broken into Alicia Barton's tent, that there had been a narrow escape,

that one of the young men from the menagerie tent had performed the rescue and that on the whole the affair had been very thrilling.

That seemed to turn the tide toward the gypsy's tent. For now they came eagerly, they stood in line outside, and the eager Bobby was more occupied now in timing the applicants to see that no one stayed more than five minutes than in shouting through his megaphone. And Maia, between these five-minute interviews, noticed that the tambourine in which she put the silver with which her palm was crossed was getting to look very tempting, and some of the "silver" was really paper.

She rather regretted that Alicia Barton would have all the credit, for as yet her mask had not been removed and she had heard more than one remark from outside that Alicia certainly looked charming in gypsy costume.

The afternoon was almost over and Maia was beginning to feel the strain of her unaccustomed work when some one came who caused her heart to beat faster than had the inquisitive bear.

"Perhaps you had better knock off, Miss Barton," he began. "You must have had quite a fright from that bear." It was Dr. Rodney Hill—Rodney Hill, by whose side Maia had worked during those most trying days and nights in France; Rodney Hill, who, when they parted four months ago, had held Maia's hand in his own and had told Maia that she was the pluckiest girl in the world and had told her that he didn't know how he was going to get along without her. Maia had not heard from Doctor Hill again, and there were times when she had had to confess to herself that in her disappointment there was greater cause for the exhaustion she had felt during these months back in America than was the memory of all the work in France.

Maia didn't intend to take off that mask even then, but once she spoke Rodney Hill knew her and he knew it was not Alicia Barton, to whom he had been sent to give any professional aid that she might need after the bear episode, which had been getting more and more interesting as the afternoon passed.

He was holding her hand again and telling her that she was the pluckiest girl, and Bobbie had been told to give them "double time," which meant ten minutes.

"But I didn't know you were one of these people—money and society and all that sort of thing," he told her. "And I never dreamed that you were," she said. "You never seemed like these Woodmere people or that you knew girls like Alicia Barton."

"But I'm not, and I don't," protested Rodney. "You see when I got back from France I'd rather lost my grip. I had just finished medical college when I went over, and exhausted as I was I wasn't in shape to put up the fight that would be necessary to start in on my own. Then I got in touch with these millionaire Dorkines who wanted a resident doctor for the summer to look after old Dorkins' gout and Grandma Dorkins' bad temper. Well, to tell the truth, it was because of the fat salary that went with it that I accepted it for the summer."

"I wanted to make sure I had enough to keep the pot boiling for a year and then I was going to look you up and ask you whether you'd help me to start. I wanted to tell you back there in France, that night when we left, but I knew we had both been through too much to think of ourselves then. Besides, I wanted to have a home to offer you before I asked you, Maia dear."

"Ten minutes is up," called out the cheerful barker outside, and then, "This way to see the greatest gypsy in the world. Learn your past and know your future."

Instinct in Spiders.

Spinning webs is second nature with spiders. After they are hatched from the eggs in a cocoon they cling together for about a week. Then they separate, but their legs do not carry them very far. Facing the wind and standing on the tips of their legs, the baby spiders raise their abdomens and emit a silken thread. The faintest current wafts the gossamer in the air, and when enough is let out to permit of aerial flight the insect drifts away. When it wishes to land it hauls in the thread. Wherever it lands it can spin webs without the slightest instructions from older spiders. Older male spiders seem to lose this gift. There are about 550 species of spiders in America, but only two, the house and garden spiders, are well known.

Plume Birds Failing.

New Guinea is the home of a large percentage of the world's birds of paradise. The supply of these beautiful birds is fast failing. Not only do the women of Europe and America demand feathers for their bonnets, says the Savannah News, but the natives of New Guinea and surrounding islands make lavish use of the plumage as headdresses. Some precautions are now taken to prevent visitors to New Guinea from killing the "most beautiful birds in the world," but the natives are left alone and they continue to deck themselves out in capes and headpieces more gorgeous than any seen on our stage beauties or the wives of our millionaires.

Literal Minded.

Mrs. X. (returning home)—"Mercy! However did the child get that awful bump?" Green Girl—"You told me to let him play on the piano, and he fell off."

CONSULT F. E. Eaton FRANKVILLE Auctioneer

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

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

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

The following Winter train service now in effect provides excellent connections to and from Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto and intermediate points.

LOCAL TIME TABLE to and from BROCKVILLE.

Departures.	Arrivals.
5.40 a. m.	7.25 a. m.
*6.10 a. m.	11.45 a. m.
8.15 p. m.	1.30 p. m.
6.20 p. m.	*10.10 p. m.

*New Sunday train for Ottawa and return.

For rates and particulars apply to:
GEO. E. McGLADE
City Passenger Agent

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

Guideboard Corner's

Rev. Mr. Code called this week on Mr. Geo. F. Wight who is still confined to his room.

Rev. Mr. Bradley, of the Holiness Movement, also very kindly calls on Mr. Wight.

Mrs. Etta Eaton, B. E. C., spent over Sunday with her parents here.

Mr. Jas. Watson, of the Great West is making visits and calls among his old friends and acquaintances in the neighborhood. Prosperity has attended the efforts of our old neighbor "Jimmie," and we congratulate him.

Mrs. S. Lawson has bought from Mr. Will Hollingsworth, the house and lot on which she has for some time been residing.

On Tuesday afternoon, Miss Mabel Wight was pleasantly entertained at tea, by Mrs. Yates, Hard Island.

Mrs. H. W. Coleman, Brockville, spent a few days at the "Lilacs" last week, assisting to care for her father.

Miss Dorothy Coleman was a recent guest of Miss Anna Wight.

The people of "The Lilacs" are much indebted to Mr. Jas Sheldon for the very fine paths he has laid through all the grounds, after recent snowfalls. Mr. Sheldon is truly an artist with the snow-shovel.

Misses Hazel Yates and Lillie Durham called at "The Lilacs" while out on a skiing expedition.

Call at E. J. Purcell's and pick out that new "Aladdin" Lamp.—There is no need to sit in the semi-darkness now, burns less coal oil and gives many times the light of the old style lamps.

HOUSE TO RENT—on Central Street possession at once, apply to Mrs. A. L. Fisher, Athens.

COAL OIL STOVE for Sale in good condition—apply to Edward Nowlon.

COLLIE PUPS for Sale, apply to Sinclair Peat

Santa Claus Headquarters

Our Stock of Xmas Novelties and Toys is most complete—Come early and get your choice while our stock is complete.

Felt Boots A nice line for this cold weather, get the children a pair for Xmas.

D. L. JOHNSTON

Athens - Ontario

Fresh Groceries

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

R. J. CAMPO

Athens - Ontario

GO TO:—

Athens Lumber Yard and Grain Warehouse

FOR:—

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

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

5 Roses Flour—None Better

MURINE Night Morning Keep Your Eyes Clean & Clear

IF ALL BORN LIVED. Rate of Reproduction Would Stagger Imagination.

During the mouse plague in South Australia and Victoria in 1916-17 a farmer one night put down poisoned wheat...

We know as a historical fact that 12,000,000 black cattle on the Argentine pampas at the end of the eighteenth century...

Suppose that our rat population on January 1 was 40,000,000—a very moderate estimate—that the sexes were equally divided...

Suppose, again, that a pair of elephants live for the normal term of their existence—a century...

Glance next at the insect world. One fly of a certain species will produce 20,000 larvae, which attain maturity in five days...

Assuming, however, that a female produced sixteen million eggs which developed into oysters...

Wood's Phospholine. The Great English Remedy. Tones and strengthens the whole nervous system...

Consumption of Teas Increases

Vancouver, Jan. 8.—In discussing the tea outlook for 1920, a prominent Vancouver tea importer brought out information that cannot fail to be useful to the trade...

INDIA AND SOUTH AFRICA TEA DRINKING.

"Another thing that will have a great effect is the fact that India, with its millions, is beginning to drink tea. If this great mass of humanity ever gets the tea-drinking habit, there will be an added strain on the world's tea production...

CONSUMPTION IS INCREASING. The per capita consumption of tea in Canada and the States is increasing. Prohibition has not had anything to do with it.

as their only memorials? Well, according to Prof. Marshall, they would make a pile eight times as large as the earth.

So, again of many common varieties of the finny race—cod, herring, etc. Such denizens of the deep will produce at least one million eggs...

Miller's Worm Powders will eradicate the worm evil that bears so heavily on children and is believed to cause many fatalities. They are an acceptable medicine to children and can be safely relied upon to clear the foot channels...

Lord Justice Bowen, a famous wit of Victorian days, proved constant source of terror to his colleagues in the court of appeal...

PYTHON AT LARGE.

Lively Time On British Gunboat When It Broke Out.

The crew of a British gunboat in Eastern waters once had a lively time looking after a python on board that had escaped from its cage.

Besides the python there was on board a big Borneo orang-outang. The python, which was nineteen or twenty feet long, having dined heartily on a deer about three weeks before...

Seeing the orang-outang chained up over with the big snake invited itself to a dinner very much to its taste. It would have been ill over with the orang-outang had not the quartermaster at that moment made the discovery that the two pets were about to be merged into one.

The latter was up the masthead before any mischief could be done and a lieutenant, the owner of the orang-outang, the quartermaster and a member of the crew flung themselves upon the hungry python—one at the head, another at the tail and a third in the middle.

Reinforcements, however, arrived in hot haste and about twenty bluejackets, each embracing a foot of python, reduced the reptile to comparative quiet. This procession marched back to the python's box, coiled the creature inside and shut it up.

A Remedy for Earache.—To have the earache is to endure torture. The ear is a delicate organ and few care to deal with it, considering it work for a doctor.

SHARP-TONGUED JUDGES.

Just a Few Anecdotes of the British Bench.

Innocent but inexperienced litigants who have gone through tortures in the law courts sometimes derive a little consolation for their woes, says Answers. When, for instance, their newspaper chronicles epithets like "bad smelling up" and "palmybe misedirection," fired out recently by Mr. Justice Darling as he quashed a sen-

SHILOH SINCE 1870 30 DAYS FOR COUGHS

tence passed by Judge Rentoul at the Old Bailey, London, England. "My learned brother" is the term invariably used by high court judges when referring to one another.

After heading a painfully long appeal case, the presiding judge delivered a brief judgment, concluding with the words: "I consider the verdict should be quashed."

Although Scotland has its own system of laws, differing widely in many cases from the laws of England, the House of Lords serves as the final court of appeal for both countries.

Lord Young, who recently died after nearly thirty years' service as judge as the Edinburgh court of session, used to be fond of expressing his contempt for the House of Lords as a legal tribunal.

One of Judge Rentoul's predecessors at the Old Bailey, Judge Arabin, was even more severely stung than the former judge by his legal brethren.

The neatest thrust ever delivered at the bench came from a barrister, the victim being Sir Arthur Keblewick, who was notorious for having his judgments reversed in the court of appeal.

A Safe Pill for Sufferers—There are pills that violently purge and fill the stomach and intestines with pain. Par-melee's Vegetable Pills are mild and effective.

Some Snakes are Useful. "Some snakes may be very useful, about a farm, and western farmers are beginning to evince interest in the propagation of a large plains reptile—the bull snake."

Authority for this statement, contained in a bulletin of the National Geographic Society, is Raymond L. Ditmars, who recently returned with his family from a curious vacation he spent in the Georgia swamps, where his daughter captured the most deadly reptile known to that region.

Mr. Ditmars became curator of reptiles of New York zoo because his hobby was collecting snakes instead of postage stamps or beathen idols. His collection grew too large and perhaps too dangerous, for his uptown apartment and offered them to the zoo.

A great proportion of snakes has become highly specialized. It is among these creatures that we find the most extraordinary and deadly weapons for the purpose of killing the prey that are possessed by any of the vertebrates.

Popular interest is always strong regarding serpents of great size. All of the very large serpents are members of a single family, the Boidae.

The largest known serpent occurs in the Malay peninsula, Java, Borneo and Sumatra. This is the regal or reticulated python. It attains a length of 30 feet.

Throughout the temperate and tropical regions of the globe are species of serpents of high economic value. These are mostly the members of the largest family of snakes, the Colubridae.

Our familiar black snake and king snake are members of this family. In some parts of the world the rodent-eating species are protected by law.

Kidney troubles are frequently caused by badly-digested food which overtaxes these organs to eliminate the irritant acids formed. Help your stomach to properly digest the food by taking 15 to 30 drops of Extract of Roots, cold as Mother Selgel's Curative Syrup, and your kidney disorder will promptly disappear.

thousands. These snakes have a paddle-like tail to assist them in swimming. "Another offshoot is the subfamily containing the formidable cobras and their allies.

Some of the African cobras display a dangerous habit of spitting poison at the intruder. The ringals, genus Sepsion, of Southern Africa, is a pitchy black, exceedingly vicious cobra that receives its name from one or two broad white bands that show

WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

Need Help to Pass the Crisis Safely—Proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Can be Relied Upon.

Urban, Ill.—"During Change of Life, in addition to its annoying symptoms, I had an attack of grippe which lasted all winter and left me in a weakened condition. I felt at times that I would never be well again. I read of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it did for women passing through the Change of Life, so I told my doctor I would try it. I soon began to gain in strength and the annoying symptoms disappeared and my Vegetable Compound has made me a well, strong woman so I do all my own housework. I cannot recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound too highly to women passing through the Change of Life."

Women who suffer from nervousness, "heat flashes," backaches, headaches and "the blues" should try this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

on the neck when the snake is reared in fighting pose. As the snake arches its neck to glare at he intruder, it is liable to eject fine jets of poison for a distance of six to eight feet.

The Indian cobras seldom eject their venom in this way. They are the most spectacular in their group, owing to the vivid markings on the hood. With some specimens these appear like grinning death-heads.

In strong contrast to the graceful elapine poisonous snakes, the members of the viper family are thick-bodied and forbidding in appearance. Africa is the home of the typical vipers, and a number of these snakes inhabiting that continent are the most hideously ugly reptiles in existence.

The gaboos viper ranges over the whole of tropical Africa. The body is exceedingly thick, stub-tailed, with a huge spade-shaped head. Instead of progressing in ordinary fashion, this reptile throws forward lateral loops of the body and moves along in an oblique direction to that in which the head is pointing.

Exhausted from Asthma. Many who read these words know the terrible drain upon health and strength, which comes in the train of asthmatic troubles. Many do not realize, however, that there is one true remedy which will surely stop this drain. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy is a wonderful check to this enervating ailment. It has a countless record of relief to its credit. It is said almost everywhere.

NEW STANDARDS. Suitors—Please, I'd like to marry your daughter. Father—But can you support her in the manner in which her favorite screen heroine is accustomed to live?

BIRD HATES THE DARK

For many years the annual migration of the birds, although a perfectly familiar fact, was shrouded in mystery. Except in the case of a few birds like the robin, which winters not far south of its summer home...

But the subject has been carefully and patiently studied by so many observers and naturalists that it is no longer impossible to answer these questions. The cliff swallows and blackpoll warblers spend their winters in tropical South America; the golden plover, which nests on the Arctic Sea, winter 8,000 miles away in the Argentine; the scarlet tanager is to be found in December and January in Ecuador and Peru, and the bobolink in southern Brazil.

The tern arrives in the Far North about June 15, and leaves again for the south toward the end of August, when the young are able to fly strongly. Two or three months later the birds are found skirting the edge of the Antarctic continent, 11,000 miles away.

A few individuals are occasionally seen along the New England coast or Long Island coast in the fall, but the flocks of thousands and thousands of these gregarious birds which alternate from pole to pole have never been met by any trained observer competent to learn their preferred path and their time schedule.

The Arctic tern enjoy more hours of sunlight than any other creature on the globe. The sun never sets during its stay at the northern nesting grounds, and during the stay in the south it has two months of continuous sunlight and practical daylight for between six and eight months of the year.

Sweet and palatable, Mother Graves' Worm Expeller is acceptable to children, and it does its work surely and promptly.

THE REASON. Customer—I should like to know why the potatoes at the bottom of the sack you sold me last week are so much smaller than those at the top.

A MARATHON SOLO. Miss Squallings—"Going so soon, Mr. Hardnut? I've been asked to sing 'Till We Meet Again.' Mr. Hardnut—"If you do you'll be a long time at it."

There may be other corn cures, but Holloway's Corn Cure stands at the head of the list so far as results are concerned.

You can get it anywhere. IMPERIAL ROYALITE COAL OIL. IMPERIAL ROYALITE COAL OIL LIMITED. Power Heat Light Lubrication. Branches in all Cities.

Don't Trust to Luck... When ordering Tea, but insist on getting the reliable... "SATURDAY" The Tea That Never Disappoints Black, Green or Mixed - Sealed Packets Only.

SIR WILLIAM'S WILL

The Mouse had remained motionless, so motionless that she might have been carved out of stone... "I do," said The Mouse, in her low, expressionless voice.

Presently she got up stiffly, as if her whole body had been held in some fierce tension... "Miss Mollie," said Miss Mollie, with a laugh and a shake of the head.

"I will be careful," said The Mouse. "Oh, so you are going to wait on me, Susan," said Clytie, when she came up to dress.

From Cherry-Blossom Land The Japanese Give Good Example It is a proverb of Cherry Blossom Land that beauty of face and figure depend on a woman's health.

ONTARIO WOMEN TESTIFY Chatham, Ont.—"Dr. Pierce's medicines have been used in my family at home (especially by my father and mother) ever since I can remember.

Susan murmured: "Not at all, miss," and helped Clytie out of her frock and proceeded to brush her hair; but suddenly she stopped and, staggering slightly, let the brushes fall from her hand.

"Are you better?" she asked, anxiously. "Yes, it is faint." "Miss Mollie," said Susan, evidently struggling against the deadly faintness: "It is only that. Please—please don't call anyone! I shall be better, quite well, in a moment or two."

"Oh, but you—frightened me!" said Clytie. "I must call Miss Mollie; she will not have gone to bed yet. Lean back—I shall not be a moment or two."

"I think I do," replied Susan. "Not that he hasn't behaved very well," went on the maid, as if she were desirous of doing him justice.

"I will be careful," said The Mouse. "Oh, so you are going to wait on me, Susan," said Clytie, when she came up to dress. "It is very kind of you. I expected to have to dress myself. And you have done my hair very nicely," she added, when The Mouse had finished.

Have Earned a Place In Canadian Homes DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS GREAT WORK FOR WOMEN. Is Once More Shown in the Case of Mrs. Robert Bell, Who Says She Can Never Thank Dodd's Kidney Pills Enough.

Golden Valley, Ont., Feb. 2.—(Special).—"I had kidney trouble. My nerves were bad. I felt dazed all the time. I was run down. My troubles are all gone since using Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Let Cuticura Help You Look Like This Nothing better to care for your skin, hair and hands. The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. Use them for daily toilet.

all right; but—but I had a dream. I thought you were ill—in danger—I had your pardon."

"You poor girl! You are quite upset," said Clytie pitying. "Why should I be ill? What should happen to me? Go back to your bed and try and sleep. And, mind, you are not to get up in the morning until the doctor has seen you."

THE LIFE OF GUNS Is Dependent On the Process of Erosion. The life of a gun depends upon the progress of erosion, which sooner or later is certain to impair the accuracy of fire.

Spanking Doesn't Cure! Don't think children can be cured of bed-wetting by spanking them. The trouble is constitutional, the child cannot help it. I will send FREE to any mother my successful home treatment, with full instructions.

BACHELOR'S MILK TOAST. Milk toast is a pleasant and nutritious food. It should be properly prepared, but by following these directions any bachelor, natural or acquired, will be able to make it.

EMOTION IN ANIMALS. Lower Types in Reaction Against Pain. Scientists assure us that the question of what is meant by consciousness in animals is one of extreme difficulty.

pour it from a small tin receptacle and place this on the burner not in use. It will do for the coffee. Now it may be left to boil.

A Wonderful Discovery Cures Catarrh Permanently. Formerly doctors prescribed stomach treatment for Catarrh and Bronchitis. They seldom cured and Catarrh has become a national disease.

VERY HUMAN. Amazing Incident in a Burmah Lumber Yard. To prove how amazingly elephants are like human beings in the way they discipline their young, a French traveller tells the following regarding an incident witnessed in an extensive lumber yard in Burma.

Thimble Lore. Though the thimble is claimed to be a Dutch invention, somebody who knows says that they had them all the way back in the days when Heracles was a sailor.

KEEP HEALTHY DURING WINTER. Colds and Diseases May be Avoided if the Blood is Kept Pure. Do not let your blood get thin this winter. For people who have a tendency towards anaemia, or bloodlessness, winter is a trying season.

NEURITIS. So many have Neuritis, that painful paralyzing inflammation of the nerves. Do not suffer another day. If you are a victim, try Templeton's Rheumatic Capsules.

NEURITIS. So many have Neuritis, that painful paralyzing inflammation of the nerves. Do not suffer another day. If you are a victim, try Templeton's Rheumatic Capsules.

Fires Break Out

and thieves break in. Don't risk the first, or invite the second, by keeping money in the house.



Put it in The Merchants Bank, where it will be safe from loss—always available—and earn interest (at highest current rates.

THE MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

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

Hot Water Bottles

GOOD ONES

You don't have to worry about the value in these Bottles. They are O.K. in every detail, if one should not turn out to be as we guarantee it, bring it back and get a new one or your money.

A big line of Automizers, Fountain Syringes and all kinds of Rubber Goods—Prices Right—Inspection Invited.

J. P. Lamb & Son

Druggists and Opticians

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Ontario

We have a Large Stock of

Alladin Lamps

In Both Table and Hanging style, and a complete line of accessories for them.

E. J. Purcell THE HARDWARE MAN



Eye Glass Perfection

Resolved to Start the New Year

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

H. R. Knowlton

Jeweller & Optician Athens, Ontario

Jungle Fever

By R. RAY BAKER

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

An "M. D." was the cause of the rupture in relations. No, it was not a doctor; it was just those two initials.

Carrie Crothers wanted to put the letters to her name, and Austin Fredericks strongly opposed. Of course, the right to the initials would involve a course at college; but Carrie was prepared for that. Austin was not prepared. He wanted Carrie to settle down with him, and cook and sweep and do sundry other household duties.

But Carrie was willing—after she wrested a career from the world. When she had proved to herself and everybody else that she was capable of making her own way she would be content to give it all up and be plain Mrs. Fredericks, subtracting and discarding the "M. D."

"But that isn't reasonable, Carrie," he protested. "If you're so determined to do something, why don't you be a teacher? That won't take so long, and besides—well, anything but a woman doctor for me. It isn't their place—not by a long shot. Now, women make fine teachers, and I rather admire them, and think what a fine thing they are doing in educating the rising generation. Of course, you know I want you to get married right away, but I know your disposition enough to realize that you won't until you learn some kind of profession. But make a little concession to me and be a teacher. Give up this doctor idea. Women doctors are no good."

Carrie took umbrage at his attitude. Women doctors were just as good as the men variety, and a lot better in many cases, she contended, stamping her foot and growing red with anger. Did he mean to intimate that she could not be a good physician or anything else she chose to be? Very well, if that was all the faith he had in her, he might as well take his hat and coat and go, and he needn't come back unless it was on her terms. She'd show him whether a woman could be a successful doctor. Maybe some time he'd get down on his knees and beg for the services of a feminine physician.

Austin was desperate. He realized Carrie would not yield a point, and somehow he was bound to admire her for her ambition.

"By George!" he pondered. "I believe she will do it at that. But who wants a doctor for a wife? People would pass me on the street and remark: 'There goes Doctor Fredericks' husband.' That's all I would count for, because she'd change her mind about giving up practice, once she got her degree. I can't do it, that's all. I'll wait a few days and see if she won't change her mind, although I'm almost certain she'll stick to it."

He was hardly prepared for the swiftness with which things developed. His morning paper two days later made public the fact that "Miss Carrie Crothers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Crothers, 853 Jefferson avenue, left last night for Ann Arbor, where she will take a six years' course in the study of medicine at the University of Michigan."

Austin was so dejected that he ate only one of the two doughnuts furnished him for breakfast at the arm-chair lunch and drank only half the coffee. He went around in a daze for three days, and was constantly afraid that, in his capacity as assistant teller at the bank, he might cash a cigar coupon for a hundred-dollar check or commit some equally tragic error.

In desperation he wrote her a special delivery letter, which came as near being a pleading nature as his rather proud spirit would permit.

The answer came the next day on a postcard:

"After six years. No sooner. Wait or not, as you see fit."

The reply and the manner of replying aroused Austin's wrath.

"She's going to show me, is she? Very well, I'll show her, too," he whispered vengefully to himself, and he went to the bank and resigned, after drawing out his savings account.

He was determined to go away. He had no idea what his destination would be, but it would be somewhere out of the civilized world, where he would try to forget and at the same time give Miss Carrie Crothers a good opportunity to think things over and come to her senses. At the end of a year, he decided, he would come back and see if things were different. It was going to be hard for him, but it would be harder to stay and "take her insults," as he put it in conversation with his aggrieved self.

By chance he picked up a newspaper which announced that Thomas Stevenson, the explorer, was preparing to sail in a week for Africa on a new expedition.

Austin's eyes brightened. Here was his chance. He had accompanied Stevenson on the latter's first exploring journey into the African wilds, and he would arrange to go with him this time. Invoking the aid of the telegraph, using as the address the name of Stevenson's favorite hotel in New York, Austin ascertained that he would be a welcome addition to the party.

The young man found the explorer packing up in his room. There was a hearty handshake and a brief exchange of words, and a week later Austin sailed with Stevenson and five others

for Durban, on the southeastern coast of the dark continent.

Arriving there they employed three Zulus and two Hottentots to make up the remainder of the expedition and do the work. Many weeks later found the party north of the Transvaal, through which they had passed, and shortly afterward they began exploring in earnest.

Austin understood well before going that it was a hazardous undertaking on which he had embarked, for the dangers from both disease and uncivilized natives, especially the Bushmen, were many and serious. However, he wanted excitement to occupy his mind.

The expedition continued for months, always heading northward, climbing over mountains and passing through jungle regions. In many places wild beasts were to be reckoned with, and Austin's experience with the elephant rifle and other weapons stood him in good stead.

Stevenson wrote constantly concerning his observations. He said he was in quest of an undiscovered river, hoping to rival Roosevelt's feat in finding the River of Doubt, and he pushed on with few rests.

In the vicinity of the Zambesi river Austin was taken down with jungle fever, and Stevenson reluctantly detailed two of his Zulus to carry him back to the coast. The journey was long and laborious, but it finally was completed and Austin was taken into the home of a hospitable English settler in a small colony. Austin was out of his head most of the time, but at rare intervals he came out of the fever world and heard snatches of conversation, to which he sometimes replied, usually with an erratic remark.

During one of these near-lucid moments he heard a man's voice.

"He's got to have a doctor, and we'd better summon that woman who arrived here last month. They say she's a regular physician, although I've always been skeptical about the ability of a woman M. D. She's the only medic around here, though, so we'll have to have her."

"No woman doctor for mine!" shouted Austin, but, of course, his words bore no weight with the others.

After weeks of struggling with the fever, one morning Austin awoke to find himself back in the world. He felt weak, but otherwise no traces of the disease remained with him. He stared round in wonder at the strange walls that surrounded him. Slowly his memory came back; that is, the part which dealt with events up to the time the fever had got a strong hold on him.

Strange jabbering noises outside the window at his side attracted his attention and his eyes encountered a number of half-naked black children engaged in various grotesque forms of play.

"Well, how do you like it?" said a gentle voice at the other side of the bed.

"The woman doctor," he thought, recalling the words he had heard while in the throes of the fever. Turning his head slowly he looked into the pale blue eyes of Carrie Crothers.

"You!" he ejaculated. He was too astonished to articulate any further words for a moment, but mechanically he reached out his hand and took the small one extended toward him.

"Then—then you brought me out of this," he finally said. "You're the lady doctor!"

She smiled, captured a vagrant strand of brown hair and replied, with eyes sparkling in a strange way:

"No; the lady doctor is Elsie Shaw, an elderly woman, and she brought you out of this. But of course I helped nurse you when I could find the time. You see, I'm pretty busy."

She pointed out the window.

"Those black youngsters keep me pretty well occupied," she went on. "You see, I'm a teacher in the mission school, and they are the rising generation."

Round Towers in the West.

Those who venture into the West of the United States in these days are often puzzled by the number of round towers that at times throw very lengthy shadows across the landscape. There is always more or less guessing at the windows of passenger coaches as to the name and purpose of these structures. Most of them have greater circumference, and some seem to have greater height than the famous round towers of Ireland. They are silos, so called because they are employed for the preservation of ensilage or fodder crops at their green stage. There are possibilities in barn and silo combinations which will some day, we believe, be developed by the skillful architect. Even now departures from the crude and conventional are visible in many parts of the Indian corn belt.

London's Ugliest Church.

Charing Cross is by common consent London's ugliest bridge; do you know which is her ugliest church? It dominates Smith's square, Westminster, and Canon Wilberforce was vicar for many years. The story of its origin is that Queen Anne wanted a church built hereabout and ordered an architect to prepare the design. When the plans were brought for her approval she disliked them so much that she tore them into shreds, threw them at the artist's head, and kicked over a footstool in her rage. "There," she said, pointing to the overturned footstool, "build me a church like that." The terrified man took her at her word, and the result we see.—London Chronicle.

Way of the Henpecked.

Wills—"Bump claims to be a very strong-minded man." Gillis—"That's right. When Bump tells his wife to do a thing he does it."—Life.

Three Specials

For the Opening of the New Year Trade

Flannelette Blankets
1 1-4 Flannelette Blankets for per pair..... \$2.75

Boys' Reefer Coats
Balance of Boys Heavy Reefer Coats, sizes 30 to 35, at prices ranging up from..... \$3.00

Men's Boot Rubbers
Clearing Lot Men's boot Rubbers for..... 60c Pair

T. S. KENDRICK

Athens

Ontario

FISH FISH FISH

Cheaper and More Wholesome than Meat

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

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

Joseph Thompson

Athens

Ontario

WE'VE GOT 'EM!

Hardware
Ranges
Heaters
Tinware
Churns
Sanitaries
Axes
Paints
Oils
Colors
Varnishes
Builder's Supplies

THE Earl Construction Company

Genuine Ford Repair Parts
GARAGE AND AUTO SUPPLIES
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