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The Athens Reporter

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Clifford C. Blancher
Prompt Service Athens Ont.

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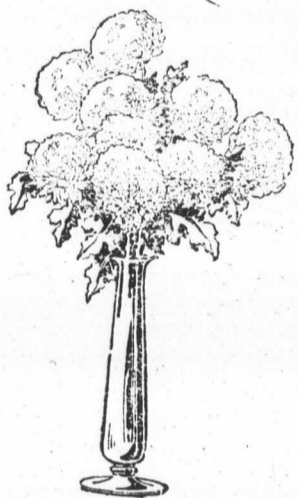


Special attention given to Farmers' problems. Use our Rural Exchange Service. If you have livestock, feed or seed grain to sell, or wish to purchase, list it on our Bulletin Board. Auction Sale Registers furnished free of charge. Have you received one of our Farmer's Account Books? Have you been supplied with a "Breeding and Feeding Chart"? Call in and see us—we are interested in your welfare.

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Head Office: Montreal. **OF CANADA** Established 1864.
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"GET THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT"



Beautiful Living, Growing
PLANTS
and
FLOWERS
For Xmas Gifts

We have a fine lot of lovely Cyclamen, Azaleas, Primulas, Begonia and Xmas Cherry Plants all out in bud and flower for Christmas and New Years
These range in price from \$1.00 to \$5.00 each.

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By sending Floral Gifts to your friends and to those in your own home this glad holiday time.

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Fresh Cut Flowers—Roses, Violets, Narcissus, Carnations, Etc. All safely sent by express to any express office.

The Hay Floral and Seed Co.
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Wishing You
One and All
A
Very Merry
Christmas
and a
Happy and Prosperous
New Year

THE
**Earl Construction
Company**

Genuine Ford Repair Parts
GARAGE AND AUTO SUPPLIES
Athens - - - - - Ontario

The Same to You

Tho' the world be at sixes and sevens
And battered and twisted and torn,
And old faiths seem shattered and shaken,
Or wiggly and wobbly and worn.

We'll be cheery, by heck—for it's Christmas,
And we'll laugh as we always shall do,
When you pass us the old-fashioned greeting,
And we say the same back to you.

Don't Let the Price Tag Figure

(CRAWF. C. SLACK)

I got the "Christmas Carol" and I read with moistened eye,
'Twas written for the selfish folks I guess like you and I,
That story serves to mellow up the granite heart I find,
And makes it more benevolent toward needy human kind,
As many men I'm narrow, much my paltry dimes regard,
But when I read that story, I don't pinch them quite so hard,
So my friend let me remind you, when you give someone a lift,
Remember that the price tag doesn't make the Christmas gift.

Thanksgiving, it has come along and travelled on its way,
And now its time to think about our plans for Christmas day.

Some will be buying jewels, and some won't be so strong,
But jewels do not figure in the Christmas cheer and song,
Diamond jewelry is something that a poor cuss couldn't use.

When December frosts remind him that he needs a pair of shoes.

You don't have to be a diamond king, some sorrow for to lift,

Remember that the price tag doesn't make the Christmas gift.

The down-and-out, he don't need a fancy motor car,
A pair of shoes or overcoat for him are better far,
His wife don't want an ~~expensive~~ coat, that is if she is wise,
A dress for baby and herself, no doubt she'd highly prize,
There is not much good in giving, when we do it in the way,

Of showing off, or passing by some debts that we should pay.

So when wintry winds are blowing, and the snow begins to drift,

Remember that the price tag doesn't make the Christmas gift.

You don't have to be a millionaire to help the world along,
If you cannot give the money, you can smile or sing a song
If all were millionaires down here, I wouldn't care to stay,
For I'd miss the song and laughter to cheer me by the way,

So my friend while we are living, let us help the others live,

And figure that at Christmas time at least ^{with love} we'll give.

Remember that a smile sometimes will cause the clouds to lift,

So don't let the price tag figure when you make your Christmas gift.

Young Folks Old Folks
EVERYBODY COME
to the

Christmas Tree and
Entertainment

under auspices of

The Methodist
Sunday School

at 8 p.m. on the evening of

Friday, December 23

The program will be varied and interesting

Adults 35c

Children 25c

To Everyman



THE first and most important aim of Everyman who desires to succeed should be the same as that of successful business and financial houses—the formation of a Reserve Fund.
A reserve is not only invaluable when reverses or emergencies arise, but it is a guarantee of strength and promotes self-confidence.

THE
STANDARD BANK
OF CANADA

TOTAL ASSETS OVER NINETY MILLIONS

Athens Branch: W. A. Johnston, Manager.

Your Last Chance

to take a chance on winning the Grand Starr Phonograph

to be given away absolutely FREE on

Xmas Eve

[Saturday Evening December 24th]

With every purchase of \$1.00 or more you have one guess on the time the Watch stopped--the correct or the nearest correct guess will win the Phonograph, your guess may be the lucky one.

Wishing all my friends and customers the Compliments of the Season.

The Bazaar

R. J. CAMPO, Proprietor

Wishing you One and All
A MERRY CHRISTMAS
And a Happy and
Prosperous New Year

XMAS

Comes But Once a Year

We are Headquarters for

Xmas Presents That Last

Big Comfortable Easy Chairs Davenport
Jardiniere Stands Ash Trays TeaWagons
Book Cases Reading Lamps Clocks, Etc
Hand Sleighs Children's Dining Suites
Doll Cradles Doll Carriages.

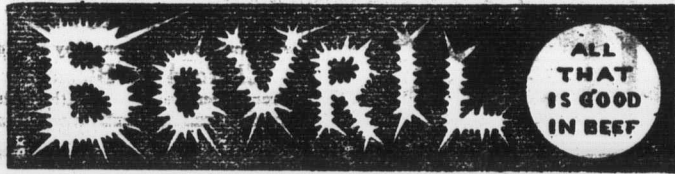
Picture Framing and Upholstering

Phonographs and Records

W. C. Town

Furniture and Funeral Director Athens

BOVRIL FLAVORS STEWS AND HASHES



Every Man For Himself

By HOPKINS MOORHOUSE

(Copyright by Munsion Company)

CHAPTER IX.—(Cont'd.)

As it had turned out, Kendrick's evening hike back down the track to Thorakson had been a lucky thing for Peimore too. Within a mile of the siding Phil had come upon him, sitting beside the track in despair of reaching human aid before he collapsed completely. He had been badly hurt in his fall from the train, and aside from these injuries his hands were swollen and covered with dirt and blood, his torn clothes encrusted with dried mud, collar and tie gone and his shirt ripped open in front, revealing neck and chest smeared with blood where the blackflies had bitten him severely.

"He had spent part of the night and the whole day in the woods and was half out of his head, poor devil!" said Phil. "I managed to get him down here and with the help of Mrs. Thorakson's homemade liniment I fixed him up as well as I could. He insisted on my staying with him all night—till you arrived, in fact."

"Expected us, eh?" grunted Wade. "Oh, sure. News of the accident traveled up and down the line pretty swiftly. A track-walker passed the word to us early yesterday morning just as we were starting out from the caboose for the day's work. So I had Thorakson get a messenger off to you, he stuck it in a split stick and the engineer of a passing freight caught it O.K. and took it up the line to the operator at Indian Creek."

As Kendrick finished speaking they both turned to watch Cranston approaching slowly, supporting Peimore. The secretary's condition had improved greatly under Phil's ministrations and the food which Mrs. Thorakson had prepared for him. But it was apparent that he was still suffering from shock and beneath the bandage about his head the black and blue evidence of the concussion was visible. His strained arm was bandaged also and he limped badly and leaned heavily upon the detective.

"Hello there, Hughie," greeted Wade. "Wrecked from engine to caboose, eh? What a whack on the head! Might've killed you. How'd you come to fall off?"

Peimore smiled weakly. He gazed for a moment at Kendrick as if trying to collect his thoughts. Then he explained that he had been troubled with insomnia and got up to smoke a cigarette. He had been fool enough to perch up on the brass rail at the end of the private car, thinking the fresh air might make him sleepy. The train had been hitting up a fast pace on a down grade and as they swung a curve he had lost his balance and pitched clean down a long fill among the rocks of a creek bottom. The fall had knocked him senseless. When finally he had recovered consciousness he had been too ill to move for a long time. Then the hot sun had driven him to crawl painfully into the woods where he had lain helpless most of the day, with just enough strength to get water from the creek. When he began to feel a little better toward nightfall, he had gone back to the track and started for help. Just as he was ready to give up Kendrick had found him.

Cranston and the president exchanged glances, but Wade merely nodded when Peimore requested to be allowed to crawl into his berth because he was feeling "swimmy in the head." Cranston and the steward helped him aboard and proceeded to put him to bed.

"From that little shake of the head that Cranston just passed you, Mr. Wade, I gather that he failed to find any trace of the envelope that's missing," said Kendrick quietly. He smiled at the abruptness with which the President of the C.L.S. took hold of his arm and walked him away from the car.

"Let's go over there and see Thorakson a minute," he said loudly. "Now shoot," he added in a lower voice. "What do you know about this thing, Phil?"

"He's been trying to fill me up with the smoothest line of bunk I ever listened to. According to him you're the sworn political enemy of Uncle Mitt and have had a finger in the theft—theft, mind you!—of important secret state documents which would have been the cause of a financial panic if they had remained in your possession much longer, to say nothing of under-

mining public confidence in the present administration."

"Great Busted Reputations! Did he tell you that?"

"While I was bandaging him. He said he was the reporter who located the evidence that had convicted Rives and elected my uncle, and that he was acting now as an agent of the government to recover the confidential reports that had been stolen from the chairman of the Waterways Commission."

"Trying to unload the envelope on you, eh?"

"Yes. He asked me to post it for him—addressed it himself to his address in Toronto."

"What did you do?"

"Posted it of course—in a hollow stump over there near the tank with a slab of fungus on top for a lid!"

Ben Wade laughed aloud. "Know what's in the thing?" he demanded abruptly.

"These stolen Government documents?"

"Fifty thousand dollars, you mean?"

"The son-of-a-gun!" muttered Kendrick, looking startled.

"But he doesn't happen to know that the bills are bogus—stage money, sandwiched between a couple of genuine bills of small denomination," chuckled Wade. He stopped short and stood in front of Kendrick with one hand on the younger man's shoulder. "Phil," he said seriously, "you've stumbled in on a little game that is being played out with stacked cards. We'll talk about it after breakfast. We'll be running up as far as Indian Creek to use the Y in the old ballast pit. You're coming along. We can stop at Rutland's caboose long enough for you to pick up your nightie and your safety razor."

"I don't think I understand, Mr. Wade," said Phil, puzzled.

"Not supposed to," retorted Wade. "Fact is, you're fired! You can't work for Rutland another minute."

"Why, what—?"

"Because you're hired! I've got to have a secretary haven't I? There's interesting work ahead, boy, and I need you. Don't ask questions. Breakfast first. I can't talk without a cigar and I never smoke before breakfast."

"Shall I run over to the stump and get the envelope?" asked Kendrick when he had recovered from his first surprise.

"Not by a jugful! Peimore thinks you're playing his game, doesn't he? Always drags to the ace, Phil. Leave the envelope where it is. Hello, Thorakson. Hello, boys. God work last night—I want to thank you all. Mr. Kendrick here has just been telling me how well you did your duty. He wants you to have that fifty dollars reward—all of it."

As he spoke he took from his pocket a roll of greenbacks and peeled off five ten-dollar bills which he handed to the foreman with a twinkle of the eye. It was what they had been waiting for with a vast interest. And while Swensen, the big Swede, and the two Norwegians snatched off their caps and grinned, Thorakson endeavored to convey their entire satisfaction.

"Yaow, Meester Vale, sir, it is very sufficient," he assured in his best English as he shook hands with profound respect. When he turned to Kendrick there was added his evident admiration of the young man's generosity.

Smoke was curling up from the kitchen end of the private car and the welcome aroma of coffee announced that Taylor had breakfast ready. They climbed aboard forthwith, but the special remained sidetracked to pass a fast freight. It thundered by before they finished the meal and by the time Kendrick found himself on the observation platform at the rear of the car the special was on its way.

Wade carefully shut the door behind them. Peimore had fallen into a sound slumber while Cranston was busy at the writing-desk, and it was with a lively interest that Phil settled himself to listen to whatever confidences Ben Wade might see fit to impart. For some time, however, the President of the C.L.S. smoked in silence, his shaggy eyebrows puckered in a frown and his gaze fastened thoughtfully upon the serrated skyline of the spruce tops that ran rearward unceasingly.

"We've come across two or three places like that on this division the past two weeks," said Phil to break the silence. He nodded towards the deserted station building that was receding down the track, its boarded windows and broken platform eloquent of dereliction. "I've wondered why a perfectly good station like that should be built in the first place if it was to be abandoned later on without even a day telegraph operator?"

"Eh? Oh, there used to be some lumbering around here when we first opened up. Also the road's required to put up a station every so-many miles without regard to the surrounding country—just a fool charter obligation, that's all; sometimes we use an old box-car."

Wade carefully picked away the head of his cigar. "Phil, I'm going to ask you to undertake a somewhat unusual commission for me with no very definite idea of what it may lead you into. There may be even some danger attached to it. It is my duty to mention this possibility, although I know you'll consider that not at all when I tell you that

the results may have some bearing upon the welfare of your uncle; indirectly, perhaps your aunt.

"Let me give you a few facts. If you've cut your eye teeth you know that just as man does not live by bread alone so elections in this fair land are not won nowadays by mass meetings and fine speeches, but by hard cold cash and organization. Things have come to such a pass that it is largely a matter of machinery. The side with the biggest machine and the most cash—and gas—is pretty sure of passing the grandstand in the lead. The oil is most important, and long before the face it is gathered into a large tank called the 'Party Campaign Fund,' by henchmen who call upon various friendly corporate institutions. You follow me?"

"Right at your heels," smiled Kendrick.

"Well then one of these substantial little contributions not long since, while on its devious way to the Place of Buried Offerings, was ambushed by somebody with a hankering for the fleshpots of Egypt—fifty thousand dollars' worth—stolen as slick as a whistle. I happen to be one of the very few, outside of the principals in the transaction, who know anything about it; for campaign fund contributions are among those things which men of discretion do not discuss from the households. I'm not going to say just now how this information reached me; but it is necessary for you to know that the Interprovincial Loan & Savings Company is vitally interested in the recovery of this money, or at least the identity of the thief. And when we speak of the Interprovincial in these halcyon days we speak of J. Cuthbert Nickleby, its astute president. A thing like this could never have happened if Nat Lawson had been in the saddle."

"Mention of Nickleby brings me to Podmore, who is nothing more than a tool of Nickleby's. I knew when I hired Podmore as my secretary that I was hiring a spy. I knew his record. You see, they were aware of the fact that I was interesting myself on behalf of my friend, Lawson. Podmore hadn't been with me two days before the beggar had the combination of the safe aboard this car. He's a smooth one. But I figured to learn as much from him as he got from me. Before we get to Toronto I'll give you the inside history of that Lawson situation; for it's mixed up with the rest of it."

"But let me get back to this stolen money. It was done up in an envelope just like this one which Peimore stole from the car the other night; fact is, they're duplicates. It was a little experiment which Cranston and I decided to try out to get Podmore where we wanted him. We're going to have an interesting session with him after a bit on the off chance of securing some information. I haven't a great deal of confidence in third degree methods; but I'm letting Cranston have a fling at it on the chance that Podmore will drop a stitch. He's yellow enough for anything."

(To be continued.)

Manganese From India.

Revolutionary conditions in Russia have cut off the rest of the world from one of the principal sources of an indispensable metal, manganese. In the Caucasus there is one deposit of 100,000,000 tons of ore that is nearly 50 per cent. manganese oxide.

The metal is related to iron, slightly lighter in weight and with a silvery sheen. It is very widely distributed in rocks both igneous and sedimentary, but high-grade ores are scarce. Now that Russia is shut off we depend for our supplies mainly upon India and Brazil.

Manganese has a greater affinity for oxygen than iron has. Hence in the smelting of iron ores it is used to get rid of excess oxygen so that when the melt is complete there shall be no iron oxide left in the molten metal.

It is indispensable in the making of virtually all steels, taking up the oxygen that has to be eliminated, after which it is "slugged out" in the form of a complex manganese oxide.

Small quantities of manganese are added to steel to produce "manganese steel," which has great hardness and toughness.

Voice Tells Height of Water by Phonograph Mechanism.

Warnings are usually given of the rise and fall of water in reservoirs, wells tanks, etc., by the use of electrically operated alarm bells, but the system of bells has been improved upon by an English concern. The new apparatus operates after the fashion of a phonograph, has a telephone receiver placed in front of the speaking tube, and the mechanism is set in motion by the "ringing in," or connection, of a telephone operator. Thus anyone knowing the "number" of the machine, can "call up" and be connected in the same manner that any call is made.

To the listener's ears comes the somewhat uncanny voice of the mechanical sentinel, saying anything from "Empty" up to "One double-nought," which means 100 feet.

New Uses for Waste.

It has been customary hitherto to burn the hulls of rice discarded in the process of preparing the cereal for market, no use for them being known. Now, however, means have been found for turning this waste material to valuable account. One hundred tons of rice hulls, by the application of high heat after washing and boiling, can be made to yield seventy-five tons of cellulose for the manufacture of paper, linoleum and other products, including paraffin, acetic acid and hydrogen gas. The importance of this discovery may be judged from the fact that nearly one-third of the total rice crop, by weight, consists of hulls.

If you want friends you must be friendly.

Minard's Liniment for Colds, etc.

About the House

The Consolation of Good Clothes.

Who was it said that being well and becomingly dressed gives to one a peace which even the consolation of religion can not impart? He may have stretched the truth somewhat, but he had the idea. Really how can you, if you are a woman, feel real sweet in your soul if you know your dress is an unbecoming color, or the waist hitched up in the back, or the sleeves aren't right or, worst offense of all, the skirt is too long. Being well dressed certainly is the first step towards being self-possessed and contented.

Further, it is the first step towards success nowadays. Other things being equal the employer looking for help is going to pick the prospect who is the best groomed. Possibly not the ones whose shoes are most sharply pointed, but the one who has given the most attention to the little niceties of dressing. The one whose shoes are polished, clothes cleaned and pressed, all buttons on and no bastings or loose threads flying, is the one who is going to look after the little things about the business. So the employer argues. And in the same spirit the housewife about to engage help chooses the girls who look neat.

Knowing these things, isn't it queer that so many of the employers themselves are careless? Isn't it queer that so many people who know better are slovenly in dress? There is the school teacher who doesn't know why she can't keep a school. She is a perfect disciplinarian, and no one can teach arithmetic as she can. Her talks on hygiene and health are gems. But she seldom cleans her own teeth, her nails always need attention, her hair is always untidy, and she boasts that she wears a white waist a whole week.

When the school board visited the school there was a litter of books and papers and bits of lunch on her desk which caused that august body to get their heads together and wonder if it wouldn't be better to hire a girl who while she might not know so much out of books, knew a bit more about keeping slicked up.

Being well dressed certainly pays well in satisfaction and in dollars and cents.

For the Low-Ceilinged Room.

Most farm houses are low-ceilinged, and this low room means that the furniture must not be massive or clumsy, else some delightful possibilities will be lost. For this best room then—call it living-room, parlor or whatever you wish—we want chairs that shall be comfortably shaped and large enough but graceful. For an upholstered chair the Windsor type in all its varieties is good. Sometimes the seats are just wood, shaped for comfort, sometimes of rush, making them slightly easier.

In upholstered chairs and couches there should be nothing heavy. There has been a wave of such things in huge lines suitable only for mammoth hotel lobbies or clubs and of questionable beauty, even in that capacity. They ruin the small home. Neither is the type called "Mission" suited to the small house. Mission has the merit of being all-American and was a sincere attempt to create something independently of the Old World. In that it has succeeded, but not as beautifully as we could wish. Too heavy and square in line, too monotonously brown in color, we must forego this type if we would have our room beautiful.

There are simple line sofas, not too large; gate-leg tables with too merit for just this kind of room, drop-leaf tables, and small stands to use beside the sofa and on which a lamp can be placed to advantage; there are stools made to the height of a chair seat which, when used with a small comfortable chair, give the tired member of the family a chance to recline. And this small comfortable chair can be well-upholstered and still have shapely, delicate lines. There are tip-top tables or if you prefer "Picnic," which are large enough to hold a few books and a lamp, but not too large for a small room. There are simple table desks and spinet desks, all of which lend an air of permanent beauty to the low-ceilinged farm living-room.

Comrades.

Laurie was quick. When she heard Sue's voice at the top of the stairs she thrust the photograph under a pile of letters on her desk. But Sue was quick too. She saw both the act and Laurie's confusion.

"Caught!" she cried gaily. "Caught in the act! I don't know what the act is, but you'd better tell me at once."

After a second of hesitation Laurie drew out the photograph. It was a portrait of a man with a quiet face and steady eyes.

"Well Laurie Fair! I didn't know you were a hero worshipper! Who is he, anyhow? Some new literary star?"

Laurie looked at the photograph silently for a moment. "Not a writer," she said at last; "only a hero. He was one of the doctors who gave his life twenty years ago in the experiment that ended yellow fever."

"But—" For once in her life Sue was puzzled.

"Why do I keep it?" Laurie suggested. "Well, you see—" she blushed, but she met Sue's curious eyes

bravely. "You'll laugh, Sue, but sometimes I get rebellious over things—wanting to travel and have good times like lots of girls. Of course I'm ashamed of myself underneath, but in spite of that I somehow can't keep from giving way now and then."

"I'm sure I don't blame you," said Sue.

"Well, then I go to my hero box. I've got a boxful of clippings about all kinds of people who played the game—who were so busy living bravely that they didn't have time to think about what they did not have. There is the little French girl who ran her father's bakery when he was called to the colors, and there is Captain Scott and scores in between. Whenever I'm hard pressed I go to them for help. I suppose you think it's funny—"

But Sue's voice was quite free from mockery. "Yes, it's funny and Laurie-ish—and dear. And it explains something, never mind what. Isn't there a saying about a man's being known by the company he keeps? It applies to girls too, my dear!"

Candy Made From Apples.

Immense quantities of apples are fed to hogs, or even allowed to rot, because they are "culls"—that is, defective, or too small to be worth sending to market. Uses for them ought to be found.

The Utah Agricultural Experiment Station has been trying to turn them to account for candymaking.

During the war an attempt was made to produce a concentrated form of apples for soldiers in the trenches, and a novelty evolved was "apple flakes." To make them, apples (after removing the skins) were pared clear down to the cores, being thus reduced to the shape of long thin strips. Packed in airtight cans, they would keep good indefinitely and they were pronounced delicious.

Unfortunately, the method could not be economically applied for large-scale market purposes. It was too expensive in labor.

As a result of many experiments, the Utah experts have managed to work out a process for manufacturing apple candy cheaply.

They ground peeled apples in an ordinary household meat-grinder, added sugar in the proportion of fifteen pounds to 100 pounds of the fruit, spread the mixture half an inch deep in pans, and evaporated it for forty-eight hours. They called the product "apple leather," because, while it tasted good, it was very hard to chew.

This difficulty was overcome by grinding the apple leather, mixing it with a syrup of three pounds of sugar to one pound of water, and drying the paste thus formed. The result was a highly satisfactory chewable candy, which, if desired, might contain nuts.

They found that a delightful variety

STAMMERING
or stuttering overcome positively. Our natural methods permanently restore natural speech. Graduates pupils everywhere. Free advice and literature.
THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE
KITCHENER, CANADA

Vaseline

Trade Mark

WHITE

PETROLEUM JELLY
An application of "Vaseline" White Jelly brings grateful relief when applied to cuts, burns, chafed skin, etc.

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING COMPANY
1880 Chabot Ave., Montreal.



In tubes and jars at all drug-gists.
of candies could be home-made by taking apple pulp, or any other fruit pulp, minus skins and seeds, putting it in a pan with plenty of sugar or corn syrup, cooking slowly till stiff, pouring out on greased porcelain or marble, and allowing the stuff to cool and dry for several days. When nearly dry, it should be cut in slaps, rolled in granulated or powdered sugar and dried some more. Store in airtight tins.

Luminous Star Aids Amateur Astronomers.

The fascinating study of the stars is the oldest of the sciences, and one which has interested human beings for ages. The average person, who has not the time to take up this extensive study, but whom the stars interest as he gazes up at them on a clear night, is usually bewildered if he tries to distinguish one from the other. As an aid to the amateur astronomer, a star map has been drawn which shows the stars of the first five magnitudes, and the different constellation groupings. The stars of the first four magnitudes, and the lines showing the constellation groupings, are marked with radium salt, thus making them shine at night.

Bread made of clay, grass and moss as eaten by the victims of the Russian famine, was recently exhibited at Riga.

Minard's Liniment Used by Veterinarians

CANADA'S PROBLEMS REVIEWED BY OFFICIALS OF BANK OF MONTREAL

The addresses of the President and General Manager of the Bank of Montreal, at the annual meeting of shareholders of that institution, were the authoritative pronouncements in matters of finance, and as such they will undoubtedly be followed with much interest both in this country and abroad. Every year the addresses at this annual meeting are looked forward to with keen anticipation by merchants and manufacturers because of the comprehensive analysis that they provide of financial conditions in Canada, and because they afford guidance in the general business policy to be followed during the coming year.

Must Deal With Railway Situation

In the view of Sir Vincent Meredith, the way to sustained improvement in trade is not yet clear, but when labor realizes that war-inflated wages cannot continue, and that more efficiency and greater production are absolutely necessary in order to bring prices down to a level that will stimulate consumption and thus provide increased employment. His warning as to the evil effects of heavy taxation in stifling industry and enterprise is one that will be cordially endorsed by all thinking men, and one which those who direct our public affairs surely will not dare to ignore. And Sir Vincent merits public thanks for the courageous way in which he dealt with the railway problem; in particular for his uncompromising declaration that no marked im-

provement can be expected in the present burdensome conditions so long as the roads continued under public ownership, as he said, means political ownership and operation. Both Great Britain and the United States have realized the financial chaos inseparable from such ownership and operation, and have adopted the only remedy.

Retail Prices Out of Line.

Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor undoubtedly placed his finger on one of the weak spots in our present trade conditions when he said that while on the one hand the purchasing power of the products of our natural resources was at the lowest level reached for several years past, in other directions we still had high prices, and retail prices were conspicuously out of line. It is on the purchasing power of the products of our natural resources that we must place our main dependence for a revival in trade and it is obvious that there can be no sustained improvement until the price of other commodities are commensurate with that purchasing power.

Summed up, the most obvious needs of Canada at the present time, in the opinion of these two eminent financiers, are a drastic economy in the conduct of public affairs, a solution of the railway problem on the basis of private as against political ownership and operation, a vigorous immigration policy for the peopling of our waste spaces by diverting to Canada the stream of immigrants that formerly flowed elsewhere, and deflation in the cost of labor.

THE WONDER TOY OF THE YEAR

35c Postpaid

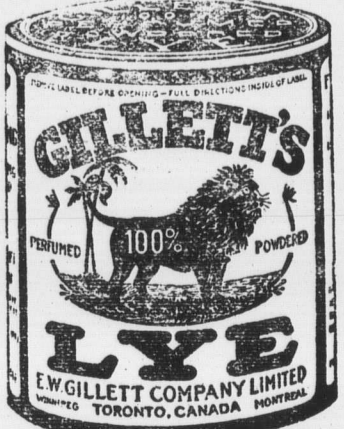


DEALERS: Write for prices. Mervyn Sellers all year round.

The Great Canadian Toy Dirigible Balloon

Just like the big ones! Size—26" long by 8" deep. Interesting and instructive for both children and grown-ups. Send for one today! Those of a mechanical and constructive turn of mind have great pleasure in assembling it.

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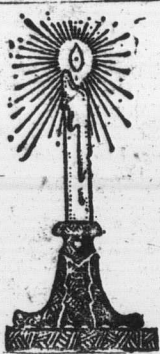


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The Princess of the Violin

By C. COURTENAY SAVAGE.



In spite of the light whirl of snow, which everyone said was seasonable, considering that Christmas was only three weeks off, there were a score of people waiting before the ticket window of the Thompsonville motion picture house. John Higgins, the proprietor, saw the crowd and smiled. He knew why they were there, twenty minutes before show time, and with the air of a man regarding a great possession, glanced proudly at the showy billboard:

MARY JENNINGS

THE PRINCESS OF THE VIOLIN

He read the sign a second and a third time. Then he went quickly into the box office and opening the window, began to sell tickets. It was half-past seven when Mary Jennings made her first appearance that night, sandwiched between a comedy picture and the big feature of the evening. She was a small woman, with dark hair and eyes, no longer really young, and in appearance, foreign to the stage. In her simply cut dress, she could hardly be called good-looking but she had a radiant smile that was all-enveloping. When the spotlight caught her as she entered from one side of the stage, there was a heavy roar of applause, which the lifting of her violin checked abruptly. Those out front did not wish to miss a single note.

Mary Jennings had played the violin since childhood and she could make the instrument laugh and sigh, weep and sing and dream. As she swayed the bow over the vibrating strings, so she swayed the hearts of those who listened. She was not a great artist. She played with the divine temperament.

To-night she played three semi-classical melodies and then, with friendly smile and words, asked her audience to tell her what they would like. The first two "request" pieces came quickly and then with a joyous clamor they called for Home, Sweet Home—old-fashioned, forever beloved Home, Sweet Home. Just as a certain great singer has always sung that ballad best, so it was the choicest number in Mary Jennings' repertoire.

After she had bowed acknowledgment to their sincere applause, they settled back for the feature picture and Mary Jennings' work was over until it was time for the second performance.

To-night, as she entered the small, scrupulously clean dressing-room to await the second call, she found John Higgins there, and with him a stranger whom he introduced as Mr. Helm.

"I'm pleased to meet you, Miss Jennings," Helm said cordially. He was a large man and by his general appearance, a man of success.

"Yes, he's been waiting to see you—says that he has something very important to say." Higgins spoke almost eagerly. Then—"I guess you folks can get on without me. You played wonderfully to-night, Miss Mary, better than ever!"

"Thank you," Mary Jennings said, smiling, and the stranger, noting the light in her eyes, concluded that the violinist and the theatre proprietor must be more than mere business friends.

"I understand that there are always great houses when you play," Helm said as the door closed.

"Yes, they seem to like my playing." The woman motioned her visitor to a chair and seated herself on the top of her trunk. She was very curious and slightly awed.

"That's what I came about—your playing. One of my advance men heard you in Pembroke last week. He sent word to me and I followed you here. I heard you play this afternoon."

"Yes—" she asked uneasily. "And I'll hand it to you—you can play."

"Thank you," she smiled again. There was a long pause. Each was thinking.

"You don't know who I am, do you?" he asked presently. "You don't place me?"

No, she did not place him.

"I'm Carlos Helm, the concert manager. I'm getting ready a big world tour for one of the bands that I sent out. We're looking for soloists. I think you'd do for one of them."

"For a world tour?"

"Maybe. I'd like to try you out." He was abruptly business-like.

"I don't know—" she said softly. "No, neither do I. But I could soon find out. Suppose you plan to come into Ottawa next Monday. We're having a big concert there in connection with a drive they are holding. I'm going to have four or five big musical

numbers and they're providing the speakers. There's sure to be a crowd and if you get across with that crowd—well, you'll be able to go with any crowd."

The woman's eyes sparkled but she did not speak.

"Now about money. I'm not going to drag you before the public and then have some rival manager grab you up if you make a big bit. How much do you make playing around at these small town theatres? Not much, I'll wager."

"I average a hundred dollars a week, though, of course, I seldom get an engagement in the summer—that is, July and August."

"A hundred a week. And you're paying your own expenses," the man smiled. He had an easy task before him.

"I'll give you fifty dollars and expenses to play in Ottawa. You'll only have to do four pieces. If you go over right, I'll give you a hundred and fifty a week and travelling expenses to begin with. Afterwards you'll have more."

"I'll have to think about it," she said softly. "I—it sounds wonderful!"

"Yes, that's right—think it out. Show up at the Auditorium in Ottawa about three o'clock on the twelfth. That will give us time for a rehearsal. I've got to run now for my train. Good-bye!"

He was gone from the room before she could really answer him. She sat there on the trunk, wide-eyed, but blind to the things about her, until the call for her second performance roused her.

The applause was as generous as usual, but it had lost flavor. Ottawa! A world tour! Was she dreaming?

When she went back to her dressing room, John Higgins was waiting.

"What did he want, Mary?" he asked quickly. "He said that he was a concert manager. Does he want you to work for him?"

She nodded.

"Yes, he said that I was a good player. He said that I might have an engagement with one of his bands making a world tour. I'm going to play at a concert for him next Monday, the twelfth—to try me out."

For a minute the man did not answer. From out of doors came the faint sound of sleighbells as some of the audience drove homeward.

"It—it's mighty fine for you, Mary," he said slowly, "but you'll never get any better friends—any folks that like you more than me do."

"I know," she answered him quickly. "Still it's my chance, and after all, I'd never get any more money than I'm earning now as long as I play in these small towns."

"Money! It don't seem right for you to have to be earning money—why—"

"I know," she interrupted him. "I know that you have this theatre and there's the farm that has been such a paying proposition but, John!"

"I love to play. When I came past the front of the theatre to-night and saw that billing, The Princess of the Violin, it seemed to have made up for all the rough places I have travelled. I've been very happy playing here in the small towns but now I want my chance to be great. We can always be wonderful friends, can't we, John?"

The man nodded but had no word for reply.

It seemed to Mary Jennings as she entered the taxi-cab at the Ottawa Station the following Monday that she had never been more calm. And she should have been excited! At her feet was a bag containing the handsomest dress she had ever owned. On the seat beside her was her violin, a valuable instrument, bought after years of saving and self-denial. With these as her allies she was going to face her first metropolitan audience.

The orchestra had concluded its first number and a member of parliament was speaking when she came from her dressing-room, violin in hand, to stand near the wings. It was almost time for her to play. Helm, seeing her standing there, came forward, smiling.

"Play like a million dollars to-night and that contract will be ready in the morning. And don't be afraid."

She nodded. She was not afraid. If anything, she was too unafraid!

She went slowly forward. There was a sprinkling of applause and she lifted her bow to play. She went through the four numbers, two programmed numbers and their encores, playing with all the skill that had made her a favorite in the rural districts that hailed her as a princess. The audience, used to greater violinists, perhaps, but unable to resist the emotion of her music, gave her a more than hearty welcome and a most hearty recall.

She had only been in her dressing-room a minute before Helm knocked. "I was out front," he said quickly. "You made good."

"Do you really think so?"

"Sure—you'll do. I'm not going to hand you any lunk that you're great

Christinas Carol

Hovering o'er with their snowy wings unfurled,
When all the earth seemed sleeping,
Their voices drift to the weary world,
Where shepherds their watch were keeping,
And the shepherds heard those bright angels sing,
The song that proclaimed a Babe a King.

See the great star shining, so wondrous bright,
So pure in its radiant glory,
Go follow its journey and mark its flight,
(So the angels told the story),
To you glad tidings of peace we bring,
Go hasten now to your Christ and King.

So they left their flocks and they went their way,
As told by those angel voices:—
The manger they reached where the man child lay,
(Hark! the wise men now rejoice),
Then their precious gifts at His feet they fling,
They knew that the Babe was their Christ and King.

It was long, long ago, in Bethlehem,
In a manger He was lying,
But He died for us, as He died for them,
His atonement satisfying,
And His voice now bids all His angels sing,
Come, hasten now to your Christ and King.

—Christina W. Partridge.

but you've got something that gets them and that's what counts."

"Then you really think that I could play for big audiences—in big cities?"

He nodded emphatically.

"I have always wondered," she said quietly, "and now—" her eyes sparkled.

"Well, you've had your answer. You got across. You're staying at the Palace Hotel, aren't you? I'll call you up in the morning and we'll talk contracts."

He turned and started from the room but suddenly stopped.

"Say, by the way, I've a couple of open concert dates that I've got to have someone to fill. There's one in Kingston next week, another in Belleville and—" he stopped, looking at her keenly as if weighing his own wisdom.

"Then there's the big Christmas festival in Montreal on the 24th. Say!" he was suddenly enthusiastic. "You can play the kind of stuff that the mob likes to hear and you play it well. I'll put you on at the Christmas festival. That'll make every paper in the country mention your name."

The little woman clasped her hands before her. To play at the Christmas festival in Montreal was a dream that few ever realized. Her eyes were wide as a child's seeing its first Christmas tree. A tear of happiness glistened on her lashes. Yes! She would play to them the "kind of stuff" that they liked to hear. She would make every newspaper man mention her name. This meant success, the will-of-the-wisp that she had been blindly pursuing for nearly ten years.

"How wonderful!" she breathed.

"I guess you can do it!" Helm said bluntly. "Good-night! I'll call you in the morning."

It was several minutes before she moved. She stood there, thinking, thinking, her brain almost numbed by the glory that had befallen her. This had been her day of days!

When she went back to her hotel she sent half a dozen telegrams, each one cancelling an engagement to play in a small town. Mary Jennings told herself that these telegrams were the knives that cut her free for a wonderful world-wide experience.

It was hours before she slept and

from a fitful slumber her telephone rudely aroused her. It was a telegram from John Higgins.

"Cannot release you from engagement Christmas Eve. Have made all arrangements for gala performance. Will release you all the rest of the week."

The message angered her. How dare he! When Helm later called her on the telephone, she told him of Higgins' message.

"Did you sign any kind of contract with him?"

"Yes, a little slip of paper."

"H—! That probably constitutes a contract. Perhaps I can buy him off."

Mary Jennings said that she hoped that it would be possible.

"Well, don't worry about it," Helm assured her. "I've got a lot of work for you to do. I've just had word that Albrie, who's been playing in a concert town with a pianist and Madame Shavet, the soprano, has been taken sick. I want you to fill in his dates for a few days. Can you start this afternoon?"

Could she start? She could have been ready in twenty minutes!

It was ten days before she returned to Ottawa and Carl Helm's office. She had not heard from him for several days and was anxious as to whether she was to start for Montreal at once, or if by any chance, she would be forced to play the Christmas date at Thompsonville.

Thompsonville! Suddenly she almost hated the name. For ten days she had travelled in luxury and lived at the best hotels. She had been playing before audiences who wore evening clothes, who applauded correctly, who understood her music. Of course, the small town folk had been fond of her, and John Higgins loved her. But everything was changed now and surely it was a right change.

She found that Helm had gone West but had left an order for her. As she feared, he had not been able to break the Thompsonville engagement. She was to keep it and then report back to Ottawa. He would be back the day after Christmas and then the contract for the long tour could be signed.

She was disappointed, so much so

Northern Pines

I pass where the pines for Christmas
Stand thick in the crowded street,
Where the groves of Dream and Silence
Are paced by feverish feet.

And far through the rain and the street cries
My homesick heart goes forth
To the pine-clad hills of childhood,
To the dark and tender North.

And I see the looming pine-lands,
And I thrill to the Northland cold,
Where the sunset falls in silence
On the hills of gloom and gold!

And the still dusk woods close round me,
And I know the waiting eyes
Of my North, as a child's, are tender,
As a sorrowing mother's, wise!

—Arthur Stringer.

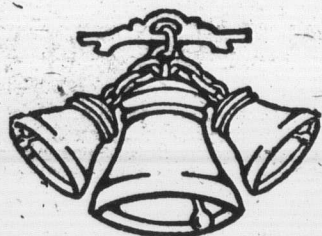


We are so constituted, so truly "members one of another," that it is impossible to injure another willingly without injury to ourselves. If we would be good to ourselves we must be good to possibly strike our neighbor without receiving the blow ourselves. This is the new philosophy which Christ taught. Before his day it was "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, blood for blood." That was the philosophy of Hatred. The new philosophy is the philosophy of Love.

A Christmas Prayer.

Lord! Grant to us perceiving eyes
That, through the gross material bar,
Through earthly mists that ever rise,
We glimpse to-day in clearer skies
The Guiding Star!

How much pleasure we could give and how much unhappiness many of us would be spared if instead of struggling and straining to give silly, useless Christmas presents which we really cannot afford to buy we would give freely of what Christ gave—love!



The Shepherd's Song.

We be silly shepherds,
Men of no renown,
Guarding well our sheepfolds
Hard by Bethlehem town;
Baby Jesus, guard us all,
Cot and sheepfold, bower and stall.

Wild the wind was blowing,
Sudden all was still,
Laughter soft of angels
Rang from hill to hill.
Baby Jesus, Thou wast born
Ere that midnight paled to morn.

Seek we now Thy presence
With our gifts of love;
Felix brings a lambkin,
I will give a dove.
Baby Jesus, small and sweet,
Lo, we lay them at Thy feet.

—Norah Holland.

With all good wishes for a
Merry Christmas
and a
Happy New Year.

that she considered playing sick and so cheating Higgins after all. She shivered at her smallness but argued with herself that she was right. For a whole day she moped about her hotel, one minute deciding that she might as well go, the next determining that she would never play in Thompsonville again.

In the end, however, duty won, duty was a queer little feeling of resentment. She would go down to Thompsonville! She would play as she had never played before! She would wear the gorgeous gown that she had bought with the thought of her Montreal engagement in mind. She would show Thompsonville what it would be missing in the years that were coming!

It was after noon when she arrived, and she went at once to the theatre to find what part she was scheduled to play in Higgins' gala program. She found the lobby trimmed with evergreen and in a frame of holly was her name with the familiar Princess of the Violin heading. The stage, too, was gayly decorated. A piano was on the stage and the organist of the Methodist Church, the best local musician, engaged especially to play her accompaniments. She found, too, to her surprise, that there was to be no afternoon performance, and only one that evening. Higgins, so the man at the box office told her, had gone to his sister's but would be back at seven. Her accompanist would meet her at four to practice.

There seemed to be nothing else to do but go back to her hotel room and put in the long afternoon. Last year, she, too, had been invited to John Higgins' sister's for over Christmas. But now a change had come. She had begun that change herself.

At four she returned to the theatre to rehearse, then back to the hotel for a lonely meal and the dragging hours until the evening engagement.

She dressed herself more than carefully that night and the mirror reflected her image as a handsome woman in startling raiment. She had not seen Higgins. She wondered if he were avoiding her. She hoped not, for, after all, she liked John. He had been very, very kind to her and, with him, friendship had blossomed into love. She smiled when she realized that if she had wished, she might be Mrs. John Higgins of Thompsonville, instead of Mary Jennings with the sure prospects of a glorious career before her.

As she stepped on to the stage that night, a chorus of "Oh's!" mingled with the thunder of applause. She checked it, almost imperiously, and played. First, there was a liting waltz which showed all the fire of her art. Then, scarcely waiting for the silence, she played the ever-beloved Christmas lullaby, Silent Night, Holy Night. The hush of a great peace was over the house. A woman muffled a sob. Mary Jennings felt the spirit of her own music as if she were hearing another. It seemed to exalt her, to carry her above smallness and unrest. At their insistent demand she played the Christmas favorites they called for: Hark, the Herald Angels Sing, It Came Upon the Midnight Clear and Good King Wenceslas. A child in front started to sing familiar words. Mary Jennings nodded joyously to the little girl and called "Sing out, dear! Everyone sing!" And they did. "Come All Ye Faithful!" someone called and the words were repeated from parquetry and box and gallery. They sang the melody, quietly at first but in growing volume as the Christmas spirit that was in their hearts overwhelmed them.

"Come, All Ye Faithful!" A thought filled the brain of the "Princess." How faithful they were, these "common people"—in their daily lives—in their love for her. She turned suddenly weary. After all, she had had but little sleep in the past ten days. It was

hard to rest even when one travelled in luxury. She would play no more to-night.

She walked toward the side of the stage and bowed, as if to end her program.

"Oh, you've got to play Home, Sweet Home!" shouted a middle-aged man down in front and the whole house echoed him. "Yes! Home, Sweet Home! You've got to play that!" She smiled at them and touched the bow to the strings.

"Mid pleasures and palaces—" the simple strain of the music flowed from her violin, and then, "Home! Home! Sweet, Sweet Home," and so on to the finish of the melody. Obeying a warm, inward impulse she repeated the refrain, the bow wandering in soft harmonies and variations. A sob rose in her heart. The old song was right! There was "no place on earth" quite like home. And to her, this little theatre, with the people who knew her best with John Higgins and his sister, was home to her. They loved her! There was not one of them that wore perfectly correct evening dress; they might not understand her more difficult musical themes. But they loved her. She was one of them. After the last high, sweet note died, she took no bows, she had to hide the free-running tears. She tumbled to the little dressing-room and dropped to a chair. They were real people, her own folk. And in the world beyond lay—what? Success? Money? Yes, but here were men and women who had driven miles through frosty air to hear her. After all, hearts were more than money, friendship more than fame.

There was a knock at her door. It was John Higgins. She smiled at him through her tears.

"Crying? What's up? You were more wonderful than ever," he said. "I don't wonder the big world calls you. When you played that Holy Night piece, I almost cried—and—"

He stopped abruptly. "What's up—dear?"

"It's nothing," she smiled wanly. "I'm just tired."

"That's all? Sure?"

"They all love me so, John! It's been wonderful playing in the big cities but—there is no place like home," and she sobbed outright.

He dropped to his knees beside her chair. He took her hands in his. "You don't have to be tired any more, Mary. You don't have to fiddle for city folks. You'll never have to work again, but just play when you will for the folks that love you best. Why—" he stopped.

She knew what he meant. That the big farm and the theatre could keep them. That he wanted to marry her. The thought was as the sweetest music that filled her soul. It soothed the ache in her heart.

"Holy Night!" she breathed softly, almost as if in prayer and leaned closer to him.

John Higgins understood. Through the silence of the little, barn-like room came to him the glorious message that Mary's heart had won home—she was giving him the best Christmas gift in his life, a true woman's love.

Everyone should regard Christmas as an occasion for clearing his heart of all grudges, for forgiving all offenses and all enemies. It is a good time to forget and to forgive; a good time to forget self and think of others.

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THE AUTOMOBILE

Ventilate Your Garage.

Cold weather "dourts" of the past have been increased this year with a new one by the ventilation experts. It is that you make sure your garage is properly ventilated or your relatives may have to call an undertaker. Deadly carbon monoxide, a poisonous gas given off by automobile engines in motion, has taken a big toll of human lives in the past in the case of chauffeurs or car owners who failed to realize that working in a poorly ventilated or closed garage with the engine running was really as foolish as "blowing out the light" in the good old days.

New discoveries of the virulence of carbon monoxide recently have been made by Prof. Yandell Harrison and other engineers working to solve the problem of "ventilation" for the proposed vehicular tunnel under the Hudson River. Among their tests was one to show the effect of the gas when it is confined in closed spaces. A summary of their observations, with particular reference to garages, appears in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*.

It is shown that if the quantity of carbon monoxide in air did not exceed three parts in 10,000 no physiological effects were produced. Between three and six parts to the 10,000 the effects were hardly perceptible. Above that, headache and nausea were induced, increasing in severity with the rising of the ratio and when it reached 15 to the 10,000 life was in jeopardy.

Motor car owners and operators are warned that an engine emits a square foot of the deadly gas a minute when in motion, and in three minutes the air in a closed garage is surcharged to a sufficient degree greatly to imperil

human life. The victim falls unconscious before he realizes he is in peril and death is the outcome unless he is speedily rescued and brought into the open air.

Brake Adjustment.

When the car owner has installed on his vehicle a winter body of any type he should remember that he has added considerable weight to the vehicle. For this reason it is necessary that he carefully adjust the brakes to care for the added burden. Neglect of this obvious precaution causes many minor rear-end collisions in city driving and may contribute to serious accident.

Hints for Driving in Cold Weather.

"Winter care of the motor car is a pertinent subject of the season," says an expert. "With the approach of the time when winter weight underwear makes its appeal, motor cars, too, call for heavier clothing. Many devices for keeping the heat in and the cold out are available to the automobilist. Radiator and bonnet covers and shutter devices for the cooling systems are to be had in various states of elaborateness. They can be had in cloth, leather and metal, according to the demand of the temperature and the pocketbook of the car owner.

"Another winter precaution is taken with the cooling mixtures. Water alone will freeze, therefore it is necessary to add alcohol and glycerine to the radiator's contents. If calcium chloride is used it may be dangerous to the metal in the radiator, as this salt will set up a chemical action. Draining the radiator and putting in a supply of alcohol, glycerine and water will stop freezing."

The Empire's Greatest Sea Story

Old Sea-Warriors, Whose Daring Made Britain "Queen of the Seas," Never Did Anything Finer Than the Glorious Feat of Stopping Up the Bolt-Holes of the Enemy Raiders During the Great War.

One of the most splendid, desperate, and truly British feats of the Great War is vividly dealt with in a recently published volume, which gives to the admiring world an authentic account of the blocking of Zeebrugge.

In 1917 the submarine blockade was going strong; raids by light craft on our coastal shipping and seaports were annoying if not successful; moreover, the enemy had their depot ready to hand—the occupied Belgian ports of Zeebrugge and Ostend.

A suggestion had been put forward for the blocking of Zeebrugge in the previous year. But it was not until the end of 1917 that the plan was definitely formed and passed by the Lords of the Admiralty. They laid down a well-thought-out scheme for the bottling of German craft in these harbors, and closing them against the entry of others.

The Armada of 1918.

The whole story of the great scheme is fully told by Captain Alfred F. B. Carpenter, V.C., R.N., who commanded H.M.S. *Vindictive* during the heroic operations. It is impossible in one single article even to deal with it briefly. But the part played by H.M.S. *Vindictive* epitomizes the spirit of the deed.

Altogether 162 vessels took part in the raid. Among them were the *Vindictive* herself; submarines loaded with explosives to blow up the railway viaduct leading to the Mole; blockships full of cement, which were to be sunk in the channel of the port; motorboats to operate the smoke screen; monitors to bombard from the sea; and all sorts of craft to help in as many different ways as there were vessels.

Even the heaviest guns on the northern flank of our armies in Flanders were to be used, to stimulate the opening of a land attack.

All this great Armada successfully approached one of the strongest coast positions of the enemy, and carried out perhaps the most daring plan ever conceived.

Victory in the Balance.

"One can picture the situation as seen from the Mole itself," writes Captain Carpenter. "A hostile vessel suddenly looming out of the fog at point-blank range, the intense excitement which resulted, the commencement of fire, the bursting of shells on the wall, the ardent desire to hit something as rapidly and as soon as possible."

At one minute past midnight the *Vindictive* actually arrived alongside the Mole, the force of the bump being taken by the specially constructed fender on the port bow. Under a perfect storm of fire, she lay there waiting for the assistant, the *Daffodil*, to push her closely against the Mole and hold her there.

When the landing parties received the order to disembark from the Mole, they were to have to pass the men but they met with no fire. The supply pipe of the *Vindictive* was somewhere below by the side of a shell; but this was not to be until many gallons of high explosive had been squirted into the Mole. If a spark had set it off there would have been a

very different story to tell regarding the fate of the *Vindictive*.

Destroying the Viaduct.

Immediately the gangways which had been provided were in position a party of seamen stormed the Mole. Their first business was to secure the ship to the wall by means of grapples and anchors. But, owing to the heavy swell, these failed to answer their purpose. Hence, throughout the whole affair, the *Daffodil* had to hold the *Vindictive* in place.

The high outer wall of the Mole, towering above the upper deck, now protected the hull of the vessel from gunfire. The *Vindictive's* guns in her fighting-top were directing a murderous fire into their special targets, chief among which were the heavy gun battery on the broad part of the Mole and the lighter battery on the lighthouse extension.

On the inner side of the Mole was berthed a German destroyer. Immediately abreast the *Vindictive* and our guns riddled the German vessel through and through.

The *Vindictive's* fighting-top received great attention from the enemy guns, and presently a tremendous crash overhead told that a heavy shell had made havoc there. It had wrecked the whole fighting-top and killed all the personnel save two gunners, both of whom were severely wounded.

The only survivor who was not completely disabled, without a thought for his own wounds, carried on the fight with the remaining gun until a second shell put his gun and himself completely out of action.

Howitzers in the *Vindictive* now began their work, directing their shells upon the enemy's batteries less than a mile away.

A few minutes after the storming of the Mole had commenced, a terrific explosion was seen away to the westward. Nothing could be heard of it on account of the terrific noise of the gunfire and the shells exploding in and around the ship.

But the gallant crew guessed at once, and rightly, that the submarine party had attacked the railway viaduct leading from the shore to the Mole. The flames shot up to a terrific height; the viaduct was cut clean through.

Within about half an hour after midnight the *Vindictive* had completed the greater part of her mission, the diverting of attention from the blockships. But the ship was still being hit continuously and her inferno showed no signs of abatement.

Every available space on the mess-deck was occupied by casualties. Yet so great was the spirit of the men that when Captain Carpenter shouted out to them that everything was going splendidly, and that the blockships had passed in, they cheered.

On the Mole itself the landing parties were fighting grandly. There they had against them a highly-perfected system of trenches and barbed wire. The terrific noise, the darkness, the bursting of shell and hail of machine-gun bullets made it exceedingly difficult for any one individual to make such observations as would lead

Not Every Woman Knows Enough About Her Nose



Only a very small portion of powder should be necessary if the toilet of the nose is regularly taken care of.

THE most prominent and distinguishing feature of the face is undoubtedly the nose, and yet it is one that is apt to be most neglected. There is really no good reason why the skin of the nose should not be kept as fine and clear as the rest of the face, but in many cases an otherwise pretty and attractive face is utterly spoiled by unsightly nostrils, enlarged pores, superfluous hair or a nose that is excessively red, shiny, oily or otherwise disfigured. In most cases it can be overcome by a little daily care. In infancy a poorly shaped nose can be moulded into perfect proportions while the bony part is still soft, and even in maturity a great improvement can be made by a practical regular massage, provided there is no deformity, in which case a reputable surgeon should be consulted.

Among the most common afflictions is that of an unusually red nose. In many cases this can be traced to a faulty digestion, either over or under eating. When the stomach is empty the nose is apt to become very red; therefore it is well to immediately take some nourishment when this condition is noticed. A glass of hot water or hot milk will be found most beneficial. Also strict attention should be given to the diet. Plenty of beef, mutton and fresh vegetables should be eaten, but only a small supply of sugar is advised.

Upon the condition of the nasal passage depends to a great degree the quality of the speaking voice, the nose being a very important factor in tone production. If the nasal passage is not kept free and open the result is an unpleasant tone known as "nasal."

An excellent daily nasal douche is half

a teaspoonful of table salt added to a tumbler of warm water.

The thorough cleansing of the nose, particularly in the morning, is really more important than the face. The neglect is often the cause of catarrhal troubles, while the daily washing with salt and water strengthens the mucous lining and clears the head. If one is afflicted with catarrh, water should never be sniffed up the nostrils, the gentle use of an atomizer being better.

Exercises for nose breathing are of great value. The following is very simple and should be practiced at least four times a day, in the open air if possible. Put one finger over one nostril and inhale slowly through the other; then place the finger over the other nostril, exhaling through the nostril that was first closed.

Broadened nostrils are also most unsightly and with daily care may easily

be remedied. Close the nostrils at the base with the finger tips and breathe gently through the upper part, exhaling in the same manner. When there is a tendency for the corners of the mouth to settle at the base in the little creases the face should be gently and regularly massaged at the base of the nose to eliminate the hard lines that are apt to form from the nose to the corners of the mouth. If the nostrils are thick or too open gently but firmly press them together with the finger tips.

Enlarged pores may be overcome first by using a good cold cream at night and washing the surface with warm water in the morning. Before applying any powder use first an astringent, followed by a small quantity of vanishing cream. This will make a base so that only a small quantity of powder is required and at the same time the skin is being nourished and refined.

Upper—Frequently press the nostrils together with the finger tips as they have a tendency to become broadened. Lower—Use a good astringent before applying the vanishing cream, which will refine the pores.

to a connected account of the fighting on the Mole itself.

For the Glory of the Fleet.

The blockships had been fitted with explosive charges inside the bottom of the ships. Each of these ships—there were three—knew the position she was to take up. Then the crews were ordered to take to the boats, and the bottom of the blockships were blown out, leaving them with their load of solid cement to sink in the channel in such a way as to block it.

In the whole fury of death and bravery countless deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice were performed. Life was held cheap so long as the great plan succeeded. No man thought of himself—all were for the glory of the Fleet.

The motor-boats shot here and there, regardless of gunfire, on their errand of rescue, saving the men from the blockships and from the submarines which had been blown up to cut the viaduct.

About fifty minutes after the *Vindictive* first struck the Mole the order was given to make the retirement signal. The *Vindictive's* siren had been shot away. Her searchlights were out of action.

An order was passed to the *Daffodil* to sound the recall on her siren, which "spattered and gurgled whilst emitting a veritable shower-bath, but presently began to show signs of being useful. A low groan developed into a growling note which in turn gradually travelled up the scale.

Success and—Home!

The storming parties commenced to return to the ship almost at once. Many of the ship's company, officers and men, assisted in carrying the wounded on board. One marine carried a disabled man on board, placed his charge on the deck, kissed him on both cheeks, and was heard to remark: "I wasn't going to leave you, Bill."

Within fifteen minutes of the sounding of the signal practically all of the storming parties had returned. Then, at last, the *Vindictive* cast loose and

began her gallant retreat. In all, she remained at her post for one hour and ten minutes.

Steaming away at topmost speed, with flames pouring through the holes in her funnels, she had every appearance of being on fire.

Captain Carpenter tells one little story to illustrate the intensity of her firing while they lay alongside the Mole.

"The petty-officer of one of our 6-inch guns when asked afterwards what ranges he fired at, said that he reckoned he opened fire at about 200 yards, and he continued until close to the Mole.

"How close?" he was asked.
"Reckoning from the gun muzzle, he replied, 'I should say it was about three feet!'"

To-morrow.

Men say: "To-morrow I will do this thing."
Heedless of ruin on its whirlwind way,
Forgetting that To-morrow's reckoning is with To-day.

High heels, of exaggerated proportions, may cause curvature of the spine and other ills.

The greatest problem in the fine art of living is to get out of the human machine the maximum of service with the minimum of friction; and this can only be done by so disciplining the mind that we can relax or turn on and off our brain-power at will, and concentrate it with all the energy of our being upon the thing in hand. Concentration is the key to power, the secret of achievement but the man who cannot concentrate on play as well as on work, has not mastered the secret of real living, or, for that matter, the secret of maximum excellence in work.

When the Japanese Prince Swims.

The Crown Prince of Japan, now regent on account of his father's illness, has one thing in common with the Prince of Wales—he is fond of sports, and by a course of careful physical training, in spite of his slender build, has developed a strong physique.

The poor health of the emperor caused the greatest experts and specialists of the land to map out a course of physical training for him, which army and navy officers were bidden to see was faithfully carried out. So the prince has learned to become a good rider, a fencer in the Japanese fashion and a swimmer.

Of course, when he went swimming it was an affair of state, and so, especially when he was learning, it was no uncommon thing to see a number of middle-aged men of high degree standing up to their waists in the sea, holding a rope round the place where the prince was to swim so that the hope of Japan might not get beyond his depth. It is not related what precautions were taken when he was playing tennis or baseball, two sports of which he is said to be fond, but when he was at the bat in the latter game the pitchers' lot must not have been a happy one. One fears that curves or twisters must have been taboo for fear they might hit the royal head.

The Crown Prince is also a wrestling fan, frequently visiting the great contests at the Kokugi-Kwan in Tokyo, which is evidently something like the National Sporting Club in London, where the Prince of Wales goes to see his boxing bouts.

Be sure your match is out. Pinch it before you throw it away.

One of the most encouraging statements that have come out of Europe since the war is Premier Briand's declaration that: "This Government (the French) has confidence in the Government of Dr. Wirth. The undertakings made by the present German Government have been fulfilled."

Stories of Famous People.

Here is a true story, straight from Southampton. An American Government official went on board a big liner the other day, made a tour of inspection, and fell into conversation with one of the passengers. The passenger was so interesting that the American official asked him, just before he left: "What's your line of business?"

"Oh, I'm in the Navy!" replied the passenger.

The American came ashore, the ship departed, and the American asked a dock official who had been near by, whether he knew the name of the passenger.

"Don't you know?" came the reply. "That was Admiral Beatty."

Perhaps the American had some excuse. Most famous men are modest.

Lord Beaverbrook has written a book on "Success," which is certainly good value for its price of a quarter! But can we learn to be successful from books? We are told of a boy who scrapped advice and became a Cabinet Minister; and of another who took advice and ended his days sticking stamps on to envelopes. And Mr. Justice Darling, in his speech on November 9th, said that to-day, even as in the days of old, some of the people who counted most couldn't write!

Evidently Lord Beaverbrook believes strongly in health as an aid to success. Among his aphorisms are these:

"A man without a digestion is likely to be a man without a heart."
"The Lord Chancellor has the priceless asset of the most marvellous constitution in the British Empire."
"No man is more careful of himself than the Prime Minister."

A famous doctor once told a patient that, if he wanted to be successful, he must be healthy, and if he was healthy he wouldn't care whether he was successful or not!

Lord Beaverbrook's reference to Mr. Lloyd George and to the care which he takes of his health lends color to a story I once heard about the British Premier, which I did not believe. Perhaps I do not believe it yet, but it tallies, at any rate, with this aspect of Mr. Lloyd George.

He was suffering—so runs the story—from a severe chill, and instructed his household that he was only at home to his doctor and his King.

Next day, feeling slightly better, he said that Cabinet Ministers could call.

On the third day, his improvement being maintained, he was ready to meet ordinary M.P.'s.

On the fourth day, his indisposition having dwindled to a slight cough, he intimated his hope that anybody with in reason would soon be admitted. Getting wind of this, a Labor deputation called at No. 10 on the fifth day.

But the guardian of the door was ready for them.

"I regret Mr. Lloyd George cannot see you to-day," he announced solemnly. "He has a snuffle."

When Marshal Foch arrived in New York he travelled to Kansas City by special train to attend the convention of the American Legion. There were many incidents along the way.

For example, there was the woman at the station platform in a little town in Indiana. She had managed to get away up front near the observation end of Foch's special train. The train paused less than a minute. But she rushed past the policeman and the scrubbed service men to thrust into the French soldier's hands a potted geranium.

"My boy died near Soissons," she told the Marshal. "Will you plant this flower when you get back home? He was a gardener and raised beautiful geraniums."

That night someone moved the geranium into the baggage car. Foch missed it in the morning and made inquiries.

"Fetch it back," he ordered when informed that it had been taken out of his way. "I shall attend to it myself because I intend keeping it alive and planting it in my own garden for that woman's boy."

The Oldest University in the World.

The oldest university in the world is in China. In that country, says a recent writer, scholarship was held in high regard in the days when European nations were just emerging from savagery.

The White Deer Grotto University in Kiangsi province, four hundred miles up the Yangtze River Valley was founded in 960 A.D. and antedates Salerno, the oldest European university, by some time. As a school it was opened about 900 A.D. It received its name from a famous poet, Li Po, who early in the eighth century came with his brother to the lovely spot where the university was afterwards built.

Li Po had a white deer that earned for him the name of Peh Lu Sien-sen, or White Deer Gentleman. He and his brother made their home in a cave that has been known ever since as Peh Lu Dong, the White Deer Grotto. In the fourteenth century an image of the deer, known as the "deer of stone," was placed there, and there it remains to this day.

Proof Positive.

"Yes," said Hawkins, who had purchased some old silver at an auction, "this is the old Hawkins family plate."

"Indeed!" said his guest. "But surely this is an 'A' engraved on it?"

"Is it? Oh—er—yes, of course! The original 'A' was engraved on the back."

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Only a few days more to buy Xmas Gifts - come direct to our store we can help you to choose from our big stock. Choice suits and overcoats, handsome and exclusive haberdashery that are the very latest that Men and Boys would appreciate to get. Then our special reduced prices for Xmas is a strong inducement to buy it here.

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A MERRY CHRISTMAS

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"The Store of Quality"

BROCKVILLE ONTARIO

Ten Dollars Reward

Is offered for the recovery or for information leading to the recovery of a Peterboro Canvas-covered Canoe taken from the Portage on Charleston Lake this Fall
Address—J. H. Harvey, Lyndhurst.

FLOUR and FEED — PRICES very much REDUCED — ATHENS LUMBER YARD and GRAIN WAREHOUSE.

FARM WANTED: I want to hear from party having farm for sale. Give price and description. G. B. Loudon, Champaign, Illinois.

CAR FOR SALE—Ford car in excellent condition, completely overhauled. A good bargain.—Apply Reporter Office, Athens.

PIANO FOR SALE—Small Size Square Piano in first class condition, its a bargain. Apply Reporter Office, Athens.

STRAYED—One Yearling Heifer strayed onto my premises on Nov. 3. Owner may have same by proving property and paying expenses—S. W. Lawson, R. R. No. 2, Athens.

WOOD FOR SALE—First-class Hardwood Soft wood, delivered on short notice—Apply to H. B. Knapp, P. O. Hollow.

See Page 5 for Special Club Rate with Reporter.

Catarrh

Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is a Tonic and Blood Purifier. It cleanses the blood and building up the system, HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE restores normal conditions and allows Nature to do its work. All Druggists. Circulars free. E. J. Carey & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

In Memoriam

In fond and loving Memory of Joseph E. Knapp who died in Edmonton, Alta., Dec. 21 1920.

One precious to our heart is gone
A voice we loved is still
The place made vacant in our home
Can never more be filled
Our Father in his wisdom called
The boon his love had given
And though in Earth the body lies
The soul is safe in Heaven.

Children

Nomination Notice

The Public Meeting for Nomination of candidates for the offices of Reeve and Councillors of the township of the Rear of Yonge and Escott for the year 1922, will be held at the township Town Hall, Athens, on Monday December 26th, 1921, at one o'clock in the afternoon

R. E. Cornell, Ret. Officer.

Nomination Meeting

A Public Meeting of the Electors of the Village of Athens, will be held on Monday, Dec. 26, 1921

at 7.30 p.m., in the Town Hall, for nominating a Reeve, Councillors and School Trustees, for 1922, and in case a poll be required, the votes of the qualified electors will be taken from 9 a. m. to 5 p.m. on Monday, January 2, 1922, at the several polling subdivisions in the municipality.

G. W. Lee, Returning Officer.
(meeting in Auditorium)

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Why not give a few choice Gladiolus Bulbs? We have all the new types from 25c to \$5.00 per doz. Also a few Choice Cyclamen which will bloom all winter and for years to come.

C. J. Curtis

Box 295

Charleston

Mrs B Killingbeck, ill for the past week, is better
Oak Leaf Cheese Factory closed on Saturday after being in operation for the past nine months

The high wind which prevailed on Saturday and Sunday nights blew down fences and limbs and lifted barn doors from their hinges

Miss Norma Young is having an entertainment at her school on Wednesday

Anglican Notes

The monthly meeting of the Women's Auxiliary was held at the home of Mrs. Burchell, Dec. 8th at 2.30 p.m. The Meeting was opened by the Rector with a Hymn—"Fling out the banner"

The President presided with 15 members present. After the minutes of last meeting were read and confirmed the Treasurer gave a very satisfactory report, showing a creditable balance on hand after all obligations were met. Two dozen Canadian Calendars for 1922 have been ordered for the members.

At each of the monthly meetings a report of the Ontario Diocesan Board meeting is read, thus keeping the branch well in touch with Headquarters. The members are taking great interest in the large amount of Dorcas work being done.

A feature of this meeting was an excellent paper from "Our Church at work", given by Mrs. Burchell.

After the meeting closed, appetizing refreshments were served and a hearty vote of thanks tendered to the hostess, Mrs. Burchell. Next meeting will be held in January at Mrs. A. W. Johnston's home

We have now two new branches of the W. A.—the Juniors numbering about 20 are very busy preparing for the Xmas Entertainment and the Font Roll and Babies Branch is just being organized with a good membership. As the little girls of today are the women of tomorrow we welcome them into the ranks of the W. A.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years
Always bears the Signature of

Hospital for Sick Children

COLLEGE ST., TORONTO.

Through Support of Public, Ontario Maintains Greatest Children's Hospital on This Continent.

Dear Mr. Editor:—
Nowadays people look ahead more than they used to. They realize, for instance, that the child of to-day is the citizen of the future. The privilege of this Hospital is to provide a service whereby any Ontario child, who is weakly, may be made strong, or if he is crippled, may be set straight.

Part of this service consists of personal medical and surgical care of the children. Part is in the schooling of doctors and nurses to carry the light of medical science into the uttermost corners of the province.

The whole is a contribution to CHILD WELFARE work which must commend the Hospital to the sympathy and support of your readers.

You probably saw a Quebec despatch deploring the great infant mortality in that province. One great factor which gives the Ontario-born child so much better a chance in life is the maintenance of public philanthropy of the leading Hospital for children on this continent. And that child, whether it be palled of cheek or crooked of limbs, is helped over the rough spots of infancy and adolescence by this same Hospital. Here are the average day's figures of 1921 attendance:—

| | |
|----------------------|-----|
| Cot patients | 268 |
| Other patients | 168 |
| Total | 426 |

During the year the Hospital actually saves the lives of scores upon scores of children. It restores health or straightens limbs for hundreds more. Every contributor to the Hospital funds is a shareholder in an enterprise which wins back health and happiness for thousands of children, and thereby gives joy to thousands of anxious homes.

Remember, however, that every child to whom the Hospital's doors are opened—and none are refused—adds something to the financial burden which the GREAT MOTHER CHARITY has to carry. But it has never defaulted on its dividends, which are paid not in money, but in service.

The continued service of the Hospital depends on the continued support of the public. A minute of mercy costs fifty cents, and the clock in the treasurer's office is six months slow. So there are a lot of minutes to catch up.

The Hospital is accomplishing fifty per cent. more work than before the war. Owing to higher prices it requires almost twice the money. May I place that simple but serious fact before your readers in connection with the 46th Christmas appeal of the Hospital for Sick Children for funds to carry on another year of service?

Faithfully yours,
IRVING E. ROBERTSON,
Chairman of Appeal Committee

Junetown

Miss Janet and Mr. W. H. Ferguson spent a day last week-end at Mr. Henry Hagerman's, Athens.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Tennant, Lyn, and Mr. and Mrs. E. Heffernan, Malorytown, motored here, on Sunday and spent the day with Mrs. Jacob Warren.

Mrs. A. N. Earl and Master Purvis Earl of Warburton, were week-end visitors at Mr. Walter Purvis'.

Miss Phyllis Tennant is in Brockville visiting her sister, Mrs. S. D. Ferguson.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Ferguson, Yonges Mills, were visitors at Mr. J. A. Herbison's on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Fortune, Glen Elbe, spent the week-end here with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. Fortune.

Mrs. S. D. Ferguson and children, Mildred and Lorne, of Brockville were recent visitors at Mr. Eli Tennant's.

Mrs. Edward Schriber, of Caro, Michigan, was the guest of her sister Mrs. J. D. Bigford, last week.

Mr. Stuart P. Tennant, Athens, spent Sunday at Mr. J. S. Purvis.

Miss Laura Ferguson, Yonges Mills is visiting Mrs. J. A. Herbison.

Miss Ollie Tennant, Athens spent the week-end with her sister, Mrs. Arden Warren.

Mrs. R. K. Ferguson was in Brockville for a couple of days last week visiting relations

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Bigford were in Malorytown Thursday visiting Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Dunham.

Mrs. Harry Franklin and Master Everett attended the Collegiate Institute Commencement in Brockville.

Mrs. Leslie S. Gibson, Purvis Street, spent Saturday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Purvis.

Mr. and Mrs. Arden Warren spent a day last week in Brockville.

Mr. A. M. Stevenson has returned to J. S. Purvis' after visiting relatives in Scotland.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude N. Purvis, and Miss Jean, Purvis Street, were recent visitors at Mr. J. S. Purvis.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Ferguson spent Friday last in Athens.

The Athens Reporter

ISSUED WEEKLY

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

\$1.50 per year strictly in advance to any address in Canada; \$2.00 when not so paid. United States subscriptions \$2.00 per year in advance; \$2.50 when charged.

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Black Type Readers—15 cents per line for first insertion and 7 1/2 cents per line for subsequent insertion.

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William H. Morris, Editor and Proprietor

WANTED—Local representative at ATHENS to represent "THE OLD RELIABLE FONTHILL NURSERY," and cover surrounding territory. Splendid opening for the right man. Exclusive territory, high-cost commissions paid, STONE and Wellington, TORONTO, ONTARIO

Farm To Rent

100 ACRES, known as the CHARLIE COLE FARM near Redan, P. O. in township of Elizabethtown, Possession given 1st. March, 1922. For particulars apply to EZRA S. EARL R. R. No. 3, Athens, Ont.

GIVEN AWAY

On Christmas Eve we will give to the closest guesser, 1 Cabinet Gramophone worth \$125.00. For full information call at the Bazaar. R. J. Campo.

Motor Car Service

Brockville—Westport
Via The Canadian National Railways

Improved service is afforded via Canadian National Railways between Brockville and Westport by the Gasoline Motor Car, now in operation between these points on the following schedule

Leave Brockville (C. N. Station) daily at 9.00 a.m., 1.00 p.m., 5.00 p.m. and 9.00 p.m. arriving at Westport 10.45 a.m., 2.45 p.m., 6.45 p.m., and 10.45 p.m.

South bound Motor Car leaves Westport 7.00 a.m., 11.00 a.m., 3.00 p.m., 7.00 p.m. arriving Brockville 8.45 a.m., 12.45 p.m., 4.45 p.m., and 8.45 p.m.

Motor Car carries passengers and hand baggage only and operates daily on the above schedule.

In addition to above, steam train operating to and from Grand Trunk Station Brockville, will leave Brockville 2.50 p.m. daily except Sunday; arriving Westport 6.15 p.m., South bound will leave Westport 9.00 a.m. arriving Brockville (G. T. Station) 12.00 noon, daily except Sunday.

Tickets and full information obtainable from station tickets agents.

Feed! Feed!

Carload of Re-Cleaned

OATS (In Bags)

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Sugar, Salt, Flour and all kinds of Stock Foods
Gasoline and Coal Oil

The Leeds Farmers
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Victoria Street Athens



The Land of Christmas

Once upon a time there was a poor little lame boy who had no toys. Tom knew this was true, for one day, at the little boy's house, Tom asked him to bring out his toys, and the little boy answered, "I haven't any toys."

Tom could hardly believe that there was anybody in the world without even one toy, so he went home and told Little Sister about it, and together they planned to bring the little boy a toy from the beautiful Land of Christmas.

Mother was willing for them to go, so hand in hand, on the day before Christmas went Tom and Little Sister. They did not know the way, so they asked a feathery snowflake which came and lighted saucily on the end of Tom's finger;

"Pretty snowflake while you linger On the tip of my warm finger, Tell me, where's the Land of Christmas?"

And it answered, oh, so softly; "Little boy and girl, politely Ask you tree that shines so brightly If you seek the Land of Christmas." The children continued their journey, and at last they arrived at the great tree, all shining brightly across the white snow. When the children asked the way to Christmas Land, thus the shining tree responded:

"Step into my trunk so hollow, Take the Magic Wand, and follow The Shining Path to Christmas Land."

So they stepped into the hollow trunk, where they found magic wands. Tom chose a silver wand with a star at the end of it, and Little Sister a golden one, with a white dove at its end.

When the children stepped out of the tree, they were surprised to find themselves grow very small indeed. And this they noticed—if the magic wands were held aloft, the children remained small, but if the wands were lowered, the children grew large again.

The children knew that in the Land of Magic they must obey all the great commands, so they started down the Shining Path, holding their magic wands high in the air. They journeyed on and on and at last they reached a great wall, and when they looked up they saw beautiful lights which spelled the words "Christmas Land" over the tiny gateway!

Tom reached up and pulled the bell-rope, and out upon the frosty air rang the sweetest chimes they ever heard. Soon the tiny gates opened and Tom and Little Sister were glad that they were small enough to slip through! And oh, what a beautiful land as it was! Every tree was a Christmas tree all laden with Christmas gifts. The music boxes were playing, the horns were tooting, the dolls were saying "Mamma" and "Papa," the winks-in-the-box were jumping out and then hiding again, and everything seemed to be saying, "Take me! Take me!" It was hard for the children to select just one toy for their little friend.

They skipped about for a long time, examining the toys. Finally, on the top branch of one of the tallest trees, there hung a box tied with a big red bow. On one side were printed the words "Magic Lantern."

"The very thing!" said Tom; but how could he bring down the box from the top of a tree so tall—for, as you remember, the children were very small. Just then a little breeze whispered in Tom's ear:

"Little fairies, tell me why I see you sit so still and sigh; I will get the box for you!"

Then the little breeze blew into a strong breeze and flew into the top of the tree. There he tugged and pulled and puffed, until at last the string had to go and down fell the box, red bow and all, into a soft bank of snow. The children were over-

joyed when the box containing the magic lantern was safe in their hands! Then they went back along the Shining Path, and very soon reached the great Shining Tree. Into its hollow trunk they went, and left the magic wands, and as soon as they stepped out into the daylight again, they found themselves as large as ever. They ran on and on, until they finally reached the little boy's window. The setting sun was painting everything red and orange and gold, and when they peeped in, there lay the poor boy on his little cot, and his empty stocking hung from the back of a chair.

The chair stood near the window, and on the note that was pinned to the stocking Tom read the words: "Dear Santa Claus; If you should happen to have just one toy to spare for me, won't you please leave me a magic lantern?"

Tom softly opened the window and placed the box with its precious toy on the chair near the empty stocking. Then the children slipped away to their home, where they told Mother their secret.

And all would have gone well, if the lantern had not been a magic lantern, for in some way it had taken a picture of Tom, and another of Little Sister. So the next morning the happy little boy sat in his chair opposite the screen which his poor, hard-working mother had put up. Together they watched eagerly for the first picture.

And would you believe it, that tell-tale machine showed, first, Tom's smiling face, and then Little Sister's dimpled one!

Mistletoe Brains.

One of the most curious illustrations of the working of intelligence in plants is offered by the mistletoe, whose sticky berry, finding lodgment on a tree branch, throws out a tiny rootlet, which tries to pierce the bark and thus obtain a foothold. If the bark is too rough, the rootlet swings the berry over to a fresh spot, and makes another trial. In this way such a berry has been known to make five jumps in two nights and three days. On one occasion a number of them were discovered by a botanist in the act of vainly journeying along a telegraph wire, trying to find places to grow.



Christmas.

How tenderly the Peace-song falls
On listening ears to-night—
The song that angels sang of old
In clouds of heavenly light.
O hear the voice, ye sons of men,
That speaks from out the glory,
And tells the strange and mystic birth—
That blessed, old-time story.
'Tis peace and love to all mankind
The angel choir is singing.

'Tis peace and love once more to-night
The Christmas bells are ringing.
With humble shepherds we would haste
The Bethlehem Babe to see,
And hail with thankful songs again
His glad nativity.

University Women's Residences.

Women students at the University of Toronto have organized to raise funds for a residence building. For many years the pressing necessity for women's residences at the Provincial University has been apparent. Increasing numbers of young women from the rural districts, from the villages towns, and cities of Ontario are coming to this great institution in quest of an education and they must be suitably and comfortably housed near the University. Of the several buildings which the University of Toronto so badly needs this one is the most urgent and it is to be hoped that the young women will be successful in their endeavor to arouse interest and to secure funds for the accomplishment of their purpose.

Col. H. A. Mullins, the well-known cattleman, leaves Winnipeg for England on January 12, where he will spend the winter campaigning against the cattle embargo.

A Carol

To Bethlehem beneath the Star
The Wise men from the outlands far
Came clad in silk and vair;
Christ Jesus in His Mother's hold
Stared at the jewels and the gold
The three made wondrous fair.

Then first the swarthy Baltasar,
Whose glance was like a scimitar,
Stood forth before the rest;
Although he bore the fragrant myrrh,
Christ Jesus turned from him to her
And hid within her breast.

Behind him was the youth Gaspar
Who held a shining crystal jar,
His face was merry and red;
Although he bore the frankincense
And was of debonaire presence
Christ Jesus turned His head.

The third was haughty Melchior,
Dark with the spoil of mart and war,
He bore the crusted gold;
Christ Jesus gave a cry of pain
And looked not on them once again,
But nestled in His fold.

For they had brought Him treasure-trove,
But had not any little love
For one they thought a King;
Christ Jesus gave to Mary then
His first mild message unto men,
Love is the precious thing.

—Duncan Campbell Scott.

Dominion News in Brief

Victoria, B.C.—Despite the duty of 30 cents per bushel imposed by the Fordney tariff, more British Columbia apples are selling on the New York City market than last year. Whilst but a few cars of the province's crop reached New York last year, thirty cars had arrived there by the beginning of November. Though New York seems to be the favorite outlet for these Canadian shipments, Boston, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Chicago and other large cities are receiving apples from the Okanagan Valley.

Edmonton, Alta.—In the past ten years the number of poultry in Alberta has increased from two and a half million to four and a quarter million, nearly one hundred per cent, according to the provincial Minister of Agriculture. Previously the local market consumed practically the entire production, but at the present time a steady export trade of eggs to Great Britain is being built up.

Regina, Sask.—J. C. Mitchell, of Dahinda, Saskatchewan, winner of the wheat sweepstakes at the International Grain and Hay Show at Chicago last year, was runner-up in Chicago, being beaten by George Kraft, of Bozeman, Montana. This is the first time in several years that Canada has had to relinquish her hold upon this much-sought prize. A consoling fact, however, is that the prize-winning wheat was grown from seed supplied by Seager Wheeler, of Rosethorn, Saskatchewan.

Winnipeg, Man.—Western Canada is enjoying greater prosperity than any other area of the North American continent, according to Babson's winter outlook chart. The chart indicates degrees of prosperity by their shades, and the belt across the central and northern parts of the Prairie Provinces is the largest area of prosperity shown. Comparative figures based on bank clearings for the past ten years show a continuous rise in all Canadian cities. Winnipeg bank clearings increased 154 per cent in the last ten years and Vancouver 205 per cent.

Ottawa, Ont.—More than \$80,000 will go to the French Children's League as a result of Poppy Day Campaign in Canada. At the same time \$90,000 remain in the hands of the Canadian committee to be used exclusively for the relief of unemployment among the soldiers during the winter months. More than 1,050,000 small poppies were sold, together with approximately 100,000 large poppies and wreaths to the value of \$5,000. The poppies were manufactured in France by orphan children of French soldiers and practically every poppy sent to Canada was sold.

Montreal, Que.—The movement of grain to Montreal by water in the seven months preceding the closing of navigation reached shipments totalling over 65,000,000 bushels, surpassing the entire grain shipments of all other Atlantic ports combined, including New York, and creating the most phenomenal year in the history of Montreal port. From 85,000 bushels in 1920, American corn jumped to 65,000,000 bushels this season, whilst the wheat shipments doubled in turnover.

Fredericton, N.B.—New Brunswick is supplying Maine's famous potato belt with seed potatoes in the Aroostook growers' efforts to obtain disease-free stock. Two carloads were recently shipped by the Aroostook Farm Bureau, and it is believed that despite the Fordney tariff there will develop an active demand for New Brunswick potatoes in the general market of the United States as well as for seed purposes.

Halifax, N.S.—Nova Scotia's coal supply is sufficient to last about 200 years, according to the Western Canada Coal Review. At the present time the Dominion Coal Company of Nova Scotia mines about 4,500,000 tons a year, of which 3,000,000 tons are consumed by the Dominion Steel Corporation, a part of the same company. The company contemplates increasing its output to 10,000,000 tons.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.—Twenty choice silver foxes are being taken to Norway by Howard MacKendrick, who proposes to establish the silver-fox industry in that country. Recent shipments of foxes have gone to United States, England, Japan, Switzerland, Russia and other countries.

Three persons were injured by bombs thrown in Belfast on Thursday.

QUESTION OF NAVAL RATIO DECIDED BY THREE GREAT POWERS

Sixty-Eight Capital Fighting Ships to be Scrapped by Great Britain, Japan and United States—Japan Retains Mutsu and Britain Allowed to Build Two Post-Jutland Ships

A despatch from Washington says:—The world's three greatest naval powers came to an agreement on Thursday afternoon to scrap 68 capital fighting ships with a total tonnage of 1,861,643. Great Britain, the United States and Japan have made their final decision. In bulk these figures do not differ greatly from the Hughes proposals, made when the Conference on the Limitation of Armament first met on Nov. 12. These proposals included the scrapping of 66 capital ships, with a total tonnage of 1,878,043. Secretary Hughes has won out with his famous 5-5-3 ratio.

Under the plan, Japan retains the super-dreadnaught Mutsu instead of the old battleship Seto, and the United States retains two additional ships of the Maryland class, instead of the Delaware and North Dakota. Great Britain as an equivalent will build two super-dreadnaughts similar to the Maryland and Mutsu types, but of greater tonnage, scrapping four old battleships of the original retained list suggested by the Hughes plan.

The agreement includes a status and understanding on fortifications of the Pacific Islands in open waters and exclusive of Hawaii and islands off the Japanese, Australian and New Zealand coasts.

The agreement also provides for a maximum limit in tonnage of capital ships to be built in replacement at 37,000 tons, American measurement, and for an ultimate tonnage ratio between the three powers at the end of the ten-year holiday as follows: Great Britain, 525,000 tons; the United States, 525,000 tons; Japan, 315,000 tons.

Under the agreement during the ten years the United States will have 18 capital ships, aggregating 525,850 tons, Great Britain, 20 ships, aggregating 582,050, and Japan, ten ships, aggregating 313,000 tons. This represents a total of 56,200 tons for Great Britain, more than the United States was allowed, the announcement said, because of the age of the older British battleships.

LEADING MARKETS

Toronto.

Manitoba wheat—No. 1 Northern \$1.25; No. 3, \$1.14.

Manitoba oats—No. 2 CW, 52½¢; No. 3 CW, 50½¢; extra No. 1 feed 50½¢.

Manitoba barley—Nominal.

All the above, track, Bay ports.

American corn—No. 2 yellow 69½¢; No. 3 yellow, 68¢; No. 4 yellow, 67½¢; track, Toronto.

Ontario oats—No. 2 white, nominal.

Ontario wheat—Nominal.

Barley—No. 3 extra, test 47 lbs. or better, 55 to 58¢, according to freights outside.

Buckwheat—No. 2, 74 to 76¢.

Rye—No. 2, 84 to 86¢.

Manitoba flour—First patents, \$7.40; second patents, \$6.90, Toronto.

Ontario flour—90 per cent patent, bulk, seaboard, per barrel, \$5.

Milfeed—Del. Montreal freight, bags included: Bran, per ton, \$25 to \$26; shorts, per ton, \$27 to \$28; good feed flour, \$1.70 to \$1.80.

Baled hay—Track, Toronto, per ton, No. 2, \$21.50 to \$22; mixed, \$18.

Straw—Car lots, per ton, \$12.

Cheese—New, large, 21 to 22¢; twins, 21½ to 22½¢; triplets, 22½ to 23½¢. Old, large, 25 to 26¢; twins, 25½ to 26½¢; triplets, 26 to 27¢; Stiltons, new, 25 to 26¢.

Butter—Fresh, dairy, choice, 33 to 35¢; creamery, prints, fresh, No. 1, 43 to 45¢; No. 2, 40 to 41¢; cooking, 26 to 30¢.

Dressed poultry—Spring chickens, 25 to 35¢; roosters, 20 to 25¢; fowl, 20 to 28¢; ducklings, 30 to 35¢; turkeys, 45 to 50¢; geese, 27 to 31¢.

Live poultry—Spring chickens, 20 to 25¢; roosters, 14 to 16¢; fowl, 14 to 20¢; ducklings, 22 to 25¢; turkeys, 45 to 50¢; geese, 20 to 22¢.

Margarine—28 to 25¢.

Eggs—No. 1 storage, 52 to 53¢; select, storage, 57 to 58¢; new laid, straights, 86 to 88¢; new laid, in cartons, 88 to 90¢.

Beans—Can. hand-picked, bushel, \$4 to \$4.25; primes, \$3.50 to \$3.75.

Maple products—Syrup, per imp. gal., \$2.50; per 5 imp. quarts, \$2.35.

Maple sugar, lb., 19 to 22¢.

Honey—60-30-lb. tins, 14½ to 15¢ per lb.; 5-2½-lb. tins, 16 to 17¢ per lb.; Ontario comb honey, per doz., \$3.75 to \$4.50.

Smoked meats—Hams, med., 24 to 26¢; cooked ham, 36 to 40¢; smoked rolls, 23 to 24¢; cottage rolls, 25 to 26¢; breakfast bacon, 25 to 30¢; special brand breakfast bacon, 30 to 35¢; backs, boneless, 33 to 36¢.

Cured meats—Long clear bacon, 18 to 20¢; clear bellies, 18½ to 20½¢.

Lard—Pure, tierces, 14 to 14½¢; tubs, 14½ to 15¢; pails, 15 to 15½¢; prints, 16½ to 17¢. Shortening, tierces, 13¢; tubs, 13½¢; pails, 14¢; prints, 15½¢.

Choice heavy steers, \$7 to \$8; butcher steers, choice, \$7 to \$7.50; do, good, \$6 to \$7; do, med., \$5 to \$6; do, com., \$3 to \$4.50; butcher heifers, choice, \$5.75 to \$6.50; butcher cows, choice, \$5 to \$6; do, med., \$2.75; canners and cutters, \$2.25 to \$2.75; butcher bulls, good, \$3.50 to \$4.50; do, com., \$2.50 to \$3; feeders, good, 900 lbs., \$5 to \$5.50; do, fair, \$4.50 to \$5; stockers, good, \$4 to \$4.50; do, fair, \$3 to \$4; milkers, \$80 to \$100; springers, choice, \$80 to \$100; calves, choice, \$11 to \$12.50; do, med., \$8 to \$10; do, com., \$3 to \$6; lambs, good, \$12 to \$12.50; do, com., \$5.50 to \$6; sheep, choice, \$5 to \$6; do, good, \$3 to \$3.50; hogs, fed and watered, \$10.25 to \$10.50; do, heavy and bucks, \$1 to \$2; do, f.o.b., \$9.60 to \$9.85; do, country points, \$9.35 to \$9.60.

Montreal.

Oats, Can. West, No. 2, 57 to 58¢; do, No. 3, 56 to 56½¢. Flour, Man. spring wheat pats, first, \$7.50. Rolled oats, bag 90 lbs., \$3 to \$3.10. Bran, \$26.25. Shorts, \$28.25. Hay, No. 2, per ton, car lots, \$27 to \$28.

Cheese, finest easterns, 18 to 18½¢. Butter, choicest creamery, 40½ to 41¢. Eggs, selected, 55¢. Potatoes, per bag, car lots, \$1 to \$1.10. \$2 to \$2.75; canners and cutters, \$2 to \$2.75; butchers', \$3 up; veal calves, \$11 and under; thin grass calves, \$3.50; lambs tops, \$11; sheep, up to \$5; hogs, \$11; sows, \$7.50 to \$8.50.

France Recognizes Soviets Under Conditions

A despatch from London says:—That France has given the Moscow Government to understand that she will break the circle of world isolation of Russia by recognizing the Soviets under certain conditions, is the official information received in Berlin through confidential channels, according to a despatch received here from Berlin.

The principal condition imposed by France for recognizing the Lenin Government is said to be that the Soviet Government sign over to France the rights of Russia to reparations from Germany under the Versailles Treaty.

It's a Great Life if You Don't Weaken



By Jack Rabbit



With The Boy Scouts

A short time ago the Rotarians of Owen Sound listened to a fine address at one of their weekly meetings, delivered by Mr. Frank C. Irwin, assistant provincial commissioner of the Boy Scouts Association. Mr. Irwin and a number of the local Scout leaders were the guests of the club. Following the address a number of Rotarians volunteered to become interested in the Boy Scout movement in their locality and the club itself will give the movement hearty support.

In his address Mr. Irwin reviewed the splendid work accomplished by the Boy Scouts and told of some of their war-time activities. He referred especially to the fine results obtained in Pentang, where the Scouts had a community hall and where the movement had resulted in a much better feeling among the Protestants and Catholics of that town. The boys had taken an important part in the Tercentenary celebration there last summer.

The members of the Rotary Club are right behind the movement, as boys' work is one of the most important duties of Rotary Clubs, and Boy Scout work is essentially boys' work.

The following editorial is clipped from the Halifax Herald:

This happened in a Barrington Street restaurant yesterday. A little gentleman of about twelve years of age was noticed holding a swinging door open for an old lady. When she had passed out to the sidewalk, her "escort" saw to it that she was guided safely across and into an automobile waiting at the curb.

One did not need to be told that the little fellow was a Boy Scout. He did not have any distinguishing badges "up" and he had left his "Baden-Powell" at home—but he had Boy Scout written all over him.

A true gentleman in the making, that is what that boy is. And if for no other reason than the reason supplied through that delightful little incident, we grown-ups should back the Boy Scout Movement with every means in our power.

All information regarding the organization of Boy Scout and Wolf Cub (Junior Scout) Packs can be had upon application to the Field Department of the Boy Scouts Association Headquarters, Bloor and Sherbourne Streets, Toronto.

Whence Comes the Ocean's Salt?

It has long been an accepted theory that the ocean derived its salt from the rocks of the land. Rivers carry salt to the sea, together with other minerals, and there it has accumulated through the ages. This refers only to common salt, which is sodium chloride, an element so far essential to the health of the human body that we could not survive without it. It is a table salt, lacking which most of our foods would taste flat and insipid.

Sea water contains other salts, notably those of magnesium and potassium, both of which, like sodium, are metals. It is a fluid of very complex chemical make-up, containing even appreciable percentages of gold and silver. Which, of course, is what might be expected in view of the contributions of land-detritus by the rivers.

But now a new theory is being put forward, based upon the alleged fact that the salts of the sea do not correspond quantitatively to the salts of the land. That is to say, their relative quantities do not correspond. For one item there is an enormous excess of chlorides. The backers of this theory are disposed to contend that the salts of the ocean are largely of volcanic origin, taken up in solution from materials vomited up from the sea bottom at a period when the terrestrial globe was as yet in the making, its crust being in process of formation.

To support this idea, they say that the crater of Vesuvius after each eruption is found covered with a white crust that is in composition exactly like sea salt. It is estimated by geologists that the common salt in the ocean would make 4,800,000 cubes each one mile in size, which if spread over Canada would form a layer one and six-tenths miles high.

WINTER HARD ON BABY

The winter season is a hard one on the baby. He is more or less confined to stuffy, badly ventilated rooms. It is so often stormy that the mother does not get him out in the fresh air as often as she should. He catches colds which rack his little system; his stomach and bowels get out of order and he becomes peevish and cross. To guard against this the mother should keep a box of Baby's Own Tablets in the house. They regulate the stomach and bowels and break up colds. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Canada needs more people and capital to develop her fertile lands and natural resources, and presents opportunities unsurpassed by any country in the world.

Minard's Liniment for Garget in Cows.

WHERE NATURE FIRES THE BOILERS

ITALY'S INDUSTRIES RUN BY NATURAL POWER.

Boiling Springs and "Puffing Holes" in Volcanic Area Take Place of Coal.

Italy and its geographical neighborhood comprise a volcanic area within which plutonic manifestations are by no means restricted to Vesuvius, Stromboli and Etna—the three "burning mountains" so conspicuously associated with the history of the Mediterranean.

Thus in Tuscany (north of Rome) there is a valley, south of the ancient Etruscan city of Volterra, where for a distance of thirty miles the landscape derives picturesque character from many boiling springs and "puffing holes" that emit steam.

Geologists say that these puffing holes go down to great depths in granite strata where exceedingly high volcanic temperatures prevail. The springs of boiling water, from the same source, contain much boric acid, and for a century past they have yielded commercial supplies of that product in such quantity that a great deal has been available for export. An Italian engineer named Claschi conceived the idea of drilling deep holes in the vicinity of the springs, and thereby developing new ones. It was carried out very successfully; but it cost the unfortunate man his life. He fell into one of his artificial springs and was par-boiled before he could be dragged out.

Profitable Industry.

The scheme was developed by his successors, and very profitably, great quantities of the boric acid being sold to the French glass factories. It was then a much scarcer and more costly product than it is to-day. The simple means adopted for obtaining it was to evaporate the water in huge caldrons, wood providing the requisite fuel.

Increasing scarcity of wood made the process too expensive, and in 1827 a Frenchman, Comte Francois de Lardere, hit upon the clever notion of using the steam from the puffing holes to furnish heat, dispensing with fuel altogether. The water required for evaporation was drawn from the springs into immense pans of lead, beneath which the steam was conducted through pipes. Production thereupon jumped to more than 2,000 tons of boric acid a year. The industry brought into being a number of towns and villages in a region which a few years earlier had been uninhabited. Among the most important centres of it at the present time are the towns of Lardere, Serrazano and Lustignano.

A few years ago it occurred to the engineers in charge of this picturesque enterprise that steam from the puffing holes might be turned to profitable account for power purposes. Engines were installed, and there was such disappointment when it was found that the mineral salts contained in the vapor attacked the metal or the machinery so injuriously that it soon refused to operate.

Boon to Coalless Italy.

This difficulty, however, was eventually overcome by the adoption of means whereby the vapor was put through a preliminary process of purification, the salts being removed from it. Turbine engines were installed, and now a first-class electrical plant is supplying Volterra and other towns with current, the power being derived wholly from steam of subterranean origin.

The steam being supplied to the turbines free of cost, the electric power, used for lighting and other purposes, is very cheap. In a country where coal is so scarce and dear as it is in Italy, such a source of inexpensive energy is highly appreciated. To augment the supply of available steam, many deep borings have been made, thus creating artificial puffing holes. Eleven average borings yield power equal to that derivable from the burning of ten tons of coal per hour. Apparently the borings do not affect the pressure at which the steam is delivered from the depths of the earth; and the quantity of steam, at an unvarying pressure, is not diminished as time goes on.

A Roaring Game.

When the term of a certain governor-general of Canada expired and he was about to retire to India, the devotees of the sport of curling made him a farewell address. According to Lord Frederic Hamilton in his book, "Days Before Yesterday," the governor-general—the present Lord Lansdowne—made a very happy reply.

Speaking of the regret he felt at leaving Ottawa and severing the ties that bound him to Canada, he remarked that, bearing in mind the climate of India, he did not anticipate much curling there, and that he should miss the "roaring game." In fact, he thought that the only roaring game that he was likely to come in contact with would probably be a Bengal Tiger.

"Let us hope," he concluded, "that your ex-governor-general will be found pursuing the roaring game, not being pursued by it."

Horses, giraffes and ostriches have the largest eyes of land creatures, and cuttlefish of those in the sea.

THE CAUSE OF BACKACHE

Only in Rare Cases Does Backache Mean Kidney Trouble.

Every muscle of the body needs constantly a supply of rich, red blood in proportion to the work it does. The muscles of the back are under a heavy strain and have but little rest. When the blood is thin they lack nourishment, and the result is a sensation of pain in those muscles. Some people think pain in the back means kidney trouble, but the best medical authorities agree that backache seldom or never has anything to do with the kidneys. Organic kidney disease may have progressed to a critical point without developing a pain in the back. This being the case, pain in the back should always lead the sufferer to look to the condition of his blood. It will be found in most cases that the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to build up the blood will stop the sensation of pain in the ill-nourished muscles of the back. How much better it is to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for the blood than to give way to unreasonable alarm about your kidneys. If you suspect your kidneys, any doctor can make tests in ten minutes that will set your fears at rest, or tell you the worst. But in any event to be perfectly healthy you must keep the blood in good condition, and for this purpose no other medicine can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

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

Suspended Ferry Carries Traffic Across River.

A novel kind of bridge for transporting pedestrians and vehicles across a river, without interfering in any way with the passage of full rigid ocean-going shipping, is in operation at the town of Newport, Eng., on the river Usk, four miles from its junction with the Severn. On account of the steepness of the banks, the great rise and fall of the tides, the length of the span, and the height of roadway needed, an ordinary kind of bridge was impracticable, and therefore this special kind, called a "transporter bridge," was erected.

The stationary members of the bridge consist of a pair of supporting towers, 242 ft. high, on each bank of the river. These carry two trussed girders, 16 ft. deep and 26 ft. from centre to centre, across the span of 645 ft. The total clearance from high-water level to the underside of the span is 177 ft. The horizontal trussed girders are tied together and braced as in an ordinary bridge span, and their bottom chords form a track, in each case, for 15 wheels on either side of its web. These wheels are carried on steel brackets, which are part of a large travelling frame, 104 ft. long, which forms the means of transporting a suspended platform or carrier. The travelling frame is propelled by a continuous cable driven by a drum in connection with two 35-hp. electric motors in the power house near one end of the bridge.

A Rhinoceros Horse.

The beast referred to in the Bible as a "unicorn" is almost undoubtedly the single-horned rhinoceros of Southern Asia, which, needless to say, is a very formidable beast.

At Calcutta there is a famous Zoo, which, specializing in Asiatic animals, keeps on exhibition a number of rhinos of this species.

The other day a native, who had never before seen a rhinoceros, visited the Zoo and, overcome with amazement was suddenly inspired with an ambition to ride the biggest one, which at the moment lay peacefully dozing in his pen. He proceeded thereupon to climb the iron fence, despite the protests of other persons who sought to restrain him and who looked in vain for a guard or keeper to prevent the crazy action.

Once over the fence, he boldly straddled the huge animal, and looked around him for admiration. But the rhinoceros, amazed and indignant, leaped up with surprising agility, threw the man off, impaled him with his horn, cast him thirty feet into the air and then lay down upon him. Guards, summoned to the scene, killed the beast with explosive bullets. The man was dragged out of the pen, still breathing; but he died a few hours later.

A True Home.

May blessings be upon your house, Your roof and hearth and walls! May there be lights to welcome you When evening's shadow falls! The love that like a guiding star Still signals while you roam; A book, a friend—these be the things That make a house a home. —Myrtle Reen.

MONEY ORDERS.

It is always safe to send a Dominion Express Money Order. Five dollars costs three cents.

Canada has the only two coal regions on the seacoast of North America, and controls one-fifth of the world's coal resources.

"Know thy work and do it," says Carlyle, "and work at it like a Hercules. One monster there is in the world: an idle man."

Minard's Liniment for Distemper.

Classified Advertisements.

PLAYER PIANO FOR SALE.

BELL PLAYER PIANO IN GOOD condition, with a large number of music rolls, for sale at a bargain. L. Costello, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto.

BELTING FOR SALE

ALL KINDS OF NEW AND USED belting, pulleys, saws, cable, hose, packing, etc., shipped subject to approval at lowest prices in Canada. YORK BELTING CO., 116 YORK STREET, TORONTO.

HELP WANTED.

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

The Average Man.

When it comes to a question of trusting Yourself to the risks of the road, When the thing is the sharing of burdens, The lifting the heft of a load, In the hour of peril or trial, In the hour you meet as you can, You may safely depend on the wisdom And skill of the average man.

'Tis the average man and no other Who does his plain duty each day. The small thing his wage is for doing, On the commonplace bit of the way. 'Tis the average man, may God bless him,

Who pilots us, still in the van, Over land, over sea, as we travel— Just the plain, hardy, average man.

So on through the days of existence, All mingling in shadow and shine, We may count on the every-day hero, Whom haply the gods may divine. But who wears the swart's grime of his calling, And labors and earns as he can, And stands at the last with the noblest— The commonplace, average man.

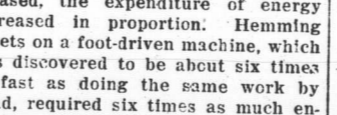
Energy Required in Sewing by Hand and With Machines.

That there is a great difference in the expenditure of energy required with different ways of sewing, was demonstrated recently by scientists. Little variation was found in hand hemming on fine handkerchiefs cotton sheets, 8-oz. cotton duck, or army blankets, but when the speed of sewing was increased, the expenditure of energy increased in proportion. Hemming sheets on a foot-driven machine, which was discovered to be about six times as fast as doing the same work by hand, required six times as much energy, but the energy, per yard of sewing, was hardly one-half as great. When an electrically driven machine was used, the energy required per hour was not quite twice that used for hand sewing, and about one-fourth of that used for the foot-driven machine.

Canada has most extensive fishing grounds—5,000 miles on the Atlantic, 7,000 miles on the Pacific and 220,000 square miles fresh water.

The postoffice pensions and labor ministry departments in Great Britain employ 8,000 women.

For Sore Throat, Cold in the Chest, Etc.



MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

YARMOUTH, N. S.

Mother! Open Child's Bowels With California Fig Syrup

Your little one will love the "fruit" taste of "California Fig Syrup" even if constipated, bilious, irritable, feverish, or full of cold. A teaspoonful never fails to cleanse the liver and bowels. In a few hours you can see for yourself how thoroughly it works all the sour bile, and undigested food out of the bowels and you have a well, playful child again.

Millions of mothers keep "California Fig Syrup" handy. They know a teaspoonful to-day saves a sick child tomorrow. Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

USE SLOAN'S TO WARD OFF PAIN

LITTLE aches grow into big pains unless warded off by an application of Sloan's. Rheumatism, neuralgia, stiff joints, lame back won't fight long against Sloan's Liniment. For more than forty years Sloan's Liniment has helped thousands, the world over. You won't be an exception. It certainly does produce results. It penetrates without rubbing. Keep this old family friend always handy for instant use. Ask your neighbor.

At all druggists—35c, 70c, \$1.40. Made in Canada.

Sloan's Liniment (Pain's enemy)

ISSUE No. 52-'21.



BITS OF HUMOR FROM HERE & THERE

A Soft Answer.

New office boy: A man called here to thrash you a few minutes ago.

Editor: What did you say to him?

New office boy: I told him I was sorry you weren't in.

Praise!

"What do you think?" said a little boy to his mother; "my teacher has been praising me to-day."

"What did he say to you, Charlie?" "Well, he said nothing to me, but he said to the next boy: 'You're the most good-for-nothing boy in the class—even Charlie behaves better than you.'

A Scottish Mother.

"Now tell me," said the inspector, "who was the mother of our great Scottish hero, Robert Bruce?"

He pointed to the top boy and then around the class. There was no answer. Then at last the heart of the teacher leaped with joy. The boy who was standing at the very foot had held up his hand.

"Well, my boy," said the inspector encouragingly, "who was she?" "Please, sir, Mrs. Bruce."

Lucky Beatrice.

Dolly was telling the next door little girl all about it. "My sister Beatrice is awfully lucky."

"Why?" "She went to a party last night where they played a game in which the men either had to kiss a girl or pay a forfeit of a box of chocolates."

"Well, how was Beatrice lucky?" "She came home with thirteen boxes of chocolates."

The more you leave things to chance, the less chance there is for you.

DANDERINE

Stops Hair Coming Out; Thickens, Beautifies.



35-cents buys a bottle of "Danderine" at any drug store. After one application you can not find a particle of dandruff or a falling hair. Besides, every hair shows new life, vigor, brightness, more color and abundance.

America's Pioneer Dog Remedies

Book on DOG DISEASES and How to Feed and Mated Free to any Address by the Author. H. Clay Glover Co., Inc. 113 West 21st Street, New York, U.S.A.

COARSE SALT LAND SALT

Bulk Carlots TORONTO SALT WORKS C. J. CLIFF - TORONTO

HAMILTON WOMAN ADVISES MOTHERS

SAYS HER TWO DAUGHTERS NOW PICTURES OF HEALTH.

Feels It Duty to Tell Others How Tanlac Brought Happiness to Her Home.

"My two daughters have been so wonderfully built up and made so strong and healthy by taking Tanlac I just feel it is my duty to let other mothers know about my experience," said Mrs. Arthur Sellman, 134 Ferguson Ave., North Hamilton, Ont.

"My oldest daughter, Amy, was in a run-down condition for three years. She had a very poor appetite and what little she did eat seemed to do her more harm than good. She was pale, weak and easily tired. Three bottles of Tanlac made her well and strong. Her appetite returned, her sleep became restful and her cheeks got rosy. In fact, she is the very picture of health."

"My daughter Ida's case was almost identical, except her condition wasn't quite so serious. Just two bottles put her in the best of health. Every time I look at my girls now and see them enjoying such splendid health, I realize what a blessing Tanlac has been to our home, and I feel it my duty to talk out and let people know about this grand medicine."

Tanlac is sold by leading druggists everywhere. Adv.

In the Bible the word "girl" occurs but once.

If Headachy, Bilious or Stomach is Bad, Take "Cascarets"

Get a 10-cent box now. Furred Tongue, Bad Colds, Indigestion, Sallow Skin and miserable Headaches come from a torpid liver and clogged bowels, which cause your stomach to become filled with undigested food, which sours and ferments like garbage in a barrel. That's the first step to untold misery—indigestion, foul gases, bad breath, yellow skin, everything that is sickening.

Cascarets tonight will give your constipated bowels a thorough cleansing and straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep. Millions of men and women take a Cascarets now and then to keep their stomach, liver and bowels regulated, and never know a miserable moment. Don't forget the children—their little insides need a good, gentle cleansing, too.

FACE DISFIGURED WITH PIMPLES

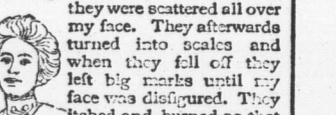
Itched and Burned. Scarcely Slept. Cuticura Heals.

"Pimples affected my face. They were large and always festering, and they were scattered all over my face. They afterwards turned into scales and when they fell off they left big marks until my face was disfigured. They itched and burned so that I scarcely slept at all.

"I had been treated for nearly two months but I started using Cuticura Soap for I had used three boxes of Cuticura Ointment with the Cuticura Soap I was completely healed." (Signed) Miss L. Burns, St. Louis, Que., June 6, 1918.

Use Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum for all toilet purposes. Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Lyman, Limited, St. Paul St., Montreal.

Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.



Genuine BAYER

ASPIRIN

Never say "Aspirin" without saying "Bayer."

WARNING! Unless you see name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting Aspirin at all. Why take chances?

Accept only an "unbroken package" of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," which contains directions and dose worked out by physicians during 21 years and proved safe by millions for

- Colds
- Toothache
- Earache
- Headache
- Neuralgia
- Lumbago
- Rheumatism
- Neuritis
- Pain, Pain

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets—Bottles of 24 and 100—All Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

Bell and Dominion Organs and Pianos

Now the evenings are getting longer the call for indoor entertainment becomes more insistent, a good plan to follow is to have good music in your home and keep the young people where you can vouch for the amusement.

There are no better Pianos or Organs made

A. Taylor & Son
Athens Ontario

LOCAL NEWS

ATHENS AND VICINITY

Oysters, Fresh Fruits, Confectionery and Ice Cream. A first class supply always on hand at Maud Addison's.

Reserve next Friday evening Dec 25rd for the Christmas Entertainment of the Athens Methodist Sunday School in the Town Hall. The program will be varied and interesting. Come and enjoy the evening.

There will be a Xmas Tree held at the House of Industry on Monday, Dec. 26—the Public are cordially invited.

If you are feeling all worn out if you can't eat, sleep or work with any satisfaction, you need Tanlac. For sale by J. P. Lamb and Son, Athens.

All regular customers may look for Santa Claus at the Bazaar.

Mrs. Mary Phillips left on Wednesday morning for Garanoque to spend the holidays with her sister, Mrs. Geo. Pickett.

It is reported that S. A. Coon and sons bought the Greene property on Main St now occupied by Miss Gray, Miller and Mr. A. Kavanagh, Barber.

Mrs. W. C. Brown, Glen Elbe, underwent a serious operation for appendicitis in the Brockville General Hospital on Friday.

LOST—On Dec 20th a gold wrist watch, octagon shaped and Champ maker. Finder please leave at Reporter Office.

Tanlac is the ideal strengthener and body builder for old folks, because it creates a healthy appetite for wholesome food and strengthens and invigorates the digestive organs. For sale by J. P. Lamb and Son, Athens.

The Pastor of the Methodist church extends best wishes to all for a very Happy Christmas. His own people are asked to spend some part of the Festival Day in the House of God praising the Father for the wonderful gift of His Son to the World. The morning service is always bright and includes a practical and helpful talk to the children. The sermon will be on the subject "How can we best celebrate His birth?" The evening services will be principally choral, the choir rendering the beautiful Cantata entitled "The Shepherd's Story" adapted from "The Cross Triumphant" by Florence Merie Kinsley. You will find this Cantata instructive, entertaining and strongly devotional.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Smith and family of Chatham, Ont. are spending their Xmas holidays with Mrs. Smith's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Pucell.

Mrs. Geo. E. Judson left on Wednesday for Kamanazoo, Mich., to visit her aunt, Mrs. J. H. Jones, who is in poor health.

The following students are home from Queen's University, Kingston, to spend the holidays: R. Barchel, H. J. Easton, H. Craig, Miss T. Craig, S. Morris, Wellington Hefferman, and from Model, Miss C. Miller, and J. Johnston from Toronto University.

If you want plenty of pep, strength and energy, take Tanlac. For sale by J. P. Lamb and Son, Athens.

A very large selection of silverware of best quality and best prices at the Bazaar.

"The Birth of a Child that troubled a King", will be Rev. R. E. Nicholl's Subject on Xmas Sunday Dec 25th.

On Sunday Jan. 1st 1922, Rev. R. E. Nicholls will preach his farewell sermon in the Baptist Church. During his short stay here Mr. Nicholls has made a host of friends who will be extremely sorry to see him depart. But we all know he is ambitious and we are glad to see him go to a larger field. He has been called to the Baptist Church at North Bay. His labors here have been very successful.

And we have listened to his sermons with great interest. He is an eloquent speaker and we unite in wishing him and his family the greatest success in their future home.

Candies, nuts and confectionery in abundance and first class quality—prices right at the Bazaar.

NOTICE
Beginning Sunday Jan. 8, 1921 at 2:30 p.m. that Rev. D. C. Reid of Lyn will hold special Revival meetings in the Holiness Movement Church.

Services every night in the week except Saturday, at 7:30 o'clock. A cordial welcome is extended to one and all.

Prayer is requested on behalf of these meetings.

A. D. Dewar, Pastor.
The Rev. T. H. Bradley formerly of Athens will preach in the Holiness Movement Church, Sunday Dec. 25th at 2:30 p.m. All welcome.

The scarce Merchants Bank depositors was of short duration and the management reports confidence and business as usual.

Anglican Xmas Tree a great Success

Those who didn't see the Xmas Tree in the Town Hall on Tuesday missed one of the great treats of the season. From start to finish the audience were delighted and showed their appreciation many times—full reports next week.

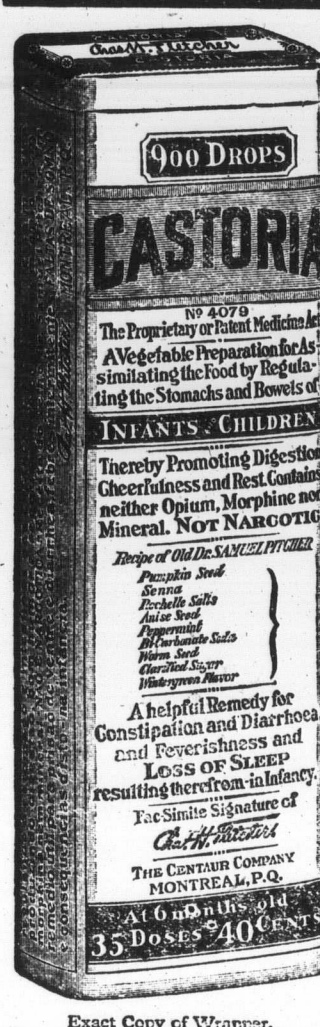
Township Council:

The Council of Rear of Yorge and Escott met on the 15th inst at 7 o'clock members all present, minutes of last meeting were read and adopted.

Accounts ordered paid, J. E. Bruce for tile \$92.30, Royal Gardiner, bonus on 20 rods wire fence \$3.20, Delmer Cowie, bonus on 35 rods wire fence \$6.30 and dog tax remitted \$2.00, W. H. Jacob, repairs for crusher and wagons \$19.25, W. H. Morris, printing collect rs bills \$3.25, W. H. Whaley, records of stone \$2.50, King Edward Sanitarium for care of Eva Bigelow 8 days \$12.00, Dr. Moore, services and medicine for indigent's per order of M. H. O. \$32.75, Irwin Wiltse Salary as Treas. \$65.00 and expenses \$3.73, Purcell and Percival supplies for roads, bridges and crusher \$34.86, Mrs. J. Webster 25 loads of gravel \$12.50, Dr. Harte, M. H. O. and indigent Officer, inspection of schools and cemeteries \$14.75, R. E. Coonell Salary as clerk \$175.00, care of hall \$10, selecting jurors \$2, expenses 8.57, F. Blancher services as School Attendance Officer \$5, constructing culvert Co. road 9 \$8.25, B. Livingston drawing stone Co. road 9 \$8.75, Geo. Ireland bonus on 17 1/2 rods wire fence \$2.80 and rent of land for piling stone \$5.00, Samuel Barnes refund of dog tax \$1, Mrs. John Vaekie lamb killed by dog \$5, D. R. Sheffield salary as Reeve \$20, selecting jurors \$2, Thos G. Howarth salary as Councillor \$20, bridge commissioner \$3, E. S. Earl, Councillor \$20, bridge commissioner \$3, G. O. Hayes, Councillor \$20, Chas B. Howard, Councillor \$20, expenses to Brockville as delegate to County Council re enlarging High School District \$2, James McAvoy constructing culvert on Co. road 9a \$3.

By-law to appoint Deputy Returning Officers, Poll Clerks, Polling places for Municipal Elections and time and place for holding Nomination, received three readings and was passed, blanks filled as follows, sub. div. 1 polling place at residence of Wm. Roberts, W. C. Brown, D. R. O. and Harold Fortune, Poll Clerk, sub. div. 2 polling place at residence of Albert Morris, T. D. Spence, D. R. O., Donald Morris, poll clerk, sub. div. 3 polling place at residence of James Sheldon, Philip Robson, D. R. O., Fred Hollingsworth, poll clerk, Nomination to be at Township Hall on Monday Dec. 26th at one o'clock.

Moved by Thos G. Howarth, seconded by E. S. Earl that this Council do now adjourn to meet again Dec. 26th. Carried.
R. E. Cornell, Clerk.



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria

Always Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Hutchins

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Xmas Cards

See our samples and get our prices.

Reporter Job Dept., Athens

The Churches

Methodist Church
Rev. S. F. Newton, Minister
10.30 a.m.—
7.00 p.m.—
Sunday School—
1.30 p.m.—Catechism Class.
2.30 p.m.—Sunday School.
Cottage Prayer Meeting Monday at 7.30 p.m.
Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7.30 p.m.

Baptist Church

R. E. NICHOLS, Pastor
Plum Hollow—
Sunday School 10.30
Morning Service 11 A. M.
Athens—
11.00 a.m.—Sunday School.
Evening Service—7.00
Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7.30 p.m.
Song Service Evening Sunday at 6.45

PARISH OF Lansdowne Rear

Rev. V. O. Boyie, M.A., Rector
Christmas Sunday
Christ Church, Athens—
11. a.m. Holy Communion Anthem
2.30 p.m. Sunday School (cancelled)
Trinity Church, Oak Leaf—
8.30 a.m.—Holy Communion
2.30 p.m. Evening Prayer
St. Paul's, Delta—
1.30 p.m. Sunday School
7 p.m.—Evening Prayer.
Christmas Monday—10 a.m. Holy Communion

Mr. P. G. Hollingsworth begs to announce that he has opened up a first class MEAT MARKET in connection with the grocery recently opened on Elgin St. All orders given prompt attention. All orders delivered.
We beg to call your attention to the fact that we carry a very complete line of Drug Sundries and can give you very attractive prices. The Bazaar R. J. Campo, Prop.

BEAUMONT S. CORNELL

M.B., L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S.
53 James St. E. Brockville
Evenings 7-8 Afternoons 1-4
By Appointment Phone 870

GEORGE W. LEE

Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Clerk of the Village
Athens - Ontario

EATON—The Auctioneer

Sales conducted anywhere in Leeds County at reasonable rates. Farmers' Sales and Real Estate a Specialty. Write or call on
A. M. EATON ATHENS, ONT.

IMERSON—The Auctioneer

Write or Phone early for dates or call the Reporter and arrange for your Sale.
H. W. IMERSON, Auctioneer

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Effective October 2nd
The following Winter Service is now in effect giving excellent train connections, to Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal and Intermediate Points, also to Western Canada, Pacific and Atlantic Coast Points.

LOCAL TIME-TABLE TO AND FROM BROCKVILLE

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY

| Departures | Arrivals |
|----------------|-------------|
| 8.00 A. M. | 11.50 A. M. |
| 3. 15 P. M. | 12.15 P. M. |
| 5.30 P. M. | 7.25 P. M. |
| SUNDAY SERVICE | |
| 8.00 A. M. | 7.25 P. M. |

For rates and particulars apply to,
GEO. E. McGLADE
City Passenger Agent
A. J. POTVIN, City Ticket Agent
52 King St. West, Cor. Court House Ave
Brockville, Ontario Phone 77 and 330

WE SELL GILSON FARM EQUIPMENT *Goes Like Sixty*

BACKED BY SIXTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE! DOMINANT IN QUALITY AND SERVICE!

Sixty years of leadership—of giving good value, heaping satisfaction and real service! That's why the Gilson name wins respect and confidence from coast to coast. That's why we are proud to sell this dependable farm equipment.

THE GILSON ENGINE
All Sizes
Costs You Nothing

The famous Gilson "Goes Like Sixty" Engine—any size for any purpose—can be purchased on the easy payment plan. Let it pay for itself. Its economy and dependability have made it the biggest selling engine in Canada. Let us demonstrate on your farm.

"THE WONDERFUL GILSON"

"The Wonderful Gilson" stands supreme. More Gilson Silo Fillers were sold in Canada last year than any other make. It is guaranteed to be the lightest running blower-cutter made.
Be independent—get a Gilson Silo Filler and fill your own silo—with your own engine, 4 h.p. or larger—at the proper time, when your corn has the greatest feeding value.

HYLO SYLO
The Hylo Sylo insures sweet, fresh, succulent ensilage down to the last forkful. It is built to last indefinitely. Exclusive patented features of design and construction explain why the Hylo is chosen by the discriminating farmer. Pays for itself in the first season. Then year after year, pays 100 per cent. profit on your investment. Can you beat it?

THE GILSON SPREADER

Manure is the best fertilizer. You have it. Use it! The best Manure Spreader made is the Gilson. Why? It has a wide spread. It is low down. It has light draft. It will take a real load. It is free from clutches, gears and all complicated parts.

Call and see our nearest dealer, name below. He will save and make you money on the equipment illustrated and on Gilson Thrashers, Disc-Ace Tractors, Wood Saws, Grinders, Pump Jacks, Belting, etc. Write for Catalog.

Made in Canada and Guaranteed by
GILSON MFG. CO., Limited - - GUELPH, ONT.
Call and See Nearest Dealer
H. B. KNAPP, Athens, Ontario

EXPERT SHOE REPAIRING

THEY LOOK NEW

And as far as wear and appearance go, they are just as good as new, because they have been Properly Repaired by

Walter C. Smith

I Do Not Cobble Shoes—I Repair Them
SHOP OVER WILLSON'S MEAT MARKET

Canadian National Railways

BROCKVILLE - WESTPORT

IMPROVED SERVICE

Motor Car to and from C. N. Station, Brockville.

DAILY

| | | | | |
|-----------------|------------|------------|-----------|------------|
| Lvs. BROCKVILLE | 9.00 a.m. | 1.00 p.m. | 5.00 p.m. | 9.00 p.m. |
| Arr. WESTPORT | 10.45 a.m. | 2.45 p.m. | 6.45 p.m. | 10.45 p.m. |
| Lvs. WESTPORT | 7.00 a.m. | 11.00 a.m. | 3.00 p.m. | 7.00 p.m. |
| Arr. BROCKVILLE | 8.45 a.m. | 12.45 p.m. | 4.45 p.m. | 8.45 p.m. |

NOTE: Motor car carries passengers and hand baggage only.

Steam Train to and from G. T. Station, Brockville.

Daily, except Sunday.

| | | | |
|-----------------|-----------|-----------------|------------|
| Lvs. BROCKVILLE | 2.50 p.m. | Lvs. WESTPORT | 9.00 a.m. |
| Arr. WESTPORT | 6.15 p.m. | Arr. BROCKVILLE | 12.00 Noon |

For full information obtainable at Ticket Offices.