

**W. C. TOWN**  
Furniture and Undertaker  
Rural Phone Athens, Ontario

# The Athens Reporter

**GENERAL LIVERY**  
Auto or Horse—Phone Day or Night  
**Clifford C. Blancher**  
Prompt Service Athens Ont.

Vol. XXXVI. No. 41

Athens, Leeds County, Ontario, Thursday, June 30, 1921

5 Cents Per Copy

## Children's Savings Account



It is a pleasure—not a trouble—to open Savings Accounts in the names of your children. Even if you intend to deposit but a dollar at a time in each account, we welcome this business because it is an education in thrift, and we are glad to assist you in teaching your children to save. \$1. opens a Savings Account. Deposits of \$1. and upwards are welcomed.

## THE MERCHANTS BANK

Head Office: Montreal OF CANADA Established 1864.  
Athens and Frankville Branches, W. D. Thomas, Manager.  
Delta Branch, S. H. Barlow, Manager.

## LOCAL NEWS

### ATHENS AND VICINITY

The Standard Bank of Canada Athens wish to announce that they have just installed a nest of Safety Deposit Boxes.

These boxes afford excellent security for your Victory Bonds, deeds and other valuable papers.

They would be pleased to have all interested call at any time and inspect these Boxes and learn further particulars.

For Sale—Portland Cement, Lime, Paristone, Plaster and Asbestos Plaster.  
Athens Lumber Yard

For Sale—Pure Bred Holstein Bull aged 2 years, apply to R. W. Murphy Glen Buell, Ont.

The Rev. V. O. and Mrs Boyle motored a party of young people to Chautauqua on Tuesday evening to see Pamahasika's Pet's, and reported an enjoyable evening.

Mrs H. E. Cornell and Marion are visiting friends in Brockville this week.

Mrs G. F. Donnelly, entertained Mr and Mrs W. B. Percival, of Toronto, also Mr and Mrs A. Brown of Athens, at Lake Charleston on Saturday last.

Christ Church Sunday School will hold its annual picnic at Cedar Park, Charleston on Saturday July 2nd. The children will assemble at the Town Hall at 10.30 a. m. and proceed to Charleston in Motor cars. The parents are asked to come and co-operate with the teachers in giving the children a good time.

Miss Geraldine Kelly is home for to spend the holiday with her parents.

Mrs Claude Marshall and son of Toledo, were guests of her sister Mrs Wm. Towriss, this week.

Dr Kelly, Delta, called on his Aunt, Miss M. Kelly.

Miss Vienna Kendrick, of Ottawa, is a guest of Mr and Mrs Wesly Towriss.

The Flower Carnival and Field Day which takes place on Wednesday, July 20th. on Mr John Layngs grounds under the auspices of the congregation of Christs Church, Athens, promises to be a very interesting affair. It is rumoured that we are to be favoured with the famous Boy Scout Band of Smith Falls, which is one of the largest and best of its kind in Ontario. Decorate your car and win the five-dollar gold piece. Dinner and supper will be served on the grounds and all manner of sports indulged in. The children are rehearsing for the wonderful pageant which will be given under the direction of Mrs V. O. Boyle in the evening. Come and make it an all day picnic.

Post Master Johnston announces that in conjunction with the agreement made by the Merchants and Banks of Athens, in which their places of business will close every Wednesday afternoon during July and August. Post Office Department has given permission for the Post Office to close for the same period at 12 30 and remain closed until the arrival of the evening mail. The Public are advised to provide themselves with stamps in advance so that no inconvenience may arise.

St. Thomas Church, (Anglican) Frankville, will hold a Garden Party Thursday evening, July 7.

The Rev. T. L. and Mrs Barber of Picton motoring to Ottawa, stopped Tuesday overnight at the Rectory with Rev. V. O. and Mrs Boyle.

### SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES

for rent by

**The Merchants Bank of Canada**

made by the famous  
J. & J. Taylor Safe Works

Some of our local oddfellows attended the Decoration service of at Brockville on Sunday last, Rev. R. E. Nicholls preached an eloquent and forceful sermon on the aims and objects of oddfellowship that created a most forcible impression on the large number of who heard him.

About forty members of Rising Sun Lodge No. 85, A. F. & A. M. paraded to Christ Church, Athens, for Divine Service on Sunday, June 26th. The Rev. V. O. Boyle, chose his text from 1 Kings, "And on the top of the pillars was lily-work. So was the work of the Pillars finished"

The choir rendered inspiring music throughout the service and excelled itself in the singing of the anthem "The King of Love My Shepherd Is" (Shelley)

The Garden Party on Tuesday night under the auspices of the Anglican Church, Addison, was a great success. A large crowd gathered and enjoyed a sumptuous repast of strawberries and cake. An excellent programme was provided consisting of, Orchestra selections, speeches and songs. Col. Andrew Gray, A. E. Donovan, Mr Stewart and Canon Woodcock of Brockville made excellent speeches. Bernard Godkin, Lawrence Taylor and Rev. V. O. Boyle, sang several songs accompanied by Mrs Boyle at the organ. The whole evening was most enjoyable and the Addison congregation are to be congratulated on their successful enterprise.

Married—On Wednesday, June 15, 1921, at the Baptist Parsonage by Rev. R. E. Nicholls, Miss Ethel M. Brown, daughter of Mr and Mrs Earnest Brown of Plum Hollow, to Mr Stanley Lloyd Earl, only son of Mr and Mrs N. G. Earl, Sarrah St. Athens.

### Ayrshire Breeders Outing

The Brockville District Ayrshire Breeders Club decided this year, on a pleasant and instructive trip to Ottawa. The weather being ideal, the trip was enjoyed by all. Ayrshire demonstrations was held at the Experimental Farm and the new features on Ayrshire Breeding was very instructive and beneficial. The breeders was shown over the experimental farm, On the following day they visited the Agricultural Experimental Farm, Kemptville, and was given a very warm reception by Professor Bell and his staff. Here they were instructed on all the coming advantages on Foreign trade and how to meet them. We trust the Brockville District breeders will be able to produce stock second to none in the supply to Australia and South America. The Ayrshire cow has come to stay and with a little more size along with the hardiness and grand natural development that she now possesses, she is bound to be the Queen of Canada.

John Hamblen, Secretary

### NOTICE

Property owners must cut and destroy all noxious weeds before they go to seed, as required by law. Attend to this at once.

F. Blancher, Village Officers

### Seperton

Miss Laura Jarvis is in Brockville receiving medical treatment.

Mrs W. Lawson and son have returned to Athens.

Mr and Mrs R. Sheridan have last week moved into their new bungalow which is nearing completion.

Miss B. Jackson, Delta, spent Sunday with Mr and Mrs R. Danby.

Miss Burns, Brockville, who has engaged in the school section for the past two years, having resigned has returned to her home and will during July take a course at Guelph.

Mrs C. M. Singleton and son Stuart attended the funeral of their relative the late Jas. Gallagher at Frankville on 19th.

The July number of Rod and Gun in Canada, the well known sportsmen's magazine, contains many interesting fishing stories and articles; including "Piscatorial Doubters" a tale of Timagame fishing by M. Parkinson. Pisciculture, by Leo Baker, describes the culture of game fishes at one of the fifteen hatcheries. The hunter is well looked after in this issue with interesting accounts of hunting trips in Ontario and British Columbia. For the lover of firearms, there is the Guns and Ammunition department, conducted by C. S. Landis. The well known nature writers, Bonnycastle Da'e F. V. Williams and Robert Page Lincoln are represented in this issue. Rod and Gun in Canada is published monthly by W. J. Taylor, Limited at Woodstock, Ontario.

### Sand Bay

Mr V. Goffs who have been under quarantine for some time are able to out again.

Mr H. Eves visited Mr Rodgers over Sunday, has returned to Kingston.

Mr Dick McCrady was out for a car ride Friday every body was glad to see him able to be out again.

A baby boy has arrived at the home of Mr Frankie O'Grady's.

Union service was held at Dulce-main Methodist church Sunday afternoon with a very small attendance.

Mrs Wm. Ferguson is on the sick list.

Mr Wm. A. McCrady from Francis Sask. who has been visiting his father Mr R. R. McCrady last four weeks has returned home.

Mrs James Foley has gone on a visit with her sister Miss Donean, to Regina Sask.

Mr R. Welsh and little daughter from Toronto is visiting Mr S. E. Heaslip.

Gordon Genge who has been at Oscar Slacks, Ellisville, two months is home now for awhile.

### Notice re Poultry

Live Poultry Bought everyday at McLean's Grocery, Main St. and also on the truck by Mr Netherfield Moore, Highest prices will be paid.  
G. D. McLean, Athens

First-Class  
Pictures will be  
Shown on

Saturday

Town Hall, Athens

June 30

Good Music every night.

Adults 30 Plus War Tax Children 20  
THE LIBERTY THEATRES

## Crank-Case Service -

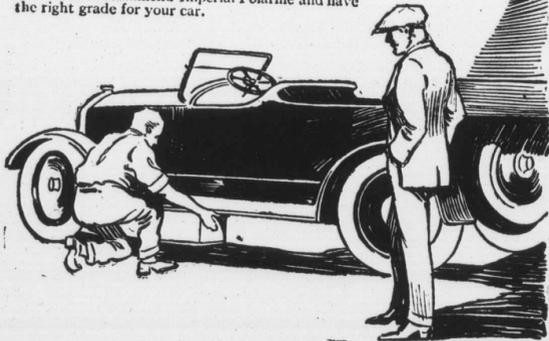


Drain and thoroughly clean the crank-case of your motor car every 500 miles, then refill with fresh Imperial Polarine.

Do this and you will reduce your operating expenses almost a half and will easily double the life of your motor.

Bring your car to us for Crank-Case Cleaning Service. We guarantee promptness and our work will show itself immediately in better engine performance and lessened operating expense.

We sell and recommend Imperial Polarine and have the right grade for your car.



## THE Earl Construction Company

Genuine Ford Repair Parts  
GARAGE AND AUTO SUPPLIES  
Athens Ontario

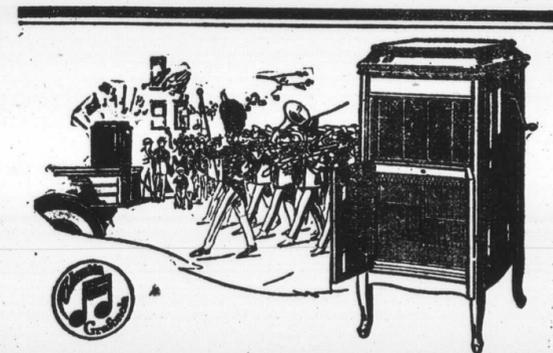
### To Investors

DO you appreciate the advisability of having your banker serve you in matters pertaining to investments. The Bank is always in direct and constant touch with the investment markets and is well equipped to secure sound and attractive securities or to place any bonds you may wish to dispose of. At any branch of the Standard you can obtain accommodation or advice relative to investments.

**THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA**

TOTAL ASSETS OVER NINETY MILLIONS

Athens Branch: W. A. Johnston, Manager.



## It is the Band!

You can fairly see it swinging down the street. You can hear the cornet's clarion call, the boom, boom of the bassoon, the rumble of the drums. Every note of every selection, to the very end—it is the band, when you play

## Columbia Records

of band music on the Columbia Grafonola—hear these:

Entry of the Gladiators March and The Gladiator's Farewell March, H. M. Scott's Guards Band R2078, \$1.00	Conqueror March and Death or Glory March, St. Hilda Colliery Band R2130, \$1.00
Colonel Bogey March and Sons of the Brave March, Columbia Band R4014, \$1.00	National Emblem March and Washington Grays March, Prince's Band A1025, \$1.00

**A few new recordings:**

Bright Eyes and Underneath Hawaiian Skies, Xylophone Solos, Jess Libonati A3389, \$1.00	My Mammy, Fox-Trot, Yerkes' Jazamba Orchestra and Do You Ever Think of Me? Fox-Trot, The Happy Six A3372, \$1.00
I Can't Keep Still To-night and Blame It On to Poor Old Father, Comic Songs, Billy Williams R4042, \$1.00	Nestle in Your Daddy's Arms and I Spoiled You, Fox-Trots, Art Hickman's Orchestra A3301, \$1.00

**G. W. BEACH**  
Columbia Dealer Athens, Ont.

# By The Law of Tooth and Talon

By MERLIN MOORE TAYLOR

(Copyrighted)

CHAPTER XV.—(Cont'd.)  
The city government, machine-made and incompetent as are all machine-made governments, seemed powerless to end the strike or to control conditions. Politicians carried into office on a wave of bribery and spoils vainly ran around seeking a solution to the problems confronting them, and the national government was beginning to turn its eyes toward the city and threaten to place it under martial law unless a change was brought about immediately.

It was into this seething pot that Charlton and Stella Lathrop found themselves cast when the train which had brought them from Jasper reached the city. On the train they had heard vague and excited rumors of what awaited them. There were sensational reports of a reign of bloodshed and terror which Charlton, even though he knew the Inner Council planned such an outbreak, warned Stella not to believe until she saw it actually going on.

They had grown very close during the journey together. Charlton, sensing that it would embarrass her to suggest a Pullman, had resigned himself to a seat beside her in the chair car. Neither had grown sleepy until late and they had whiled away several hours talking in low tones and making plans for the dangerous work which Stella was to undertake, subject of course, to revision by Chief Milton. And because whispered confidences tend to take a personal turn, Charlton had learned a great many things about this girl.

For one thing he discovered that when she made the effort she could talk correctly, with only occasional lapses into the slang of the underworld or the language of the mountain folk from which she had sprung. He had remarked the fact that when he interviewed her at the door of her room in the city hotel she had talked fluently and so, when she had met him in Jasper and conversed as well as if she had been a society woman, he had been surprised. He drew from her without appearing to do so, that she had attended the school of her home community until the day when she had decided to leave home and seek her fortune. But she surprised him most when she confided that Judge Graham had offered to take her into his home and give her the opportunity of acquiring an education. The old jurist, touched by the girl's kindness to him, was determined that if she desired it she should have a chance to become something better than the humble people from whom she sprung.

At the station Charlton excused himself and reported his return to Chief Milton by telephone. "Bring her up at once," ordered the chief when he heard that Stella Lathrop had accompanied Charlton. He studied the girl closely when she had been seated in his office and Charlton had briefly sketched what had occurred during his trip.

"I suppose you and Miss Lathrop have made some tentative plans?" he asked.  
"Yes," replied Charlton. "In view of the fact that she had been taken into the Inner Council I thought that she might be able to get valuable information for us in order that we may have men on the spot where trouble is planned. Miss Lathrop has been thoroughly disillusioned, chief, as to the real meaning of Bolshevism and she now is as eager to help down it as she once was to promote it. The only danger that I see she runs is having to face Lebrune."  
"Which may not be a danger at all," was the reply. "He hasn't been seen since your encounter with him

at the shack in the woods. Undoubtedly he has taken alarm and fled, believing that the Government has the evidence against him at last. Had he succeeded in killing you he might have remained in the city on the chance that he and his fellows would be in control of affairs here before he could be arrested."

"His nerve is broken," said Charlton. "He acted like a scared rabbit the last time I saw him. Whether he fears the Government or not, he undoubtedly is afraid of what might happen once the Inner Council discovered that its money was gone. He knows that vengeance would be sure and swift. No, I imagine that Lebrune just now would prefer the safety of a cell to a meeting with those whom he has duped. Well, it is settled then that Miss Lathrop will return to the hotel where she has been living and will resume as living as possible her former mode of life."

"Just a moment," interposed the girl. She spoke slowly and with an evident effort to do so correctly. "There is one thing I ought to tell you. Both of you know that Louis Vogel was a friend to me when I needed one. You also know he was the man who drove the car in which Judge Graham and I went to the Cove. Mr. Charlton hasn't asked me any questions about him."

Charlton turned red. "Judge Graham said," he began. "That he believed Vogel had been killed in the Cove for attacking me," broke in Stella. Charlton nodded. "So did I until last night when we were waiting for the train in Jasper," the girl went on. "You know the law of the mountains, that a life must pay for a life, and that an insult to a woman must be wiped out in blood. Feuds that have lasted years started over little things like that. Vogel knocked me down with his fist up there. My little brother saw it and he told my father. Had I been conscious I would have tried to stop him, but he was gone until late at night and when he returned his rifle had been fired. I thought then that he had killed Vogel, and I think that he still believes he did. But now I am not so sure. At the time that Judge Graham was telling you his suspicions, Mr. Charlton, I was trying to find an automobile which Vogel and I hid deep in the timber near Jasper. It is not likely that any one found it, but last night it was gone."

"We must send out word to arrest him on sight," exclaimed Chief Milton. "As a matter of protection to you, Miss Lathrop, for Judge Graham positively refuses to prosecute him for kidnaping. I rather think that he is doing so more out of regard for what he believes are your feelings for Vogel."

"I have no feelings for Vogel," replied Stella earnestly. "Only a few days ago I believed that I loved him, gunman, thief and crook that he was. Now I know that it was not love, and the feeling I had for him then is gone now. It died the minute he lifted his hand against me."  
Charlton mumbled something which neither of the others understood, but it sounded suspiciously like "Hurrhah."  
"In that case there remains nothing for us to do but to administer the oath of loyalty to the United States," said Chief Milton. "I don't believe it is necessary, but perhaps you will feel better for having taken it. I imagine that there was some oath administered to you when you were admitted to the Inner Council, Miss Lathrop?"  
"Yes," replied Stella, "but I do not feel that it is binding. I didn't know what it meant. I am ready to break it now. If it lowers me in your regard I can't help it. I would lose the regard of the whole world rather than keep an oath that means the betrayal of my country."

And so it was arranged. Stella again took up her abode in the hotel from which she had fled, and that very night she visited the radical book store which served as a camouflage for the meeting place of the Inner Circle. With some trepidation and fear she approached the aged bookseller, but he admitted her to the Inner Circle without question.

Lebrune was not in evidence around the council table. The fat man sat in the president's chair, and Stella's fears vanished.  
"You have been away?" he asked her.  
"Yes, visiting my people," she replied, curtly. "The trip was unexpected. I had no chance to notify any one."  
"And our worthy president? He also has been called away?" The tones of the fat man were sneering and they held insinuation. For a moment Stella had difficulty in holding herself in check at the insult.

"I have not seen him," she replied. To her surprise the words appeared to electrify the hearers.  
"Haven't seen him?" cried one. "We supposed—" He stopped, for into Stella's eyes had come a dangerous glint.  
"I don't care what you suppose," she declared. "I tell you I don't know anything about him. Hasn't he been here?"  
"Not for several days." Apparently the fat man was worried. "Do you suppose that he has been arrested secretly? Such things have happened before. A man vanishes over-night as if the earth had swallowed him, and months later we learn that the Government detains him."

"Quite likely," replied another. "It is one of the risks that we run. But what is one man more or less? Let us proceed with business."  
"But our money," cried the fat man. "It is in the banks where no one can touch it but Neilson or Lebrune. Neil-

son is in jail, Lebrune is gone. Without money we cannot go ahead. There are men to be paid, labor leaders who will desert us if they do not get their money, gangsters who are to aid when we strike at the city government, the I.W.O. chiefs who have been promised large sums. Money is everything. Without money we are lost. Neilson must be reached somehow so that we can sign checks. We must find Lebrune."

When the Inner Council's meeting broke up, and Stella passed out of the bookstore, it was to keep an appointment with Charlton. They had agreed to meet in a secluded place in a public park, where he was to obtain from her a report on the council's plans.

Stella stepped out briskly along the street. It was several blocks to the park and she had decided to walk. From the shadows of a doorway across the street, a man detached himself and followed her, a man whose head had been cropped recently and whose pulled-down slouch hat and turned up coat collar hid his face.

Following him was a second man, a big fellow who slouched along and who appeared as if he, too, wished to escape attracting attention.

Behind the second man, but across the street and closer to Stella than either of the others, another man took up the chase. The first man was not aware of the fact that he was being followed and the second also was not aware of the shadow at his own heels.

The first man was Lebrune.  
The second was Louis Vogel.  
The third was Ralph Charlton.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### A Duel to the Death.

Lebrune had not fled from the city after young Graham had foiled his attempt to kill Charlton. That, indeed, had been the temptation in the first panic over having confessed his innermost secrets to the Government man whom he had believed to be an emissary of his superiors. Two things prevented "The Gray Wolf" from casting everything to the winds and taking to his heels. One was the knowledge that he might the more easily make his escape in the long run by laying low where he was until the hue and cry after him subsided. The other was his cupidity.

Realizing that he could not hope to convince the other members of the Inner Council of the fact that he was innocent of complicity in the theft of the funds entrusted to the care of himself and Neilson, he was of a mind now that Neilson was headed for prison, to find where the million and a quarter dollars had been concealed and, if possible, to dip his hands into the ill-gotten gains. So, half-way back

to the city, after his battle at the shack, he had turned the roadster off the main road and hidden it in an abandoned cattle shed. He knew that if Charlton wanted revenge for the attempt on his life, efforts would be directed towards finding the gray car as a clue to where Lebrune had gone.

Then Lebrune had tramped the long miles to the city before dawn and had sought a hiding-place in one of the hundreds of rabbit warrens where the underworld was accustomed to concealing those of its fellows for whom the police were looking. A rough hair cut, his natty suit and hat and shoes exchanged for second-hand clothing, Lebrune had thought himself sufficiently disguised to escape detection. For a week he had roamed the streets of the city at will, communicating with no one, least of all the members of the Inner Council. Having discovered that one Government agent had penetrated the barriers surrounding it, he feared that others in whom he had trusted might prove traitors.

Instead, he had haunted the footsteps of Neilson's wife in the hope that at some time she would lead him to the place where her husband had concealed his pilfered thousands. Lebrune's money was running low, and finally he decided that he would risk approaching the old bookseller and enticing from him as large a sum as possible. His own changed appearance he could easily explain away.

The sight of Stella entering the bookstore had puzzled him. He believed he and Vogel now to be far away and the fact that she was in the city led him to but one conclusion. She and Vogel had stolen away with Judge Graham and had collected the rewards offered for his return. For Lebrune knew that the old Judge was again at home. He decided that making Stella disgorge part of the money he was sure she had received might prove easier than negotiating a loan from the bookseller. So he concealed himself in a dark doorway and waited her reappearance.

(To be continued.)  
Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

The first wealth is health. Sickness is poor-spirited, and can not serve any one; it must husband its resources to live. But health or fullness answers its own ends, and has to spare, runs over, and inundates the neighborhoods and creeks of other men's necessities.—Emerson.

fishness, doesn't make much difference to us while we are strong and able to hit back. But in the days of helpless old age, when we can't pack up and leave the things we don't like, the reaction is different. The ill-timings in which we occasionally indulged earlier in life has become cantankerousness. Our firmness of purpose has degenerated into pigheadedness. Having never learned how to adjust ourselves to fit into the lives of others, we find it too hard to learn now. We think the whole world is hard and unfeeling towards the aged, when really it is only the natural outcome of the life we have lived. No one can expect the entire family to dance attendance on his whims, just because he has grown old. And no one would expect it in old age if he had not demanded it in youth.

The only way to escape the tragedy of old age is to begin to fight it off in childhood, and keep up the fight right on through. One family shelters the two sorts of old folks, an old lady of eighty and a man of seventy-eight. The woman is the widow of a minister and has been in training for old age ever since she was a girl. Now, far be it from me to say that all clergymen's wives make it a practice to make themselves fit their circumstances, and to try to live with others. But this one always has been the one to compromise. Very early in life she learned that someone has to give up first if there is friction, and being anxious to help make her husband a success, she formed the habit of being official giver-up for the family. She learned that hardest of all lessons, how to get along with folks; all sorts of folks, pleasant and cranky, rich and poor, learned and ignorant. She knew that she couldn't move on every time she found a neighborhood where the folks weren't just to her liking. She moved when the bishop said she might. And being a wise woman, she didn't spend her time in fault-finding; she looked for the best in everyone.

The old man in this family didn't see life that way. When he didn't like things he told the world, and most of the time he didn't like anyone or anything. When things got too bad in one neighborhood for him he moved on to another, and he has lived in a good many places.

Now, by a freak of fate these two folks are thrown under the same roof, though they are the most remote of in-laws. The contrast between them is so marked, that every chance caller remarks on it. There is no tragedy of old age about the woman. She is the bright spot in the family life, always busy, always considerate, always thinking of others, full of bright little anecdotes of folks she has known, and never asking a thing for herself. But the man fairly oozes old age tragedy. He glowers in his corner, only speaking to find fault or make an inconsiderate demand for attention. He feels that he is neglected and abused, because folks don't swarm about him as they do the old lady. It never once occurs to him that it is his own unlovely nature which drives would-be friends away.

Of course, old age has its hardships even for the bright and cheerful. There is sickness, pain, sorrow, all too often poverty. But none of these spoil tragedy if one has friends. And friends can only be had by the making.

**The Tree's Dream.**  
Little green tree, so slim and small,  
Standing under the school house wall,  
Planted there upon Arbor Day,  
Tell me, what are you doing, say?  
So quiet you stand, and so still you keep,  
I really believe you have gone to sleep.

"Oh, I'm dreaming now," said the little tree,  
Of the pleasant days that are to be,  
Of the robins and bluebirds that every spring  
Will come and sit in my boughs and sing.  
Oh, plenty of company I shall see  
In my gay green tent," said the little tree.

"I am dreaming of all the little girls,  
In gingham aprons and yellow curls,  
That under the shade of my leafy boughs,  
Will make for themselves a wee play-house,  
With nice burr-baskets, the dear little souls,  
And pepper-pod teapots and sugar bowls.

"I am dreaming of all the barefoot boys,  
That will fill my branches with merry noise,  
And climb my limbs like an easy stair,  
And shake down my nuts till the boughs are bare,  
Oh, a jolly good comrade I shall be  
When I grow up," said the little tree.

—Elizabeth H. Thomas.

**Trade in Sea Water.**  
A London business firm is carrying on a profitable trade—in sea water! Trawlers are sent regularly from London to the Dogger Bank to collect sea water for London hospitals and doctors.

As a natural medicine for nasal troubles and infantile cholera, this new remedy is in great demand; it is also used for injections for rheumatism.

Specially fitted-out vessels are used to collect the Dogger Bank sea water, which is remarkably free from contamination. After the water is collected it is sealed and kept in ice until its arrival in port.

## Used Autos

**BREARLEY SELLS THEM:** USED cars of all types; all cars sold subject to delivery up to 300 miles, or less run of same distance if you wish, in as good order as purchased, or purchase price refunded.  
**FIXING** mechanic of your own choice to look them over, or ask us to take any car to city representative for inspection. Very large stock always on hand.  
Brearley's Used Car Market  
624 Yonge Street, Toronto

## The Rule of Toil.

Some men to-day are trying to set aside an old, old rule. It was framed in these words in a very old book, read by old-fashioned people now and then: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground."

The things on which a high value is set are the things that come by effort. We appraise a house, a statue, a book, a symphony, a bridge, a railroad, a city, by the effort spent to build it. A citizen is honored who has added one day to another to make a lifetime of service. The rule is that we must earn what we get. Sometimes by accident prizes go to those who have not deserved them. But the exception merely proves the rule.

When the workers in a factory say, as they said in Russia, "Let us get rid of the boss and run the business ourselves," they may get rid of an individual, but they cannot dispose of a law.

The law they attempted to dethrone was that of the reward of merit and the survival of the fittest.

Days of toil and nights of worry are put into the upbuilding of a flourishing concern. The irresponsible, who shared nothing of the labor and anxiety and took their pay securely, do not see that in denying any man the chance to rise by his own determined effort to a post of leadership they deny a chance to all.

They wish to seize the fruits of another's travail. He has accumulated and they pounce on his property and divide the spoil. If they have a right to take that which they have not earned, others have the same right to come to them and deprive them of their stolen goods.

The world is not safe for democracy till the right of a man, be he poor or rich, to his own property is assured. We cannot live by robbing one another. It will never be right that some who have snoozed in the shade while others were sweating in the sun should rise up and take by force what the workers have earned and put by.

## Down a Potash Mine.

The French are actively engaged in reviving the potash industry of Alsace, which languished when that fair province was under the iron heel of Germany.

A visit to one of these potash mines is very interesting. Some of them are 2,600 feet underneath the ground, and the visitor who makes the subterranean trip is equipped with blue overalls, a sou'-wester, and a pair of hobnailed boots. The carrier which conveys him down to the bowels of the earth travels often at the rate of 35 feet a second—that is, at over 21 miles an hour.

The atmosphere at the bottom is rather salty, and walking along spacious corridors, climbing gradients, descending perpendicular ladders, together with the great heat at this depth, produce a perspiration reminiscent of a Turkish bath. For exploring a potash mine the ideal attire would seem to be a bathing-costume.

All round one sees walls of glistening rock salt of red, pink, and grey. These are worked with explosives, and then brought to the surface, where they are crushed and purified in order that farmers all over the world may give medicine to their plants and crops.

It is well known that countries which use most chemical fertilizers secure the best crops, and up-to-date farmers are getting alive to the fact.

Experts claim that the Alsatian deposits are of much better quality than those of Germany, and that they do not harden in the open air. Moreover, there is a sufficient supply for the needs of the whole world for the next three centuries.

## What Sam Was Worth.

A witty writer and speaker, Mr. George Harvey, the new United States Ambassador in London, appreciates a good story. His favorite concerns a Negro who applied for a job. The employer seemed satisfied, so Sam said: "How much will you give me, boss?" "I'll give you what you're worth."  
"That's no good. I'm getting more than that now," Sam replied promptly.

## Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Victory.

An eminent physician was trying to bring back to consciousness a woman who had a stroke. For a long time the efforts seemed to be in vain, for her utterances were only the ravings of delirium, but all at once she sat up in bed and looking straight at the doctor she cried out:  
"Oh, you funny old man!"  
"Ah," said the doctor, cheerfully, "now she's beginning to talk sense."

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ISSUE No. 27-21.

**About the HOUSE**

## Ice Cream and Water Ices.

Mock bisque ice cream: One quart medium thick cream, one tablespoonful of vanilla extract, one teaspoonful of almond extract, one cupful of brown bread-crumbs, three-quarters of a cupful of sugar.

Scald half the cream, add the sugar, allow to cool, then add remaining cream and flavorings. Chill and freeze; when the mixture reaches a thick, mushy consistency, open the freezer and stir in the bread-crumbs. Continue the freezing to insure thorough mixing, remove the dasher and pack.

Almond macaroons are used for the genuine bisque ice cream, but crumbed brown bread makes a satisfactory substitute. When several flavors are used in ice cream, as in the above recipe, allow more time for the ripening or blending.

Peach ice cream is made with five cupfuls of milk, or half milk and half cream, three cupfuls of sugar, six peaches and the juice of one lemon. Pare the peaches, mash and mix with the sugar and lemon-juice. Scald one-half the quantity of milk, cool and mix with the other ingredients, then freeze. Three cupfuls of strawberries or red raspberries can be substituted for the peaches, or a can of crushed pineapple can be used. Fruit must be thoroughly mashed or crushed, or it will freeze into pellets.

Water-ices are delicious but lack the food value found in ice cream, therefore are less desirable for children. In making water-ices, boil the sugar and water together for just five minutes by the clock, and remove the scum while hot, strain the syrup through a fine cloth and cool before adding the fruit juice. Pack the freezer as for ice cream. Turn the crank slowly for a few minutes, then rest five minutes, turn slowly again, and rest, etc., until the mixture is frozen hard. It takes much longer to freeze water-ices than ice cream. When you can turn no longer take out the dasher, and beat the water-ice well with a paddle. Then repack as with ice cream.

Orange water-ice: Add to the syrup made with one pound of sugar and a pint of water, the juice of six oranges and one lemon. Boil a few strips of the yellow orange rind with the syrup.

Grape water-ice is excellent and is made with one pint of grape-juice and the juice of one lemon added to the syrup made with one pound of sugar and a pint of water.

Frozen strawberries: One quart of berries mashed with three cupfuls of sugar, the juice of one large lemon, six cupfuls of water. Make a syrup of the sugar and water, add the fruit, mix and freeze.

Frozen cherries require three pints of cherries to a pound of sugar and a pint of water. Pit and mash the cherries, crack a dozen of the pits and rub the kernels to a paste, then add the paste to the cherries. Let this mixture stand one hour. Make a syrup with the sugar and water, strain the fruit and add the juice to the syrup. Place the mixture in the freezer and partially freeze before adding the cherries.

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# Farm Crop Queries

CONDUCTED BY PROF. HENRY G. BELL

The object of this department is to place at the service of our farm readers the advice of an acknowledged authority on all subjects pertaining to soils and crops.

Address all questions to Professor Henry G. Bell, in care of The Wilson Publishing Company, Limited, Toronto, and answers will appear in this column in the order in which they are received. When writing kindly mention this paper. As space is limited it is advisable where immediate reply is necessary that a stamped and addressed envelope be enclosed with the question, when the answer will be mailed direct.

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**J. W. W.:** I have a piece of runout land which is badly infested with quack grass, which I am planning on summer-fallowing. Do you think it would help build the land if I sow it to buckwheat and then plow it under when in blossom or before, or do you think it would lessen my chances of killing the quack grass? I want to kill this weed and build the land at the same time if possible, with a view to planting to oats and seeding with clover next spring. I plan to top-dress with manure when I seed to oats.

**Answer:** Some have endeavored to kill out quack grass by a smothering crop, that is, by sowing buckwheat or rape sufficiently thick to smother the grass. Others have found summer-fallowing very effective. I would not advise you to try to mix both methods. If you are summer-fallowing the ground, rake up the root stalks at least once in three or four weeks and burn the pile when dry. Then keep the ground worked at least once in three or four weeks and burn the pile the ground worked at least every two weeks, so as to prevent the root stalks that yet remain from getting a firm hold on the ground.

If you are growing corn or wheat, or root crops, I believe I would use the manure there and apply fertilizer where you are seeding to oats, since the fertilizer adds absolutely no weeds and the ground, if it is thoroughly worked, should be in fair shape to grow a good crop of oats. Use about 200 lbs. to the acre of a fertilizer analyzing 2 to 3 per cent. ammonia, 8 per cent. phosphoric acid,

and about 2 to 3 per cent. potash. Put this on when the grain is sown. If you get a good stand of oats followed by a good catch of clover it should compete pretty strongly with the quack grass, and in fact should kill it out.

**F. J.:** What will kill dandelion in lawns?

**Answer:** If the lawn area is not too large cut out the dandelions with a knife. On large areas spraying with an iron sulphate solution will do a great deal towards killing out this pest. Make a solution of iron sulphate, dissolve about 2 lbs. in a gallon of water. With this strong solution spray the portions of the lawn where most dandelions are growing. This will turn the surface of the grass dark, but will kill out the weeds. In a few days the grass will regain its strength, but the dandelions will kill out. Much publicity has been given to the idea of applying sulphate of ammonia to lawns to kill out dandelions, but there is danger in doing this, since sulphate of ammonia is an acid-producing salt and will, therefore, tend to make the soil sour. This is detrimental to the growth of best lawn grasses.

**R. H.:** Would like some information about insect pests on vegetables and flowers, roses especially, and how to destroy them.

**Answer:** We would advise you to write the Dominion Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, for information regarding insect pests on vegetables, flowers and bushes. They have several good bulletins which describe this subject thoroughly.

## Poultry

The ideal place for hatching and rearing summer chicks is an orchard. Where an orchard is out of the question, the next best place is a cornfield. After the corn is about three feet high, chick coops may be scattered over this field, and for a week or so a small run should be placed in front of each coop so the chicks may become acquainted with their home and surroundings. After that they have their freedom, and at night they will hunt up their own coop. Avoid overcrowding, and regularly clean all filth from the coops.

For chicks the diet in summer is practically the same as in winter, only there should be less corn and more green stuff. There must, however, be some corn to balance the wheat and other nitrogenous grains. The chick feeds as sold commercially have as their basis wheat, corn and oats, all finely cracked, with other grains added for variety. The mashers are also prepared on the same basis, only finely ground.

The first few weeks the chicks should have nothing but the finely cracked grains. After that a little mash may be given in the morning. Of the latter only enough should be given so that it may be eaten up clean.

It is well to keep the cracked grain ration constantly before the youngsters so they may help themselves at will. A chick's crop is very small. A teaspoonful of food will fill it, and this digests quickly when the chick is active. Consequently hunger returns about every hour or two, and if food is available the chick will take a few mouthfuls and scamper off again. After the chicks are about

three months old, the regular scratch food may be given.

### Grow Into the Purebreds.

The quickest but the costliest way to get a herd is to go out and buy an entire herd of animals, including a herd sire. A better plan, however, is to grow into the purebred business—not to go into it. It takes real ability to develop a herd from a few good females and a good sire; anybody with money can buy good mature animals on the basis of the records they have made.

Using a purebred sire on common scrub or grade stock will work wonders. The animals resulting from several crosses will soon approach purebred type. Results secured will depend entirely on the sire, however. Three things are essential in a good sire:

First, he must have good breeding. This means a good pedigree. His dam and grand dams should be good producers. He should come from a family of consistent producers. Pedigree, however, is not everything. The sire must be a good individual. Often a sire with an excellent pedigree is so poor an individual that no good breeder would use him. Type is essential if you ever expect to sell any of the offspring. As far as young sires are concerned, breeding and individuality are all we have to judge from. With a bull four years old, however, there is another index to his value. His daughters should be good producers, at least as good as their dams at the same age. If a sire has these three qualities he is a good one. If he possesses the first two and it turns out that he does not have good daughters he is no good and should not be used longer. If, on the other hand, his daughters prove to be better than their dams you have the kind of a sire every breeder is looking for; one that builds up the herd.

"Oh, it's summer, summer weather, And you'd better believe I'm glad. Going to the pond with brother, Tramping all around with dad. Looking in the grass for birds' eggs Not to touch them—goodness, no! Oh, it's summer, summer weather, And I love the summer so."

## Do You Have Water Fit To Drink?

By Harriet Bowen

Have you ever noticed how often a farmhouse will be situated on a slight hill, while the outhouse will be just a little lower, while the barn with the well close beside it is at the bottom of the hill? Just why the well should be so much more convenient to the barn than to the kitchen, is a matter for the farm women's clubs to discuss; the thing that interests the sanitarian is that slope from the outhouse to the source of the drinking water.

While typhoid germs may never be introduced into your well by this system of drainage, there is always a chance that they will be introduced, for it is not only the person who is actually sick who is a source of infection.

Only a few years ago "Typhoid Mary" set us all guessing by the strange tales that were told of her. To-day we know that there are people who, having once had the disease harbor the germs in the intestines for a long time thereafter. These people may be perfectly well, but leave in their tracks a trail of cases due to pollution of water into which sewage has drained or through food handled by the "carrier" whose hands are not scrupulously clean.

So we may never know until we are rudely enlightened, just who will pollute a well. In the days when death from typhoid was a common thing, and that is not very long ago, some people seem to have had a certain immunity in communities where the water was particularly bad. Then again, one person could have the disease several times. At any rate, escape seems to have been a matter of luck rather than immunity, but modern science takes little stock in luck; it prefers to play safe.

Health protection is an interesting subject. We are inclined to take so much for granted in civilized life; we pay our taxes and let "them" do the rest. The earnest, honest labor of many lives is summarized in the medical knowledge of to-day; the plodding conscientious work of many more carries that knowledge into the daily life of the community. But of all the wonders of modern sanitation perhaps none is so striking and far-reaching as the romance of typhoid, and its eradication from the earth; for that

is what we are doing to-day. Think how many of our friends of a quarter of a century ago died of typhoid, and how few are the cases nowadays.

If we but realized the protection thrown about us by even the average city or town government with its Board of Health, we would be thankful for the age in which we live, eager to uphold the hands of government, though ever critical that the government may grow better rather than worse, through our intelligent support.

It is in the out-of-the-way places that typhoid still lurks. The babbling brook far off in the country, or the picturesque well of clear cold water is the most likely place in which to find it. Large cities, and the smaller cities, too, have a regular system of inspection and protect their drinking water, not only that which is piped into homes, but the wells and springs which are found within the city limits. Most people don't realize the anxious care with which the city is guarded in this respect. Every case of typhoid that occurs in a city is reported to the Board of Health, and contrary to the accepted belief that municipal employees are chair-warmers, this department of the public weal, at least, is very much on the job.

When a case of typhoid is discovered—usually with the help of the Board of Health laboratory which diagnoses the case microscopically, in order to supplement the finding of the doctor in charge,—there is a quiet investigation of the reason. We get typhoid germs in but one way, and that is by eating or drinking—usually the latter. Water, and to a less degree milk, are the chief sources, and your health officer proceeds to find out what you have been drinking. If the source of contagion is a well or spring, the officer gets busy and sees that no one else drinks water from that source until it is made safe. But it is the experience of most health officers that water is polluted because of the easy-going methods still prevalent in the less protected sections. So if the country districts value the health and lives of farm dwellers, the wells and springs should be kept free from all contamination which might drain into them through the soil or from the surface.



### How the Fishes Got Their Colors.

Long ago all the fishes that lived in the cool, clear waters of a certain mountain lake were silvery brown—as brown as the Indian children who came and peered at them.

Often when the little Indians pushed their canoes out over the lake and paddled round among the water lilies the fishes would hide under the lily pads and listen to their talk. Sometimes the boys and girls pointed to the sunset colors in the water, or to the shadows of the gay autumn trees. Sometimes birds of bright plumage went skimming across the surface of the lake, or the petals of lovely wild flowers dropped into the crystal water. At those times the quiet brown fishes, listening under the lily pads, wondered why they, too, could not be bright-colored and fair.

One day they gathered in a cool, shady spot where a willow tree trailed its boughs in the lake and there talked the matter over. They said there surely must be some way by which they could color their coats; yet none of them could suggest a way.

But after a while an idea came to them. Sleeping in the sunshine on a log in the lake were two big mud turtles and twenty little ones. The fishes swam to the edge of the water and asked the big turtles if they would go into the fields and bring them some bright flowers so that they could dye their dull-brown coats and make them beautiful.

The obliging turtles were very glad to have a good excuse for going to land, for they had long wished to see something of the world; so they left their children fast asleep in the warm sunshine and swam to the bank.

Once ashore they moved slowly along, enjoying the new sights and sounds as they went. Now and then they stopped to rest in a convenient puddle of water. They had dinner in a patch of wild strawberries with their cousins, the land turtles, and enjoyed themselves immensely.

Then they found the fields with the bright-colored flowers dancing in the breeze. They picked the flowers, piled them on each other's back and set out for their mountain lake. Sometimes the flowers fell off and the turtles had to pile them on again. But they kept on their way perseveringly until they reached the lake.

The fishes swam out to meet their friends and were overjoyed to see the bowers. They colored their dull coats with the bright blossoms—some yellow, some green, some with spots of orange and blue. A few of the fishes, it is true, did not wish to color their coats; those stayed close at home in the shadow of the big rocks.

When the turtles saw how beautiful the fishes were they, too, grew discontented. Then they got more flowers and painted red and yellow markings on each other's shell and gave a bit of bright color to the baby turtles

that were sleeping in the sunshine. As for the fishes, they were pleased and proud.

Now, all day long in the singing brook that ran into the clear lake still other fishes, the trout, played like a white ribbon under the ripples. When they saw the lake fishes they, too, wanted beautiful colors. They did not know about using flowers, but one day, after they had puzzled over the matter for a long time, they found a way to change their color.

It was on a June day after a storm. The trout went zigzagging up the brook in a company until they reached the spring where the stream began. There they saw, resting in the clear white water of the spring, the end of a wonderful rainbow. Backward and forward through the rainbow colors they swam until the bow faded. But when the trout started down the creek again they found to their joy and wonder that, instead of being plain in hue as before, they were of a beautiful bluish tint on the upper part of the body, with sides of silver, marked with a band of red and with spots of darker color. To this day they are known as rainbow trout.

And that is the way, so it is said, the fishes got their colors.

### Best Shade Tree, and Why.

Forty-seven years ago the writer bought this farm. There were no buildings, so a two-acre field was selected for the home grounds. As soon as the buildings were finished and the front yard leveled we began to plan for shade.

My father, who in his younger days had been a nurseryman, said: "Son, if you want the best shade, the cleanest and most interesting and the longest-lived trees, plant the sugar maple." Believing the advice was good, I acted upon it.

We (my father and I) went to the little run on the side hill where the young sugar maples grew tall and straight in the rich mellow soil, and there picked out twenty-five trees that seemed to us to be the pick of the woods. These were carefully taken up and cut to about twelve feet in height. We properly pruned the roots and carefully set them in holes fifty feet apart.

On the left of the driveway from the road to the barn, which was south of the house (which faced east), we set a row of cut-leaf or weeping birch. This is one of the most popular of the weeping trees, clean, slender, graceful and a rapid grower. Its graceful drooping branches, silvery-white bark and delicate foliage make it the most attractive single tree I know of.

Along the fence, between the gardens and the paddock by the barns, I set six cherry trees and they have proved a wise selection, for they have furnished shade for the paddock, have been a favorite resort for the children, who feasted upon the luscious fruit; but best of all have attracted the birds and taken them away from the garden and other fruits, which they sorely touched when they could get the cherries.

On the west side of the paddock lies

## The Sunday School Lesson

JULY 3.

The Early Life of Saul. Acts 21: 39; 22: 3, 28; 2 Tim. 3: 14, 15; Duet. 6: 4-9. Golden Text—Hebrews 3: 7, 8.

**Connecting Links**—For the Sunday-school teacher and Bible class student the best helps for the study of the life and work of the great apostle will be found in the available commentaries on the Acts and Epistles. A thorough-going Jew, of a strict Jewish family, an ardent patriot, a lover of his people and of their ancient faith, a man of quick impulses, zealous for the cause which he had at heart, indomitably persevering, and yet with a deeply affectionate and generous nature, he attracts and holds our attention from the first. The first three lessons of our present series show him to us as the Jew and Pharisee, the lessons that follow, as the Christian preacher and teacher, traveller and missionary.

Next to our Lord Himself the greatest and most outstanding figure of the New Testament is that of Paul. A thorough-going Jew, of a strict Jewish family, an ardent patriot, a lover of his people and of their ancient faith, a man of quick impulses, zealous for the cause which he had at heart, indomitably persevering, and yet with a deeply affectionate and generous nature, he attracts and holds our attention from the first. The first three lessons of our present series show him to us as the Jew and Pharisee, the lessons that follow, as the Christian preacher and teacher, traveller and missionary.

It was Paul who first saw clearly the significance of the gospel message for the whole world, and not for the Jews and Jewish proselytes only. It was he who conceived the noble ambition to be an apostle to the Gentiles, called of God to that great task. From the narrowest of Jewish circles he stepped forth as the leader of a great international movement of brotherhood and good will. His ambition was truly imperial, being nothing less than to win the empire of the world for his crucified Master, to break down race barriers, and to build a temple of humanity, in the midst of which God, by His spirit, would dwell. Christianity might have become the religion of a Jewish sect; Paul made it what Jesus had declared it would be, a world-conquering force.

**Acts 21: 39.** A Jew of Tarsus. We are fortunate in having, both in Luke's history in the book of Acts, and in several of the Epistles, definite statements about Paul's earlier life. Here Luke tells us (chaps. 21 and 22) of Paul's return to Jerusalem after his third great missionary journey, and of the riot which was stirred up against him by bigoted and narrow-minded Jews, who hated him for his preaching a gospel of salvation to other nations, and for declaring that the Gentiles would share with the Jews the future glory of the Kingdom of God. Paul was rescued from the mob by the captain of the Roman troops which held the castle, or citadel, of Jerusalem, and was afterward permitted by him to address the crowd from the castle stairs. To the captain's inquiry as to who and what he was he made the answer of this verse.

Tarsus, the city of his birth, was the chief city of the province of Cilicia, in Asia Minor. Paul's family must have belonged to a colony of Jews which had settled there, and he held by inheritance the rights and privileges of a free citizen of the Roman empire. He must have been familiar with the Greek language from his childhood. In the schools and in the university he must have become acquainted with Greek and Roman literature, and with the philosophy and poetry both of the east and the west. The university of Tarsus rivalled, indeed, the two other great seats of learning of that age, Athens and Alexandria, and was reckoned superior to them in love of learning by Strabo, a well-known ancient writer. Tarsus received students from all parts of the world, and sent teachers abroad to many lands. From Tarsus Paul went to continue his studies in Jerusalem under the great Jewish scholar, Gamaliel, and so became an accomplished scholar both in Greek and Hebrew.

a low cut in the hills, allowing a draft of air through. Here I set a row of twenty-five Lombardy poplars, fifteen feet apart. They are pleasing and graceful trees and serve admirably as a windbreak.

At the extreme southern end of the grounds is a beautiful cold, clear, never-falling spring coming from under a large boulder setting back about twenty feet from the highway. Here was a slight indentation of the fence, leaving the spring accessible from the road. Here was placed a granite horse trough into which unnumbered lips had dipped.

Close by, and a little south of this spring, I set a weeping willow. The tree must have been suited with its new home, for it settled down to business at once and to-day its shade covers the entire space occupied by the spring and trough, and autoists find here an ideal spot for rest and refreshments; and if one-half of the "slips" that have been taken from the old trees have lived and grown, there must be trees enough somewhere for a good-sized forest.

Now to return to the maples: At the age of twenty-five years we found every tree alive, well-formed (due to judicious pruning) and averaging about twelve inches in diameter. Myriads of feathered friends have been fostered in those spreading branches; children and grown-ups alike have gathered beneath their friendly shade, and the yellow leaves have done duty to the last by furnishing litter for the poultry houses.

During the recent war when sugar was wanted for the boys "over there" these giants were indented into the service and furnished 112 pounds of fine pure sweets.

And to-day, were I to show this row

**Acts 22: 3.** According to the perfect manner of the law of the fathers. Of the Jewish scholars and teachers Gamaliel was one of the greatest. He was grandson of Hillel, founder of one of the two Rabbinical schools which had an extraordinary influence over the minds of the people in the time of Christ. That he was also a man of tolerant and liberal views appears from the story told of him in Acts 5: 34-40. Under his teaching Paul studied the books which now form our Old Testament, and in particular the ancient laws, which the Jewish doctors had sought to adapt to the needs of their own time in what has come to be known as the Mishna, the central and oldest part of the Talmud. From this school of Gamaliel Paul (or Saul, as he was then called) was taken to become an officer of the supreme council of the Jews, the Sanhedrin.

**22: 28.** Free born. Paul's father must, therefore, have also been a Roman citizen. The Romans were masters of all the lands about the Mediterranean Sea, and of large parts of Europe and western Asia and northern Africa. The privileges enjoyed by those who had the rights of citizenship were very great, and Paul found afterward in his travels, when in difficult and dangerous places, that he could rely upon protection from Roman officers and magistrates. His Greek learning gave him approach to the people of many lands, and his Roman citizenship gave him protection in his great missionary work.

**2 Timothy 3: 14-15.** From a child. It was near the end of Paul's life, and while in a Roman prison that he wrote this letter to his younger and dearly beloved friend Timothy. Timothy, like Paul, had been born and brought up in Asia Minor. His home was in Lystra (Acts 16: 1), his mother was a Jewess, his father a Greek. His childhood, no doubt, had been like that of Paul, and by a good mother he had been carefully taught in the holy scriptures. The Old Testament stories, poetry, and prophecy were familiar to him, and Paul urges him to continue in those things which he had thus learned, and which were able to make wise unto salvation, not in themselves, but through the faith of Christ. What Paul says here about his friend may very well reflect the lessons of his own childhood, and we do not need to doubt the genuine and sincere piety of those simple Jewish homes, which was fed upon the sublime and pure teachings of the Old Testament.

**Duet. 6: 4-9.** Thou shalt teach them. In the time of Christ and ever since, in devout Jewish homes, a sincere effort has been made to keep this command. These words are repeated morning and evening. The law and the prophets and the psalms are diligently read. It would be strange indeed if the Jews did not thus learn much that is good, and as a matter of fact there has been developed in many hearts and homes a real faith in God, and a sincere desire to do good. We, who have received the inestimable gift of the knowledge of Christ, should seek to know and to understand better the people from whose homes came both Jesus and Paul.

**Application.** There may be men who, as we are sometimes told, are beyond church influence, but there are few with whom the church has not had its opportunity. Abel the worshipper and Cain the murderer; Moses the man of God and Pharaoh the oppressor; Elijah the prophet and Ahab the idolater; Miriam the prophetess and Jezebel the serpent; Nero the incarnate demon and Paul the apostle; Wesley the evangelist and Voltaire the nocker; Chalmers the savior and Napoleon the destroyer—all these men were children once. In their cradles there slumbered the energy which afterwards went forth for blessing or for blessing the world.

of trees to a stranger, he could but say with us: "You could not have made a better selection"; for he would see twenty-five giants averaging about twenty-six inches in diameter sound and thrifty, apparently good for another generation.

### Sunflowers as a Silage Crop.

Much interest is being taken both in Canada and the United States in the value of sunflowers as a silage crop, particularly in districts where corn is not a reliable crop. The claim is made that sunflowers are a hardier crop than corn, withstanding both drouth and frost to a greater degree. Insofar as the claims put forth for sunflowers as a food for cattle are virtually of recent origin, experiments and investigation regarding them are practically in an introductory stage. It is interesting to note, however, that an analysis of sunflower silage fed at an Idaho agricultural experimental station indicated that it compared favorably with corn silage. In Canada also studies of the relative value of sunflowers and corn for silage purposes suggest that in nutrition there is not any great difference, although corn is to be preferred where it can be plentifully and easily grown. Where this is not the case, sunflowers are an excellent substitute.

Don't always stew your rhubarb—the kiddies may like it better served as a summer drink, and it is just as good for them. Cut up some half dozen sticks of the fruit into cubes, pour over 1½ quarts of water—must be boiling—and add sugar to taste. Slice in a lemon, and let the beverage stand for a good while before using, when it can be strained off and served as required.

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# BOYS and GIRLS for the

## The Humming Bird.

A flutter in the hollyhocks,  
A rustle in the scarlet phlox,  
A humming note: Rubythroat;  
Just a flash and he's afloat.

A tiny breeze goes trembling by,  
The flowers sway, and suddenly  
Another flash, then out of sight—  
A shooting star in broad daylight!

## The Punishment of Charles and Patty.

"Charles and Patty," mother said, "if you children get into any mischief this morning in your clean clothes, I don't know what I shall do with you."

"We'll be good," they promised. Charles and Patty meant to keep their promise, too; but there was a beautiful blue flower growing near the edge of the little pasture brook, and when they saw it they forgot everything else. By the time they had managed to get the flower for their own, two pairs of white rompers had turned brown in spots.

Patty looked at Charles's spots, and Charles looked at Patty's, and both of them began to feel uncomfortable. They went slowly home.

Just as they reached the front gate they heard their mother call to Mrs. Avery, the lady who lived next door, "I think I'll tell Nora to give them a good beating this morning. They get so very dirty."

The two children stopped short. They knew they deserved punishment; but a whipping—and from Nora! Yet they had heard what their mother said.

"O my!" cried Patty. "I'll tell you what," said Charles, "we'll climb into the cherry tree. Perhaps by the time we come down they'll have changed their minds. I'm sure mother doesn't really mean to have us whipped, but Nora might not understand."

He caught hold of his sister's hand, and they raced down to the end of the yard and swung themselves up into the convenient old tree that had such low boughs and wide crotches. Patty looked so serious after they had sat down that Charles took an apple out of his pocket and gave it to her.

Everything was quiet for a while; then they heard their mother's voice again.

"Nora, have you found them?" "No'm," came back Nora's voice, "not yet. But when I do I'll fix 'em so they'll stay where they belong."

Charles looked at Patty, and Patty looked at Charles. "They must have meant it, sure enough," Patty said. She did not touch her apple.

The gate clicked. That was mother going down the street to catch a car for the city. Then from the yard came a loud, steady swish, thud, swish, thud. That was Nora cleaning the rugs.

"I want to get down," said Patty. "You mustn't," said Charles. The sound in the yard stopped after

a while, and everything was quiet except for the humming of some bees near by and now and then a note from a robin.

The smell of ginger cookies floated out to them—hot and spicy and sweet. That was hard to bear.

Soon Nora came out of the kitchen door, walking briskly, and started to cross the yard; the children saw a pan under her arm.

"Charrulls!" she called. "Pattie! Where are you?" Nora always pronounced their names in that funny way when she was calling them.

Her voice did not sound angry as she came across the yard, still calling. She stopped directly under the tree.

The leaves were so thick that the children could not see her, but they knew by the smell of the cookies that she was there.

"Charrulls!" she called again in coaxing tones. "Pattie!" Patty looked at her brother. "We ought to answer, you know."

Charles sighed. "I suppose we ought," he said.

Just then he joggled Patty accidentally, and she dropped the big apple, which went crashing down through the branches. It must have hit Nora as it fell, for she gave a little shriek.

"For the land's sake!" she exclaimed. "Who ever heard of apples growing on a cherry tree!"

At that both children burst out laughing. They did not want to laugh, but they could not help it.

Nora reached up and caught hold of two little muddy shoes.

"Well, I never!" she cried. "Come down out of that tree."

Patty peered through the branches. "You won't beat us?" she asked. "Beat you?" Nora echoed, astonished.

Charles explained: "We heard mother tell Mrs. Avery she was going to have you beat us if we got dirty." It was Nora's turn to laugh. "Your ma hasn't told me to beat anything but rugs," she said, "and I've done that long ago."

Charles looked sheepish. How could they have made such a mistake? But Patty was still doubtful.

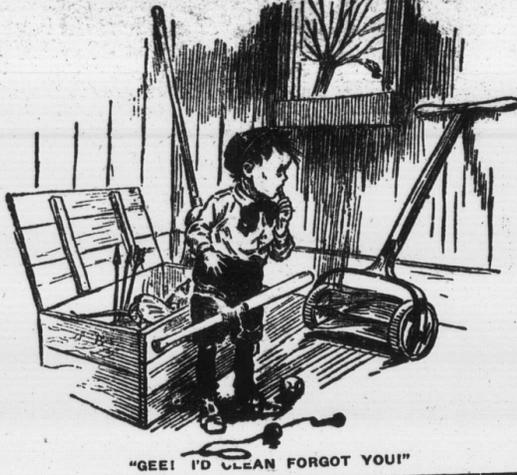
"And you told mother," she added, "that when you found us you'd fix us so we couldn't get away again."

Then Nora put down her pan and laughed and laughed. "That was the scissors," she said. "My big shears of you two are always carrying off to the playhouse. I have fixed 'em, too; I've hung 'em so high that you can't reach 'em without a ladder. So there!"

Patty blushed. "We fell into the brook," she said, as she eyed the pan of cookies through the parted branches.

"So I see," Nora answered. "Well, you've been punished enough, I'm thinking. Come down and change your clothes, and then maybe I can find something for you to eat."

"Cookies?" asked Patty, as Charles lowered her into Nora's arms. "Maybe," said Nora.—Youth's Companion.



came and made inquiries. It was lucky I arrived just before your son's marriage. That made things easier.

"I see, however, that you don't wish to name your own price. I will tell you ours—a hundred thousand francs. It's a good figure, but not big enough to hurt you. No; please don't try to discuss it with me. Think it over. I'll come back to see you to-morrow. You will tell me yes or no. If it's no, I'll go to M. Verrallive and tell him poor Auguste's story. He may pay me something for my trouble. Then I'll spread the news about the city. If it's yes—and I believe it will be yes—I'll collect and take the next train. Everybody will be satisfied. The marriage will take place and you will never hear of me again."

"My dear monsieur, I give you my word of honor," he concluded with what he wanted to be taken as a pledge of absolute good faith.

He bowed confidently and went away. The garden gate slammed behind him. M. Blestat remained seated in his chair, still holding his burnt-out cigarette in his fingers. He was dumfounded. He knew even better than his impudent visitor what would be the effect of such a revelation and what obloquy, unjust but inevitable, would fall on him. He thought of his friends and his enemies, of the rich, proud and strait-laced society of that little provincial city, where everybody knew everybody else. He thought of M. Verrallive, the undisputed head of that society, a family alliance with whom he had been so proud of establishing. He thought of his son Philippe, who adored Claire Verrallive. Through all his thoughts the shadow of the black sheep criminal stalked menacingly, and that other shadow, whose demands, if he once yielded to them, would undoubtedly be renewed. M. Blestat reflected for a long time. He came to one decision and then another. Finally he made up his mind. He got up and put on his coat and hat. Again he hesitated. Then he left the house.

Fifteen minutes later he was in the presence of M. Verrallive. The latter, highly imposing in appearance, with long gray hair and a noble face, wearing a fixed, grave smile, listened as he leaned against the mantelpiece in his private office.

M. Blestat had come to tell the truth. He told it. He outlined briefly his brother's history—his extravagance, his misfortunes, his misconduct, his condemnation and his death in prison. Then he told of the visit he had received and the attempted blackmail. He spoke with a dead voice, and shame almost choked him. After some reflections of a general character on the injustice of extending to an entire family the opprobrium earned by one of its members, he added some words about the mutual love of Philippe and Claire. Then he waited with bowed head the other's judgment. He suffered as he had suffered when his brother was tried and convicted.

M. Verrallive had listened calmly. He spoke after a pause of several minutes.

"Why didn't you give him the hundred thousand francs?" he asked.

"I have told you—because he would have continued to threaten me; because it would have been a menace constantly hanging over me and my son. Also, because I realized that I was wrong in concealing this from you."

"It wasn't because of the amount he asked?"

"No; the amount didn't matter. I would have given three times that much to—"

He didn't complete the phrase: "to avoid the humiliation I suffer at this moment."

"It is easy to see that you are rich," said M. Verrallive. "My dear monsieur, you were right to refuse. One ought not to allow himself to be squeezed that way. I don't deny that this affair is embarrassing. But I have a high regard for you and your son. Neither of you is to be blamed. When this blackmailer comes back to-morrow show him the door and threaten to call the police. If he dares to come here I'll take care of him. We won't allow him to spread any scandal in this town. Moreover, who would believe him if I, Hippolyte Verrallive, publicly branded him as a liar?"

M. Blestat breathed freely once more. He was filled with gratitude.

"I thank you from the bottom of my heart," he said.

"Not at all, not at all," replied M. Verrallive magnanimously. "Don't mention it again. So the marriage will take place next month. By the way, I have also something to tell you. We are men of affairs; I can talk frankly with you. It concerns Claire's dot. Owing to circumstances which I hadn't foreseen I find myself somewhat of a little short of ready money. I can't do what I hoped to do. But I don't want to see the children suffer on that account. So I have counted on you to give it in my stead. It's no great matter, not to you, at least. Only a hundred thousand francs. There is no reason why you can't accommodate me, is there?" he concluded, in a tone which brooked no refusal.

"None at all—none at all," stammered M. Blestat, succeeding in forcing a smile in spite of his profound astonishment.

**Fish Nets Made From Spider Web.**

Native to New Guinea is a giant spider, its body as big as a hazel-nut, with hairy legs two inches long. It spins a web six feet in diameter and very strong.

Advantage of this fact is taken by the cannibals of the island, who set up long bamboo sticks in places frequented by the spiders, thereby offering an invitation to the arachnids to spin webs across them.

By this means (if one is to believe the story) ready-made nets are obtained which the cannibals use for catching fish.

The United States leads the world in commerce, but ranks ninth in education.

## Silence and Concentration

What a marvelous and strange power there is in silent concentration.

All thinking people realize that there is but One Power in the universe. Every human being is using this power every moment, consciously or unconsciously, directing it into right channels to bring into their experience whatever they desire, or because of ignorance, indifference and lack of right direction, permitting it to run rampant, manifesting misery, sickness, unhappiness and every undesirable condition.

The Scriptures say: "Thou shalt decree a thing, and I, the Lord, will establish it unto you." Man is a centre, around which his world revolves. A centre of influence and power, of thought and consciousness.

Man has been given dominion, but he must direct rightly and exercise this dominion by making contact with the power within by means of silent concentration in order to bring into the objective world whatever he desires.

Any one can learn how to make conscious, immediate contact with this power, but few can work efficiently in silence at first. Nature does not work instantaneously; everything grows step by step. To accomplish results regular hours for work each morning and evening are desirable, and, also, continual reiteration or demand for whatever thing, or things, you want to come into manifestation is necessary.

"Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves together; that at length they may emerge, full-formed and majestic, into the delight of life, which they are thenceforth to rule."—Carlyle.

The overcoming and irresistible power that is continually flowing in and out of every human being is a silent power. It cannot be seen, but

its manifestation is in evidence all about us everywhere.

Every human being is employing this power every moment constructively or destructively. The importance of knowing how to intelligently contact with this power so as to employ it for our own good and that of others cannot be overestimated. We will analyze and consider the benefits to be derived through silence and concentration from different angles.

For rest and recuperation of the mind we need to be silent, just as much as we require sleep for rest and recuperation of the body. Silence should be cultivated as a great virtue; it keeps secrets and avoids disputes.

Some people clothe themselves with an impenetrable silence; this attitude of taciturnity is not magnetic, and does not surround us with many friends; does not make a "haie fellow well met," and is often manifestly a cloak for ignorance, foolish and sinful thoughts, and is a safe course for any one to adopt when lacking in confidence.

Silence often enables us to see other people's imperfections, and helps us to conceal our own, but people with whom we associate might reasonably suspect us of emptiness if we indulge our inclination for silence on all occasions.

To think well and speak words of approbation and commendation for our friends, associates and neighbors is for us a personal responsibility and obligation, but to avoid speaking ill or making derogatory remarks about any one only requires our silence, and, truly, every one should endeavor to refrain from sowing seeds of discord and inflicting injury upon others. We know how gossip is disseminated and frequently distorted.

"Silence, when nothing need be said, is the eloquence of discretion."—Bovee.

## A RACE FOR LIFE WITH A COBRA

### THE TRUE ACCOUNT OF A TERRIBLE ORDEAL.

#### How the Overseer of a Ceylon Tea Plantation Was Chased by Deadly Snake.

In the early days of 1914, if you dropped into the cool shade of the Queen's Hotel at Kandy, you might, or you might not, meet Moore.

If you were lucky you did, for he was a hospitable soul who liked nothing better than to run you up to the tea estate at Aranchya (pronounced Aranche), where he held a post as "sinedore"—one of the several junior "bosses"—under the "primadore."

Moore had comfortable quarters, and upon the wall there used to hang the skin of a cobra, minus the hooded head, but still fully 5 ft. long. In connection with that cobra-skin there is a story to tell, and, incidentally, it is to Moore's fitness and his "boy's" punctuality that he owed his life.

#### Fearful Odds.

One day, as Moore was going across to his bungalow, he came across a native pruning the wrong trees. For ten minutes he explained to the man and cursed him alternately. At the end of that time he was more than ever ready for his drink, and so took his leisurely way up the hill, across which the trees were planted diagonally in lines, thus making the direct approach to his bungalow impossible unless he went across the plants, which varied in height from 2 ft. 6 in. to 3 ft. As they were very bushy, with thick roots at the bottom, it would, in the ordinary course of events, have been much more exhausting to pass over them than to follow the path between the lanes.

As he walked along the path, with his thoughts a thousand miles away, his idly-swung cane struck something which he thought to be the root of a tea-plant.

An instant later his horrified eyes were fixed upon the up-raised head and spread hood of a big cobra.

Moore knew that a good horse has to gallop to leave an angry cobra behind, so that he did not fancy his chance in a race upon the flat, although he was fighting-fit and clad only in helmet, shirt, and "shorts."

Before he could move the cobra struck, but he avoided the blow and, as he dodged, made up his mind. The path lay uphill and, anyway, the cobra would get him on an unimpeded track. There was only one road for him, and that was over the tea-plants, amongst the thick roots of which the deadly reptile might entangle itself. Certainly it could not get through them, and it would, he hoped, be delayed in dodging around each obstruction.

Powerless to Help.

Suddenly the natives working amongst the trees heard a yell and saw their master shoot up into the air as he "flew" the first flight of obstacles, without too much clearance space between his feet and the top of the plant, which was a big one. As he sprang the cobra lunged forward and set off in hot pursuit.

The natives judged pretty well what was happening, but none of them could give their master any help.

As he plunged on Moore saw, more than once, the evil, flattened, spec-

tacle-marked head shoot out beneath him as the reptile kept pace, but he reckoned he would be all right so long as the reptile did not draw ahead, for he knew that the cobra, whose poison fangs are set slanting backwards, likes time and space to judge his stroke.

He calculated he might gain a little by keeping his pursuer turning and twisting in and out among the tree stumps and roots, for he had a long way to go—half a mile, in fact.

The perspiration flowed from him, for the mercury stood at well over ninety degrees and the sun beat down with terrible intensity. His limbs ached and seemed to give under him each time he came to earth.

His veins swelled and seemed upon the point of bursting; his mouth was parched dry, and still he caught a glimpse of the evil grey head from time to time.

Saved by Punctuality.

Once he stumbled and crashed forward into a big plant, but was up and over it in a second. Once his helmet almost flew off as he leapt into the air, but an upflung hand brushed it back, or the sun would have finished him as surely as the serpent.

As he drew near the bungalow Moore was at his last gasp, but, athlete that he was, he contrived a final burst of speed to carry him to his goal. It is doubtful, however, if even that last superhuman effort, unaided by other help, would have saved him.

It has been remarked that Moore's "boy" was a good "boy" and very punctual. At four o'clock to the minute he appeared upon the verandah with his master's drink.

Fifteen minutes he waited, and then, suddenly, he heard a faint shout and saw a white figure shoot up above the trees down in the plantation and come, rising and falling, but ever moving forward, across the rows of plants towards the bungalow.

He was soon able to recognize his master in this wildly careering and leaping figure.

Like a flash the true solution came to him. In a second he had cast aside the tray bearing the tumbler and leaped back into the sitting-room.

It was the work of less than half a minute to dash into his master's bedroom and grasp the old single-barreled, muzzle-loading gun, which was kept always with a miscellaneous assortment of odds and ends.

Just as the native reached the verandah again, Moore came crashing through the last line of trees, with the cobra hard upon his heels. Waiting only a second for his master to draw clear of the line of sight, the boy flung up the gun and let fly.

The cobra's head was blown clean off, and there was a fearful yell from Moore, who had got a choice assortment of nails, bullets, buttons, and other odds and ends in his right leg. But there was no sound from the boy, who had been knocked clean over by the terrific kick from the tightly-packed and long-loaded weapon.

The marvel is that the gun ever went off at all, and, having gone off, did not burst and kill the boy. In any case, Moore always thought himself a lucky man that it had done neither, and that his boy was both punctual and prompt, for there is no doubt that to those good qualities he owed his life.

After the June Wedding.

Young Husband (tapping on door of hotel room in which he supposed he had left his bride a few moments before): "Honey! Honey!"

Voice from within (not his wife's): "Go away; this is a bathroom, not a beehive."

## THE BLACKMAILER

By Frederick Boutet

Translated by William L. McPherson

"Monsieur, there is a gentleman outside who says he is the agent of some philanthropic society in Paris."

"Show him in," said M. Blestat, following up his newspaper.

The servant ushered in a tall, thin personage, unkempt and seedy looking.

"Monsieur, I am honored," began the visitor, taking a seat to which M. Blestat beckoned. "It is a charming house you have here—one of the best in the city."

"Will you kindly let me know the object of your call?" M. Blestat interrupted.

"I shall do so with pleasure. You are Monsieur Theodor Blestat, merchant, widower, fifty-five years of age, father of a young man of twenty-eight, M. Philippe. Don't be impatient. You will soon understand everything. We shall dismiss the philanthropic society. That was only a means of getting in to see you. I came for another purpose. Your son, my dear monsieur, is engaged to Mlle. Claire Verrallive. The engagement dinner has already taken place. A good alliance—a very good alliance. A beautiful girl, with a fortune, influential relatives and high social standing. M. Verrallive is a man of the old school, upright, conscientious, honorable, thoroughly conservative. His life is as clear as a crystal."

M. Blestat was a little bored. "I know M. Verrallive's good qualities as well as anybody."

"Then, my dear monsieur, what would he think of your brother Auguste?"

M. Blestat almost jumped from his seat. His face grew livid.

"My dear Monsieur, merely to see you at this moment would end all doubts," observed the visitor with infinite satisfaction.

"The proposition which I am making here," he resumed, "is somewhat

delicate. But my aim is to avoid in your interest the circulation of annoying gossip. You will note, also, that I am only an intermediary. The people who send me don't live here. They live in Paris. Well, they have known your brother. They know—yes, yes, they know everything. His escapades at Nantes and in Paris and, then, the grand climax at Bordeaux—his trial and his conviction. That's long ago—twenty years at least. And he died down there, poor Auguste, before his prison term was up. Yes, one might think that it had all been forgotten! But there are people who remember it, and they chose this moment to send me here to say to you: 'Monsieur Blestat, does M. Verrallive know that your brother was in jail? Have you told him so?'

"That is the first point. Now, if M. Verrallive did know, would he allow his daughter to marry your son? That is the second point. My dear monsieur, I realize that this is very embarrassing for you. You are honest and upright. You have lived a blameless life. Your son is an exceptional young man. There is no question about that. But we are business men, discussing a business proposal. You see what I am coming to, don't you? Now, don't take the trouble to argue about it. The truth is written in your face. Any one looking at you now could read it. So the third and last question is: 'How much will you offer us to suppress the scandal?' Quote your figure and I will quote mine."

There was a long silence.

"Who are you?" asked M. Blestat.

"I was a witness at poor Auguste's trial. We had been friends. He had spoken of you several times. Rightly or wrongly, he thought that you had left him in the lurch, and he held that against you. It is self-understood that when one has an honorable reputation he doesn't want to compromise it."

"In short, having been recently in straitened circumstances, I thought of you. By accident I learned that you were a prominent merchant here. Some friends gave me their advice. We formed an association, as it were, to exploit my idea. They furnished me the money to come here. So I

## Secrets of Your Heart

A wonderful announcement that we are on the eve of far-reaching discoveries which may reveal the secrets of heart disease was made in the British House of Commons by Captain Elliott, when speaking against the Dogs' Vivisection Bill, which threatened to stop further experiments.

It has been proved that the heart-beat in man and the heart-beat in a dog are almost identical; and investigators of the secret of the rhythm of the heart and the disturbances in that rhythm prove the cause of heart disease.

These remarkable discoveries, which may bring about a complete revolution in medicine, are the fruits of the genius of Dr. Thomas Lewis, of University College Hospital, London. Although not yet forty years of age, Dr. Lewis is one of the greatest living authorities on the heart.

Like most great men, he does not court publicity, and had it not been necessary for the nature of his discoveries to be disclosed in order to defeat the Dogs' Vivisection Bill, which threatened to stop his work, the world would not have heard of them.

We have Dr. Lewis's assurance that the animals experience no suffering of any kind, the operations being performed under surgical anaesthesia.

Few people realize that the human heart is a marvellous pumping engine. Its work, from a man's cradle to his grave, is incessant and stupendous. On an average, each human heart beats about 4,500 times an hour!

Every single minute, after its seventy-five heart-beats, this wonderful engine has pumped 750 cubic inches of blood. This means that the heart pumps over 225,000 cubic feet of blood every year.

Think of the heart as a water pump. By the same reckoning it would pump, approximately, no less than 7,000 tons of water in the course of a year.

If it were possible to collect in a tin the world, if all the blood pumped by a human heart in one year, that reservoir would be about 61 ft. square—large enough to contain about 1,700,000 gallons of water.

There are about 1,700,000,000 people in the world. If all the blood pumped in one year by these seventeen hundred million hearts could be collected into one reservoir, that reservoir would have to be 72,840 ft. square.

Some idea of its size will be gathered when it is remembered that Mount Everest, the highest peak in the world, with its 29,000 ft. of height, he dwarfed beside a reservoir 72,840 ft. high.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

# CASTORIA

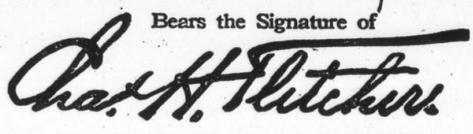
Fletcher's Castoria is strictly a remedy for Infants and Children. Foods are specially prepared for babies. A baby's medicine is even more essential for Baby. Remedies primarily prepared for grown-ups are not interchangeable. It was the need of a remedy for the common ailments of Infants and Children that brought Castoria before the public after years of research, and no claim has been made for it that its use for over 30 years has not proven.

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### FARM COLD STORAGE

Have an Up-to-date Equipment for Family Purposes.

The Farm Refrigerator a Great Boon—You May Put the Heated Term Out of Bounds—Early After Harvest Cultivation.

(Contributed by Ontario Department of Agriculture, Toronto.)

Cold storage practice so far has been connected with the large produce warehouses in our towns and cities. These establishments could not do successful business if their plants were not provided with large storage chambers kept cool and in other particulars suitable for the long storage of perishable products of the farm, such as eggs, butter, cheese, fruit, and so forth. Some day, probably not so far distant after all, the farmers may become sufficiently well organized to build and equip mechanical cold storage warehouses of their own, whereby they will be able to have complete control over the products of their own labor until they are disposed of to the consuming public. The extent to which individual farmers may make use of such cold storage plants on their farms is necessarily limited because the quantities of products requiring to be stored at any one time are small. The exceptions are very large fruit or dairy farmers, and even in these special lines of farming it might not be a paying proposition in all cases to erect an expensive cold storage plant. Personally, I believe the problem of cold storage on the farms should be handled through co-operatively owned warehouses provided with adequate cold storage facilities.

Apart, however, from the question of a cold storage with up-to-date mechanical equipment for the farm or farmers' association as suggested above, there is the problem on almost every farm pertaining to the storage for a few days of small quantities of various foods used on the table from day to day, such as butter, meat, milk, etc. It is certainly a great saving and matter of convenience to have on the farm a small cold storage chamber or refrigerator in which to keep these very perishable articles of food in a good fresh and wholesome condition for use on the table during the warm season of the year. This is made possible by the use of ice, and as it is procurable in almost every district of this country at a reasonable cost, there is no excuse for farmers not laying by in the winter season a few tons in some cheap form of ice-house. In the summer time this ice will be found most useful for cooling the milk and cream, supplying an ice-box or refrigerator in which the butter, for example, may be kept firm, the milk and cream sweet, and the foods in good condition for the table day by day. With ice always so handy and the best of cream available, it is possible for the housewife to make such delicious and wholesome delicacies as ice-cream, sherbets, and many delightful and cool drinks, all of which are most refreshing and stimulating to the folks on the farm in the hot and busy season of the year. In case of sickness, too, ice is sometimes a necessity. There is no doubt then about the fact that every farmer would find a supply of good ice a great advantage in many ways, whether it be stored in some bin from which it is removed as required or in some form of small ice-cold storage where it cools automatically a small refrigerator room adjoining the ice storage room. There are several types of small ice-cold storages suitable for use on the farm. In using these small ice-cold storages, however, it must be kept in mind always that the temperature cannot be maintained lower than about 40 or 45 degrees Fahrenheit scale, which of course is not low enough to keep perishable products like fresh meat longer than a few days, and large quantities of perishable articles must not be stored in a small chamber, nor too many kinds at one time. In spite of this limitation it will pay any farmer to have a supply of ice, preferably stored in a small ice-cold storage that needs no care. In a subsequent article I will deal with a few of the most common and practicable forms of small ice-cold storages for the farm.—R. R. Graham, O. A. College, Guelph.

### Beet Growers Can Make Good Syrup.

Shortage of sugar need have no terrors for the sugar beet grower. A rich sweet syrup that can be used for all cooking purposes, serving as a substitute for sugar, can be made from sugar beets, according to the investigations of the Federal Department of Agriculture and chemists of the Minnesota College of Agriculture. A bushel of good beets will make from three to five quarts of syrup. The beets in the quantity mentioned should be cut into thin slices and put in a barrel or wash boiler and covered with boiling water and allowed to stand for about an hour. The water should then be drawn off and strained through a cloth into a kettle or wash boiler for evaporation. When the syrup has been concentrated by the process of boiling it down it should be poured while hot into sterilized glass jars or tin cans and closed tight. Beets that have been stored several months can be converted into good syrup provided they were fully mature when harvested.

Why Not Start a Family Budget? "Keeping accounts," says a Wisconsin woman, "keeps me from buying bargains I do not need and thus saves me money." "Just that one lecture at the bank the other day on the household budget," remarked a Duluth woman, "has helped me in a lot of ways."

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Are your Cows milking to suit you.

IF NOT Get a barrel of CANE MOLA

It is fed by the best dairy-men.

Try a drum of white Rose gas and keep your motor free from carbon.

ITS THE BEST

Sugar, Salt, Flour and all kinds of Stock Foods

Gasoline and Coal Oil

The Leeds Farmers Co-Operative Limited

Victoria Street Athens

Special Prices on all Buggies to Clear

- 1 1/2 Cushion Tire, Top, Auto Seat, arch axle, short wood bed, \$195.00
- 1 1/2 Cushion Tire, Wire wheel, Heavy Spokes, arch axle short, wood bed, auto seat open, \$190.00 with top \$225.00
- Steel Tire, same style as above, with top \$165.00
- Regular Top Buggy, steel tire \$145.00
- 2 Seated Half Platform Spring Wagon \$145.00
- 1 1/2 inch Milk Wagon, full platform \$90.00
- 1 1/2 inch Milk Wagon, full platform \$100.00

A. Taylor & Son  
Athens Ontario

Your Guests—

No matter how informal or discriminating the occasion Willard's Ice Cream will more than please your guests. Just think of the time and trouble it saves you in the hot weather by serving this smooth, palatable and delicious dessert.

"The Cream of all Creams"



FOR SALE BY R.J. Campo

**Willard's ICE CREAM**

# NOTICE

Owing to the delay in procuring some of the materials for our windows, we will not be ready for our opening till the end of this month. In the meantime we are sacrificing the balance of our present stock, and must be cleared out at any price. It will pay you to come and buy all you need in Clothing and Furnishings, at our special reduced prices

## The GLOBE Clothing House

"The Store of Quality"

BROCKVILLE ONTARIO

REMEMBER THIS:

# Brunswick Records

play on any phonograph

The only record with the Spiral Groove

W. C. TOWN Athens, Ont.

Victoria St.

# SINN FEINERS BOMB BRITISH TROOP TRAIN WITH KING'S ESCORT

Three Soldiers Killed and Score Injured When Tenth Hussars Journey from Belfast to Dublin After Serving as Guard to Their Majesties at Inauguration of Northern Parliament.

A despatch from Dundalk says:—A train containing a squadron of the 10th Hussars, who acted as the King's escort at Belfast on Wednesday, was derailed by a mine set by Irish Republicans at Advoyke, near Dundalk, Friday morning. Two soldiers and a guard were killed and 20 other soldiers were wounded. Two rebels in the act of running away, were shot dead.

The spot selected for the outrage is situated among the rugged hills a mile from Advoyke station, where the railway runs along a high embankment. The train, which left Belfast at 9 a.m. for Carragh, was the last of three containing 133 Hussars with more than 100 horses, under command of Captain Lord Montagu Douglas Scott, brother of the Duke of Buccleuch. Both the first two trains passed safely over the place only a short time before the third. Fortunately, the first part of the train in which most of the troops were seated, passed over a gap which had been cut in the rails before the mine exploded. These carriages came to a standstill on the track, but the rear four or five trucks, full of horses, and the guards van left the permanent way. They toppled over the embankment and crashed a distance of 30 feet into the field below.

Coaches containing men and horses were piled on top of one another and soon a few injured men and many more wounded animals crawled or leaped from the wreckage. Between sixty and seventy horses were trapped in the smash.

The Hussars who escaped at once went to the assistance of their comrades and horses, while other men

searched the vicinity for the rebel gang. Several men were seen running away from the scene and two of them were shot dead. Meanwhile the work of rescuing continued and about thirty horses were so badly injured they had to be shot.

As soon as the disaster occurred efforts were made to summon help, but for a time this was impossible because the Sinn Feiners had cut the telephone and telegraph wires. During the afternoon a hospital train with surgeons, doctors and nurses aboard was sent.

Police and military were also sent in motors. Their investigations showed that shortly before the three troop trains were due at Advoyke a band of armed rebels held up a number of men working on the line. They were marched away. The gang then seized some tools, with which they loosened the line and removed a portion of the permanent way in preparation for laying the mine. Then, after the second train passed, bombs were placed in the gap and the men went a distance away to await the train.

The district where the outrage occurred is on the borders of Ulster, where rival loyalists and Sinn Feiners have often come into conflict.

General Macready, Commander-in-Chief of the troops in Ireland, had another narrow escape on Friday. He left Belfast Friday morning for Dublin by train. At Howth Junction the train was stopped and the General was escorted cityward by motor car. The train proceeded, and when it reached a deep cutting near Dublin bombs were thrown into the last carriage. The woodwork was damaged but the occupants escaped.



His Majesty King George V who inaugurated the Northern Parliament on June 22. This is the first Irish Parliament to sit in 121 years.

### Lord of the Lands.

Lord of the lands, beneath Thy bending skies,  
On field and flood, where'er our banner flies,  
Thy people lift their hearts to Thee,  
Their grateful voices raise;  
May our Dominion ever be  
A temple to Thy praise.  
Thy will alone let all enthroned;  
Lord of the lands, make Canada Thine own!

Almighty Love, by Thy mysterious power,  
In wisdom guide, with faith and freedom dower;  
Be ours a nation evermore  
That no oppression blights,  
Where justice rules from shore to shore,  
From Lakes to Northern Lights.  
May love alone for wrong atone;  
Lord of the lands, make Canada Thine own!

Lord of the worlds, with strong eternal hand,  
Hold us in honor, truth and self-command;  
The loyal heart, the constant mind,  
The courage to be true,  
Our wide-extending empire bind,  
And all the earth renew.  
Thy name be known through every zone;  
Lord of the worlds, make all the lands Thine own.  
—Albert Durant Watson.

### University Education.

There are a few people (there really are), but fortunately they are very few, who are opposed to university education because, they say, "too many people are being educated and there will soon be none left to do the manual labor." Such a position is at once absolutely untenable and absolutely ridiculous. Through such people it is not democracy, but bureaucracy, that speaks. Do these people think that education is the privilege of the few? Do they forget that, in a democratic country, education is the inalienable right of every citizen? All the more surprising it is that some of the men who express the opinion quoted above hold rather prominent positions. Apparently they are hoping that there will not be too many men and women fitted by education to hold similar positions. But they miss the point. It has been said that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing"; no authority has mentioned any disadvantages involved in securing a thorough education. Higher education brings many advantages. One is that it enables its

**For King and Empire.**

Far o'er the rolling sea  
In his Dominions free,  
Safe 'neath Thy wing,  
Lord of the Trinity,  
Humbly we pray to Thee  
God save our King.

Let the great Empire stand  
Steadfast at Thy command,  
Facing the light,  
So that the world can see  
In its integrity  
Justice and Right.

Lead to the larger life,  
And to this endless strife  
Bring quick release,  
And to a world distressed  
Bring the much needed rest,  
Grant us Thy peace.



Her Majesty Queen Mary took part in the notable ceremonies in Belfast at the opening of Parliament.

### Dominion Day.



Canada, Canada, land of the maple,  
Queen of the forest and river and lake,  
Open thy soul to the voice of thy people,  
Close not thy heart to the music they make.  
Bells, chime out merrily,  
Trumpets, call cheerily,  
Silence is vocal and sleep is awake.

Canada, Canada, land of the beaver,  
Labor and skill have their triumph to-day;  
Oh! may the joy of it flow like a river,  
Wider and wider as time flies away.  
Bells, chime out merrily,  
Trumpets, call cheerily,  
Science and industry laugh and are gay.

Canada, Canada, land of the snow-bird,  
Emblem of constancy change cannot kill,  
Faith, that no strange cup has ever unsoubered,  
Drinketh to-day from love's chalice her fill.  
Bells, chime out merrily,  
Trumpets, call cheerily,  
Loyalty singeth and treason is still.

Canada, Canada, land of the bravest,  
Sons of the war-path, and sons of the sea,  
Land of no slave-lash to-day thou enslavest  
Millions of hearts with affection for thee.  
Bells, chime out merrily,  
Trumpets, call cheerily,  
Let the sky ring with the shout of the free.

Canada, Canada, land of the fairest,  
Daughters of snow that is kissed by the sun,  
Binding the charms of all lands that are rarest,  
Like the bright cestus of Venus in one!  
Bells, chime out merrily,  
Trumpets, call cheerily,  
A new reign of beauty on earth is begun.  
—John Reade.

### X-Ray Cures 80% of Cancer Cases

A despatch from London says:—A new X-ray treatment for cancer, which will cure 80 per cent. of cases, is announced at a West London hospital. The new treatment uses much greater intensity of rays without injuring the patient. The apparatus now used gives about 200,000 volts, the rays being of wave length and invisible to the human eye. It is a highly complex electrical appliance, the invention of Dr. Wintz, a Bavarian radiologist.

There are 300 consuls and vice-consuls in Canada.

## The Leading Markets.

**Toronto.**  
Manitoba wheat—No. 1 Northern, \$1.86; No. 2 Northern, \$1.84; No. 3 Northern, \$1.80; No. 4 wheat, \$1.68.  
Manitoba oats—No. 2 CW, 48c; No. 3 CW, 43½c; extra No. 1, 43½c; No. 1 feed, 41½c; No. 2 feed, 40½c.  
Manitoba barley—No. 3 CW, 78½c; No. 4 CW, 74c; rejected, 69c; feed, 69c.  
All above in store, Fort William.  
Ontario wheat—F.o.b. shipping points, according to freights outside.  
No. 2 Spring, \$1.43 to \$1.45; No. 2 Winter, \$1.50 to \$1.57; No. 2 goose wheat, nominal.  
American corn—Prompt shipment, No. 2 yellow, c.i.f. bay ports, 77c, nominal.  
Ontario oats—No. 3 white, 40 to 42c, according to freights outside.  
Barley—Malt, 65 to 70c, according to freights outside.  
Ontario flour—Winter, prompt shipment, straight run bulk, seaboard, \$7.40.  
Peas—No. 2, nominal.  
Manitoba flour—Track, Toronto: First pats., \$10.50; second pats., \$10. Buckwheat—Nominal.  
Rye—No. 2, \$1.25.  
Millfeed—Carlots, delivered Toronto freights, bags included: Bran, per ton, \$29; shorts, per ton, \$31; white middlings, \$36 to \$38; feed flour, \$1.70 to \$2.10.  
Cheese—New large, 17½ to 18½c; twins, 18 to 19c; triplets, 18½ to 19½c; old large, 33 to 34c; do, twins, 33½ to 34½c; triplets, 34½ to 35c; new Stilton, 20 to 21c.  
Butter—Fresh dairy, choice, 25 to 26c; creamery prints, fresh, No. 1, 26c; cooking, 22 to 24c.  
Margarine—22 to 24c.  
Eggs—No. 1, 38c; selects, 39c; cartons, 42 to 43c.  
Beans—Can., hand-picked, bushel, \$2.85 to \$3; primes, \$2.40 to \$2.50.  
Maple products—Syrup, per imp. gal., \$2.50; per 5 imp. gals., \$2.35.  
Maple sugar, lbs., 19 to 22c.  
Honey—60-30-lb. tins, 19 to 20c per lb.; 5-2½-lb. tins, 21 to 22c per lb.; Ontario comb honey, at \$7 per 15-section case.  
Smoked meats—Hams, med., 36 to 38c; heavy, 30 to 31c; cooked, 48 to 50c; rolls, 27 to 28c; cottage rolls, 28 to 29c; breakfast bacon, 33 to 38c; special brand breakfast bacon, 45 to 47c; boneless, 41 to 46c.  
Cured meats—Long clear bacon, 17 to 18c; clear bellies, 15 to 16c.  
Lard—Pure, tierces, 13 to 13½c; tubs, 13½ to 14c; pails, 13½ to 14½c; prints, 14½ to 15c. Shortening: tierces, 11 to 11½c; tubs, 11½ to 12c; pails, 12 to 12½c; prints, 14 to 14½c. Choice heavy steers, \$8.50 to \$9;

good heavy steers, \$8 to \$8.50; butchers' cattle, choice, \$8 to \$9; do, good, \$7.50 to \$8; do, med., \$7 to \$7.50; do, com., \$6.50 to \$7; butchers' cows, choice, \$6.50 to \$7; do, good, \$6 to \$6.50; do, com., \$5 to \$6; butchers' bulls, good, \$5.50 to \$6.50; do, com., \$4 to \$5; feeders, best, \$7.50 to \$8; do, 900 lbs., \$7 to \$7.50; do, 800 lbs., \$6.75 to \$8.75; do, com., \$5 to \$6; canners and cutters, \$1.50 to \$4; milkers, good to choice, \$50 to \$75; do, com. and med., \$30 to \$50; choice springers, \$60 to \$80; lambs, yearlings, \$8 to \$9; do, spring, \$12.50 to \$13.50; sheep, choice, \$5.50 to \$6; do, com., \$2 to \$4.50; hogs, fed and watered, \$13 to \$13.25; do, weighed off cars, \$13.25 to \$13.50; do, f.o.b., \$12.25 to \$12.50; do, country points, \$12 to \$12.25.  
**Montreal.**  
Oats, Can. West, No. 2, 60 to 61c; do, Can. West, No. 3, 55 to 56c. Flour, Man., \$10.50. Rolled oats, bags of 90 lbs., \$3.05. Bran, \$25.25. Shorts, \$27.25. Hay, No. 2, per ton, carlots, \$21 to \$22.  
Cheese, finest easterns, 15 to 15½c. Butter, choicest creamery, 30½ to 30¾c. Eggs, fresh, 37 to 38c.  
Calves, \$4 to \$5.50; choice, \$6. Sheep, 5. Lambs were hard to place. One choice lot brought \$11. Buyers offered around \$10 for good lambs. Hogs, selects and lights, \$13.50 to \$13.75. Sows and heavies, not wanted.

### Canada Has .5 Per Cent. of the World's Population.

She produces:—  
90 per cent. of its cobalt.  
88 per cent. of its asbestos.  
85 per cent. of its nickel.  
32 per cent. of its pulpwood.  
20 per cent. of its lumber.  
20 per cent. of its cured fish.  
18 per cent. of its oats.  
15 per cent. of its potatoes.  
12 per cent. of its silver.  
11½ per cent. of its wheat.  
11 per cent. of its barley.  
4 per cent. of its gold.  
4 per cent. of its copper.

Canada's crop of 1920 of 1,187,259,050 bushels was the highest on record and above the average in quality as well as in quantity.

Canada in comparison with nine of the world's industrial nations, is first in extent, second in the aggregate of its hydraulic power, third in the matter of railways, sixth in the total production of iron in its natural state and in the business of export, and eighth in population.

## ROTARIANS VISIT KING AND QUEEN, ARRIVING BY BUS

A despatch from London says:—King George and Queen Mary had a sample of demonstrative democracy at Buckingham Palace Friday morning when they received a delegation of 20 officers of the International Rotary Clubs. The Rotarians journeyed from the Hotel Cecil to the Palace atop an ordinary twopenny bus. Their descent upon Buckingham Palace in very informal clothes made some of the spectators gasp. It was a London bus' first trip direct to Buckingham, admitted Lord Ashfield of the company directorate. The party was received most informally in the bay-windowed recep-

tion-room on the ground floor of the Palace. The King was in a grey frock coat and the Queen in a cream colored gown most conservatively cut. Sir Edgar Dawson introduced the delegates, and the King's part was easy, because most of the delegates wore huge badges with their names and home towns printed on them. The King and Queen, in high humor after their safe return from Belfast, chatted agreeably with each of the delegates. The Rotarians included Dr. Crawford C. McCullough of Fort William, who recently was elected President of the International Association, and S. Boyd, a New Brunswick delegate.

Lord Byng is Canada's 120th Governor-General, 1534-1921.

Arctic Canada has 640 species of flowering plants and three times as many non-flowering species, per Stefansson.

### League Awards Aland Islands to Finland

A despatch from Geneva says:—The Council of the League of Nations to-day awarded the Aland Islands in the Baltic Sea to Finland. The Council decided that the islands should be neutralized from the military standpoint and the population given the guarantees recommended in the report of the Commission, of which Abram I. Elkus, of the United States, was a member. Hjalmar Branting, of Sweden, protested against the decision of the Council, but agreed to recognize it.

### The Guard of the Eastern Gate.

Halifax sits on her throne by the sea  
In the might of her pride—  
Invincible, terrible, beautiful is she  
With a sword at her side.

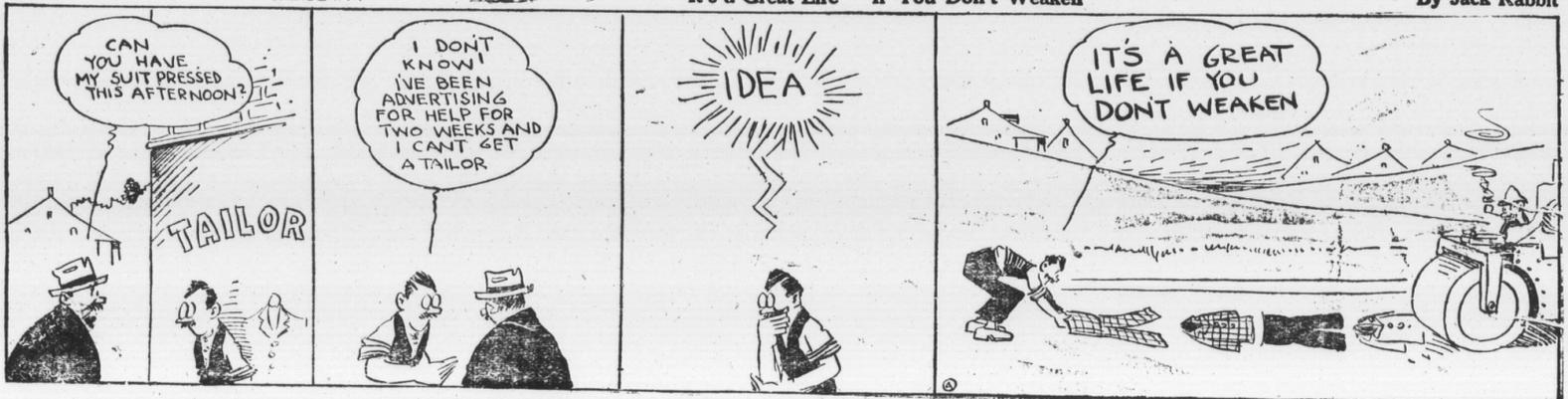
To right and left of her, battlements rear  
And fortresses frown,  
While she sits on her throne without favor or fear,  
With her cannon as crown.

Coast guard and sentinel, watch of the weal  
Of a nation she keeps;  
But her hand is encased in a gauntlet of steel  
And her thunder but sleeps.

Canada ranks seventh among maritime nations.

### It's a Great Life If You Don't Weaken

By Jack Rabbit



## ALMOST HELPLESS FROM ST. VITUS DANCE

The Muscles of the Hands, Face and Body Affected.

St. Vitus dance is a disease of the nerves brought on by a morbid condition of the blood. It is common with children, and attacks girls more frequently than boys. Irritability is frequently one of the first signs noted. The child frets, is quarrelsome and does not sleep well. The jerky movements that characterize the disease come a little later. The limbs and sometimes the whole body jerks spasmodically, and in severe cases the power of speech is affected. Such a child should not be allowed to study, but should be kept quiet, given a nutritious diet, remain out of doors as much as possible. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will help the blood restore the shattered nerves. The value of these pills in cases of this kind is shown by the following statement from Mrs. Frank Reynolds, Windsor, N.S., who says: "When a young girl I suffered very severely from St. Vitus dance. I could not keep still for a moment. If I tried to handle dishes I broke them, and could not safely attempt to hold a thing in my hands. No matter what was done for me I could not control the twitching in my face and body. My parents gave me several remedies, but they did not help me. Then one day my father brought home a half dozen boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After two boxes had been taken there was an improvement in my condition. By the time the last box was gone, to my own great joy and relief to our family, my condition was normal, and I have since enjoyed good health. I never lose an opportunity to say a good word for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink 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.

### That's Funny.

Charles L. Dodgson, Professor of Higher Mathematics at Christ Church, Oxford, known to most people as "Lewis Carroll," and the author of "Alice in Wonderland," is responsible for the following peculiar calculation: Write down the number of your brothers that are living. Multiply this by two. Add three. Multiply the result by five. To this add the number of your living sisters. Multiply the result by ten. Add to this the number of your dead brothers and sisters. From the total subtract 150. The right-hand figure gives the number of deaths, the middle figure gives the number of living sisters, and the left-hand figure gives the number of living brothers.

Proud Mother—"Claude has learned to play the piano in no time." Musician—"Yes, he's playing just like that now!"

True politeness consists in treating others as you would like others to treat you.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

## KING GEORGE V. IS A BORN SPORTSMAN

SHOOTING AND FISHING FAVORITE PASTIMES.

His Majesty Spends His Happest Holidays on Scottish Moors and Windsor Forest.

"A holiday at home is good enough for me," King George once declared to a friend who asked him if a Continental holiday did not attract him, as it attracted his father. "I can find all the pleasure and recreation I want," he added, "without crossing the sea."

If ever a sovereign was a born sportsman it is surely King George; and nowhere can he enjoy the sports he loves as freely as in his own kingdom. He was a child of seven when he landed his first fish in Scottish waters; and there was little he didn't know about a horse by the time he donned his middle's uniform.

And ever since these early days he has been perfecting himself in his favorite pastimes, until to-day he has few superiors in fishing and shooting, and he can more than hold his own with most men at a wide range of sports, from horsemanship and hunting to tennis and billiards.

### Shooting Big Game.

Time was, too, when he was a cyclist of such exceptional speed that Mr. E. M. Mayes, his teacher, once declared, "If he had cared to compete, he might have had a good look-in at the English championship."

His Majesty's ideal holiday, however, is one spent with a gun or a fishing-rod. In his younger days he astonished the world by his skill and daring as a big-game hunter. He shot many a tiger in Nepal, when a false aim meant almost certain death; and once he brought down a charging elephant in Ceylon within a dozen paces of his smoking rifle. But his supreme feat of marksmanship was when he killed five magnificent stags with half a dozen shots in the Forest of Mar.

To-day he spends many of his happiest holiday-hours with his guns on the moors of Scotland or in the Royal preserves at Windsor and Sandringham, where he has performed some truly amazing feats. Thus on one occasion, when shooting with Lord Iveagh, he brought down three widely-scattered and high-flying pheasants and a hare with four successive shots. On another occasion he accounted for 32 grouse in less than four hours.

### Some Huge Bags.

But it is perhaps at Sandringham that his Majesty is most in his element with a gun. Here, in company with a few friends, he loves to spend long, busy days among the birds, rising at five in the morning, and shooting until dusk. He is a master of woodcraft, arranges his field with consummate skill, and always chooses the most difficult station for himself. How great the slaughter is may be gauged by the fact that in a single day ten guns once killed 2,835 head, including 1,275 pheasants.

But King George's guns have very formidable rivals in his fishing-rods.

Of his skill and of his wonderful catches, indeed, remarkable stories are told; while his patience is phenomenal. Once, for example, he fished for a whole week without catching a solitary salmon; but his temper and patience remained unruffled.

He declared he was "enjoying himself immensely"; and when on the eighth day he landed four beauties, scaling together over sixty pounds, he was as delighted as a boy.

As a caster he has few if any superiors; and his enthusiasm is such that once, when a new form of tackle was brought to St. James' Palace for inspection, he immediately left the Levee which was in progress to test and admire it.

### His Majesty as an Angler.

Nearly fifty years have gone since he felt the thrill of drawing his first fish (with John Brown's assistance) from the waters of Aberfeldie. Ever since then, he declares, many of his happiest holiday hours have been spent, rod in hand, by the pools of the Dee. Here he loves to escape from the ceremonial of Court life for a delightful week or two, with some favorite companion, usually an equerry, with whom he leads the simple life in an unpretentious cottage.

At about ten o'clock the two fishermen sally forth with their rods, tackle, and baskets for a long, happy day in the Royal preserves of Aberfeldie or Balmoral, during which his Majesty smokes cigarettes incessantly. At noon a carriage brings luncheon to the pools, after which fishing is resumed until seven o'clock in the evening, when the anglers return for dinner, a final smoke, and early to bed. Torrents of rain and howling gales are powerless to damp the King's enthusiasm. He has come to fish, and fish he will, whenever it is possible to get a line on the waters.

## IS THERE A BABY IN YOUR HOME?

Is there a baby or young children in your home? If there is you should not be without a box of Baby's Own Tablets. Childhood ailments come quickly and means should always be at hand to promptly fight them. Baby's Own Tablets are the ideal home remedy. They regulate the bowels; sweeten the stomach; banish constipation and indigestion; break up colds and simple fevers—in fact they relieve all the minor ills of little ones. Concerning them Mrs. Maise Cadotte, Makamk, Que., writes: "Baby's Own Tablets are the best remedy in the world for little ones. My baby suffered terribly from indigestion and vomiting, but the Tablets soon set her right and now she is in perfect health." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

### Out of Doors With the Boy Scout.

The education of the Boy Scout to-day has been greatly broadened out from the methods of training first planned for their outdoor life. Every idea has been taken up by men who are experts in planning for making the young Canadian rugged and healthy, intelligent, patriotic, courageous, and skilled to protect men, women and children from accidents, and to give aid in case of injury. Athletic sports are only one method of making the Boy Scout strong and supple. All manner of athletic exercises are part of their curriculum, and in many cases they excel. Life-saving drills and swimming are parts of the training, but self-defense is by no means ignored.

The camp is perhaps the nearest approach to military discipline made by the Scout movement. The absolute necessity of discipline is evidenced at no other point in the whole work as it is in the summer camp, where the lives and limbs of a large number of boys are more or less dependent upon prompt obedience to order.

While the Scout movement recognized the need of enforcing discipline and teaching boys the habit of obedience to those in command, the point is kept in mind by the camp director and the Scoutmasters that the boys are there mainly to learn Scouting and not for undergoing harsh discipline. The fact that those who have once been to camp eagerly made preparation for returning is an indication that the lines of conduct are not so stringent as to prohibit the enjoyment of all normal boyish desires.

A typical day's programme at a camp is on this order: At half-past six o'clock the bugler's sound reveille. Tumbling out of their tents, the Scouts limber themselves up for the day by the setting-up exercises. Then they stand at salute as the flag is raised upon the high pole. As the flag breaks out at the top the ranks are dismissed, and with a shout the lads dash for the morning swim. "First in" is the cry of the swiftest, and soon they are diving in.

After breakfast comes a little work. Squads are formed for bringing in the wood and water. Others are set off for camp patrol duty, all squads taking turns at the various tasks on different days. Many hands make light work, and it isn't long before the chores are done and everything is ready for scout games.

The morning games are restricted to those of scouting and instruction, such as tracking and making friction fires. Then there is instruction in woodcraft, after which it is time for the noon meal, which is dinner, not lunch. After dinner the boys roll

## A Woman puts on Spectacles

(This was written by a woman in answer to our inquiry: "Do you read newspaper advertisements?")

Newspaper advertisements have an irresistible fascination for me. Sometimes I know I shouldn't take the time to read them—but I always do. Of course, I don't mean that I always read them ALL, but I certainly read some every day. I even read the men's ads. There is a certain satisfaction in surprising one's husband with up-to-date information on things only men are supposed to be interested in.

I used to have a prejudice against Life Insurance until I read the advertisements. I thought the premiums were too much for my husband to pay, but an advertisement I read changed my opinion about that at once. And I got my husband to make a will and appoint a Trust Company as his executor because of an advertisement I read about it, which set me thinking.

But, of course, the advertisements that interest me most are those of domestic things. Whenever I order groceries for instance, I find myself asking for the things whose names are familiar to me through reading the advertisements in the newspapers. They may not be better than others, but as I don't know the names of others how can I tell? Goods that are attractively and regularly advertised always strike me as prosperous, and prosperous things must be good, otherwise they wouldn't be prosperous, would they?

And when I am buying things for my toilet I always buy the well-known things, although salesgirls try to sell me others sometimes. I never let them, though. Why buy the unknown when you can be sure of the quality of the known?

And I find my friends like to talk about the well-known things that they eat or use or wear—like foods, canned soups, cheese, washing machines, corsets, gloves and things like that. So there must be something in a name after all. The way I feel about it is that no business man would spend a lot of money to advertise a poor article; therefore, those things that are advertised must have superior qualities about them. And I have found that advertised articles, far from costing more than unadvertised goods, can very often be bought for less. At least you know what you should pay for them—the makers tell you generally in their advertisements.

As for the advertisements of the stores, some of them are not as attractive as many of the more general advertisements, but I just couldn't shop without them. You see, I am like many other women. I have a young family, and I cannot get out too often during the day. But I read the store advertisements regularly, and by doing so know just what is being sold, and I can always telephone my order if I can't go out conveniently that day. That, I think, is the great value of advertisements to women in the home. They do keep one well informed. Don't you think so?

around on the grass until two o'clock, just absorbing the healthful air and thanking the stars that their parents had enough common sense to allow them to become Boy Scouts. Then comes the daily baseball games, as many teams being chosen as there are nine. Sometimes there are track meets and sports to vary the program. Perhaps Tent No. 3 thinks it can run around the island faster than Tent No. 4, which says it can beat it. Boy nature can't stand the insult, and before long they are scouting around the island like young head hunters of the South Sea who spy a new scalp in the distance.

### The Return.

They went to seek the Summer In lands where she had flown; I bided with the Winter In our stern north alone. But now the haughty Summer Comes back a-seeking me, And only I who waited know How sweet her smile can be.

### No Handicap.

Superstition never keeps people from accepting thirteen eggs for a dozen.

### Watching Your Step.

Too often the error of a minute becomes the sorrow of a lifetime.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

## BITS OF HUMOR FROM HERE & THERE

What He's There For.

"07—"You are always behind in your studies."  
"23—"Well, you see, sir, it gives me a chance to pursue them."

### Groundwork.

"Why did you sell your car?"  
"Cost too much for repairs."  
"Wasn't it a good machine?"  
"First-rate. Never got out of order. But I had to pay for repairing the people it ran over."

### Not Much Left.

A man purchased some red flannel shirts guaranteed not to shrink. He reminded the salesman forcibly of the guarantee some weeks later.

"Have you had any difficulty with them?" the latter asked.  
"No," replied the customer, "only the other morning when I was dressing my wife said to me, 'John, when did you buy that coral necklace?'"

### Always There.

"What is your name, little boy?" inquired the teacher of her new pupil.  
"I don't know," replied the little boy, bashfully.

"Well, what does your father call you?"  
"I don't know"—still more bashfully.

"What does your mother call you when dinner's ready?"  
"She doesn't have to call me," beamed the new pupil. "I'm always there."

### Too Cheap.

A Sunday-school class had been reading the story of Joseph, and the minister had come to examine the scholars. The replies to all his questions had been quick, intelligent, and correct.

"What crime did those sons of Jacob commit?"  
"They sold their brother Joseph."  
"Quite correct. And for how much?"  
"Twenty pieces of silver."

"And what added to the cruelty and wickedness of these bad brothers?"  
There was no answer.

"What made their treachery even more detestable?"  
Then a bright little fellow stretched out an eager hand.

"Well, my little man?"  
"Please, sir, they sold him too cheap."

### Wanted the "Jigger."

"Don't be surprised at the faith cures you hear about. Even in legitimate medicine faith plays a large part," said a local physician, the other day.

"A friend of mine treated an old woman for typhoid fever. At each visit he put his thermometer in her mouth to take her temperature. She improved, and finally a day came when my friend could dispense with his temperature taking. That day he merely prescribed and departed.

"But he hadn't got far from the house when the old woman's daughter ran after him and called him back.  
"Mother's much worse," she said.  
"My friend went back to the old woman. She looked at him reproachfully from her pillow and moaned:  
"Doctor, why didn't ye gimme the jigger under me tongue to-day? That does me more good than all the rest of yer trash."

### MONEY ORDERS.

The safe way to send money by mail is by Dominion Express Money Order.

### A Little Wisdom.

A cheerful heart means an unlined face.

He who is doing nothing can always find helpers.

You should think all you say, but say not all you think.

Asperation is the gossip's trade; to listen is to lend him aid.

The lesson of pain is that we should take care of ourselves.

The most troublesome load to carry is a bundle of bad habits.

Those who make the best use of their time have most time to spare.

A little each day is much in a year—either in money or in minutes.

Never despise a small cut, a poor relation, or a humble enemy.

The grasshopper menace in the Province of Manitoba is well under control by the effective use of poison supplied by the Department of Agriculture.

Yarmouth, N.S., March 24, 1921.  
Mr. Joseph LeBlanc, Secretary of the Athletic Association, who were the Champions for 1920 of the South Shore League and Western Nova Scotia Base Ball, states that during the summer the boys used MINARD'S LINIMENT with very beneficial results, for sore muscles, bruises and sprains. It is considered by the players the best white liniment on the market. Every team should be supplied with this celebrated remedy.

(Signed) JOSEPH L. LeBLANC, Sec'y. Y. A. A.

American's Pioneer Dog Remedies Book on DOG DISEASES and How to Feed Malted Food to sick Dogs by the Author, W. Gray Glover, Esq., 111 West 11st Street, New York, U.S.A.

## MRS. DOYLE LIVED ON MILK AND BREAD

CAN NOW EAT ANYTHING SINCE TAKING TANLAC.

Hamilton Woman Says It Not Only Restored Her Health But Also Helped Her Daughter.

"I think it is enough to make any one happy to enjoy the splendid health I do now," said Mrs. John Doyle, 123 John Street North, Hamilton, Ont. "Last winter I had the 'flu' and, as I had been in a badly run-down condition for several years, it just seemed to wreck my whole system. All through the winter I was down in bed half the time and instead of getting better, I seemed to get worse. My stomach was so badly upset that I had to live entirely on bread and milk. If I ventured to eat anything else at all I would simply suffer agony.

"I would have terrible pains in my stomach and would bloat up so bad that I often felt as if I was suffocating. My nerves were worn to a frazzle and I had frequent headaches. I went to bed tired, got up feeling tired and all through the day hardly had the strength to do a thing.

"But I'm so glad I tried Tanlac, because my suffering is all over now. I just feel splendid, eat whatever I wish and never have a touch of indigestion. My nerves are steady and I am free from headaches. I sleep perfectly sound and just feel so much stronger that the housework seems easier than ever. My daughter has taken Tanlac since it restored my health and it has helped her just like it did me. Tanlac has certainly been a blessing in our home."

Tanlac is sold by leading druggists everywhere. Adv.

### Speed Comes With Age.

One of the most interesting of recent discoveries in connection with astronomy is that the older a star grows, the faster does it move.

A star, like an express train, takes time to get up speed.

In the course of the train, however, it is a matter of a few minutes only; with a star it is millions of years. The speed of the fastest star is about three hundred miles per second. This celestial racer is invisible with the naked eye, but has a number of other means of identification for the convenience of astronomers.

It has been found that the average velocity of faint stars is much greater than that of brighter ones. Twenty-eight faint ones have been found to have an average velocity of 138 miles per second, whilst the speed of nine very bright ones averaged only eighty miles per second.

Judged from the standard of speed, our own sun—which would appear as a star if it was far enough away from us—is a comparatively infant. Its speed is only about twelve miles per second.

A pessimist is like a blind man in a dark room looking for a black hat that isn't there.

## ASPIRIN

Only "Bayer" is Genuine



Warning! Take no chances with substitutes for genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin." Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting Aspirin at all. In every Bayer package are directions for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Earache, Toothache, Lumbago and for Pain. Handy tin boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger packages. Made in Canada. Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada), of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

## RED PIMPLES ITCHED TERRIBLY

On Chest, Face, Arms, Burned Badly. Cuticura Heals.

"Ever since I can remember, my chest, face, and arms were filled with dry, red pimples. They were scattered all over me, and itched terribly at times, and I scratched them, causing them to fester and get sore. Sometimes they would dry away and form scales which burned badly."  
"Then I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I had used them two or three times when I felt better and I was healed with one box of Cuticura Ointment together with the Cuticura Soap." (Signed) Miss Bertha Kess, Russell, Manitoba, February 19, 1919.

Use Cuticura Soap and Ointment for all toilet purposes. Soap to cleanse, Ointment to heal. Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Lyman, Limited, St. Paul St., Montreal. Cuticura Soap shaves without stung.

# The Great Event

OF THE SEASON

## The Re-Opening of Our Store

We invite you all to come and visit our new remodelled Store. You will find it is the most up-to-date clothing store in Brockville and our new stock of clothing and Furnishings are the very best that can be procured.

For the last month or so we have been after our wholesalers to give us some special for our opening week, and we are glad to let you know that we have some of the greatest bargains ever offered to the public.

### One big week of Great Bargains, Thursday June 30th. to July 9th.

Note—Our store will be closed on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, June 27, 28, 29th, to mark our new stock of goods.

Our opening week will be long to be remembered by everybody. It will mark the days, when you can buy new goods at almost half the regular prices

## So do not miss this big Sale

See our big bills for special bargains, write for one  
Don't forget the travellers big Celebration, July 1st.

# GLOBE CLOTHING CO.

## The Liberty Theatres

will present an Extra Special Film Feature, entitled

### Shipwrecked Amongst the Cannibals of the South sea Islands

TOWN HALL, ATHENS

# SAT'R'D'Y JULY 9

This picture is taken from real life, and shows the people how these savages live and die in their own wilds.

It is very educating, and surprising what will happen to savages.

We have made a special effort to get this picture and the cost is high.

Adults 47c Children 37c  
Show Starts at 8.30 Sharp

**Wednesday Half Holiday**  
We, Merchants of Athens, hereby agree to close our places of business on Wednesday afternoon during the months of July and August during the season of 1921, at 12.30 p. m and to remain closed until the following morning.

D. L. Johnston, C. F. Yates, Jos Thompson, H. H. Arnold, G. W. Beach, Geo. Judson, A. M. Eaton, Norton G. Scott, Earl Construction Co. H. B. Knowlton, E. J. Purcell, The Merchants Bank of Canada, The Standard Bank of Canada, A. R. Brown, S. Aboud, G. L. McLean.

### Agricultural Education at Universities

Agriculture being the basic industry of the country, every advance made in the development of agricultural education is of national value. Recently, several provincial universities have presented extension courses for the benefit of farmers and others. To this end the educational authorities have co-operated with farmers' organizations with highly encouraging results. In the case of Manitoba a course of lectures was given on rural economics and sociology, supplemented by special lectures on a variety of subjects appealing to other sections of the community. In Ontario also, the University of Toronto was induced to give a similar course. A noteworthy feature of the course was the taking of students to the stock-yards the abattoirs, and other places of a practical illustrative value. It is felt that the alliance thus established between the agricultural industry and those engaged in educational work will tend to a better understanding of economic problems which effect the welfare of town and country alike.

### "Cold in The Head"

is an acute attack of Nasal Catarrh Those subject to frequent "colds in the head" will find that the use of HALL'S CATARRH Medicine will build up the system, cleanse the Blood and render them less liable to colds. Repeated attacks of acute Catarrh may lead to chronic Catarrh. HALL'S CATARRH Medicine is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous surfaces of the System, thus reducing the inflammation and restoring normal conditions. All druggists. Circulars free. F. J. Cheney & Co. Toledo, Ohio

### CASTORIA

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



### All Tied Up

For want of help. Our Classified Want Ads. will untie the knots. We make this a good paper so that intelligent people will read it, and they do. Isn't that the kind of help you want?



# 6

Wonderful Days

BROCKVILLE Chautauqua

JUNE 25 to July 1st.

A PROGRAMME OF Extraordinary Merit

INCLUDING

- Zedeler Symphonic Quintette
- Herbert Leon Cope
- Little Louise Shrode
- Pamahasika's Pets
- The Gilvan Light Opera Singers
- Ferdinand Fillion and Assisting Artists
- Dr. Frederic Poole, "with Allenby in Palestine and Lawrence in Arabia"
- Percival Vivian Himself and His Broadway Players in "It Pays to Advertise"
- Dr Robert Norwood
- The Old-Song Singers
- Season Tickets Adults \$2.75;
- Children \$1.38 including War Tax
- No Season Tickets procurable after June 24th.

Cut Coupon out of this paper and forward to W. T. Rogers, Business College, when Tickets will be posted direct.

Coupon—Brockville Chautauqua

Please forward..... Adult Tickets

..... Juvenile Enclosed \$.....

Name.....

Address.....

### The Athens Reporter

"PRINTERS TO PARTICULAR PEOPLE"  
Athens, Ontario

### Are Your Eyes Right?

If you do not have eye comfort, make an early visit to our "Optical Parlor"

We have the most Scientific Equipment for Eye Sight Testing, backed by years of successful experience.

We can assure you of a Prompt, Courteous and most Expert Service.

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PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND OBSTETRICIAN  
Post Graduate New York Lying-in Hospital and other New York Hospitals.

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Sales conducted any place in Leeds County at reasonable rates. Farmers' Sales and Real Estate a Specialty. Write or call on  
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### CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Effective May 1st, following Summer Schedule will be in effect, giving excellent train connections to Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal, and intermediate points, also to Western Canada, and Pacific and Atlantic Coast Points

Local Time-Table To and From Brockville, Daily Except Sunday.

Departures.	Arrivals.
7 A. M.	11.20 A. M.
3.15 P. M.	11.56 A. M.
4.40 P. M.	6.40 P. M.

Departures.	Arrivals.
7 A. M.	8 10 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 Phones 14 and 530

### 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.

PARISH OF  
**Lansdowne Rear**  
Rev. V. O. Boyle, M.A., Rector

Sixth Sunday after Trinity  
**Christ Church, Athens—**  
8.00 a.m.—Holy Communion.  
10 a. m. Sunday School  
7.30 p.m.—Evening Prayer.  
**Trinity Church, Oak Leaf—**  
10.15 Sunday School  
11.00 a.m.—Holy Communion.

**St. Paul's, Delta—**  
1.30 p. m. Sunday School  
2.30 p. m. Evening Prayer

**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 30  
Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7.30 p.m.

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

