

**XMAS GIFTS**  
CHOICE CUT FLOWERS  
Roses  
Carnations  
Violets, etc  
**FLOWERING PLANTS**  
Hyacinths  
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Write or telephone us—  
**THE HAY FLORAL & SEED CO.**  
BROCKVILLE - ONTARIO

# The Athens Reporter

**Poster Printing**  
Superior Work  
Prompt Service  
Satisfaction  
The Reporter Office  
Athens, Ont.

—AND—  
**COUNTY OF LEEDS ADVERTISER.**

Vol. XXIII. No. 51

Athens, Leeds County, Ontario, Wednesday, Dec. 18, 1907.

G. F. Donnelly, Publisher

**BROCKVILLE'S CREATIVE STORE**

## Sale of Drawn Linen Work at Half Price

We've just cleared out the balance of a wholesale stock of beautiful Real Irish Linen Drawn Doylies, Centre Pieces, Table Covers, Sideboard Covers, etc.

We are able to offer them to you at about half price. A great opportunity right when you are looking for suitable Christmas presents. Be sure to see these while they last.

Mexican Hand Drawn Centres	
18 inch square, regular price 90c, for.....	\$.60
18 " " " " \$1.25 for.....	.85
18 " " " " 2.00 for.....	1.25
15 " " " " 75c for.....	.50
15 " " " " 90c for.....	.60
Hand Drawn Table Covers	
80 inch square, regular price \$2.25, for.....	\$1.50
86 " " " " 2.50, for.....	1.50
80 " " " " 2.00, for.....	1.25
Hand Drawn Sideboard Covers	
Size 80x54 inches, regular price \$2.50, for.....	\$1.75
Hand Drawn Tray Covers	
Size 20x30 inches, regular price \$1.25, for.....	.85c
Hand Drawn Doylies	
12x12 inches, regular price 85c, for.....	19c

**Robt. Wright & Co.**  
IMPORTERS  
BROCKVILLE - ONTARIO

**VILLAGE COUNCIL**

Athens Village Council met at 2 p.m. on Monday as required by statute to finish up the business of the year. All present. Minutes read, approved and signed.

Clerk read a number of bills and communications.

Messrs Judson and Taylor moved— That the Municipal Council of the Village of Athens place itself on record as condemning the action of the Brookville, Westport & North Western Railway Co. in not complying with the requirements of the Railway Commission regarding the three cents a mile rate for passengers and adjusting the freight rates as required, and that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the Hon. G. P. Graham, Minister of Railways and Canals, with a request that the same be referred by him to the Railway Commission.

Messrs Purcell and Judson moved— That orders be drawn on the Treasurer for the following amounts:— W. F. Earl, \$10.50, gas for town hall, April 1st to date; Karley & Gibson, \$5.23, glass and supplies for town hall; B. Loverin, \$12, for work as clerk re drain; G. F. Donnelly, \$66, as per bill; Phil Wittse, \$1, use of field for pound; W. Allingham, \$1, night watch at Wm. Parish fire; Mr Kemp, \$2, for tuning piano; B. Loverin, \$10, preparing new assessment roll and making copy for assessment notices; G. W. Brown, \$30 in full of all demands for services for 1907, less \$23 acknowledged by him as received as dog tax and poll tax; Dr J. F. Purvis, \$6, for fumigating Charles Willson's house re small pox.

On motion of Taylor and Judson, a by-law was read three times and passed, providing for nominations and election as advertised in the Reporter this week.

After discussion, the lower rates for use of town hall to the different religious denominations was left for the new council of 1908 to deal with.

B. LOVERIN, Village Clerk.

**Local and General**

The Athens junior and intermediate hockey teams are now ready for business.

Mr O. L. Monroe, blacksmith, has opened business in Fisher's Carriage Works.

Miss Byers has removed her dress making rooms to the Taplin block, over Ackland's and Earl's.

Athens stores, full of Christmas goods and elaborately decorated and illuminated, now present a very attractive appearance.

Try a trimmed hat from Miss Payne's at \$1.50. Will those indebted please call at once.

Orders on the Village Treasurer for all accounts passed by the council on the 16th inst. have been made out by the clerk and left with the Treasurer for payment.

On Xmas Day services will be held in Christ church Anglican at 10.30 a.m. and at Trinity church, Oak Leaf at 8.00 a.m. with celebrations of the Holy Communion.

The annual Xmas tree entertainment of the Athens Methodist S. S. will be held in the town hall on Xmas night. A fine programme is being provided. Doors open at 7. Entertainment begins at 7.30 p.m.

—WANTED: Subscriptions for Canada's Humorous Weekly only one dollar the year if given this year. Liberal commission to agents. THE WHITE LYRE, DINEEN BLDG., TORONTO.

The camera always tells the truth, and to prove to his friends in the West that his old home is located in the banana belt, Mr C. J. Greene of Caron, Sask., enjoyed (1) a row on Charleston Lake on Dec. 13 and was snap-shotted by a friend with a camera.

In the absence of a rink, the young people are turning their attention to the possibility for pleasure in coasting on the "big hill." There seems no reason why, with proper care, this sport might not be enjoyed, and if it is vetoed by council the coasters will have only their own recklessness to blame.

Trial Catarrh treatments are being mailed out free, on request, by Dr Shoop, Racine, Wis. These tests are proving to the people—without a penny's cost—the great value of this scientific prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. Sold by all dealers.

The Methodist S. S. at Lyndhurst are arranging for an extra good entertainment on Christmas night, a feature of which will be the Cantata, "Jolly Times with the Santa Clause Band." Judging from the synopsis, the programme will be exceptionally good, and it will undoubtedly afford a very pleasant evening to all who attend. Admission 25c.

## WE ARE DOING IT NOW

### Our Great Season Sale

HAS MET WITH ENORMOUS SUCCESS, AND YET WE ARE DETERMINED TO MAKE IT

## Larger Than Ever

We call this the Great Season Sale, because we are determined to give our Thousands of Customers a chance to purchase their Winter Outfit at a **Reduced Price**, right now, in the heart of the season. Don't wait for bargains until January, after the season is over, but call at our Great Season Sale now, and get a full season's wear out of it. The chance of a lifetime now stares you in the face. Don't allow anything to keep you'sway from this Sale.

### Just a Few of Our Prices:

#### OVERALLS AND SMOCKS

MEN'S OVERALLS OR SMOCKS, in plain Blue or Black, with or without bibs, Regular price 60c, Sale price..... **43c**

MEN'S OVERALLS OR SMOCKS, in Blue or Black, extra heavy gold back double Stitch, Riveted Pockets, Sale Price..... **69c**

MEN'S WATERPROOF SMOCKS, Wool Lined, Corduroy Storm Collar, Regular price \$2.50, Sale price..... **\$1.70**

MEN'S AND BOYS' MITTS AND GLOVES. All our new goods are in this sale; we have too many lines to mention prices; all **Reduced for This Sale.**

### Men's and Boys' Overcoats and Reefers

BOYS' REEFERS, Blue and Black English Serge, Regular price \$2.25, Sale price..... **\$1.35**

BOYS' OVERCOATS, made up in the very latest, some fancy or in plain styles, too many lines to mention, to be sold at **Cost Price.**

MEN'S REEFERS, made up in Dark Gray and Black Frieze, Storm Collars, Tweed Lining, Regular price \$4.00, Sale price..... **\$2.95**

MEN'S ULSTERS, in Dark Grey and Black Freize, good Tweed Lining Storm Collar, Regular Price \$6.00, Sale Price..... **\$4.95**

MEN'S OVERCOATS in Blue and Black Beaver, Fancy Mixture, and Dark Gray, extra good quality, Regular \$6.50 and \$7.50, Sale price..... **\$4.95**

MEN'S OVERCOATS, the Newest Patterns, or in plain Gray or Black, good Farmers Satin Lining, made extra long, fits splendid Regular \$9.00 and \$10.00, Sale price..... **\$6.95**

MEN'S OVERCOATS, Hand Padded Shoulders, made of English or Scotch Tweeds, or in Blue or Black Beaver, Best Lining, Regular \$11.50 and \$12.50, Sale Price..... **\$8.95**

### MEN'S SUITS

All Wool Heavy Tweed, Single or Double Breasted, well made, only a few dozen in stock, Regular price \$7.50 to \$9.00, Sale price **\$4.95**

MEN'S SUITS, in Fine All Wool Tweed, the Latest Cut, the Newest Patterns, Single or Double Breasted Coat, well padded shoulders Close Fitting collars, Regular price \$9.00 and \$10.00, Sale price **6.95**

MEN'S SUITS, Highest Class, Hand Padded Shoulders, made of the Finest English and Scotch Tweeds, Swell New Patterns, or in Black or Blue Serges, best Farmers' Satin Lining, Regular \$12.00 and \$13.50, Sale Price..... **\$9.45**

### REMEMBER

This opportunity only comes once in a long time. With cold weather, this is your opportunity to get good warm clothing at half the regular price. Remember the place—

## THE GLOBE CLOTHING HOUSE

BROCKVILLE

## GREAT Overcoat - Sale

We've got too many Overcoats for this season of the year, and we are going to sell them. They'll go at once, if prices will force them out. If you need an overcoat now, or if you expect to need one next season or the season after, here's your opportunity. Buy now while you can get

### Two Dollars of Overcoat for One Dollar of Money

Here's an investment that will pay better than the Cobalt Silver mines—

Men's Black Overcoats, made for this season, regular \$7.50, \$8.50 and \$10.00, for..... **\$4.68**

Men's Progress Brand Overcoats regular price \$10.00, \$12.00 and \$14.00, for..... **9.85**

## E. WISEMAN & SON

Authorized agents for The Progress Brand Clothing

TWO BUSY STORES—  
BROCKVILLE - AND - SMITH'S FALLS

A tickling cough, from any cause, is quickly stopped by Dr Shoop's Cough Cure. And it is so thoroughly harmless and safe, that Dr Shoop tells mothers everywhere to give it without hesitation even to very young babes. The wholesome green leaves and tender stems of a lung-healing mountainous shrub, furnish the curative properties of Dr Shoop's Cough Cure. It calms the cough, and heals the sore and sensitive bronchial membranes. No opium, no chloroform, nothing harsh used to injure or suppress. Simply a resinous plant extract, that helps to heal aching lungs. The Spaniards call this shrub which the Doctor uses, "The Sacred Herb." Demand Dr Shoop's. Take no other. All dealers.

**THE A.M.S. CONCERT**

The A.M.S. Class of '07 decided to mark the close of their very pleasant term of training by holding a high-class concert, and the event took place on Friday evening last.

The talent engaged consisted of Harold Jarvis, tenor, and Gordon Rogers, entertainer, and together they gave a programme replete with good things. Mr Jarvis added to the fame he gained at his former appearance here and delighted his many admirers.

Mr Rogers, while not uproariously funny, gave excellent impersonations and his monologues were gems of art.

Miss Maude Bradley of Brockville, through whose agency this talent was engaged, presided at the piano as accompanist during the evening.

The piano prelude played by Miss Green and Miss Brigginsshaw was a fitting opening for the excellent programme that followed.

The object of the modelites in arranging this concert was simply to afford themselves and the general public an opportunity of hearing superior talent, and this object was fully attained.

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

"The People's Column" for small ads affords the public a cheap and effective means of buying, selling, renting or changing. If you have any unsatisfied want or if you want to satisfy the want of some wantor, make the fact known through this column. It will do you good.

**SPECIAL NOTICE:**

Subscribers will please examine the date on their address labels, and if it shows that they are not paid up to the end of this year, we will be pleased to receive the amount due as soon as convenient. We need the money.

**MODELITES LOCATED**

The following list shows where some of the Modelites have secured positions for the year 1908:—

Miss S. Bilton, near Merrickville.  
Miss Brigginsshaw, near Toledo.  
Miss Cockrill,  
Miss Derbyshire, Harlow.  
Miss Dier, near Bishop's Mills.  
Miss Green, near Westport.  
Mr Hanna, Twin Elm.  
Mr Kearney, No. 7, Edwardsburg, Carleton Place.  
Miss Kerr, Jollyby.  
Mr E. McLean, Bellamy's.  
Miss Rogers, Daytown school, Delta.  
Miss Patton, North Augusta.  
Miss Scovill, Elcoda.  
Mr Stevens, Osgoode Station.  
Mr Strathern, Godfrey.  
Mr Tackaberry, Phillipaville.

Quite a number of the Modelites who attended this term are under age and must consequently bide a wee.

—Ladies' calling cards, finest quality, printed in Tiffany Text or Invitation Script, at the Reporter office—50c per package.

THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IN EVERY POOR CONDITION



Science Condensed.

Fog is rarely seen in Herne Bay. A light-haired Serbian is in disgrace. Crime is practically unknown in Iceland. St. Christopher is the patron saint of motoring. A drug store in Moscow has a staff of 700 employees. German tourists head the list in Alpine accidents. South Africa is a great field for musical instruments. Dresden has a public bathing establishment for dogs. Leather is used for horseshoes in some parts of Australia. An expert cigarette-maker can turn out four a minute. Norway has 20 hospitals devoted to the treatment of leprosy. The women of Italy are much more industrious than the men. Belgium is said to produce the best grapes, but not the most. The dragon fly moves through the air either backward or forward. Glass weights for scales are now in general use in Switzerland. The average temperature of the entire globe is 50 degrees Fahrenheit. Nearly every Japanese follows the trade or profession of his father. The hair from the tail of a horse is the strongest animal thread known. Italy has a State lottery which distributed over \$3,000,000 last year. A disease-proof potato has been introduced into France from Uruguay. The passenger cars of the State Railways of Germany are painted three different colors to indicate the class. The scheme is said to be a great convenience to travelers. It is possible to read by the light emitted by a half-dozen Jamaican fireflies. The period of incubation is shortest among the humming birds, which is 10 days. Animal life exists at all depths in the ocean, but vegetation will not thrive at great pressures. The oyster will not flourish in water which contains less than 37 parts of salt to every thousand. Papers written with the ordinary inks in use to-day will be illegible 27 years hence, say chemists. As far as human beings are concerned the hair of the female grows much faster than that of the male. One merchant of Tokyo has exported 300,000 frogskins in a single year for the manufacture of purses. During the nineteenth century 62 islands rose from the sea owing to the volcanic action and 16 disappeared. A woman with a pedometer discovered that she covered seven miles a day in doing her ordinary household work. Egypt has a great number of small land owners, over one million persons being the proprietors of the land they occupy. The claim is made that the railroad station at Juvigny in the outskirts of France, will soon be the largest in the world. During the last ten years the plague has killed more people in India than in all the wars since the time of Napoleon. The nationalizing of the railroads of Japan will be accomplished, according to the programme outlined, in 5 years, at a total cost of \$75,000,000. Work includes dock-building, building, building 800 locomotives, 10,000 freight cars, 1,000 passenger cars, reconstructing 30 stations and building five steamers.

ZAM-BUK CURES CATARRH

A Young Lady's Testimony. Miss Ruth V. Carr, of Granby, Ont., says: "We have known for some time how good Zam-Buk is for skin sores and diseases. For these I believe it to be the best healer made. Recently, however, I proved its value in another connection. I had a sore on the inside of my nostril, and at the same time was suffering with catarrh. I put some Zam-Buk inside my nose to cure the sore, and was surprised how the evaporating healing essences gave me ease from the catarrh. So I continued to use Zam-Buk for both purposes, and it answered splendidly, effecting a complete cure. In the winter time I suffer very much with chapped hands. They crack and bleed and are very painful. Zam-Buk I find gives me quick relief, and heals the cracks and sores better than anything I have ever used. Zam-Buk also cures cuts, chapped hands, ulcers, burns, sore legs, abscesses, poisoned wounds, boils, eczema and all skin troubles. Rubbed well in it is a splendid embrocation for rheumatism, neuralgia and sciatica, etc. 50c. a box of all druggists and stores, or postpaid on receipt of price from the Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, 3 boxes for \$1.25.

CHOLERA AND TOBACCO.

Fragnant Weed Kills the Germs of Dread Disease. Some interesting investigations on the vitality of the cholera organisms on tobacco have been made by Wernicke, who writes of the experiments in the Hygienische Rundschau. Small pieces of linen soaked in cholera broth cultures were rolled up in various kinds of tobacco, and the latter made into cigars. At the end of the 24 hours only a few bacilli were found on the linen and none on the leaf. On sterile and dry tobacco leaves the bacilli disappeared in one-half to three hours of incubation. In most unsterilized leaves they disappeared in from one to three days, but on moist and sterile leaves in from two to four days. When introduced into 5 per cent. tobacco infusion (10 grammes of leaves to 200 grammes of water), however, they retained their vitality up to 33 days; but in a more concentrated infusion (one gramme of leaves to two grammes of water) they succumbed in 24 hours. When enveloped in tobacco smoke they were destroyed, both in broth cultures as well as in sterilized and unsterilized saliva, in five minutes. Wernicke then quotes a paper of Tassinari, who describes a series of experiments, in which he prepares broth cultures of different pathogenic microbes, and conducted through tobacco smoke from various kinds of tobacco. Out of 22 separate investigations in only three were the cholera organisms alive after 30 minutes' exposure to tobacco fumes. Wernicke says further that in actual experience the apparently antiseptic properties of tobacco have not infrequently been met with. Thus, during a recent influenza epidemic (as recent as last winter, that is) Visalli mentions the remarkable immunity from this disease which was ascribed to the operatives in tobacco manufactories; that in Genoa, for example, out of 1,200 workpeople thus engaged, not one was attacked, while in Rome the number was so insignificant that the works were never stopped, and no precautions were considered necessary.

NEW YORK'S BUSIEST FIREMEN.

Answered 1,122 Alarms in a Year. Three Times London's Record. A visitor to Fire Headquarters in East Sixty-seventh street was prompted to inquire how the number of calls in a year compares with the number of calls for a year in the busiest districts in London. He was told that there was really no comparison possible, as the New York firemen answered more than twice as many calls a year as the London firemen. It was found later that this was rather understating the case. Truck 18 at 94 Attorney street answered more than 84 calls in the year 1906 than any other company in Greater New York. It responded to 1,122 alarms in the year and did duty at 599 fires. Engine 17 at 91 Ludlow street was a close second, with 1,062 calls during the year, of which only 227 turned out to be real fires. In other words, the men of these two companies had to answer an alarm before sitting down to breakfast, dinner or supper, and then some. The figures for London show an amazing disparity. The Whitechapel station, situated in the most thickly populated part of the city, responded to only 376 calls in the year 1906, including false alarms, an average of one call a day. Shoreditch reported 269 alarms of fire for the year and Manchester Square 26. The firemen at these stations on an average answered an alarm a day or two days, and on the third they rested. To be fair, it should be said, however, that the two New York companies cited were exceptionally busy. The average of calls a year for a New York fire company is about 600. The other extreme is found in the case of South Beach Hose Company 1, on Seaside Boulevard, between Ocean avenue and Sand lane, South Beach, Staten Island, which consists of one four-wheeled hose wagon manned by eight men. Hose 1 answered one alarm in 1906, and it wasn't a false one, either. An interesting point shown by the record of the Fire Department is that the firemen in Harlem and The Bronx were for the most part kept as busy answering alarms, false and otherwise, as their brothers downtown, excepting a few companies in the heart of the East Side. Brooklyn's firemen are not nearly so busy as those of Manhattan, averaging only about two-thirds as many calls a year. Truck 26, installed only a few years ago at 52-54 East 14th street, Manhattan, answered no less than 958 calls and did duty on more than half of them.

Screens for Crushing Tin Ores.

In Cornwall experience shows that woven-wire screens in the stamps which crush tin ores are better than punched plates.

ONE-MILLIONTH OF A SECOND.

Chronograph Which Measures Infinitesimal Parts of Time. A chronograph has been invented which is said to excel by far all former achievements in this field and to admit of measuring one-millionth of a second and even smaller spaces of time. The apparatus is based on the following principle: At the end of a tuning fork of a very high number of vibrations, a hole is provided, through which a pencil of rays falls upon the case of a revolving cylinder, whose circumferential velocity is 30 metres per second. In consequence of the quick vibration of the tuning fork and the rotation of the cylinder the said luminous tuft describes upon the cylinder (which is covered with paper sensitive to the action of light) a curve whose dimensions correspond to certain particles of time.

Living in the Tombs of Egypt.

It is surprising to strangers to find Egyptian families occupying some of the tombs which have been excavated and abandoned. It seems unnecessary to see babies playing cheerfully about the doors of the tomb houses and to watch chickens running in and out as they do at the old dwellings. When questioned about the tombs a dragoon said that those occupied at home had been tombs of ordinary citizens and were of no value as show places for tourists. As some of them have several rooms extending into the rock, and as they are cool in the hottest days of summer and warm in the coldest days of winter, they are altogether desirable as homes. The Egyptians do not share the horror of dead bodies felt by Europeans. Children run about with pieces of mummies, and if they cannot dispose of them to tourists they play with them. A mummified foot or hand is so common in Luxor that one may be purchased for a few cents. Harriet Quimby in Leslie's Weekly.

ROOF'S That Stay Roofed GALVANIZED STEEL SHINGLES. The strongest wind that ever blew can't rip away a roof covered with this locking OSHAWA GALVANIZED STEEL SHINGLES. Rain can't get through it in 25 years (guaranteed in writing for long good for a century, really)—fire can't bother such a roof—proof against all the cheapest goods you'll find here. Write us and we'll show you why it costs less to roof with. Just address THE PEDLAR PEOPLE (INC.) Oshawa Montreal Ottawa Toronto London Winnipeg

Along in His Glory.

In a friendly chat with a winner the other day the question of the railway strike cropped up, and in the course of subsequent conversation I inquired if he had ever been on strike. "I was once," he replied, "and the experience was not a pleasant one. Pressed for particulars, he said: "It happened a good many years ago, when I was working in a pit in Blairstown district. By the time I speak of, strikes had been extremely rare in this particular district; in fact, not a single mine in the work when I worked had ever experienced one. Perhaps this was the reason of their strike to quit work in any case, they decided that their grievance admitted of no other solution. It was arranged at a meeting held one evening that all hands would remain at home next morning and await the manager's inquiry as to their absence from work, when a deputation, which was selected, would inform him how matters stood and request a settlement. From certain knowledge in my possession I was of opinion that the manager would not capitulate without a struggle; and, as I was not prepared for this, I left the place that night to seek for work elsewhere. "And the result?" I asked. "I was the only striker," he replied, grimacing, "and I was the only one who was not, and appeared as usual at their work in the morning."

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT

Removes all hard, soft and calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavins, curbs, splints, ringbones, swellings, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throats, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Curer ever known. Sold by druggists.

A BOX OF GOOD BETTERS.

Better die too early than live too late. Better to lose by buying than to save by borrowing. Better too much fun than too many frowns in one's house. Better a home a bit too strict in government than a home a bit too lax. Better dollars spent for toys and tip-top times at home than pennies spent for prison postage and stationery. Better to have the confidence and affection of your own family than to have the praise of a whole town. Better too great freedom of speech at one's own table than silence, stiffness, and restraint in the interest of "propriety." Better to have in the hearts of others grateful memories of your service and self-sacrifice than to have your home filled with masterpieces of art and literature. Better the noise of a jolly gang of youngsters at home than the silence and solitude in which mother at midnight waits for the sound of footsteps on the pavement.—Bishop J. H. Vincent. Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

John Gets His Orders.

A Newfoundland woman was economical to a degree that pleased rather unpleasantly on her husband John. One fair night a neighbor called at their house, requesting his company for a stroll through the fair John, appreciate the consequences of such a circumstance, made advances, "I'll give him two three barbees to keep his mouth shut," "Oh, I'll warrant you'll be wuntin' that," she replied testily. "Haw, there's three-pence, and see and come home like a best."

Important Medical Discovery.

Dr. Pilimmer has discovered a drug which is far more effective in the treatment of sleeping sickness than atoxyl. Dr. Pilimmer's researches have been carried out for the Tropical Diseases Committee of the Royal Society of Great Britain.

GALBRAITH "MIRACLE" FURTHER CONFIRMED

Additional Evidence of Its Permanence and Its Absolute Reliability.

Many miracles have been reported from St. Anne de Beaupre and other shrines, but Canada has had no such remarkable rescue from the grave as that of Mr. J. A. Galbraith, of Forest, Ont., who was pronounced a hopeless consumptive and given only a few days to live by his physicians. Everybody has heard of the Galbraith miracle. One of the leading business men of Forest, a well known and highly respected public man, writes us: "I know that Galbraith was in bad shape and his case pronounced hopeless, and that something had pulled him together. I have only just learned from himself and his pastor, whose wife's life also was saved by the same remedy, that it was PSYCHINE that did the work." He further says: "The miracle was genuine. I saw Mr. Galbraith in town yesterday; he is looking the pink of health; says he never felt better, and that he is doing his share of the work on the farm instead of being under the soil, where just one year ago the doctors told him he would be." For the man or woman who is weak from any cause, or constitutionally run down, whether the cause be the lungs, stomach, throat or any other vital organ, or whether it is from unaccountable cause, PSYCHINE, the world-renowned tonic and lung restorer, is the safe and certain remedy. Fifty cents and one dollar at your druggist, or Dr. T. A. Siquem Laboratory, 179 King street west, Toronto.

Your Own Master.

Now and then I hear a boy say, "If I could only be my own master, then I would be happy." Did you ever know anyone that amounted to much who was his own master? The only one I ever read about was Robinson Crusoe, and he was a bit of a quack. You have heard of the "independent farmer." He is dependent upon wind, water and frost; he must be at home every morning and night to milk the cows. The physician must buy his clothes and groceries of his patients. No one can be his own master, unless he goes out of the world, into the wilderness, and then he will find himself dependent upon the berries and animals. There is, however, one way of becoming your own master. Let me tell you. It is to stay right where you are, and begin by ruling yourself. That is the first step. Then begin to help other people, and after a while you will find them willing to do anything for you. Your workshop will become a throne.—Selected.

A HARD TASK.

"Hello, Jack, old boy, writing home for money?" "No." "What are you taking so much trouble over, then? You've been fusing and fuming over it for the last two hours." "It's trying to write home without asking for money."

I was cured of terrible lumbago by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

REV. WM. BROWN.

I was cured of a bad case of earache by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

MRS. S. KAULBACK.

I was cured of sensitive lungs by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

MRS. S. MASTERS.

Dirting Folks in Boston Streets.

(From the Boston Herald.) The stranger had been searching nearly half an hour among the mysterious curving ways of the park for Fenway street. At last the trim figure of a hurrying student attracted his eye and he resolved to ask for the necessary information. "Can you tell me, please, where Fenway street is?" he asked. "Yes, indeed," answered the student. "Why're you in it now?" "The stranger looked rather helplessly around at the wealth of arbutus, the smooth roads that seemed to lead only to the city's green-roofed palace. "But I wanted to find a certain number on Fenway street." "Oh," said the student, a helpless expression for a moment clouding her face. "Do you know, there's a street down there," she pointed, "delicately lined and bordered into a clump of elm. I don't know the name of it, never did know that it had a name; why don't you try that one?"—From the Boston Herald.

ITCH NOT POPULAR.

Squire Hawkins—So you won't speak to me, eh? Mrs. Jorkins—I never speak to my husband's enemies. Squire Hawkins—Then you must talk to yourself most o' th' time.

The Last Straw.

When the froet is on th' punkin and the tang is in th' air, When th' sunnuc turns to yaller and th' woods is red and rare, When th' squirrel's shrill staccato sasses th' lovers in th' grove, It is a time for married cellers t' be puttin' up th' stove!

When th' morning bright and golden when th' haze is over all.

Down upon his knees, repentant, every married man should crawl— When th' grapes is hanging purple and th' black nuts is ripe, Is th' time t' bump his noodle in th' attic, hunting pipe! When th' wind is sorter sougihin' through th' bare air, nacked, bare, Is th' time for married fellers to be thwartin' in of a sneeze— When th' time is kinda aifty and th' sooty reply blows, That's th' time for married cusses to be wipin' of their noses! When th' atmosphere is warm'n', not with sun, but with you know, That's th' sychologic moment when th' cuspid pipes won't go! When th' embueans dance and dazzle through th' winders soft and rife, That's th' time for cuspid creation with th' comin' of yer wife! She kin tell you how t' do it in th' golden tinted fall, When th' frost is on th' punkin and th' It's enough t' make a feller want t' quit home and rove To be laughed at by a woman when th' puttin' up a stove! —Byron Williams.

The Yarn of the Mameluke's Leap.

It is a pity to spoil a good story, and the story of the Mameluke's famous leap, which is recounted to every visitor to the citadel of Cairo, is a good one. But it is a fiction founded on the fact that only a single Mameluke of the seven hundred and odd who were mustered in Cairo on that fatal morning survived the massacre, but he survived because he was on the sick list at the time, and was consequently unable to attend the parade in the citadel, and the Pasha, having nothing to fear from a single man spared his life. A story never loses in the telling in the mouth of an Egyptian, and he is quite capable of inventing one to account for any incident or appellation that he does not happen to understand. There were formerly two gates to the citadel of Cairo, called respectively the Gate of the Janissaries and the Gate of the Asaba, from the titles of two Turkish military corps to whom their charge was confided. But the existence and the very name of these corps have long been forgotten by the Egyptians, and they accounted for the name Bab elAsab by inventing a story of a saint called Sidi Asab, around whose name a whole legend of marvels and miracles has grown up, while the little chamber in the gateway formerly occupied as the guardhouse is pointed out as the saint's hermitage. By and by, Mr. Knight-Adkin in his stirring and spirited ballad, "Safe to the citadel," represented the massacre as occurring when the Mamelukes were entering the citadel. It was when they were leaving it that it really occurred. The whole of them had entered into the lane which leads to the death trap before the gates at each end were closed before and behind them. The spot pointed out as the scene of the Mameluke's leap is on the terrace of the citadel.—London Spectator.

Shiloh's Cure

Cures Coughs and Colds QUICKLY. Use Shiloh's Cure for the worst cold, the sharpest cough—try it on a guarantee of your money back if it doesn't actually CURE quicker than anything you ever tried. Safe to take—nothing in it to hurt even a baby. 34 years of success commend Shiloh's Cure—25c, 50c, \$1. 215

Garments From Woven Wood.

Wooden hats, coats, carpets, towels, as well as "wooden shoes," are promised by Prof. Emil Clavies, of Dresden, who is said to expect to teach all human beings to wear wooden clothes. After being ground into pulp as for paper and the wood is impregnated with chemicals and woven into yarns and threads of various thicknesses. This is called zylzin and is woven by ordinary looms into wooden linens, canvas, etc. The clothes made from these are from three to ten times as cheap as the woolen or cotton articles. By varying the treatment of the pulp the garments can be made as warm as wool and as cool as sheerest linen. In a few months he promises to put forth a garment that need never be washed nor cleaned by any agency but fire. The first to use these fireproof garments will probably be the doctors and nurses in the German hospitals. For cleansing these garments a metal clothes hanger is used with a gas burner. The suit is hung over the burner, and when the gas is lighted gleams like a huge incandescent gas mantle. A second of the white heat kills every germ, and a minute or two reduces spots and stains to gas and ash. After the garments are cooled a few strokes of the clothes brush completes the process.—Chicago Tribune.

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for th' trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 8, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money but write her to-day if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chance are it can't help. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

Wireless Words Across the Atlantic.

It is computed that about 14,000 words were sent over the Atlantic on the opening day of the wireless telegraphy service from the United Kingdom to Canada.



14k Cuff Links \$2.50

OUR \$5.50 pair of solid 14k gold Cuff Links will make a good practical Christmas gift to a man.

THEY are substantially made, and reinforced in the places where the ordinary link gives out.

Our Illustrated Catalogue showing a large assortment of Cuff Links will be mailed upon request.

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How the Artist's Model "Happens."

Most of our models are not made; they just happen. Girls in most cases of breeding and intelligence, want to make a little money for some special occasion. Some acquaintance recognizes that they have distinction and style and gives them the address of some illustrator who happens to need just such a person. They pose once in this way, more or less from necessity, find they can make an independent living in a congenial manner, and so come again. In consequence the women who pose for a livelihood in New York are exceedingly nice as a class. The prevalent idea that the words "artist's model" necessarily means a highly paid, greatly petted, and utterly degraded individual is ridiculous in the extreme. A first class artist's model in New York City receives three dollars a day for six hours' hard work. A photographic model has, of course, a different proposition. She has shorter hours and higher rates. —From "Being a Model" by Charles F. Peters in the Bohemian for October.



St. George's Baking Powder

is best for Biscuits—best for Cakes—best for Pies—best for everything you bake that requires Baking Powder.

"One can try, will always make you buy St. George's."

Have you a copy of our new Cook Book? Sent free if you write National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

Taken at His Word.

Master Walter, aged five, had eaten the soft portions of his toast at breakfast, and piled the crusts on his plate. "When I was a little boy," remarked his father, who sat opposite him, "I always ate the crust of my toast." "Did you like them?" inquired his offspring cheerfully. "Yes," replied the parent. "You may have these," said Master Walter, pushing his plate across the table.—Harper's Weekly.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Doctor (to patient's son-in-law)—She is extremely ill, but it is not a question of moments. Son-in-law—How long will it be, do you think? Doctor—An hour, or an hour and a half, perhaps. Son-in-law—O, well, then I've got time to have my lunch in peace at any rate. —Noe Lohrke.

BEER HELPS DIGESTION

WHAT little alcohol there is in Ontario-brewed beer greatly aids the stomach to digest its food,—ask your own doctor if beer with meals wouldn't be good for you. Beer increases the flow of gastric juices, and so helps much to cure dyspepsia. The right use of beer tones the whole digestive tract,—makes the system get all the good of food instead of part of that good.

BEER is brewed in Ontario which covers larger area, proper, and steady use of Ontario Breweries, implies beverage that is pure, healthful, and invigorating. It is the best in the world.

T H I S O R I G I N A L D O C U M E N T I S I N V E R Y P O O R C O N D I T I O N

AJAX OIL A Liniment—An Absolute Cure for Rheumatism. A new Remedy to Canadians, but thousands in other countries have been cured. See what a prominent Toronto citizen says of Ajax Oil. Toronto, Nov. 26, 1907. The Ajax Oil Co., Toronto, Ont. Dear Sirs,—This is to express my appreciation for your rheumatism cure. On the advice of a friend I purchased a bottle of Ajax Oil Liniment for rheumatism, and can safely say it certainly is a specific for rheumatism. I suffered intensely for years and tried nearly every known remedy, also had the advice of the best physicians but without any satisfactory results till I used your Ajax Oil, and now I can safely say I am completely cured. I give this testimonial entirely unhesitatingly, so that others similarly afflicted may know of your wonderful treatment—Ajax Oil Liniment. Yours very truly, Geo. Milligan, Mfr. "Arabella" cigars. Sold in 8 oz. bottles—\$2.00 per bottle. Send \$2.00 by money order or registered letter, and you will receive a bottle of Ajax Oil by return mail. AJAX OIL CO., TORONTO, CANADA DEPT. A



The Best... Christmas.

(By Lady Somerset.) A child sat bending over her work. Her curly hair fell over her eyes. The sunlight was playing on the flower-beds, and white butterflies fluttered among the blossoms over the green lawn where she sat, and yellow-thighed bees boomed among the trees.

"What are you doing, Nelly?" she asked. "I am dressing the doll. I am so anxious to get it ready, it seems more like being a real mother, doesn't it, to have made its clothes?" and she looked up with grave eyes into the woman's face.

"I wonder if you have thought," said her mother, sitting down beside her, "what thousands of children there are who have no dolls to play with. They dress up the leg of an old chair, or sometimes they wrap a carrot in a newspaper to make believe that they are dolls. There was a little child who used to play on a doorstep, and I know how well, who had nothing but an old story book, but she loved it, I think, almost more than you love any of your dolls. But one day a rough man passing by trod upon it and broke it to pieces, and then she had nothing."

"The child put her work down, and looked into her mother's face. "Nothing!" she said. "Oh, how dreadful!" Then she got up, and stood with her hands behind her back, gazing out beyond the flowerbeds and beyond the garden, as though she were looking away to some distant thing she had never noticed before.

"Children without dolls and without toys? That does seem a terrible thing! Suppose—and then her whole face lit up—"that instead of keeping this doll I gave it at Christmas time to some little child who had no doll, I wonder whether that would not be better? May I send this doll, may I take it to some little child, mother?" And she held it up for a moment, looking lovingly into its face, stroking its flaxen hair, and then tucked it up in her arms. "May I take it myself, and give it myself to the child on the doorstep?"

"I don't know how you can give it yourself," said her mother, "London is a long way off; but you can dress it and make it beautiful, and we will find somebody who will take it to a child who has no toys."

The summer sun had gone, the flowers were nearly all asleep, and the butterflies were hiding away, trying to keep warm through the cold winter, so that they might flutter out again in the first spring sunshine. But many of them had died in the rain which poured down all through the autumn days. There was no child in the garden now, and the only sound that was heard was the rustle of the dead leaves as they floated down on to the grass. The child had gone to London. She had been very ill, and the doctor came and looked grave, and said that her mother must take her away to see some clever man in the city; and so instead of looking out over the wide garden and the grass and the flower-beds, Nelly was sitting in a little stuffy room in London hotel. The doctor came every day and put their ears to her chest, and weighed her in great scales to see whether she was getting fatter, and her mother looked very grave, and would often turn away and look out of the window when the doctors undressed her, as though she wanted to hide her face.

But when December came Nelly began to grow stronger, and she was allowed sometimes to go out for a walk in Kensington gardens. She was taken there in a closed cab, so she did not see anything of the sights of London, and the walk seemed very dull to her because she could not run about and dig in her flower garden as she did at home. By-and-by it was Christmas time. It seemed a very dreary Christmas. She was all alone, and her brothers and sisters were in the country and all her little friends. Mother had said that she should have a very tiny Christmas tree all to herself, but that did not seem much fun. They always had such a jolly time, and when her brothers brought their friends back from school for the holidays they said it was the happiest Christmas home in the world. And so it was, for mother never minded noise, and they could play hide-and-seek all over the house. The only thing she was ever strict about was that directly she said it was time to go to bed they were never to ask to stay up a little longer. They had had their fun, she said, and she always wanted to be obeyed, and of course mother knew best. But this Christmas was very different. It was terrible to be all alone, and though mother read aloud and did all she could to amuse her, still Nelly did sigh for a good romp and a giggle with the other children. One morning as she lay in bed she suddenly remembered the doll she had dressed in the summer time and she asked her mother to get it out of the drawer; then as it lay on the bed with the clothes she had made, she recollected that she meant to give it to some child who had no toys, and when her mother came to take her out she reminded her of her promise, and she said: "To-morrow, mother, is Christmas day. Won't you let me take it to some little child who has no toys?" And her mother said she would.

So the next day they set out in a four-wheeled cab, and drove a long way till they came to a great broad street; then her mother sent away the cab, and they walked a little bit and turned down a very narrow one. There were a great many children playing in the street, and they made a great deal of noise. On one of the steps sat a little girl. Her grimy face was resting on her hand, and she looked out on the children playing as though

the game did not interest her much. The children were singing in the street something about—

"If you want a nice young man, Stuff him with bread and jam." But the little girl played no heed to the song.

"She has got no doll, I am sure," said Nelly, in a loud whisper to her mother.

"Ask her," said the woman. "Have you got a doll, little girl?" said Nelly, standing in front of her, and speaking shyly.

"No, I haven't and that's a fact," said the child, looking up. "I was given one when I went to a treat at Southend, but I giv' it to my young Polly when she went to the 'ospital, I did."

By this time a crowd of eager children had gathered round the doerstep, and Nelly was getting very shy. "Would you like a doll?" she said, and then hastily pulled out her parcel, thrust it into the child's lap, and turned to go away.

"Oh, moi," said the child, as she opened the parcel. "Gawd 'n 'eaven 'as sent Father Christmas, an' no mistake."

But Nelly was some way down the street and the pink color was bright in her cheeks. "That night as she sat by her mother and listened to the Christmas bells, with the toys that had been sent to her ranged round her, and the little twinkling candles of the tiny Christmas tree burning one by one, she laid her head upon her mother's lap and said: 'I don't know but what, after all, it has been the nicest Christmas. Do you remember, mother?' she continued, 'that the sainted God sent the doll to her? I think I like to do God's errands.'"

A GOOD CHRISTMAS STORY.

There comes to our table just in time for our Christmas issue the following, which we are glad to put before our readers:

Miss M., daughter of one of our prominent merchants, had been invited to a Christmas party where she would meet a young gentleman in regard to whom she had special interest, and desired to look her best. She persuaded her father to make her a Christmas present of forty dollars, with which she proposed to obtain some very beautiful trimming for the dress she intended to wear. On her way to purchase the trimming she had occasion to pass through a street filled with the tenements of the poor, and found her way blocked by a crowd in the middle of which was a sewing machine.

Scarcely ever before had she been in close contact with actual misery. Poor, to her, simply meant not rich. But as she was about to seek a passage through the crowd, words fell upon her ears that arrested her attention.

"Twenty-five dollars I've paid you on that machine, and now you're not here to me. I only ask time. I'm an honest woman. I'll pay you. Man, do you know it's all there is between us and starvation! Let me have the thing back. It's but ten dollars I owe you."

"You've owed that two months," replied the man. "Come, let go, missus. I don't want to hurt you. I've got to obey orders—money or the machine."

But the woman did not relinquish her hold. Still clutching the machine she turned her agonizing eyes upon the bystanders.

"Twenty-five dollars," she repeated, "and the machine never failed until Jim broke his leg, and his work stopped, and his wages with it, and I'd doctor bills and all."

"No, that she didn't," cried a voice from the crowd. "I'm knowing to her honesty."

"And he'd better be off with his cart," cried a man who had stalked out of the entry of the house near which the crowd had gathered, rolling up his sleeves.

"Look here, good people," exclaimed the man who held the machine, "I don't want to do this. I obey orders or lose my place and my bread and butter. She had better go to the boss and talk to him—not to me."

"I've been," said the woman. "He's made of stone. I told him he's starve us. There, what is the use. They've more than the worth of the thing now, God knows, but they've the power. Take it." And she let go her hold and covered her eyes with her hands.

But in the place of her rough, red fingers, others, dainty and small and well gloved, came down upon the cover of the machine, and Miss M. said, "Will you let this woman keep her machine if I pay you ten dollars?"

"Them's the boss's orders, Miss," replied the man, "and I'd be glad to do it, too."

Then, while the crowd gathered close, and the woman shook her head and pitied the man who sobbed with joy, Miss M. drew the sum named from her purse, received a receipt which she gave the poor woman, and experienced the delight which the performance of an utterly unselfish act brings with it.

"I don't mind anything, now, Miss," sobbed the woman. "The machine is my own, and I don't mind how hard I work. The only great tug is the landlord—four dollars a month for rent."

Miss M. handed the woman twelve dollars to pay three months' rent, at the end of which time the woman thought that her husband would be able to work.

As she took her way home she had no regrets for the lost trimming, and at the Christmas party which she attended she was made particularly happy by the kind attentions of the young gentleman whose good opinion she was anxious to obtain.

The Christmas Schemer. (Atlanta Constitution.) De ehllun gittin' all so good. Dey mammy stop on say; Dey sorter 'frad de angels. Gwine take 'em all away. Dey des so still aroun' de house— So sweet dar at dey play! But w'en she study 'bout it She knows de reason why! De sorter see de Christmas lights 'n 'em twinklin' in de sky. En de song dey hear is singin' Is 'Christmas be an' 'em."

The Christmas Spirit.

Eight-year-old Dorothy curled herself up in the broad window seat where the afternoon sun sent his lingering rays through the curtained window right over her shoulder and lit up the smiling face of an Indian maid on the printed page before her. Slowly Dorothy turned the leaves of the large volume. One page showed the picture of an Eskimo village another the dusky countenance of a small Arab playing on the sand before a tent pitched in the open wilderness.

A lady entered the room, and Dorothy looked up with a sigh of happiness. "Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, "it is all so beautiful. I never get tired of looking at my wonderful book. How I would like better than anything else in the world."

Dorothy gently closed the precious volume and jumped up to fling her arms around the loved mother in an ecstatic embrace.

"It is because I love you, my darling," responded Mrs. Stanley, tenderly caressing the soft brown curls. "Do you know, little daughter, that Christmas will soon be here again?"

"Yes, indeed, mamma. It is just two weeks from to-day. I have been thinking that you could not possibly give me anything this Christmas that can compare with my lovely book."

"Suppose, Dorothy, we sit down here together on this cosy seat and talk about it. You know dear, that on Christmas Day all Christian people and nations the world over celebrate the birth of the Saviour of mankind. You know that people show their love and interest in other people by sending gifts, as the wise men showed their adoration before the infant Christ by laying offerings at His feet. You, my daughter, know what pleasure it is to give presents to your little cousins and your girl friends and to papa and myself."

"Yes, mamma," cried Dorothy, "I have my list made out now. There are twelve people I want to remember this Christmas and I have five dollars and forty cents in my bank. Won't it be fun to go shopping?"

"Yes, dear, but have you ever thought that there may be some little boys and girls who will get no gifts at Christmas time. Their fathers and mothers are too poor to buy any, and often there are children who do not even have enough to eat or enough clothing to keep them warm."

"Oh, mamma," sighed Dorothy, sympathetically. "Yes, dear, should we not think also of them as well as of those we love? Think, little daughter, the Lord Christ left His beautiful home in heaven, and came to earth and lived a life of hardship and poverty, doing good, because God wanted to show us how much he loved us. He has done much for us. The Lord Christ loved and suffered on earth, and at last gave His life that we might be better. Ought we not to do something to celebrate Christ's birthday, something to show how much we love Him in return for His great sacrifice for us?"

"Yes, mamma," replied Dorothy, in a subdued little voice. "Then what do you think we should do, dear? Remember that the gift God sent to the world on the first Christmas Day was His only Son, and it was because He loved us so, we are so unworthy, and we do so little to show our love. We are so selfish."

Mrs. Stanley concluded with a deep, regretful sigh, having about forgotten the curly head beside her.

"But, mamma, how can we do anything for God—he is so great and so far away!"

"Have you forgotten the lesson we read this morning, dear, 'If ye do it unto the least of these, ye do it unto me.'"

"Oh, mamma, mamma. I see now, but how can I do it? Oh, mamma, how can I ever do it?" and Dorothy burst into convulsive weeping.

Mrs. Stanley held her little daughter in a close embrace, not attempting to comfort by words until the paroxysm of grief had somewhat passed. She knew that her darling, the only little one God had sent to their home, must learn her lesson of sacrifice for love's sake.

After a time Dorothy's sobs became gentler, and she explained to her mother, and understood now, mamma; I will have to give my book—the world's almost choked her—"my book to Nellie Sims. She is thirteen, and she never owned a book in all her life."

Dorothy possessed a number of books and heaps of toys, for she was an only and much-loved child. Mrs. Stanley was a wise woman. She did not attempt to frustrate the truth her talk had im-

pressed upon her little daughter by suggesting that some of her toys be given, or even another book that was not so dear to the child's heart. No, if she were to learn the lesson of sacrifice, the true spirit of the Christmas time, she must give the thing that would cost her something.

The "Christmas spirit" sank deep into little Dorothy's heart. She did not waver in her determination to give the loved book. One day she came to her mother with a plan she had worked out, and she met with true motherly sympathy and co-operation.

Dorothy had spread the "Christmas spirit" until a number of her friends and playmates entered into it right heartily. They all knew of one or two poor children that they wished to present the dearest possessions to. Frank Mayberry, after struggling with his conscience for two days, told Dorothy that he was ready to give up his "Speedwell" sled to poor Bob Hockney. Mabel Somers said she would give her beautiful "Lady Beth" to little Hannah White.

So the good heaven spread. Mrs. Stanley consented to help the little people, and on Christmas Eve the children gathered with their little gifts from poverty-stricken homes in the beautiful home of Dorothy. What a delightful evening it was, with games and well-spread supper table!

Last of all, gifts were distributed. Nowhere in the great city was the "Christmas spirit" more truly manifest than in that mixed company of little folks. The donors gave cheerily, though with a feeling that a big part of their heart was being carried off, while the guests accepted the presents in the spirit in which they were offered, seeming to realize at least in part the sacrifice that was made for their happiness.

"Mamma," said Dorothy, as she received her good-night kiss, "there's an awful hole in my heart, but I don't seem to mind it a bit, I feel so kind of light and happy."

IT DEPENDS. Lady—Well, what do you want? Tramp—Wot have yer got?



English Christmas a Merry Hold-Up. An English Christmas isn't a Saengerfest, Tibury, it's a begginfest. The band plays, but it plays with one hand while the other one is out for coin. The boys and men sing their Christmas hymns, and then take a collection; and you can't see it through the fog. Some of the railway stations are decorated, and you've scarcely had time to remark that you think it's a very beautiful custom when an itching palm appears between you and the holly. The postman says, "Merry Christmas," and waits for you to be generous, and the lamplighter, and the paper boy, and the man who delivers groceries, and the boy from the cake-shop. Porters follow you wherever you go, and servants whom you never saw before bob up in numbers. And out in the street, whenever you hear anyone say "Merry Christmas," you mechanically push your hand in your pocket. It isn't Christmas, Tibury; it's an organized hold-up.—From "Mr. Ruggles, of New York, Writes Home," in the Bohemian for December.

Jolly Game to Play After Christmas Dinner. Something new in the way of an observation party, and something that you will find jolly as part of the Christmas evening entertainment. Place these objects tastefully on the dining-room table, each guest on entering the room being furnished with a catalogue of the subjects, supposed to be different paintings, made out so that blank spaces will be left to the right for answers. From 15 to 25 minutes are allowed to guess and write down the answers as fast as they are discovered. The persons whose lists are the nearest correct receive the prizes. A booby prize for the one who was the least successful adds to the fun.

Below is given the list of 40 subjects and also the answers. From the latter you will know what objects to collect and how to place them on the table:

Departed Days—Last year's calendar. Scene in Bermuda—Onions. We Part to Meet Again—Scissors. The Reigning Favorite—Umbrella. Home of Burns—Flatiron. The Greatest Bet Ever Made—Alpha-bet.

gran'pa's Christmas Eve. I. On Christmas Eve, my gran'pa he he set up my Christmas tree. An' nen he laugh an' shake his head. An' say 't'ime 'at I'm in bed; But I say 'I'll not say good-night— I'm go' sit up; pa said I might As long as I want to, because I'm go' to wait for Santa Claus.

II. Nen gran'pa he ist laugh again. An' say he en-ny me! an' nen He get a great big rockin' chair. An' sit down in it over there; An' take me in his lap an' say It seem ist like 'twas yesterday When he would wait by candlelight For Santa Claus to come at night.

III. So all the folks they go to bed, But me an' gran'pa wait, instead. An' he gets talkin' 'bout the time When he's a boy, ist same's if I'm A great big man like him, or he Ist a little boy like me. An' how he'd watch for Santa Claus To come down where their fireplace was.

IV. Nen I tell him how some folks say There ain't no Santa, anyway! An' he stumps at lame leg o' his An' says: "You tells them folks there is!" An' nen he tell me how he brought The bestest gift he ever got— At Santa on one Christmas Day. Give him my gran'ma, anyway.

V. An' nen I laugh, but he don't speak— A great big tear was on his cheek! Because my gran'ma's gone away To some place where the angels stay; An' no I bug my gran'pa tight— An' next we sleep we've slept all night! An' I got lots o' things, because My gran'pa knows Santa Claus. —Wilbur D. Nesbit, in The Pilgrim for December.

A Line From Home—Clothesline. The House the Colonel Lived In—Cornucop without the corn. Cause of the American Revolution—Tacks on a letter T. A Place for Reflection—Hand mirror. Dear in Winter—Eggs. Scene in a Baseball Game—Pitcher. A Drive Through the Wood—Block of wood with nail driven through. A Mute Choir—Quire of Paper. A Trophy of the Chase—Brush. A Rejected Beau—Old ribbon bow. A Skylight—A star. Our Colored Waiter—Black tray. Sweet Sixteen—Sixteen lumps of sugar. Consolation—Pipe. Common Sense—Pennies. The Black Friar—Black fryngpan. Cole's Memories of the Grate—Cinders.

The Four Seasons—Mustard, vinegar, salt and pepper. A Morning Call—A Bell. Assorted Liquors—Whip, switch and slipper. The Skipper's Home—Cheese. An Absorbing Subject—Blotter or sponge. A Dancing Entertainment—A ball. Bound to Shine—Bottle of shoe blacking. Old-fashioned Flowers—Lady's slipper. A Shining But Leaves—Block of white writing paper.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Been fightin', boy! you Jack and Roy! You've punched each other's face. So, I'm the judge to hear your grudge, And settle this here case? What, jealous, shame; you're both to blame. "Bow sweethearts? that's the cause. Here, Roy, come back! Shake hands with Jack; Now, you two kids clasp paws.

Quick! that's the way; it's Xmas Day. Heigho! be friends, you foes. Your mothers were twin sisters, they Were lovely, May and Rose. Your dad, Jack, boy, 's my brother Roy, And you're named "Jack" for me, You're almost brothers, guess that's why You like to disagree.

Now, listen, boy! "Jack's father, Roy, He was to marry Rose. One Christmas day I sat with May; Took courage to propose. May said, "she used my brother, Roy," Also, "that Rose loved me." To make it short, boys, we fought, Punched, 'till we couldn't see!

Roy, reckoned that I'd nip'd his Rose. I thought he'd stole my May—caught my eye. Then May and Rose had words, then blows, Then pullin' hair—got gay. Roy was a sight! I showed up bright. Then, what do you suppose? That Christmas day, Roy turned to May, And I nudg'd up to Rose.

That change of sweethearts made us glad, The fuss had cleared the air, We plastered up our faces, lad, Our girls fixed their mused hair. 'Twas Rose-y May, that Christmas day; And happy Roy, and me, We joked and chaffed, and kissed, and laughed, That's how it happened. See?

It's great delight to see you fight, And then make up and cry. The dinner bell! methinks I smell Roast turkey and mince pie. Look! there's your mothers—on the porch— Whose faces beam with joy. Climb up—you, Jack—get "piggy back," Ho! there's your daddy, "Roy."

GRAN'PA'S CHRISTMAS EVE. I. On Christmas Eve, my gran'pa he he set up my Christmas tree. An' nen he laugh an' shake his head. An' say 't'ime 'at I'm in bed; But I say 'I'll not say good-night— I'm go' sit up; pa said I might As long as I want to, because I'm go' to wait for Santa Claus.

II. Nen gran'pa he ist laugh again. An' say he en-ny me! an' nen He get a great big rockin' chair. An' sit down in it over there; An' take me in his lap an' say It seem ist like 'twas yesterday When he would wait by candlelight For Santa Claus to come at night.

III. So all the folks they go to bed, But me an' gran'pa wait, instead. An' he gets talkin' 'bout the time When he's a boy, ist same's if I'm A great big man like him, or he Ist a little boy like me. An' how he'd watch for Santa Claus To come down where their fireplace was.

IV. Nen I tell him how some folks say There ain't no Santa, anyway! An' he stumps at lame leg o' his An' says: "You tells them folks there is!" An' nen he tell me how he brought The bestest gift he ever got— At Santa on one Christmas Day. Give him my gran'ma, anyway.

V. An' nen I laugh, but he don't speak— A great big tear was on his cheek! Because my gran'ma's gone away To some place where the angels stay; An' no I bug my gran'pa tight— An' next we sleep we've slept all night! An' I got lots o' things, because My gran'pa knows Santa Claus. —Wilbur D. Nesbit, in The Pilgrim for December.

...The Christmas... Evangel.

There was little in the outward life of Bethlehem on that ever memorable night in the long ago to indicate that the event in which all the converging lives of the past met, and which formed a new era in the world's history, was about to take place. Men and women pursued their wonted round heedless of that which would invest their little city with an immortal halo and make it the centre of the world's adoration. And in the larger world the coming event created scarcely a ripple in the stagnant pool. Men of high repute and few knew not and cared not that the promise of the centuries was to be fulfilled, and that the Christ was to be born in the city of David.

The event which to heedless men with faced turned earthward seemed unimportant was one of the things "which the angels desire to look into." The going of the Son of God to tabernacle among men for their redemption stirred the heavenly hosts. That He should lay aside His glory and dwell as a man among men was an event pregnant with far-reaching issues. It was the dawning of a new and brighter day for the world. The first born of the sons of light was to bridge the gulf between earth and heaven, and the name by which the children of men in all the coming centuries were to know Him was that sweet name Immanuel, "which being interpreted is God with us."

One sometimes wishes that he could read this marvellous story of the birth of Christ for the first time. Our very familiarity with it has to some extent dimmed its beauty, and yet it would be strangely soiled and calloused heart that could read that wonderful story without a thrill. We see the Shekinah glory gleaming forth from the sky in the quiet midnight hour and filling the humble shepherds with an agony of fear. We hear the Evangel spoken by angelic lips "Fear not; for behold I bring unto you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord." And then we hear the burstin forth of the angelic choir into that gladdest, sweetest song that ever woke the echoes of this gray old world: "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men."

The music of that angel song is deathless. It tells us of God's seeking and saving love. It tells us of peace between God and man and between man and his fellows. It gives us a glimpse into the great heart of infinite love. It rebukes our gross and vulgar selfishness. Nothing can so speedily burn the ingrained selfishness out of our souls as a vision of the Son of God born in a stable into a life of perpetual self-renunciation which terminated on the cross. Amid the din and clamor of the world's carnage and war and self-seeking the message has often been but feebly heard. But it has never entirely vanished, and as each new Christmas day comes we hear anew the melody with its soul-stirring appeal calling us to a higher, nobler, more Christ-like life. And that message which bid hate and selfishness begone is gaining in power as the years go on, for we are coming to see that it is only as the world can be transformed from a great battlefield into the home of men of all ranks and classes united in the bonds of happy brotherhood.

In the midst of the Christmas joy let our ears be attuned to catch the deeper meaning of the angel song. Immanuel—God with us—Christ in our hearts, in our homes, in our daily task—our whole life in all its manifold phases shot through with His presence. Let us not make the fatal blunder of the men of old who crowded the Christ out of the stable, let us give Him His rightful place in our lives. And let us see to it that we do not go back from the joy and gladness and feasting of the Christmastide to the old lives of dreary and sordid selfishness for He whose advent the angels heralded with glad acclaim came "not to minister unto but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for the many."—Presbyterian.

MISTLETOE.

Mythology connected with remote regions has used the mistletoe in its religious ceremonies. In the sagas of Scandinavian folklore you will find that it was with a twist of mistletoe as an arrow fashioned from one, that the blind god Hoder shot at Balder, the god of light, whose mother Freya had neglected to render mistletoe harmless to her son. It was the only thing among plants, animals or minerals which had neglected to give this promise to the goddess Freya, and for that reason was chosen by Hoder. For this cause you will find that among northern nations, even to this day, the mistletoe is regarded as poisonous. In England no such bad qualities are ascribed to it, and in portions of the kingdom it is used for treatment of heart trouble. It was used in Pliny's time for the preparation of birdlime, and it has been long known that wandering birds were responsible for the carrying of its seeds on their bills, and when once it has a foothold on a tree it never leaves it till the tree dies. Every country has its name for it, since it is widely distributed. The Arabs call it Dabueh, the Italians Vischio, the Spaniards Liga morgado, the Germans Eichenmistel, and the Dutch Marentackel. When once you have seen it growing in splendid balls of green high in the air sung to by mocking birds and fanned by clouds of hanging moss, you no longer wonder that it seems a plant half mythical and wholly mysterious. You would never yourself think of plucking it, and only wonder that there are any who would do so unholly a thing! When once it is brought down from its airy home you are glad enough to have a bit, not to dream on, but to wonder on, and to map out in fancy the charmed spot where it grew and to debate to yourself whether it was planted by a silver-tongued thrush, or carried by a scented breeze from its parents, who for long



## For Lung Troubles

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral certainly cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, consumption. And it certainly strengthens weak throats and weak lungs. There can be no mistake about this. You know it is true. And your own doctor will say so.

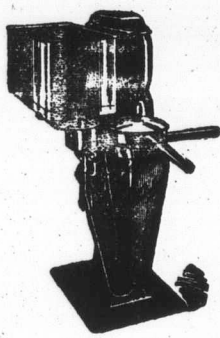
"The best kind of a testimonial—Sold for over sixty years."

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.  
**Ayer's**  
 Sarsaparilla, Pills, Hair Vigor.  
 We have no secret! We publish the formula of all our medicines.

Keep the bowels regular with Ayer's Pills and thus hasten recovery.

## The - Sharples

TUBULAR



## CREAM SEPARATO

Light, Simple, Durable—Easy to operate, easy to clean. Try it and you'll buy it. A test costs you nothing. Call and see the Sharples at my office, Main street, Athens.

W. B. Percival

Agent for leading Pianos and Organs, Gramophones, the Raymond and New Williams Sewing Machines.

Dr. S. E. THOMPSON, V.S.

GRADUATE Ontario Veterinary College. Thirteen years experience in general practice. Day or night calls attended to promptly. Office—Main Street, Athens, next door to Karley's hardware store. Residence—Victoria Street.

## CEMENT

Blocks  
Bricks  
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of any kind of the best quality and design. For full particulars apply to or write

Brookville Cement, Pressed Brick & Concrete Co. Ltd.  
 25 A. ST. W. 227-228-229-230-231-232

The Best on the Market

St. REGIS LUMBAGO CURE



Guaranteed to Cure Lame Back or money refunded!

An excellent remedy for Rheumatism, Lame Back, Etc., Etc.

Read the following testimonial from a man you all know:

Mr. W. A. Singleton, Forfar, Feb. 6, 1907.

Dear Sir—Being laid up with lame back, I thought I would drop you a line to tell you that your St. Regis Lumbago cure will do all you claim for it, as I have only used part of the bottle and I feel no returning symptoms of the disease.

may say I have been troubled with lame back for the last ten years, and tried several other patent medicines but without results. I can heartily recommend it to any troubled with lame back, and I feel safe in saying that it's the cheapest medicine on the market.

Yours Truly,  
 JAMES McCUE

If your dealer does not keep this medicine kindly ask him to order same for you as any sized order will be filled promptly.  
 First order, freight prepaid.  
 Yours truly,  
 W. A. SINGLETON

## THE TEA-KETTLE'S SONG

When the winter casts its mantle o'er the landscape pure and white, And the sunlight flecks the foldings with its jewels blinding bright, Over all the sleeping valleys where the rural people dwell, There's a peaceful touch of evening, something like a tender spell.

Then it is that things forgotten steal from out their veiled retreat, Bringing with them songs of gladness in a rhythm, oh, so sweet, Songs which long ago were hallowed, songs which once the welkin rang, But the one I hold divinely is the song the kettle sang.

Soft and low, far in the distance, sweet that old tea-kettle sings, What a wealth of pleasant memories of the by gone days it brings; Like a vast warm bosom glowing in the sunset world of light, Sweet, infused with cheerful message, I can hear it sing to night.

Rest ye weary from your labors in the cheerful cottage bright, In the song that old tea kettle sings for us afar to-night; Sweet the carol of the white throats at the early birth of spring, But it's joy at every season just to hear the kettle sing.

On the wood-stove in the kitchen I can see the curling steam, And the form of her who loves me with her mother face again; I can smell the supper's savor, see the old red table spread, I can hear the call of welcome making all the household glad.

'Tis a kindly song of welcome from the dear old-fashioned home, Calling to the friends and neighbors bidding one and all to come; There I see the loved ones beckon from that humble hearth of bliss, And there comes a tender longing just to taste their greeting kiss.

—Crawf. C. Slack.

## SAVE THIS ANYWAY

Here is a simple home made mixture as given by an eminent authority on Kidney diseases, who makes the statement in a New York daily newspaper, that it will relieve almost any case of Kidney trouble if taken before the stage of Bright's disease. He states that such symptoms as lame back, pain in the side, frequent desire to urinate, especially at night; painful and discolored urination are readily overcome. Here is the recipe; try it.

Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Take a teaspoonful after each meal and at bedtime.

A well-known druggist here in town is authority that these ingredients are all harmless and easily mixed at home by shaking well in a bottle. This mixture has peculiar healing and soothing effect upon the entire Kidney and Urinary structure, and often overcomes the worst forms of Rheumatism in just a little while. This mixture is said to remove all blood disorders and cure the Rheumatism by forcing the Kidneys to filter and strain from the blood (and system all uric acid and foul, decomposed waste matter, which cause these afflictions. Try it if you aren't well. Save the prescription.

## MILK MEETING

On Monday evening, Dec. 2nd the patrons of the Union Valley Cheese Factory met at the home of Mr. Oliv Hayes. The first meeting in this locality was held in this pleasant residence in February, '89, and this has been the rendezvous for such meetings ever since.

The meeting was animated, amusing, all in harmony, a social visit. Reports were received and adopted unanimously. Intelligent comments were made by several patrons. Finally, Instructor A. Wilson said: that the time had come when farmers and cheese makers must take more and better care of milk and cheese. Union Valley was built up to date and would compare favorably in every detail with any other factory in his district. Its sanitary condition was superior, everything about the premises sweet and clean. Patrons ought to call a meeting, unite and consider the great advantages of a proper cold storage, with among other things, safe guards the patrons

## Gloves for Men—the Gift Sort.

Have a look at our gift gloves for men—they tell us we have the best values in Brookville. Our mocha gloves and mitts are certainly excellent in quality and very reasonable in price. We have them from \$1 a pair upwards. See our fur lined gloves at \$2.

What about furs for gifts? its time to select them now. There's nothing better for a present than "Craig made" furs.

**ROBERT CRAIG & CO.**  
 King Street, Brookville

from many of the fluctuations in price. They should not mind their neighbors' reports of high averages, as in such cases the cheese maker had something to make that average from. He would say this to any and all patrons, "When you know you have a well-informed, honorable man, stay by him; it will pay well in the long run." Mr. Topping, he said, was high up in the range and that the patrons had received as much from the watchful attention of Mr. W. C. Hayes as they would from any salesman in a season when there was a great shortage in the fall flow.

Salesman for 1908—Richard Kelley. Treasurer—W. M. Topping.

There was no one more pleased with the above arrangement than Mr. W. C. Hayes. The meeting closed with a general good feeling.

PATRON.

## UNION GOSPEL MISSION

All are welcome and all should share the inspiring messages at 3 p.m. in the Baptist Church and 7.30 p.m. in the Methodist Church.

On Thursday afternoon at 4.15 all the boys and girls above six years of age and all the young people are invited to the Baptist Church to hear Mr. Russell speak on "New Things."

On Saturday at 3 p.m. in the Presbyterian Church all the ladies of the town and community, and girls over sixteen, are cordially invited to hear Mr. Rusell talk on "Priceless Pearls for Winsome Women."

## SUNDAY SERVICES

Next Sunday will be the Great Day of the Feast.

10.30—Presbyterian Church "The Anointed Life"

8 p.m.—A great mass meeting for men only. No boys under sixteen admitted. Every man in the town and country ought to hear Mr. Russell's soul stirring message in the Methodist church on "The Hebrew Hercules—Power of Purity."

7 p.m.—Evangelist Russell will give his closing address. Subject: "Rewards of the Righteous."

8.30 p.m.—"A Bright Burning Brief on Bible Biology."  
 The Sunday Schools will meet at 2 o'clock sharp.

## Aches and Pains

You know by experience that the aches and pains of rheumatism are not permanently, but only temporarily, relieved by external remedies.

Then why not use an internal remedy—Hood's Sarsaparilla, which corrects the acidity of the blood on which rheumatism depends and cures the disease!

This medicine has done more for the rheumatic than any other medicine in the world.

## American Subscribers

The date on the address label of many of our American subscribers shows that their subscriptions expire on Jan. 1st, 1908. We are willing to pay more than half the postage, but must insist upon subscriptions being paid in advance. They will therefore kindly remit \$1.25 this month if they wish to receive the Reporter during 1908.

## Nomination Meeting

A meeting of the municipal electors of the Township of Rear Yonge and Escott will be held in the Township Hall, Athens, on Monday, Dec. 30, at 1 p.m. for the purpose of nominating a reeve and four councillors for 1908, and in case a poll be required the votes of the qualified electors will be taken on Monday, January 6, 1908; from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. at the following places:—

P.S.D. No. 1—At Glen Elbe school house. Munsell Brown, D.R.O.; L. L. Bates, P.C.

P.S.D. No. 2—At Albert Morris' house. Thos. Spence, D.R.O.; Wesley Morris, P.C.

P.S.D. No. 3—At James Sheldon's house. Jas. P. Redmond, D.R.O.; John Mackie, P.C.

R. E. CORNELL,  
 Township Clerk.

## Nomination Meeting

A meeting of the municipal electors of the Village of Athens will be held on Monday, Dec. 30, at 7.30 p.m. for the purpose of nominating reeve, councillors and school trustees for 1908, and in case a poll be required the votes of the qualified electors will be taken from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on Monday, January 6, 1908, at the following places:—

P.S.D. No. 1—At the council room. H. C. Phillips, D.R.O., and S. C. A. Lamb, P.C.

P.S.D. No. 2—At George Gainford's store. Wm. Karley, D.R.O., and George Gainford, P.C.

B. LOVERIN,  
 Village Clerk.

## WILL KISSING BE PROHIBITED

The Osculatory Process Denounced by Scientists as Extremely Dangerous—How the Danger Can be Removed.

A keen discussion is being carried on by some of the best scientists as to the danger and "crime" of kissing, led by Dr. Somers, Health Officer of Atlantic City, and Dr. Nalpaspe, of the Medical Faculty of Paris. They charge the kiss with spreading grippe, scarlet fever, measles, mumps, whooping cough, typhoid fever, diphtheria, erysipelas, meningitis, tuberculosis, and many infectious skin diseases. They suggest legislation on the subject, and the posting of notices in railway stations, street cars and other public places, but they say it would be useless to post them on verandahs, in cosy corners, porches, shady nooks, or moonlit lawns. They also propose compulsory legislation for methods of disinfection of the mouth and purifying the breath, especially with a view to the protection of the innocent babies who are particularly subject to infection. The greatest and most effective purifier and germ destroyer known to medical science for the mouth, throat and breath, as well as for the blood, stomach and lungs, is Psychine, that triumph of the medical world that is attracting almost universal attention because of the wonderful results attending its use. One of its recent triumphs is told as a matter of experience in the following brief statement:

Dr. Slocum Co.  
 I am sending you photo and testimonial here with for your great remedy PSYCHINE. Your remedies did wonders for me. I was about 22 or 23 years of age when I took PSYCHINE. The doctor had given me up as an incurable consumptive. My lungs and every organ on the body were terribly diseased and wasted. Friends and neighbors thought I'd never get better. But PSYCHINE saved me. My lungs have never bothered me since, and Psychine is a permanent cure.

MRS. LIZZIE GARSTIDE,  
 219 Babine St., London, Ont.

Psychine, pronounced Si-keen, is admitted to be the most wonderful of all disease and germ-destroying agencies. For building up the run-down system and curing all forms of stomach troubles and diseases of the chest, throat and lungs or head, it is simply unapproachable. It is a reliable home treatment. For sale at all druggists, 50c and \$1.00, or Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, 179 King Street West, Toronto.

## GIFTS

Select a Xmas Gift for your home now. Buy a sensible gift—buy a piece of

## FURNITURE

and thereby

Please Yourself,

Please Your Wife,

Please the Whole Family,

and Beautify Your Home.

## Parlor Suits

## Bedroom Suits

## Dining Suits

We have what you require—see the goods—learn the price. We aim to give full value for every dollar received.

T. G. Stevens

## Furs for Xmas

At a Big Reduction

Griffin's Furs and Fur Work have always been strictly reliable, first class in every way, from the skins and materials used in the manufacturing to the finished garment, because the goods have personal inspection before being put in stock. It pays to buy Reliable Furs, whether made to order or ready to wear, as they look well and wear well.

Furs for children in Coats, Robes, Caps, Collars, Bonnets and Sets. This is a good opportunity to buy Christmas gifts.

F. J. Griffin

Manufacturing Furrier

KING ST. BROOKVILLE

If you wish to be successful attend to the

## Kingston Business College

Limited KINGSTON - ONTARIO

CANADA'S HIGHEST GRADE BUSINESS SCHOOL

Book keeping, Shorthand, Type writing, Telegraphy, and all commercial subjects thoroughly taught by competent experienced teachers. Enter any time. Rates very moderate.

—The Reporter can effect a big saving to any boy or girl who contemplates attending a business college this fall. Call or write.

## THANK OFFERING SALE By Koenig & Co.

We are now with the good people of Brockville two years. Our trade has increased over one hundred per cent. To show our appreciation of the public's kindness, we make this great

## Two Weeks Sale

During which time every article in our furnishings department will be sold for exactly what they cost us. Clothing will also get a tremendous cut in price. In this small space we can but quote a very few prices.

## MEN'S FURNISHINGS

- 33c—Fleece Lined Underwear for Men, regular price 60c, for .33c
- 59c—Men's All Wool Ribbed Unshrinkable Underwear, 75c for .59c
- 33c—Boys' All Wool Ribbed Unshrinkable Underwear, regular 60c, for .33c
- 35c—Men's Unlaundried White Shirts, Jigged bosom, reg. 60c for 35c
- 75c—Men's Hard Bosom White Shirts, regular \$1.00 goods, for 75c
- 35c—Men's Double Heel and Toe, Fine Cashmere or Wool Hose 50c, for .35c
- 19c—Men's Fine Cashmere Half Hose, Regular 25c, for .19c
- 17c—Men's Heavy Wool Hose, worth 25c, for .17c
- 69c—Men's Cardigan Jackets, worth \$1.00, for .69c
- 33c—Men's Ways Mufflers. Any color, regular 50c, for .33c
- 19c—Men's Ways Mufflers. Extra color, regular 25c, for .19c
- 65c—Men's Heavy Sweaters, Extra values at \$1.00, for .65c
- 35c—Boys' Heavy Sweaters, Extra values at 50c, for .35c
- 37c—Men's Work Shirts, made of Heavy Drill, or Black, Satin, or Mole Cloth, special value at 50c, for .37c

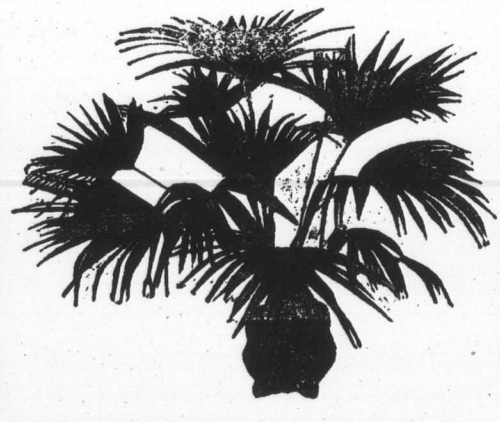
The above are intended to serve as a hint only as to what is doing with us.

## MEN'S, YOUTHS' & BOYS' CLOTHING

- \$4.90—Men's Overcoats, made of English Cheviot Cloth, up-to-date in every way, with velvet collar, worth \$7.50, for \$4.90
- \$8.75—Men's Heavy Winter Overcoats, in black or grey, worth \$12.50, for .87.75
- \$4.90—Men's Suits, made of Heavy Domestic Tweed, regular \$8.00, for .4.90
- 69c—Men's Heavy Tweed Vests, all sizes, worth \$1.00 to \$1.25 for .69c

Let No One Stay Away  
 All Invited, All Welcome **Koenig & Co.**

Brookville - - Ontario



CHOICE BOXES OF FLOWERS FOR

## CHRISTMAS \* GIFTS

You can not get more beautiful plants than those we have prepared for this Xmas, and we pack, free, for express any order of \$1.00 or more in value.

- Palms, a desirable gift for any home.
- Ferns, a splendid lot, in all sizes.
- Cyclamens, beauties, covered with bloom.
- Azaleas, white, pink and red, covered with bloom.
- Primroses, very choice, all colors and cheap.
- Hyacinths, in full bloom, all sizes.

Do not forget to send a Box of our Choice Flowers to your friend as a Xmas gift. We pack them neatly, and free of charge, either for express or town delivery, and it's a pleasure to open a box of flowers from Hay's.

Write us for information, which will be cheerfully given, and price lists of Flowers, Plants, Gold Fish, and Xmas Decorations will be sent you.

## Hay Floral & Seed Co.

BROOKVILLE, ONT.

## The Athens Hardware Store.



We keep constantly on hand full lines of the following goods:—Paints, Sherwin & Will Hams and all the best makes, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, Window Glass, Putty, Coal Oil, Machine Oil, Rops (all sizes), Builders Hardware in endless variety, Blacksmith Supplies and Tools, Nails, Forcs, Shovels, Drain Tile, and Drain Tools, Spades and Scoops, Iron Piping (all sizes with couplings), Fineware, Agateware, Lamps and Lanterns, Chimneys, &c., Pressed Nickel Tea Kettles and Tea Pots, Fence Wire, (all grades), Building Paper, Guns and Ammunition, Shells and all Guns (loaded and unloaded), Shot and Powder, &c., &c. Agents for the Dominion Express Company. The cheapest and best way to send money to all parts of the world.

Give me a call when wanting anything in my line.

**Wm. Karley, Main St. Athens**

Reporter \$1.00 to January '09.



CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Watson. In Use For Over Thirty Years. CASTORIA. THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK, OY.

B. W. & N. W.

RAILWAY TIME-TABLE

Table with columns for GOING WEST, GOING EAST, Station, and Time. Includes stations like Brockville, Lyn, Seelays, Fortshon, Elbe, Athens, Soperton, Lyndhurst, Delta, Forfar, Crosby, Newboro, Westport.

PAIN

Pain in the head—pain anywhere, has its cause in congestion, pain is blood pressure—nothing else usually. At least, so says Dr. Shoop, and he proves it by his creation of a little pink tablet, the so-called Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets.

Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets "ALL DEALERS"

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. C. M. B. CORNELL. COR. VICTORIA AVE. AND PINE ST. BROCKVILLE. PHYSICIAN SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR.

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

J. A. MCBROOM. Physician and Surgeon. X-Rays and Electricity employed in treatment of cancer and chronic diseases.

C. B. LILLIE, L.D.S., D.D.S. DENTIST. Honor Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons and of Toronto University.

Dr. D. G. PEAT, V.S. OFFICE opposite Central Block, Main Street, Athens.

VOICE CULTURE. MISS DIXON, pupil of Madame Blanche Merchasi, London, Eng., also A.O.C.M., affiliated with the Conservatory of Music, Toronto.

ATHENS LIVERY. CHANT & LEGGETT Proprietors. This livery has been recently furnished with complete new outfit of cutters, buggies, etc., and we can give patrons prompt and efficient service.

Fire Insurance. E. J. PURCELL. AGENT for the Royal, Monarch, Waterloo Mutual Fire Insurance Companies. Risks promptly effected.

Canadian Order Foresters. COURT ATHENS NO. 789. Meets last Tuesday in each month. Visitors welcome.

Who contemplate taking a Business College course should communicate with the Reporter office. We can save you money.

District News

GREENBUS H

Mrs Whiting of Brookville has returned home after visiting friends here. Miss Ethel Kerr has been engaged to teach the Jollyby school for the year 1908.

BARRINGTON'S CORNERS

Miss Weston is the guest of Mrs. Darling. Mr. and Mrs. James Alguire have been visiting at the home of Mr. John Morris.

GLOSSVILLE

Mr. and Mrs. James Dack and daughter of Lombardy were the guests of her sister, Mrs. Jas. T. Brown, on Sunday last.

LANSDOWNE

Born to Mr and Mrs Freeman Doak, on Saturday, Dec. 14, a daughter. A moving picture and stereopticon entertainment will be held in the town hall Dec. 26th, in connection with the Sunday school of the Methodist church.

PHILLIPSVILLE

E. A. Whitmore and wife went to Newboro five weeks ago, where Mr Whitmore was taken ill and has since been under the doctor's care.

CAINTOWN

Mrs M. A. Williams is still very low. Mr and Mrs Blake Hogeboom have moved to Rochester, N.Y.

ROCKSPRING

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Hinton returned home last week after spending some months in the North West.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Powell will move shortly to Smith's Falls, and, having lived here for a number of years, will be greatly missed by their many friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Hay will take up residence in the house formerly occupied by Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Powell.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mand spent Sunday at the home of the latter's parents.

Don't fail to attend the Xmas tree and school entertainment to be held in the town hall, on the evening of Dec. 19th.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mand spent Sunday at the home of the latter's parents.

Mr. and Mrs. James Alguire have been visiting at the home of Mr. John Morris.

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is so milled that nothing goes into it except the part of the wheat that is food. You get just what you pay for—the best and purest flour made. It goes farther because it is all flour. Your grocer can supply you.

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and surrounding country to represent "Canada's Greatest Nurseries"

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS. In the matter of the estate of Mary Emily Barker, late of the Township of Bastard, in the County of Leeds, Widow, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to The Revised Statutes of Ontario, chapter 129, that all creditors and others owing a claim against the estate of the said Mary Emily Barker, who died on or about the fourth day of October, 1907, are required, on or before the thirtieth day of January, 1908, to send by post prepaid or deliver to T. R. Beale, of the village of Athens, Solicitor for Hattie Miller Stevens, the Executor of the last Will and Testament of the said deceased, a list of their claims, with full particulars of their claim, the amount of the said claims, and the nature of the securities, if any, held by them.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Christmas & New Year Excursions, 1907-1908

Between all stations FORT WILLIAM, DETROIT, S. S. MARIE, AND EAST.

Return tickets at lowest ONE WAY FIRST-CLASS FARE

Going Dec. 24, 25. Return limit Dec. 26; also on Dec. 31, Jan. 1. Return until Jan. 2, inclusive.

AND AT LOWEST ONE-WAY FIRST-CLASS FARE AND ONE-THIRD

Going Dec. 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 28, 29, 30, 31, Jan. 1. Return limit Jan. 3, inclusive.

GEO. E. W'GLADE, CITY AGENT. Brockville City Ticket and Telegraph Office, east corner King St. and Court House Ave.

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Round Trip Tickets will be sold between all stations on the Grand Trunk Railway System in Canada, also from all stations in Canada to Detroit and Port Huron, Mich., Buffalo, Black Rock, Niagara Falls, Suspension Bridge, Rouse's Point and Massena Springs, N. Y., Island Pond and Swanton, Vt., and intermediate stations in the United States, and vice versa at

FIRST CLASS Fare Good going Dec. 24th and 25th, return limit Dec. 26th, 1907; also Dec. 31st, 1907, and Jan. 1st, 1908, return limit Jan. 2, '08.

And at one way First Class Fare and One-Third Good going Dec. 31st to 25th inclusive, and Dec. 28th, 1907, to Jan. 1st, 1908, inclusive. Return limit Jan. 3rd, 1908.

For full particulars, apply to J. H. Fulford, G.T.R. City Passenger Agent.

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And further take notice that after a last mentioned date the said Executor will proceed to distribute the assets of said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims which he shall then have notice, and that the said Executor will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person or persons or claimant who shall not have been received by him at the time of such distribution.

Dated at Athens this 9th day of December A.D. 1907. T. R. BEALE Solicitor for Executor.

THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT ENTITLED TO BE REPRODUCED



# Mike's Christmas Gift

John A. Cormie, Oak Lake, Minn., in The Presbyterian

His name was Mike. That is, as all called him Mike, though I believe that, as a matter of fact, he was baptized Michel, but we, the few English-speaking homesteaders who had settled on the edge of the large Galician colony, called him Mike. After a time, he was Mike to his father, who held to Michel for many weeks, and then he was Mike to all. The Galicians were not popular with some of the "white" settlers, as they called themselves, mainly I thought from the reason that the Galicians were in first and had some of the best homesteads in the district, but Mike was popular with all. He was a cheery chap, always smiling and often laughing. If you met him on the trail, when you were down on your luck or sick of your job, his laughing "Good day, Meister," would give you a new view of life. We were all "Meister" to him. He never tried to learn our names. One was "Beeg Meister," another the "old Meister," and the "store Meister." You had to be quick when you met him on the trail to be first with the salutation. The boy had a way of coming on you when you thought you were alone and you never knew where you would hear his laughing "Good day, Meister."

The first time I met him was a day when I was tramping through the country on my way to a valley fifty miles north of the Galicians. I had heard so much of the Galicians that I thought fifty miles would be few enough to have between their settlement and my homestead.

It was a day in early spring, one of those days in May, that seemed to have got out of place and found itself by mistake in the end of the first week in April. The snow was gone except a dirty drift caught in the bluffs here and there. The knolls on which the sun shone were dry and were starred over with anemones, the little purple heralds of summer, and where the bluffs kept off the northeast winds, the grass was sprouting. The air was heavy with the smell of thawing soil.

I had already walked sixty miles and did not start the third day of the journey with a particularly light heart. I was only well started when I heard a shout from behind a bluff I was approaching and then the hearty laugh of a healthy boy.

"Good day, Meister," he called to me.

"Good day," I replied, my heart enlarging under the genial warmth of the boy's smile. Then I saw of a man coming along. Another boy was coming from the bluff with a gun on his shoulder and a rabbit dangling from his hand. He staggered under the weight of it, as if it were too much for him, which surprised me, for a boy does not get a stranger's eye when he staggers under a gun.

"That me brudder," explained the boy. "He shoot very good," he added, unnecessarily loudly, as I thought, until I saw a faint flush of pleasure come into the younger one's face at the hearty praise.

"Rabbits in hand in spring," he added for my benefit.

We watched the boy struggle toward us.

"Me brudder seek," said Mike, and the smile left his face so quickly that it was plain that to Mike this was a calamity.

"Me name—Mike," he confided to me.

"Me brudder name Jack—Ivan, me foder call him."

By that time Jack was at our side. When I looked into his face I saw it was more than the weight of the gun that made him stagger. I thought that when I came back in the fall Mike would be alone.

Mike lifted the gun from his brother's shoulder and put out his hand to take the rabbit, but the hunter would not yield his spoils.

"Jack shoot him," laughed Mike. "He want to take him home. He get tired pretty soon, then I take him."

"You're a pretty decent sort of a kid, aren't you?" I said. I wanted to tell the boy what I thought of him, but did not know just how to do it.

"Jack seek, Meister," he replied. "He get very tired. He like to shoot. I help him shoot rabbit."

"Well, good-bye, sir," I said. He came forward and held out his hand.

"G'bye, Meister," he said and instructed his brother to do the same.

I turned after a few minutes to have another look at the boy. The gun was over Mike's shoulder and the rabbit was dangling from the barrel of it and Jack was clinging to Mike's arm.

Somewhat the sun was shining brighter when I turned, the little anemones looked prettier and I thought the thawing soil smelled sweeter.

I met an Englishman soon after who persuaded me that nothing would be gained farther north and I chose a homestead near by. I must confess that Mike entered my thoughts when the matter was under consideration. I spent the summer on my homestead and then went south to make some money on the harvest fields.

It was late in the fall when I returned. Mike, with the old gun over his shoulder, was one of the first to meet me.

"G'day, Meister, you cum back?" he called to me.

I thought I discovered a new note in his voice and when I came nearer, there was something in his eye I had not seen before.

I was afraid to ask for Jack. I had had no communication with the settlement during my absence. The conversation ran in its ordinary lines for a while. Then he suddenly turned to me.

"Mebbe I shoot partridge?" he asked. I was jugged for a moment when I remembered that the open season was past. There was a pathetic appeal in his voice that made his words go deep.

"Jack very seek, Meister. Mebbe I shoot partridge?" he asked again. "Jack like partridge," he added, by way of explanation.

"You shoot your partridge, old man," I said.

"Mebbe I go to jail?" he said.

"Jail be hang'd," I said, "there's your bird."

I watched him disappearing like a deer through the bluffs. I shot this partridge under his coat, and then went on my way to my own home.

The winter came early that year. Weeks before Christmas the ground was covered with snow and the thermometer had made a record descent before we

had even begun to think of Christmas. I met the boy on one of the worst days, and even I could see he was not properly clothed. At the Christmas tree which the missionary got up for the children of his settlement, I took it upon myself to give Mike a special invitation and Mike saw that Santa Claus was in a position to give him a suit of warm clothes. An idea crept into his head that night and before he reached home it had taken possession of him.

Their own Christmas came ten days later and the Galicians were making preparations for it.

Two days before their celebration commenced, Mike appeared at the door of my shack.

"Meister," he said, "Mebbe a doctor come to station?"

"The Station" was the name of the little town at the railway, to which we were tributary and it was twenty-five miles distant. I had heard that a doctor had settled there in the fall and in limited his practice to do the same.

"Jack very seek," he said. "Mebbe I go to Station for doctor?"

It was the first time I had seen tears in his eyes.

"I get doctor for Jack for Chrestmas," he added.

The sky was threatening that morning.

"How will you go?" I enquired.

"Oh, I walk, Meister, I good for a walk."

"You can't, Mike, you'll freeze to death."

He pointed to the warm clothes he wore and before I could say a word he was gone.

By noon that day it was blowing and the air was thickening with snow. As usual, I dined alone, and my thoughts turned on the boy. The doctor's services were to be his Christmas gift to Jack. It seemed to me that it was a gift that might cost too much. As the wind rose I got anxious. I left the dishes on the table and hurried to Mike's home. The boy was not there. Then I went to the station. A terrible fear took possession of me and I began to tremble.

The snow was packed in a circle about him, for the wolves were hungry that winter, but they had been afraid to touch him. We carried him into the sleigh and the tears which fell from our eyes froze into ice on his face.

"His life for his friends," I muttered.

My companion made no reply.

—They could easily go east from Bethlehem and thus leave Jerusalem on the north.

**PRACTICAL APPLICATIONS.**

I. A place of salvation. "Now when Jesus was born" (v. 1). "Thou shalt call his name Jesus" (Matt. 1, 21.) His name represents his character. Herod's name is a synonym for cruelty, Abraham's for faith, Stephen's for martyrdom, John's for love, Jesus' for salvation. His name has power to save. A brave cavalry officer, dying of his wounds, thought himself on the field at the head of his gallant men, and that an enemy's gun was in front of them ready to be fired. He was greatly distressed. At the mention of the name of Jesus his agitation ceased, his delirium passed and he smiled his last smile. He said in a low tone, "Jesus, Jesus! It is he who said: 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest!' I wait rest; I am it. The name of Jesus saved him from delirium, and he was rested and happy until his spirit took its flight to God. Jesus is able to save 'to the uttermost;' (Heb. 7: 25); able to save from the power of sin as well as its penalty (Rom. 6: 2, 14); able to keep us from all unrighteousness (1 John 1: 7); able to make us his true friends (John 15: 19).

II. A place of obscurity. "In Bethlehem" (v. 1). An insignificant village, not mentioned among the many towns at the time of the division of the land. "In a manger" (Luke 2: 7). Not in a palace, not in a house of luxury, not in a cottage surrounded by fields, but in a limestone cave, and the Christ-child open its infant eyes to earth. Was this to teach how little God cares for externals? That the Christy heart will not covet gaudy surroundings? That Jesus has a tender sympathy for the poorest? That they who follow him will choose the lowliest places?

III. A place of cruelty. "In the days of Herod the king" (v. 1). Jesus came a stranger to this world; there was no room for him in the inn (Luke 2: 7). Herod hunted him (v. 7). His own parents "understood not" his youthful aspirations (Luke 2: 40); his own townsmen rejected him (Luke 4: 20); he had not where to lay his head (Matt. 8: 20; John 7: 53; 8: 1); his own people stoned him (John 8: 31); one of his own disciples betrayed him (Matt. 26: 15); Jews and Gentiles conspired to crucify him (Luke 22: 66; 23: 1, 12). All the way from the cradle to the cross he met with cruelty.

IV. A place of royalty. "Born King of the Jews" (v. 2). The gospel of Matthew is the story of Jesus as King. Its key-word "kingdom" is found fifty-six times. Its key phrase, "kingdom of heaven," is found thirty-two times and nowhere else in the New Testament. Matthew gives his legal genealogy, his royal pedigree, from David, the Jewish ruler, and Abraham, source of Jewish blessing (Matt. 1: 1). Jesus was born king, but he waited—he is waiting still for the kingdom (Luke 10: 25; Matt. 23: 29). "Prayer," "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth" (Matt. 6: 10), has never been literally fulfilled. It will be some day. Christ rules the hearts of his own to-day as a Shepherd (v. 6, R. V.). The characteristic of his spiritual kingdom is patience (Rev. 1: 9). He will rule over men one day with a rod of iron (Psa. 2: 9).

V. A place of prophecy. "It is written by the prophets" (v. 5). A study of prophecy gives a miniature life of Jesus. Isa. 7: 14; Micah, 5: 2; Isa. 9: 1, 2; Gen. 22: 2; Matt. 1: 1; Luke 1: 1; Zech. 13: 7; Isa. 63: 12; Psa. 22: 18; Psa. 22: 1; Gen. 22: 2; Zech. 12: 10; John 1: 45; Acts 13: 27; 1 Cor. 2: 8. A special blessing is promised to those who read and hear and keep the last great prophecy of his second coming (Rev. 13: 22; 18: 18).

VI. A place of guidance. "The star... came and stood over where the young child was" (v. 9). Heralded by a star Jesus ushered in the day of grace at the beginning of this dispensation. The star which illumined our pathway and guided us before us to guide us to Jesus in the Holy Spirit, of whom Jesus says: "He shall testify of me" (John 15: 26).

VII. A place of rejoicing (v. 10). The wise men, rejoicing at the cradle of the King, bring our thoughts forward to another day when a multitude of redeemed men and angels shall cry with a loud voice (Rev. 5: 12).

VIII. A place of worship (v. 11). They gave themselves; then their gifts (2 Cor. 8: 4, 5). They saw, they fell down, they praised, they bowed, they gave, they sacrificed" (Rom. 12: 1); they "worshiped," pouring out their souls' adoration; then "they offered unto him gifts" (R. V.).

IX. A place of presents. "They presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh" (v. 11). As a Savior Jesus is God's great gift to us (John 3: 16); as savior one who is God's gift to him (John 17: 6). Gold, presented in token of his royalty, typified to him we are; frankincense, referring to his deity, refers to what we do, myrrh, anticipating his death, refers to what we suffer. A. C. M.

# OLD SCROOGE

(From Dickens' Christmas Carol)

Still the Ghost pointed downward to the grave by which it stood.

"Men's courses will foreshadow certain ends, to which, if persevered in, they must lead," said Scrooge. "But, if the courses be departed from, the ends will change. Say it is thus with what you show me!"

The Spirit was immovable as ever.

Scrooge crept towards it, trembling as he went; and, following the finger, read upon the stone of the neglected grave his own name, Ebenezer Scrooge.

"Am I that man who lay upon the bed?" he cried, upon his knees.

The finger pointed from the grave to the tomb, and back again.

"No, Spirit! Oh, no, no!"

The finger was still there.

"Spirit!" he cried, tight clutching at his robes, "hear me! I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I must have been but for this intercourse. Why show me this, if I am past all hope?"

For the first time the hand appeared to shake.

"Good Spirit," he pursued, as down upon the ground he fell before it, "Your nature intercedes for me, and pities me. Assure me that I yet may change these shadows you have shown me, by an altered life!"

The kind hand trembled.

"I will honor Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present and the Future. The spirits of all three shall strive within me. I will shut out the lessons that they teach. Oh, tell me, may I sponge away the writing on this stone?"

In his agony, he sought the spectral hand. It sought to free itself, but he was strong in his entreaty, and detained it. The Spirit, stronger yet, repulsed him.

Holding up his hands in a last prayer to have his fate reversed, he saw an alteration in the phantom's hood and dress. It shrank, collapsed, and dwindled down into a bedpost.

"Yes! and the bedpost was his own. The bed was his own, the room was his own. Best and happiest of all, the time before him was his own to make amends in!"

He dressed himself "all in his best," and at last got out into the streets. The people were by this time pouring forth, as he had seen them with the Ghost of Christmas Present; and, walking with his hands behind him, Scrooge regarded every one with a delighted smile. He looked so irresistibly pleasant in a word, that three or four good-humored fellows said, "Good-morning, sir! A merry Christmas to you!" And Scrooge said often afterwards, that of all the blithe sounds he had ever heard, those were the blithest in his ears.

He went to church, and walked about the street, and watched the pairs hurrying to and fro, and patted children on the head, and questioned beggars, and looked down into the kitchens of houses, and up to the windows, and found that everything could yield him pleasure. He had never dreamed that any walk—that anything—could give him so much happiness. In the afternoon he turned his steps toward his nephew's house.

He passed the door a dozen times, before he had the courage to go up and knock. But he made a dash, and did it!

"Is your master at home, my dear?" said Scrooge to the girl. "Nice girl! Very!"

"Yes, sir."

"There is he, my love?" said Scrooge. "He is in the dining-room, sir, along with mistress. I'll show you upstairs, if you please."

"Thank'ee, he knows me," said Scrooge, with his hand already on the dining-room lock. "I'll go in here, my dear, and I'll be back in five minutes."

He turned it gently, and sidled his face in round the door. They were looking at the table, which was spread out in great array; for these young householders are always nervous on such points, and like to see that everything is right.

"Fred," said Scrooge.

Dear heart alive, how this niece by marriage started. Scrooge had forgotten for the moment, about her sitting in the corner with a footstool, or he could not have done it, on any account.

"Why, bless my soul!" cried Fred, who's that?"

"It's I, your Uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner. Will you let me in, Fred?"

Let him in. It is a mercy he didn't shake his arm off. He was at home in five minutes. Nothing could be heartier. His niece looked just the same. So did Topper when she came. (So did every one when they came.) Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful unanimity, won-der-ful happiness!

He was early at the office next morning. Oh, he was early there. If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! That was the thing he had set his heart upon.

Ah, he did it; yet, he did it! The clock struck 9. No Bob. A quarter past. No Bob. He was full eighteen minutes and a half behind his time. Scrooge sat with his door wide open, that he might see him come into his Tank.

What was off, before he opened the door; his comfater, too. He was on his stool in a jiffy; driving away with his pen, as if he were trying to overtake 9 o'clock.

"Hallo!" growled Scrooge, in his accustomed voice, as near as he could feign it. "What do you mean by coming here at this time of the day?"

"I am very sorry, sir," said Bob. "I am behind my time."

"You are repeated Scrooge. Yes, I think you are. Step this way, sir, if you please."

"It's only once a year, sir," pleaded Bob, appearing from the Tank. "It should not be repeated. I was making rings in the toe of my stocking last night, and the children feel taller and prouder than their friends on the street, because soon after the holidays I shall be going to have a wedding day." Margaret F. Sangster, in the Women's Home Companion for December.

back into the Tank again; "and therefore, I am about to raise your salary!"

Bob trembled and got a little nearer to the ruler. He had a momentary idea of knocking Scrooge down with it, holding him, and calling to the people in the court for help and a straight waistcoat.

"A Merry Christmas, Bob!" said Scrooge, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. "A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary, and endeavor to assist your struggling family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon, over a smoking bowl of bishop, Bob! Make up your mind to buy another scuttle before you dot another I Bob Cratchit!"

Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, infinitely more, and to Tiny Tim, who did not die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as a good master, and as good a man, as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town or borough, in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him, but he let them laugh, and little heeded them; for he was wise enough to know that nothing ever happened on the globe for good, at which some people did not have their fill of laughter in the outset; and knowing that such as these would be blind anyway, he thought it quite as well that they should wrinkle up their eyes in grins, as have the malady less attractively. His own heart laughed; and that was good enough for him.

**THE FORGOTTEN GUEST.**

There was once a family who had a guest staying with them, and when they found out that he was to have a birthday during his visit they were all delighted with the idea of celebrating it. Days before—almost weeks before—they began to prepare for the celebration. They cooked and stored a large quantity of good things to eat, and laid a stock of good things to drink, as they called it, for the happy day. They planned and arranged the most beautiful decorations. They even thought over and made, or selected, little gifts for one another; and the whole house was in hurry and confusion for weeks before the birthday came. Everything else that was to be done was postponed until after the birthday, and indeed many important things were neglected.

Finally the birthday came, the rooms were all decorated, the table set, all the little gifts arranged, and the guests from outside of the house had all arrived. Just after the festivities had begun a little child said to its mother: "Mamma, where is the man whose birthday it is?"

"Don't ask questions," the mother said.

But the child persisted, until finally the mother said: "Well, I am sure, I do not know, my dear, but I will ask." She asked her neighbor, and the neighbor looked surprised, and a little puzzled.

"Why," she said, "it is a celebration. We are celebrating his birthday, and he is a guest in the house."

Then the mother got interested and curious herself.

"But where is the guest? Where is the man whose birthday it is?" And this time she asked one of the family. He looked startled at first, and then inquired of the rest of the family.

"Where is the guest whose birthday it is?" asked another. "There they were, all excited and trying to enjoy themselves by celebrating his birthday, and he—some of them did not even know who he was. He was left out and forgotten."

When they had wondered for a little while they immediately forgot again and went on with their celebrations—all except the little child. He slipped out of the room, and made up his mind to find the man whose birthday it was, and finally, after a hard search, he found him upstairs in the attic, lonely and sick.

He had been asked to leave the guest-room, which he had occupied, so as to be out of the way of the preparations for his birthday. Here he had fallen ill, and no one had had time to look after him, excepting one of the humbler servants and the little child. They had all been so busy preparing for his birthday festival that they had forgotten him entirely.

This is the way it is with most of us at Christmas time.—Leslie's Monthly.

**The Scramble for Christmas Presents.**

"The girl who works for her living does have a hard time gathering up her Christmas gifts, unless she has a fine head for organization and knows where to shop," says Anna Steese Richardson in the Women's Home Companion for December. "The first thing to remember is that the Christmas bargain counter is the dumping ground of the shrewd merchant. He tosses here all the left-overs from last year's unsalable stock. For this counter, he buys up old wholesale stocks, auction lots and factory ends. Nobody knows the fallings of the bargain counter shopper better than does this shrewd merchant. And he makes fifty instead of five per cent on every sale. Everything is mussy and colors are garish. Moths have eaten in to this and dust has settled on that. But the woman who tries to shop against time does not notice these defects."

"The later you shop the more important it is that you go to a good store. Girls who work down town should leave home half an hour earlier, go to a first-class shop, tell the clerk just how much they can spend, and unless my measure of the clerk is the first-class store is wrong, they will be waited on promptly and satisfactorily. But if you know you have only \$1.50 to spend on a new-year's gift, go for your dum's belt, do not waste the clerk's time and yours, looking at ten or fifteen dollar pins. Be as business-like in your shopping as you are in the performance of your office duties, and you will reap the reward of good and the blessings of the unhappy wretch



LESSON XIII.—DEC. 22, 1907.

**Commentary.**—I. The coming of the wise men (vs. 12). 1. When Jesus was born—While the exact date of Christ's birth is uncertain there is no reason why it may not have been on December 25th, B. C. 5. But why do we say that Jesus was born "before Christ"? Simply because our calendar is incorrect. For we have no calendar in general use, but each nation dated from some event in its history. Finally, in the sixth century, a learned monk, Dionysius Exiguus, was appointed to ascertain the time of Christ's birth, and it was ordered that history should be dated from that time. But Dionysius, who first published his calculations in A. D. 525, put the birth of Jesus about four years too late. In Bethlehem—"House of bread." "A name properly applied to a place where the true Bread was manifested for the life of the world."—Clarke. Of Judaea—To distinguish it from Bethlehem in Galilee, mentioned in Josh. 19: 15. Herod—Herod the Great. He was an Edomite, and although a proselyte to the Jewish religion, was notorious for his wickedness and cruelty. He reigned thirty-seven years in Judaea and died a few months after the birth of Christ. At this time "the scepter was departing from Judah, a sign that the Messiah was now at hand." Wise men—Or magi. "Originally a class of priests among the Persians and Medes, who formed the king's private council." They were men of learning and wealth. Augustine and Chrysostom say there were twelve magi, but the common belief is that there were but three. But why were these magi seeking the Christ? "We know that the Persian magi believed in a Messiah or future Saviour, who should in the latter day appear and renew the world in righteousness."—Whedon. From the east—Perhaps from Media, or Persia, or possibly, from Arabia. To Jerusalem.—They seem to suppose that when the Messiah was to be born in Bethlehem, Born King of the Jews—This was a title unknown to the earlier history of Israel and applied to no one except the Messiah. It reappears in the inscription over the cross.—Carr. Notice that Jesus was

"born" a king. His star—Many interpreters, especially those who seek to eliminate the supernatural, explain the "star," or "sidereal appearance," by a conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn, which occurred in May, B. C. 7, and again in December with Mars added. It is, however, much more in harmony with the facts to believe that the star which attracted the attention of the magi was provided for the occasion. To worship him—To do him homage. They were bold to confess the object of their coming.

II. Light from the Scriptures (vs. 3-6).

3. Had heard—The magi had created no small stir by their inquiries, which immediately attracted the attention of the king. Troubled—Herod, now sunk into the jealous deperdition of his savage old age, was residing in his new palace on Zion, when, half maddened as he was already by the crimes of his past career, he was thrown into a fresh paroxysm of alarm and anxiety by the visit of these magi, bearing the strange intelligence that they had come to worship a new-born king.—Farrar. Herod feared a rival. All Jerusalem with him—Fearing that he would make this an occasion of renewing his acts of bloodshed. 4. Had gathered.—He assembled the Sanhedrin.—Lightfoot. Chief priests.—This expression probably comprehends the acting high priest and his deputy, those who had been high priests—for at this time the office was often transferred by the Roman authorities—and "the heads of the twenty-four sacerdotal families," which David had distributed in so many courses."—Cribbes.—The learned interpreters of the Mosaic law, and the collectors of the traditions of the elders. Many of them were Pharisees—Demanded of them—Because they would be most likely to know. Where the Christ (R. V.)—Or the Messiah, the official title of the promised deliverer. "The wise men had said nothing about the Christ, or the Messiah, but only about the King of the Jews. But Herod saw that this king must be the expected Messiah."

5. By the prophet—Micah 5, 2. Matthew does not quote the exact words found in Micah, but the sense is given. It was an accepted truth that the Messiah must come from Bethlehem. 6. Art in no wise least (R. V.)—Micah says, "Thou art but little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel." This made Bethlehem "in no wise least." Although Bethlehem was little, yet it was exalted above all the other cities of Israel. The princes—"The thousands" (Micah 5: 2). The tribe had been subdivided into thousands, and over each subdivision there was a chief-tain or prince.—Morison. A governor.—To control and rule. Who shall be shepherd (R. V.)—To feed and care for—shepherd his flock. Christ is both shep-

herd and King. My people Israel—Israel was God's people in a peculiar sense. They were His own peculiar treasure.

III. The intrigue of Herod (vs. 7, 8). Privily called—Herod desired to keep the time of Christ's birth as secret as possible lest the Jews who hated Him should take occasion to rebel. Enquired of them diligently.—Learned of them exactly.—R. V. He inquired of them the exact time and received positive information as to the time the star appeared. Assuming that the star appeared when the child was born he would thus have some idea of the age of the child.

8. He sent them—He assumed control; but they followed the directions of the Lord. Search diligently.—Herod was honest in making this charge to them; he greatly desired to receive definite word concerning the new King. And worship Him also—What hypocrisy! He wanted to find the child in order to murder him (vs. 13, 16). He was crafty and subtle, saying one thing and meaning another. But God did not permit him to carry out his purpose.

IV. Guided by the star (vs. 9, 10). 9. The star.—went before them—The same star which they had seen in their own country now again appeared. The star had disappeared for a time and this led them to inquire in Jerusalem for the young King whom they sought. Supernatural help should not be expected where ordinary means are to be had. Stood over—The star pointed out the very house.—Benso. 10. They rejoiced.—The Greek is very emphatic. They rejoiced exceedingly because they saw they were about to find the child and because they had such unmistakable proof of being in divine order. That alone is enough to cause rejoicing.

V. The child Jesus found (vs. 11, 12). 11. Fell down.—They prostrated themselves before Him according to the eastern custom. "In this act the person kneels and puts his head between his knees, his forehead at the same time touching the ground. It was used to express both civil and religious reverence."—Clarke. Gifts—The people of the East did not approach into the presence of kings without bringing them presents. The custom still prevails in many places. Gold, etc.—Gold would always be useful, while frankincense and myrrh were prized for their delicious fragrance. These were the very presents Isaiah mentioned: "All they from Sheba shall come; they shall bring gold and incense" (Isa. 60: 6) "Incense, or frankincense, is a resinous gum, flowing from a tree, gashed for the purpose, growing in Arabia and Lebanon. Myrrh is also a gum obtained from a tree in Arabia."—Whedon.

12. Warned of God in a dream—God communicated his purpose to them in a manner that they understood and the impression or conviction was so clear that they at once

Two thrilling moments fill the home with rapture and set the children on tiptoe in a flutter of enthusiasm and excitement. One is the moment when the stockings are hung in a row beside the hearth. They must not be too close together. Let Santa Claus be in and begins his task. There are lots of things that fit into a stocking from heel to toe, and make it bulge all over from ankle to knee. But there are bigger things, such as skates, sleds, toy velocipedes, desks, lovely dolls that have crossed the ocean and know even more about Paris or Vienna, if they could only talk and tell their secrets; books that a boy has been longing for; rubber boots, in fact there is no end of perfectly delightful treasures that come into the house on Christmas eve and are found by their new owners on Christmas morning. They are too large to fill a stocking, and therefore a little space must be left between the stockings of John and those of Mary; the stockings of Eleanor or Margaret on Christmas eve and those of their mother, their stockings are always crammed with gifts that are fairly electric with children's love. Ethel, who is twenty-two, an aged her little sister mentions with awe, found a diamond ring in the toe of her stocking last Christmas, and the children feel taller and prouder than their friends on the street, because soon after the holidays I shall be going to have a wedding day.—Margaret F. Sangster, in the Women's Home Companion for December.

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# The True and The False

With dilated eyes and lips breathlessly apart, and palling cheeks, the young girl heard, and arose to her feet, and stood on a moment, uncertain, amazed, bewildered, and then feeling held out her arms to her father. But at the same moment Falconer sprang forward, and caught her to his bosom, closing his arms around her fragile form, in a close, vice-like crushing, cruel grip.

Daniel Hunter advanced upon him, and demanded his daughter.

"No, you shall not have her. I know nothing about her being your daughter. She is mine—my wife—my wife. She has pledged her marriage vows to me—her—at this altar. She is mine, and even were you her father you could not force her from me!" exclaimed Falconer.

The maiden slightly struggled to free herself, but the pressure was increased, painfully, while he glared defiance at her father.

"Do not struggle, Maud, my child; be quiet, be cool, remember the sacred roof we stand under. If he designs to enact a disgraceful scene here in this church, he deceives himself that is all. We will be patient with him, and when he is released, we will release you, and you will come to me," said Daniel Hunter, coolly taking a seat.

But, to the surprise of all, Falconer O'Leary lifted up the maiden in his arms, and bore her down the aisle and out of the church.

Daniel Hunter calmly arose, and went after them. Mr. Lovel and one or two gentlemen from the pews followed. Falconer bore his bride toward the little wagon. But Daniel Hunter overtook him, snatched her from his arms, and said:

"See here, I bore with your insolence just now because I did not choose to permit a disturbance in the church. We are outside now, and I command you to leave my daughter here for if I have to force you to do it, you shall suffer the utmost consequences of your outrage."

"Never, she is my wife. Off, sir, I say, or do you take the consequences!" exclaimed the madman, and still holding Maud in a tight grip with his left arm, he put his right hand in his bosom and drew a pistol.

"Oh, Falconer!" shrieked Maud, and she fainted away.

Daniel Hunter instantly closed upon him, and having both hands free, soon overmastered him, and wrested from his hand the pistol. He threw the weapon at a distance, and received his fainting daughter in his arms, just as an officer, reaching the spot, arrested Falconer O'Leary.

Daniel Hunter bore his daughter into the vestry room, where, prompt assistance being rendered, she soon recovered. Mr. Lovel was present, looking very anxious.

"Is the carriage from Howlet Hill here, sir?" inquired Mr. Hunter.

"It is, sir. We came in it," answered Mr. Lovel.

"In that case, I will enter it with my daughter, and return at once to the Hall. I will send it back for you and Lucy. It shall be here by the close of the morning service."

"Do not trouble yourself, Mr. Hunter; we can easily remain in the village until evening, and dine at the hotel."

"By no means; you shall have the carriage in time, and you must join me at dinner."

"Very well, then, as you please; in the meantime, I shall endeavor to hold my curiosity in check until you can give me the explanation of this strange piece of family history."

"My dear Lovel, think of the mother you are about to meet! Oh, she has sent you many loving messages! She says that she is 'not surprised at all—that she ever felt you were her child, though she never knew it.'"

"And it does not seem so strange to me, either. Was she—was Mrs. Hunter—Maud suddenly paused and flushed with joy, as she said: "Was my mother quite well?"

"Quite well, my dearest girl, and she will join us at Howlet Hall very soon."

"And I am her lost Maud—how strange! I ought to be very much surprised, and yet I am not!"

"I think, my love, that the ties of blood were so strong in our case that we all felt an incomprehensible, unacknowledged attraction to each other."

"Yes, yes, yes, sir," said Maud, softly, to herself, and then she sank into a silence that her father would not interrupt.

"Yes, after morning service; there is no time now."

"Very well; thank you. Good morning," said Daniel Hunter, getting into the carriage, and giving the order for it to move.

Maud was sobbing softly in the corner of the back seat. Mr. Hunter watched her in silence for a time, and then gently took her hand, and asked:

"Why do you weep, my dear child?" But Maud only shook her head, and sobbed the more.

"Can you not trust in me, my love?" But Maud only pressed the hand that held hers—she could not speak.

"Is it about this young O'Leary that you grieve, my dear?" Maud pressed his hand, and nodded with a suffocating sob.

"Come, now, do not lay your poor head against that hard carriage frame; rest it on my bosom—there! Now, come; trust in me, and dry your tears, my dear! I would not for the world signalize our meeting by any unnecessary act to give you pain. In some respects, I am not much like other men, dear Maud. I do not pronounce an irrevocable sentence of separation between yourself and your young lover."

Maud started, clasped his hand convulsively, and pressed it to her lips.

"Certainly not, my dear; I do not banish him. First, let him deserve my Maud, and he shall have her! If his affection for her is a high and holy sentiment, it will make him worthy of her. Come, now, I wonder why you weep! What is it you want? Tell me!"

"Oh, sir, I want—I want to go back to Falconer! I only want to see how he is, and say a comforting word to him, and take leave of him kindly, as I ought to do, that have been his comforter ever since we were children! Oh! I know he is so wretched at this very moment! I know he would give anything for the sight of my face—Oh, sir, let us turn back and say a kind word to him!"

"It may not be, my child. It would do no good, but rather harm. He does not want words. All he wants now is my Maud, and he cannot have her yet; he must conquer himself; he must change; he must deserve her before he gets her."

"Oh, sir, if you did but know him as I know him; how much he needs soothing kindness, how impetuous he is, how wild, how ungovernable he is, how often unhappy, how much he needs me—he has been used to me all his life—he cannot do without me! Oh, I know he cannot, poor Falconer! Oh, he will feel half his being was stricken off with me! I know he will be ill—I am sure he will be ill! Oh, sir, let us go back and see him."

"I cannot be, my love! You must trust in your father's judgment, my little one! This young man's furious passions must be left to rage themselves quiet, and then his reason will act! He will suffer, doubtless! But then, it is only through suffering that such natures as his can be corrected. Cheer up, my dear girl! do not quarrel with the discipline of life!"

"If he had only someone to be kind to him, poor boy! to comfort and cheer him, as I used to! If he were not so utterly lost to do without me! Oh, I know he would do without me! Oh, I know he cannot, poor Falconer! Oh, he will feel half his being was stricken off with me! I know he will be ill—I am sure he will be ill! Oh, sir, let us go back and see him."

"I will care for him—I will be kind to him, if he will let me. Do not fear, my child! I shall not lose sight of him. I will endeavor to do far better for him than he or you could hope. Come, now, thank the sweet eyes—cheer up, and let me see you smile! Think of the mother you are about to meet! Oh, she has sent you many loving messages! She says that she is 'not surprised at all—that she ever felt you were her child, though she never knew it.'"

"And it does not seem so strange to me, either. Was she—was Mrs. Hunter—Maud suddenly paused and flushed with joy, as she said: "Was my mother quite well?"

"Quite well, my dearest girl, and she will join us at Howlet Hall very soon."

"And I am her lost Maud—how strange! I ought to be very much surprised, and yet I am not!"

"I think, my love, that the ties of blood were so strong in our case that we all felt an incomprehensible, unacknowledged attraction to each other."

"Yes, yes, yes, sir," said Maud, softly, to herself, and then she sank into a silence that her father would not interrupt.

When they reached Howlet Hall, and the carriage drew up before the door.

## Don't neglect your cough.

Statistics show that in New York City alone over 200 people die every week from consumption.

And most of these consumptives might be living now if they had not neglected the warning cough.

You know how quickly Scott's Emulsion enables you to throw off a cough or cold.

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Daniel Hunter alighted, handed his daughter out, and, pausing a moment while he held her hand, said:

"This is your home, my darling. Come to my heart and hearth. Welcome! and he embraced her and led her up the stairs.

"Mrs. Hunter has arrived, sir," said the servant who attended the door.

"Ah, indeed! How long since," said Mr. Hunter, with surprise and delight. "Only this moment, sir. She has retired to her chamber."

"How did she come?" inquired Daniel Hunter, hurrying in.

"In a hansom, sir—it has just gone around to the stable."

"My darling, where shall I leave you for a moment?" asked Mr. Hunter, turning to his daughter. Then opening the door of the drawing-room on the right-hand side of the grate, he led her thither, and drew forward a deep, soft chair, and placed her in it, saying: "Remain here, my dear; I will see your mother, and he left the room.

He hastened upstairs to Mrs. Hunter's apartment, and found the lady seated in a lounging chair, leaning wearily back, and under the hands of her maid, one of whom was removing her bonnet and veil, and the other kneeling at her feet, taking off her fur over-shoes. At the sight of her husband all signs of weariness fled, and the lady started up to meet him, eagerly inquiring:

"Have you seen her? Is she well? Have you brought her?"

"Yes, dear, I have seen her, and brought her hither, and she is well. She awaits you in the drawing-room."

"The young man, leaving wearily back, and under the hands of her maid, one of whom was removing her bonnet and veil, and the other kneeling at her feet, taking off her fur over-shoes. At the sight of her husband all signs of weariness fled, and the lady started up to meet him, eagerly inquiring:

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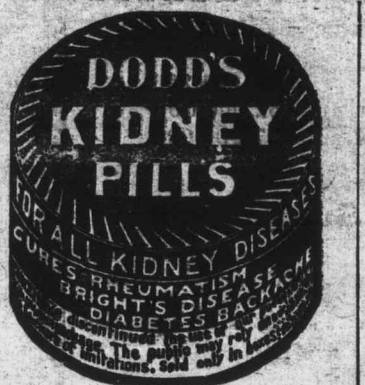
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"Have you seen her? Is she well? Have you brought her?"



something that was intimate, that was my own, that was of myself. Your eyes had the very same expression that they had often worn when you were an infant on my bosom, when waking up from your infant slumbers you would look out upon life with new wonder, and then up to me with questioning, loving, trusting look, as if asking what it was. And so when our eyes met that day in the Sunday school I felt that they were the same eyes that used to look out from a baby's face, which years before had lain upon my bosom, the eyes of a baby who had looked at me with the same earnest, wondering, questioning, loving gaze. Now, tell me, can you recall your feelings at that moment—can you tell me why you looked at me with such a searching, eager, fond look?"

"Sweet mother! it was because I half recognized you!"

"Half recognized me?"

"Yes, dearest mamma."

"How is that? What does my sweet one mean?"

"Our life is two-fold—sleep hath its own world," says Falconer's favorite poet. And in the world of sleep, mamma, you were never absent from me. I suppose I must have continued to dream of you from the day I was taken from you, for as far back as I can remember I have been used to your image in my dreams. It was such an habitual thing that I never wondered at it, or talked of it. And yet, I seemed to know that the angel of my sleep was my mother, too; only I thought it was my mother who was buried in the sea. And when I first saw your portrait in the hall and recognized its likeness to my dream-mother, oh! what a thrill it gave me! And then when I saw you in the Sunday school, and you looked at me, and took my hand, and spoke to me so sweetly—oh! I cannot tell you! but if you could only have read my heart! And first I loved you for your likeness to my dream-mother, and then I loved you for yourself!"

"So it was with me, my own—first I loved you for looking at me with little Maud's eyes, and now I love you for your sweet self. And now all the past seems bridged over, and I seem to have lost you really. And now, love, I trust the soft sound of smoother sobbing was heard. And Daniel Hunter went to the window and looked out, wondering why women wept at everything—at what they were glad of as well as what they were sorry for, and—wiped his own eyes.

After a little while Mrs. Hunter led her daughter to a sofa, and they both sat down. And the lady held the maiden's hands and gazed in her lovely face until her snowy eyelids fell over the sweet blue eyes, and her soft cheek suffused with a rose blush, and she grew lovelier than ever. And then the lady raised her hand and looked at its exquisite beauty, and next took off her little black bonnet and set free her long, bright ringlets—those peerless ringlets of that rich, rare hue, between the golden and the Auburn, which the artist painters loved so well. "She is perfect," she murmured. And then she thought, with a transient swell of pride, of the sensation of the wonder this matchless beauty would have created in the circles of London, Paris, Vienna—at any of the courts at which she herself had resided in the last seven years. But the next instant the sinful pride was suppressed, and she only felt that this was her own dear child—her good and loving Maud; and with a silent, hidden, restrained rapture, she drew and pressed her to her bosom. And all this time they had not spoken a word to each other.

CHAPTER XXV.

In the morning Mrs. Hunter and her beautiful daughter sat together in the chamber that had been assigned to the maiden. In such a pleasant apartment that I may be pardoned for describing it. It was on the second floor, a few feet south wing of the mansion. It was a lofty, spacious room, with four high windows—two east and two west—where all day long the sunshine entered. Those windows were heavily curtained with blue damask, lined with white sarcenet, looped back with cords and tassels, showing inner curtains of rich lace. The hangings of the bedstead, and the coverings of two lounging chairs and a sofa, were of the same material and color. The elegant toilet that stood between the east windows was draped with lace, lined with blue silk. And the style of the carpet on the floor was a light, running vine of violets, over a white ground. The dressing bureau, wardrobe, washstand, little table, etc., were of white satinwood, highly polished. A few cheerful looking pictures adorned the walls and pretty, quaint-looking vases, etc., stood upon the mantelpiece. A glowing coal fire, in a polished steel grate, completed the comfort of the room. The low, luxurious sofa was drawn up to the fire, and Mrs. Hunter sat in it with her daughter at her side, with her arm around her waist, never weary or contemplating her, ever seeking a deeper and more real consciousness of the joy of possessing her. Combining her fingers through the soft, glittering ringlets, the lady murmured:

"Strange, I never thought you were my lost child, yet ever felt it. Passing strange, yet perfectly true. When I first saw you, little one—when looking up from my class-book in the Sunday school, I first met those sweet, wistful blue eyes fixed on mine. I felt some-thing in their look that was familiar,

## ON THE TOP FLOOR

A STORY FOR CHRISTMAS

(Clara Marshall.)

"No, my son," said Mrs. Stanton, with decision. "I am sorry to disappoint you, but when I said I thought Santa Claus would bring you a copy of 'The Arabian Nights' this year, I didn't know that I should be called upon to pay for my typewriter before the end of next month. Santa Claus will bring baby a rag doll, which will do her quite as much good as the bique doll that I thought she would get, but you and I will have to go without any presents this Christmas, except the bundle of apples your grandma sent us last week. And that reminds me, did you carry Ned Staples his apples today?"

"Yes, I did, down into the barrel and picked out the two biggest and reddest ones I could find, just as you said I must always do. Baby could hardly hold the one she carried, but she said 'apples' real plain when she handed it to him, or when she dropped it on him, I'd better have given her the other one, so she could see him on his bed. You know his rheumatism is so bad now that he cannot get out of bed—but his old grandma just won't send for the doctor. Ned says she wants him to die."

"That's a naughty boy to say such a thing!"

"Well, mamma, I heard her say one day that Ned lived just out of spite. You see, she is only his step-grandma, and that makes a difference. If my grandma in the country had to take me to live with her I know she'd never say such a thing, poor as she is. Ned's grandpa used to be sort of good to him when he was alive, so Ned says, but he died a long time ago."

"And are Ned's father and mother both one mean?"

"Yes; Ned can't remember them a bit. First, his mother died, and then his grandpa. When Ned can first remember he lived in a little house close by the sea, but after the rest of them got through dying, his grandma sold their house and came to the city to live. I guess she didn't get much for it, or she wouldn't be living in the top floor like this."

"Mamma, when do you think papa die, however, and when he recovered, shipped aboard a British schooner trading between Liverpool and the West Indies. He was English born, and his American wife being dead, there was nothing to bring him back to the United States until, seven years later, he made a little pile of money by trading on his own account, he concluded to invest in American railway stock. Then visiting his old home, in order to place a tombstone on his wife's grave, he first learned that he had a son, after which he lost no time in finding him, an easier matter than might be supposed, as his son's step-grandma, though she chose to live on the top floor of a tenement house, and do her own cooking and washing, had ten thousand dollars in the bank. After crying several hours in the little town where she had formerly lived."

"Hurray!" burst out Hugh, suddenly, after listening gravely to what Captain Staples had to tell. "And so Santa Claus brought Ned a father! Ain't that jolly!"

"Ned thinks so," replied the captain. "I had a doctor to see him last night and his rheumatism has taken a turn for the better already. I hope to have him on his legs in a day or two."

"And I bet it was Ned who told you what we wanted."

"Yes; when I asked him what he'd take in the way of Christmas presents, he answered right away, 'A tricycle, the Arabian Nights, and a blue-eyed doll.' I'd a mind to scold him for wanting a doll, but when he asked me to pile up the things in front of your door, I was glad I didn't."

Captain Staples soon moved his son into more comfortable quarters, but neither father nor son forgot those who had been kind to the latter when he needed friends. Mrs. Stanton had so much work given her that her typewriter went in a gallop all day long, and as she was well paid she was soon able to rent better rooms and put money in the bank besides. Mrs. Bennett remained on her top floor with no company but her cat, "She wouldn't keep that remark," remarked Captain Staples, "if it didn't catch its own meat, and help out her thin blankets on cold nights by sleeping on top of her."

—Intelligencer.

## Marvelous case of Leo Corrigan

which shows that skin diseases heretofore considered hopeless can be cured. Since childhood, Leo Corrigan had been tormented with the burning agony and itching of Eczema. His parents had spent a great deal of money in consulting physicians and buying medicines—but all to no purpose.

As he grew older he sought other doctors—some of them specialists. He was eleven weeks in a Toronto hospital—eight weeks in bed. At times the irritation and pain caused by the Eczema were so severe, life was a burden. He would get so bad he could not walk. Several winters he could do no work.

## The White Man's Duty to the Negro.

You will find no Johann Most, Emma Goldman, Czolgosz or Guiteau among the negroes. In the struggle which may be expected to come between order and anarchy may it not be that these people, grateful to the nation for their liberty and to the good people of the land for their uplift in knowledge, purity and social standing, will prove themselves a mighty force upholding law, order and supremacy of the nation? Stranger things have happened than that these people, crushed and wronged for generations, should become at last strong defenders of the nation and the community at whose hands they have hitherto received mainly injustice. They are here as citizens. Whatever temporary restrictions may be placed upon their approach to the ballot box, the time will come when all barriers will be broken down and they will enjoy everywhere the full rights of citizenship. But ignorant citizens are the prey and the sport of every demagogue who appeals to their passions, and if one-ninth of our citizens are so exposed the whole life of the nation is in peril. So we stand before the American people and say, Here is one-ninth of our population coming out from the ignorance and immorality of slavery. We are making its uplift our business. We are striving to train the hand and the mind and to fill the heart with a love of purity and a sense of the beauty of holiness. As we are faithful in this work we feel that we make a strong appeal to the nation's assistance and gratitude, and we know that we shall hear our Master's voice: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—Justice David J. Brewer in Leslie's Weekly.



He wrote, on February 20, 1906: "In November, 1905, I had another attack and was advised to use Mira Ointment. (I thought this would be like the other remedies I had tried, and of no use to me). But, to my great delight, a few hours after the first application, I felt great relief. I have used it, and unhesitatingly state that it is the best remedy I ever used. It has worked wonders for me. Since using Mira Ointment I have been able to work every day—without irritation or pain—without stiffness of the limbs or soreness. I feel a new person."

"From a state of great irritation and sometimes excruciating pain to freedom from all such, being capable of doing hard work every day, is a marvelous change. Mira Ointment has effected this change."

"I strongly recommend any person afflicted with this terrible complaint—Eczema—to use Mira Ointment."

What this wonderfully effective Ointment has done in this extreme chronic case, it is doing in other seemingly incurable conditions. If you suffer from any form of skin-disease, don't delay. Certain relief and cure is waiting you in Mira Ointment. Get a box to-day, 50c. or \$1.00. At Drug-stores—or from The Chemist Co. of Canada, Ltd., Hamilton—Toronto.



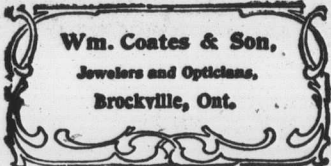


**Special Notice**

We wish to inform our friends that any person representing himself as in any way connected with us in selling Spectacles or any other goods in our line is a FRAUD.

Remember we keep a full and very complete line of

Kodaks and Supplies,  
Edison Phonographs  
and Records



**ATHENS**

**Grain Warehouse**

Large stock on hand of  
Flour, Bran, Shorts, Middlings,  
Barley Meal, Corn Meal, Freyender, etc.  
at lowest prices.

**Athens Lumber Yard**

All kinds of  
Building Lumber, Sash, Doors, Shingles,  
Water and Whey Tanks, etc.

**Nothing More Suitable**

For a Xmas Gift than any one of the following:  
Palms, Ferns, Azaleas, Holly,  
Holly Wreaths, Cyclamens,  
Roses, Carnations, Violets  
AT  
**R. B. Heather's**  
Tel. 223; G. H. 56.  
Floral work made in the latest styles.

**Sir Thomas Lipton**

The largest Tea and Coffee Dealer  
in the World.

**Delicious Black Tea**

ALL PRICES  
Put up in Air-Tight Cans.

**Lipton's Jams and Marmalades**

TRY THEM  
P. S.—Two hundred new cotton  
bags to be sold at bargain prices

**Jos. Thompson**

**Xmas Goods**

We are Headquarters in Athens for Santa  
Claus

**Gift Suggestions**

We have Dolls in abundance for the girls. We have Trains, Horses and Guns for the boys.  
The book counter is complete with story and picture books for the children as well as many selections by standard authors, both prose and verse.  
Our Fancy Stationery is selling fast.  
Our China display is pretty.  
Handkerchiefs of all kinds, silk, linen and muslin, plain, lace-trimmed and embroidered.  
Linen make a pleasing gift for the ladies, and our stock is complete both with staple and fancy pieces.  
We have a large assortment of real Japanese painted and embroidered Piano Drapes and Cushion Tops that make acceptable gifts.  
Fancy house slippers make useful gifts.  
We have just received a large number of Neckwear Novelties for both ladies and gents.  
With all sincerity, we wish you all a very merry Xmas.

**T. S. KENDRICK**

**The Merchants Bank of Canada**

ESTABLISHED 1864

Capital and Reserve \$10,024,256  
Assets (over) 52,000,000  
Deposits (over) 37,000,000

**A Christmas Suggestion**

Encourage Thrift by opening a Savings Account and presenting pass-book at Christmas. \$1.00 opens an account.  
Money Loaned to farmers and others at reasonable rates. General banking business transacted.

ATHENS BRANCH E. S. CLOW, Manager.

**Local and General**

On Saturday a few cheese were sold in Brockville at from 11 1/2c to 11c.

All photos will be finished at Falkner's Gallery before Xmas. Order now.

Mr Sheldon Bullis of Vossen, Sask., is enjoying a visit with old friends in Athens.

New Confectionery and Fruit, choice Xmas Candies—fresh Oysters direct from Baltimore.—Miss Addison.

Nominations for municipal representatives will be held on Monday, Dec. 30.

High-grade chocolates, creams, bon-bons, caramels, etc., in package or bulk, at McClary's.

Mr (Dr) Lillie left Athens last week for a visit with friends in New York city.

A valuable horse belonging to James Kirkland, Forthton, dropped dead last week while at work.

Buy a sensible Xmas present. See the handsome, reasonably priced dinner and tea sets at McClary's, and your choice is made.

On Wednesday last the marriage took place in Brockville of Miss Alice Stella Kilborn and Arthur J. Leacock, both of Frankville.

Have you seen McClary's display of imported china goods—a combination of use and beauty that charms all beholders.

Mr Delbert Shook is home for the winter, after spending the season making cheese at Medicine Hat.

The provincial inspector says that the Central Prison and all the jails in the province are full. This is one of the first exhibits of lack of employment.

Having sold out their hardware stock in bulk, Messrs. A. Taylor & Son offer at cost for cash all their Coats, Robes, Blankets, Washing Machines, Wringers, Stoves. See these articles.

The adv't of Mr. J. S. Moore, who has purchased the grocery business in the Rappell block, appears in this issue of the Reporter. His Xmas stock includes a line of fancy china-ware that is well worthy of inspection.

The marriage of Miss Ruby Stevens, only daughter of Mr and Mrs Rufus Stevens, to Mr Charles Lavelle Broley, manager of the Merchants Bank, Delta, is announced to take place on Wednesday, Jan. 1st, at 8.30 p.m., at the home of the bride's parents there.

The beautiful parlor lamps at McClary's are well worthy of inspection. As an Xmas gift, these can be relied upon to lighten, brighten and beautify the home, while giving an enduring pleasure to the recipient.

Mr Gordon Eaton, on completing his term at the A.M.S., left for Grimsby, Ont., where his father recently purchased a fruit farm. Mr. Eaton is gifted with an exceptionally fine tenor voice, which was heard with pleasure on various occasions in Athens.

Mr Charles J. Greene, a former typist in this office, now on the staff of the Caron (Sask.) Enterprise, is visiting old friends here and at Oak Leaf. Like many others, Mr Greene is enamored of the West, and thinks there is no other part of the great prairie country quite so good as the Caron district. As a matter of fact, the crops in that district averaged well, and it was only on the heavy lands that any damage was done by frost.

Mr G. A. McClary's annual importation of art china is now on display, and it excites the admiration of all visitors. Vases, casters, biscuit jars, water sets, porridge sets, trays, fruit, celery and salad dishes, besides many little boudoir articles, all show a refinement of art in coloring and design that is very pleasing. You will enjoy an inspection of these goods.

The B.W. & N.W. Ry. Co. will issue single fare tickets between all stations on Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 24th and 25th, good to return Thursday, Dec. 26th; also on Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 31st and Jan. 1st, good to return Thursday, Jan. 2nd. Fare and one-third rates will be effective good going from Dec. 21st until 25th, returning Jan. 3rd; also good going from Dec. 28th until Jan. 1st, returning Jan 8rd.

Mr C. C. Slack excels himself in his poem published this week.

See the winter Hats and Caps at A. M. Chassels.

Glassware at McClary's—never cheaper, never more beautiful—new designs.

Miss Annie Smith has gone on a visit to her brother at Kennett Square, Penn.

Go to Falkner's Photograph Gallery now for your Xmas photos—no more acceptable gift for a friend.

Mrs W. Churchill of Grand Forks, N.D., is a guest at the home of her mother, Mrs Silas Hamblin.

See the package candies, chocolates, creams, and choice mixtures at McClary's.

Epworth League Monday evening. Topic: The Magnificat—a Christmas Song. Leader, Miss M. Hegerman.

You will probably find just what you want for Christmas enumerated or suggested in Kendrick's adv't this week. Read it.

The proposal to divorce the townships of Leeds and Lansdowne, which are united, Front and Rear, for municipal purposes, is being opposed. The Legislature will settle the question.

Everything in Xmas groceries at McClary's. The ingredients for your Xmas cake and pudding are here, as well as all the dainty condiments, sauces, relishes, etc. required during the holiday season.

The pupils and friends of St. Paul's Presbyterian S. S. held their annual social on Wednesday evening last. An abundance of choice refreshments and an entertaining programme gave to all a delightful time.

We have at the Woollen Mill a large stock of extra heavy all wool double blankets, size 72 x 90. Sheerings in all wool and union, 36 inch. Tweeds and all lines of flannels, also yarn in all colors.—Jas F. Gordon.

Mr James McClelland, a native of Ireland, died at Forthton on Tuesday last at the home of his daughter, Mrs Kirkland, aged 78 years. Deceased had been engaged in mercantile business in Oswego, N.Y., until about a year ago, when he came to reside with his daughter. The funeral services will be conducted at the house on Thursday.

A great storm swept this district on Saturday evening. A heavy snow-fall, driven by a fierce wind, made travel almost impossible, and trading in the stores was practically suspended. Since then the weather has been mild, farmers have been prompt in breaking through the drifts, and now generally throughout the country good roads are reported. We seem likely to have ideal Christmas conditions.

Very interesting services were held by Evangelist Russell on Sunday last, in the Presbyterian church in the morning, in the Baptist church in the afternoon, and culminating with a great gathering in the Methodist church in the evening. Mr Russell is an eloquent, forceful, exceedingly practical speaker, and was heard with pleasure and profit. In the evening Rev E. S. Claxton, Rev Mr Scott, Rev I. N. Beckstedt, and Rev S. J. Hughes with their respective congregations joined in the services. Union services are being held every afternoon and evening this week.

Mr E. A. Gardiner of Regina has returned home for the holiday season.

Mr. Byard Johnston, a student at the A.H.S., is on the sick list this week.

Thus far the tubular boiler installed in the A.M.S. for heating purposes has given splendid satisfaction.

The A.H.S. students are this week struggling with their annual Xmas exams, and, as usual, are provided with printed papers.

Mr. D. Fisher has a stock of new cutters, of latest design and finish, which he is offering at attractive prices. Call and inspect.

Mr Henry Stewart returned last week from his location in Saskatchewan and will spend the winter with his family in Brockville.

Christmas tree and entertainment of Trinity church S. S. is to be held on Monday evening next at the public school hall at 8.00 sharp. Admission 15c.

The Sunday School entertainment of Christ church to-morrow (Thurs) evening promises to be unusually good. Drills, choruses, dialogues, and recitations by members of the S. S. will more than fill an hour of amusement. Admission 15c. Programme to commence at 7.30.

Abram Robeson of Hard Island passed away on Tuesday night at the age of 79 years. The funeral services will be conducted at the home of his son, George W. by the Rev S. J. Hughes of Athens on Thursday morning at 10.30. The burial will take place at Athens.

**New Arrivals**

**XMAS**

At McClary's INCLUDE  
Beautiful Vases  
Imported Chinaware  
Handsome Dinner Sets  
Bedroom Sets  
Extra value is given in all these beautiful and useful goods.

**GROCERIES**

Our stock includes every requisite for the feast days fast approaching—all goods fresh and full flavored.

High grade Confectionery in bulk and packages.

You are invited to see these goods.

G. A. McClary

**Fruit and Confectionery**

**The Holiday Trade**

EVERYTHING FOR  
ORANGES  
LEMONS  
DATES  
FIGS  
Lowney's Pkg. Goods

**Groceries**

We can supply all your needs in the grocery line with fresh and reliable goods.

E. C. TRIBUTE

Next door to Merchants Bank.

**HARDWARE**

The attention of  
Farmers - and - Builders

Is directed to my stock  
Shelf and Heavy Hardware  
Paints and Oils  
Glass and Putty  
Gardening Tools.  
Spades, Shovels, Forks etc.

All my goods are of the latest design, the product of reliable manufacturers, and will give good satisfaction.

Choice line of cutlery and many articles for the household.

We ask only a fair price and invite inspection of the values offered.

Open every evening.

W. G. JOHNSON

**D. C. HEALY AUCTIONEER**

Is licensed to conduct sales in all parts of the United Counties. Terms, right. Orders may be left at the Reporter office.  
D. C. HEALY,  
Smith's Falls.  
Phone 94.

**HIRAM O. DAY GENERAL AGENT**

LONDON LIFE INSURANCE CO  
VANKLEER HULL AND ATHENS ONT

**Hood's**

Sarsaparilla enjoys the distinction of being the greatest curative and preventive medicine the world has ever known. It is an all-round medicine, producing its unequalled effects by purifying, vitalizing and enriching the blood on which the health and strength of every organ, bone and tissue depend. Accept no substitute for Hood's, but insist on having Hood's AND ONLY HOOD'S.

**The People's Column**

Adv'ts 6¢ lines and under in this column, 25¢ for first insertion and 10¢ each subsequent insertions.

**To Rent**

The Burchell Farm, next to House of Industry. Close to school and to cheese factory. Apply to ROBERT FERGUSON, Athens.

**Girl Wanted**

Girl to do general house work. Good wages. Apply to MRS A. E. DONOVAN.

**Lady's Coon Coat For Sale**

A lady's coon coat, in prime condition, is offered for sale at half regular price. May be seen at the Reporter office.

**For Sale**

Hard and Soft Wood, Telephone Poles, Stakes, Rails, Fence Posts, and Lumber. Apply to MELVIN HAMBLIN, Athens F.O.



**5/8 BIAS GIRTH Blanket**

Can't Slip  
Won't Come Off.

**What**

would you do if you knew you had only 24 hours to live?

Buy from us 5-A Horse Blankets that never slip or come off.

Harness the best and cheapest in the country.

75c Mitts for 50c.  
One of our bargain Suit Cases for a Xmas present.

Everything for the Horse, Sleigh and Carriage.

CHAS. R. RUDD & CO. BROCKVILLE

**Halt!**

Have you seen the beautiful display of

**Chinaware**

At the Store of

**J. S. Moore**

Rappell Block, Elgin Street.

**GROCERIES**

Our stock is fresh and complete, and we cordially invite everyone to call and inspect it.  
Phone A. J. S. MOORE.

**New Year Term**

Opens Jan. 6, '08

At Brockville you can get excellent instruction, cheap board and ready employment when competent.

**Book-keeping, Stenographic and Telegraphic Courses**

Send for Free Catalogue

**Brockville Business College**

W. T. ROGERS—PRINCIPAL

**THE STAR WARDROBE**

Why should a man wear clothes of indifferent fit, that always look "slouchy" after a week or two, when for practically the same money he can get something made to his measure that is made right?

Our prices range from \$15.00 up.

M. J. KEHOE

Brockville

THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION