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The Reporter Office  
Athens, Ont.

# The Athens Reporter

—AND—

## COUNTY OF LEEDS ADVERTISER.

Wishing You

All a

Merry

Christmas

Vol. XXIX. No. 51

Athens, Leeds County, Ontario, Wednesday, Dec. 24, 1913

G. F. Donnelley, Publisher

THE ROBERT WRIGHT COMPANY LIMITED

### NEW YEAR GIFTS

#### HERE'S HER GIFT—REYNIER

The world's best Gloves, foremost in quality, fit and finish. When a lady finds the Reynier stamp inside her gift gloves she knows the giver was particular to have the best.

Each pair in a pretty box. Fully guaranteed. Sizes may be exchanged if necessary.

- Reynier very select Suede Gloves, in greys, tans, black.. \$1.50
- Reynier highest grade Kid gloves, greys, tans, white, and black ..... \$1.50
- Reynier very choice guaranteed Kid Gloves, tans, white, and black..... \$1.00

(All Gloves boxed separately)

#### SILK HOSIERY

A choice gift, high class Silk Hose, in a pretty box, a fine assortment of qualities to select from at her pair \$3.00, 2.50, 2.00 1.75, 1.50, 1.25 and..... \$1.00

#### FINE GIFT BOOKS FOR BOYS 25c

Never has such splendid quality been equalled in 25c Cloth Bound Books for yourself; 500 titles: "The Jack Harkaway" series, "The Tom Swift" series, "The Outdoor Chums" series, "The Bird Boy" series, "The Boy Aviator" series, "The Moving Picture Boys" series, "The Motor Boat Boy" series, and many others.

**The ROBERT WRIGHT CO. Limited**  
BROCKVILLE CANADA

### Kelly's Holiday Gifts

- One Tan Leather Suit Case fitted, will sell at \$6.75, was \$12.00.
- Two tan genuine leather Suit Cases with strap. Selling at \$4.95.
- One Black Leather 18 inch Bag, leather lined, (slightly damaged) selling at \$3.95 was \$6.00.

## KELLY'S

The Shoe Store of Quality  
Next Door West of Robert Wright's. BROCKVILLE

### HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

#### FANCY VESTS

We know of no more acceptable present than one of our soft Camel Hair Vests. The men are buying these—\$2.50, \$3.00 and up.

#### NEW SHIRTS

Some beautiful new designs that were intended for Spring 1914. Just here in time for your Christmas giving—\$1.00 and up.

#### KNITTED MUFFLERS

Handsome and rich two and three tone effects in new accordion scarfs that are simply swell, not high priced—75c, \$1.00 up.

#### GLOVES

No man had ever too many, therefore you cannot go wrong in a selection of these—Fownes' Dent's and Perrin's make—\$1.00 up.

#### SMART NECKWEAR

We have never shown so many exclusive novelties as this year. The new Velvet effects are going out in a rush—50c up.

## COLCOCK'S

Brockville — Ontario

### Local Items

Miss Victoria Lee is spending Christmas holidays with her brother Mr Wm. Van Lee of Almonte.

The stocks of cheese carried over this year, after the close of navigation, are the smallest in the last two decades.

Mrs J. Steacy has sold her Elgin street residence to Mr Wm. Hillis and will remove to her property on Mill street.

Miss Marion Covey leaves this week for Rochester, N. Y., where she will enter Hannehan Hospital as a nurse-in-training.

Miss Bertena Green, student at Victoria College, Toronto, is spending the holidays at the home of her grandmother here.

The many friends of Mrs Joseph Thompson are pleased to learn that she is recovering from a serious illness of several days.

Three newly organized social clubs in Edmonton were raided and 350 occupants taken to the police station on charges of gambling.

Mr and Mrs Wm. Thompson of Winnipeg have taken up residence in Mrs Jones' house on Victoria street and will remain during the winter.

W. B. Phelps of Philipsville is carrying his 75 years equal to a man many years his junior. He says that a man is no older than he thinks he is.

Chickens bought at 25c each and fitted for market by crate-feeding produced a net profit of 41c each. For particulars of method pursued, apply at the local Department of Agriculture.

A liberal supply of Christmas booze, in bottles, flasks and skins, arrived here on Tuesday evening from the county town. Queer idea some people have of how to celebrate the greatest festival of Christendom.

Rev Mr Usher, of Pennsylvania, who was heard with pleasure in St. Paul's Presbyterian church recently, has been extended a unanimous call to the vacant pastorate by the congregations of Toledo and Athens.

I have now my saw-mill enclosed and ready for business. Orders for custom sawing filled promptly. Good work and honest measurement. Am prepared to purchase logs of all kinds. —F. B. Blancher.

Although no official decision will be given until the full text of regulations governing the parcels post has been published, it has been practically decided by the Post Office Department not to allow liquor to be carried by means of this new facility for transmission.

The December meeting of the Woman's Institute will be postponed until Jan. 3rd, when it is expected our new room will be ready for occupancy. All ladies are invited to join with us on that date and listen to an interesting programme which is being prepared.

Leave the cat in all night, forget to wind the clock, put your boots on the piano, but don't forget to take home a box of Nylo Chocolates. Get them at Lamb's Drug Store. If they were not the best we would not have them.

In the town hall, Delta, on New Year's night, the Delta Dramatic Club will present the popular drama "A Noble Outcast; or Jerry the Tramp." The play is being staged by Dr Creggan and an entertaining evening is assured. Good orchestral music. Reserved seats 50c. Write W. J. Birch.

The following students are home for the holidays: From Toronto—Miss Leita Arnold, Miss Bertena Green, Messrs Wallace Johnston, Guy Halladay; from Kingston—Miss Peaf Stevens, Miss Ola Derbyshire, Miss Mina Donnelley, Messrs George Holmes, J. E. McLean, K. C. Rappell, Charles and W. F. Booth; from Ottawa—Misses Blanche and Irene McLean.

Nominations next Monday. The large increase in taxation in both village and township has caused a measure of discontent. In the village the council was forced into the region of high finance by no act of their own and those fully acquainted with the whole situation will probably be slow to criticize the action that has been taken. In the township the electors have not had the same opportunity of comparing notes as in the village, and will await with interest the addresses to be delivered at the nomination meeting. And will there be an election in the village or township? You never can tell.

### ATHENS PUBLIC SCHOOL

The following is the report for Athens Public School for December:

Room III.  
Sr. IV.—Examined in Grammar, Spelling, Geography, Nature Study, Writing, History and Arithmetic. Maximum marks, 355; minimum, 213.

Marian Wilson 308, Harold Percival 299, Allan Swayne 297, Elsie O'Loughlin 294, Arthur Hawkins 284, Stanley Gifford 265, Myrtle Cross 257, Clarence LaForty 249, Marguerite Hull 245, Irene Brayman 239, Wallace Hollingsworth 235, Vera Larmour 232, Hattie Moore 221.

Jr. IV.—Examined in Sr. IV subjects.  
Jackson Kilborne 228, Hazel Rahmer 224, Aurelia Connerty 223, Isaac Rockwood 206, Clarence Mulvena 181, Hattie Hawkins 158.

Sr. III.—Examined in Geography, Composition, Literature, Nature Study, Writing, Arithmetic. Maximum marks, 280; minimum, 138.

Hilliard Brown 205, Alton Shaw 177, Geraldine Kelly 168, Beaumont Sexton 163, Leslie Cowan 156, Leonard Kelly 156, Georgina Robinson 153, Hollace Cross 153, Lily Hamilton 134, \*Myrtle Hawkins 131, George Stinson 125, \*Lorraine Quigley 101, \*Hubert Topping 63.

\*Indicates absences from one or more exams.  
Average attendance 30. W. E. Smyth

### Room II

Jr III. Class—Marks 200, Pass mark 120. Rupert Johnson 169, Mina Mulvena 161, Eliza Hawkins 152, Gladstone Knowlton 139. Hope Swayne 138, Vera Topping 120, Leonard Cowan 119, Lawrence Taylor 112, Ernie Hawkins 106, Manford Gifford 102, Dwight Sexton 87, \*Eva Bigalow 56.

Sr. II. Class—Marks 115, pass 70. —Douglas Kendrick 110, Gordon Gibson 109, Beaumont Kelly 108, Elina Gsintord 93, Edna Barrington 92, Jacqueline Moulton 91, Guy Purcell 91, Cecil Aiguire 90, Lonsa Pattimore 89, Raymond Taylor 88, Generva Yates 85, Mabel Darling 77, Mildred Bigalow 75, \*Mary Howarth 55, \*Robert Layng 55, Eddie Hawkins 38.

Jr. II.—Marks 135, Pass 81. Edna Eaton 118, Irene Gifford 116, Hazel Smith 111, Kenneth Bulford 109, Stella Bigalow 109, Zella Topping 105, Leonard Johnson 100, Garfield Gifford 97, Moulton Morris 95, \*Irene Lillie 91, Leonard Bulford 90, Isaac Aiguire 87, Lyman Judson 86, Harvey Dillabough 81, Willie Whitford 74, \*Carmen Layng 51, \*Sydney Thornhill 30.

Aggregate attendance, 644.  
Average attendance, 43.  
Gladys M. Johnston, Teacher

### Form I

I. Jr. to I. Sr. Pass mark 134—Mary Lake 299, Ernest Hawkins 254, Frances Wiltse 253, Frances Sheldon 250, Beverly Purcell 226, Lillian Hawkins 197, Chancy Hollingsworth 187, James Morris 176.

Prim. A to Jr I. Pass mark 150—Velma Lee 273, Alice Stevens 228, Theima Parish 221, Marion Robinson 214, Howard Holmes 211, Jack Webster 207, Gerald Wilson 201, Russell Brooker 150, Harold Bigalow 150.

Prim. B to Prim A—Marjorie Gifford, Knowlton Hanna, Frances Hawkins, Vernon Robeson, Robbie Rahmer, Irwin Stevens, Beatrice Bulford, Jack Thornhill.

Prim. C to Prim. B—Elva Topping, Steacy Fair, Edwin Evans, Ivan Dillabough, Coral Parcell, Wilfred Lake.  
Ada L. Fisher, Teacher

### Charleston School Report

IV.—Gertrude Wood, Hibbert Spence, Marjorie Godkin and Jennie Palmer (equal), Amy Spence, Bella Johnston, James Heffernan, Irene Wood.

III. Class—Elva Spence, Eva Palmer.

II. Class—Martha Johnston, Walter Wood Stanley Latimer, Jim Botsford, Albert Kelsey.

I. Class—Claude Botsford, George Godkin, Hubert Heffernan, Evelyn Latimer.

Primer—Stuart Kelsey, Collins Covey, Kenneth Latimer, Raymond Heffernan.  
J. Eyre, Teacher

## CASTORIA

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

## Merchandise that is Different

### The New Umbrellas

Quite a change has taken place in Women's and Men's Umbrellas, more attention is being given to the cover, not all being put in the handle—this cover—best silk and wool gloria, tape edge—the handle plain ebony with a touch of gold or sterling silver as desired.....\$1.00 to \$5.00

THE NEW SHOPPING BAG—Is almost square, neat and trim and made for service, all leather, leather lining priced from ..... \$1.50 up.

THE BEADED PURSE—Is one of the latest novelties, we show them in a large range of prices and styles \$1.25 to ..... \$4.50

WHEN GIVING GLOVES give guaranteed Gloves only, we guarantee every pair of Gloves we sell, each pair put up in a pretty box.

LACE NECKWEAR IS CORRECT—We are showing a very extensive range. See the Special Lace Guipure Collar at ..... 39c

## C. H. POST

Phone 54

BROCKVILLE

ONTARIO

Wishing You and All

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

and a

HAPPY NEW YEAR

## GLOBE CLOTHING HOUSE

The Store of Quality

BROCKVILLE

ONTARIO

### Suits That Stand Out

From the ordinary in the crowd are the regular products of our work rooms. You get none but fashionable clothes here, because that is the only kind we produce. Try us on your new suit and see how perfectly we fit you, and how well the clothes are made.

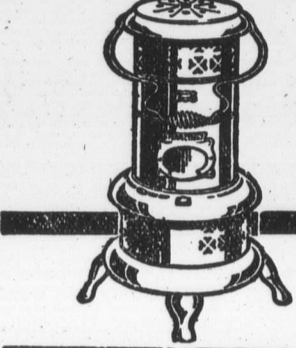
## M. J. KEHOE

Clerical Suits a Specialty.

Handy Heat for Cold Nights On cold, zero nights you will find the



the best protection for your stock. It is ready and handy for immediate use. Burns all night on single gallon of oil, and is absolutely safe. Smokeless—odorless—doesn't leak.



In the home it gives just the extra heat needed in bedroom or sitting room.

THE IMPERIAL OIL CO., Limited  
Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver  
Ottawa Quebec Calgary Edmonton  
Halifax St. John Regina Saskatoon

For best results use ROYALITE OIL

### Helped Out From the Bench

A young lawyer is the hero of this story. At least, he was young when the incident occurred. Now his name is so prominent in legal circles that it would be unkind to reveal it.

He was defending a criminal and, in doing so, was making his first appearance in court.

"The unfortunate client for whom it is my privilege to appear," he said, his tongue and lips dry and thick; "the unfortunate client, your honor, whom I am defending—ahem, ahem—I will repeat, your honor, the unfortunate man whom I here represent—I might say, this most miserable and unfortunate man—"

Just then the judge leaned forward and said, in a soft, encouraging manner, "You may proceed, sir. So far the court is with you."—Popular Magazine.

### GOOD TIMES COMING.

(Chicago Tribune)

There is growing up among the people of the United States a conviction that the relations between capital and labor in the future will have to be different from what they were in the past.

There is a growing up among the people of the United States a conviction that the relations between capital and labor in the future will have to be different from what they were in the past.

### Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Light Floating on Quicksilver.

Quicksilver is used mainly, according to the United States Geological Survey, in the manufacture of fulminating explosives, caps, drugs, electric lighting and scientific apparatus and in the recovery of the precious metals, especially of gold, by amalgamation.

Concerning this, "Popular Science" writes as follows: "Quicksilver is used for floating the revolving lights in lighthouses. The Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses, Edinburgh, have in their charge 50 lighthouses on the coast of Scotland. Up to the year 1906 the revolving lights were borne on rollers. The 'float' system has been gradually introduced, however, and is now in operation at 30 east stations and will be used at all others.

### Suit and Costume Lengths of English Serges

At Importers' prices. Write for free samples stating whether for Ladies' or Gentlemen's wear. Address  
W.M. EARNSHAW  
IMPORTER ALMONSTER ONT.  
Reference Bank of Montreal, Montreal.

### The Uses of Paper.

The manifold uses of wood-pulp paper are astonishing. That we have paper cord, paper bottles, paper boxes, paper hoses (in Japan), paper collars, and paper cups is well known, but how many people have heard of paper screws, paper wire, paper pipes, paper raincoats, paper umbrellas, paper sails for ships?

### 50 ORGANS CHEAP

We have some fifty first-class organs on hand, at prices from \$12.50 to \$35. These instruments have all been overhauled by our own workmen and are in excellent condition. A few great bargains: Juniors organ, whitest case, \$20; 4/8; Denton organ, 8 stops, \$20; Bell organ, 9 stops, \$25. Send for complete list, giving full description stating what terms you would like. Heineman & Co., corner King and John streets, Hamilton, Ont.

### ILLEGAL FIREARMS.

It would appear that a good many people are not aware that there is a law in Ontario against the carrying of firearms. Liberty allowed to youths and even boys to shoot and kill is not only dangerous but unlawful. If we have laws, they should be enforced.

### LOCK UP THE LOAFERS.

Lock up the loafers! That's the best way to deal with the problem of winter burglaries which the city may face. The class that will perpetrate these crimes is to be found hanging around the curbstones most of the summer. When winter comes they feel the pinch, and find their pockets empty. They are ready to rob and assault. The police may run the bills by sentencing these men as long as they prefer, but far better that they find the public rather than the private purse.

### THE ADEN MARKET.

#### Earth's Hottest Town a Busy Hide Mart.

Skins, firewood, gum arabicum, beeswax and other articles are transported from the mountainous Aden hinterland on the backs of camels to the market place in Aden Camp. These caravans very often cover a large distance and their trip sometimes ranges from five to ten days, according to the size of the caravan and the speed they are able to maintain.

This is at present the only means of transportation there, since there are no railroads in the country. At various times merchants of Djibouti, which is a small French town across the straits, somewhat southwest, have tried to create a skin market in that place to the detriment of Aden, but they have never succeeded.

Large quantities of these skins are regularly shipped to the United States, says the Shoe and Leather Reporter, and it is estimated that at least 60 per cent. of the entire trade with Aden is conducted with the United States. One particular line, which in its great majority is shipped to this country, is goatskins of various grades. Abyssinian goatskins arrive at irregular intervals, but most always in pretty good sized quantities, owing to the fact that great caravans are formed in the interior of this country, as far as Addis-Ababa, the capital and residence of the famous Negus Menelik.

North of Aden as far as Hodeidah, Ghizan, Gumfedaah, up to Jeddah skins are brought to Aden by way of sailboats. This gives one an idea of the vast business territory which the trade of Aden is covering and one need not wonder about the large quantities which are regularly exported from that port. In addition to goatskins great quantities of sheepskins (Mochas) are also shipped from there.

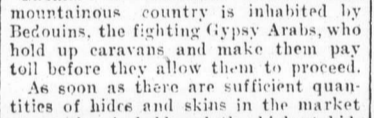
The main street in Aden is typical of all eastern cities with their bazaars and crowded narrow lanes. It is certainly not a pleasure for any European trader to live in Aden. But one could hardly imagine the keen competition which is created through the public auctions of all the hides and skins.

The town of Aden is situated in one of the hottest places on earth. It is situated low with barren rocks encircling the city on all sides and rising far above the town. The thermometer ranges from 100 degrees to 120 degrees in the shade.

Perique, a unique sort of tobacco raised in this country, is limited in quantity, and the district producing it is confined to a small section of St. James parish, on the east side of the Mississippi river, Louisiana. The total production is about 10,000 pounds a year.

### WHEN IN TROUBLE

With your Kidneys do not feel blue. Visit the nearest Drug Store and get a bottle of



Sanol Kidney Remedy

THE POOR HOUSEWIFE.

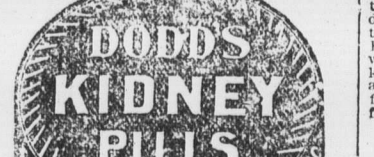
And how many times she sits upon which the bare feet of children are arranged and equipment which she regards as another generation from her own, with little or nothing to relieve the housewife's drudgery.

### A FRIGHTFUL FIRE

Causes widespread sorrow—likewise a lively corn causes much pain—the cure is "Putnam's" the old reliable Putnam's Corn Extractor, that never fails and always cures; try it, 25c. at all dealers.

### No Bribery.

A popular doctor was not long ago deluded into a model of morality, arrangement and equipment which she regards as another generation from her own, with little or nothing to relieve the housewife's drudgery.



REMEDY FOR H. C. OF L.

There is no surer remedy for the evils growing out of the increased cost of living in the United States than bringing about improved methods of farming.

### Catarrhal Deafness Can Be Cured

#### A Publisher's Statement Given.

Mr. George Warner, publisher of the *Masonic Register*, Toronto, was cured of deafness by Catarrhazine, and says: "During the past thirteen years my hearing has been badly affected. I could neither hear the music of the street cars or the sound of horses' feet on the pavement. Before I used Catarrhazine three days I noticed a great change. I gradually improved till now I can hear a whisper across the room. I cannot tell how much I value Catarrhazine, which has my strongest endorsement as a cure for deafness."

### Eye Alone Detects Icebergs.

There at present is no absolute method of detecting icebergs, says Captain C. E. Johnson and A. S. Gamble, of the cutters *Seneca* and *Miami*, which patrolled the route of the trans-Atlantic liners from April to May.

Capt. Johnson refuted the prevalent theory that a sudden drop in temperature meant the proximity of icebergs. Little or no change in temperature was noticeable, he said. No can icebergs, as generally supposed, be detected from a ship's whistle or bells, as, according to Capt. Johnson, a perpendicular berg may give an echo from one direction, but a lanting face reflects the sound. About ninety per cent. of St. Lawrence's efforts to get echoes were futile.

The presence of murrelets (a kind of auk), the officer declares, indicated the presence of icebergs, but he advises mariners to pay no attention to other birds.

### What is Your Best Horse Worth to You?

Yet your best horse is just as liable to develop a Spavin, Kingbone, Splint, Curb or lameness as your poorest!

### KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

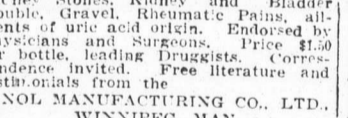
has saved many thousands of dollars in horse flesh by entirely curing these ailments.

### A Unique Tobacco.

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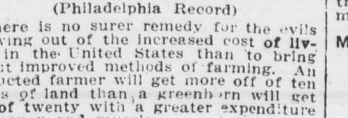
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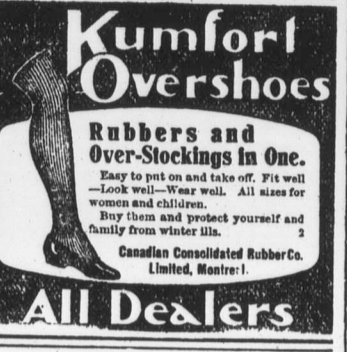


REMEDY FOR H. C. OF L.

### ISSUE NO. 52, 1913

#### Woman's Love of Jewels.

Even in the Stone Age woman was fond of jewels. But it was man, the brute master, who wore them. The heavy necklace that descended upon his breast was the emblem of his superiority and power. Even before he had progressed so far as to cover himself with the skin of the stag, he wore a necklace of shells, or teeth of animals or glittering flint. The elegant dame or demoiselle who rolls by in her limousine is not so distant a relative of the cave man as she may try to appear. She likes jewels better than dress, since each season we see her more and more bejewelled and less and less clothed. The joy of jewels is of the same infancy quality with the coquette of to-day that it was in the early barbaric times. A thread of metal, upon which are strung some shining pebbles, a thread of silk over which are placed some small round concentrations of lime, found rolling in the liquid of a diseased oyster!—*Los Bressil Economique.*



### SUICIDES IN RUSSIA.

A special society has for some time been dealing with the question how to cope with suicides among young Russians and the famous Pirogoff society of Russian Physicians, which will shortly meet in Moscow, intends to give its particular attention to the board aspects of this sad problem. A preparatory committee appointed by the society has ascertained the following facts: In 1902 there were 23 cases of suicide in European Russia to every million inhabitants, while in 1910 the number had risen to 35. That a real epidemic of suicide is raging among the younger generation is proved by the fact that while in 1901 there were 24 cases of suicide recorded among pupils and students of 17 public schools under the ministry of education, the figure rose to 256 for 1911. It need scarcely be stated that suicide epidemic finds a specially fertile soil in the Russian prisons, where the number of suicides increased 14 fold between 1900 and 1910.—*Darkest Russia.*

### PILES CURED AT HOME BY NEW ABSORPTION METHOD

If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment; and will also send some of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality if requested. Immediate relief and permanent cure assured. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write today to Mrs. M. Summers, box P-8, Windsor, Ont.

### CANADA'S CHILD DEATH RATE.

A writer in the *Journal of Commerce*, having made a careful study of the matter, asserts that in Canada 35,000 children under the age of twelve months die every year. Here is a fact and a problem that ought to arouse the interest and action of all Canadians. Canada is busy importing a large quantity of babies from her own land, which she is said to be doing every year. The matter is vital to the Canadian people. It is a condition that strikes at the very root and heart of Canadian life. It is a condition that might be expected in older and poorer countries, but in Canada, with opportunities for ample space and food and care, it is incredible that such things should occur. Surely the primal duty is to see to it that each Canadian infant shall have greater chance of life, and in some way to curb the huge waste of life energy. Much is said of the evils of tuberculosis, but the number of children dying each year is four and a half times as great. Imagine an epidemic killing that many children in a year!

### CANCER

Book Free. A simple home treatment removed a lump from this lady's breast. Old sores, ulcers and growths cured. Write for our little book and testimonial. THE CANADA CANCER INSTITUTE, LIMITED 10 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO

### Making Houses in Moulds.

The idea of pouring the whole, or nearly the whole of a concrete house at a single operation in a matter which has engaged the attention of Edison and others, recently, said Cassier's Monthly, a couple of engineers experimented in the United States along this line, but, because of lack of encouragement transferred their activities to Europe, where they have apparently been meeting with success. One hundred and twenty houses are said to be now in process of construction at Salzburg, in the south of France.

### POVERTY AND AFFLUENCE.

Toronto is at present furnishing some interesting examples of the products of the present "system." They grade all the way from Sir Henry Pell's family of three in a house of 100 rooms to some of the poorer people, who, Dr. Hastings declares, are living ten families in one house of 10 or 12 rooms.

### Best Thing Known To Cure Sore Throat

"When I came home last evening," writes Mr. Thomas E. Jarvis, "I was all used up with cold and a racking cough. I felt sick all over. My wife rubbed my throat and chest every hour, and made me gargle with Neroline and water. I was soon warmed up and made comfortable with the Neroline, and the chillsensation passed away. At 11 o'clock, after five hours' treatment, I was practically well. I therefore write you at once in order that it may be publicly known that Neroline will knock out a bad cold over night."

It is a fact that Neroline will ease up a tight chest, will relieve that sore, wheezy feeling, will knock out a cold in just a few hours. It penetrates deeply, draws out the congestion, cures promptly. Get a large family size bottle, 50c; small size, 25c., at all storekeepers and druggists or The Catarrhose Co., Buffalo, N.Y.

### Big Mammoth in Museum.

Count Steinbock Fermor, of the island of Great Lyakovsky, New Siberia, has presented to the natural history museum in Paris what is considered to be the finest specimen of a mammoth yet found. The gift is especially interesting because the animal had not finished digesting his last meal at the moment of his death, countless centuries ago. Thus the savant are for the first time able to study accurately the nature of the flora of the far-distant epoch. They have simply examined the contents in an absolutely complete condition in a strata of ice. The skin, which is without a scratch, is covered with reddish hair, thick and soft to the touch like that of a lamb. The body was cut carefully into pieces, each one labelled, and then carried 1,900 miles to a railway line on dog sledges.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

### UNION Stock Yards TORONTO Largest Canadian Market For Beef and Feeder Cattle, Calves, Hogs, Sheep and Horses WRITE FOR INFORMATION

### Out of the Mouths of Babies.

Small Fred had been worried in an encounter with a lumbie bee. "Mamma," he said, "I caught a big fly in the yard, and it had a redhot needle in its foot."

### Sunday School Teacher—Can you tell me who made you, Joseph?

Joe—He made me real little, and I just growed the rest myself.

### Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gentlemen—Last winter I received great benefit from the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT in a severe attack of LaGrippe, and I have frequently proved it to be very effective in cases of inflammation.

### Gave the Lecture, Though.

Sir Ernest Shackleton, the Antarctic explorer, tells some amusing stories of his experiences as a lecturer. On one occasion he was giving a lecture at Leith, in Scotland, and he had paid £5 for the hall and £1 for 200 seats. Other expenses amounted to another pound. He drove from Edinburgh to the hall and instructed the cabman to wait for him. In the building he found an audience consisting of an old, decrepit looking man, two men and a couple of children. Anxious to increase the number of his auditors, he went down to the cabman and said: "I will pay for somebody to hold a horse, and you can come up and hear the lecture." The man at once replied: "Oh, no, thank you, sir, I am all right where I am." The lecture was, however, given to the latter end, and at the close there were 25 people present. Next day he was sorrowfully recognizing his expenses to his wife and calculating his losses.

### Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

In the early days of the French régime in Canada under seigneurial tenure, the inhabitants rented the lands they occupied. In the Public School History now in use in Ontario it is interesting to read: "The rental varied from half a cent to two cents for each acre, and was paid part in money, part in wheat, eggs or live fowl." At the lowest rental named one good flock of geese would pay the rent of twelve and a half acres for a year, while one good chicken would pay the rent of four hundred acres.

### THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

(Toronto Star)

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These Costly Days.  
(Detroit, Free Press)

"Can a man marry on \$5 a week?" asks an exchange. "We refuse to reply. When a man has got to the point where he's fool enough to ask that question he's already made up his mind to do it."

# JACK PENFIELD'S CHRISTMAS EVE

(By Clarissa Msekie.)

"A telegram from Christopher," said Mrs. Latimer, thrusting her head within the open library door and reading from the yellow slip in her hand.

"Snowbound. Will arrive late this evening. Don't sit up."

"Thoughtful" Christopher, murmured Dick Mason, from the depths of his easy chair.

"Poor old Chris—what luck!" cried Amy, while Alice murmured to her lover, "I am so anxious that you should meet Christopher, Dick."

"Pray, who is Christopher? Tell me, that I, too, may be distraught at his non-arrival," drawled Penfield, surveying the love-stricken Dick and his betrothed with some disgust and turning to Amy, who was viewing him with unmistakable relief.

"Christopher Browning is our cousin," she replied, with a wicked look at her sister. "The dearest fellow! Writes, you know."

"I didn't know," murmured Penfield, apologetically.

"Well, Chris does write for the papers, magazines, or anything that will take the stuff."

"Um-m-m!"

Amy looked at him from mirth brimmed eyes. She was dressing a doll for the cook's little niece, and she tied a pink bow on the flaxen curls and then admired the effect with audible satisfaction.

"Isn't she too sweet? Now I'm going down to the village to leave this to Mrs. Lee's, and you may come, too, Mr. Penfield, for the way is long and the night is stormy."

Penfield arose with alacrity. Anything was better than sitting before the cheery fire and staring at the photograph of the girl he loved unwisely and trying to summon courage to ask caressfully whom the picture represented. Didn't he know?

When they reached the front door Amy ran back to the library, and he heard the rise and fall of her shrill girlish voice as she expostulated with her sister. It was evident that she gained her point, for when she returned she was smiling and her eyes were as bright as the snow crystals sparkling under the radiance from the wide open door.

They plunged into the softly falling whiteness, and Penfield bared his head to the cold fresh air, and endeavored to thrust aside the burden that lay heavily upon his heart.

"Such an ideal Christmas eve!" said Amy. "When I was a little girl—"

"Oh, WHEN?" interrupted Jack, mockingly.

"When I was a little girl," insisted Amy, solemnly. "I used to believe that something wonderful must happen on Christmas eve. I would wait at the window and look for a messenger to arrive with marvelous news or expect that a long lost uncle would appear and shower gifts upon us. But it never happened. Nothing wonderful ever goes happen to me," she added, with a sigh that was muffled in a mist of flying flakes.

"Time enough for things to happen when you are grown up, child," Jack said gravely, and then, raising himself from the unpleasant thoughts that, vampire-like, seemed to cling to him, he added: "Come! A race to the corner!"

"They reached it laughing and breathless."

Later, when they had returned and were sitting before the fire, each waiting for the other to make a bedtime story, Jack remarked lazily:

"When do you expect Mr. Browning to arrive?"

Amy giggled. Dick looked amused, and Alice and her mother exchanged glances of distress.

"Oh, any time before midnight, I suppose," replied Alice, with evident constraint. "We will not sit up—the arrival of the train is too uncertain, and of us will hear the bell and come down."

"I was about to volunteer to sit up and wait for him," said Jack. "I am in a wakeful mood to-night."

"Really, Mr. Penfield," began Mrs. Latimer anxiously, when Amy interrupted her eagerly:

"Oh, mother, let him sit up if he wishes to. We can get up and greet Christmas with the best of us, sitting in all of us sitting here. It may not arrive for hours yet, and Peters will be waiting at the station with the sleigh, so Chris will be all right."

"Very well, dear. It doesn't seem quite fair to Chris," remarked Mrs. Latimer gravely, "but you may settle that between yourselves."

"Perhaps I'd better go with Peters," said Dick. "I am ashamed that I did not think of doing so before."

"Oh, Peters has gone," said Mrs. Latimer. "I thought it best for him to be there in case the train should arrive earlier than expected."

"It's not a particularly bad night, Mrs. Latimer," said Penfield reassuringly. "Miss Amy and I got along famously. The snow is very light and soft, and it is not particularly cold. Of course down in the valley at Sanderson, where the train is stalled, it has drifted and that has caused the blockade. Mr. Browning will not mind the adventure unless he is an invalid," he added, doubtfully.

"Oh, Chris is quite robust," replied Alice, sweetly. "Now that it is settled Mr. Penfield is to remain up to greet our cousin suppose we hang the stockings and go to bed. We must deposit our gifts on the table here, and mother will fill the stockings at some convenient hour, as usual. When Chris arrives mother and I will come down and give the child something to eat. You must keep a rousing fire, Mr. Penfield."

"Depend on me for that," returned Jack.

There was much running to and fro and a great deal of merrier as the stockings were hung in the wide old chimney-piece. Then, one brought gifts carefully wrapped and labeled, and with many affectionate labels they were heaped upon a library table. Finally, with warm exchanges

of Christmas wishes, Mrs. Latimer and her daughters withdrew, leaving the two men alone before the fire.

When Dick Mason had finished his cigar he, too, sought his room, and then Penfield kept his lonely vigil. It was 11 o'clock, and the storm was abating. The soft spat of snow against the window panes had ceased, and there was an occasional tinkle of sleigh bells from the highway which proclaimed that belated Christmas shoppers were venturing out.

Penfield stared moodily at the picture of the girl he loved. It stood on the mantelshelf, framed in silver. It portrayed a girl in riding dress with one arm thrown over the neck of a horse, whose nose nuzzled her other hand. She was a wide-eyed, soft featured girl, with a broad, friendly smile, and topped by a broad felt hat. Her round chin was lifted above the low collar of her white blouse, and from the crown of her hat to the tips of her riding boots she appeared the embodiment of life, health and love. Yet love she had withheld from Jack Penfield. He was thinking of that now as he sat there—thinking how strange it was that she should have found her picture in the home of his cousin's fiancée, among people whom he had never before met, but who had greeted him warmly as Dick Mason's cousin and had taken him into their midst as one of themselves. He had come out of the west a fortnight before—out of the west where he had made his home for years—away from the open life of the plains, the free air of Montana, where he was king on his own ranch, to the overcivilized east, where to simple hearted Jack Penfield God seemed shut up in the stuffy brick and stone churches. In the wild west God was everywhere. That was his fancy.

He had come east because a girl had implanted the germ of restlessness within him—a restlessness that forbade him peace of mind until he could persuade her to reconsider his decision. The picture before him was an enlargement of one he had taken himself with a pocket camera. Its duplicate in miniature was folded in his letter case next to his heart. In the spring Kitty Brown had come to the west to visit his neighbors, the Clarks. She was a writer, one who was tired and whose body and soul needed relaxation. She found it under the free blue sky as she skimmed over the ranges side by side with Jack Penfield when the day came for her to return to her enslaving pen.

"You do not understand," she had told him. "I could not give up my work, and I do not love you as much as I love that. You can see," she had added with that frank smile of hers, "that my love is a divided one, and you cannot accept that?"

"No," he had replied gravely. "I cannot accept a divided love." And so they had turned their horses' heads homeward, and their parting had been a warm hand clasp and—that was all.

That was all Jack Penfield had to think and dream about. The great eastern city swallowed her up. He had not asked for her address, but as the months went by and brilliant autumn claimed the land, and the broad plain and distant ranges changed color under her hard, cold touch, he grew restless, and finally in December he arranged his affairs, and leaving his foreman in charge of the Bar T outfit he had come to New York to find Kitty Brown. He had been too proud and reserved to ask for information from her friends, the Clarks, and his quest for the girl he loved had been quite hopeless. Then he had dropped in upon his cousin, Dick Mason, who had picked him up and carried him off for the holidays to the country home of the Latimers, and here he was, with the first dew to Kitty Brown staring him in the face. He felt no elation now, for with the nearness of his discovery came the thought that she would send him away again. Nevertheless he determined that he would unobtrusively sweet, motherly Mrs. Latimer in the morning.

There was a tinkle of sleighbells drawing nearer, the faint sound of an arrival at the door, and he hastened to his feet to greet the coming stranger, whom he had almost forgotten. The hall door opened softly, and then the door of the library was pushed gently open, and a slim, dark clad figure, with arms brimming over with packages, slipped into the room and then paused abruptly as Penfield advanced.

"Mr. Browning"—Jack stopped short and stared with unbelieving eyes.

The girl laughed softly, and there was joy in her eyes as she raised them to his.

"Where did you come from?" she asked, dropping her parcels to the table and extending both gloved little hands.

"From the Bar T," he replied laconically, holding her hands firmly on his great, brown palms.

"Explain why you are here for all places. I left you riding the ranges in the country home of my cousins," and you draw me Mr. Browning!" she said, withdrawing her hand and removing the heavy cloak that enveloped her.

"I was expecting Christopher Browning. I was sitting up for him. I was surprised when you entered."

"I am Christopher Browning," she said saucily. "Don't dare to tell me that you did not know that!"

"I didn't know it," he admitted humbly.

"Oh, the Clarks do not know you," she said. "I did not know you were waiting for me?" she said musingly, drawing nearer the fire and holding her hands to the comforting warmth.

"I've been waiting for you ever since you left the ranges, Kitty," he said gravely.

She turned away suddenly, and her voice shook slightly, as she replied, "I told you that you must not."

"I cannot help it, Kitty. You must know"—he began, drawing nearer to her.

"You may help me distribute my gifts," she said quickly, recovering her

# What Christmas Means

Right now, in the midst of the busy Christmas season, is as good a time as any to sit down, and give over a few thoughts as to just what would be the condition of affairs in this country and in this age, if the Universal God had left Christmas, its festival and celebration, and all its pleasant associations out of the general Scheme of Things, and given us a Christmas-less Creation. What would the Twentieth Century and the American people do without a Christmas?

By Christmas-less is not meant Christ-less. This is not intended to be a treatise in the higher criticism or the deeper theology. By Christmas-less, is meant, an absence in this world of the spirit of Christmas. Leaving its deeper significance and its real importance out of the question, where would this old world be without the spirit of the Twenty-fifth of December.

It can easily be reckoned the greatest and most important celebration of the year, and is unrivalled by any festival, anywhere. The spirit of Christmas is unique. It imparts a general feeling of good will and happiness that if not absolutely lacking in, can never be approached in intensity and ardor, by any other holiday. The spirit of giving and doing good permeates the very air, the moment November gives place to December on the calendar, and sadness is as foreign to the general order of things as beef at Musselman's dinner. The love-labor of buying gifts and preparing them for the recipient is one of the pleasant associations of the season, and cannot be duplicated in satisfaction by any other action or undertaking. The spirit of Christmas is an extremely infectious thing and effects everybody more or less—the rich and the poor, alike. The rich are happy because they are able to celebrate it in style. The poor rejoice, mainly just because it's Christmas, and it's the time for rejoicing.

There are many creeds who do not believe in Christ and the celebration of December 25th as a religious festival, but they take unto themselves the spirit of the day, and make as merry as the most devout believer. It's the spirit of the season that grips them and grips them hard. They may question its significance, but they simply must yield to its charm and influence, and give themselves over to its celebration. It may not be the sublimest of motives, this were materialism—but the fact remains.

Christmas always seems to be the big milepost on the course of the year. Looking forward to the beautiful season and the celebration of it; seems to form a most agreeable break in the cycle of the 265 days, and take the monotony out of the years. For at least a month before, it exerts its influence, and perhaps half of that time afterwards. Sweet anticipation; delightful period of enjoyment; pleasant recollections—that's the sum total of Christmas and Christmasted.

Take the festive spirit of Christmas out of the world and this old terrestrial ball will worry along somehow, but figure on a great, big, aching void.



### TWO LITTLE STOCKINGS.

Close to the fireplace, broad and wide, Two little stockings hung side by side. "Two?" said St. Nick, as down he came. Loaded with toys and many a game. "Ho-ho," with a laugh of fun. "I'll have no cheating, my pretty one. I know who dwells in this house my dear. There's only one little girl lives here." So he crept up close to the chimney place And measured a sock with sober face. Just then a wee little note fell out. And fluttered low, like a bird, about "Aha, what's this?" said he in surprise As he pushed his specks up close to his eyes. And read the address in a child's rough plan. "Dear Saint Nicholas," so it began. "The other stocking you see on the wall, I have hung for a child named Clara Hall. She's a poor little girl, but very good. So I thought, perhaps, you kindly would fill her stocking too, to-night. And help to make her Christmas bright. If you're not enough for both stockings Please put all in Clara's. I shan't care." Saint Nicholas brushed a tear from his eyes. And "God bless you, darling," he said with a sigh. Then softly he blew through the chimney high. A note like a bird's as it soars on high. When down came two of the funniest morsels. That ever were seen on this side earth's shores. "Hurry up!" said Saint Nick, "and nicely prepare. All a little girl wants where money is rare. Then, oh, what a scene there was in that room! Away went the elves, but down from the gloom. Of the sooty old chimney came tumbling a child's whole wardrobe, from head to toe. How Santa Claus laughed as he gathered them in. And fastened each one to the sock with a pin! Right at the toe he hung a blue dress. "She'll think it came from the sky," I guess." "Oh, Saint Nicholas, smoothing the folds of blue, And tying the hood to the stocking, too. When all the warm clothes were fastened on. And both the socks were filled and done. Then Santa Claus tucked a toy here and there. And hurried away on the frosty air. Saying, "God pity the poor and bless the dear child. Who pines them too, on this night so wild." The wind caught the words, and bore them on high. Till they died away on the midnight sky. While Saint Nicholas flew through the key air. Bringing "peace and goodwill" with him everywhere. —Sarah Kebbles Hunt.

# THE STORY OF A CHRISTMAS GIFT

Two children were sitting in front of the bright fire one evening the week before Christmas not long ago. They were tired of play, and mother and father and the big sisters and brothers had gone to town. Jennie and Bob were left with Grandma, whose knitting had dropped on her lap as if she, too, were tired.

Golden haired Jennie looked around the pretty room, but not even Alice in Wonderland or Grimm's Fairy Tales, which lay on a table near could tempt her to read to-night.

All at once Bob's dark eyes sparkled and nestling close to Grandma's side he said:

"Tell us a story, Granny, 'bout the time when you were a little girl."

The light shone on Grandma's sweet face and silver hair and the dim eyes grew soft and bright as she patted the grey head and putting her arms round Jennie's slender form, drew her close to her.

"Would you like a story about Christmas?" she said.

"Yes! yes, indeed," said both in the same breath.

"Well, a great many years ago, near the Gulf of St. Lawrence, five children lived in a little house on a hill not far from the sea. On fine summer days they could go down to the beach and watch the boats come in with their loads of fish and gather pretty shells and stones. In the early spring they hunted for tiny sweet pink snowflakes hidden under the moss and knew when the time came to find the blue violets in the fence corners.

They picked berries, too, among the long grass of the meadows or in the woods. The older ones, Martha, Hugh and Janet, with little Elsie, went to school, but delicate little Ernest stayed home with his mother.

But there was no sign of flowers or berries this Christmas morning. The whole world was covered with snow. For two days the feathery flakes had fallen from the grey sky, silent and thick and fast. Then the wind had risen and for a day and a night it had howled and whistled till the roads were blocked and the little house was covered on one side of the eaves with a great hard white bank that blocked the door and windows. It had grown very cold and although the fire in the big stove had burned nearly all night the windows were covered so thick with frost that the pretty patterns of ferns and trees and all sorts of graceful figures had disappeared and hardly Hugh could scarcely, with his hot tongue and warm breath, make a hole large enough to see through.

And now, perhaps, you had better hear something of the people who lived in this home, which humble though it was, was a very happy one.

Mr. Morton was the district school teacher. He had come to the settlement seven years before and was loved and honored both by the parents and children. He was not, however, well paid, and even so Mrs. Morton knew what a hard struggle it was to get plenty of wholesome food and warm clothing for the family. But Mrs. Morton was a tire manager, and if the family was poor the children at least never felt it.

They loved their tall, fair mother very dearly and thought there was no one so beautiful as she in her Sunday dress of soft grey alpaca with its broad white collar.

The father was the playmate of the little folks. All sorts of nursery rhymes and stories seemed to be hidden in his head and many a noisy romp and merry game the little folks had with him in the winter evenings. And this was Christmas morning, the happiest day in the year. Dim as the fire was, it was bright enough to show the stockings hung close to the stove. Hugh and Janet the children drew out their treasures. A scalloped cake, a bunch of raisins, a handful of nuts, sticks of home-made candy (cocking they called it) a big apple and some doughnuts do not perhaps seem great riches to you who have books and dolls and toys. But not one of you will be happier on Christmas day than were these girls and boys that morning.

The father was hurried to show and share with father their treasures, and mother and Martha began to get the breakfast. But when did children ever want breakfast on Christmas morning?

And now the little ones must be dressed. The girls put on their pretty pink pinafores that covered their warm socks. Hugh wore the suit mother made last week from an old one of father's, and little Ernest, the pretty plaid frock with its bright yellow buttons that grandmother had sent from town.

And now, from outside, voices could be heard. Mr. Jackson, the farmer, whose big house was only a stone's throw distant, and his two big boys were busily shovelling a tunnel to the door, and before the children had grown tired of their play it opened, letting in a flood of Christmas light and showing the jolly face of the farmer, as he shouted, "A merry Christmas!"

Very soon Mrs. Jackson followed him, bringing in her cheery face, a host of good wishes and under her clean print apron, a bowl of steaming broth which Mrs. Morton must, perforce, sit down and take. The day had worn on and it was now within an hour of noon. That the quiet mother had been less busy and active than usual, the children had not noticed, but they had felt, somehow that as father moved about, his voice was very soft and tender and as leaving the little ones he put his arm round his oldest daughter and gave her his Christmas kiss; she remembered afterwards that his voice trembled.

And then the most wonderful thing happened. Bustling Mrs. Jackson carried off every one of the little troop to her own house for their Christmas dinner. As mother hastily kissed them good-bye she told them all to be good. Father had gone out and the bewildered children were inside the big house before they had time to question even if

children in those days dreamed of asking why.

There they were with playmates of their own age. There were more sweetness and nuts to eat. The older children helped to set the long table. The snowy cloth, the pretty dishes the brightly polished steel knives and forks were soon in their proper places on the long table. The big dining-room with the roaring fire in the great Franklin stove, the warm carpet and gay rugs, was very comfortable. The children were shy at first for a farmer and his daughter from a distant settlement had come to spend Christmas with their friends and good Mrs. Jackson had not yet come back.

But by the time the big roast goose was cooked she was ready to sit at the table and help her double family to all the good things she and her clever daughters had provided. It would take too long to tell of the big plum pudding, the pumpkin pies and the doughnuts which disappeared that day. Very merry were the too big farmers, and many a story they told of trips made in their schooner to the town where goods were to be bought cheap.

After dinner, great dishes of russet apples were handed round and as the old friends sat apart at a table their arose an odor, strange to the Morton children, filled the room. It came from a steaming bowl of punch made from the cask of rum that had formed part of the schooner's cargo. And then the stories grew jollier and now and again a song from the old English valets which they had spent their boyhood was sung.

But now the short winter day was over. The sun was going down behind the snowy world, leaving a sky lighted with gold and green and purple.

Then the children were taken home by their kind hostess who bade them be very quiet. As the door closed upon them, shutting out the cold wind their father came softly towards them bearing in his arms a tiny white bundle. To the wondering children, he showed his Christmas gift, a tiny white bundle, with a crown of golden hair, that had come to brighten the home on that day of love.

Then he led the children to the bed, where tended by a motherly old lady, mother lay white and quiet, but with a smiling happy face and put the baby in her bosom."

"Yes, Jennie, the story is true." And as grandma spoke a lady entered. Her face was sweet and bright and as she stooped to kiss her children her hair glowed in the firelight showing here and there a strand of silver. Then Jennie remembered that mother's birthday was Christmas day but she did not speak as she held her close in her soft little arms.

### THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS BROUGHT UP TO DATE.

(By B. L. T.)

'Twas the night before Christmas, and both of us elum,  
For the wagon from Charget & Co's hadn't come,  
The stockings were hung by the chimney all night long,  
But the things to put in them had failed to arrive.  
The children were sleeping as soundly as tops,  
And dreaming of toys they had seen in the shops,  
And mama in kimono and I in pajamas  
Were drowsy as dormice and silent as clams.  
When down on the street there arose such a clatter,  
I threw up the sash to see what was the matter,  
And observed, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,  
The delivery wagon of Charget & Co.  
"Whoa, Tom!" and "Whoa, Jerry!" a voice that was gruff  
Exclaimed, and "Quick, Bill, with this last bunch of stuff!"  
As a man who is climbing the face of a river that's rising to cover its bank,  
So rose to our flat, bundle-burdened and slow,  
The tired out driver from Charget & Co.  
His trousers were tattered, his jumper was worn,  
His countenance grimy, his manner forlorn.  
A cigarette stump he held tight in his face,  
And its odor, unpleasant affected the place.  
He spoke not a word when I opened the door,  
But an armful of packages flung on the floor,  
Then presented a book of receipt for the same,  
With a stub of a pencil to scribble my name.  
I was moved to invite him to pour out a drink,  
But the Scotch was all out, as I happened to think;  
So I gave him instead a large five-cent seegar,  
Whose aroma long after I smelled from afar.

I remarked when he left, and mamma she agreed,  
That his was a cheerless existence, indeed;  
For he failed to observe, as he drove out of sight,  
"Merry Christmas to all and to all a good-night!"

### THE CHRISTMAS BELLS' MISIONS.

(Will Carleton in Every Where.)

Sadness and Gladness were walking together,  
As oft they had done before;  
Sadness was sighing, and Gladness replying,  
With jewels of laughter and glow.  
"How on this earth can you find any mirth,  
When sorrow is sown in your sight?"  
"Ho when you sigh," was the merry reply.  
"When all of the world is so bright?"

Jauntily swinging, the Christmas bells' singing,  
Came joyfully sweet to the ear:  
Sadness, unheeding Dependancy's pleading,  
Sent upward a sweet smile of cheer.  
But Gladness a tear dropped, warm and sincere,  
For the pain that the Christ-Martyr bore.

And each saw the other; and Gladness and Sadness  
Twined arms, and were friends evermore.

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 Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of  
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**CONSTITUTIONAL BLOOD DISEASE.**  
**Case No. 16174.** "The spots are all gone from my legs and arms and I feel good now. I am very grateful to you and shall never forget the favor your medicines have done for me. You can use my name in recommending it to any sufferer. I am going to get married soon. Thanking you once more, etc."  
**SAYS TWO MONTHS CURED HIM.**  
**Patient No. 16765.** Age 23. Single. Indulged in immoral habits 4 years. Deposited in urine and drains at night. Varicose Veins on both sides, pains in back, weak sexually. He writes:—"I received your letter of recent date and in reply I am pleased to say that after taking two months' treatment I would consider myself completely cured, as I have seen no signs of them coming back (one year)."  
**THE WORLD SEEMS DIFFERENT.**  
**Patient No. 15923.** "I have not had a regular Emission I don't know when and am feeling fine. The world seems altogether different to me and I thank God for directing me to you. You have been an honest doctor with me."  
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**ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION**

The class-room of the Adult Bible Class of the Athens Methodist Sunday School was the scene of a pleasant function on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 21 when Mrs T S Kendrick was made the recipient of a nicely worded address and a magnificent set of pearl-handled knives and forks.

At the close of the lesson-period Mrs Kendrick was promptly "summoned" to appear before the class when the address was read by Bevo M. B. Holmes and at the proper moment the presentation was made by Mrs M. Mansell.

To Mrs T. S. Kendrick, Teacher Bible Class, Athens.

Dear Mrs Kendrick,—In all the varied walks and callings of life there comes the oft-repeated "reminder" of the rapid flight of time.

To the individual wholly engrossed and immersed in some special business or calling these reminders seem to be of little or no importance, and being from time to time, so regarded, they ultimately cease to have any effect whatever, so thoroughly and completely is the mind centered on the solving of the problem, or the unfolding of the plan of the said business or calling.

This said state or condition finds its counterpart, or may be illustrated, in the experience of the railway passenger on the rushing train, who under the influence of fatigue, or perhaps engaged in conversation, is oblivious to the repeated warning call of the train officials and thus misses the train connection, and, in utter dismay, fails to reach his proper destination.

As stated, however, we are reminded that this year of grace, nineteen-thirteen, is rapidly winging its way and will soon, very soon, be gone, the chapter of its experiences closed—a memory—a matter of history merely; and we instinctively look about us to ascertain what duties are incumbent on us that should be attended to before the chapter closes.

In this quest we make the discovery that the year just closing, when had in retrospect, shows a continuous effort on your part, as teacher of this class, for the uplift and advancement of our members, and a continuous and well-defined line of helpful influences in consequence from January 1st, 1913, down to this present.

Furthermore, we are convinced that the impressions thus produced, by your teaching, your many kindnesses, and the halo of christian graces which have had the full exemplification in your life in our midst, will continue as a helpful influence in the experiences of the class-members, the value of which can only be estimated and known in the final summing up of The Master Himself.

All these varied excellencies, in teaching, in person and in life, have not been passed unnoticed by us, and we are resolving and have resolved:—that the said duty pertaining to the said closing chapter of the said year of grace, nineteen-thirteen, shall be attended to and discharged at this moment.

Therefore, we would most respectfully ask your acceptance of this set of pearl handled knives and forks as a slight token of our appreciation, and of the very high regard in which you are held by the class. We also unite in the hope and the expressed wish that your years of health and happiness may be many for the continuance of your labor of love.

And, that in the years to come, when the present class-members are far removed by the iron-ruling of Time or circumstance, or the controlling influence in individual experience, memories may come to you, as full and perfect clusters of fruit and flowers, reminding you of the pleasant relationships existing as teacher and class in 1913.

And that, when your life work has been finished, you shall receive from the hand of Him, whose we are, and whom you have taught us to serve, the reward for service promised to those who continue faithful in well-doing.

Signed on behalf of the Adult Bible Class.

M. B. Holmes, President  
 Dora Klyne, Secretary  
 Athens, Dec. 21st, 1913.

Mrs Kendrick was taken entirely by surprise, and was visibly affected but recovered from her emotion sufficiently to reply in a few well chosen words before school closed.

**SUCCESSFUL MODELITES**

During the term of Kingston Model School, just closed, 48 students were in attendance and all were successful in meeting the requirements for a full pass. Among the students were the following:

- William F. Booth, Athens.
- Charles Booth, Athens.
- George S. Bolton, Newboro.
- Laura O. Derbyshire, Athens.
- Gertrude Forth, Glen Buell.
- Florence Hough, North Augusta.
- Lavenia Hough, North Augusta.
- Miriam Jelly, Jellyby.
- Stanley Livingston, Frankville.
- Annetta Myers, Newboro.
- Janet Purvis, Lyn.
- Terance Scanlon, Westport.
- Lloyd Scott, Addison.
- Pearl Stevens, Athens.
- Myrtle Webster, Lansdowne.
- Lillian Wells, Lyn.
- Marie Whalen, Westport.

**CUMMINS-WILTSE**

The marriage of Miss Evelyn Beatrice Wiltse, daughter of Mr Phil Wiltse formerly of Athens Ontario, to Mr J. T. Cummins, a prosperous young merchant of Highland, Alberta, was solemnized on December 9th at 19 o'clock at Victor, Alberta, the Rev. W. Millar officiating.

The bride who was unattended as was also the groom entered the drawing room on the arm of her father, to the strains of a wedding march, where the ceremony took place under an arch of evergreens.

The bride's gown was of cream Duchesse satin with lace and pearl trimmings. She wore a bridal veil with wreath of orange blossoms and carried a bridal spray of the same.

After congratulations were tendered the guests repaired to the dining room where a dainty repast was served.

The bride's going away gown was navy blue silk and black silk velvet hat with blue plume.

Mr and Mrs Cummins left in an automobile for Highland, Alberta (where a furnished home awaited the bride) amid showers of confetti and good wishes for a long and happy life.

**PHILIPS VILLE**

The people that would like a little snow are getting disgusted with Brer Hicks.

The churches are preparing for the S. S. Christmas entertainments and are going to put on good programmes—in the Baptist church on Christmas eve, in the Methodist Church on Christmas night.

Master J. L. Lishley, attending school here, will spend his vacation with his father, Wm. Lishley, in Toronto.

Miss Anna Murphy, attending school here, will put in her holidays with her parents at Brewer's Mills.

Mrs Miles Lockwood still continues very low with no hope of her recovery.

Harry Davison and family have moved into his mothers home. Mrs Davison found it very disagreeable and lonesome living there alone, more so in the winter season.

John Downey has sold all his stock but 2 horses and will live a retired farmer after this.

Wm. C. Stevens is preparing to build up-to-date barns and stables this coming season on the site where the building that was burned stood.

Harry Davison has his stables about finished, with cement floors and up-to-date fixings.

E. A. Whitmore has his residence nearly completed. The plasterers are putting on the last coat, then the painters and decorators will appear.

J. W. Summers has had the inside of his residence torn out and a new inside put in, also new windows. It makes a great improvement in the looks of the place.

W. J. Earl is still improving his property.

R. C. Haskin has put in a new grain crusher and is kept busy every day grinding for the farmers.

W. B. Phelps is spending Christmas with his daughter, Mrs H. C. Davison Brockville.

**AUCTION SALE**

**Valuable Farm Property**

The undersigned will offer for sale by public auction at the Armstrong House in the Village of Athens on Wednesday the 31st day of December, 1913, at the hour of Two o'clock in the afternoon the following land and premises, namely:

Parcel No. 1.—All and singular that certain parcel or tract of land and premises situate lying and being in the Township of Bastard, in the County of Leeds, being composed of the West Half of Lot Number Four, in the Ninth Concession of the said Township of Bastard, 100 acres more or less.

On this property there is said to be erected a good stone house, also another house, two frame barns and other outbuildings, an orchard, a good sugar bush, about seventy acres of good tillable land, the balance in pasture lands. The farm is timber and also well watered.

Parcel Number 2.—All and singular that parcel of land being composed of the North West corner of Lot Number Five, in the Ninth Concession of the said Township of Bastard, 17 acres more or less. This is a wood lot.

Parcel No. 3.—All and singular that other certain parcel being composed of the South West corner of Lot Number five in the 9th Concession of Bastard aforesaid, containing 8 acres more or less.

Parcel No. 4.—Being composed of the North Half of the Front Half of Lot Number Four in the 10th Concession of Bastard aforesaid, 50 acres more or less. This parcel is a wood lot and said to be well timbered.

Parcel No. 5.—The North East Quarter of Lot Number Four in the 10th Concession of Bastard, 50 acres more or less, about 20 acres of which is cleared, the balance well timbered. There is also a barn on the property.

The above lands compose the property known at the Nathaniel Benedict farm and lie about half a mile from Plum Hollow, P. O.

TERMS:—10 per cent. of the purchase money to be paid down at time of sale, balance within 30 days thereafter without interest. The vendors reserve the right to make one bid.

Further terms made known at sale. For particulars apply to the undersigned. Dated at Athens the 17th day of December, 1913.  
 T. R. BEALE, Vendors' Solicitor

**EXPERT STENOGRAPHERS**  
 are eagerly sought after by managers of large firms.  
**ACTUAL OFFICE PRACTICE**  
 and the necessary training in office detail

**Brockville Business College**  
 BROCKVILLE — ONTARIO  
**W. T. ROGERS, PRINCIPAL**

**THE ATHENS REPORTER**  
**... OFFICE ...**

**Poster Printing**  
 Our job printing department is specially well fitted for all kinds of poster work. Orders for entertainment bills promptly filled at very reasonable prices. If you contemplate holding a concert or social it will pay you to get our figures before placing your order.

**Commercial Work**  
 Bill-heads, statements, letter heads—business forms of all kinds at lowest rates.

**Society Printing**  
 Wedding Stationery—latest type designs—you should see these goods. Calling cards of finest quality.

We will be pleased to assist in arranging copy for any kind of advertising. Call and see what we can do for you.  
**The Reporter, Athens**

**WILL YOUR TREES GROW?**  
 It all depends on where you get them. Trees from the Bowman Nurseries have heavy fibrous roots; they are grown in the right kind of soil; they are handled and packed with extreme care; they come to you in the pink of condition, and they grow.  
 An active agent wanted in your district. Thos. W. Bowman & Son Co., Ltd., Ridgeville, Ont. 43-6

**CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.**  
**Xmas and New Year Rates**  
**SINGLE FARE**  
 Going Wednesday and Thursday Dec. 24th and 25th-13. Return limit Friday Dec. 26th 1913. Also Wednesday and Thursday Dec. 31 1913 and Jan. 1, 1914. Return limit Friday Jan. 2, 1914.

**FARE AND ONE-THIRD**  
 Going Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 22, 23, 24 and 25th 1913. Return limit Saturday Dec. 27 '13. Also Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 29, 30, 31, 1913 and Jan. 1, 1914. Return limit Saturday Jan. 3, 1914.  
 For tickets apply  
**A. GRAHAM, CITY AGENT**  
 Brockville City Ticket and Telegraph Office, east corner King St. and Court House Ave.  
 Agency for all Steamship Lines

**Scobell's Liquor, Tobacco and Drug Cure**  
 Permanently dispels the need for Alcohol, Tobacco and Drugs. It counteracts the effects almost instantly—removes all cravings. After taking the treatment there will never be any need to drink intoxicants or use drugs again. Can be given secretly. We have yet to hear of one failure. Mailed under separate cover to any address. Price \$5.00 box, or 2 boxes for \$10.00. The

**New Year Term**  
 Opens week of January 5th. 1914

Word has just reached us that 85 per cent of our candidates were successful at the Civil Service examinations held in Brockville in November.

Stenographers and book-keepers always make a good record when trained and placed by us.

Our winter's course for Farmers' Sons is worth investigating.  
 Send for free catalogue.

**Brockville Business College**  
 BROCKVILLE — ONTARIO  
**W. T. ROGERS, PRINCIPAL**

**THE ATHENS REPORTER**  
**... OFFICE ...**

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 Wedding Stationery—latest type designs—you should see these goods. Calling cards of finest quality.

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**WOOD FOR SALE**  
 I have now on hand for immediate delivery  
 200 Cords Dry Slabs  
 100 Cords Hardwood  
 Slabs will be filled promptly on order of same.  
 Contracts may be made for delivery this winter of any quantity of green wood.  
 I am in the market for the purchase of all kinds of logs. Arrangements for sale and delivery may be made now.  
**F. Blancher**  
 ATHENS  
**OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE**  
**PATENTS**  
 TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS &c.  
 Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. (Communications strictly confidential.) HARRISON PATENT AGENCY, 575 Broadway, New York, N. Y.  
 Patent taken through Mann & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.  
 A bi-weekly illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms for advertising: 10 cents per line per week. Sold by all newsdealers.  
**Mann & Co.** 575 Broadway, New York  
 Branch Office: 601 P. St., Washington, D. C.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. C. M. B. CORNELL. COE GARDEN AND PINE ST. BROOKVILLE. PHYSICIAN SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR.

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

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

DR. G. H. R. HAMILTON. PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ACCOUCHEUR. OFFICE HOURS—12.30-2.30 p.m. 6.30-8.00 p.m. ATHENS.

DR. H. C. PRICHARD. DENTIST. PIERCE BLOCK, ATHENS. Open Evenings.

Fire Insurance

E. J. PURCELL. AGENT for the Royal, Monarch, Waterloo Mutual Fire Insurance Companies. Risks promptly effected. Office and residence, Henry Street, Athens.

GOOD SALESMAN WANTED

For every town and district where we are not represented. Fruits are bringing high prices, and Nursery Stock is in demand. Make big money this Fall and Winter by taking an agency. Experience not necessary, free equipment, exclusive territory, highest commissions paid.

Write for full particulars.

STONE AND WELLINGTON. The Fonthill Nurseries.

Toronto Ontario

Ottawa Winter Fair

HOWICK HALL, OTTAWA

Jan. 20, 21, 22 and 23, '14

Large Classification for

Horses, Beef Cattle, Dairy Cattle, Sheep, Swine, Poultry, Dressed Carcasses and Seeds

\$12,000.00 in Prizes

New addition to Buildings with improved accommodation throughout.

For free Prize List apply to the Secretary.

JOHN BRIGHT, W. D. JACKSON, President Secretary Ottawa. Carp, Ont.

Do You Realize

the money you can make selling fruit trees? The present season for Nursery stock is the greatest in the history of the business. Everybody who has the land is planting or preparing to plant.

W Want Now

for Fall and winter months a reliable man to sell in Athens and surrounding district. Good pay, exclusive territory, and all the advantages in representing an old established firm. Over 600 acres under cultivation. Established 35 years. Write

PELHAM NURSERY CO., Toronto, Ontario

Electric Restorer for Men. Pho-phonol restores every nerve in the body to its proper tension; restores vim and vitality. Premature decay and all sexual weakness averted at once. Pho-phonol will make you a new man. Price \$5 a box, or two for \$8. Mailed to any address. The Scoobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.

MADAM LAVAL'S Cotton Root Compound Tablets. A RELIABLE REGULATOR.

These Pills are compounded with the greatest care from the most reliable remedies known to science; such as are being used with much success by the most celebrated physicians known.

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry

Cut Glass, Silverware and Kindred Linens.

Strictly High-Grade Goods and the prices surprisingly low.

Repairing of Watches and Clocks given prompt attention.

ATHENS AGENCY

R. J. Campo - Reid St.

SALE REGISTER

On Tuesday, Dec. 30, Theodore Foley, will sell at his farm, Eloids, 11 head of cattle, 5 horses and colts, 9 fall pigs, vehicles, etc. E. Taylor, auctioneer.

At his farm, Plum Hollow, on Dec. 27, Burt Bullard will hold a dispersion sale of cattle and horses.

On Tuesday, Dec. 30, G. C. Churchill, near Jones Falls, will sell 4 horses and colts, 15 head of grade cattle, pigs, implements, etc. H. W. Imerson, auctioneer.

WORLD WIDE

Canada's Leading Literary Review.

"World Wide" is a choice weekly selection of articles and cartoons reproduced from leading Journals and Reviews reflecting the current thoughts of the Old and New World.

To the busy man who wishes to keep in touch with the World's great events "World Wide" is invaluable. Trained experts select for him the really best articles of the week from the World's best publications. Almost every article you wish to keep or send to a friend.

"World Wide," started twelve years ago, has found its place on the study table. Preachers, teachers, writers, and thinkers generally hail it as most welcome companion. As a pleasant tonic—a stimulant to the mind—"World Wide" has no peer at the price, no equal among the journals of the day.

As someone has said, "World Wide" is a feast of reason—an intellectual treat."

Principal Peterson, L.L.D., McGill University, Montreal, says: "I am sure 'World Wide' ought to have a highly prosperous career before it."

President Trotter, D.D., of Acadia University, N. B., says:

"I look eagerly for your weekly collection of good things, and recommend the paper warmly to my friends."

Professor H. Rhodes, West River, N. B., says: "World Wide" is a delight to me. Read every word."

S. E. Dawson, Litt.D., Ottawa says: "I take a good many papers, but 'World Wide' is the only one I read without skipping."

"World Wide is wonderfully well edited."—Joseph Ryan, Notary, Cranbrook, B. C.

"Almost every article in almost every issue you feel you would like to put away among your treasures."—Editor, "Telegraph," Welland, Ont.

"Permit me to add one more appreciation from the Far West. 'World Wide' is a mine of information. Good to have, hard to do without."—Jno Nicholls, Editor "Sun," Greentell, Sask.

On trial to New Subscribers—Three months for only 25c; Twelve months for only \$1.00. Regular rate, \$1.50. "World Wide" is published by John Dougall & Son, "Witness" Block, Montreal, Can. Try it for a year.

SUCCESSFUL PUPILS

All of the students of the Kingston Business College who wrote on the Civil Service Examination for Government positions were successful in passing; one student stood third place in the Dominion and another made 100 per cent. in typewriting and everyone of them has been appointed to positions with the Government. The next examination will be held in May. Any one who intends taking a Civil Service, Telegraphy, Shorthand or Business Course should write the Principal, H. F. Metcalfe.

NYLO Chocolates

SOMETHING new better and more delicious in chocolates. They literally melt in your mouth. Made from the first selection of nuts and fruits. The snowy white cream centers are luscious. These candies are absolutely pure and wholesome. Our stock is always fresh. Sixty cents to one dollar and a half the pound—these are Nylo prices. Take a box home today. Remember the name—NYLO CHOCOLATES.



SOLD BY J. P. LAMB & SON

TOWNSHIP COUNCIL

The council met on Monday, 15th inst. at one o'clock. Members all present.

Minutes of Nov. 3rd and 18th were read and adopted. By-Law to appoint Polling places, Deputy Returning Officers, Poll Clerks, and time and place for Nominations was passed; also By-Law to authorize overdraft for one year and give security for the same, for \$594, being township's proportion share of shortage in sale of High School Debentures.

Bismark Green was authorized to pile an additional 50 cords of stone at \$2.25 per cord for the road at Elbe.

Tender of A. Hawkins and Johnson Morris to pile 50 cords each of stone at \$2.25 was accepted. Dog taxes refunded: Albert Morris \$2.00, A. H. Mulvena \$2.00, Albert Witsoe \$3.00, Britton Killenbeck \$1.00.

Statute Labor taxes marked off, as the work has been done, Byron Beale 5 days, Mahlon Yates 5 days.

Communication from Hutcheson and Driver re J. McCaw's claim for damages on road to be taken in consideration at next regular meeting Dec. 29. Orders were given to dispute at the District Court, claims of Michael and Geo. E. Heffernan for damages on road.

Accounts ordered paid: F. Blancher 100 feet plank \$1.59; Irwin Witsoe, salary as treasurer and expenses, \$36.89; Wm. Flood, gravel and timber repairs for road, \$11.50; D. P. Shea two-thirds cost of 2 lambs killed by dogs, \$8.00; John Fortune, inspecting sheep killed by dogs \$1.00; Joe M. Clow, selecting jurors, \$3.00; A. Taylor and Son, 5 pieces 6 in tile, \$2.75; J. E. Bruce, tile, \$147.15; Miller and Connell, balance on stone crushing account, \$207.00; R. E. Cornell, salary as Clerk \$135; care of hall \$10, measuring stone 1912-13, \$10; Expenses \$7.50; cord of wood, \$2.50; G. F. Donnelly, printing \$35.50.

WIRE FENCE BONUS

J. Stanley Rowsome, 170 rods, \$34.00, G F Osborne, 162 rods, \$32.40, W C Bates 82 rods \$16.40, D. P. Shea 98 1/2 rods \$19.70, Treas Elbe Cemetery 19 rods \$3.80, W H Rowsome 18 rods \$3.60, F W Seovil 36 rods \$7.20, Philip Robeson 27 rods \$5.40, Herbert Stephenson 32 rods \$6.40, W C Hayes 63 rods \$12.70, B Barlington 43 1/2 rods \$8.70, Wm Flood 48 rods \$9.60, W S Gray 48 rods \$9.60, Samuel Spence 95 rods \$19.00, James Keyes 103 rods \$20.60, A Dickson 29 rods \$5.80, H Webster 48 rods \$9.60, Morley Earl 36 rods, \$7.20, Treas School Sec. 3 1/8 rods \$3.60, C B Howard 60 rods \$12.00, Jas Ferguson 40 rods \$8.00.

Reeve had Councilors salary, each, \$20, Thos Heffernan 1 day inspecting rods \$2.00. James Cughan 2 days inspecting rods \$3.00; W. C. Hayes 1/2 dayseeing about stone crushing \$1.00, A M Ferguson, legal advice re County Roads \$2.00.

Lennis L. Bates was exempted from paying taxes this year on account of barns being burned.

R. E. Cornell, Clerk

Good Wishes from Sparta

In writing the Reporter from Sparta last week Rev. Mr Westell said: "Glad to get news from Athens week by week. Was sorry to hear of Mr Hitsman's bereavement. Haven't heard yet of street lighting in Athens. We hope to get a branch line of the London and Lake Erie Traction line to Sparta next year, and with it probably electric light. It looks as if the Spartans will be ahead of the Athenians. Best wishes for the true progress of Athens."

The Brockville Business College Makes a Christmas Gift Suggestion

Suppose this year you hand your boy or girl a cheque sufficient to pay for a course at the Brockville Business College. Later years will reveal to you the excellence of this advice. Enrollment can be made at any time.

Card of Thanks

We desire through the columns of your paper to sincerely thank the many friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted us in so many different ways during our recent severe affliction caused by sickness and the total loss of our home by fire.

(Signed) Mr and Mrs Thomas A. Drummond Chantry, Ont.

In view of the high price of pork and beef, high prices for poultry were expected this fall. From a careful reading of the records of many fairs in Ontario, we are of the opinion that the prices paid at Athens fair equalled the best average price paid at any point. Poultry is generally regarded as a luxury, and as the price increases the demand decreases, so anything like famine figures should not be expected.

George Anderson and Russell Weir, of Cushendall, 10 miles from Kingston, were drowned on Sunday afternoon while venturing across thin ice on the Rideau Canal. They were pushing along a small punt. When about halfway across the ice gave way and they sank in the icy waters. Charles Gray, a young man who was in the party was saved. Anderson was married and is survived by his wife, Weir, and a son, and a son of John Weir, of Cushendall.

How Concrete Work Was Made Easy For You

UNTIL a few years ago farmers considered concrete a rather mysterious material, that could be used successfully only by experts. They knew that upon the quality of the cement depended much of the success of concrete work. They had no means of testing cement, such as big contractors employ, and so could not be sure of its quality.

Yet the farmer needed concrete. He was kept from using this best and most economical of materials by 1. Lack of knowledge of how to mix and place concrete. 2. Lack of a brand of cement upon the quality of which he could absolutely rely.

Canada Cement

has supplied both these requirements. We employed men to make a thorough investigation of the farmer's requirements; to find out where and how he could use concrete with profit to himself; to discover all problems he might come across and to solve them. This investigation was expensive. But when it was completed we had the material for our campaign to show the farmer how and where to use concrete, and we printed a book, "What the Farmer Can do With Concrete," for free distribution. That book makes every farmer who reads it a concrete expert, as far as his needs are concerned. He finds that there is nothing mysterious about concrete—that a few simple rules supply all the knowledge required.

At the same time we met the farmer's second objection—inability to test the quality of cement—by producing cement of a quality that does not need to be tested.

The Canada Cement that you buy for the big is the same Canada Cement that is sold by the train-load for great elevators, buildings and bridges.

There is a Canada Cement Dealer in Your Neighborhood

If you have not already done so, write for the book "What the Farmer can do with Concrete." It is Free.

Canada Cement Company Limited Montreal



This Label is your assurance of satisfactory concrete work

SHIP YOUR FURS TO SHUBERT. DO YOUR FUR BUSINESS DIRECT with the largest house in the World dealing exclusively in AMERICAN RAW FURS. Get "More Money" for your FURS. A reliable responsible safe—Fur House with an unblemished reputation existing for "more than a quarter of a century."

Eloids school held their annual entertainment on Friday last. The songs and recitations by the scholars were very much appreciated by those present but the real fun started with the entrance of Santa Claus. His identity was as usual somewhat shrouded in mystery but surely never did the old Saint create more merriment. At the close of the entertainment the teacher was presented with a handbag by the scholars and then the company revelled in pop corn and candy.

CHRISTMAS APPEAL FOR The Hospital for Sick Children COLLEGE ST., TORONTO. Dear Mr. Editor:— Thanks for your kindness in allowing me the privilege of appealing at this Christmas time on behalf of the Hospital for Sick Children. Toronto.

FIG PILLS. Brantford, Ont., Aug. 18, 1911. Your medicine, Fig Pills, have worked wonders for me. The rheumatic pains have entirely left me and I owe everything to your remedy. You are at liberty to publish this. R. H. GALLMAN. At all dealers 25 and 50 cents or mailed by The Fig Pill Co., St Thomas, Ont.

FRANK EATON FRANKVILLE LICENSED AUCTIONEER. Sales conducted anywhere in the United Counties—Write or telephone for dates. FRANK EATON, Frankville.

Cattle and Poultry. For Hoisting and a lot of other things. J. Ross Robertson, Chairman of the Trustees, Toronto.

B.W. & N. W. RAILWAY TIME-TABLE.

Table with columns: GOING WEST, No. 1, No. 3, GOING EAST, No. 2, No. 4. Lists train routes and arrival/departure times for various stations like Brockville, Lyndhurst, Soperion, etc.

HARDWARE

The attention of Farmers - and - Builders. Is directed to my stock of Heavy Hardware, Paints and Oils, Glass and Putty, Gardening Tools, Spades, Shovels, Forks etc.

W. G. JOHNSON. WHAT About that Suit or for the Fall and Winter have a full line of the latest most up-to-date goods at prices.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

DECEMBER 28

A Day of Decision—Review.—Josh. 24: 14-31.

Summary.—Lesson I. Topic: Erring humanity. Place: The wilderness north-east of Sinai.

I. Topic: Sedition in Israel. Place: Hazor, north of Sinai. A spirit of envy and jealousy took possession of Miriam and Aaron against Moses.

II. Topic: A priceless privilege. Place: Kadesh-barnea. At God's command men were sent by Moses to search out the land of Canaan.

III. Topic: Results of unbelief. Place: Kadesh-barnea. The Israelites complained to Moses because of the scarcity of water.

IV. Topic: Christian life. Place: Corinth. We are taught that we are accountable to God for our own conduct.

V. Topic: A divine summons. Place: Mount Nebo. The Lord informed Moses that his work was about finished.

VI. Topic: A new epoch. Place: The plain east of the Jordan. After Moses' death Joshua was commissioned to lead the people across the Jordan.

VII. Topic: Evidence of faith. Places: Gilgal and Jericho. The people of Jericho prepared to defend themselves against Israel.

VIII. Topic: Transgression in Israel. Place: Ai. Because one of the Israelites had disobeyed God in taking for his own use that which should have been destroyed or devoted to God.

IX. Topic: Christ divine. Place: Bethlehem. Christ is represented as the Word, the Light, and the Son.

PRAGMATIC SURVEY. Topic.—Decisive history.

I. The army of Israel disciplined. II. The wilderness life completed. III. The army of Israel disciplined. The history of this quarter covers the life of Israel from Sinai to Canaan.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS JEST. An old chronicler contains the following quaintly worded anecdote: "There was some time an old knight who, being disposed to make himself merry in a Christmas time, sent for many of his tenants and poor neighbors with their wives to dinner."

STORY ABOUT MOTHER'S CHRISTMAS



When old Santa Claus reached a certain chimney he was tired and somewhat cross. He was a bit late, too, for there seemed to be more good boys and girls on his list than ever before.

But he wouldn't miss his chimney for all the world. He had been coming to it regularly for four years, and each time went away a bit warmer-hearted and jollier, with that cunning twinkle in his eye a bit brighter.

First year he'd left a rattle and a small wool hood. Next time it was a Teddy Bear and a cut little spoon all bent round at the handle.

Then old Santa Claus understood, and he softly closed the door. He stood silently thinking for a long time scratching his old white head to help him remember something.

He dove for his great sack of presents and began rummaging its contents excitedly. Pretty soon he found it—a beautiful card with reading on it. Quietly he tiptoed over to the trunk and laid the card on the pillow.

The fire in the grate went even lower. The man in the chair dozed. The woman arose, looked at a nail in the mantel piece, shook her head, pressed the little stockings to her heart, and stole softly into the other room and paused beside the trunk bed.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

tree away from the window. A sudden joy flashed into her face. "I wasn't swearing," the girl answered calmly, without resentment.

"I bet it's empty at the back," she finally muttered. "Poor child! Her brief experience had already taught her the unreality and falsity of many glittering things."

Children richly clad and full of joyous anticipations, children in comfortable rags, who knew Christmas only by the sight of the happiness of others, stood side by side and gazed with longing eyes at the bewildering array of costly gifts and brilliant decorations.

A small girl of twelve or fourteen, with face unnaturally old and sharp, unsmiling eyes, critically examined the tree in silence. Up and down, from side to side, her keen gaze wandered.

Pause for a moment and ask yourself if somewhere in this great city there is not someone, if only a little child, whom you can remember in order that you, too, may enjoy your Christmas cheer?

There is no one else. It is only a little child, whom you can remember in order that you, too, may enjoy your Christmas cheer?

Christmas cheer. Walk a few squares instead of riding, deny yourself a little candy or an occasional soda, and if it be no more than a quarter, try to do some good with it.

Your quarter added to some one else's quarter and then added to another's quarter can help a little, you know. Will you pause for just that moment and ask the question?

They were all still, as still as if carved of stone. And while he wondered, suddenly there stood near him—so suddenly that it was as if he had dropped down upon him—a presence.

It was round about them, and they were sore afraid. Then a voice sounded in their ears.—and the angel said unto them: "Fear not; for behold I bring 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 Savior, which is Christ the Lord."

Then they went away upward—up into the Heaven—and only the shepherds were left on the earth with their flocks.

When they recovered their courage and looked up, the sky was as usual on clear and cloudless nights—and only the moon was shining down, flooding the fields with light.

They began to talk in low tones of what they had seen and heard, and to wonder what it all meant.—From "The Stable of the Inn," by Thomas Nelson Page, in the Christmas Scribner.

eyes and an unchildlike, repelling look over her thin face.

"Will you step into the carriage? Please do. I want you to tell me something, and it is so very cold."

The girl seated herself on the luxurious cushions, the young lad followed, and the inwardly disgusted footman closed the door.

"Will you tell me your name and where you live?" the lady questioned gently.

"My name is Margaret Stanhope, and I live on Commonwealth avenue. You—you spoke of Tommy."

"The girl's face softened. "Yes; he's my brother. My name is Maggie Taylor, and I live on Burnham-street," adding with a return of her former manner, "but it ain't a slum street, and I don't want no charity."

Miss Stanhope smiled radiantly. "But I do, Maggie. I am so glad our names are the same. I need just what you do not—charity. Tell me something about Tommy. She lingered lovingly over the name. "Why did you pray for a tree for him?"

"Because he's sick. He's only twelve, and he works in an office, and his boss is away, and Tommy took sick after he'd gone. Tommy feels sure that if he was here he'd send his wages to him just the same, for he's a good boss and awfully kind to everybody, but the other man—his partner—is different."

"Maggie," said Miss Stanhope earnestly, "I wish you'd help me to have a happy Christmas. I am all alone in the world, without any one to care for me, and I want to do something for some one—for some one named Tommy, because—because six months ago I did a wrong and cruel thing to some one by the name of Tommy. It would help make my Christmas happy if you would let me arrange a tree for your Tommy. Will you?"

"The girl drew a long breath. "It ain't charity?" she asked doubtfully.

"Not to you nor to Tommy," answered Miss Stanhope joyously, "but it will be to me."

"For Tommy's sake," murmured the girl assentingly.

"For Tommy's sake," echoed Miss Stanhope, eagerly.

The unbending footman was still more disgusted when he was directed to make another round of the stores, and his bearing was absolutely frigid when he was required to carry a most unbecomingly large bundle up the stairs to the little home on Burnham street.

That the indignity of a good sized tree was laid upon him also required the concentration of all his thoughts upon the generous wages Miss Stanhope paid to enable him to endure the present situation.

"I keep house for father and Tommy," whispered Maggie, leading the way. "Tommy's in the kitchen. I left him there in the big chair 'cause it's warmer. We'll take all these things in here"—opening the door of a neat sitting room—"and when we get the tree fixed I'll push him in in the chair."

Surely never before was a tree so quickly made to blossom and bring forth fruit, and it was a "true" tree, with gifts on every side.

Maggie surveyed it with joyful pride, her thin face losing its careworn look and becoming almost childlike with the flush of happy excitement.

"Miss Stanhope," she whispered positively, "prayers are answered—I know it now."

"Always in the way He thinks best," answered Miss Stanhope earnestly, adding in her heart, "Lord, I believe—help thou mine unbelief!"

"I'll bring Tommy in now," Maggie said, and went softly out to the kitchen.

She returned almost immediately. "His boss is there!" she exclaimed excitedly. "He got back yesterday. Ain't he awfully good to come so soon to see Tommy? Tommy looks better already! The boss'll push him in."

They both turned toward the door as it was opened, and a big armchair with the sick boy in it was pushed carefully over the threshold.

Miss Stanhope gave one look at the tall man behind the chair and started forward.

"This is Tommy's boss," began Maggie, mindful of her duties as hostess, but the greeting of her two guests quite disconcerted her, for Tommy's boss caught the aristocratic Miss Stanhope in a close embrace, while Miss Stanhope cried penitently, "Oh, Tom, Tom, I have been so sorry, and I have wanted you so!"

CANDLES FOR CHRISTMAS.

Christmas candlemakers are busy for many months in the year. It would be impossible to estimate how many hundreds of thousands of dozens of pretty little colored wax candles are required for Christmas trees all over Europe and America.

There are also candles for church decoration at Christmas. Whereas the Christmas tree tapers are, some of them, so tiny as to require seventy-two to make a pound, the great altar shafts of pure beeswax will sometimes stand six feet and weigh over forty pounds apiece.—Tit-Bits.

The Old Story

Last of the dying year, With withered leaf and fern, The dear Christ month is here, Holding a day so dear.

Day of the Heavenly name, When to earth heaven came, When to her wondering eyes, Opened the midnight skies.

When on her ravished ear, Fell angel voices clear, When glory shone around, Making it holy ground.

Oh, story sweet and true, Ever old and ever new, Christmas, we welcome thee, With thy deep mystery, Meaning of which we pray, Show to our hearts to-day.

A. LAURENCE THOMPSON.

The Merriest Christmas to You.

(By Frank Lawson).

I want to wish you the merriest time That ever anyone had, And no one could happier be than you.

If wishes could make you glad, If you were a girl or a boy to-day And Santa Claus came with his pack, And you wanted all the toys in the world, There is nothing that you should lack:

If you were a maiden of eighteen years Or a youth of twenty-two, And a Prince or a Princess should be your dream, I'd make that dream come true.

The prettiest scenes of every land Should pass in view before you, And the love you should feel, you have never felt, Since you lay on the lap that bore you.

I want you to realize this day Commemorates the birth Of the Prince of Peace who was sent to bring God's message of joy to earth; And I want you to read that message now.

And learn what its words convey, In the light of the men of these later times, With the knowledge of to-day: For not since the Star of Bethlehem Became the wise men's guide Was ever known in all the world Happier Christmas-tide!

Rejoice in the realm of childhood's faith Ere the spirit of doubting kneel you; Peace and Goodwill—Goodwill and Peace, And the Merriest Christmas to you.

HOW TO DO IT.

There is a Right Way in Gift Matters.

There is an etiquette governing the giving and receiving of presents, as there is about most things, because there is always a best way to do everything, says the Ladies' Home Journal.

If we penetrate below the surface of the little courteous conventions we shall find that consideration for the feelings of others underlies all. Do not try to make your gift look as though it cost more than you paid for it.

Take the time to write a few words of loving or cordial greeting on cards that accompany your gifts. With the evidence of individual personal thought the offering of even the finest present appears somewhat graceless and perfunctory.

A message on a card is better than a note because more informal, and one should not seem to make much of a gift. Having your presents daintily wrapped is not less a matter of courtesy. Let their outward appearance commend them. Leave them or send them to their destination the day before Christmas unless you can insure their reception early in the day. A tardy gift appears like an afterthought.

CHRISTMAS GIVING.

Christmas giving is an art. Christmas giving is also a joy. To know how to give is to enjoy giving.

Welcome the "Spug" who eliminates useless giving. Nobody like the giving that is merely a waste of money.

The harter of one gift for another is deprecated. To feel anxiety lest the exchange should not be equal is pernicious.

To put strength into the making of gifts not appreciated by the surprised recipients is wasteful. To overlook the giver in the gift; to be selfish and greedy is destructive of the true spirit of Christmas.

The pleasure of sharing with others need never be missed even by those whose purses are empty.

The putting of thought and sympathetic discrimination into the choice of a gift enriches the smallest trifle.

An amusing toy with a cheerful line or apt quotation; a simple, useful article carrying a humorous reference—these may pile up greater mountains of merriment than the richest gift.

The best thing is that which comes from sympathizing hearts full of love and good will to all men and which remembers with Christmas bounty the very poor and the equally deserving poor of small means who must often go without many comforts in order to provide for a rainy day.

A CHRISTMAS FAIRY.

In the centre of a room place a large round table covered with a green cloth scattered all over with small bouquets of evergreen frosted with tinsel. Suspended from the chandelier and hanging just far enough apart to admit little light from above have garlands sparkling with frost, with the ends fastened to the sides of the table, three-quarters of the way around it. The effect will be that of a tent.

The other quarter should be left open, so that one may look inside and see an immense cornucopia covered with silver paper, with its open end toward the front. As though emerging from it the Christmas fairy (a wax doll), sparkling in robes of white and silver, should be poised. A frosted wreath should crown her golden curls, and in her hand she should hold a long silver wand. The cornucopia should be seen to be emptying itself into the glittering train of the good fairy.

HARD LUCK.

(Exchange). "Seems to me I get all the hard luck." "What's the matter now?" "My girl and I quarreled a week ago, and to-day she made up with me again. I never get a chance to save any money at Christmas time."

We unhesitatingly recommend Magic Baking Powder as being the best, purest and most healthful baking powder that it is possible to produce. CONTAINS NO ALUM. All ingredients are plainly printed on the label.

**MAGIC BAKING POWDER**

EW. GILLETTE CO. LTD.  
TORONTO, ONT.  
WINNIPEG-MONTREAL

## WOODED UNDER FIRE

Thus they walk up and down the platform, and watch the several gangs of men at work under the direction of the young wrecking master, who might have cleared the road within twenty-four hours, if good luck had fallen upon him, but who now expects to accomplish a feat that may make him fame and fortune—thanks to Baron Sam.

As yet no prince, no retainers. What can it mean? Have they concluded that enough is as good as a feast, and decided to let the dangerous quarry slip through their fingers? That would just about suit a man of Sam Buxton's size. He does not shrink from meeting danger; but he is not reckless enough to seek it.

Another thought comes to him—perhaps his enemies are planning some other method of revenge. They may be, like the nobility of Russia, who play to blow up the royal train, and who did succeed in murdering the present Czar's father with a dynamite bomb.

Sam shrugs his shoulders and dismisses the thought. Please heaven, they will be safe in Turin within a few hours, and then a choice of routes lies before them, by rail to Rome, by steamer to Leghorn and Naples.

More than once he turns to look into the fair countenance of his companion, as they walk up and down amid the shouting workmen. The bright moon shows him distinctly every denture. Aileen laughs and meets his gaze.

"You are looking for traces of nervousness, but I hardly think you will find them," she says.

"You are a brave woman, Miss Aileen."

"Say it to my education, Mr. Fletcher," she replies from which remark it will be seen that Sam has played his little game, and allowed her to believe his name is Fletcher, because the man he called father chanced to be called so.

While he thus looks into her face, Sam is thinking, and under his breath he says:

"I wonder what she will say when she learns I am Sam Buxton. Will she hate me, believing I have had an object in seeking her? Well, I am enough of a stoic to stand whatever fate sends, I have lived among the Turks and Arabs, and have learned to kiss the rod. Kiss me!"

His reflections prove him to be a philosopher as well as a traveler. The man who can accustom himself to circumstances can move the world.

Just after Baron Sam takes Aileen back to the car, a great shout arises. Miss Dorothy sits up and immediately screams. McLane himself believes the whole force of the bandits has arrived, and is about to institute a savage assault upon those who have aroused their ire.

Sam guesses the truth.

"Huzzah!" he whoops, "the track is clear."

With that he rushes to make sure of the blessed fact, and presently comes in to view again waving his hat like a wild Italian.

"On to Turin!" he shouts.

Then they know it is not a chimera, but a stern fact—a feat has been performed almost unparalleled in the history of Italian railroading. This young Napoleon of railroad engineering will go up the ladder of fame from this hour. He seems to have grown several inches taller as he struts up and down the platform, giving his final orders, and Sam laughs in his sleeve.

"Pride must have a fall, and once he starts going down there's no telling when he will reach bottom. It will be an awful decline!" he chuckles, and the others have no trouble in comprehending his meaning.

"Anyhow, we're off," says Dudley, as the train gives a jerk and begins to move away.

All feel deeply grateful, and yet there is something of suspense hanging over them until several miles have been left behind, and all danger from the banditti has vanished.

Then Miss Dorothy sleeps again. The others converse, and find plenty of subjects to talk about, while progress is made, sometimes slow, and again with a show of speed. Now and then they look out upon the bosom of the river—up the valley they push. Ah! a bridge, and lights beyond. The lines of hills separate, leaving a wide plain, and upon this is spread the city of Turin.

It is about four o'clock in the morning when the train, eight hours late, comes to a stand in the Turin depot, and our friends give utterance to sighs of relief at finding themselves in civilization after their night of strange adventure.

CHAPTER XVII.

It has already been decided where they shall go. Sam knows Turin by heart, and he is well aware that the Hotel Grande Bretagne suits him to a T.

A carriage is soon secured, and the party on the way to the hostelry, driving through the wide clean, and well-kept streets, each side lined with houses that are uniformly neat and attractive.

Turin differs from all other Italian cities—it does not show magnificent palaces and mean hovels in juxtaposition. There are no elegant palaces, nor is there a miserable house in the city. The red-tiled roofs present a singular appearance when viewed from the summits of the hills known as the Collina di Trina, but the city is one of the finest in Italy for a tourist, the hotels well kept, the suburbs very handsome, and everything cleanly, thanks to the plentiful water supply.

Arrived at the Grande Bretagne, nine host receives them with great joy, for guests have not been as plentiful as blackberries in August, and he has bills to pay.

Here, in this haven of rest, they hope to remain until they can shape plans for the future. Sam would like nothing better than a continuance of this pleasant companionship, but he does not know that it would be altogether advisable under certain circumstances.

There are times when something of

a guilty feeling sweeps over him—can it be remorse? He looks into the face of the California girl, and time and again mutters those strange words: "What will she say when she knows?"

Evidently there is something peculiar connected with his past, which he seeks to hide from Aileen. It is impossible that he has ever done anything of a criminal nature—those clear eyes of Aileen would have discovered such corruption before now. What then can it be? Unless Sam himself sees fit to declare it, we must wait until the force of circumstances brings about the result.

One thing is sure—Sam sets as though he has a certain load of guilt upon his mind; he is, in a measure, constrained when Aileen is near, and does not act like himself. There must be a screw loose somewhere.

They sleep late that morning, since all are tired after the night of peculiar adventure.

Breakfast tastes remarkably good, too, though many witty remarks are passed concerning the supper they enjoyed in Prince Rubini's castle. Plans are laid for the day, and Sam secures quarters. Like the Germans, the natives of Italy love music, and yet the two schools are almost diametrically opposite in their teachings, one claiming to appeal to reason, the other to the heart.

Baron Sam saunters out after supper for a stroll, leaving the others writing letters in the parlor of the great caravansary. The large piazza or square is at hand, and very naturally he turns thither for his walk. With a choice mind, it is not at all strange that the American should feel at his ease.

He looks about him with the idle curiosity that becomes your old traveler. Strange sights may appear, and yet only by the raising of the eyebrows or some single word, will Sam betray anything like surprise. He thinks the American should feel at his ease.

Among the crowds he finds much to interest and amuse him. Of course the faces are strange to him—he looks upon thousands and sees not a single one he knows.

There are a number of foreigners sojourning in Turin, though their stop will not be for long, the south of Italy claiming most attention during the winter months. He sees an English face, some Frenchmen pass him by, talking eagerly, and a party of Yankees—English, unadorned kind—leave in sight, taking in all they can for their money, and venturing the opinion that Turin can't hold a candle to their beloved Boston.

So they come and go—Italians by hundreds, English, French, and Americans, American travelers, a few Greeks, now and then a Turk, who has wandered over from the region of the Bosphorus, or it may be a Russian or a Swede.

No wonder Sam is interested—any lover of human nature in its various guises would be. A party of Yankees—English, unadorned kind—leave in sight, taking in all they can for their money, and venturing the opinion that Turin can't hold a candle to their beloved Boston.

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## PIMPLES NEARLY COVERED FACE

Especially on Forehead and Chin. Ashamed to Go Out. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Cured in Month and a Half.

McMillan St., Oil City, Ont.—"My face was nearly covered with pimples, especially on my forehead and chin. The trouble began with pimples and blackheads and there were times I felt ashamed to go out. They were little red bumps, and then festered and I squeezed the matter out.

"I rubbed on different remedies. Salve and Cream but they did no good. Then I saw the advertisement of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and so I got a sample, I got it and began using them and in a week's time I noticed a change. I used the sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and one box of Cuticura Soap and Ointment cured me. I am a month and a half the pimples and blackheads were gone and I am completely cured." (Signed) Miss Lydia McMillan, May 23, '13.

A generation of mothers has found no soap so well suited for cleansing and purifying the face of their infants and children as Cuticura Soap. Its absolute purity and refreshing fragrance alone are enough to recommend it above ordinary skin soaps, but there are added to these qualities delicate yet effective emollients proper to the skin of Cuticura Ointment, which render it most valuable in overcoming a tendency to distressing eruptions and promoting a normal condition of skin and hair health. A single cake of Cuticura Soap and box of Cuticura Ointment are often sufficient when all else has failed. Sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. skin book. Address post-card Potter Drug & Cham. Corp., Dept. D, Boston, U.S.A.

## Man's Friend

Testimony That Tells How a Sick Woman Can Quickly Regain Health and Strength.

"For years I was thin and delicate. I lost color and was easily tired; a yellow pallor, pimples and blotches on my face were not only mortifying to my feelings, but because I thought my skin would never look nice again I grew despondent. Then my appetite failed. I grew very weak. Various remedies, pills, tonics and tablets I tried without permanent benefit. A visit to my sister put into my hands a box of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. She placed reliance upon them and now that they have made me a well woman I would not be without them whatever they might cost. I found Dr. Hamilton's Pills by their mild yet searching action very suitable to the delicate character of a woman's nature. They never once gripped me, yet they established regularity. My appetite grew keen—my blood red and pure—my rings under my eyes disappeared and to-day my skin is as clear and untroubled as when I was a girl. Dr. Hamilton's Pills did it all."

The above straightforward letter from Mrs. J. Y. Todd, wife of a well-known miller in Rogersville, is proof in itself that Dr. Hamilton's Pills are sufficient for Dr. Hamilton's 25c per box. All dealers or The Catarthozous Co., Kingston, Ont.

He no longer sits upon the seat that has been arranged for the outside passenger, but has extended his body flat upon the roof, and is slowly but steadily drawing nearer the driver, much as a cat stealthily steals upon a bird.

The fellow is muttering to himself, and as Sam's head is close by he can catch the words the man keeps repeating, in spite of the clatter of horse-hoofs and the wheels upon the pavement.

"Two hundred lire!" he is saying in Italian; "a princely sum—a royal night's work!"

It tells Sam his suspicions are not without a foundation—that this man has been hired by some one to do what? He remembers that just below him, in the carriage, is Aileen, the girl for whom every throb of his heart beats, and so great is his indignation at the thought of harm befalling her that he feels like pouncing upon this man and shaking him by the throat, just as a terrier might a rat.

The outside passenger wakes up—he has entered the game for keeps.

As the driver bends slightly forward, the better to see where he is heading, something comes flying down beside him, something that is very much alive, that turns upon the astounded Aileen and presses the cold muzzle of a revolver against his temple.

Of course it is Sam Buxton.

He believes the game has gone far enough, and intends to take a hand at this point. It will be something strange if, having reached this conclusion, he does not manipulate matters to suit himself. That is a way he has.

The driver is a man of some penetration; he seems to grasp the situation, for after one exclamation of horror, he does not cry out.

(To be continued.)

## WOMEN NEED A SAFE TONIC

And There is Nothing Better Than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Toning Up the Blood.

It is said that woman's work is never done, and it is a fact that whether in society or in the home her life is filled with more cares and more worries than falls to the lot of man. For this reason women are compelled regretfully to watch the growing pallor of their cheeks, the coming of wrinkles and the thinness that becomes a distressing enemy every day. Every woman knows that ill health and worry is a fatal enemy to beauty, and that good health gives the plainest face an enduring attractiveness.

What women fail to realize is the fact that if the blood supply is kept rich and pure, the day of the coming of wrinkles and pallor, dull eyes and sharp headaches is immeasurably postponed. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are literally worth their weight in gold to growing girls and women of mature years. They fill the veins with the rich, red blood that brings brightness to the eye, the glow of health to sallow cheeks, and charms away the headaches and backaches that render the lives of so many women constantly miserable.

Mrs. William Jones, Crow Lake, Ont., writes: "I feel that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life. I was so badly run down that I could hardly drag myself around. I was so bloodless that I was as pale as a sheet, and you could not most see through my hands. In fact, the doctor told me my blood had all turned to water. I was taking medicine constantly but without benefit. My mother had so much faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that she bought me two boxes and urged me to take them. How thankful I am that I followed her advice. Before these were gone I began to feel better, and I continued using the Pills until I had taken five more boxes, when I was again enjoying the blessing of perfect health, with a good color in my face, a good appetite, and I feel sure a new lease of life. I will always, you may be sure, be a warm friend of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

If you are weak or ailing begin to cure yourself to-day with the rich, red blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make. If you do not find the Pills at your dealer's send 50 cents for a box or \$2.50 for six boxes to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they will be sent you by mail, post paid.

## Getting in Bad!

At an evening party a girl said to a young man, "Can you tell me who is that exceedingly plain young man sitting opposite?"

"That is my brother," was the reply.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she said, in great confusion. "I did not notice the resemblance."

At a concert the other evening a lady asked a gentleman how he liked the duet she had just sung. "You sang charmingly," was the reply; "but why did you select such a horrid piece of music?"

"Sir, that was written by my late husband," was the indignant reply.

"Ah, yes, I did not mean—but why did you select such a homely mut to sing with your own?"

"Oh, you brute!" screamed the lady. "That is my present husband."

Make a Clean Job.

The doctor was worried about the condition of his patient. "I think I shall have to call in some other physician for consultation."

"That's right; go ahead," said the patient, with a cheerfulness that was completely as you can.

## THE LATEST NEWS FROM NOAH'S ARK

YOU DON'T MIND BUTTING UP MY GOWN DO YOU DEAR?!

SOME CHICKEN!

## THE LATEST NEWS FROM NOAH'S ARK

HENRY!

**Athens Grain Warehouse**

Good Provender at \$1.25 per 100 lbs. Get some and compare it with the sold elsewhere.

Good Flour at \$2.45 per bag. Not quite as fine as 5 Roses but will make nice bread.

Factory Feeds at low prices.

**Athens Lumber Yard**

Saw Mill ready to start as soon as logs come in.

WANTED—200 Cords Basswood, Stave Bolts.

**A. M. EATON**  
FUNERAL DIRECTOR

MAIN STREET - ATHENS  
Lady in attendance

Rural Phone. Day or night calls responded to promptly.

**Tubular**

**Separators**

Best skimmer, easiest washed, guaranteed never to go out of balance and self-oiling are some of the good features of the TUBULAR.

Also on hand samples of the Jersey Separator which I sell for \$45.00 and guaranteed to do as good work as any bucket bowl Separator (free trial).

Also one second hand Separator very cheap.

**W. B. Percival**

Victoria St. - Athens

**Kingston Business College Limited**

KINGSTON - ONTARIO

**Canada's Highest Grade Business School**

Offers superior courses in Bookkeeping, Short-hand, Civil Service, General Improvement and all Commercial Subjects.

Our graduates secure best positions.

Particulars free.

F. METCALFE, Principal

**FURNITURE**

CALL AND SEE our stock of

**High-Class Furniture**

For the trade of this season have a stock of furniture worthy of your attention.

Whether you require a complete set for the Parlor, Dining Room, Bedroom, or simply a single piece, we can meet your requirements.

Our experience enables us to select reliable goods, and we sell them at very low prices.

Invited.

Stevens

**Merchants Bank of Canada**

NOTE THE FOLLOWING

Paid Up Capital .. .. . \$6,747,680  
Reserve .. .. . 6,559,478  
Total Assets (30th Nov. 1912) over .. 84,000,000

Your DEPOSITS are SAFE in the MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA.

MONEY LOANED on favorable terms.

Seven Branches and Agencies in the district. CHEESE FACTORY cheques cashed as per on all local branches, and at BROCKVILLE if desired. Number of branches in Canada 206. Sub-Agencies at Frankville and Addison—open every Wednesday.

ATHENS BRANCH JOHN WATSON, Manager.

**Local and General**

Schools re-open on January 5th. —The very thing for Christmas—a Kouak.

Miss Bessie Johnston of Lyndhurst is home for vacation.

Mr Yates Avery is returning from Brockville to Athens.

Mr Austin Tribute of Toronto is home for holiday week.

Miss Muriel Fair, teacher at Westport, is home for vacation.

Mr Bart Wilson of Detroit is visiting at the home of his parents here.

Miss Bessie Rowsom, Albert College, Belleville, is home to spend Christmas.

Most of us spend more time than money—for good and sufficient reasons.

Tuesday's train carried an immense crowd of shoppers to the county town.

Mr Eric Dobbs is spending Christmas holidays with friends in Kingston.

Mr Gordon Thompson of London, Ont., is home for Christmas vacation.

Miss Bessie McLaughlin of East Northfield, Mass., is home for vacation.

Misses Jennie and Anna Doolan, teachers, are home for Christmas vacation.

Many a clerk fails to see an opportunity because he keeps his eyes on the clock.

Dr W. D. and Mrs Stevens of Toronto are guests of Mr and Mrs F. Scoville, Elioia.

The Reporter wishes for all its readers a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

A box of Nylo Chocolates would make a suitable Xmas present. At Lamb's Drug Store.

An informal dance under experienced and popular auspices will be held in the town hall on Dec. 26.

A man who knows how to do one thing right may try to prove it by doing something else wrong.

Mr and Mrs John Thompson of Carthage, N. Y., are spending Christmas week with friends in Athens.

Mr and Mrs Amos Witte and daughter of Bittington, Sask., arrived here to-day for the holiday season.

Rev. Mr Brown of Orillia has been called to the vacant pastorate of the Baptist churches of Athens and Plum Hollow.

We have met and passed the shortest day of the year and it will now be in order to keep an eye out for the first spring robin.

The Glen Elbe road is proving to be a fruitful source of trouble. Several actions for damages have been entered and more are threatened.

An unusually good programme is promised for the Methodist S. S. entertainment in the town hall on Christmas night. Programme at 7.30 sharp.

Mrs J. McKenny returned home from Ottawa last week, following an operation on her eyes. As yet no favorable results have been noticed.

Mr E. Livingston has moved a dwelling house from his farm to his lot on Elgin street. He will enlarge and improve the building next spring.

The first general skating of the season was had this week and a large number of young people enjoyed the sport at Arza's Pond and Tap's Flats.

The Morrisburg and Ottawa Electric Ry Co. is asking Chesterville for a bonus of \$5,000. A by-law will be submitted to the ratepayers there on January 5th.

Contrary to rumors there has been no alterations in the rules governing entrance to High Schools. The department has issued a circular explaining the regulations, and in some quarters this has been read as an alteration.

A definite announcement that the parcels post system will be inaugurated during the month of January is made by the Hon. L. P. Pelletier, Postmaster General. The date, however, will be towards the latter part of the month, after the holiday rush has subsided.

A bazaar was held on Dec. 9th, in Victoria Hall, Newboro, in aid of the building of the new St. John's church, which the nice sum of \$1,250 was raised.

The ladies of the St. John's church were invited to a sale of goods at the street

Miss Alma Stevens of Mallorytown is spending the holidays at her home in Athens.

A girl with a face as pretty as a picture may be spoiled by an ugly frame of mind.

The boys who are eligible to vote are being given an opportunity this week to pay their poll tax.

Mr and Mrs Charles Arnold of Meridian, Sask., arrived in Athens last week and will remain during the winter months.

**AT EATON'S GROCERY**

For cash, the balance of the year, you can get:—

- 3 lbs. raisins, plain or seed-ed. . . . . 25c
- 3 lbs. currants . . . . . 25c
- 3 lbs. prunes . . . . . 25c
- 2 lbs. evaporated peaches. . . . . 25c
- 3 cans peas . . . . . 25c
- 3 lbs. flaked peas . . . . . 25c
- 8 lbs. finest Rolled Oats. . . . . 25c
- 6 1/2 lbs. Germ meal. . . . . 25c
- 2 lbs. very good tea. . . . . 25c
- 20 lbs. granulated sugar. . \$1.00

Also a great variety of confectionery, bonbons and other goods at attractive prices.

**A. M. Eaton**  
RURAL PHONE

**THE Xmas Season**

FRUIT—We have a fine supply of all kinds of Fruit, Grapes, Navel Oranges, and our Apples, Greening's Spies and Russets at 50c a peck, we want to call special attention to as there are none equal at the prices.

CANDY—Our candy, the famous Home-made, in all kinds and varieties to our Fancy Boxes of finest makes are well worth a trial.

**HOWISON'S BAKERY**  
PHONE 282  
Opposite the Griffin Theatre  
BROCKVILLE

**INVEST YOUR MONEY**

**7 PER CENT FIRST MORTGAGE 7 PER CENT**

We can place a considerable amount of money on first mortgages on revenue producing farms guaranteeing 7% payable semi-annually. If your money is not earning 7% write us for free information to MORTGAGORS care,

**Box 12, The Reporter, Athens**

**R. DAVIS & SONS**  
BROCKVILLE

The year 1913 will soon be of the past. It was the best year's business we ever had. The mysteries of a New Year will soon unfold.

"We ask all our Friends and Customers in Athens and surrounding country to accept our sincere well wishes for Christmas and the New Year."

As ever our motto for 1914—will be "QUALITY AND ONE PRICE TO ALL"—everything in the best interests of our customers.

Nearly all men are too lazy even to think for themselves. Thinking is hard work.

The postoffices at Elioia, Escott and Escott Centre have been abolished by the rural mail delivery.

**The People's Column**

**Farm for Sale**

The John Deckrill farm, about two miles south of Athens, consisting of about 100 acres First-class dairy farm, well watered, good buildings. Immediate possession. Apply to T. R. BEALE, Athens 467.

**Teacher Wanted**

Qualified teacher wanted for S. S. Kitley, No. 16. Duties to begin January, 1914. Apply to J. W. MONTGOMERY, Frankville. 473

**FOR SALE**

700 pound Sharples Tubular Separator almost new, for sale cheap. ALEX TAYLOR & SON 456

**FOR RENTAL**

A house, barn and two acres of land on the Charleston Road, a half-mile from Athens. FOR SALE—A large size wood furnace in good condition. W. H. WILTSE, Athens

**WANTED**

A qualified teacher for Redan S. S. No. 26 and 29 Elizabethtown and Kitley, salary \$400. Apply to GEO. H. WILSON, Sec. 51-Jan. 2 Redan



5/8 BIAS GIRTH Blanket  
Can't Slip  
Won't Come Off.

**We are ready NOW**

with a special purchase of 500 heavy Jute full lined and well strapped Horse blankets at our special price of \$1.25 each. They are going so HURRY and get your supply. Saskatchewan Buffalo Robes 54 in x 62 in at \$6.50; 54 in x 72 in at \$7.50.

English Pure Wool Blankets 90 in x 90 in. weighing 9 lbs, nice green, yellow and red patterns, at \$5.00 each.

Let us sell you your Mitts and Gloves. We have the largest and best stock for Men and Boys in Brockville.

We have a large stock of Bags and Suit cases suitable for Xmas gifts. Let us supply you at our special 20 per cent discount sale.

All kinds of bells, for the Saddle, Shaft, and strings to go around the horse.

Make our store your headquarters. CEAS. R. RUDD & CO. BROCKVILLE

**Persian Lamb Jackets**

There is no fur garment which gives so much all-round satisfaction as Persian Lamb.

No matter how fierce the weather it stands the test.

Seems to get brighter the longer its worn.

We won't sell a poor Persian Lamb Jacket.

We use only the choicest skins, selected personally.

Manufactured under our own supervision.

Perfect fit guaranteed.

Sold for less money than is usually asked for good furs.

Money returned if not satisfactory.

You couldn't ask much more than that.

And remember when you buy at home you help the town.

**Robt. Craig & Co.**

MANUFACTURING FURRIERS

KING STREET

BROCKVILLE

Wishing You and All

**A MERRY CHRISTMAS**

and a

**HAPPY NEW YEAR**

**The Earl Construction Company**

ATHENS - ONTARIO

**Domestic Model B**

**Easy to Operate**



To the Ladies of Athens and vicinity:

I have taken the exclusive sales agency for the

**Domestic Vacuum Cleaner**

acknowledged in the United States as well as Canada to be the superior of all vacuum cleaners.

The Domestic has ball-bearings throughout and runs so easy that a child can operate it.

It has three powerful bellows with more suction power than any other hand-cleaner made.

Its many points of superiority can best be appreciated when seen, and you are invited to inspect it at our store, or, if interested, we will demonstrate in your home.

The Domestic is operated like the ordinary carpet sweeper and is made in three sizes. It can be supplied with brush attachment for taking up hairs, threads, lint and heavy surface dirt; also with a hose and nozzle attachment for cleaning upholstered furniture, mattresses, draperies, etc.

No home should be without a Domestic Vacuum Cleaner.

**H. H. ARNOLD**

General Merchant - Athens, Ont.