

LOCAL NEWS

ATHENS AND VICINITY

AUCTION SALES.
THE MERCHANTS' BANK OF CANADA would like to draw your attention to the fact that they make a special business of handling Farmers' Sale Notes, either discounting same or making collection when due. Should you have any idea of holding a sale they would very much appreciate being given an opportunity of taking care of the business for you. The manager will be glad to attend your sale personally, and assist in any way feasible. Their specially prepared Auction Sales Register and Sale Notes are furnished free of charge. Consult the Manager and ascertain his method in defraying your advertising costs. Ice Cream, also Oysters in plate or bulk at Maud Addison's.

Married at the residence of Rev. C. J. Curtis on Dec. 30th, Mr. Benjamin Culbert and Mrs. Elizabeth Halladay both of Athens.

Miss A. Hunt has sold the barn on Central St. to John Mulvena who is preparing to move the building.

The Council of Rear Young and Escott will meet on Monday 10th, inst at eleven o'clock for organization and in the afternoon for general business.

Mr and Mrs Almeron Blanchard and Mrs S. B. Williams of Addison, Mr and Mrs Wm Keyes of Brockville and Mr Mac C. Kelly of Toronto were Christmas guests of Mrs A. W. Kelly and Stephen Kelly.

Miss A. U. Williams returned on Monday to Watertown N. Y. to resume her profession and her daughter, Miss Florence left the same day to resume her studies at Victoria University, Toronto.

Miss Nina Mulvena recent graduate of Kingston Model School is teaching at Temperance Lake.

The neighbors on Wellington St. miss Mrs Chassel who has gone to Ottawa to spend the winter with her son John.

BEST 9c Loaf BREAD R. J. CAMPO

Reserve Tuesday evening January 11th for Xmas in Fairyland and the manger of Bethlehem. Admission 35c Reserve Seats 50c, children 25c.

Mrs M. Smith spent New Years on Harri Island at the home of her friend Mrs John Livingston.

We are glad to know that Mrs Mary Duclon, Mill St. is recovering from her recent illness.

Mauford and Glenn Flood spent Xmas at Belleville, at the home of their brother Lloyd.

Word comes to us from the Ladies Aid of the Methodist Church in Assiniboia Sask. that they received the parcel sent to them for their Bazaar held in Dec. from friends here, for which they send grateful thanks.

Dr Paul visited his home in Newburg over the New Year.

Reeve Holmes left on Tuesday on a business trip to Ottawa and Toronto.

Mrs Dr. Paul spent the week end at the home of her parents at Lyn.

Mr and Mrs Cliff Witte and son Ralph of Toronto, spent the holidays with their parents Plum Hollow.

Mr and Mrs Burk Smith Falis, spent Xmas at Mr John Wiltses Plum Hollow.

Mr Fred Pattimore, Perth, were visitors at the home of Mr and Mrs Morley Holmes.

Mrs Wm. Van Abbott, Sault Ste. Marie after spending the holidays with her sister, Mrs G. W. Lee, left on Monday for Almonte where she will visit her nephew W. V. Lee, on the return journey.

Holiness Movement Church—Services as follows Sunday—Sabbath School 1 p. m. Service 2 p. m. Prayer meeting on Tuesday night at the home of Mr Gordon McLean at 7 o'clock. With pleasure we request all to spend there Sunday afternoon with us. A. D. Dewar Pastor.

On Tuesday evening last at the home of Mr and Mrs Walton Sheffield an oyster supper and social evening was tendered all those taking part in the Program in the Xmas trees held recently in Ceons School. Messrs Moulton and Hutchins had charge of affairs and a most enjoyable evening was spent.

The funeral of the late Mrs D. G. Peat will take place in Christ Church Athens at 2 p. m. on Saturday. The body will be placed in the cemetery at Newbyre.

The cast of the play etc "Christmas at Stebi ses" their coach, Mrs Wm. Towriss Mr Towriss and Mrs Howard enjoyed an oyster supper and social evening recently at the home of Miss Margaret Gibbons.

Mr Hoie and family have taken up residence in the flat over E. C. Hildate's grocery.

The High School re-opened Monday with the full staff in attendance as the public school Mrs Fredenburgh was missing owing to the illness of her mother, Leslie Curtis is substituting this week.

Mr and Mrs Andrew Thompson have gone to Kingston to spend a few days with friends.

Miss Pearl and Ruby Jones spent the past week with friends at North Augusta.

Reserve Tuesday evening January 11th, for Xmas in Fairyland and the manger of Bethlehem Admission 35c Reserve 50c children 25c.

Miss Edith Mackie, Eloida teacher at Elgie, called on friends in the village while home for her holidays.

Miss Maud Flynn Elgin St. with friends at Morico and Jones Falls.

Mr and Mrs George Begley of Brockville spent New Years here, at the home of the former's sister Mrs A. F. Robeson.

Miss Alice Stevens having spent the Xmas holidays at her home here has returned to Ottawa where she has been attending the Holiness Movement school.

Mr G. G. Grothier of Brockville spent part of last week visiting his friend Mr Wm. Doolan.

Mr John Flood of Sopyrton spent New Years here with his son George and will remain for a short time.

Mrs A. Van derburg of Avonmore Ont. with her daughter and son has come to reside, having leased the E. Livingiton house, corner Elgie and Wellington St.

Miss Rappel wishes to let you know that she has two kinds of calendars and will be pleased to fill your order at any time.

Christmas Meeting of the Women's Institute

The monthly meeting of the women's Institute was held in the Town Hall at 1.30 p. m. Dec. 28th. About 75 children from the Public School were present and thoroughly enjoyed an afternoon of frolic the children joining in the play to the delight of the children.

After an hour of fun the children then presented a choice little programme at the conclusion of which all were treated to ice cream and cake. Santa Claus was there too and really seemed to enjoy himself and he addressed them on Xmas in other lands and concluded by presenting to the Public School, from the Women's Institute ten dollars towards the musical instrument they intend purchasing. Arrangements were completed for the Chautauq series the Well's Entertainers who coming Jan. 21st The Institute decided to send twenty five dollars to the suffering in China.

They are also considering the purchasing of a suitable site to be converted into a park and playground for the children. Anyone having property to dispose of which would be suitable is asked to kindly make it known to the president, when it will be talked over at the next meeting. It is hoped there will be a full attendance of the members. Several of the ladies have in contemplation the organization of sewing classes for the young girls of the town.

Rockspring News

Miss L. Dullely has returned to her school after spending the holidays at her home near Brockville.

Mr and Mrs Willard Saunders spent New Years with the latter's brother Mr Jas. Reynolds.

Miss Helen Burridge B. B. C. was home for the holidays.

Mr and Mrs Jas. Gunness and two sons were Sunday visitors at the home of Mr Wm. Johnston Eloida. Miss Edith Johnston returned home with them.

Miss Helen Tackaberry, Jasper was home for New Year's.

There are a few cases of scarlet fever in the neighborhood.

Mr Thompson Morrison is under the care of Dr. Sutherland, North Augusta.

Mr Roy Richards, Prescott was a week-end guest of his parents.

Miss Bessie Logan has returned from a few days visit in Brockville. Mrs H. E. Richards and daughter Shirley spent the Christmas week with her mother, Mrs L. Stevens Athens.

What Others Say About Our Famous Sanitary Odorless Closet



"A convenience worthy of the name"—B.G. Papetto
"More for the money than I expected"—M. Latour.
"I would not be without it for five times the cost—
H. A. Barker
"Every home should have a Sanitary"—J. A. Peters.
"The very thing for homes without sewage"—
P. M. Marquette

THE
Earl Construction Company
Genuine Ford Repair Parts
GARAGE AND AUTO SUPPLIES
Athens Ontario

Are Your Eyes Right?

If you do not have eye comfort, make an early visit to our "Optical Parlor"
We have the most Scientific Equipment for Eye Sight Testing, backed by years of successful experience.
We can assure you of a Prompt, Courteous and most Expert Service.

H. R. KNOWLTON
Main St. Athens Graduate Optician

THOMPSON'S

To all our friends and customers we extend Best Wishes for a very

Happy and Prosperous New Year

Joseph Thompson
Athens Ontario

Get Your Milking Machine NOW
We are representing the **EMPIRE**

Any Reductions in Price will be allowed up to time of starting.

More Empires in use in this district than all other makes.

We have a supply of **CUTTERS**

on hand which we will dispose of at very attractive prices to clear.

If you are thinking of buying a house we have several on our lists attractive points
Singer Sewing Machines, Pianos, Organs

A. Taylor & Son
Athens Ontario

NOTICE

I have opened a

Barber Shop

on Elgin Street, next door North from the Earl Construction Co.

Your Patronage Solicited

Prompt Service — Courteous Treatment

H. A. Pearce

Tried by Fire

Maurice Howard lifted his suitcase out of the rack as the train slowed down into the station.

"Love, it's good to be back again!" he thought, as he made a dash for a taxi, and was presently being whisked rapidly homewards. "Ireland's no rest cure for anyone just now!"

He gazed with appreciative eyes out on the good old London streets, with the endless traffic obeying the uplifted hand of a solitary policeman; and no need to fear what one might find round the corner.

"It's strange that Miriam hasn't answered my last few letters," his thoughts ran on. "I haven't had a line from her for two weeks. Aunt Kate said all was well, or else I might have worried about the dear little girl."

Miriam was Howard's ward, and an heiress. She lived in his house, with Maurice's already looking forward to the time when she would be merely an honored guest, and when a little gold band on Miriam's finger would be all the chaperon necessary.

It seemed too good to be true. The past was at last dead. He hadn't heard a word from Wingfield since the latter had inherited money from some cousin or other. As he recalled this man—his one and only enemy—Maurice's brow darkened. Wingfield had bled him pretty thoroughly in those days—the price he had demanded for his silence was a heavy one. And Maurice had paid to the last farthing, even though the loss of the money crippled his business and made things very awkward.

It was his burden and he must face it. Better that than to have the full story of that old crime raked up, and to meet averted faces everywhere. Still, it was hard on a man!

The taxi drew up at the gate of his house. He had not sent word of his coming, hoping to take Miriam by surprise, and to see the joy-light walking in her dark eyes.

He opened the door of the taxi, and sprang quickly out, eager to be face to face with the girl he loved, and who was just beginning to hope, loved in return.

Just as he finished paying the driver the front door of the house was thrown open, and a man came out. For a moment they stood there in silence. Maurice's face was dark and sullen; the other man eyed him with a supercilious smile.

"Hallo, Howard!" he cried. "Bit of a shock seeing me here, eh?"

"It is, Wingfield!" retorted Maurice shortly, ignoring the proffered hand.

"Don't get shy! I haven't come about—about the old business," Wingfield said, with an ugly sneer. "That is dead—for the time being, unless you cut up rough!"

A questioning look was all the reply Maurice made.

"I want your congratulations," went on Wingfield, watching him closely. "I have the honor to be engaged to your ward, the charming Miriam!"

"You lie!" retorted Maurice, taking a threatening step forward.

"Steady!" warned Wingfield, with a laugh. "I still hold the whip-hand, you know."

Without deigning him another word, Maurice brushed him aside and went into the house. But his heart was like lead in his breast. He felt somehow that Wingfield had told the truth. During his own absence this man had entered his home and stolen the only thing in it he treasured.

"Maurice!"

The sharp cry roused him from his reverie. A girl was standing half-way up the stairs. She had turned at his quick entrance, and was clinging to the banister, white and shaken.

"Is it true that you are engaged to that—Wingfield?" demanded Maurice harshly.

"Yes," Miriam replied in a breathless whisper. Then she broke out in a torrent of words. She had met Wingfield at the house of a friend just after Maurice had started on his ill-omened journey to Ireland. And he had at once become a most devoted wooer, seducing her as often as possible, and bringing her little presents.

Maurice listened dully. In his heart he felt a wild hatred of the man who had through the years been an evil shadow on his life. But what Wingfield had done in the past was as nothing compared with this last cruel blow.

"I wish you—happiness," he said slowly, when at last Miriam faltered

to a pause. Then he turned on his heel and walked slowly off to his study.

The joy of his home-coming, with all its dreams and hopes, had vanished. He felt numb and cold as he sank into an easy chair and buried his face in his hands. And behind it all was the dread knowledge that he dared do nothing. Wingfield still held the upper hand in this, as he had done all along.

If he braved things out and exposed Wingfield for the scoundrel he knew him to be, the other man would have a terrible revenge ready to his hand.

No; he must stand by and watch in helpless agony.

Up in her bedroom Miriam also was sitting in dull misery.

The sight of Maurice's unhappiness had cut her to the heart. She had known of the love which her guardian bore her, and had dreamed dreams, too. But that was before Wingfield had come into her life, with his vague hints of some dark secret in Maurice's past.

At first she had hated the man, for his own sake and because she knew that Maurice, the man she loved, disliked him. But soon after their first meeting Rupert Wingfield had dropped little meaning remarks concerning the power he held over Maurice.

"If people knew as much as I do," he had at last said openly, "they would shun this man as if he were a leper. They would refuse to touch his hand, or even to see him. He would be an outcast!"

At first hot words of defiance and defence of Maurice had sprung to Miriam's lips. Then, with instinctive wisdom, she had bitten them back. Memory recalled something strange in Maurice himself—some suggestion of a shadow on his life. Although she had always understood from her dead father that Maurice was successful in his business, her guardian had always been unaccountably short of money.

Then a great inspiration had come to her.

"I love Maurice," she vowed, "and because of that I will do my best to make him happy. This man pretends to hold some secret of his. Well, I shall play him at his own game, and free Maurice from this unknown dread."

While Maurice himself had been away she had found her chosen partner fairly easy to play—until Wingfield had proposed.

"I love you, Miriam," he said, quite calmly. "And I mean to marry you. I know that Maurice Howard also loves you. But I am in a position to prevent him marrying any decent woman. If you refuse me now, the day Maurice Howard makes you his wife will be the day of his downfall!"

Fate was driving her cruelly far on her path of deception. But Miriam had trodden it bravely so far. She had plighted her troth to this man. Better that than bring disaster on the man she loved.

But Maurice had come back. The sight of his dear eyes, dull with pain and longing, had almost vanquished her resolution.

"I must go on with it!" she muttered, her hands clenched until the nails dug into her rosy palms. "I have set my hand to the plough. If I turn back now he will be more dangerous to Maurice than ever. But, oh, it's hard—it's hard!"

A sob racked her throat as she buried her quivering face in her hands.

"Now that your guardian has returned, we can make arrangements about our wedding," Wingfield informed her that evening, as they sat alone in the drawing room.

Maurice had received his successful rival with cold politeness, and then had left them alone together. And Aunt Kate had muttered some excuse and followed him, her worn old face anxious and tender.

"But I haven't made any preparations," pleaded Miriam, her heart sinking in her breast with dread.

"You can do all that afterwards," replied Wingfield, his air of authority at strange variance with his role of lover. "I shall ask Maurice Howard formally for his consent to-morrow." Then, he added, with a slow smile: "I hardly think that he will find it advisable to refuse his sanction."

A sudden resolution came then to Miriam, and she bent her head over the fire as she made her next remark, intent on hiding the suspense in her eyes from his watchful gaze.

"Before we are married I have one thing to ask of you."

"What power do you hold over Maurice—over my guardian?"

"That is a piece of information I shall have pleasure in giving to—my wife!" laughed Wingfield cruelly, and he laid a hand on her bare shoulder.

It pleased his brutal nature to feel her shrink from his touch. Let her think. Once they were married, and he had secured her fortune, she could disappear altogether, if she wished. His wildness had soon squandered his own inheritance, and he had begun to think of approaching Maurice once again, with the old threats, when a chance meeting with Miriam had placed a double-edged weapon in his hand.

He had resolved from the first to woo her for her fortune, and because Maurice loved her.

"You hold my promise," replied Miriam, raising her head proudly. "And you understood from the beginning why I consented to marry you. The fact that I know why Maurice fears you will not lessen your power over him."

"It will not," smiled Wingfield cynically.

Then his desire to hurt Maurice overcame his discretion, and he thrust a hand into an inner pocket.

"Read that!" he ordered, as he put into her hand a sheet of paper which he removed from an inner section of his note-case.

Bending over the firelight, Miriam pored with dilating eyes over the written confession the sheet contained—a confession of a mean theft from an old woman who had trusted in the writer, despicable in its baseness and paltry in its gains.

Her breath came sharply between her teeth as suddenly she held the paper closer still to the flames, to scan eagerly the signature. Then, before the man could stop her, she had thrust the sheet of paper into the heart of the flames, crushing it beyond reclamation with her satin-shod foot.

He sprang forward with a cry of rage; but she defied him, and he shrank from her accusing face.

"You—you cad!" she breathed bitterly. "To hold that over any man! Oh, you are despicable!"

An angry snarl broke from Wingfield's lips as he listened.

"I still have the knowledge of the crime," he reminded her, with a sneer. "The crime of a dead man!" retorted the girl sternly, and he stepped back in amazement.

"You know!" he almost shrieked.

"I know the difference between the signature of Maurice Howard and the man I love!"—she faced him proudly—and that of his dead cousin, Maurice, poor Aunt Kate's wayward son. You can do your worst," she went on quietly. "If you breathe a word about this sordid story to anyone, and it comes to my knowledge, I shall go straight to Aunt Kate and—"

"And break her heart!" taunted the man cruelly.

"No; she loves her nephew too much to let him suffer for the sake of another, even if that other be her own son," replied Miriam, her tones carrying conviction to the man who listened.

"Now, go!"

"But your promise, of which you were so proud a moment ago?" snapped the man desperately.

"It was gained by a trick. I refuse to stand by it," replied Miriam, slipping quickly from the room.

Miriam waited till the crash of the front door, closed in fury, came to her ears. Then she leaned weakly for a few minutes on the mantelpiece.

Slowly the color returned to her cheeks, and a bright light shone in her eyes.

"I am free!" she murmured, stretching her arms high above her head. "And so be he—Maurice, my lover!"

Gone were the shadows which had beset their lives. With a glad smile on her lips she walked across the room, passing through a golden dreamland on her way to carry a message of happiness and love to the man who had been tried as by fire, and who had stood the test nobly.

(The End.)

"What power do you hold over Maurice—over my guardian?"

"That is a piece of information I shall have pleasure in giving to—my wife!" laughed Wingfield cruelly, and he laid a hand on her bare shoulder.

It pleased his brutal nature to feel her shrink from his touch. Let her think. Once they were married, and he had secured her fortune, she could disappear altogether, if she wished. His wildness had soon squandered his own inheritance, and he had begun to think of approaching Maurice once again, with the old threats, when a chance meeting with Miriam had placed a double-edged weapon in his hand.

He had resolved from the first to woo her for her fortune, and because Maurice loved her.

"You hold my promise," replied Miriam, raising her head proudly. "And you understood from the beginning why I consented to marry you. The fact that I know why Maurice fears you will not lessen your power over him."

"It will not," smiled Wingfield cynically.

Then his desire to hurt Maurice overcame his discretion, and he thrust a hand into an inner pocket.

"Read that!" he ordered, as he put into her hand a sheet of paper which he removed from an inner section of his note-case.

Bending over the firelight, Miriam pored with dilating eyes over the written confession the sheet contained—a confession of a mean theft from an old woman who had trusted in the writer, despicable in its baseness and paltry in its gains.

Her breath came sharply between her teeth as suddenly she held the paper closer still to the flames, to scan eagerly the signature. Then, before the man could stop her, she had thrust the sheet of paper into the heart of the flames, crushing it beyond reclamation with her satin-shod foot.

He sprang forward with a cry of rage; but she defied him, and he shrank from her accusing face.

"You—you cad!" she breathed bitterly. "To hold that over any man! Oh, you are despicable!"

An angry snarl broke from Wingfield's lips as he listened.

"I still have the knowledge of the crime," he reminded her, with a sneer. "The crime of a dead man!" retorted the girl sternly, and he stepped back in amazement.

"You know!" he almost shrieked.

"I know the difference between the signature of Maurice Howard and the man I love!"—she faced him proudly—and that of his dead cousin, Maurice, poor Aunt Kate's wayward son. You can do your worst," she went on quietly. "If you breathe a word about this sordid story to anyone, and it comes to my knowledge, I shall go straight to Aunt Kate and—"

"And break her heart!" taunted the man cruelly.

"No; she loves her nephew too much to let him suffer for the sake of another, even if that other be her own son," replied Miriam, her tones carrying conviction to the man who listened.

"Now, go!"

"But your promise, of which you were so proud a moment ago?" snapped the man desperately.

"It was gained by a trick. I refuse to stand by it," replied Miriam, slipping quickly from the room.

Miriam waited till the crash of the front door, closed in fury, came to her ears. Then she leaned weakly for a few minutes on the mantelpiece.

Slowly the color returned to her cheeks, and a bright light shone in her eyes.

"I am free!" she murmured, stretching her arms high above her head. "And so be he—Maurice, my lover!"

Gone were the shadows which had beset their lives. With a glad smile on her lips she walked across the room, passing through a golden dreamland on her way to carry a message of happiness and love to the man who had been tried as by fire, and who had stood the test nobly.

(The End.)

"That is a piece of information I shall have pleasure in giving to—my wife!" laughed Wingfield cruelly, and he laid a hand on her bare shoulder.

It pleased his brutal nature to feel her shrink from his touch. Let her think. Once they were married, and he had secured her fortune, she could disappear altogether, if she wished. His wildness had soon squandered his own inheritance, and he had begun to think of approaching Maurice once again, with the old threats, when a chance meeting with Miriam had placed a double-edged weapon in his hand.

He had resolved from the first to woo her for her fortune, and because Maurice loved her.

"You hold my promise," replied Miriam, raising her head proudly. "And you understood from the beginning why I consented to marry you. The fact that I know why Maurice fears you will not lessen your power over him."

"It will not," smiled Wingfield cynically.

Then his desire to hurt Maurice overcame his discretion, and he thrust a hand into an inner pocket.

"Read that!" he ordered, as he put into her hand a sheet of paper which he removed from an inner section of his note-case.

Bending over the firelight, Miriam pored with dilating eyes over the written confession the sheet contained—a confession of a mean theft from an old woman who had trusted in the writer, despicable in its baseness and paltry in its gains.

Her breath came sharply between her teeth as suddenly she held the paper closer still to the flames, to scan eagerly the signature. Then, before the man could stop her, she had thrust the sheet of paper into the heart of the flames, crushing it beyond reclamation with her satin-shod foot.

He sprang forward with a cry of rage; but she defied him, and he shrank from her accusing face.

"You—you cad!" she breathed bitterly. "To hold that over any man! Oh, you are despicable!"

An angry snarl broke from Wingfield's lips as he listened.

"I still have the knowledge of the crime," he reminded her, with a sneer. "The crime of a dead man!" retorted the girl sternly, and he stepped back in amazement.

"You know!" he almost shrieked.

"I know the difference between the signature of Maurice Howard and the man I love!"—she faced him proudly—and that of his dead cousin, Maurice, poor Aunt Kate's wayward son. You can do your worst," she went on quietly. "If you breathe a word about this sordid story to anyone, and it comes to my knowledge, I shall go straight to Aunt Kate and—"

"And break her heart!" taunted the man cruelly.

"No; she loves her nephew too much to let him suffer for the sake of another, even if that other be her own son," replied Miriam, her tones carrying conviction to the man who listened.

"Now, go!"

"But your promise, of which you were so proud a moment ago?" snapped the man desperately.

"It was gained by a trick. I refuse to stand by it," replied Miriam, slipping quickly from the room.

Miriam waited till the crash of the front door, closed in fury, came to her ears. Then she leaned weakly for a few minutes on the mantelpiece.

Slowly the color returned to her cheeks, and a bright light shone in her eyes.

"I am free!" she murmured, stretching her arms high above her head. "And so be he—Maurice, my lover!"

Gone were the shadows which had beset their lives. With a glad smile on her lips she walked across the room, passing through a golden dreamland on her way to carry a message of happiness and love to the man who had been tried as by fire, and who had stood the test nobly.

(The End.)

"That is a piece of information I shall have pleasure in giving to—my wife!" laughed Wingfield cruelly, and he laid a hand on her bare shoulder.

It pleased his brutal nature to feel her shrink from his touch. Let her think. Once they were married, and he had secured her fortune, she could disappear altogether, if she wished. His wildness had soon squandered his own inheritance, and he had begun to think of approaching Maurice once again, with the old threats, when a chance meeting with Miriam had placed a double-edged weapon in his hand.

He had resolved from the first to woo her for her fortune, and because Maurice loved her.

"You hold my promise," replied Miriam, raising her head proudly. "And you understood from the beginning why I consented to marry you. The fact that I know why Maurice fears you will not lessen your power over him."

"It will not," smiled Wingfield cynically.

Then his desire to hurt Maurice overcame his discretion, and he thrust a hand into an inner pocket.

"Read that!" he ordered, as he put into her hand a sheet of paper which he removed from an inner section of his note-case.

Bending over the firelight, Miriam pored with dilating eyes over the written confession the sheet contained—a confession of a mean theft from an old woman who had trusted in the writer, despicable in its baseness and paltry in its gains.

Her breath came sharply between her teeth as suddenly she held the paper closer still to the flames, to scan eagerly the signature. Then, before the man could stop her, she had thrust the sheet of paper into the heart of the flames, crushing it beyond reclamation with her satin-shod foot.

He sprang forward with a cry of rage; but she defied him, and he shrank from her accusing face.

"You—you cad!" she breathed bitterly. "To hold that over any man! Oh, you are despicable!"

An angry snarl broke from Wingfield's lips as he listened.

"I still have the knowledge of the crime," he reminded her, with a sneer. "The crime of a dead man!" retorted the girl sternly, and he stepped back in amazement.

"You know!" he almost shrieked.

"I know the difference between the signature of Maurice Howard and the man I love!"—she faced him proudly—and that of his dead cousin, Maurice, poor Aunt Kate's wayward son. You can do your worst," she went on quietly. "If you breathe a word about this sordid story to anyone, and it comes to my knowledge, I shall go straight to Aunt Kate and—"

"And break her heart!" taunted the man cruelly.

"No; she loves her nephew too much to let him suffer for the sake of another, even if that other be her own son," replied Miriam, her tones carrying conviction to the man who listened.

"Now, go!"

"But your promise, of which you were so proud a moment ago?" snapped the man desperately.

"It was gained by a trick. I refuse to stand by it," replied Miriam, slipping quickly from the room.

Miriam waited till the crash of the front door, closed in fury, came to her ears. Then she leaned weakly for a few minutes on the mantelpiece.

Slowly the color returned to her cheeks, and a bright light shone in her eyes.

"I am free!" she murmured, stretching her arms high above her head. "And so be he—Maurice, my lover!"

Gone were the shadows which had beset their lives. With a glad smile on her lips she walked across the room, passing through a golden dreamland on her way to carry a message of happiness and love to the man who had been tried as by fire, and who had stood the test nobly.

(The End.)

"That is a piece of information I shall have pleasure in giving to—my wife!" laughed Wingfield cruelly, and he laid a hand on her bare shoulder.

It pleased his brutal nature to feel her shrink from his touch. Let her think. Once they were married, and he had secured her fortune, she could disappear altogether, if she wished. His wildness had soon squandered his own inheritance, and he had begun to think of approaching Maurice once again, with the old threats, when a chance meeting with Miriam had placed a double-edged weapon in his hand.

He had resolved from the first to woo her for her fortune, and because Maurice loved her.

"You hold my promise," replied Miriam, raising her head proudly. "And you understood from the beginning why I consented to marry you. The fact that I know why Maurice fears you will not lessen your power over him."

"It will not," smiled Wingfield cynically.

Then his desire to hurt Maurice overcame his discretion, and he thrust a hand into an inner pocket.

"Read that!" he ordered, as he put into her hand a sheet of paper which he removed from an inner section of his note-case.

Bending over the firelight, Miriam pored with dilating eyes over the written confession the sheet contained—a confession of a mean theft from an old woman who had trusted in the writer, despicable in its baseness and paltry in its gains.

Her breath came sharply between her teeth as suddenly she held the paper closer still to the flames, to scan eagerly the signature. Then, before the man could stop her, she had thrust the sheet of paper into the heart of the flames, crushing it beyond reclamation with her satin-shod foot.

He sprang forward with a cry of rage; but she defied him, and he shrank from her accusing face.

"You—you cad!" she breathed bitterly. "To hold that over any man! Oh, you are despicable!"

An angry snarl broke from Wingfield's lips as he listened.

"I still have the knowledge of the crime," he reminded her, with a sneer. "The crime of a dead man!" retorted the girl sternly, and he stepped back in amazement.

"You know!" he almost shrieked.

"I know the difference between the signature of Maurice Howard and the man I love!"—she faced him proudly—and that of his dead cousin, Maurice, poor Aunt Kate's wayward son. You can do your worst," she went on quietly. "If you breathe a word about this sordid story to anyone, and it comes to my knowledge, I shall go straight to Aunt Kate and—"

"And break her heart!" taunted the man cruelly.

"No; she loves her nephew too much to let him suffer for the sake of another, even if that other be her own son," replied Miriam, her tones carrying conviction to the man who listened.

"Now, go!"

"But your promise, of which you were so proud a moment ago?" snapped the man desperately.

"It was gained by a trick. I refuse to stand by it," replied Miriam, slipping quickly from the room.

Miriam waited till the crash of the front door, closed in fury, came to her ears. Then she leaned weakly for a few minutes on the mantelpiece.

Slowly the color returned to her cheeks, and a bright light shone in her eyes.

"I am free!" she murmured, stretching her arms high above her head. "And so be he—Maurice, my lover!"

Gone were the shadows which had beset their lives. With a glad smile on her lips she walked across the room, passing through a golden dreamland on her way to carry a message of happiness and love to the man who had been tried as by fire, and who had stood the test nobly.

(The End.)

"That is a piece of information I shall have pleasure in giving to—my wife!" laughed Wingfield cruelly, and he laid a hand on her bare shoulder.

It pleased his brutal nature to feel her shrink from his touch. Let her think. Once they were married, and he had secured her fortune, she could disappear altogether, if she wished. His wildness had soon squandered his own inheritance, and he had begun to think of approaching Maurice once again, with the old threats, when a chance meeting with Miriam had placed a double-edged weapon in his hand.

He had resolved from the first to woo her for her fortune, and because Maurice loved her.

"You hold my promise," replied Miriam, raising her head proudly. "And you understood from the beginning why I consented to marry you. The fact that I know why Maurice fears you will not lessen your power over him."

"It will not," smiled Wingfield cynically.

Then his desire to hurt Maurice overcame his discretion, and he thrust a hand into an inner pocket.

"Read that!" he ordered, as he put into her hand a sheet of paper which he removed from an inner section of his note-case.

Bending over the firelight, Miriam pored with dilating eyes over the written confession the sheet contained—a confession of a mean theft from an old woman who had trusted in the writer, despicable in its baseness and paltry in its gains.

Her breath came sharply between her teeth as suddenly she held the paper closer still to the flames, to scan eagerly the signature. Then, before the man could stop her, she had thrust the sheet of paper into the heart of the flames, crushing it beyond reclamation with her satin-shod foot.

He sprang forward with a cry of rage; but she defied him, and he shrank from her accusing face.

"You—you cad!" she breathed bitterly. "To hold that over any man! Oh, you are despicable!"

An angry snarl broke from Wingfield's lips as he listened.

"I still have the knowledge of the crime," he reminded her, with a sneer. "The crime of a dead man!" retorted the girl sternly, and he stepped back in amazement.

"You know!" he almost shrieked.

"I know the difference between the signature of Maurice Howard and the man I love!"—she faced him proudly—and that of his dead cousin, Maurice, poor Aunt Kate's wayward son. You can do your worst," she went on quietly. "If you breathe a word about this sordid story to anyone, and it comes to my knowledge, I shall go straight to Aunt Kate and—"

"And break her heart!" taunted the man cruelly.

"No; she loves her nephew too much to let him suffer for the sake of another, even if that other be her own son," replied Miriam, her tones carrying conviction to the man who listened.

"Now, go!"

"But your promise, of which you were so proud a moment ago?" snapped the man desperately.

"It was gained by a trick. I refuse to stand by it," replied Miriam, slipping quickly from the room.

Miriam waited till the crash of the front door, closed in fury, came to her ears. Then she leaned weakly for a few minutes on the mantelpiece.

Slowly the color returned to her cheeks, and a bright light shone in her eyes.

"I am free!" she murmured, stretching her arms high above her head. "And so be he—Maurice, my lover!"

Gone were the shadows which had beset their lives. With a glad smile on her lips she walked across the room, passing through a golden dreamland on her way to carry a message of happiness and love to the man who had been tried as by fire, and who had stood the test nobly.

(The End.)

"That is a piece of information I shall have pleasure in giving to—my wife!" laughed Wingfield cruelly, and he laid a hand on her bare shoulder.

It pleased his brutal nature to feel her shrink from his touch. Let her think. Once they were married, and he had secured her fortune, she could disappear altogether, if she wished. His wildness had soon squandered his own inheritance, and he had begun to think of approaching Maurice once again, with the old threats, when a chance meeting with Miriam had placed a double-edged weapon in his hand.

He had resolved from the first to woo her for her fortune, and because Maurice loved her.

"You hold my promise," replied Miriam, raising her head proudly. "And you understood from the beginning why I consented to marry you. The fact that I know why Maurice fears you will not lessen your power over him."

"It will not," smiled Wingfield cynically.

Then his desire to hurt Maurice overcame his discretion, and he thrust a hand into an inner pocket.

"Read that!" he ordered, as he put into her hand a sheet of paper which he removed from an inner section of his note-case.

Bending over the firelight, Miriam pored with dilating eyes over the written confession the sheet contained—a confession of a mean theft from an old woman who had trusted in the writer, despicable in its baseness and paltry in its gains.

Her breath came sharply between her teeth as suddenly she held the paper closer still to the flames, to scan eagerly the signature. Then, before the man could stop her, she had thrust the sheet of paper into the heart of the flames, crushing it beyond reclamation with her satin-shod foot.

He sprang forward with a cry of rage; but she defied him, and he shrank from her accusing face.

"You—you cad!" she breathed bitterly. "To hold that over any man! Oh, you are despicable!"

An angry snarl broke from Wingfield's lips as he listened.

"I still have the knowledge of the crime," he reminded her, with a sneer. "The crime of a dead man!" retorted the girl sternly, and he stepped back in amazement.

"You know!" he almost shrieked.

"I know the difference between the signature of Maurice Howard and the man I love!"—she faced him proudly—and that of his dead cousin, Maurice, poor Aunt Kate's wayward son. You can do your worst," she went on quietly. "If you breathe a word about this sordid story to anyone, and it comes to my knowledge, I shall go straight to Aunt Kate and—"

"And break her heart!" taunted the man cruelly.

"No; she loves her nephew too much to let him suffer for the sake of another, even if that other be her own son," replied Miriam, her tones carrying conviction to the man who listened.

"Now, go!"

"But your promise, of which you were so proud a moment ago?" snapped the man desperately.

"It was gained by a trick. I refuse to stand by it," replied Miriam, slipping quickly from the room.

Miriam waited till the crash of the front door, closed in fury, came to her ears. Then she leaned weakly for a few minutes on the mantelpiece.

Slowly the color returned to her cheeks, and a bright light shone in her eyes.

"I am free!" she murmured, stretching her arms high above her head. "And so be he—Maurice, my lover!"

Gone were the shadows which had beset their lives. With a glad smile on her lips she walked across the room, passing through a golden dreamland on her way to carry a message of happiness and love to the man who had been tried as by fire, and who had stood the test nobly.

(The End.)

"That is a piece of information I shall have pleasure in giving to—my wife!" laughed Wingfield cruelly, and he laid a hand on her bare shoulder.

It pleased his brutal nature to feel her shrink from his touch. Let her think. Once they were married, and he had secured her fortune, she could disappear altogether, if she wished. His wildness had soon squandered his own inheritance, and he had begun to think of approaching Maurice once again, with the old threats, when a chance meeting with Miriam had placed a double-edged weapon in his hand.

He had resolved from the first to woo her for her fortune, and because Maurice loved her.

"You hold my promise," replied Miriam, raising her head proudly. "And you understood from the beginning why I consented to marry you. The fact that I know why Maurice fears you will not lessen your power over him."

"It will not," smiled Wingfield cynically.

Then his desire to hurt Maurice overcame his discretion, and he thrust a hand into an inner pocket.

"Read that!" he ordered, as he put into her hand a sheet of paper which he removed from an inner section of his note-case.

Bending over the firelight, Miriam pored with dilating eyes over the written confession the sheet contained—a confession of a mean theft from an old woman who had trusted in the writer, despicable in its baseness and paltry in its gains.

Her breath came sharply between her teeth as suddenly she held the paper closer still to the flames, to scan eagerly the signature. Then, before the man could stop her, she had thrust the sheet of paper into the heart of the flames, crushing it beyond reclamation with her satin-shod foot.

He sprang forward with a cry of rage; but she defied him, and he shrank from her accusing face.

"You—you cad!" she breathed bitterly. "To hold that over any man! Oh, you are despicable!"

An angry snarl broke from Wingfield's lips as he listened.

"I still have the knowledge of the crime," he reminded her, with a sneer. "The crime of a dead man!" retorted the girl sternly, and he stepped back in amazement.

"You know!" he almost shrieked.

"I know the difference between the signature of Maurice Howard and the man I love!"—she faced him proudly—and that of his dead cousin, Maurice, poor Aunt Kate's wayward son. You can do your worst," she went on quietly. "If you breathe a word about this sordid story to anyone, and it comes to my knowledge, I shall go straight to Aunt Kate and—"

"And break her heart!" taunted the man cruelly.

"No; she loves her nephew too much to let him suffer for the sake of another, even if that other be her own son," replied Miriam, her tones carrying conviction to the man who listened.

"Now, go!"

"But your promise, of which you were so proud a moment ago?" snapped the man desperately.

"It was gained by a trick. I refuse to stand by it," replied Miriam, slipping quickly from the room.

Miriam waited till the crash of the front door, closed in fury, came to her ears. Then she leaned weakly for a few minutes on the mantelpiece.

Slowly the color returned to her cheeks, and a bright light shone in her eyes.

"I am free!" she murmured, stretching her arms high above her head. "And so be he—Maurice, my lover!"

Gone were the shadows which had beset their lives. With a glad smile on her lips she walked across the room, passing through a golden dreamland on her way to carry a message of happiness and love to the man who had been tried as by fire, and who had stood the test nobly.

(The End.)

"That is a piece of information I shall have pleasure in giving to—my wife!" laughed Wingfield cruelly, and he laid a hand on her bare shoulder.

It pleased his brutal nature to feel her shrink from his touch. Let her think. Once they were married, and he had secured her fortune, she could disappear altogether, if she wished. His wildness had soon squandered his own inheritance, and he had begun to think of approaching Maurice once again, with the old threats, when a chance meeting with Miriam had placed a double-edged weapon in his hand.

He had resolved from the first to woo her for her fortune, and because Maurice loved her.

"You hold my promise," replied Miriam, raising her head proudly. "And you understood from the beginning why I consented to marry you. The fact that I know why Maurice fears you will not lessen your power over him."

"It will not," smiled Wingfield cynically.

Then his desire to hurt Maurice overcame his discretion, and he thrust a hand into an inner pocket.

"Read that!" he ordered, as he put into her hand a sheet of paper which he removed from an inner section of his note-case.

Bending over the firelight, Miriam pored with dilating eyes over the written confession the sheet contained—a confession of a mean theft from an old woman who had trusted in the writer, despicable in its baseness and paltry in its gains.

Her breath came sharply between her teeth as suddenly she held the paper closer still to the flames, to scan eagerly the signature. Then, before the man could stop her, she had thrust the sheet of paper into the heart of the flames, crushing it beyond reclamation with her satin-shod foot.

He sprang forward with a cry of rage; but she defied him, and he shrank from her accusing face.

"You—you cad!" she breathed bitterly. "To hold that over any man! Oh, you are despicable!"

An angry snarl broke from Wingfield's lips as he listened.

"I still have the knowledge of the crime," he reminded her, with a sneer. "The crime of a dead man!" retorted the girl sternly, and he stepped back in amazement.

"You know!" he almost shrieked.

"I know the difference between the signature of Maurice Howard and the man I love!"—she faced him proudly—and that of his dead cousin, Maurice, poor Aunt Kate's wayward son. You can do your worst," she went on quietly. "If you breathe a word about this sordid story to anyone, and it comes to my knowledge, I shall go straight to Aunt Kate and—"

"And break her heart!" taunted the man cruelly.

"No; she loves her nephew too much to let him suffer for the sake of another, even if that other be her own son," replied Miriam, her tones carrying conviction to the man who listened.

"Now, go!"

"But your promise, of which you were so proud a moment ago?" snapped the man desperately.

"It was gained by a trick. I refuse to stand by it," replied Miriam, slipping quickly from the room.

Miriam waited till the crash of the front door, closed in fury, came to her ears. Then she leaned weakly for a few minutes on the mantelpiece.

Slowly the color returned to her cheeks, and a bright light shone in her eyes.

"I am free!" she murmured, stretching her arms high above her head. "And so be he—Maurice, my lover!"

Gone were the shadows which had beset their lives. With a glad smile on her lips she walked across the room, passing through a golden dreamland on her way to carry a message of happiness and love to the man who had been tried as by fire, and who had stood the test nobly.

(The End.)

"That is a piece of information I shall have pleasure in giving to—my wife!" laughed Wingfield cruelly, and he laid a hand on her bare shoulder.

It pleased his brutal nature to feel her shrink from his touch. Let her think. Once they were married, and he had secured her fortune, she could disappear altogether, if she wished. His wildness had soon squandered his own inheritance, and he had begun to think of approaching Maurice once again, with the old threats, when a chance meeting with Miriam had placed a double-edged weapon in his hand.

He had resolved from the first to woo her for her fortune, and because Maurice loved her.

"You hold my promise," replied Miriam, raising her head proudly. "And you understood from the beginning why I consented to marry you. The fact that I know why Maurice fears you will not lessen your power over him."

"It will not," smiled Wingfield cynically.

Then his desire to hurt Maurice overcame his discretion, and he thrust a hand into an inner pocket.

"Read that!" he ordered, as he put into her hand a sheet of paper which he removed from an inner section of his note-case.

Bending over the firelight, Miriam pored with dilating eyes over the written confession the sheet contained—a confession of a mean theft from an old woman who had trusted in the writer, despicable in its baseness and paltry in its gains.

Her breath came sharply between her teeth as suddenly she held the paper closer still to the flames, to scan eagerly the signature. Then, before the man could stop her, she had thrust the sheet of paper into the heart of the flames, crushing it beyond reclamation with her satin-shod foot.

He sprang forward with a cry of rage; but she defied him, and he shrank from her accusing face.

"You—you cad!" she breathed bitterly. "To hold that over any man! Oh, you are despicable!"

An angry snarl broke from Wingfield's lips as he listened.

"I still have the knowledge of the crime," he reminded her, with a sneer. "The crime of a dead man!" retorted the girl sternly, and he stepped back in amazement.

"You know!" he almost shrieked.

"I know the difference between the signature of Maurice Howard and the man I love!"—she faced him proudly—and that of his dead cousin, Maurice, poor Aunt Kate's wayward son. You can do your worst," she went on quietly. "If you breathe a word about this sordid story to anyone, and it comes to my knowledge, I shall go straight to Aunt Kate and—"

"And break her heart!" taunted the man cruelly.

"No; she loves her nephew too much to let him suffer for the sake of another, even if that other be her own son," replied Miriam, her tones carrying conviction to the man who listened.

"Now, go!"

"But your promise, of which you were so proud a moment ago?" snapped the man desperately.

"It was gained by a trick. I refuse to stand by it," replied Miriam, slipping quickly from the room.

Miriam waited till the crash of the front door, closed in fury, came to her ears. Then she leaned weakly for a few minutes on the mantelpiece.

Slowly the color returned to her cheeks, and a bright light shone in her eyes.

"I am free!" she murmured, stretching her arms high above her head. "And so be he—Maurice, my lover!"

Gone were the shadows which had beset their lives. With a glad smile on her lips she walked across the room, passing through a golden dreamland on her way to carry a message of happiness and love to the man who had been tried as by fire, and who had stood the test nobly.

(The End.)

"That is a piece of information I shall have pleasure in giving to—my wife!" laughed Wingfield cruelly, and he laid a hand on her bare shoulder.

It pleased his brutal nature to feel her shrink from his touch. Let her think. Once they were married, and he had secured her fortune, she could disappear altogether, if she wished. His wildness had soon squandered his own inheritance, and he had begun to think of approaching Maurice once again, with the old threats, when a chance meeting with Miriam had placed a double-edged weapon in his hand.

He had resolved from the first to woo her for her fortune, and because Maurice loved her.

"You hold my promise," replied Miriam, raising her head proudly. "And you understood from the beginning why I consented to marry you. The fact that I know why Maurice fears you will not lessen your power over him."

"It will not," smiled Wingfield cynically.

Then his desire to hurt Maurice overcame his discretion, and he thrust a hand into an inner pocket.

"Read that!" he ordered, as he put into her hand a sheet of paper which he removed from an inner section of his note-case.

Bending over the firelight, Miriam pored with dilating eyes over the written confession the sheet contained—a confession of a mean theft from an old woman who had trusted in the writer, despicable in its baseness and paltry in its gains.

Her breath came sharply between her teeth as suddenly she held the paper closer still to the flames, to scan eagerly the signature. Then, before the man could stop her, she had thrust the sheet of paper into the heart of the flames, crushing it beyond reclamation with her satin-shod foot.

He sprang forward with a cry of rage; but she defied him, and he shrank from her accusing face.

"You—you cad!" she breathed bitterly. "To hold that over any man! Oh, you are despicable!"

An angry snarl broke from Wingfield's lips as he listened.

"I still have the knowledge of the crime," he reminded her, with a sneer. "The crime of a dead man!" retorted the girl sternly, and he stepped back in amazement.

"You know!" he almost shrieked.

"I know the difference between the signature of Maurice Howard and the man I love!"—she faced him proudly—and that of his dead cousin, Maurice, poor Aunt Kate's wayward son. You can do your worst," she went on quietly. "If you breathe a word about this sordid story to anyone, and it comes to my knowledge, I shall go straight to Aunt Kate and—"

"And break her heart!" taunted the man cruelly.

"No; she loves her nephew too much to let him suffer for the sake of another, even if that other be her own son," replied Miriam, her tones carrying conviction to the man who listened.

"Now, go!"

"But your promise, of which you were so proud a moment ago?" snapped the man desperately.

"It was gained by a trick. I refuse to stand by it," replied Miriam, slipping quickly from the room.

Miriam waited till the crash of the front door, closed in fury, came to her ears. Then she leaned weakly for a few minutes on the mantelpiece.

Slowly the color returned to her cheeks, and a bright light shone in her eyes.

"I am free!" she murmured, stretching her arms high above her head. "And so be he—Maurice, my lover!"

Gone were the shadows which had beset their lives. With a glad smile on her lips she walked across the room, passing through a golden dreamland on her way to carry a message of happiness and love to the man who had been tried as by fire, and who had stood the test nobly.

(The End.)

"That is a piece of information I shall have pleasure in giving to—my wife!" laughed Wingfield cruelly, and he laid a hand on her bare shoulder.

It pleased his brutal nature to feel her shrink from his touch. Let her think. Once they were married, and he had secured her fortune, she could disappear altogether, if she wished. His wildness had soon squandered his own

Soils and Crops

Address communications to Agronomist, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

With the Ewes and Lambs.

The thought of the prudent shepherd is always toward his ewes; if pregnant, he plans to bring them to a safe and happy lambing. Day by day he cautiously conditions them for the coming of the lambs. For him that period means a supreme success or a miserable failure. The responsibilities rest upon his shoulders; and if he loses a large percentage of the lambs at lambing time it is some fault of his management.

A wise shepherd can feed his ewes liberally without overloading them with too much fat. He can plan to give them opportunity to walk about and exercise every day when the weather is pleasant. He can feed once a day in some distant part of the pasture, or adopt some scheme to overcome the tendency to sluggishness on the part of the ewes.

Feed liberally, but do not overload them with too much fat, means that the young lamb, developing in the body of its mother, should have an abundance of protein, the ingredient of lean flesh, blood, nerve and brain. It should also have lime and phosphorus to make bones. If the ewes have alfalfa or clover hay and roots or ensilage it balances things up nicely. These feeds are rich, both in flesh and bone-making materials. If the alfalfa and clover are cut and put up at the right time and the roots and silage are properly stored and preserved they may be adequate. Even then it is usually wise to feed a little grain feed. A little oats, corn and bran make a safe and economical grain ration. It makes more vigorous lambs and fills the ewes' udder with milk. The ewe that brings forth her lamb without having enough force stored up in her body to fill her udder with milk is not likely to own her offspring. There is something about an udder full of milk that is almost akin to mother love. Animal mother love lies more in the udder than in the heart.

Success lies in never withholding protein and bone-making feeds nor feeding them too much. Feed to have the ewes in good condition at lambing time, but avoid getting them sluggish from over-feeding. To feed them along on the middle-ground requires skill and experience, but it is a proposition that must be mastered before one can succeed in bringing a flock of ewes through a safe and happy lambing period.

As lambing time draws near it is wise to separate from the flock the ewes that are near their time. If a number of small pens are available it will be well to give each ewe a separate pen so that she will have a quiet place to lamb. An early lambing, provided one has good conveniences, brings to grass a strong crop of lambs and to market a bunch of heavyweights. Early lambing is safe and sure if one has proper shelter and gives the ewes and lambs painstaking attention. With a comfortable shed, a straw bed and a little extra care, few lambs will be lost.

Rarely is it necessary to assist the ewe at lambing time, yet it is well to be on hand as there will be times when a little help will mean the saving of a valuable ewe or lamb. If twins come no time should be lost in getting them nursing, for the ewe frequently forgets to find her second lamb, and it becomes hungry and chilled perhaps too late to be revived. Ewes that refuse to own their lambs may often be conquered by tying them in their pens and compelling them to let the lambs nurse. She may vigorously resist at first, but restrained from injuring the lamb, she will in time accept it as her own.

After the lambing period is safely over, feed the ewes a good milk-producing ration. Make creeps so that the lambs can go to troughs in the alleyways and eat wheat bran, cracked corn and a little oatmeal. A few oats will help out and be especially valuable if the lambs are to be developed for breeding purposes. Feed both ewes and lambs liberally and judiciously.

Comparative Cost of Stump Blasting in Sandy and Clay Soils.

To those unfamiliar with blasting, a stump is a stump. The ordinary farmer will point to a stump in a field and ask how much it ought to cost to get that stump out. If you ask him, "Is it standing in a dense clay soil or a loose sandy soil?" he will reply in surprise, "What difference does that make?"

It is because of the general ignorance of the beginner as to this feature of blasting that most of those trying stump blasting for the first time fail to obtain satisfactory results.

However, the kind of soil in which a stump is standing makes all the difference in the world. A stump in sandy soil must be loaded differently and loaded much more heavily than a stump in clay soil. I know for I have been blasting stumps for nearly forty years and have used tons of dynamite on such work.

To the young reader a little information on this subject, I will cite two interesting jobs that I did in

on my farm, the soil

Inventory Your Resources.

It will pay every farmer to make an inventory of the fertility resources of his land at the start of operations rather than waiting for a marked decline in crop yields or a succession of crop failures to force the use of purchased plant foods. When one has practiced a rational system of crop rotation and live stock feeding with a view of maintaining and increasing soil fertility, and finds the land becoming less and less productive, it is evident that something is needed to correct soil conditions or furnish actual plant food for the growing crops.

If clover and other legume crops fail to make a satisfactory stand the use of lime may prove more profitable than the purchase of commercial fertilizers. On most stock farms, however, the judicious use of certain chemical plant foods along with the supply of farm manure will increase the yield and improve the quality of farm crops. Reports of field tests in different parts of the country indicate that phosphorus is the one element needed to increase crop yields on the majority of stock and dairy farms, as well as on farms where no system of animal husbandry has been practiced for years. Results from the use of acid phosphate have been more satisfactory than raw rock phosphate, due undoubtedly to the deficiency of organic matter in the soil.

The advisability of using fertilizers carrying nitrogen and potassium depends largely upon the fertility of the land and the kind of crops one is growing. If the soil is deficient in nitrogen and no manure or cover crops are plowed under the yield of crops is sure to be limited to the amount of that element that becomes available during the growing season of the crops. This holds true with regard to the supply of potassium, although most of our soils contain sufficient quantities of this element to maintain the yield of general farm crops for many years, provided, of course, that the other conditions of the soil are favorable for its becoming available at proper periods during the growing season.

Many farmers who have changed over from crop growing to dairying or stock raising have discovered too late that such a system will not restore fertility and at the same time give a satisfactory profit without the use of commercial plant foods. As a result they have been forced to sacrifice good animals that could easily have been carried some years ago, before the soil had been robbed of its fertility. The use of commercial fertilizers in such quantities as are required to assure profitable crop yields, while the soil is yet in a fair state of productivity, will result in greater benefit to the farmer and those dependent on him for food than if the practice is postponed until the land fails to produce profitable crops of any kind. The fact that farmers were able to maintain and, even, increase the yield of certain crops during the period of the war created an impression in the minds of many economists that such a process could be continued indefinitely. Those well posted in the problems of the soil, however, know that the cashing in of soil fertility to meet the demands of stimulated production has left many farms in such condition that profitable agriculture is possible only through the proper use of fertilizers.

The kind and quantity of fertilizers to use are problems that must be worked out by the individual according to his farm and conditions under which he is farming. As a general proposition it will pay to use a rather heavy application of manure and fertilizer on a smaller acreage and grow soil-improving crops on the balance of the tillable land and not attempt to grow large crops on more acres than one can handle to advantage. All kinds of commercial plant foods are expensive, and unless one is ready to meet the other essentials of crop production he is sure to find them unprofitable, both from the standpoint of the year's production of crops and the permanent fertility of the soil.

is a light sandy type. He had twenty-eight pine stumps in one of his fields which he wanted to get rid of. It required 140 pounds of dynamite, 114 feet of fuse and twenty-eight caps to dispose of them. It cost him \$38.77. I used as high as eighteen pounds of dynamite under one stump, twelve under another and from one and a half to ten pounds under the rest. Just compare the above with the cost of some stump blasting I did for Eugene Allen on whose farm a clay soil predominates. He had eighty-one stumps to be taken out. I did it with fifty-two pounds of dynamite, 150 feet of fuse and eighty-one caps. The work cost him \$14.11. The stumps were elm, oak, maple, ash and basswood. These stumps were about the same average size as the stumps on the Brown farm, yet I was able to get out eighty-one of them for a little more than a third what it cost to blast twenty-eight out of sandy soil.

It is a great mistake to put the large breeds of cattle upon poor, scant pasture as it is to put the small, diminutive breeds upon a rich, luxuriant pasture. The breed should be selected to meet the conditions.

Many men who would make a profit by feeding out one carload of beef cattle make a failure when they get into the business too heavily.

To Reduce Your Fencing Bill.

The increased valuation of land, together with the unusual prices of all building material, have created a tough problem for the farmer.

Recently a certain farmer decided to build a new fence around his entire farm. When he considered the usual kinds and types of fence posts he made a startling discovery.

"I found," he says, "that fence posts had increased over 300 per cent. in price since the last time I fenced the farm."

"I knew that even under the best conditions a wooden post will last only so long, and I saw the prospect of having to re-fence every few years with an increased cost. One thing is sure, and that is that fence posts will never get much cheaper."

"I had no desire to be continually doing over the work at such a cost, as it materially cuts down the profits to have to figure in a new fence every so often. So I cast about for some kind of a permanent post."

"Concrete appealed to me because there was plenty of material available. I found that the cost of concrete posts would not exceed 50 per cent. more than oak posts, and their life is practically unlimited. That is, you might say that a concrete post is as permanent as the farm itself."

It is possible for every farmer to make the concrete posts right on his farm, if he so desires, or he may buy the posts outright from almost any cement factory. The cheapest plan, however, is to make them right on the farm. Molds can be made according to directions and specification which any cement dealer will furnish you, or they may be procured from manufacturers of concrete materials.

The farmer mentioned made his posts 4x4 inches in size, while the corner posts were made 8x8 inches, in order to give them the proper strength to withstand the excessive strain to which they are subjected. Reinforcing, such as heavy wire or corrugated bars, must be used to make a strong post.

For the corners two of the 8x8-inch posts are used, being braced by a section of iron pipe three inches in diameter. The pipe is placed parallel with the ground, and not only will stand a tremendous strain, but will also present a neat appearance.

Such a fence is not only lasting and permanent, but it also adds materially to the appearance and value of a farm.

The Fanning Mill and Control of Plant Diseases.

Without the use of a fanning mill the production of clean first-class seed is most difficult. Its general use is to separate the chaff and other inert matter from grain, which essential feature requires no further discussion. Yet the fanning mill has served incidentally as a useful implement by which means farmers have been saved immense sums of money, owing to its aid in reducing plant disease. This feature is not so well known to the farmer as it should be, and is apparently not recognized in text-books on plant diseases and their control; but once fully realized the fanning mill will advance in esteem, for its essential purpose—the removal of chaff and dirt—stands in no comparison to its value as a means toward disease control.

Naturally—when judiciously used—just at the correctly adjusted speed and proper amount of "wind," there will be removed a large number of light and broken seeds, besides chaff and dirt. In this feature lies the significance of this implement as a means of disease control. What are the light seeds due to? Invariably they are improperly filled grains due to immature or they were prevented from filling out properly through presence of disease or other adverse features (frost, drought, etc.). Quite a number of diseases, as wheat scab, glume spot, certain bacterial troubles, as well as flax wilt and many diseases affecting vegetables, produce light seed. Generally it is the imperfectly developed seed that bears the germ of disease, and it is these which the use of the fanning mill will remove, and incidentally increasing the bushel weight and making way for a first prize at the seed fair.

Then there are smut diseases—either the smut balls proper or the smutted portions of ears so common in seed barley and oats. All of these may be removed by the fanning mill, and, if followed by seed treatment with formaldehyde, chances of success in controlling smut are increased, besides saving the trouble of "skimming off" smut balls when treating.

The use of heavy seeds is one of the principal factors in producing uniform stands of grain, owing to more uniform germination and rapid growth, and these are the factors of importance towards protecting crops from rust.

No mention has yet been made of the removal of many seeds of noxious weeds by this means, and in separating the grains of ergot the fanning mill, with its rocking and manifold sieves performs most valuable service. Farms are well advised to look upon their fanning mill as a most valuable implement for these and many other reasons.

Sprinkle a little salt into the frying pan before using and the fat will not splash all over the stove.

Many men who would make a profit by feeding out one carload of beef cattle make a failure when they get into the business too heavily.

Corned Beef.

The pieces commonly used for corning are the plate, rump, cross-ribs and brisket, or in other words the cheaper cuts of meat. The pieces for corning should be cut into convenient-sized joints, say five or six inches square. It should be the aim to cut them all about the same thickness, so that they will make an even layer in the barrel. Meat from fat animals makes choicer corned beef than that from poor animals. When the meat is thoroughly cooled it should be corning as soon as possible, as any decay in the meat is likely to spoil the brine during the corning process. Under no circumstances should the meat be brined while it is frozen.

Weigh out the meat and allow eight pounds of salt to each 100 pounds; sprinkle a layer of salt one-fourth of an inch in depth over the bottom of the barrel; pack in as closely as possible the cuts of meat, making a layer five or six inches in thickness; then put on a layer of salt, following that with another layer of meat. Repeat until the meat and salt have all been packed in the barrel, care being used to reserve salt enough for a good layer over the top. After the pack has stood over night, add, for every 100 pounds of meat, four pounds of sugar, two ounces of baking soda and four ounces of saltpeter dissolved in a gallon of tepid water. Three gallons more of water should be sufficient to cover this quantity. In case more or less than 100 pounds of meat is to be corning, make the brine in the proportion given. A loose board cover, weighted down with a heavy stone, should be put on the meat to keep all of it under the brine.

It is not necessary to boil the brine except in warm weather. If the meat has been corning during the winter and must be kept into the summer season, watch the brine closely during the spring, as it is more likely to spoil at that time than at any other season. If the brine appears to be rosy, or does not drip freely from the finger when immersed and lifted, it should be turned off and new brine added after carefully washing the meat. The sugar or molasses in the brine has a tendency to ferment and, unless the brine is kept in a cool place, there is sometimes trouble from this cause. The meat should be kept in the brine twenty-eight to forty days to secure thorough corning.

It is not necessary to boil the brine except in warm weather. If the meat has been corning during the winter and must be kept into the summer season, watch the brine closely during the spring, as it is more likely to spoil at that time than at any other season. If the brine appears to be rosy, or does not drip freely from the finger when immersed and lifted, it should be turned off and new brine added after carefully washing the meat. The sugar or molasses in the brine has a tendency to ferment and, unless the brine is kept in a cool place, there is sometimes trouble from this cause. The meat should be kept in the brine twenty-eight to forty days to secure thorough corning.

It is not necessary to boil the brine except in warm weather. If the meat has been corning during the winter and must be kept into the summer season, watch the brine closely during the spring, as it is more likely to spoil at that time than at any other season. If the brine appears to be rosy, or does not drip freely from the finger when immersed and lifted, it should be turned off and new brine added after carefully washing the meat. The sugar or molasses in the brine has a tendency to ferment and, unless the brine is kept in a cool place, there is sometimes trouble from this cause. The meat should be kept in the brine twenty-eight to forty days to secure thorough corning.

It is not necessary to boil the brine except in warm weather. If the meat has been corning during the winter and must be kept into the summer season, watch the brine closely during the spring, as it is more likely to spoil at that time than at any other season. If the brine appears to be rosy, or does not drip freely from the finger when immersed and lifted, it should be turned off and new brine added after carefully washing the meat. The sugar or molasses in the brine has a tendency to ferment and, unless the brine is kept in a cool place, there is sometimes trouble from this cause. The meat should be kept in the brine twenty-eight to forty days to secure thorough corning.

It is not necessary to boil the brine except in warm weather. If the meat has been corning during the winter and must be kept into the summer season, watch the brine closely during the spring, as it is more likely to spoil at that time than at any other season. If the brine appears to be rosy, or does not drip freely from the finger when immersed and lifted, it should be turned off and new brine added after carefully washing the meat. The sugar or molasses in the brine has a tendency to ferment and, unless the brine is kept in a cool place, there is sometimes trouble from this cause. The meat should be kept in the brine twenty-eight to forty days to secure thorough corning.

It is not necessary to boil the brine except in warm weather. If the meat has been corning during the winter and must be kept into the summer season, watch the brine closely during the spring, as it is more likely to spoil at that time than at any other season. If the brine appears to be rosy, or does not drip freely from the finger when immersed and lifted, it should be turned off and new brine added after carefully washing the meat. The sugar or molasses in the brine has a tendency to ferment and, unless the brine is kept in a cool place, there is sometimes trouble from this cause. The meat should be kept in the brine twenty-eight to forty days to secure thorough corning.

It is not necessary to boil the brine except in warm weather. If the meat has been corning during the winter and must be kept into the summer season, watch the brine closely during the spring, as it is more likely to spoil at that time than at any other season. If the brine appears to be rosy, or does not drip freely from the finger when immersed and lifted, it should be turned off and new brine added after carefully washing the meat. The sugar or molasses in the brine has a tendency to ferment and, unless the brine is kept in a cool place, there is sometimes trouble from this cause. The meat should be kept in the brine twenty-eight to forty days to secure thorough corning.

It is not necessary to boil the brine except in warm weather. If the meat has been corning during the winter and must be kept into the summer season, watch the brine closely during the spring, as it is more likely to spoil at that time than at any other season. If the brine appears to be rosy, or does not drip freely from the finger when immersed and lifted, it should be turned off and new brine added after carefully washing the meat. The sugar or molasses in the brine has a tendency to ferment and, unless the brine is kept in a cool place, there is sometimes trouble from this cause. The meat should be kept in the brine twenty-eight to forty days to secure thorough corning.

It is not necessary to boil the brine except in warm weather. If the meat has been corning during the winter and must be kept into the summer season, watch the brine closely during the spring, as it is more likely to spoil at that time than at any other season. If the brine appears to be rosy, or does not drip freely from the finger when immersed and lifted, it should be turned off and new brine added after carefully washing the meat. The sugar or molasses in the brine has a tendency to ferment and, unless the brine is kept in a cool place, there is sometimes trouble from this cause. The meat should be kept in the brine twenty-eight to forty days to secure thorough corning.

It is not necessary to boil the brine except in warm weather. If the meat has been corning during the winter and must be kept into the summer season, watch the brine closely during the spring, as it is more likely to spoil at that time than at any other season. If the brine appears to be rosy, or does not drip freely from the finger when immersed and lifted, it should be turned off and new brine added after carefully washing the meat. The sugar or molasses in the brine has a tendency to ferment and, unless the brine is kept in a cool place, there is sometimes trouble from this cause. The meat should be kept in the brine twenty-eight to forty days to secure thorough corning.

It is not necessary to boil the brine except in warm weather. If the meat has been corning during the winter and must be kept into the summer season, watch the brine closely during the spring, as it is more likely to spoil at that time than at any other season. If the brine appears to be rosy, or does not drip freely from the finger when immersed and lifted, it should be turned off and new brine added after carefully washing the meat. The sugar or molasses in the brine has a tendency to ferment and, unless the brine is kept in a cool place, there is sometimes trouble from this cause. The meat should be kept in the brine twenty-eight to forty days to secure thorough corning.

It is not necessary to boil the brine except in warm weather. If the meat has been corning during the winter and must be kept into the summer season, watch the brine closely during the spring, as it is more likely to spoil at that time than at any other season. If the brine appears to be rosy, or does not drip freely from the finger when immersed and lifted, it should be turned off and new brine added after carefully washing the meat. The sugar or molasses in the brine has a tendency to ferment and, unless the brine is kept in a cool place, there is sometimes trouble from this cause. The meat should be kept in the brine twenty-eight to forty days to secure thorough corning.

It is not necessary to boil the brine except in warm weather. If the meat has been corning during the winter and must be kept into the summer season, watch the brine closely during the spring, as it is more likely to spoil at that time than at any other season. If the brine appears to be rosy, or does not drip freely from the finger when immersed and lifted, it should be turned off and new brine added after carefully washing the meat. The sugar or molasses in the brine has a tendency to ferment and, unless the brine is kept in a cool place, there is sometimes trouble from this cause. The meat should be kept in the brine twenty-eight to forty days to secure thorough corning.

It is not necessary to boil the brine except in warm weather. If the meat has been corning during the winter and must be kept into the summer season, watch the brine closely during the spring, as it is more likely to spoil at that time than at any other season. If the brine appears to be rosy, or does not drip freely from the finger when immersed and lifted, it should be turned off and new brine added after carefully washing the meat. The sugar or molasses in the brine has a tendency to ferment and, unless the brine is kept in a cool place, there is sometimes trouble from this cause. The meat should be kept in the brine twenty-eight to forty days to secure thorough corning.

It is not necessary to boil the brine except in warm weather. If the meat has been corning during the winter and must be kept into the summer season, watch the brine closely during the spring, as it is more likely to spoil at that time than at any other season. If the brine appears to be rosy, or does not drip freely from the finger when immersed and lifted, it should be turned off and new brine added after carefully washing the meat. The sugar or molasses in the brine has a tendency to ferment and, unless the brine is kept in a cool place, there is sometimes trouble from this cause. The meat should be kept in the brine twenty-eight to forty days to secure thorough corning.

It is not necessary to boil the brine except in warm weather. If the meat has been corning during the winter and must be kept into the summer season, watch the brine closely during the spring, as it is more likely to spoil at that time than at any other season. If the brine appears to be rosy, or does not drip freely from the finger when immersed and lifted, it should be turned off and new brine added after carefully washing the meat. The sugar or molasses in the brine has a tendency to ferment and, unless the brine is kept in a cool place, there is sometimes trouble from this cause. The meat should be kept in the brine twenty-eight to forty days to secure thorough corning.

It is not necessary to boil the brine except in warm weather. If the meat has been corning during the winter and must be kept into the summer season, watch the brine closely during the spring, as it is more likely to spoil at that time than at any other season. If the brine appears to be rosy, or does not drip freely from the finger when immersed and lifted, it should be turned off and new brine added after carefully washing the meat. The sugar or molasses in the brine has a tendency to ferment and, unless the brine is kept in a cool place, there is sometimes trouble from this cause. The meat should be kept in the brine twenty-eight to forty days to secure thorough corning.

It is not necessary to boil the brine except in warm weather. If the meat has been corning during the winter and must be kept into the summer season, watch the brine closely during the spring, as it is more likely to spoil at that time than at any other season. If the brine appears to be rosy, or does not drip freely from the finger when immersed and lifted, it should be turned off and new brine added after carefully washing the meat. The sugar or molasses in the brine has a tendency to ferment and, unless the brine is kept in a cool place, there is sometimes trouble from this cause. The meat should be kept in the brine twenty-eight to forty days to secure thorough corning.

It is not necessary to boil the brine except in warm weather. If the meat has been corning during the winter and must be kept into the summer season, watch the brine closely during the spring, as it is more likely to spoil at that time than at any other season. If the brine appears to be rosy, or does not drip freely from the finger when immersed and lifted, it should be turned off and new brine added after carefully washing the meat. The sugar or molasses in the brine has a tendency to ferment and, unless the brine is kept in a cool place, there is sometimes trouble from this cause. The meat should be kept in the brine twenty-eight to forty days to secure thorough corning.

It is not necessary to boil the brine except in warm weather. If the meat has been corning during the winter and must be kept into the summer season, watch the brine closely during the spring, as it is more likely to spoil at that time than at any other season. If the brine appears to be rosy, or does not drip freely from the finger when immersed and lifted, it should be turned off and new brine added after carefully washing the meat. The sugar or molasses in the brine has a tendency to ferment and, unless the brine is kept in a cool place, there is sometimes trouble from this cause. The meat should be kept in the brine twenty-eight to forty days to secure thorough corning.

It is not necessary to boil the brine except in warm weather. If the meat has been corning during the winter and must be kept into the summer season, watch the brine closely during the spring, as it is more likely to spoil at that time than at any other season. If the brine appears to be rosy, or does not drip freely from the finger when immersed and lifted, it should be turned off and new brine added after carefully washing the meat. The sugar or molasses in the brine has a tendency to ferment and, unless the brine is kept in a cool place, there is sometimes trouble from this cause. The meat should be kept in the brine twenty-eight to forty days to secure thorough corning.

It is not necessary to boil the brine except in warm weather. If the meat has been corning during the winter and must be kept into the summer season, watch the brine closely during the spring, as it is more likely to spoil at that time than at any other season. If the brine appears to be rosy, or does not drip freely from the finger when immersed and lifted, it should be turned off and new brine added after carefully washing the meat. The sugar or molasses in the brine has a tendency to ferment and, unless the brine is kept in a cool place, there is sometimes trouble from this cause. The meat should be kept in the brine twenty-eight to forty days to secure thorough corning.

It is not necessary to boil the brine except in warm weather. If the meat has been corning during the winter and must be kept into the summer season, watch the brine closely during the spring, as it is more likely to spoil at that time than at any other season. If the brine appears to be rosy, or does not drip freely from the finger when immersed and lifted, it should be turned off and new brine added after carefully washing the meat. The sugar or molasses in the brine has a tendency to ferment and, unless the brine is kept in a cool place, there is sometimes trouble from this cause. The meat should be kept in the brine twenty-eight to forty days to secure thorough corning.

It is not necessary to boil the brine except in warm weather. If the meat has been corning during the winter and must be kept into the summer season, watch the brine closely during the spring, as it is more likely to spoil at that time than at any other season. If the brine appears to be rosy, or does not drip freely from the finger when immersed and lifted, it should be turned off and new brine added after carefully washing the meat. The sugar or molasses in the brine has a tendency to ferment and, unless the brine is kept in a cool place, there is sometimes trouble from this cause. The meat should be kept in the brine twenty-eight to forty days to secure thorough corning.

It is not necessary to boil the brine except in warm weather. If the meat has been corning during the winter and must be kept into the summer season, watch the brine closely during the spring, as it is more likely to spoil at that time than at any other season. If the brine appears to be rosy, or does not drip freely from the finger when immersed and lifted, it should be turned off and new brine added after carefully washing the meat. The sugar or molasses in the brine has a tendency to ferment and, unless the brine is kept in a cool place, there is sometimes trouble from this cause. The meat should be kept in the brine twenty-eight to forty days to secure thorough corning.

It is not necessary to boil the brine except in warm weather. If the meat has been corning during the winter and must be kept into the summer season, watch the brine closely during the spring, as it is more likely to spoil at that time than at any other season. If the brine appears to be rosy, or does not drip freely from the finger when immersed and lifted, it should be turned off and new brine added after carefully washing the meat. The sugar or molasses in the brine has a tendency to ferment and, unless the brine is kept in a cool place, there is sometimes trouble from this cause. The meat should be kept in the brine twenty-eight to forty days to secure thorough corning.

It is not necessary to boil the brine except in warm weather. If the meat has been corning during the winter and must be kept into the summer season, watch the brine closely during the spring, as it is more likely to spoil at that time than at any other season. If the brine appears to be rosy, or does not drip freely from the finger when immersed and lifted, it should be turned off and new brine added after carefully washing the meat. The sugar or molasses in the brine has a tendency to ferment and, unless the brine is kept in a cool place, there is sometimes trouble from this cause. The meat should be kept in the brine twenty-eight to forty days to secure thorough corning.

It is not necessary to boil the brine except in warm weather. If the meat has been corning during the winter and must be kept into the summer season, watch the brine closely during the spring, as it is more likely to spoil at that time than at any other season. If the brine appears to be rosy, or does not drip freely from the finger when immersed and lifted, it should be turned off and new brine added after carefully washing the meat. The sugar or molasses in the brine has a tendency to ferment and, unless the brine is kept in a cool place, there is sometimes trouble from this cause. The meat should be kept in the brine twenty-eight to forty days to secure thorough corning.

It is not necessary to boil the brine except in warm weather. If the meat has been corning during the winter and must be kept into the summer season, watch the brine closely during the spring, as it is more likely to spoil at that time than at any other season. If the brine appears to be rosy, or does not drip freely from the finger when immersed and lifted, it should be turned off and new brine added after carefully washing the meat. The sugar or molasses in the brine has a tendency to ferment and, unless the brine is kept in a cool place, there is sometimes trouble from this cause. The meat should be kept in the brine twenty-eight to forty days to secure thorough corning.

It is not necessary to boil the brine except in warm weather. If the meat has been corning during the winter and must be kept into the summer season, watch the brine closely during the spring, as it is more likely to spoil at that time than at any other season. If the brine appears to be rosy, or does not drip freely from the finger when immersed and lifted, it should be turned off and new brine added after carefully washing the meat. The sugar or molasses in the brine has a tendency to ferment and, unless the brine is kept in a cool place, there is sometimes trouble from this cause. The meat should be kept in the brine twenty-eight to forty days to secure thorough corning.

It is not necessary to boil the brine except in warm weather. If the meat has been corning during the winter and must be kept into the summer season, watch the brine closely during the spring, as it is more likely to spoil at that time than at any other season. If the brine appears to be rosy, or does not drip freely from the finger when immersed and lifted, it should be turned off and new brine added after carefully washing the meat. The sugar or molasses in the brine has a tendency to ferment and, unless the brine is kept in a cool place, there is sometimes trouble from this cause. The meat should be kept in the brine twenty-eight to forty days to secure thorough corning.

It is not necessary to boil the brine except in warm weather. If the meat has been corning during the winter and must be kept into the summer season, watch the brine closely during the spring, as it is more likely to spoil at that time than at any other season. If the brine appears to be rosy, or does not drip freely from the finger when immersed and lifted, it should be turned off and new brine added after carefully washing the meat. The sugar or molasses in the brine has a tendency to ferment and, unless the brine is kept in a cool place, there is sometimes trouble from this cause. The meat should be kept in the brine twenty-eight to forty days to secure thorough corning.

It is not necessary to boil the brine except in warm weather. If the meat has been corning during the winter and must be kept into the summer season, watch the brine closely during the spring, as it is more likely to spoil at that time than at any other season. If the brine appears to be rosy, or does not drip freely from the finger when immersed and lifted, it should be turned off and new brine added after carefully washing the meat. The sugar or molasses in the brine has a tendency to ferment and, unless the brine is kept in a cool place, there is sometimes trouble from this cause. The meat should be kept in the brine twenty-eight to forty days to secure thorough corning.

It is not necessary to boil the brine except in warm weather. If the meat has been corning during the winter and must be kept into the summer season, watch the brine closely during the spring, as it is more likely to spoil at that time than at any other season. If the brine appears to be rosy, or does not drip freely from the finger when immersed and lifted, it should be turned off and new brine added after carefully washing the meat. The sugar or molasses in the brine has a tendency to ferment and, unless the brine is kept in a cool place, there is sometimes trouble from this cause. The meat should be kept in the brine twenty-eight to forty days to secure thorough corning.

It is not necessary to boil the brine except in warm weather. If the meat has been corning during the winter and must be kept into the summer season, watch the brine closely during the spring, as it is more likely to spoil at that time than at any other season. If the brine appears to be rosy, or does not drip freely from the finger when immersed and lifted, it should be turned off and new brine added after carefully washing the meat. The sugar or molasses in the brine has a tendency to ferment and, unless the brine is kept in a cool place, there is sometimes trouble from this cause. The meat should be kept in the brine twenty-eight to forty days to secure thorough corning.

It is not necessary to boil the brine except in warm weather. If the meat has been corning during the winter and must be kept into the summer season, watch the brine closely during the spring, as it is more likely to spoil at that time than at any other season. If the brine appears to be rosy, or does not drip freely from the finger when immersed and lifted, it should be turned off and new brine added after carefully washing the meat. The sugar or molasses in the brine has a tendency to ferment and, unless the brine is kept in a cool place, there is sometimes trouble from this cause. The meat should be kept in the brine twenty-eight to forty days to secure thorough corning.

It is not necessary to boil the brine except in warm weather. If the meat has been corning during the winter and must be kept into the summer season, watch the brine closely during the spring, as it is more likely to spoil at that time than at any other season. If the brine appears to be rosy, or does not drip freely from the finger when immersed and lifted, it should be turned off and new brine added after carefully washing the meat. The sugar or molasses in the brine has a tendency to ferment and, unless the brine is kept in a cool place, there is sometimes trouble from this cause. The meat should be kept in the brine twenty-eight to forty days to secure thorough corning.

It is not necessary to boil the brine except in warm weather. If the meat has been corning during the winter and must be kept into the summer season, watch the brine closely during the spring, as it is more likely to spoil at that time than at any other season. If the brine appears to be rosy, or does not drip freely from the finger when immersed and lifted, it should be turned off and new brine added after carefully washing the meat. The sugar or molasses in the brine has a tendency to ferment and, unless the brine is kept in a cool place, there is sometimes trouble from this cause. The meat should be kept in the brine twenty-eight to forty days to secure thorough corning.

It is not necessary to boil the brine except in warm weather. If the meat has been corning during the winter and must be kept into the summer season, watch the brine closely during the spring, as it is more likely to spoil at that time than at any other season. If the brine appears to be rosy, or does not drip freely from the finger when immersed and lifted, it should be turned off and new brine added after carefully washing the meat. The sugar or molasses in the brine has a tendency to ferment and, unless the brine is kept in a cool place, there is sometimes trouble from this cause. The meat should be kept in the brine twenty-eight to forty days to secure thorough corning.

It is not necessary to boil the brine except in warm weather. If the meat has been corning during the winter and must be kept into the summer season, watch the brine closely during the spring, as it is more likely to spoil at that time than at any other season. If the brine appears to be rosy, or does not drip freely from the finger when immersed and lifted, it should be turned off and new brine added after carefully washing the meat. The sugar or molasses in the brine has a tendency to ferment and, unless the brine is kept in a cool place



SAVINGS, Thrift, Independence—all these are the outcome of the same impulse and attain the same objective—PROSPERITY. The Standard Bank of Canada can help you to attain it.

THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

ATHENS BRANCH

W. A. Johnson - Manager

The Athens Reporter

ISSUED WEEKLY
SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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

ADVERTISING RATES

Legal and Government Notices—10 cents per nonpareil line (12 lines to the inch) for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Yearly Cards—Professional cards, \$9.00 per year.

Local Readers—10 cents per line for first insertion and 5 cents per line subsequent.

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

Small Ads—Condensed adv'ts such as: Lost, Found, Strayed, To Rent, For Sale, etc., 1 cent per word per insertion, with a minimum of 25 cents per insertion.

Auction Sales—40 cents per inch for first insertion and 20 cents per inch for each subsequent insertion.

Cards of Thanks and In Memoriam—50c

Obituary Poetry—10 cents per line.

Commercial Display Advertising—Rates on application at Office of publication.

William H. Morris, Editor and Proprietor

Reserve Tuesday evening January 11th for Xmas in Fairyland and the manger of Bethlehem. Admission 35, Reserve Seat 50c. Children 25c.

BANKS SHOULD WIN SUPPORT ON SERVICE BASIS

Edmonton Manager Tells How Public Confidence May be Won

BANKS AND FARMERS
No Other Interests Have so Much in Common and so Little in Competition, Says Frank Pike.

The fact that it may be without the least foundation does not alter the fact that there is a certain tendency on the part of a great many people to regard banks with suspicion. Reports that people have not received their exchange, that small borrowers are frequently squeezed—when they get accommodation at all—and that savings with interest at 3 per cent are used to build up fortunes for millionaires receive rapid circulation. This is not only because of a certain receptiveness on the part of the public on account of the mysteries—to them—of finance, but because such reports are often encouraged by narrow gauge politicians and socialistic agitators.

NOTICE

Driving onto sidewalks with teams and vehicles thereby blocking the against legitimate traffic is strictly prohibited and further offences will be prosecuted.

F. Bancher, Chief Constable.

CONSULT F. E. Eaton FRANKVILLE Auctioneer

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

confidence is, therefore highly desirable for the successful relations of the bank and the people. This is emphasized in a paper on banking service by Frank Pike, manager of the Merchants' Bank at Edmonton. "There must never be the slightest question of our honor and integrity, nor the slightest suggestion of trickery nor sharp practice," declares Mr. Pike, who follows this with a confident expression that Canadian commercial integrity is the highest in the world—a standard which the bank manager can help to maintain.

"We must remember at all times that the public is entitled to prompt, respectful and business-like treatment—not gushing, effervescent attention, but genuine, sincere service," declares Mr. Pike, who follows with a practical view of the relations of the manager and the customer: "The average man very quickly sees through camouflage and deceit, and a banker who has not the courage of his convictions and who will not talk plainly and sincerely with his customers does not deserve their respect. Borrowers, no matter what their proposals, or the size of the loans applied for, are entitled to a courteous, considerate hearing, and there is no reason why customers should be antagonized on account of the refusal of the loan, if intelligent explanations are made. It is not sufficient merely to say that money is tight and, therefore, the loan cannot be granted, but the reason why money is tight should also be explained and the average customer is sufficiently intelligent to quickly grasp the situation. We can do a great deal more than we are doing to educate the people to a proper realization of the functions of a bank and how necessary and how important it is that bank funds be kept absolutely liquid, and not tied up in speculative business ventures or long-term investments.

To be a successful banker requires much more firmness and courage than the man on the street usually attributes to his banker. One of our former general managers has made the statement that the "popular banker is seldom if ever a successful one." What he meant, no doubt, was that the manager who seeks cheap popularity through the avenue of his institution cannot be successful. It is easy enough to make good fellows of ourselves at the bank's expense, but on the other hand, a manager cannot be a success unless he holds the respect of his customers, and he cannot possibly hold their respect unless he is natural, sincere and genuine, because nothing that is not genuine and sincere can succeed.

The Banker and the Farmer.
On the point of service, Mr. Pike believes that the banker in Canada has no greater opportunity than in connection with agriculture. No interests in Canada have more in common and less in competition than farming and banking, he argues. His views in this connection will be of interest to many managers in country branches, particularly in Western Canada.

I have had a great deal of experience with farmers and I must say that they have my unbounded admiration for the way they have risen above their discouragements and bend their backs to the fall plowing when their summer crops have been destroyed. Courage, grit and determination find a very high average among our farmers as a class, and the example they give of service well performed is a very high one. It is simply marvelous to me the way the fields are plowed and sowed and the acreage increased no matter what the discouragements have been. The farmer never turns his back, but always marches forward. Of all the business interests of the country, farming and banking have most in common and least in competition and these two great interests should be brought together in every possible way. It is amazing, as we come to think of it, how much farming and banking have in common. Of all our public interests, they are the two most essential for real public welfare. It is, therefore, a duty which we owe our country and our institution to do everything in our power to unite these two great interests, and by doing so we render a real service.

The service which the banks render in the safe-keeping of the money of the people is also mentioned by Mr. Pike. The first duty of the bank is to the depositor, he emphasizes; also to keep the wheels of commerce running smoothly and to assist the legitimate development of productive resources—to endeavor to balance the scales evenly between depositing and borrowing customers and to bring them to a better understanding of each other's position. We are in full accord with Mr. Pike's remarks and are glad to note that the service rendered at this point by the Merchants' Bank is identical.

Junetown

Mrs. Thos. Franklin is at Rockport visiting Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Kirkwood.

Miss Orma and Mr. Arthur Fortune spent an evening last week in Athens.

Mr. Stuart Tennant is visiting Mr. J. S. Purvis.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Purvis and baby, Muriel, spent a day last week at Mr. W. H. Foley's, Lansdowne.

Mr. A. M. Stevenson left on Friday to spend the holidays at his home in Rockland.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Graham spent Christmas at Mr. Carl Burnham's, Quabbin.

The concert held at the Junetown public school was a decided success. The pupils played their part well, everyone taking some part, and much credit is due the teacher, Mr. Dyke, who spared no pains in training them. No admission fee was charged.

ed, but a collection was taken in aid of the Chinese famine fund, which amounted to \$70.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold J. Fortune, of Glen Elbe, spent a day recently at Mr. F. Fortune's.

Miss Mary Purvis, Ottawa, Miss Arvilla Avery, Kingston, Miss Beatrice Avery, Lyn, Miss Marion Scott, Toronto, Miss Gertrude Scott, Pole's Resort, Mr. Lloyd Mulvaugh, Carthage, N.Y., are spending their holidays at their home here.

There was the usual family reunion at Mr. Eli Tennant's, Mr. J. S. Purvis, Mr. Walter Purvis and Mr. J. A. Herbison's on Christmas Day.

Mrs. Allen N. Earl, Purvis and Doris Earl, of Warburton, are here visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Purvis.

Mrs. John Fletcher and children, Mildred and Mabel, of Redwood, N.Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Herbison and son Lawrence, of Plessis, N.Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Ira Herbison and son Donald, of Watertown, N.Y.; Mr. and Mrs. John Summers and sons Ernest and Jack, of Ottawa; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Summers and children, Albert and Marguerite, and Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Summers, of Mallorytown, were Christmas visitors at Mr. J. A. Herbison's.

Mrs. Jacob Warren is in Athens visiting her daughter, Mrs. Walton Sheffield.

Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Trickey, and Miss Luella Mallorytown, and Mr. and Mrs. C. Phillips, Escott, were visitors at Mr. Arnold Avery's on Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. George Simpson, of Pittsburg, spent the week-end here with the latter's mother, Mrs. J. Mallory.

Miss Mary Scott, Lansdowne, Miss Edna Scott, Fairfax, are spending the holidays at their home here.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kincaid and Mr. and Mrs. Burton Graham and children, of Calntown, were visitors at Mr. Harry Franklin's on Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Ferguson spent Sunday last at Mr. Sam Burich's, Rockfield.

Leeds

Born—On Monday, Dec. 13th, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Blackman, a daughter.

Mr. Tom Wills, medical student of Queen's University, Kingston, Miss Blanche Wills, teacher at Woodburn, Miss Nellie Cockrill, teacher at Ellisville, and Harold and Travan Wills, of the Athens High School are spending the Christmas vacation under the parental roof.

Messrs. Harold and Lawrence Edgers, of Smiths Falls, were holiday visitors at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Edgers.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Kirkland and family spent Christmas day at Sand Bay at the home of the latter's parents, Miss Vera Slack, her sister, accompanied them home.

The concert given by the pupils of our local school on the last day of school, proved a decided success. The teacher, Miss Leita Gamble, was remembered by the pupils and Santa Claus remembered the pupils very generously.

Miss Ella Smith, of Athens, is spending the holiday season at the home of her sister, Mrs. Minor Sweet.

Miss Blanche Wills and Mr. Ford Wills are spending the week-end at Ashton.

Mr. and Mrs. David Gamble are enjoying a few days visit at Inverary.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Sweet motored to Portland on Christmas day.

The December meeting of the Morton Branch of the Women's Institute was held last Tuesday at the home of Mrs. Eugene Edgers. After the general routine of business, Mrs. Will Sweet gave her paper on the convention held in Ottawa. Lunch was served to the 14 members present. The January meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Will Sweet.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Ross Gamble was held from her home to St. John's Church last Thursday. Rev. Mr. Boyle, of Athens, officiating. Our sympathy is extended to her husband and children.

The sudden death of Mrs. Ross Gamble has cast a gloom over this vicinity. She leaves to mourn her loss a husband and two children, namely, Marjorie and Borden, aged respectively 13 and 10, also a father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. John Kirkland, one sister, Mrs. H. McCadden, and three brothers, Herbert, William and Charlie, all prominent farmers. Her absence is a wide open space in both church and Sunday school, of which she was a cheerful, active worker. The esteem in which she was held was well shown by the many floral offerings.

Frankville

Mr. Fred Kelly, student of Queen's spent a few days at the parsonage, en route to his home in Pembroke.

W. C. Dowsley, I.P.S., and Mrs. Dowsley, visited his sister, Mrs. M. Livingstone, last week.

Miss Fenton, teacher, left for her home in Brockville on Thursday morning, and will resume her duties on Jan. 3rd.

James L. Gallagher had the misfortune to be thrown from his sleigh and was pretty badly shaken.

Mr. and Mrs. Throop went to Brockville to spend Christmas at his home.

Wilfrid Livingstone, of the Guelph last week.

Thomas Dowsley is confined to his bed through illness.

Stanley Livingstone and James Simey, of Ottawa, arrived Christmas Eve to spend Christmas with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Livingstone.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Montgomery and son, Fred, spent Christmas in Smiths Falls.

The S.S. entertainment held in

Montgomery's Hall, Dec. 22nd, was a decided success. A very pleasing feature of the program was an address and presentation of a well selected purse to Mrs. J. Coad.

The following address was read by Mr. Egbert Mott:

Dear Mrs. Coad.—Because you have been a friend to most of us in our infancy and our appreciation of your worth has developed as we advance in years, we have come to look upon the services you have rendered the Frankville S.S. as beyond any value the human mind can set upon them.

Kindly accept this token of our love and esteem, and may you be spared many years to direct the eyes of the little ones to Christ, as He is seen through the eyes of a true, good woman.

Though taken by surprise Mrs. Coad made a suitable reply, wishing to all a very Merry Christmas.

The police village annual meeting was held on Monday at 12 o'clock when the following trustees were elected, viz.: Albert Hanton, Charles Church and J. J. Smith. The meeting was in favor of extending the sidewalks.

Mrs. Geo. Percival is under the doctor's care.

Billy Thompson has returned after spending the past year in the west.

"Getting Martha's Goat" is the title of the leading story in Rod and Gun in Canada for January. The author is John Harker, a writer who injects wit and humor into ordinary dry recitals of trips after various big game in the Canadian Rockies. Bonnycastle Dale tells of the biggest of big game in North America—the moose.

The lover of history an adventure is taken through Northern Ontario to the James Bay by L. T. Bowes, the noted traveller. The Guns and Ammunition Department for this interesting issue carries an appeal from the editor for the inclusion of the whole family on the trips to the shooting range.

Robert Page Lincoln, M. U. Bates, F. V. Williams and various other departmental editors have contributed their usual high class articles. Canada's national sportsmen's monthly for January is full of interest to the lover of the out of doors. Rod and Gun in Canada is published monthly at Woodstock, Ont., by W. J. Taylor, Limited.

Both sides of a new hand bag designed for women, fold down from a bar to which the handle is attached, giving access to everything it contains at once.

A Frenchman has invented a bicycle with additional propelling mechanism for the front wheel that it operates a pumping motion to the handle bars.

Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

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

What is CASTORIA?

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Comfort—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

Your subscription to The Reporter will be appreciated.

Paint Protection vs. DECAY

Any surface that is covered with Glidden Endurance Paint is well covered and will not decay easily, for Glidden protection is good protection and saves the cost of frequent repairs.

Glidden Endurance Paint prevents decay, keeps out moisture from the wood and resists wear from changing weather conditions without scaling or cracking.

Glidden Endurance Paint stays fresh and bright for a long time, wears well and looks well—and because of its durability is the cheapest paint you can buy.

For everything about the home or farm that needs to be painted, stamed, enameled, varnished or finished in any way, there is a Glidden product made especially for that purpose.

We have them. Color cards free.



"The Nearest Glidden Dealer"
or write The Glidden Co. Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

GLIDDEN
EVERYWHERE on EVERYTHING

What You Can Be

If I should say to you that you had already done the biggest thing possible to you, that from now on you would begin to decline, that your achievements never again would reach the high-water mark you have already registered, you would feel insulted.

And you would be right, my friend. No one knows better than you do that you haven't yet put forth your biggest effort. There is something in you which tells you that you have not yet measured up to the level of your highest gift; that you have not yet brought out the giant in you.

But what are you waiting for? Why don't you begin to do the big thing you dream of doing some day? Aren't you about tired of letting that little fellow in you, that mediocre man, get your living for you? Aren't you ashamed of the reputation he is making for you, doing such little things when you know perfectly well that there is an infinitely bigger man in you who has power to do infinitely bigger things? Aren't you about tired of going through life tagged by this little fellow who is doing substitute work for the giant that is in you?

That vision which grips your heart, my friend, that longing of your soul to do some thing worth while, that dream of high achievement which haunts your imagination, is not a mere fantasy, a whimsical unreality, it is a prophecy of the big things you can do if you get your higher self to work for you. The thing you see in your dreams is a divine exhibition of the thing that you were intended to do in life, that you are fitted to do.

If you could only be introduced to the man you were intended to be, my friend, the larger, grander man you feel beating beneath the little fellow you have so far developed, you would be amazed at the revelation. I doubt if you would recognize him as your possible self; he would be so much bigger and stronger, so much abler than the weak, insignificant fellow back of your job, that you would say to yourself, "Why, that can't be me, it must be somebody else!"

Now, if you want to realize that vision which haunts you, you must change your mental picture of yourself. You must enlarge and improve your model of yourself. Don't hold the dwarf ideal of yourself any longer in your mind. Every time you visualize yourself, picture the man you would like to be, the man you long to be. Don't picture your defects, your deficiencies, or weaknesses, visualize the man you are capable of becoming, the strong, self-confident, able man that matches your vision of your ambition. Say to yourself, "I will bring out that possible me this year; I will put the giant in me to work and I will realize my vision. I will be what I can be."

THE FALL OF THE ARMATURE

No one employed about the Sullet Electric Works knew precisely why Jim Madden held a grudge against Rob Martin. It might have been because Rob was a "Tech" student employed in the works during his holidays only, or because he "kept himself to himself," as Madden remarked, or because Rob always washed himself before going home from work, or simply because Jim was Jim, a strong youth noted for "pure cussedness," while Rob was Rob, a youth who did not look so strong and did look very amiable.

With great impartiality the workmen watched Jim "picking on Rob," for they disliked Jim and they were suspicious of Rob, the "rich man's son." What was he working for? It did not seem natural. Wanted to learn the business thoroughly, did he? And when he had learned it, would he not be just one more of those pernicious expert bosses who make things uncomfortable for workmen by knowing too much? They liked Rob personally, but they viewed him as one of a different species; and if he could not defend himself against Jim Madden, what business was it of theirs?

If Rob did not defend himself, he at least did not seem to suffer from Jim's gibes. He was placid when Jim addressed him as "Tech-noodle," placid when Jim sneered at "dudes that wear yaller shoes," and provokingly placid when Jim, proceeding from pleasant to attempted assault, somehow failed to dig his elbow into Rob's ribs. They were working at the same bench when this occurred.

Jim glared at Rob and soon tried again to give him an elbow punch. This time a strange thing happened, for Rob moved his elbow as Jim "crowded," and the youth whose ribs suffered was Jim. He gasped and stared, the workmen on the other side of the bench grinned and laughed, and all the time Rob was apparently as placid as before.

For this Jim must be revenged. That afternoon, as a dozen employees, including the two boys, were going home across the vacant lots that lay between the works and the town, Jim amused himself by tossing burdock burs against Rob's rough clothing.

Each big burr stuck beautifully, but only for a moment, for Rob patiently picked them off as fast as Jim threw

them on. When at last the elder boy wearied of the sport, Rob had nearly a double handful massed together.

Jim shouldered alongside of Rob then, lifted his cap in derisive imitation of Rob's way of bowing to a lady, and inquired, "Well, what's his mammy's boy going to do with the burs?" "This!" said Rob, and with both hands he clapped the whole mass on Jim's hair.

How the men laughed! "He's too smart for you Jim!" "He can lick you, too, Jim!" "Best keep yourself to yourself, Jim!" were some of their comments, for the men would have liked to start a fuss, and for this, too, Jim was determined to be revenged!

It lacked quarter of an hour to closing time the next afternoon when Rob's foreman came to the bench and said, "Martin, I want you and a couple more to help me bring out the rest of those armatures in the 'dry,'" as they called the hot room in which armatures are kept until the insulation is dried.

"All right, I'll be there in half a minute," said Rob briskly, and the foreman turned away to another part of the floor.

Though Rob at once secured a truck and began to move the lighter armatures, the whistle blew before the work was finished.

"Let the rest go till to-morrow, Martin," said the foreman, coming up to the "dry" for a moment, and then, hurrying off, amid the tramping of many heavy feet.

Rob had just laid hold of an armature, and as he was not one to stop in a half-finished job he kept hold. Then the door closed suddenly, and Rob could scarcely hear the sound of retreating footsteps.

"Hello, there, I'm locked in!" he shouted.

There was no opening for ventilation in the room, and thick tinted walls wholly inclosed him. His utmost strength could not force it. Here was a trap, indeed!

The temperature in the dry room was one hundred and forty degrees, and steadily increasing! It was a huge oven. He must soon die if no escape could be effected. But Rob did not surrender.

Tearing off coat and waistcoat, he plunged against the door—in vain. Then he dropped, trembling and exhausted, on the floor, where he lay for a time, gasping for breath. The air at the floor was less heated.

The rest relieved him somewhat. Staggering to his feet, he groped again for some means of escape.

The temperature of the room was rising. He might perhaps live for hours, but he was sure he must soon lose consciousness, and if not released

Then You've Never Had a Chance!

If your skies have been overcast with clouds and you've never seen the blue;

If your days were filled with pain and woe, and the blame is not on you;

If your heart has aimed at happiness but has hit remorse in lieu— Then you've never had a chance!

If you've always done the best you could and they "fired" you for it, too;

If you've sought for Opportunity but it never came in view;

If disaster's hand has wrecked your life, though misfortune's not your due— Then you've never had a chance!

If the world has knocked you all about and has always done it, too;

If a thousand men have done you wrong, not a single friend been true;

If you've never got a kindly smile for a million smiles from you— Then you've never had a chance!

Birthright

In the dim gray hour of pregnant morn;
In a cot and a palace, babes were born,
And I saw the Fates as they came to bring
To each his birthright offering.

For one were wealth and lineage spread,
And aloof silks hung around his bed.
"How blest!" I heard his nurses croon;
They said, "He is born with a golden spoon."

The other came to a cabin bare,
Dearth and poverty harbored there,
And only a toiler's hollowed maul,
With ax and wedge, lay against the wall.

But had I choice of a weapon strong
To new life's way through the battle throng—
God wot, I'd rather the pauper's boon
Of maul and ax, than a golden spoon.

long before morning—and of course no one knew he was imprisoned—he must then be found dead.

The thought nerved the boy to a steady purpose. He sat down and searched for a match, hurriedly running through his pockets.

Two match stumps! He struck the first; it proved useless. The other flashed up brilliantly for an instant—only an instant—but long enough to show a possible means of escape. Blindly he groped his way to one of the heavy armatures and with desperate effort raised the clumsy thing from its rest.

The weight of it, the burden upon his lungs, the pressure against his temples, made him reel like a drunken man as he sought for the door, but he kept fast hold of his novel weapon. Once, twice, he struck with it. Then he stepped back a little and braced himself for a last effort, and hurled it with all his might.

Crash! The heavy armature had done its work. Rob stumbled headlong through the gate of his prison. While he lay panting for breath on the threshold, the armature hurtled down a stairway. Hideous shrieks of wear and pain seemed to mark its progress.

But that, of course, was only his fancy! His brain had given way for a moment under the terrible strain. No one could have been in that part of the building—not even the night watchman. None the less did those cries of agony seem to sound in his ears. He must know whether they were real or imagined! Slowly, and in dread of he knew not what, he followed the path of the armature down the stairway. At the bottom he stumbled on an unconscious man; Rob raised a shout. The night watchman came in. In the light of his lantern they looked down on the pallid face of Jim Madden.

Madden had lingered behind in the works and had closed the door. He meant to leave Rob in the dry room for an hour or so, "to take the starch out of him." Then, Madden planned, he would sneak back into the building, open the door without being discovered and make for home. He had been creeping up the stairs, on the way to release his prisoner, when the armature struck him down.

His head was cut and his right leg was broken, but he did not die. When Rob visited him at the hospital, and was kind to him, Madden almost wished he had.

"It's all right, Jim," said Rob. "You didn't aim to kill me, and I came so near killing you that I ought to be willing to call it square!" That, Madden said afterwards, broke the bad heart of him. He surely did change, permanently, for the better.

But that happened several years ago. To-day Mr. Robert Martin is manager of the Sullet Electric Works. The foreman on one floor is that wholly respectable citizen, Mr. James Madden, who limps with his right leg.

The Time Will Come--

When everybody will know that selfishness always defeats itself.

When to get rich by making others poorer or injuring their getting-on chance will be considered a disgrace.

When the Golden Rule will be regarded as the soundest business philosophy.

When the same standard of morality will be demanded of men as of women.

When all true happiness will be found in doing the right.

When the business man will know that his best interests will be the best interests of the man at the other end of the bargain.

When all hatred, revenge, and jealousy will be regarded as boomerangs which inflict upon the thrower the injury intended for others.

When a man who seeks amusement by causing pain or taking the life of innocent dumb creatures will be considered a barbarian.

When every man will be his own physician, and will carry his own remedy with him—when mind, not medicine, will be the great panacea.

When men will realize that there can be no real pleasure in wrongdoing because the sting and pain that follow more than outweigh the apparent pleasure.

When it will be found that repression and punishment are not reformative, and our prisons will be transformed into great man-building and woman-building institutions.

When it will be found that physical and chemical forces were intended to release man from physical drudgery,

THE MOST USEFUL THING YOU OWN

MOST WONDERFUL IS IMAGINATION.

"Your Old Men Shall Dream Dreams and Your Young Men Shall See Visions."

It is his imagination that distinguishes man from the brute. It is the power of man to call up images, figures, acts, to foresee consequences, that makes him what he is.

Think for a moment about this word "imagination." It means the power of creating images in the mind; the power of reproducing old images, once stored in the mind; the marvelous power of combining images already stored there; the marvelous and god-like power of creating images there.

When one imagines a thing that will come true, or may come true, he has seen a vision, as the old prophet Joel foretold that he would.

To dream dreams is a little different from seeing visions. One dreams idly, sometimes. The pictures come and go through the brain; whether it is sleeping or waking. But to see the vision one must be fully awake, he must have in his mind a set of images, a set of memories, if you will. They must be related to each other; they must affect each other; they must produce causes—these causes lead to results, thus there is action and reason and logic in the vision.

All great things come from first seeing visions, from dreaming dreams and believing in them so fervently that one makes them come true.

Men often laugh at others because they say that they are "visionary" or have "too much imagination." No one can be too visionary, so that he trains his vision aright. No one can have too much imagination, so that he trains or uses his imagination aright. And this also applies to farming—your farming—as well as to anything else.

Nearly all the evil in the world comes from lack of imagination, lack of foreseeing results of acts. Think of this a little. Would any man commit murder if he could, or would, sit down calmly and consider the act, that he was about to commit—if he would think only of the dreadful deed itself, the taking away of that marvelous other soul suddenly into death, the terror of contemplating the dead that he had murdered, and then the sorrow that would follow as the dead man's friends mourned his loss, the children maybe left fatherless, the weeping wife, and afterward all the years of repentance, of hopeless shame, and the terror of being always looked upon as an outcast and a murderer? Is

The Best Rules for Success

Keep in good physical condition. Much of one's success depends upon his energy and his energy is dependent to a great extent on his physical condition. If he is blessed with good physique, he has a great advantage, but he is not necessarily at a great disadvantage if he is not strong physically. Theodore Roosevelt, as a boy, was a weakling, but he became a man of powerful physique. So, if a young man has a strong physique, he must keep it strong. If he is not fortunate enough to have a strong body he must begin to build it up.

He must have care for his personal appearance. This may seem superficial, but it must be remembered that when a boy seeks employment, practically all that the prospective employer has to judge by is his personal appearance. You may have the finest of mental and moral qualities, but these qualities may be nullified, in the mind of another who does not know you, simply because you present a slovenly appearance. If you had started in business and your employ-

realized your real worth, that is no reason why you should neglect your personal appearance. The first impression you make is a lasting one.

Be thrifty. It is not a mere act of putting away money for future use which makes the habit of thrift so valuable; it is the other characteristics which this habit involves. A man who thinks far enough ahead to set aside a small part of his weekly pay as insurance against the uncertainty of the future, is at the same time cultivating in his own mind powers of self-control, foresight, orderly thinking and business acumen. These qualities furnish a direct road to business success.

These three rules alone will not lead to success in business, but they are strong helps, and, in these days of keen competition for every worthwhile position in the business world, no helpful hints should be regarded lightly. The man who does not care need not pay attention to them, but the man who does care ought to follow them.

there a man in the world who could commit murder if he would first imagine the consequences.

Imagination is a Guide.

And all through life the trained imagination is a guide and help. It is a mighty restraining force from doing wrong. Young men, before you do that wrong act, stop, look forward, think of the train of consequences, to yourself, to some one else, imagine it all! Picture it out in its true colors! See if you are willing to be responsible for so much sorrow, so much remorse, so much shame as one wrong act may bring into the world! I firmly believe that wrongdoing is more the result of undeveloped imagination than any other one thing.

But there is a constructive side to the imagination, as well—a side that builds things after seeing visions of them, a side that you can use in making yourself a better, more successful farmer or business man. No great thing was ever built that was not first seen in the mind of the builder.

The vision first, maybe a clear vision, maybe only a glimpse at first, but an enduring hint, and then a dwelling on that brief vision, a straining of the eyes to see it clearer, at last a clear vision, then the faith and courage to work it into real being.

It is told of Michael Angelo that one day while walking in his workroom he stopped and looked intently at a block of marble. For some time he stood there, strangely silent and wrought upon, then he rushed to his tools and seized hammer and chisel, came to the block of marble, and began chiseling away furiously.

"What is this that has come over you, Michael Angelo, are you gone mad?" his friends asked.

"No; I am not mad," Angelo replied, "but in this stone I have seen the figure of an angel, more beautiful than any the world has ever seen. I am in haste to uncover it and let the world see it, even as I see it through the rough stone that now veils it."

Ah, we need more men who can see visions, more women who can see visions, more boys and girls who can see visions. For visions come true. There is hardly anything that one can imagine that cannot be made to come true. Let me picture to you what some of my visions are, of what may come from your home and neighborhood:

Visions of Ideal Community.
Here are children, boys and girls, young men and young women. They have latent in them all the strength and power and sweetness and possibilities that God could give them. There is no thing that these boys and girls cannot do. There are young men and boys who can some day invent machines that will make life easier and happier for mankind. There may be even young men and boys among us who can make riches and surround themselves and their friends with the fruits of riches. I do not know.

And there are girls here, sweet and pure and good as God knows how to make them, capable of making all the world better by their having lived in it. Some of these girls may also be capable of achieving fame, I do not know, nor do I greatly care, for it is what the woman is, more than what she does, that counts for happiness and real womanly success.

And there are young men who can build characters—build them strong, build them sweet and kindly, build them clean, build them helpful, build them so beautiful that not all or any of the angels of Michael Angelo would compare with them. These things I have imagined, these things I have seen in visions. Now, if I can only

help others from the same visions, if the young man can see himself far ahead, can get clearly the ideal of what he may be, of what it is his privilege, his right to be, and work toward that, then will our laughing girls and bright-eyed boys begin to grow into the strong, sweet, courageous men and women that God meant them to be.

We live too lightly, most of us, too much upon purpose in the world. We need the awakening that the prophet Joel foretells in his wonderful words:

"And it shall come to pass afterwards that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and daughters shall dream, your old men shall dream dreams, and your young men shall see visions."

They Kept On.

They on the heights are not the souls Who never erred nor went astray; Who trod unwavering toward their goals

Along a smooth, rose-bordered way. Nay—those who stand where first comes dawn

Are those who stumbled but went on.

They who have reached the dizzy crags And not the ones whose paths were peace;

Whose lives nor hunger knew, nor rage;

Who never prayed for want's success. No, they who to the crags have gone Are those who weakened but went on.

When on the silvered clouds you see A name engraved, as the one Who has transcended you and me In that which he has sought and won,

Know this: O'er stout ways he's gone;

But when he stumbled, he went on.

Ever the Scrapegoat.

Teacher observed that, although all the other pupils had departed, one youngster was hanging about.

"What's the matter, Harry?" she asked. "I don't remember ordering you to remain after school hours. You may go home now."

"I don't want to go home," said Harry. "There's a new baby at our house."

Teacher smiled. "Why," she exclaimed, "you ought to be glad of that. A dear little baby—"

Whereupon Harry interrupted vehemently with:

"I ain't glad. Pa'll blame me. He blames me for everything that happens at our house."

His Only Grievance.

"Who is the indignant caller?" "One of our prominent citizens," said the editor of the *Tosdville Clarion*, "who gave an interview to our local reporter and expressly stipulated that his name must not appear in print."

"Then it evidently got into the paper."

"Yes, and he's mad because it was spelled wrong."

The "Ducking Chair."

The Ducking Chair was used in olden times for the punishment of scolding women. The culprit was fastened into a chair attached to a sort of derrick. By its means she was lowered into the water and raised again after her cold bath. A Ducking Chair may still be seen in *lod Fordwick*, on the *Stour* river, not far from *Canterbury*, in *England*.

Portuguese is the language of about 30,000,000 people.

Ten Points for the Worker

- 1.—Honor the chief. There must be a head to everything.
- 2.—Have confidence in yourself and make yourself fit.
- 3.—Harmonize your work. Let sunshine radiate and penetrate.
- 4.—Handle the hardest job first each day. Easy ones are a pleasure.
- 5.—Do not be afraid of criticism—criticize yourself often.
- 6.—Be glad and rejoice in the other fellow's success—study his methods.
- 7.—Do not be misled by dislikes. Acid ruins the finest fabric.
- 8.—Be enthusiastic—it is contagious.
- 9.—Do not have the notion that success means money making.
- 10.—Be fair and do at least one decent act every day in the year.

NEW YEAR OUTLOOK IN MOTHER LAND PICTURED IN SOMBRE COLORS

Difficulties at Home and Abroad Require Careful Diplomacy to Tide Over the Post-War Adjustment Period.

A despatch from London says:—Britain's outlook for 1921 is pictured in rather sombre colors by the politicians, economists, financiers and labor leaders, who are casting their eyes forward to the New Year. At home two outstanding problems—unemployment and Ireland—have baffled the Government, while it is also besieged by many results of the war, including a vigorous newspaper campaign against so-called Government extravagance.

In the foreign field, looking eastward, there is the perplexing problem of settling the Palestine boundaries, promising some pointed exchanges of opinion with France; Mesopotamia, with its huge expense and its oil; the ever-present Persian difficulties which the last agreement has not allayed; India, which is in a greater state of unrest than for years, requiring an exceptionally large garrison; Russia, with her trade proposals which have caused a split in the British Cabinet, and the uncertain Greek situation.

Officials here believe that within the next twelve months important dealings between Great Britain and the United States will necessitate most careful handling. Negotiations between the two countries have been almost dormant since the political conventions in the United States. There is a desire here to clear up the oil question, which has been the subject of a long series of communications on the question as to the extent to which the United States shall participate in the world petroleum supply, most of which is under British mandate. It is believed, however, that considerable more negotiating is necessary before an agreement is reached.

Settlement of the cable control also offers many perplexities, particularly in that the United States is continually reaching farther for world trade. Shipping experts and officials are of

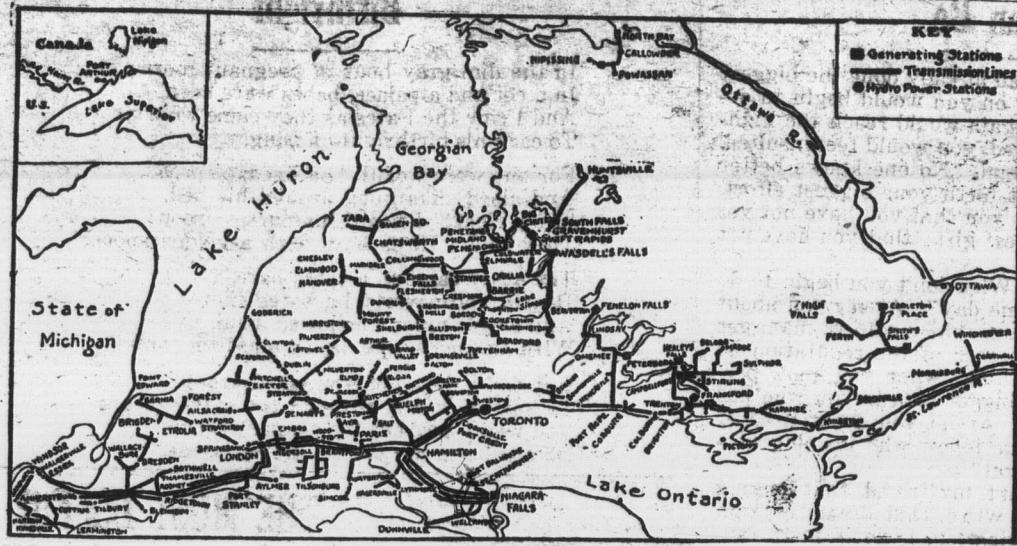
the opinion that the new mercantile marine of the United States is likely to bring up a question of adroit diplomacy and point to Secretary Daniels' announcement of a big naval program as the forerunner for shipping differences.

Officials here has not desired to push these questions to a settlement until advent of the new United States administration, but hope to get them under way soon after March 4.

While the Government is being seriously pressed on one side to cease enormous expenditure it is besieged on the other with demands for unemployment funds, cash for housing schemes and other post-war expenditures, with a result that there is little likelihood of reduction in the burdensome taxation.

Some relief is promised in reduced cost of living except in the price of food, which rose steadily during 1920. With industry hard hit and a million jobless, merchants who had been holding commodities for high prices are expected to continue to dump their goods at a loss. This has caused slight reductions during the latter weeks of the old year.

As the year opens, the Lloyd George Government apparently is maintaining a firm hold and there is little evidence that any of the many small factions in Parliament, either separately or in concerted action, are able to defeat the Cabinet and force general elections. The Cabinet Ministers, as they pass between their offices and Parliament, see evidence of unrest. Strong-policed barricades still obstruct the approaches to Government buildings and the huge iron gates at the entrances to some official buildings are kept closed. This is done, the Government announced, because it feared a Sinn Fein outbreak, but it is known also that it considered the ill effect Bolsheviki agitators might have on the restive minds of the unemployed.



ONTARIO'S GREAT POWER SYSTEM
With the acquirement of the Mackenzie electric power holdings in Ontario by the Hydro Electric Commission, the people of the province will own the greatest electric power system in the world. The above map shows the ramifications of the hydro system and its great development in the last few years.

FIUME STRUGGLE COMES TO AN END POET SOLDIER RETIRES FROM FIELD

D'Annunzio Gives Up Fight, Leaving City by Airplane—Disbandment of His Legionaries and a General Amnesty Part of the Bargain.

A despatch from Rome says:—D'Annunzio has issued a proclamation declaring that it is not worth while dying for Italy. He said he was leaving Fiume by airplane.

This was semi-officially announced here on Wednesday afternoon, together with the announcement that the Fiume agreement may be regarded as concluded.

Settlement of the Fiume question based on recognition of the Treaty of Rapallo, disbandment of D'Annunzio's legionaries and a general amnesty was expected following receipt of late advices from the blockaded area.

The suspension of hostilities, previously ordered, has been prolonged. Negotiations for surrender are proceeding with the Municipal Council of Fiume, to which D'Annunzio has ceded his power.

A description of the last phases of the struggle in Fiume, received here, shows that the legionaries reopened fire against the troops who were merely holding the positions they had taken Monday night.

The fight assumed the character of guerrilla warfare all along the line. The legionaries took advantage of the natural resources of the terrain for laying ambushes.

As the regulars were advancing across orchards they were enveloped by fire from machine guns which had been sunk to the level of the ground and cleverly camouflaged.

The houses seemed to have been abandoned, but when the troops approached, the legionaries, hidden behind windows, behind chimney-stacks and on balconies and roofs, suddenly opened fire. Even women were found working machine guns.

The gravest losses were inflicted by hand grenades, which were used so freely as to give the impression that they must have been accumulated by scores of thousands. It would have been an easy matter to get the better of the legionaries by employing artillery, but the military authorities refused such recourse, except against military buildings.

The legionaries ultimately tried to force the regulars to retreat in order to relieve pressure on the city, but failed owing to the stubborn resistance, especially of the Carabiniers and Alpine troops, who fought courageously for more than three hours. The points where the struggle was the bitterest, near the railway station, and inside the Fiume cemetery, were virtually destroyed.

U.S. BALLOONISTS SAFE AT JAMES BAY

Blizzards Drove Balloon Miles Out of its Course.

Cochrane, Jan. 3.—The missing United States army balloonists landed safely on Tuesday, Dec. 14, at Moose Factory, on James Bay, 185 miles north of Cochrane. Moose Factory is near Moose Harbor, the proposed terminal for the James Bay extension of the Timiskaming & Northern Ontario Railway, of which the first 20 miles from Cochrane north have been started.

The flyers are safe and seemingly have not suffered any ill-effects from their extraordinary experience or the enforced winter trip into the Northern wilds. Immediately after their landing a party of Indians was despatched by the Hudson's Bay Co. to the nearest railroad office at Mattice, on the Canadian National Railway, from where reports were sent to Cochrane.

The balloon had been driven miles out of its course by the blizzards which were raging, and it was fortunate that it landed at that particular point, as any deflection in another direction would have dropped the crew into a region uninhabited and infested by wolves.

Moose Factory is a Hudson's Bay Co. trading post at the south end of James Bay, where the Moose River empties into the bay. The party was to have left Moose Factory Dec. 27 and is due in Cochrane by the end of the week.

A night employee of the Canadian National Railway states that he observed the balloon passing over Cochrane during a heavy snowstorm about

midnight, December 13, being just visible and at a very high altitude.

The balloon party will come down on the ice on the Missanabie River, eventually striking the Hudson's Bay Co. post at Mattice, on the Canadian National Railway, and start home by train from that point, thus ending one of the most extraordinary and eventful trips of the history of balloonists.

KING GEORGE WILL VISIT IRELAND

London, Jan. 2.—The following statement from the Irish Office was issued to-day:

"Irish Parliaments will meet under Home Rule in the middle of the year, when the north and south of Ireland each will have its representation. All Ireland is sick of the struggle, and will welcome the prospect for peace. The outlook is now more favorable than it has been for many months."

1,000-Passenger Dirigible Planned

A despatch from Petrograd says:—A special committee of experts has approved Machonin's plans for a giant passenger dirigible, which will have motors of a total of 24,000 horsepower, and a lifting capacity of 2,200,000 pounds. The passenger cabins will be arranged in several tiers and the several tiers connected by an electrically operated elevator. An airplane, automobile and motor boat will be carried on board the dirigible, which will accommodate 1,000 passengers. It will develop a speed of more than sixty miles an hour.

TORONTO VOTES FOR HYDRO PURCHASE

Mayor Church Returned for Seventh Term.

Toronto, Jan. 3.—The "ayes" have it. By a majority of 26,745 votes the electors of Toronto approve of the proposed purchase of the Toronto Electric Light Co. and the Toronto & York Radial Railway.

And by another majority of 15,995 it is declared that Thomas L. Church is to be Mayor for 1921, while C. Alfred Maguire is returned at the head of the poll to the Board of Control by 34,141 votes.

There was only one issue. The vote for public ownership was a vote for a Greater Toronto. The day of corporate monopoly is at an end, definitely and finally, in this city.

The experience of the last eight years under the leadership of Sir Adam Beck, has taught the public self-reliance, and the success achieved as partners in the Hydro-electric undertaking nerved them for the great decision made on Saturday with enthusiastic optimism.

The result is significant. It insures to the citizens of Toronto the supreme control in matters of transportation and electrical distribution, and restores again to the city the absolute control of its streets. It augurs well for the future growth of this metropolis, because now that the acquisition of the Toronto & York Radial system is assured, backed up by the undertakings of Premier Drury that the Government will secure the necessary legislation to ratify the deal, the Sutherland Commission is practically eliminated from the Hydro-radial controversy, and nothing should interfere with the immediate development of Sir Adam Beck's plans to make Toronto the hub of a system of high-speed interurban lines that will bring growth, wealth and comfort to all this section of the Province.

The total vote on the Hydro purchase was 30,473, some 28,609 votes being cast for the clean-up and only 1,864 against it.

REPORTS ON GERMAN DISARMAMENT

Marshal Foch Says Delinquencies Are Chiefly Maintenance of Civil Guards.

Paris, Jan. 2.—Marshal Foch's report on Germany's disarmament, according to The Temps, says that the Germans have surrendered 41,000 cannon, 29,000 unmounted cannon barrels, 163,000 machine guns and barrels, 2,800,000 rifles, 16,000 airplanes and 25,000 airplane motors.

The German delinquencies in executing the disarmament clauses of the treaty and the Spa agreement are said to be principally the maintenance of civil guards in Bavaria and Eastern Prussia, the organization of security police and failure to destroy the required amount of artillery in the eastern and southern frontier fortresses.

The report recites the details of the Germans' request that they be allowed to retain 841 cannon in the fortresses, but the allies have approved the retention of only 20 guns at Koenigsberg, 36 at Pillau and 32 a Swinemunde.

ENGLISH PUPILS TO STUDY CANADA

Dominion History and Geography Occupy Place in Curricula.

London, Jan. 2.—Canadian history, facts and statistics, is to form a permanent subject in the English school curricula commencing this month. This will be in addition to geographical information contained in the ordinary text-books. A monograph on Canada will be compiled later by Prof. W. L. Grant of Upper Canada College, Toronto, for issue to every member of the National Union of Teachers of the British Isles for use in a series of school lessons on the Dominion. These will include Canada's climatic and physical features, Government, economic development, and also illustrated lectures. Miss Durban of British Columbia already is lecturing to scholars under the auspices of the Victoria League, which is arranging the correspondence between Canadian school children and those in Britain.

Weekly Market Report

Toronto.

Manitoba wheat—No. 1 Northern, \$1.96 1/4; No. 2 Northern, \$1.88 1/4; No. 3 Northern, \$1.89 1/4; No. 4 wheat, \$1.66.

Manitoba oats—No. 2 CW, 55 1/4; No. 3 CW, 52 1/4; extra No. 1 feed, 52 1/4; No. 1 feed, 50 1/4; No. 2 feed, 47 1/4.

Manitoba barley—No. 3 CW, 89c; No. 4 CW, 84c; rejected, 65c; feed, 65c. All of the above in store at Fort William.

American corn—\$1.15, nominal, track, Toronto, prompt shipment.

Ontario oats—No. 2 white, 50 to 53c.

Ontario wheat—No. 2 Winter, \$1.85 to \$1.90 per car lot; No. 2 Spring, \$1.80 to \$1.85, shipping points, according to freight.

Peas—No. 2, nominal, \$1.75 to \$1.80. Barley—85 to 90c, according to freights outside.

Buckwheat—No. 3, \$1 to \$1.05, nominal.

Rye—No. 3, \$1.50 to \$1.55, nominal, according to freights outside.

Manitoba flour—\$1.10, top patents; \$1.00, Government standard.

Ontario flour—\$1.75, bulk seaboard.

Millfeed—Car lots, delivered Montreal freights, bags included: Bran, per ton, \$38 to \$40; shorts, per ton, \$42; good feed flour, \$2.75 to \$3.

Eggs—new-laid, cartons, 90 to 95c; select, 78 to 80c; No. 1, 75 to 77c.

Butter—Creamery prints, 54 to 57c; fresh-made, 58 to 60c; bakers', 35 to 40c.

Oleomargarine—best grade, 33 to 35c. Cheese—new, large, 27 to 27 1/4c; twins, 27 1/4 to 28c; old, large, 29 to 32c.

Maple syrup—one-gal. tins, \$3.50; maple sugar, lb., 27 to 30c.

Honey, Extracted—white clover, in 60-lb. and 30-lb. tins, per lb. 24 to 25c; do, 10-lb. tins, per lb. 25 to 26c; Ontario No. 1 white clover, in 2 1/2 and 5-lb. tins, per lb., 27c.

Churning Cream—Toronto creameries are paying for churning cream 58c per lb. fat, f.o.b. shipping points, nominal.

Smoked meats—Hams, med., 39 to 41c; heavy, 38 to 40c; cooked, 55 to 58c; rolls, 33 to 35c; cottage rolls, 37 to 39c; breakfast bacon, 45 to 46c; fancy breakfast bacon, 53 to 54c; backs, plain, bone in, 49 to 51c; boneless, 55 to 59c.

Cured meats—Long clear bacon, 27 to 28c; clear bellies, 26 to 27c.

Lard—Pure, tierces, 25 to 26c; tubs, 26 to 26 1/4c; pairs, 26 1/4 to 26 3/4c; prints, 28 to 29c. Compound tierces, 17 to 18c; tubs, 17 1/4 to 18 1/4c; pairs, 18 1/4 to 20c; prints, 21 to 22c.

Choice heavy steers, \$11 to \$12; good heavy steers, \$10.50 to \$11; butchers' cattle, choice, \$9.50 to \$10; do, good, \$8 to \$9; do, med., \$6 to \$7; do, com., \$5 to \$5.50; butchers' bulls, choice, \$8 to \$9.50; do, good, \$7 to \$8; do, com., \$5 to \$6; butchers' cows, choice, \$7.50 to \$8.50; do, good, \$6.25 to \$7; do, com., \$4 to \$5; feeders, best, \$9 to \$10; do, 900 lbs., \$8.50 to \$9.50; do, 800 lbs., \$7.75 to \$8.25; do, com., \$5.25 to \$6.25; canners and cutters, \$3 to \$4.50; milkers, good to choice, \$100 to \$165; do, com. to med., \$65 to \$75; lambs, yearlings, \$9 to \$9.50; do, spring, \$12 to \$13; calves, good to choice, \$15 to \$17; sheep, \$5 to \$6; hogs, fed and watered, \$16.75; do, weighed off cars, \$17; do, f.o.b., \$15.75; do, country points, \$15.25 to \$15.50.

Montreal.

Oats—Can. West. No. 2, 72 1/4c; do, No. 3, 69 1/4c. Flour—Man. Spring wheat patents, firsts, \$11.10. Rolled oats—Bag of 90 lbs., \$3.80. Bran—per ton, car lots, \$30 to \$31.

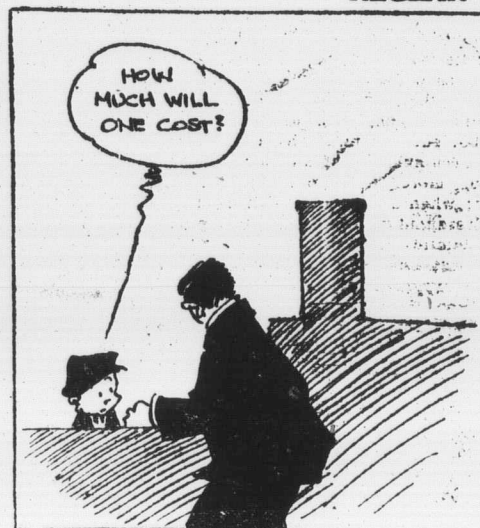
Cheese—Finest easterns, 24 1/2 to 25c. Butter—Choice creamery, 51 to 52c. Eggs—Fresh, 75c. Potatoes, 51c per bag, car lots, \$1.55 to \$1.60.

Canners, \$3.25; cutters, \$4 to \$4.50; small bulls and yearlings, \$5 to \$5.50; grass calves, \$4.50 to \$5; good lambs, \$12 to \$13; sheep, \$5 to \$6; hogs, select, \$18; sows, \$4 less than select.

London Prices on Pre-War Basis

A despatch from London says:—Pre-war prices are beginning to rule again in London, and the after Christmas sales are recording, as was expected, sensational cuts. Retailers with cash have been able to buy stocks at ridiculously low prices and certain classes of hosiery and silk goods are down to 1913 quotations. Men's suits are being sold to-day for fifty shillings and boots for thirty shillings. The question in the minds of many business men, 'have the people got the money to buy?' seems to be answered in the affirmative by the record crowds at the early bargain sales.

REGLAR FELLERS—By Gene Byrnes



A SMILE IN EVERY DOSE OF BABY'S OWN TABLETS

Baby's Own Tablets are a regular joy giver to the little ones—they never fail to make the cross baby happy. When baby is cross and fretful the mother may be sure something is the matter, for it is not baby's nature to be cross unless he is ailing. Mothers, if your baby is cross; if he cries a great deal and needs your constant attention day and night, give him a dose of Baby's Own Tablets. They are a mild but thorough laxative which will quickly regulate the bowels and stomach and thus relieve constipation and indigestion, colds and simple fevers and make baby happy—there surely is a smile in every dose of the Tablets. Baby's Own Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

High heels for women's shoes were first used 90 years ago.

Minard's Liniment For Dandruff.

French Industry in War Zone is Recovering.

Manufacturing industries are rapidly resuming operations in the devastated district, says a Paris despatch. This is shown by a report of the Office of Industrial Reconstruction, which has been investigating the restoration of factories and workshops which, before the war, employed more than twenty workmen.

Of the 4,321 establishments in which inquiries have been made, 3,392 have resumed work in whole or in part. A classification of the various trades concerned shows that 88.4 per cent. of metal works are again active; 81.5 of the potteries, stone and brick works; 80.4 per cent. of the chemical industries and 70.8 for the textile industries.

The relatively slow rate of progress of the textile factories is said by the bureau to be due to the fact that the looms were deliberately destroyed and it is taking some time to replace the delicate machinery.

These 4,321 establishments employed 778,915 persons in 1914; in November, 1920, they employed 355,852, or 45.7 of their 1914 personnel.

While the factories have for the most part been rebuilt much as they were in 1914, the houses which shelter the workers are mere wooden huts, although brick shanties are springing up in the districts where bricklaying is practicable.

Thus the proportion of resumption of activity bears no relation to the recovery of the towns and villages, which it will be impossible to rebuild as formerly.

FREQUENT HEADACHES

A Sure Sign That the Blood is Watery and Impure.

People with thin blood are much more subject to headaches than full-blooded persons and the form of anaemia that afflicts growing girls is almost always accompanied by headaches, together with disturbance of the digestive organs.

Whenever you have constant or recurring headaches and pallor of the face, they show that the blood is thin and your efforts should be directed toward building up your blood. A fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do this effectively, and the rich red blood made by these pills will remove the headache.

More disturbances to the health are caused by their blood than most people have any idea of. When your blood is impoverished, the nerves suffer from lack of nourishment, and you may be troubled with insomnia, neuritis, neuralgia, or sciatica. Muscles subject to strain are undernourished and you may have muscular rheumatism or lumbago. If your blood is thin and you begin to show symptoms of any of these disorders, try building up the blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as the blood is restored to its normal condition every symptom of the trouble will disappear. There are more people who owe their present state of good health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills than to any other medicine, and most of them do not hesitate to say so.

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

Wordless Telephones.

An invention which makes it possible to carry on a conversation direct from the throat instead of the mouth promises to revolutionize telephonic conversation.

Known as the Laryngophone, the invention enables a person to talk in noisy surroundings or under abnormal conditions, and at the same time leave the mouth free for breathing purposes.

The transmitter is about the size of a wrist watch. It gathers up the vibrations direct from the vocal chords when it is placed in contact with the throat, and the sounds are plainly heard in the receiver. A special apparatus has been designed for fire brigades, enabling a superintendent to be in constant touch with his masked men, and to converse with them readily. Hose men working on ladders and roof tops can keep in telephonic touch with those working in other parts of a burning building.

The invention can also be used between chauffeur and motor-car passenger, between air pilot and passenger, in noisy workshops, in railway tunnels, and in marine engine-rooms. The submarine worker can talk to men on the surface, or make signals to the operator by simply dropping his jaw to the full extent, this movement working a switch.

TAKE NOTICE.

We publish simple, straight testimonials from well-known people, not press agents' interviews.

From all over America they testify to the merits of MINARD'S LINIMENT, the best of Household Remedies.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., LTD. Yarmouth, N.S., Branch Factory, St. John's, Nfld.

Nobles as Navvies.

Now that they can never regain their old glory, the exiled Russian nobility who formerly adorned the late Czar's court are enjoying the novelty of working for their living.

There are in France hundreds of these nobles engaged in different industries, and some are actually doing manual work as navvies. Moreover, many officers who once held high rank in the Russian army are now taxi drivers in Paris.

Count Paul Ignatieff, who was a close friend of the murdered Tsar, now sells milk in Garches. His wife, who was the most beautiful woman in Petrograd, milks the cows at dawn, while the Count's second son grows mushrooms at Saint-Germain.

The most dashing cavalry officer of Russia, Colonel Skouratoff, has exchanged the sword for the hoe, and is becoming an agricultural expert. At a Paris garage another famous colonel may be seen any day in overalls.

General Nicolajeff, commander of the Russian troops in France during the war, now drives a motor-lorry for a wholesale firm in Paris.

Two princes are bank clerks, and many nobles and officers have become motor mechanics. Prince Borja paints lively interior decorations for chateaux. In order to buy his outfit he had to pawn his jewels.

AUTO SPARE PARTS
for most makes and models of cars. Your old, broken or worn-out parts replaced. Write or wire us describing what you want. We carry the largest and most complete stock in Canada of all types of new parts and automobile equipment. We ship C.O.D. anywhere in Canada. Satisfaction or refund in full our motto. Shaw's Auto Salvage Part Supply, 822-821 Dundas St., Toronto, Ont.

The Boy Scouts Association.

As an organization, the Scout Movement is neither militaristic in thought, form nor spirit, although it does instill in boys the military virtues such as honor, loyalty, obedience and patriotism.

The purpose of the Boy Scout Movement is to develop character, initiative and resourcefulness in boys by cultivating their interest in the fascinating outdoor activities of the Scout program.

It is in the wearing of the uniform and doing of things together, as Scouts, that they absorb the force and truth of the Scout law, which states: "A Scout is a friend to all and a brother to every other Scout."

The Movement aims to supplement the various existing educational agencies, and to promote the ability in boys to do things for themselves and others. It is not the aim to get up a new organization to parallel in its purposes others already established. The opportunity is afforded other organizations, however, to introduce into their own programs unique features appealing to interests which are universal among boys. The method is summed up in the term Scoutcraft, and is a combination of observation, deduction and handiness, or the ability to do things. Scoutcraft includes instruction in first aid, life saving, tracking, signalling, cycling, nature study, campcraft, seamanship, woodcraft, chivalry, patriotism and many other subjects. This is accomplished in games and team play, and in pleasure, not work, for the boy. All that is needed is the out-of-doors, a group of boys and a competent leader.

"Something to do, something to think about, and something to enjoy, with a view always to character building; for manhood, not scholarship, is the first aim of education."

The Boy Scout Movement is developed in practically every country of the world, as well as in all the overseas dominions and colonies of Great Britain and the United States. According to a pamphlet just issued by the Provincial Headquarters of the Boy Scouts Association, Bloor and Sherbourne Streets, Toronto, there are in Canada alone some 22,692 registered Scouts, 4,288 Wolf Cubs (junior members), and 1,648 unpaid Scoutmasters and Assistant Scoutmasters who give at least 52 nights a year, and 24 half days or days to the personal leadership of their boys. Quite a citizenship contribution.

"Pape's Diapepsin" Corrects Stomach.

"Pape's Diapepsin" is the quickest, surest relief for indigestion, Gases, Flatulence, Heartburn, Sourness, Fermentation or Stomach Distress caused by acidity. A few tablets give almost immediate stomach relief and shortly the stomach is corrected so you can eat favorite foods without fear. Large case costs only 60 cents at drug store. Absolutely harmless and pleasant. Millions helped annually. Largest selling stomach corrector in world.—Adv.

The bagpipers are by no means merely a picturesque survival of a barbarous age. One hundred and fifty pipers performed individual feats of heroism during the world war, and a piper of the Scottish Borderers won the Victoria Cross by standing on a parapet during a gas attack at Loos and piping his battalion together with Blue Bonnets Over the Border. There is something that quickens the blood in such tunes as Blue Bonnets and The Campbells are Coming; there is something profoundly stirring in the wail of a pibroch. So long as there are fighting Highlanders, we need have no fear that the "Campbells" will cease to come.

MONEY ORDERS.
Remit by Dominion Express Money Order. If lost or stolen you get your money back.

Canada has the second largest telescope in the world, near Victoria, B.C. It is second in point of size and equal to the best in efficiency.

If you are a real salesman you will work; if you don't work you will be a "nearly one" all your life.—H. R. Wardell.

The breweries of Great Britain have a combined annual output of between 15,000,000 and 20,000,000 standard barrels of beer.

Caught in draught—stiff neck or back—won't last long if

BAUME BENGUÉ

is applied. Immediate effect.

Beware of substitutes \$1.00 a tube.

THE LEONARD MILES CO., LTD. MONTREAL

Agents for Dr. Jules Bengué RELIEVES PAIN

BITS OF HUMOR FROM HERE & THERE



His Complaint.
The doctor said, as he bent over the patient, "I don't quite like your heart action." Then, as he again applied the stethoscope, he added:

"You have, I take it, had some trouble with angina pectoris?"

"Well, doc," said the young man, rather sheepishly, "you're partly right; only that ain't her name."

Needed a Horse.
A prosperous grocer in a certain town had occasion recently to engage a new errand boy for the Christmas rush. Trade was very brisk, and the lad had a great deal of work to do in delivering the parcels in different parts of the town.

"Well, George, how did you get on on Saturday?" asked the grocer on Monday morning.

"Oh, fine," replied the boy; "but I'll be leavin' at the end of the week."

"Why, what's up now?" queried his master. "Are the wages not high enough?"

"I'm not findin' any fault with the pay," replied the boy, "but the fact is, I'm doing a horse out of a job here."

What Was the Harm?
Schoolmaster Robinson was stern, wore long hair, and believed in discipline.

One morning Willie Jinks misbehaved himself to the extent that it was necessary to administer punishment.

Soon his parents heard the nature of his offence, and they also remonstrated with him. Nevertheless, he cared not.

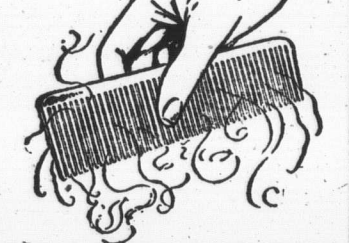
"Look 'ere, mother," he spoke up, manfully. "Nothing much to scold about. I only went up to the desk and said, 'Please, Mr. Robinson, are you any relation to Crusoe?'"

The British Museum contains more than 16,000 copies of the Bible.

It is estimated that there are 550 American branch factories in Canada, 200 of which have been established since the war.

"DANDERINE"

Stops Hair Coming Out; Doubles Its Beauty.



A few cents buys "Danderine." After a few applications you cannot find a fallen hair or any dandruff, besides every hair shows new life, vigor, brightness, more color and abundance.

America's Pioneer Dog Remedies Book on **DOG DISEASES** and How to Feed Mailed Free to any Address by the Author. H. Gray Glover Co., Inc., 118 West 51st Street, New York, U.S.A.

WANTED
Send for list of inventions wanted by Manufacturers. Fortunes have been made from simple ideas. "Patent Protection" booklet and "Proof of Conception" on request. **HAROLD C. SHIPMAN & CO. PATENT ATTORNEYS** 20 SHIPMAN CHAMBERS - OTTAWA, CANADA

INVENTIONS

MOTHER!
"California Syrup of Figs" Child's Best Laxative



Accept "California" Syrup of Figs only—look for the name California on the package, then you are sure your child is having the best and most harmless physic for the little stomach, liver and bowels. Children love its fruity taste. Full directions on each bottle. You must say "California."

Classified Advertisements.

FARM WANTED.
Farm wanted. SEND DESCRIPTION and price. John J. Black, Chippewa Falls, Wis.

SMOKING TOBACCO
BUY YOUR SMOKING TOBACCO direct from grower. Write for prices. Chas. Barnard, Leamington, Ontario.

AGENTS WANTED.
AGENTS WANTED: BLISS NATIVE Herbs is a remedy for the relief of Constipation, Indigestion, Biliousness, Rheumatism, Kidney Troubles. It is well known, having been extensively advertised, since it was first manufactured in 1888, by distribution of large quantities of Almanacs, Cook Books, Health Books, etc., which are furnished to agents free of charge. The remedies are sold at a price that allows agents to double their money. Write Alonzo O. Bliss Medical Co., 154 St. Paul St. East, Montreal. Mention this paper.

Say, "Hello!"
Stop a minute and say "Hello" As down Life's Road you go; For a kindly word and a cheery smile Will shorten the way by many a mile For some poor fellow who's moving slow.

Stop a minute—and say "Hello."

Minard's Liniment Relieves Distemper

Rainbow Myths.
In many countries the rainbow is spoken of as a great bent pump or siphon tube, drawing water from the earth by mechanical means. In parts of Russia, in the Don country, and also in Moscow and vicinity, it is known by a name which is equivalent to "the bent water-pipe."

When a man feels like a king, he can look kingly. Majesty, more regal than ever sat on a throne, will look out of his face when he has learned how to claim and to express the divinity of his birthright.

WEEKS' BREAK UP A COLD TABLETS

OLD STANDBY, FOR ACHES AND PAINS
Any man or woman who keeps Sloan's handy will tell you that same thing

SPECIALLY those frequently attacked by rheumatic twinges. A counter-irritant, Sloan's Liniment scatters the congestion and penetrates without rubbing to the afflicted part, soon relieving the ache and pain. Kept handy and used everywhere for reducing and finally eliminating the pains and aches of lumbago, neuralgia, muscle strain, joint stiffness, sprains, bruises, and the results of exposure. You just know from its stimulating healthy odor that it will do you good! Sloan's Liniment is sold by all druggists—35c, 70c, \$1.40.

Sloan's Liniment

ASPIRIN

"Bayer" is only Genuine



Warning! It's criminal to take a chance on any substitute for genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," prescribed by physicians for twenty-one years and proved safe by millions. Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting Aspirin at all. In every Bayer package are directions for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Earache, Toothache, Lumbago and for Pain. Handy tin boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger packages. Made in Canada. Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada), of Bayer Manufacture of Monaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.



CUTICURA FOR HAIR AND SKIN
For promoting and maintaining beauty of skin and hair Cuticura Soap and Ointment are unexcelled. Cuticura Talcum is an ideal powder, refreshing and cooling to most delicate skins.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Green, Limited, 244 St. Paul St., W., Montreal.

Cuticura Soap shaves with out soap.



ISSUE No. 2-21.

Look into it!
If tea or coffee drinking disturbs health or comfort, switch to

INSTANT POSTUM

There's a big gain toward health, with convenience, economy, and no loss in satisfaction

GROCCERS EVERYWHERE SELL POSTUM

Do We Take Small Accounts?



We do more than that. We invite them—welcome them—and take good care of them. If you wish to open a Savings Account for any particular purpose—or wish to teach the children to save by having an account in each child's name—do not hesitate to do so because the amount to be deposited will be small. It is convenient to open a Savings Account, and deposits of \$1.00 are always welcome.

THE MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

Head Office: Montreal. Established 1864.
Athens and Frankville Branches, W. D. Thomas, Manager.
Delta Branch, J. R. Carr, Manager.

Prices Torn TO PIECES

An opportunity to outfit the Man and Boy at almost half the Cost

\$35,000.00 worth of Men's and Boys Clothing and Furnishings to be slaughtered regardless of cost

We have been instructed from Montreal to re-adjust our stock—to cut and slash prices and to turn all merchandise into cash within the next 10 days.

SALE STARTS

Wed. Jan. 5th

Make an effort to take a day off and come to our Big Sale—Buy all you can at our slaughtered Prices.

If you didn't see our Big Bills write for one and we will send you one.

The GLOBE Clothing House
"The Store of Quality"
BROCKVILLE ONTARIO

Newboro

Newboro Brass Band played out for the first on Xmas Eve. The music was much appreciated by all.

Lawrence Leggett Kingston, is spending the holidays at his home here.

Miss Mae Pickerton returned home from the west and has been engaged to teach in Newboro school.

Newboro Hockey Team played its first game at Newboro, with Portland New Years Day the game resulted in success for Newboro. The score being 5, 3.

Crosby and Westport play at Cras-hyan Wednesday next.

The band indeed playing at the rink for skating one night a Week. The farmers of this district are busy hauling their wood.

Mr J. F. Graham has been elected reeve of Newboro for this year and Messers Haughton Wiltse, Graham and Garaline are council-lars.

Charleston

Miss Katie Halliday left to-day for Toronto after spending the Christmas holidays with her parents Mr and Mrs W. Halliday.

W. G. Crozier returned on Tuesday from Port Perry where he spent Christmas. Mrs Crozier and children remained for a week or longer.

A number of Athenians visited their cottages on New Years day.

Mrs Horace Slack was in Lyndhurst last week to see her father Joseph Danby who is seriously ill.

Mrs Thos. Heferan who has been having trouble with her eyes is much better.

Miss Gertrude Gienn who has been very ill is able to be around again.

The thaw on Saturday night and Sunday has again taken off some of the snow and bare spots are to be seen on the hills and friends.

SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES

The Merchants' Bank of Canada have just installed an additional nest of Safety Deposit Boxes. The number of burglaries and hold-ups are increasing alarmingly Fires are ever occurring. Bonds, Stock Certificates and all other valuable documents should be properly safe-guarded. If you own a Bond, Stock Certificate or other valuable papers, not necessarily negotiable, you need adequate protection. The Boxes are absolutely fire-proof and theft-proof.

If you require this kind of accommodation you are respectfully requested to consult the Manager. You will always find him in his office during banking hours.

ROBBERS.

When Jesus the "God man" commanded His followers to "Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and to God the things which are God's," what did he mean?

Did He mean that we his children should do unto others as we would like them to do unto us?

When Jesus said "Whether ye eat or drink or whatever ye do, do all to the glory of God," did he know that in so doing we would be very much happier, and we would put happiness into the lives of all with whom we came in contact?

If we refuse to do justly, love mercy and walk humbly with God, are we not "robbers"?

Do we not rob God of honor and glory which we owe Him? And in robbing God we rob our fellow men of love and brotherly kindness.

At the beginning of this New Year, let us resolve, like Joshua did, that we and our house will serve the Lord. Why? Because in keeping God's commandments there is great recompense of reward. "And the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." If we believe we owe God a loving service, let us not rob Him of that which we owe Him.

—One of God's Little Oases.

Christmas in Fairyland and the Manger of Bethlehem a Great Success

An enthusiastic and appreciative audience enjoyed to the utmost the excellent concert given by the children of Christ Church Sunday School in the Town Hall, Athens, on Dec. 29th, under the direction of Mrs. V. O. Boyle.

The first scene was a musical sketch, "The Manger of Bethlehem," which in song and presentation portrayed the important events that centred around the birth of the Christ Child. Shepherds, in oriental dress were awakened by a vision of angels heralding the advent of the Saviour. Wise men, in the raiment of kings, and guided by a star, sought His birthplace, and worshipped at His feet. Miss Beryl Davis and Miss Rita Manderville rendered the angelic songs in beautiful voice, while Miss Helena Male not only looked the part of the Madonna, but sang the lullaby song with wonderful expression in her lovely mezzo voice.

After this sketch the juvenile operetta, "Christmas in Fairyland," was presented by the children, who were gorgeously costumed in the raiment of fairies, brownies, courtiers and queens. It would be difficult to say which child distinguished himself the most, for each one enacted his part perfectly, but mention must be made of Howard Burchill, who played to perfection the difficult and lengthy role of Tim, the dream boy; Elva Whitmore, who made an excellent mother; Kathleen Taylor, who as Fairy Nell charmed the audience with her sweet singing; Winona Morris, who made a very attractive queen. Helen Morris, who surpassed herself in the role in Cinderella, being ably supported by Sydney Burchill, who made a striking prince; Mary Duffield, who was excellent in her role of the maid of honor, being well supported by Rhea Kavanaugh, Marjorie Peat, Betty Falk and the other maids of honor; Irene Gifford, who delighted all fairy tale lovers, singing her role of fairy god-mother in a voice of surpassing sweetness.

Bernard Godkin and Elva Gifford delighted the audience with their excellent duets, having to respond to a hearty encore. The Little Grand-mamas won the hearts of everyone and were highly complimented upon the excellency of their work, namely, Jean Kavanagh, Gertrude Wilson, Dorothy and Florence Moulton, Aida Gifford and Frances Ross. Last but not least were the little train-bearers Dorothy Morris and Flora Smith, who showed wonderful ability and training for four-year-old children.

Of others taking part, Herbert and Floyd Burchill, Eldon Moulton and Alden Hambly did excellent work as Brownies, tumbling about to the great delight of the children present. Siney Fair made a splendid courtier; James Morris, a convincing Santa Claus; Siney Peat, an ideal Jack Frost; George Godkin, a powerful policeman, and too much cannot be said of Donald Peat, who looked and acted the part of the Master of Ceremonies to perfection. The final scene, "Cinderella's Christmas Party," was a lovely sight, being the best that thorough training, gorgeous costumes, and beautiful music could produce. Great credit is due to Mrs. V. O. Boyle for her skill and talent in training the children to produce an entertainment that won the commendation of all present, and the heartfelt gratitude of parents for bringing out the inborn talent of their children.

The concert will be repeated in aid of Christ Church on Tuesday, Jan. 11th, in the Town Hall, Athens. Reserved seats at E. C. Tribute's store, 50 cents, rush seats, 25 cents.

Miss Edna Lang surprised the audience with her splendid elocutionary powers when she recited "Bargain Day" during the intermission.

Guideboard Corner's

A Bright New Year, a Glad New Year to the Editor and all the readers of The Athens Reporter.

Our homes were all gay with Christmas trees and greens this season, owing to the good example set from year to year, by our good neighbor, Mr. James Sheldon, who always keeps Christmas in the cheeriest manner.

Mr. E. C. Wight, Ottawa, spent Christmas with his sisters at "The Lilies."

Miss Bereta Besley of the Missionary Training School, Ottawa, spent her holidays with Mr. and Mrs. H. Stephenson.

Mrs. W. J. Fenlong and little daughter, Calcium, N.Y., Mrs. Watts and son, Winnipeg, were among the visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Sheldon.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Darling and

baby, Caroline, visited friends at Lyndhurst.

Mrs. Halladay, Soperton, spent a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Lawson.

On Sunday Mr. E. C. Wight visited his friends, Mr. and Mrs. J. Mackie, Elloids.

Mrs. Eitle Eaton and parents, Mr. and Mrs. Erastus Livingstone, entertained a goodly number of friends and relatives during the Christmas week.

Miss Hazel Yates passed pleasant holidays at her home, and we congratulate her on her re-engagement as teacher in the school over which she has very acceptably presided the past few months.

Miss Dorothea Wight was one of the privileged friends of Mr. Glen Earl, who received a copy of his book of poems as a Christmas gift. The book is indeed a credit to the author, abounding in bright thought and happy epithet.

The school children were very happy over the Christmas treat given them by their teacher, Miss Lillie Wiltse, and returned very cheerfully to their work, regretful only that another Christmas is so far away.

\$100 Reward \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Catarrh being greatly influenced by constitutional conditions requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts thru the blood on the mucous surfaces of the System thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work.

The proprietors have so much faith in the curative powers of Hall's Catarrh Medicine that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all druggists, 75c.

DR. PAUL

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

Office and Residence in the home formerly occupied by Mrs. Norman Brown, Reid St., Athens.

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

EATON—The Auctioneer

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

IMERSON—The Auctioneer

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

CUTTER and Robe for Sale—In first class condition, apply to A. W. Johnston Post Office.

HOUSE FOR SALE—The property formerly occupied by W. B. Percival of Victor's St Athens—apply to W. J. Taber, President of the Leeds Farmers Co-operative Ltd.

GRINDING—On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, Mr Clifford Crammy, Lake Elloids will do grinding. 15c per hundred weight.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children In Use For Over 30 Years Always bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

The Churches

Methodist Church

Rev. S. F. Newton, Minister

10.30 a.m.—MORNING—Rev. C. Curtis.

7.00 p.m.—EVENING—Rev. C. Curtis.

Sunday School—

1.30 p.m.—Catechism Class.

2.30 p.m.—Sunday School.

Cottage Prayer Meeting Monday at 7.30 p.m.

Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7.30 p.m.

PARISH OF

Lansdowne Rear

Rev. V. O. Boyle, M.A., Rector

First Sunday after Epiphany.

Christ Church, Athens—

2.30 p.m.—Sunday School and Bible Class.

7.00 p.m.—Evening prayer.

Soprano Solo

Trinity Church, Oak Leaf—

3 p.m.—Evening prayer.

St. Paul's, Delta—

9.30 p.m.—Sunday School.

10.30 a.m.—Holy Communion.

Baptist Church

R. E. NICHOLS, Pastor

Plum Hollow—

9.30 a.m.—Sunday School.

10.30 a.m.—Church Service.

Athens—

11.00 a.m.—Sunday School.

7.00 p.m.—Church Service.

Subject—"Timely suggestions for the New Year."

Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7.30 p.m.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

The following winter service is now in effect, giving excellent train connections to Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal and intermediate points, also to Western Canada, and Pacific and Atlantic coast points:

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

Departures.	Arrivals.
7.50 a.m.	11.20 a.m.
3.15 p.m.	11.55 a.m.
6.50 p.m.	8.00 p.m.

Sunday Service.

Departures.	Arrivals.
7.50 a.m.	8.00 p.m.

For rates and particulars apply to

GEO. E. McGLADE

City Passenger Agent

A. J. POTVIN, City Ticket Agent

52 King St. West, Cor. Court House Ave

Brockville, Ontario. Phones 14 and 530

Car and Truck for Sale

FOR SALE—Studebaker 7-passenger Car with Touring and Limousine Tops, which are interchangeable, price \$950 Cash. Also One Motor Truck \$750. apply to John W. MacKay, care of Reiley & Co., Brockville

FOR SALE—Frame Garage 12x18

built new this spring. Apply to Clarence Gray 2 miles west of Athens on Lyndhurst road.

SKATES FOR SALE—One pair

of Hockey Skates and Boots in good condition, cheap for quick sale—apply to Claude Watson, Athens.

Don't Miss The BIG CASH SALE

Jan. 8th to 15th

See Posters for Prices

BIG REDUCTIONS

R. J. CAMPO

Athens

Ontario

"Who sows no seed, no harvest reaps"

The BEST CHRISTMAS GIFT
—An Independent Future

A small monthly payment, or a lump sum, paid in advance, will assure to young and old a Canadian Government Annuity of from

\$50 to \$5,000

a year for life payable monthly or quarterly. May be purchased on a single life, or on two lives jointly. Employers may purchase for their employees.

Apply to your postmaster, or write, postage free, to S. T. Bastedo, Superintendent of Annuities, Ottawa, for new booklet and other information required. Mention age last birthday and sex.