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The Athens Reporter

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Athens, Leeds County, Ontario, Thursday, February 17, 1921

5 Cents Per Copy

Exchange Bulletin Board



This is a convenience that Farmers are appreciating more and more every day. If there is anything you want to buy—or if you have anything you wish to sell—post it on the Exchange Bulletin Board in this Bank. This service has proved a successful method of bringing buyer and seller together. It is free. Ask the Manager for full particulars.

THE MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

Head Office: Montreal, Established 1884.
Athens and Frankville Branches, W. D. Thomas, Manager.
Delta Branch, S. H. Barlow, Manager.

Final
Clearing
of all
Winter
Goods

We have a few odd
lines of

Men's and
Boys--

Suits and
Overcoats

Underwear, Sox
Coat Sweaters, Caps
Gloves and Mitts
to be sold at

LESS THAN COST

The GLOBE
Clothing House

"The Store of Quality"
BROCKVILLE ONTARIO

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.

SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES

The Merchants' Bank of Canada has just installed an additional nest of Safety Deposit Boxes, and you are cordially invited to inspect them. The number of burglaries and hold-ups is increasing alarmingly. Fires are ever occurring. Bonds, Stock Certificates and all other valuable documents should be properly safeguarded. If you own a Bond, Stock Certificate or other valuable papers, not necessarily negotiable, you need adequate protection.

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

Mrs Albert E. Brown and little daughter Jean of Leeds spent the week end in town at the home of Mrs Brown's mother, Mrs M. Rappel. Mrs Brown came at this time to be with her mother on Feb. 12, when she celebrated her 70th birthday.

The brothers and sisters of Mr Richard Henderson are having a farewell dinner to-day Thurs. Feb. 17th, at the home of Mr Henderson's sister Mrs Mary Duclon, Mill St. as Mr Henderson who has spent part of the winter here leaves for his home in Moose Jaw Sask. on this evening's train.

Religious meetings are being held this week in the Township Hall conducted by Mr and Mrs Aikenhead (nee Miss Moses who has visited Athens at other times) of Waburn city Sask. Services every night this week at 7.30 and three times next Sunday. All welcome and anyone who attend will be well repaid.

Mr Clark Wittse who is comfortably situated at the home of his granddaughter Mr Philip Hollingsworth celebrated his 81th birthday on Sunday Feb. 13th.

Miss Edna Berry, of Kingston Mills, is visiting at home of her grandmother, Mrs Henry Johnston Victoria St. and with other relatives.

The next meeting of the Women's Institute will be held on Friday Feb. 25th, at 7.30 P. M. to which the husbands of all Institute members are specially invited.

After a choice musical programme and entertainment, refreshments will be served. We hope for a full attendance at this meeting.

At the January meeting it was decided to call in all the lamps and fixtures belonging to same which had been used heretofore for street lighting. The ladies therefore request all who have such in their possession to have them in readiness on Wed. next 23rd. where the committee will call for them.

Mr and Mrs Robert Powel, Elgin were week end visitors at the home of Mrs Powel's parents, Mr and Mrs Robeson Elgin St.

Miss Nellie Kelly, Rockport is spending a few days at the home of her parents Mr and Mrs T. L. Kelly Elgin St.

Miss Bertha Hollingsworth who has been teaching in the Canadian North West for the past summer is visiting at the home of her parents.

Mr and Mrs R. C. Tatimer, who have been visiting friends in the middle States and their daughter Mrs Roy Coon, of London, Ont. returned on Friday last. We welcome them back to our town.

B. x social.—On Friday evening Feb. 25, at 8 p. m. in the Institute Rooms in the Town Hall, Athens, under auspices of the L. T. L. of Eloida good program assured. come and bring your friend.

Mr Manford Food who has just recovered sufficiently from pneumonia to be able to leave the hospital and spent the week end with his parents here.

Miss Mayme E Lee, Reid St. is visiting at the home of her brother Mr W. V. Lee Almonte.

Mr Deibert Layog is playing hockey in Saskatoon this week on the team of the University of Edmonton.

Miss Leita Kiborn is visiting at the home of her grandparents Mr and Mrs Jas. Ross Church St.

Mr and Mrs Walter H. Smith have moved into the property vacated by W. B. Percival.

The Leeds Farmers Co-operative Co held their Annual Meeting on Monday of this week to receive the yearly report and elect the necessary officers for the Athens Branch for the ensuing year.

Liberty Amusements Present
in the

Town Hall, Athens
SATURDAY NIGHT
Feb. 19th at 8 p. m.

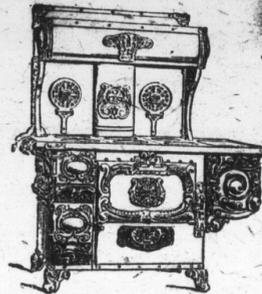
Mrs. Catherine Chaplain

In "The Inferior Sex" Don't fail to see this feature of the season. Also Good Sunshine Comedy

Pictures Guaranteed Good and Clear
Or Your Money Refunded

Adults 30c War Tax Extra Children 20c

10% Discount on Stoves
We Have in Stock



The factories Have not yet intimated a decline in the price of stoves nor will this occur until there is a drop in the price of steel. Nevertheless we are offering this reduction to clear what stock we have on hand. We invite you to make an early inspection of the stoves we have on the floor.

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

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 prices
Singer Sewing Machines, Pianos, Organs

A. Taylor & Son
Athens Ontario

In 1892

We first offered the public our

"SALADA" TEA

Millions now use it to their utmost satisfaction

THE PATH

By ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

Once upon a time there was a squirrel; a gray, furry squirrel with brown eyes. She lived in a place that had no proper name, for it had not yet been "discovered" by men. The squirrel had her house in a hole of the old elm tree. But her babies lived in another hole in another tree. And a spring of water was close by. Hippy-hop, hippy-hop, went the squirrel from tree to tree, bringing nuts to her babies; hippy-hop, hippy-hop to the spring for water. And she made a little track over the snow like ditto marks on white paper.

"Haw!" mocked the old black crow. "Haw! Haw! Don't you wish you could fly over, as I do? You can have no secrets, you squirrel! Everybody knows where you go by the track you make."

"It will melt away in the spring," said the squirrel hopefully.

But when spring came the baby squirrels followed their mother from the nursery to the pantry, from the pantry to the spring and from that spring to another one; making the ditto marks like their mother's in soft mud and sand. So that there grew a fairy line of dots over the hill. And the old crow chuckled.

"Haw! Haw!" said the crow. "What a terrible thing it is not to have wings!"

"Anyway, we make our little marks in the world," retorted the squirrel with dignity.

Now Mr. Fox came snooping out of the woods; snooping and snooping, for he was thirsty. "I wonder where the spring of water is?" said he.

"Haw! Haw!" cried the crow. "Don't you know? Can't you see? The squirrels have made a path. All you have to do is to follow."

"Is that so?" said the fox. "Squirrels and a spring! Meat and drink! Oh!"

But the baby squirrels ran away and hid in their nest up in the tree where the fox could not get them and watched him with frightened eyes. The fox laid his nose to the ground and ran along the little path of ditto marks from the tree to spring. Then he stooped and lapped the sweet water.

"It is good!" he said. "I will come here to drink every day!" And back he trotted to the woods by the way he had come. Every time he came along the squirrel path,—which the squirrel used no more because of him,—his four padded feet made deeper marks in the soft ground; marks that stayed and grew closer together until there was a tiny, wavering, hard path over the hill.

"Haw!" said the old crow. "The squirrel's path is stolen from her. If only she had wings, now."

Now, there came a dry summer in the land. The red man who lived up the river went searching for sweet water. They had never come to the hill where the squirrels lived, for it was a far journey from their country. But one day a party of them, wandering through the woods, came upon the track that first the squirrels and then the fox had made.

"Humph!" cried the Indian chief. "Track of animals. Must be water. Look!" They followed his pointing finger and presently they came to the

spring where fresh water bubbled and flowed temptingly. It was the sweetest sight they had ever seen. The Indians knelt and scooped it up eagerly with their hands.

"Look, here is another spring!" cried a brave who had followed the path still farther.

"Shawmut!" said the chief. "We will name this high ground among hills by this name, which means the Place of Springs. We will make it a place of rest as we go far hunting. We shall always be sure of fresh water here."

From spring to spring they walked in Indian file, and their broad moor-trail of fox and squirrel. Down to the seashore they went, got into their birch canoes and paddled away until another time.

The fox slunk away when he sniffed the scent of man on his usual path. "Haw!" mocked the old crow. "Now they have stolen the path from you, Mr. Fox. If only you had wings!"

The Indians came often to the Place of Springs, and the crooked path over the hill from the shore to the squirrel's spring became plainly marked both in summer and in winter. Past the two trees it went and down to the river beyond, where they shot ducks with bows and arrows.

One day the chief, crouching in the bushes on top of the hill, spied a strange sight in the harbor. It was a boat; a boat with sails. White men were landing!

"Haw!" shrieked the old crow from his ancient perch. "Now you will be crowded from the path in your turn. You red men will see. If only you had wings, as I have, no one could crowd you!"

The Indian slunk away and reported that a big yellow animal with horns was coming along the path up the hill, leading white men to the spring. The Indians were afraid. They had never seen a tame cow. The crow watched the animal leading the first white settlers to the Place of Springs.

"Caw!" he cried. "They are the people who build wings for their ships and fly on the water for a long way. Their feet will tramp, tramp over this land. And their paths will go east and west, north and south. But they have no wings to fly in the air as I do. My paths are everywhere and no one can see them! Caw!" He flapped hastily away; for one of the white men had fired a gun at him. And he had never heard the horrible sound of a gun before.

The yellow cow led the white men along the path from shore to spring; and along the curved path from spring to spring; and over the hill to the river, where she waded in up to her haunches and drank greedily. She had come on a long voyage, where water had been scarce.

The white men looked about and said, "It is a good place for a farm. A good place to settle, because there is water. We will make these fair acres on the hill our home." Along the little path came the steady tramp of feet in heavy boots. Presently strong arms cut down the tree where the squirrel used to live, and the tree where she had kept her nuts. For of course they lay directly in the path.

And they lopped the old crow's pine tree and set a beacon there to guide other white men into the harbor. Of the trees they made logs, which they used to fill in the muddy spots and to make a bridge over the brook. And presently there was no longer a foot-path, but a lane over the hill from shore to river. Up and down the lane began to go carts and after a while, carriages.

"Caw!" said the old crow from his new perch on a neighboring hill. "Who would have thought that wingless men could do so much in a short time? If they had wings, now—"

Years passed. Long ago the red fox and the red men had retreated farther and farther from the Place of Springs. For the much-traveled lane was now paved and had become a beautiful, broad street, with fine houses along it, on one side. But there were still trees on the other side. And on one of them a descendant of the old crow called down to a descendant of the original gray squirrel that had started the path.

"Caw!" he said. "Just listen to the tramp of many feet! An army is marching over the hill, returning from victorious battle. These men are wonderful heroes. If only they had wings, there is no telling what they might do now."

The men who marched were young and strong and had bronzed faces; many of them were wearing crosses and marks of honor. And many of them were descendants of the first white men who had settled the Place of Springs. People cheered and threw up their hats as they passed by. But the squirrel said:

"They are walking the path my ancestors made for them. That is why they look so proud."

"Caw!" contradicted the crow. "They do not know anything about that! Nobody has told them, and they have more interesting things to think of. They do not even know that there are still springs of water hidden on this hill under the stately houses. But they need the springs no longer. They are wonderful creatures, these men. If only they had wings, they might be as wonderful as I."

Even as he spoke there was a great whirring and whizzing overhead. The squirrel darted into his hole, and the crow huddled on the tree, afraid. A huge shape, like a monstrous bird, was hovering above the marching host, following along above the street over the hill. From it a human head looked down.

The crow was too much frightened even to croak. But he muttered to himself, "They have wings! They have wings! They have taken their paths up into the sky!"

"We make only ditto marks," thought the squirrel, trembling. "And the crow makes no paths at all after all these centuries. But the paths of men grow always broader and higher. Who knows where they will come at last?"

"They will make at last a path to the stars!" prophesied the crow, looking wisely at the earnest faces of the young men, their set mouths and their eager eyes.

(The End.)

Prodigious Infants.

Long before the war it was boldly stated that a man was too old at forty. But now it looks likely that soon the cry will be "too old at fifteen!"

A small boy of eight summers recently tackled twenty or thirty of the best chess players in the world, setting them all problems they could not tackle; another child appears on the scene, who, at the age of seven or eight, pens a diary, which the greatest literary lights describe as wonderful; while we'll soon have quite a small library of juvenile novels.

It was regarded as a phenomenon when Chatterton wrote immortal poems at the age of twelve, when Mozart composed in his fifth year a concerto so difficult that only the most practised artists could play it, when the infant son of Evelyn, the diarist, could read Latin and Greek at three and a half, when Macaulay had written a poem as long as "The Lady of the Lake" at eight, and when Millais carried off a gold medal for painting at nine! But now it's becoming quite the usual thing.

Women! Use "Diamond Dyes."

Dye Old Skirts, Dresses, Waists, Coats, Stockings, Draperies, Everything.

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains easy directions for dyeing any article of wool, silk, cotton, linen, or mixed goods. Beware! Poor dye streaks, spots, fades and ruins material by giving it a "dye-look." Buy "Diamond Dyes" only. Druggist has Color Card.

His Apology.

"Why Jimmie," exclaimed the mother of a precocious five-year-old son, "aren't you ashamed to call auntie stupid? Go to her at once and tell her you are sorry."

"Auntie," said the little fellow, "I'm awfully sorry you are so stupid."

Irish Economy.

Mrs. Maloney—"Why, Pat, what ever are you doing? Why, that's the third time you've shaved yourself to-day!"

Pat—"Don't say a word! A penny saved is a penny earned, and it's three times I've shaved myself to-day, and that's a shilling earned!"

Minard's Liniment Relieves Colds, etc.

When Power Comes.

It was in a Christian Endeavor meeting that he made the great discovery. As is generally known, each Endeavorer pledges himself "to take some part, aside from singing, in every Christian Endeavor prayer meeting, unless hindered by some reason which I can conscientiously give to my Lord and Master"—a pledge that has been of incalculable value to the Christian church. He made his discovery the evening on which he was to make his first attempt to fulfil his pledge.

He was afraid. He was just a boy fifteen years old, but he was already deeply conscious of a call to the ministry. He longed to rise and do his part, but he trembled at the thought of it. The Endeavorers with whom he met had a high standard of attainment; the speeches were thoughtful, the prayers had a fine, devotional atmosphere. He did not think that he could do so well as the others.

He decided that he would try first to take part in prayer. He did not believe in actually composing a prayer beforehand, but he tried carefully and conscientiously to prepare his mind, for he was sure that the inspiration that he hoped for would surely come to a mind and heart ready to receive it.

It worried him to feel so nervous. "Surely," he thought, "since I have prayed for strength, I should have it now; yet I feel as weak as water." The great moment drew nearer and nearer, yet he felt no fitter for the ordeal; if anything, he grew more agitated.

"I am not strong enough for it," he said to himself, "and yet I have prayed for strength to do my duty and fulfil my pledge. Why has not God answered my prayer?" Then suddenly a thought flashed into his mind like a ray of light and illuminated his problem. "How do I know, until I try, that God has not given me strength? It is not for the time of waiting but for the action that I have asked his help. I will find out by trying."

The great moment had come. He, the beginner, was on his feet, and it was as if some secret door in his soul had opened, through which poured a flood of prayer. It was not a long prayer; it was simple, perhaps here and there it was crude; but it had burning sincerity that everyone felt. So it was with this youth, who has since become a most effective minister of Christ, learned one of the greatest lessons of life—that God's power comes when faith is perfected in action. "Faith without works is dead."

"Haven't Got Time."

Opportunity tapped at the door. With a chance for a brother within. He rapped till his fingers were sore. And muttered, "Come on, let me in. Here is something I know you can do. Here's a hill I know you can climb." But the brother inside very quickly replied:

"Old fellow, I haven't got time."

Opportunity wandered along. In search of a man who would rise. He said to the indolent fellow:

"Here's a chance for the fellow who tries."

But each of them said with a smile: "I wish I could do it, but I'm very busy to-day, and I'm sorry to say that I really haven't got time."

At last opportunity came. To a man who was burdened with cares.

And said: "I now offer the same Opportunity that has been theirs. Here's a duty that ought to be done. It's a chance if you've got time to take it."

Said the man, with a grin, "Come along, pass it in!"

"I'll either find time or I'll make it."

Of all the excuses there are. By which this old world is accursed. This "Haven't got time" is by far the poorest, the feeblest, the worst. A delusion it is, and a snare; if the habit is yours you should shake it.

For if you want to do what is offered to you. You'll find time to do it, or make it.

The Useful Lion.

According to some of the farmers of East Africa, the lion should be protected as a useful animal, notwithstanding the fact that once in a while he kills a man. The lion, they maintain, is a great destroyer of noxious herbivorous animals, such as zebras and antelopes, which are a scourge to the fields.

In one district, they say, no less than 346 lions were killed in one season by hunters, and they estimate that this represents the saving of 35,000 to 40,000 zebras and antelopes, which would otherwise have fallen a prey to the lions that were destroyed. Of course the hunters shoot zebras and antelopes also, but this fact, they think, does not counterbalance the destruction of those animals that would have been effected by the slain lions.

When a man is generous to a fault it is usually to one of his own faults.

Fish hooks have been made in the same shape for 2,000 years.

Discovery at the wrong time that the oil supply in the crankcase has run low is a common experience of motorists. A standard grade of lubricating oil is now obtainable in a two-quart can, of easily carried form, with an oblique conical top, terminating in a nozzle. The contents are easily emptied directly into the crankcase, without a funnel, and without soiling the hands.



Misses' Account Book.

Meantime Melissa kept a strict eye on the cook and doughnut output. She always made nine dozen cookies and six dozen doughnuts. Try her best, she could not shorten the cooky time less than two hours; the doughnuts took an hour and a half. The cakes had to remain in the hot fat three minutes and cookies could not be hurried in the oven without burning. Reckoning the cost as what she had to pay for flour and sugar and flavors, and what she received for eggs, cream and shortening; plus labor and fuel, she found that cookies cost nearly nine cents a dozen less than doughnuts. There was one way to save money but the time was longer. Why not shorten the time by dropping the cookies instead of rolling and cutting them?

And why spend so much time in baking, anyway, she pondered. The Tompkins family was noted for its lavish table, it was a matter of pride with them all. But born of her knowledge acquired from studying how to feed Danny, Melissa knew that rich, baked foods figured altogether too largely in their diet. During the war, when food restrictions were on, they had cut out a large part of the pastry and ate more vegetables and fruit. This quiet, observant wife and mother knew that the simpler diet had brought about a decided improvement to health and temper. But as soon as restrictions were removed, Dan and his father and mother had insisted on a return to the good old days of pies, pudding and iced cakes and Melissa was forced to give in.

This morning she did a little quiet thinking. All great reforms come gradually. Why not reform the family table so slowly that they would never suspect? She really believed that what they objected to in war times was not so much the idea that they did not have the baked stuff as the idea that they could not have it. If she quietly substituted some easily made fruit or gelatine desserts for pies and puddings, and occasionally was too busy to make anything, they would not suspect her and so would not oppose.

The dinner hour came all too quickly but with the help of Mother Tompkins, the meal was ready on the dot. Melissa stole an appraising glance at the new man as he entered the washroom. Mother Tompkins frankly stared.

"One of the lean ones, and they're always hungry," she said in a loud undertone to Melissa. "Well, it can't be said that anyone ever went away hungry from the Tompkins' unless they were too bashful to eat."

Certainly no one need go away from that dinner table hungry! There was ham, which Melissa had fried down in October, mashed potatoes, squash, corn, tomato relish, pickled peaches, brown bread, white bread, fresh fried cakes, apple pie, cheese, a three-quart pitcher of milk and tea.

Cassius, the new man, needed not Dan's urging to "go to it." Melissa, knowing the approximate weight of each slice of ham, estimated that a full pound went to furnish Cassius the calories he needed to get through the afternoon. She watched him, fascinated, as mounds of potatoes and squash, five slices of bread, three doughnuts and a pint of milk accompanied the ham before he turned his attention to pie and cheese.

"Isn't there another piece of pie for Cass?" asked Dan.

"He never can eat it," Melissa thought as she brought it in, but Cassius disproved this doubt of his gastronomic ability by not only eating the pie, but a generous slab of cheese, washing all down with a glass of milk.

Dan, passing through the pantry, spied the fresh cookies. "Hello!" he crowed; "thought you'd hide 'em on us, eh? Help yourself, Cass! We'll need a snack this afternoon."

A dozen cookies went out with the men. Melissa could hardly wait for the door to shut on them to get at her notebook.

"How Dan would rave if he knew I was keeping track of what anyone ate," she smiled. "But I guess he'll rave worse when he sees how much that man's meal cost him."

Housekeeping, never dull to Melissa, became an interesting game. There had been a number of things she wanted to buy but had given up because she felt she could not afford them. Now, with her neatly-kept account book showing her endless ways to save, she saw how she could get not only the things she had thought of but many others. Just the saving on cookies as compared with doughnuts quickly gave her the price of the magazine she wanted to take. And one crust pie, especially with low-priced pumpkins as against high-priced apples, made a great difference. She sold a bushel of apples, though they were short their usual winter's supply and brought a bread mixer.

She learned, too, many ways to save time. She had never been able to attend the meetings of her club more than two or three times a year, and as to getting an hour a day to rest or read, she had never seen it. Now she studied the clock as religiously as she did her account books. Drop cookies and hermits replaced rolled

cookies with fig filling. She gave Dan his favorites just often enough to keep him good-natured. Bread-making was shortened by modern methods she had learned at home economics demonstrations.

Much to Mother Tompkins' horror, dish-drying was cut to tins and cutlery. Boiling rinse water and plenty of it, turned the trick.

"It saves time and money," Melissa explained patiently. "There's fewer towels to buy and hem."

"But I can dry them, I've nothing else to do," Mother Tompkins parried. "What will the neighbors say?"

"Just think of all the other things you can use that time for," answered Melissa, overlooking "the neighbors."

"You could get at that Log Cabin quilt you've been wanting to piece for Danny. And there's that new knitting pattern you wanted to learn."

"But nobody sews or knits mornings!" Mother Tompkins died hard. "That's because they've never had time," Melissa explained. "Let's you and me make time—the way men make money!"

With Dan's threat of killing all the chickens kept fresh in mind by his weekly appearance with one for her to dress, Melissa gave a great deal of thought to the cost of eggs. It was not fair to charge the hens up with the cost of winter feed and take no account of what they did in summer. Luckily she had always kept track of the eggs sold and the money received, and rummaging among old bills in Dan's desk she found feed bills for three summer-months. These, with her accounts, gave her a pretty fair average of a hen's earning power.

(Concluded next week.)

Glass from Soot.

We have all heard-the story of how glass was invented—that shipwrecked sailors built fire on the sands and that the heat of the fire melted the sand and turned it into glass.

Sad as it is to turn down the legends of our childhood, this one must go with the rest. Apart from the fact that glass was known to the Egyptians 5,200 years ago, no ordinary fire could melt sand. Another objection is that glass is not made of sand alone, but of a mixture of silty sand with an alkaline earth such as lime.

Few of us realize to what extent we depend on glass. We might put up with tale or oiled-silk for windows, but just think how many people would be reduced to practical blindness without spectacles!

Where would science be without the microscope and telescope? Without glass we should know nothing about microbes or the causes of disease. Botany and natural history could never have progressed at all.

In old days the sand used for the best glass was that brought from Mount Carmel to the mouth of the river Belus; to-day we get our best sand from Epinal, in Belgium, Paris, and Co. Donegal, in Ireland. This is mixed with sulphate of soda in order to produce the best flint glass.

All sorts of things are used in the manufacture of different kinds of glass, including fine dust, which supplies potash and lead in the form of red-lead or lead rust. For coloring glass, such metals as iron, copper, nickel, manganese, aluminum, cobalt, and chromium are employed.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

We all know the fate of the lazy woodchuck who trusted to one hole.

Machinery has been invented in Norway for making anchor chains that are said to be as good as hand made.

Fun Exchange

The Ratepayer Publishing Co., of Toronto, at No. 3 Columbia Ave., will buy jokes, old, new, fresh or stale, on any topic. Must be less than 50-word stories. Send your contributions to-day. Liberal rates.

COARSE SALT LAND SALT Bulk Carlots TORONTO SALT WORKS G. J. OLIFF - TORONTO

Forestall Colds, Chills and Influenza

Take BOVRIL

Use Bovril in your cooking. It flavours, enriches, nourishes more.

The Body-building Power of Bovril has been proved by independent scientific experiments to be from 10 to 20 times the amount of Bovril taken.

Canadian Talc and Its Uses

Among Canada's more useful non-metallic minerals, talc is probably the most adaptable and widely used, entering into the finishing process of some of the most common commodities.

Talc, sometimes designated soapstone, asbestos, French chalk, mineral pulp, talclay and verdolite, is found in Cape Breton and Inverness counties in Nova Scotia; Frontenac, Hastings, Leeds, Lennox and Renfrew counties and Kenora district in Ontario; Beauce, Brome and Megantic counties in Quebec, and in the Leech River section of the Victoria mining division of British Columbia. In color it ranges from white to greyish green, while to the touch it has a soft and apparently greasy or slippery feeling. It is a non-conductor of heat and electricity and is resistant to most chemical action.

Its chief uses are as a filler in the finishing of book papers and as a dressing for white cottons, also in the finishing of window blind cloth. Talc is largely used in the manufacture of rubber goods and to overcome the friction between inner tubes and the

covers of bicycle and automobile tires. Finely-powdered white talc is used in the making of enamel and other paints while the poorer grades are dusted on roofing paper and tar felts before rolling, to prevent sticking.

In the preparation of toilet articles, however, talc is most generally known, being the base for talcum powders, tooth pastes and powders, shoe, glove and other lubricating powders, and as a filler or loader for the cheaper grades of toilet soap.

The coarser grades of talc are used for electric switchboards, laboratory table tops, sanitary fittings, stove and furnace linings and acid tanks, as a dressing for fine leathers and as a lubricant.

Talc, owing to the ease with which it can be served, is often used in the production of statues and ornaments, and can be sawn into slabs for surfacing. The adaptability of talc is constantly finding new uses for it, and an increasing production is evident. In 1919 18,642 tons was mined, of a value of \$116,295. The greater portion was exported to the United States and Cuba, but a considerable portion was marketed in Canada.

Curfew Hour in Ireland

Any Irish town is the "City of Dreadful Night" these days, but even the reign of terror and counter terror jointly engineered by Sinn Fein and Black and Tans has its moments of humor. Here is a gloomy description, sent by a correspondent to The Manchester Guardian, that winds up with a smile:

The streets are in total darkness, for the lights went out with a gasp as the clock struck 10. Suddenly the blinding flash of a searchlight plays from end to end of the highway; the bearing car moves slowly along, stopping to light up with a dazzling radiance every nook and corner of the intersecting side streets. Through the network of streets the cars and the foot parties of military move methodically; a trio of searchlights quivers over the roofs; now and again comes the voice of authority with a curt but determined "Halt!"

A crumpling lorry with an armored car in the rear scurries from street to street. The heavy, measured tread of the pickets resounds down the byways. Unto the keeping of khaki the city has been delivered.

Down a narrow alley shuffled an unkempt and shivering figure. A tramp grown tired into weariness of the casual ward, grown sick unto fear of the damp and drafts of the hallways of the tenements. A friend had told him that curfew offenders were not treated so badly at all. They got a free motor drive, fairish quarters for the night, and it was on record that a kindly corporal had been known to pass around a packet of woodbines, a

simple private been understood to have produced his pouch in case any one wanted a fill.

The tramp stepped almost boldly into the street. The sharp breeze sent his right hand to his unfastened shirt front. With a flash the searchlight had found him, while a lorry raced along to meet him. But the light was switched away; the vehicle lumbered by without noticing him. A picket marched along an intersecting street thirty yards in front, utterly oblivious of his existence.

He had grown tired of walking, and decided to draw the attention of the next picket. Then, from a doorway came the sharp command, "Halt!" The flashlight blinded him for a moment, the accoutrements of the half dozen soldiers unnerved him. The sergeant wanted to know what about it.

"Honest to God, sergeant, I wouldn't be out after curfew if I had a place to sleep. I tell you."

"That'll do."

The sergeant talked aside with one of the men.

"Don't keep that bayonet so close to me, sonny," requested the tramp. "I was in the army myself, all through the Boer War. And look at me now."

"Here!" out in the sergeant, "you pop off home! Quick about it, now!" The tramp began to explain his case. But the glistening of the raindrops on two pairs of bayonets, the flashing of the torchlight decided him. He was about to retrace his steps.

"No, the way you were going," ordered the sergeant. "Right on home, and be nippy about it."

Fish That Growl

A fish that growls and meows like a cat is found in certain parts of South America, Africa, and Australia.

It looks much more like a snake than a fish. It has lungs, and is obliged to put its head out of water to breathe. Lung fish, as these creatures are called, are a link between reptiles and fish—the nearest kind to the original stock from which snakes and fish both sprang.

One reason why these strange fish have been preserved thousands and thousands of years after their prehistoric ancestors were extinct is because they can live easily through long droughts. Alligators and their African cousins, the crocodiles, are almost the only enemies they have to fear except man.

Their rich salmon flesh is highly prized by the Indians, who go after them with spears.

In the natural state, the African lung fish is about eighteen inches long, but when kept in aquariums and fed the year round, instead of lying dormant for lack of water, they grow to be two feet and half long and weigh six pounds or more.

It is a fact that there are fish which cannot swim. A Brazilian fish, called the maltha, can only crawl, walk or hop. It has a long, upturned snout, and resembles to some extent a toad. The anterior fins of the maltha are quite small, and are in reality thin paws, which are of no service for swimming.

Caught!

"Only fools are sure of anything," asserted the argumentative husband.

"Oh, I don't know that, dear," reasoned his wife.

"Oh, don't you?" he retorted. "Well, I do. I'm jolly well sure of it!"

And the little woman simply smiled and went on with her knitting.

The cardinal's hat, probably the most elaborate and expensive piece of headgear in the world, is worn once only by its exalted owner. This is when he is first presented at the Pontifical Court. Afterwards it hangs above the altar of the private chapel of his eminence until his death, when it is buried with him.

Responsibility of Parents

Marked results of lack of thought and indulgence in the training and discipline of the child are evident in the health of children both of the preschool and school age.

In a day's routine for the average child many habits that promise health and happiness for him can be under the direct supervision of the parents.

Breakfast is a most important meal. Failure to have this meal regularly, with plenty of time allowed for the thorough mastication of the whole-some foods properly prepared, is one of the bad habits that contributes so largely to malnutrition sooner or later.

A good breakfast for a school child should consist of fruit, cereal, toast or roll with milk or cocoa. If the food budget affords eggs for breakfast, they are a valuable addition to the meal, but not necessary if plenty of milk is provided during the day. Such fruits as oranges, prunes, and baked apples are wholesome and easily prepared, and cereals like oatmeal, whole wheat preparations and rice are more nutritious and less expensive than many of the "ready-to-eat" cereals.

If the distance is not too great, it is better for the child to come home for the noonday meal. The walk gives an opportunity for exercise and fresh air and helps to stimulate his appetite. At home the mother can better control the selection of food than at school. However, where the school has a lunchroom managed by a trained dietitian, a wholesome, hot lunch may be obtained at small cost, and in this case

it may be advisable for the child to buy his lunch. Should the school lunch or sandwiches brought from home be supplemented with a hot soup or drink from the lunchroom, the mother should inquire of what the lunch consisted, so that she may correct bad habits, if necessary, and plan the evening meal accordingly. The importance of ten to fifteen minutes' rest after the noonday meal should be emphasized. Running to school, strenuous exercise, is no aid to digestion.

After the closing of school there should be time and opportunity for play and recreation out of doors, if the weather permits, and rest before the evening meal.

Children under ten years should not be given meat more than once a day, and then preferably at the noon meal. A typical, good evening meal for a child under ten might consist of a cream vegetable soup, a baked potato or cereal, bread and butter and milk. A simple dessert like custard, baked apple, rice pudding may be given in place of potato or cereal, and a vegetable may be wisely included.

After the evening meal the child may study, read or play quiet games for an hour, and then prepare for bed. The importance of rest cannot be too strongly impressed upon parents. Every child under ten should have ten to twelve hours of sleep in a well-ventilated, dark and quiet room, and children over ten should be encouraged to sleep at least ten hours.

If God had intended man to go backward, He would have given him eyes in the back of his head.—Victor Hugo.

The World's Smallest Screws

The smallest screws in the world—those turned out in a watch factory—are cut from steel wire by a machine, but as the chips fall from the knife it looks as if the operator were simply cutting up the wire to amuse himself. No screws can be seen, and yet a screw is made every third operation.

The fourth jewel-screw is almost invisible, and to the naked eye it resembles dust. With a glass, however, it is seen to be a small screw, with 260 threads to an inch, and with a very fine glass the threads may be seen clearly.

These tiny screws are four one-thousandths of an inch in diameter. It is estimated that an ordinary thumb would hold 100,000 of them. About 1,000,000 are made in a month, but no attempt is ever made to count them.

In determining the number 100 of them are placed on a very delicate balance and the number of the whole amount is calculated from the weight of these.

The screws are then hardened and put in frames, about 100 to the frame, heads up. This is done very rapidly, but entirely by the sense of touch, so that a blind man could do it as well as the owner of the sharpest eye. The heads are then polished in an automatic machine, 10,000 at a time.

For carpenters a work-bench has been invented which can be folded and carried in a tool-chest.

The new Welland ship canal is the third to be built between Lakes Erie and Ontario. It will be 25 miles long, and will have seven enormous locks, with 80 feet of water for vessels 800 feet long and 80 feet wide. It is an undertaking of magnitude second only to the Panama Canal.

Pep.

Water must be heated to 212 degrees before it can generate enough steam to force the piston in the locomotive sufficiently to move the train. Two hundred degrees won't do it; 210 degrees won't do it; 211 degrees won't do it; only 212 degrees of vapor will pull the trick.

Now, there are multitudes of men who try to move their life train with low temperature, half-hearted efforts. The enthusiasm which moves the life train and does things, won't be generated at a low temperature, an ordinary ambition, by cheap-John efforts.

The enthusiasm which buoys us up, the enthusiasm which accompanies mastery will not be generated in an idle brain, or by a half-hearted effort. It takes ginger, grit, pluck and pep to do the trick. And you can't generate these qualities by a low temperature.

Roads Made of Oil.

Oil is the best material for modern road-making! It withstands the wear and tear of motor traffic better than anything else.

The majority of oil roads have been made with pitch, or asphalt, which is really oil that has not been refined.

Asphalt is found in California and South America, but in the island of Trinidad alone there is a supply of asphalt practically inexhaustible. Sir Walter Raleigh it was discovered these asphalt lakes in Trinidad. The largest he named Pitch Lake. It is about 30 acres in expanse and of unknown depth.

It is only about fifty years ago that scientists suddenly bethought themselves that this asphalt, or pitch, would be a perfect material for road-making. Previous to that this enormous supply of oil had not been made use of by man until about 1850, when some smart young men conceived the idea of getting oil from it. This enterprise failed owing to the enormous expense and the competition of the natural oil springs in other parts of the globe.

In 1870 a company was started in earnest. A factory was built on the shores of Pitch Lake, railways were laid to the coast, about a mile and a half away, and a jetty built for ships. During the next twenty years close on three million tons of asphalt were got from Pitch Lake. This did not exhaust the lake; on the contrary, as soon as a gap is made by an extraction it just fills up again in the most marvellous manner. Consequently, the size of the lake never diminishes.

Romance of Hymns.

Some of the most beautiful and popular of our hymns were the offspring of sadness and tragedy.

Charlotte Elliott wrote "Just As I Am" when she was ill and discouraged. The Rev. Henry Francis Lyte wrote "Abide With Me" when "the darkness of death" was creeping over him.

Gowper tried to commit suicide twice and failed, after which he wrote, "God Moves in a Mysterious Way."

Apart from the great beauty of "Our Blest Redeemer" the hymn is remarkable from the fact that the authoress, Harriet Auber, first wrote it on a pane of glass in a window of her house at Hoddeston.

"Christians, Awake, Salute the Happy Morn," has been a favorite hymn for more than one hundred and fifty years. John Byrom, the author, wrote it for his favorite daughter, Dolly, who found it one Christmas morning among her other presents.

"There is a Happy Land" was written by Andrew Young in 1838. He happened, during that year, to be spending his holiday at Rothsay, and one day passed the afternoon in the house of a friend. A little girl began to play a pretty Indian melody on the piano, and Mr. Young begged her to play it again, remarking that it would make a capital tune for a children's hymn. That night the tune still haunted him, and early in the morning he rose and, walking in the garden, wrote the hymn.

Perhaps the most quickly-written hymn was "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," composed by Bishop Heber in little more than fifteen minutes.

Study Men.

Some men have within them that which always spurs them on, while some need artificial initiative, outside encouragement.

Some men exert themselves under stern discipline; some respond only to a gentle rein.

Some men need driving; some coaxing. Some need the spur; some the sugar lump.

Some men do their best with work piled shoulder high; some men must have it given them a piece at a time.

Some men thrive on discouragement; some cannot work without cheerfulness.

Study men—the men over you, under you, around you.

Study them and learn how to get from each the best that is in him.

HOW ANIMALS DEFEND THEMSELVES

USE WEAPONS PROVIDED BY NATURE.

Have Different Ways of Fighting According to the Nature of the Enemy.

Man is the only animal who deliberately fashions weapons with which to fight. Some of his monkey cousins throw stones and nuts and anything that is handy; and a few of the larger and more powerful apes are said to use clubs, but none of these weapons were fashioned for fighting. All other animals depend on the weapons with which nature had equipped them.

And nature has not been stingy either in the perfection or the range of her gifts. To each and every species she has given some natural weapon with which it can capture (or fight to retain possession of) its food, defend itself against enemies that seek to make food of it, fight for the possession of its chosen mate, and protect its young. To one species she has given teeth, to another claws, to others hoofs, spurs, poison fangs, dagger-like bills, stings, stench, spit balls and the like. Species which she did not endow with sufficient means for defense have either perished or survive only by their swift heels or the ability to conceal themselves with which she has supplied them.

Most animals have several different ways of fighting, according to whether they are fighting against others of their own kind or against outsiders who wish to eat them or whom they wish to eat.

Thus cats, from the household pet up to the lion, try to spring or pounce on the backs of the game they hunt and, unless the victim is much smaller, to cling there, tearing at its throat till it falls. But when they come to defend themselves against each other or against some enemy of fairly equal powers they try to get on top of their backs with the enemy on top of them, so that they can use all four sets of claws to rip his undersides to ribbons.

A fight between two equally well-matched cats is a whirlwind in which each is trying to get underneath the under-cat is in no such serious a fix as the under-dog is said to be.

When compelled to face a much stronger adversary, from which they are unable to escape or to which they are unwilling to abandon their food or their young, cats, like most other animals, bare their teeth, arch their backs, bristle their fur, and snarl in an attempt to frighten the foe away.

Rely Upon Their Teeth.

Very different are the fighting methods of dogs, wolves, and their kindred. These have no claws and rely almost solely on their teeth. In attacking large game they bite at his heels, attempting to hamstring the victim to prevent it from running away, or, when in packs, they spring at their quarry's throat and try to drag it down by weight of numbers. If the chosen victim also unite in self-defense, they try to frighten some unlucky beast into breaking away from the rest and then concentrate on him.

Some sorts of smaller game (such as rabbits), they easily kill with a single bite; but other sorts (rats, for instance), which are fighters themselves, they try to bite, to toss quickly into the air, to catch and bite again, toss again, and so on till the victim is dead.

In fighting with their fellows some of the dog tribe "slash" with knife-like teeth and then jump away to avoid a counter stroke; others bite deep (at the throat, if possible), and hold on. Most sorts try to knock their opponents over on their backs so as to get at their throats. (In fighting with one of the big cats a wolf would try to bite and jump away before the cat could smash his abdomen.) Always the canines try to keep on top and never to fall on their backs.

Bears fight chiefly with their forearms, with which they either strike or hug, though they also use their jaws and sometimes their mere weight to crush their foes. Their feet have claws, of course, but they use these comparatively little in fighting; it is the strength of their blow that does the work. (Bears have been taught to wear gloves and hats.) The great weapon of the bear in fighting with larger adversaries is the hug; once let him wrap his arms about his enemy, and he will break his backbone and squeeze the breath out of him.

Horns and Hoofs Are Useful.

Most of the deer and cattle tribes fight with their horns and to a less degree with hoofs. They seldom need to fight for food; but the males fight furiously, chiefly with their horns, against each other for rulership over the cows. And having won the leadership of the herd the victor, aided by the younger males, must defend his big family against all outside enemies. The buffaloes, in days when they were numerous, when attacked by wolves that would not be driven away, would form a ring, horns lowered, within which the calves and cows were secure.

All the big "herbivores" use their hoofs to repel attacks, but most of them are always ready to take advantage of any chance to trample their foes with their hoofs, which range all the way from razor sharp to crushing-ly heavy.

Weeds and Their Control

It is impossible to estimate even approximately the loss caused by weeds to Canadian agriculture. A bulletin recently published in the United States estimates the annual loss due to weeds in that country at more than \$300,000,000. Not long ago a western paper stated that the annual loss to farmers of Saskatchewan due to weeds was not less than \$25,000,000. If there is this loss in one province, the total in all Canada must be tremendous. There are many districts in the Dominion that stand high in weed production.

Weeds cause a direct, actual money loss such as those due to drought, hail or frost. There is also a loss in depreciation of property badly infested with weeds.

We do not know the full reason why weeds reduce crop yields, but it is well known that weeds deprive crops of moisture, plant food and sunlight, which cause decreased yields. A crop of grain or grass and clover seed grade No. 1, and there are certain weed seeds which it is well nigh impossible to screen out. Every time a sample of grain or grass seed drops a grade the price is lowered.

Weeds cause much extra work. They must be handled a number of times in a grain crop, and extra ploughing and cultivating are necessary in a weed-infested field if a crop is to be obtained. Net profits are reduced because of increased cost of production and of cheapened product. In a sense, farming is a war on weeds. This warfare must be unremitting and relentless if the farmer is to emerge vic-

torious. Many men make a start to clear their farms of weeds but quit too soon. The campaign is stopped when success is in sight. The plan of attack must be carefully made and faithfully carried out. Every farmer should be his own weed inspector and his own weed eradicator.

Lack of careful planning with reference to weeds is too frequently evident throughout Canada. One man puts in more hoed crop than he can properly care for; another fails to follow a short or systematic rotation of crops; still others fail to give the land sufficient preparation for their crops, or sow seed that is foul with weed seeds. It is because these things have not been given sufficient consideration in the past that the evil conditions of to-day prevail. The weed problem is one of national concern and calls for active co-operation on a large scale. Every member of the community is affected and should lend assistance. Farmers, weed inspectors, owners of vacant property, township and county councils, and governments should work together if weeds are to be held in check.

The problem is how to get rid of weeds and keep them out. First, follow a short rotation of crops; cultivate the land thoroughly and often; prevent weeds going to seed; clean all seed before it is sown.

If the grain field is weedy, seed it heavily to clover and grass; mow the annuals and biennials before they seed, and pasture closely to keep down perennials; follow by a hoed crop or smother crop and most varieties of weeds will be checked.

If a man stumbles, here's my hand; if he lies down, there's the door.—P. C. Deeble.

Horses, mules, zebras and the like strike with their fore feet and bite and tear with their jaws—until they get a chance to turn around and deal a knockdown blow with their heavy heels. After this they trample their prostrate foes. Of course neither horses nor cattle can really fight against a big cat that lands fairly on their backs.

The skunk—well, the skunk has its own means of defence, and the least said about it the better.

The camel and the llama, under sufficient provocation, will hurl at their annoyances a "spit-hall" of semi-digested food, whose effects are not so lasting but are scarcely less unpleasant than those of the skunk's effusions. And, of course, the elephant will at times squirt a very wet and very forcible stream of water at one who displeases him. However, he prefers to do real fighting with his tusks, his trunk, or his heavy feet.

Feed on Victim's Blood.

Muskos, ferrets, weasels, and the like seem to kill not for food, but merely for the love of killing. In reality, however, they kill recklessly because they live on the blood rather than on the flesh of their victims—and blood is a very small part of the bulk of any animal. They are very deadly foes, for they are slender enough to go nearly anywhere and they are very strong, very quick, and very fierce.

The kangaroo fights with his feet. He sits up, as the bear does, but he strikes with his hind and not his fore feet. His claws are sharp and his muscles strong; and when he lands he is likely to rip and to stun his enemy.

Birds of prey are naturally fierce fighters, because, like beasts of prey, they win their food by fighting. Most of them possess sharp claws, controlled by mighty muscles, that clutch and tear and strangle their victims.

Most birds (other than birds of prey) fight with their bills; and anyone who has been pecked by a cross, setting-hen can testify that the hint to go away delivered by a hard bill is a forcible one. The males of some species of birds are also armed with spurs, which they use with deadly effect against each other and sometimes against much larger foes.

Diving for Ducks.

One of the most extraordinary tribes in the world are the Agalambu of New Guinea. They are duck or web-footed people, whose feet are so tender that they cannot walk on dry land.

They live in huts built on ten-foot poles in the midst of marsh, and are so much at home in the water that they seem "to stand upright in that element without any perceptible effort," says Captain Monckton, in "Some Experiences of a New Guinea Magistrate."

They never leave the morass, the skin of their feet being so tender that they bleed freely when they try to walk on hard ground.

They catch duck by diving under them and catching the birds' legs, while their diet consists chiefly of fish, water-fowl, sago, and the roots of water-lilies. They keep pigs swung in cradles underneath their houses, lying on their bellies, with their legs stuck through the bottom, and feed them upon fish and sago.

The dead are "buried" by being tied to a stake. "The body secured well above flood level."

Asbestos was known to the Romans two thousand years ago.

Joy of the Thinker.

No man has earned the right to intellectual ambition until he has learned to lay his course by a star which he has never seen, to dig by the driving rod for springs which he may never reach. In saying this I point to that which will make your study heroic. For I say to you in all address of conviction, that to think great thoughts you must be heroes as well as idealists. Only when you have worked alone, when you have felt around you a black gulf of solitude more isolating than that which surrounds the dying man, and in hope and in despair have trusted to your own unshaken will, then only will you have achieved. Thus only can you gain the secret isolated joy of the thinker who knows that long after he is dead and forgotten, men who never heard of him will be moving to the measure of his thought—the subtle rapture of the postponed power which the world knows not because it has no external trappings but which to his prophetic vision is more real than that which commands an army. And if this joy should not be yours still it is only thus that you can know that you have done what lay in you to do, can say that you have lived and be ready for the end.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Forestry Department at B.C. University.

An important recent development in forestry is the inauguration of a Department of Forestry in the Faculty of Science, University of British Columbia, under Prof. H. R. Christie. A five-year course will be given during the first two years of which the instruction will consist of general arts and science subjects, as in the courses in chemical, mechanical, mining and civil engineering. During the last three years, the student will specialize in forestry, this being definitely recognized as a branch of the engineering profession. Prof. Christie was for a number of years in the British Columbia Forest Branch, also with the Canadian Engineers in France. He is a graduate of the Faculty of Forestry, University of Toronto. The establishment of the new School of Forestry at Vancouver should mean much in the future development of forestry work in the western provinces, particularly British Columbia, which has had to bring her forestry experts from outside the province. The existence of progressive forest facilities is largely responsible for the progress of the forestry movement in Canada.

Not the Coal We Know.

Do you know there exists such things as an island of coal, coal-fish, cole-seeds, cole-worts, coal-tits, and coal-mice? A little explanation.

The Isle of Coal, or Coll, or Col—whichever you like—consists of one large rock in the Hebrides, the Western Isles of Scotland. Its surface is covered with a layer of earth, so thin as to admit of but little cultivation. It is about thirteen miles long by three miles wide, and belongs to Argyllshire.

Coal-fish are a species of cod, so named from the color of their backs, and they abound around the Orkneys. The cole-perch is a small species of the common perch.

Cole-worts are a species of cabbage, which grew wild on the sea-coast, sometimes called kail. Cole-seeds, like the foregoing, have nothing in common with coal. They grow on waste grounds, in cornfields, or anywhere, are a kind of cabbage, and are used in the manufacture of soap.

Coal-tits are small birds of Scotland, with black heads, while coal-mice are small, black-headed tit-mice.

Practically all of the hard labor done in Bombay, India, is done by the women of that country.



RECONSTRUCTION is the order of the day. If you have formed the Savings habit you are prepared to meet its opportunities; if not, reconstruct your methods and begin today. We have a Savings Department at every Branch.

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ATHENS BRANCH

W. A. Johnson Manager

The Athens Reporter

ISSUED WEEKLY

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

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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 ads 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

Plum Hollow

Mrs J. H. Bates, Marion Ohio is visiting friends, being called home by the serious illness of her mother Mrs T. Kilborn also Mr Frank Kilborn Coronation Alta.

Mrs Jas. W. Lee has been at Lyndhurst caring for her brothers wife who is very low.

Mrs Bert Barber is confined to her home through illness.

Mr Geo. Tackaberry still continues in poor health.

Mrs and Mrs Chas. Chant entertained their friends on Friday evening last.

Mr Harvey Kilborn Niagara Falls has returned to his home on Saturday last.

Mrs John Morris Athens is caring for Mrs Kilborn who is seriously ill with heart trouble.

Mr John W. Lee and Mr and Mrs Chas. W. Lee are at Lyndhurst attending the funeral of the late Mrs M. Sweet.

Sand Bay

Mr Rodgers is having some bees drawing his wood for the factory the sleighing is not very good for drawing wood.

Cecil Fair is sawing wood in this neighborhood.

Mr John Eves is hired in Fair Fax cheese factory for the coming summer and Mr Elmer Cross as helper.

Mr Richard McCrady, we are all glad to hear is on the gain but still confined to the bed.

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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.

OBITUARY

The late Bruce N. Johnston.

The death occurred at Kingston General hospital on Sunday afternoon the 5th, inst. of Bruce Norman Johnston in the 28th year of his age. He was the youngest son of the late Norman and Mrs Johnston of Lansdowne he was taken ill a few days previously later pneumonia developed followed by blood poisoning causing death he was born at Sand Bay. Educated in the local school and Brockville Collegiate institute, subsequently he attended the Kingston model school and taught for a time. When the war broke out he felt the urgency of the call to serve and finally enlisted in the Royal Air Force. He was training for over seas service when the armistice was signed. He decided to continue his studies and entered Queens University about 15 months ago. He was a second year student in arts. The funeral was held in Lansdowne on Tuesday 7th. inst. there was in attendance a large delegation of the deceased fellow students from Queens six of their number deposited ribbons of Queens colors on the casket. The floral offerings were beautiful and abundant. Pieces being sent by arts 23. arts society. Alma Mater society Queens University, Mr Tom Willis, Miss Eileen Jandrew, Miss Blanche Willis, Mr & Mrs Arthur, Mr James Greer and Mrs Tackaberry also friends from the deceased boarding house in Kingston. The presence of a very large congregation and the sympathetic interest shown by all in the funeral proceedings indicated the high esteem in which the late Bruce N. Johnston was held. Rev. I. N. Peckstead of the Presbyterian church preached the funeral sermon from Psalm 89. 47. Remember how short my time is wherefore hast thou made all men in vain" Rev. Cecil Winter, Rector was present and assisted reading Psalm 103. and a part of the burial service. The late Bruce N Johnston was exceptionally popular at college and in all circles of his acquaintance his popularity was due not to any flashy social gifts but solid worth of character and

attractiveness of disposition he was a consistent member of the church possessed high ideals and had been spared to complete his course and pursue his life work without doubt have been eminently successful.

He leaves to mourn his loss his mother Mrs R. N. Johnston, Messrs Maxwell and Archie, brother and sister Haskin, all of Lansdowne besides a large circle of relatives and friends.

Charleston

R. J. Ferguson surprised some of his neighbors by being united in marriage on Tuesday Feb. 8th. to Miss Gorslin of Bedford Mills.

R. Foster Brockville spent a couple of days last week at his home here.

Edward Webster is quite poorly.

Mr and Mrs M. J. Kavanagh, L. Botsford and J. Davis played for L. O. O. F. at home in the town hall Athens on Monday evening Feb. 7th.

Mr and Mrs Duff Heffernan entertained very pleasantly at once on Monday evening. Among the guests were several residents of Charleston.

Wood cutting and ice harvesting is the order of the day here.

Mrs Beecher will not return to Charleston this year as she has leased her property.

Newboro

Nearly all the young people from here attended the carnival at Crosby Saturday evening. The band was also engaged for the occasion.

Mr Chas. Bass who has been suffering from a severe attack of appendicitis motored to the Brockville hospital on Sunday.

Elgin and Newboro hockey teams played a friendly game of hockey Saturday on Newboro rink. The home team won with six scores to Elgin's two.

The young people of Newboro purpose holding a carnival Thursday evening Feb. 17. Music will be supplied also lunch will be served from a booth at the rink.

The farmers of this vicinity are busy putting in their summer's supply of ice.

Newboro and Westport hockey teams have agreed to play hockey Wed. Feb. 16 on Newboro rink. The team that breaks the tie with the greatest number of scores will play in Sealey's Bay on Saturday. The two former games played by Newboro and Westport have been ties.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner in the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A.D. 1896.

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills for constipation.



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The Churches

Methodist Church
Rev. S. F. Newton, Minister

10.30 a.m.—Sacramental Service.

7.00 p.m.—What Think Ye of Christ.

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

Second Sunday in Lent

Christ Church, Athens—

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

7.00 p.m.—Evening prayer.

7.30 p.m. Tuesday, Address with Lantern Address

7.30 p.m. Friday, Litany and Address

Trinity Church, Oak Leaf—

11.00 a.m.—Holy Communion.

St. Paul's, Delta—

1.30 p.m.—Sunday School.

2.30 p.m.—Evening Prayer.

Baptist Church
R. E. NICHOLS, Pastor

Plum Hollow—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.

Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7.30 p.m.



Magic Buttons.
I have a box that surely puts
Aladdin's lamp to shame;
The magic buttons hidden there
Are never twice the same.

I pour them out upon the floor;
And presto! right away
They change into the very things
I wish for every day.

I stand the shiny ones in rows,
Like soldiers brave and strong.
That big one is a pony cart
That 'gayly rolls along.

This button pony, specked with black,
I know is kind and mild.
I trot him all around the rug
To please my button child.

Sometimes my mother plays with me.
I thought she understood,
Till once I found my pony sewed
On sister's old brown hood!

Caroline's Dough Cake.

Years and years ago a white house
with tall pillars and green blinds
stood on the edge of a certain village
common. In the house lived a little
girl named Caroline; and not far away
out in the country lived Caroline's
Great-Aunt Patience.

One day in the spring Aunt Patience's
bired man, coming to market,
brought Caroline a message.

"Your aunt is making dough cake
to-day," he said, "and she wants you
to come back in the wagon and take
tea with her. She says you won't
mind walking home."

Most little girls would have been
pleased at that. Aunt Patience's
dough cake was made of the lightest
kind of bread dough; it was sweetened
with brown sugar and stuffed with
raisins. The dough was marked in a
pattern with a fork and then baked
until it was light brown. But Caroline
did not like it, and the invitation
did not please her much.

"If only Aunt Patience were baking
sponge cake or pound cake or frosted
gingerbread," she sighed, "how much
better it would be."

So she frowned when her mother
dressed her in a yellow muslin frock
with ruffles, and she frowned again
when the hired man came driving up
to get her. In fact she could hardly
muster a smile when her little old
Aunt Patience came to the door to
give her a welcome.

There were three at tea—Caroline,
Aunt Patience and Toby, Aunt Patience's
little dog, who sat in a high
chair and wore a bib and behaved very
well. He had milk in a china bowl.
The table was set with old blue china,
and there were creamy potatoes, pink
ham, hot biscuits, golden apple sauce
and thick slices of warm dough cake.
Caroline should have enjoyed the good
things, but all through the meal she
was thinking about the dessert.

"Even sponge cake would have been
better than dough cake," she thought.
She did not consider that dough cake
was really cake.

When she refused a large piece cut
in the shape of a slice of pie Aunt
Patience feared she was not well.

"Dear, dear," she said anxiously, "it
will never do for you to miss your
dough cake!"

With that she hurried out to the
kitchen, for it was time for Caroline
to go home, and hurried back with a
little package wrapped in a red-fringed
napkin.

"Here is a whole dough cake—a
little one—for you to take home," she
said with a smile. "I've wrapped it
in a ragged old napkin that you
needn't bother to bring back."

"Thank you, Aunt Patience," said
Caroline as she took the package and
dropped a neat little curtsy. But she
was not thinking thank you; she really
did not want that little round loaf
at all.

And she did not keep that little
round loaf either! It is hard to believe,
but when she had reached a dark,
shadowy place on the road, deep
in the woods, she raised her arm and
threw the parcel away, dough cake,
red-fringed napkin and all. It fell in
the woods not far from the edge of
the road.

After that, though the birds were
singing and the sunset shone beautifully
through the trees, Caroline felt

very wretched. When she reached
home she did not have much to say
about her visit.

The next day it rained, and the day
after. On the third day, when Caroline
set out for school with her next-door
neighbor, John Gray, they found
the world a very damp world indeed.

"Let's come home the long way by
the woods, Caroline," John said. "I
want to show you the biggest toadstool
you ever laid your eyes on."

"Are you sure," asked Caroline, who
was full of fancies, "that it isn't a
fairly dinner table?"

But John shook his head; it was
certainly a toadstool, he said, and a
giant toadstool at that.

School seemed long that day, and by
the time John and Caroline started
homesthey were both hungry.

"I could almost eat some of my
Aunt Patience's dough cake," Caroline
said. Then she added, "I had a whole
dough cake all to myself not long
ago." She blushed a little.

"And ate it all up, I suppose. Pig!"
said John, laughing.

Caroline did not reply, but she turned
several shades redder still.

They turned into the woods just
then, and nothing more was said about
dough cakes. After they had walked
a few hundred yards John began to
walk more slowly and to peer under
first one tree and then another.

"I do hope my giant toadstool isn't
gone," he said. "It was right by the
side of the road, I know. I just had
a glimpse of it last night, but it looked
big enough for a hundred toads to sit
on. Oh, there it is, and—why—there's
your Aunt Patience, too!"

Caroline jumped. Sure enough,
there beside the huge toadstool was
Aunt Patience in her bonnet and
shawl. Beside Aunt Patience stood
Toby with a bedraggled, red-fringed
napkin in his mouth. He was pawing
all round the toadstool in an excited
way.

When Aunt Patience saw Caroline
she began to beam. "There, child,"
she said, "I was almost afraid you
had got lost going home the other day.
Toby came running in a little while
ago with the napkin in his mouth. I
followed him to this spot."

Caroline looked uncomfortable.
That was the very napkin, of course,
that she had thrown away. "Why
couldn't Toby mind his own business?"
she thought. "I suppose he ate the
dough cake."

She was anxious to change the subject.
"See the big toadstool that John
found," she said.

Aunt Patience turned and looked.
Then she adjusted her spectacles and
stooped down and looked harder. Toby
was still scratching and snuffing for
dear life, and John's face wore a puzzled
expression.

"Toadstool?" asked Aunt Patience.
She put out one finger and touched
the big thing gingerly. Then she stood
up.

"I should call it an overrisen dough
cake," she said. Her eyes twinkled.
"My, how the rain did make it rise!
It must have had more yeast in it than
I thought."

Caroline stared, first at Aunt Patience
and then at the thing on the ground.
Presently she covered her face with
her hands, for the thing that she had
seen appeared all at once in its true light.

After a while, peering through her
fingers at puzzled John and at pleasant-
faced Aunt Patience, she said, "I
threw it away. I didn't want it because
it was dough cake. O Aunt Patience!"

John had great ado to keep from
laughing aloud, the whole thing was
so funny; but Aunt Patience took hold
of one of penitent Caroline's hands
and patted it.

"There, there!" she said. "Never
mind. I remember that you enjoyed
the rest of the supper, now didn't you?"

Caroline nodded. "But I don't see
how I could have acted so," she said.
Then they all three had to laugh at
Toby, who was worrying the red napkin
and pawing at the dough cake by turns.

He was the only one there who did
not understand that not a sponge cake,
or a poundcake, or even a cake with
white frosting could have done for
Caroline what that poor little dough
cake had done.

The Front He Was At.

Lord Rosmore is an Irish-peer of
the traditional, rollicking kind. In his
recollection he tells two anecdotes of
Irish beggars, who also are of the sort
that we have been taught to regard as
atypical. The anecdotes have the
merit, however, of being warranted
genuine, whereas many of those that
make us smile also make us suspicious
of their truth.

The fighting Irish feel a natural
sympathy for fighting men. There
was a certain hot-tempered old Irish
colonel, retired, who detested beggars
and who never gave alms except to
soldiers. The professional beggars had
learned to avoid his house, but one afternoon a beggar, whose day had been
especially unproductive, determined
to try his luck. Going boldly to the
front door, he first knocked and then
banged; but the colonel, who could
see him from an upper window, guessed
his errand and would not permit
the summons to be answered. After
plying the knocker for a long time
in vain the persistent fellow went
round to the back door and started the
racket afresh. That was too much.
The colonel came storming down to
the door and flung it open.

"How dare ye bang my door?" he
demanded furiously.

"Well, yer honor, I thought maybe
ye'd help a poor man—"

"Did ye? Well, get off the premises
at once; I've nothing for ye."

"Ah, but, yer honor, I've been at the
front—"

"Have ye, then? Ah, that's another
matter, me poor man. Here's a shilling
for ye."

"Thanks, yer honor! Oh, thanks!"
said the man, pocketing the shilling
and betaking himself to the foot of
the steps before finishing his sentence.
"I was a long time at the front—
door!"

The kick that the colonel aimed at
him missed its mark, and the colonel's
angry words fell harmless on rapidly
retreating ears.

The second anecdote concerns Lord
Rosmore's friend, Lady Pilkington.
She was once walking with another
lady, who was accompanied by an arrogant
and ill-tempered poodle. They met
an old beggar woman, whose looks
so enraged the dog that it made a rush
and bit her leg. Her howls and lamentations
so touched Lady Pilkington's
tender heart that while her friend
was occupied in reducing the
snobbish poodle to proper penitence
she slipped ten shillings into the old
woman's hand. The poor old soul
seized the money, gave one look at it
and dropped upon her knees in the
road, with her clasped hands upraised
in prayer. The ladies were much annoyed,
and finally, as she continued to
pour forth her supplications, Lady Pilkington
bent over her and ventured to
ask what she was praying for so vehemently.

The aged vagrant paused and
blinked up at the sympathetic countenance.
"Sure, and I'm askin' the
blessed saints," she whispered confidentially,
"to persuade the crathur
to bite me on the other leg!"

Do not threaten unless you can
carry out the threat. The old dog that
shows his teeth gets either a laugh or
a kick.

Gender in Surnames.

Although the derivation of family
names is a perennially interesting
subject of study, few persons know
that some of our common surnames
are properly of the feminine gender.
Middle English had a feminine suffix,
ster, which still survives in the word
spinster, the feminine of spinner. Until
the year 1500, the word tapster,
which now carries no hint of sex, was
the feminine of tapper, the man who
draws liquor from a cask. When
Chaucer in the Pardoner's Tale wished
to say, "Then immediately there
came dancing girls, well-shaped and
small, and young fruit girls," he
wrote:
And right anon thanne comen tombe-
sters,
Fetys and smale, and yonge frute-
sters.

If we were to keep to the ancient
rules of our language, we should by
the same token call Mr. Baker's wife
"Mrs. Baxter" and Mr. Brewer's wife
"Mrs. Brewster." The feminine of
dyer was dyester, from which Dexter
is sometimes derived. Webster is the
feminine of weaver and webber; and
Sangster preserves as a surname the
Anglo-Saxon feminine for singer.

In the sixteenth century, when
people had forgotten the feminine
meaning of the suffix ster, they formed
various deprecatory words like gamester,
punster and rimester on the
analogy of such words as brewster and
malster. Those later words of course
are not feminine.

Be Lazy and Live Long.

For the lazy man no one has a good
word to say. Yet in a way he is wise.
Laziness, at its best, conserves energy,
and it is the demands we make on our
store of energy and vitality that use
us up. The absence of stress on the
body and mind means, therefore, that
each lasts longer.

Hustlers and over-hard workers die,
many years before they should. They
use themselves up. The moral is
obvious. Be lazy—not in the sense of
being a parasite, or a shirker, or work-
shy, but in the very sensible sense of
taking things quietly, and thereby con-
serving your energy and vitality. That
sort of "laziness" means longevity.
You last longer, like all machines that
are run quietly and not "raced."

Medical men have many times
pointed out that in cases of illness
or accident it is not so much the medicine
or the surgeon's skill that saves
life as the store of vitality that the
patient has to draw on. Hustlers have
little or none; "lazy" folk have plenty.
The former have a fight for life, and
as often as not fall. The latter win
through. So be "lazy," in the proper
sense, and live long.

Micky's Definition.

In the matter of making bulls, as
the following story indicates, even
the youngest Irishman may be proficient.

"Now," said the teacher of a village
school in Ireland, at the close of her
long lecture on elementary chemistry,
"I want some one to give me a good
definition of salt."

"Sure," said Micky; a bright, blue-
eyed youngster. "It's the stuff that
makes potatoes taste nasty when you
boil them and don't put it in."

Promotion in the Kingdom

Then came to Him the mother of
Zebedee's children with her sons, wor-
shipping Him, and desiring a certain
thing of Him. . . . But Jesus answered
and said, Ye know not what ye ask.
Are ye able to drink of the cup that
I shall drink of, and to be baptized
with the baptism that I am baptized
with? They say unto Him, We are
able.—St. Matt. 20: 20-22.

There is a sharp contrast between
our Lord's declaration concerning His
betrayal and death, and the plea of
the mother of James and John. How
could such a request have been made
by one who heard the Master tell of
His own future sufferings? Perhaps
there was an interval of time between
the two recorded events. Let us hope
so, for it would have been heartless
for the mother of two men to ask such
a favor when their Friend was fore-
telling His own generous sufferings
for all the world. And yet I am
afraid we forget at times, in our
desire for earthly pleasures or advance-
ment, how the Son of Man lived and
died for others. How cheap and poor
all worldly pomp and glory appear
when we remember the story of the
cross! Yet Christ was very gentle in
His answer. They did not understand
that His kingdom was not an earthly
kingdom. The great truth of redemption
was only grasped by them later
after the Holy Spirit was given at
Pentecost. And so He told them that
the advancement they desired de-
pended upon a life of sacrifice. They,
like Himself, must give up all thought
of self and all desire for worldly
honor if they would stand near to Him
in the heavenly kingdom. "The throne
is the price of tolls, not a grace granted
to ambition; a reward of righteous-
ness, not the concession of a request."

James and John, with Peter, seemed
to have a closer relationship with
Christ than the other apostles, and
perhaps they, or their mother, relied
upon this when they made their plea
for promotion. How easy it is to take
advantage of circumstances, and how
unworthy! Nepotism, that is, the
granting of favors to relations, has
always been condemned by true men.
In political life it seems to be taken
for granted that those who have ad-
vanced the cause of a successful candi-
date should be rewarded with posi-
tions of importance, and it is one of
the harmful fallacies of our common
method of electioneering. Christianity
brings quite a different message. He
who would be near his Christ must
disregard himself and think not of his
own interest.

The Great Lesson of Life.
Then Jesus calling them unto Him
(and how full of suggestion is the
phrase: He brought them near as a
mother gathers her children close to
her when she has some special lesson
for them) taught them that great les-
son of life, that he who would be great
must minister to others and serve
them. He draws a contrast between
what men call greatness and what is
true greatness. The greatness of
Christ and His kingdom is proved by
service given in humility. "Whoever
will be chief among you, let him be
your servant; whoever will be great
among you, let him be your minister." The
message was simply revolutionary;
they had never heard of such a thing.
Nor had the Pharisees; and so
when Christ went about ministering
to others and claiming no earthly
authority and giving no worldly com-
mands they scorned Him as a weak-
ling and would have none of Him.
Only His disciples—and they only
after He had left them to do His work
on earth—understood the glory of
service and ministry and sacrifice.

So we have here Christ's lesson con-
cerning promotion in the kingdom. He
who serves will be great in God's
sight, though men may not recognize
him as being near to God. The humble,
loving child who asks Jesus what He
would have him do and then gladly
goes here and there, helping, comfort-
ing, ministering to the needs of men—
he is having a place prepared for
him at God's right hand, though he
dreams not of it nor thinks himself
in any sense greater or more worthy
than others; nay, when at last the
Father calls him he will be so busy
caring for others that he will hardly
know he is called, but will seek a
place at the Master's feet.—Rev. F.
W. Tomkins.

Wrong Kind of Promotion.
There is a lesson for mothers here,
and for fathers, too. How easily am-
bition for our children is centered in
earthly glory! Mothers wish their

sons to gain position and wealth and
their daughters to have a social stand-
ing and a splendid marriage. Hence
the wild display and the excited life,
unhealthy alike for body and mind.
And when the ministry is urged upon
mothers as a blessed life-service for
their sons, they turn away from the
prospect because it means poverty
and denial. Yet what greater joy
could parents have on earth than to
see a son preaching the gospel and
following the Master in works of
mercy? And how noble is the work
of a young woman who plans and
studies for a life of usefulness for
which so many avenues are open to-
day! Surely, parents who realize their
opportunities and privileges should
wish for their children a life and char-
acter which would endure. And just
now there is such a need for ministers
of the gospel and for devoted women
workers, that many should volunteer.

Dig a Little Deeper.
A good many of the dug wells on
the farms of this country are going
dry. When they were first put down
there was plenty of water for all
purposes; but the water level has been
steadily receding. Pumps that once
served their purpose no longer bring
up the needed water, and the question
is what to do.

Dig deeper. That is the best and
only practical solution of the problem,
and it is what every live farmer is
doing. A few feet down and the living
fountains are reached.

We have come to a time when it
seems to a great many farmers that
their occupation is no longer so profit-
able as it once was. They have work-
ed harder and do not receive the re-
turns they are entitled to, and thou-
sands are seeking other positions, giv-
ing up the old farm for what can not
be called anything else than an un-
certainty.

What these and all farmers of the
present day need to do is to dig deep-
er. If the levels of success in farm-
ing have retreated they certainly have

The curiosity of him
who wishes to see fully
for himself how the
dark side of life looks,
is like that of the man
who took a torch into
a powder mill to see
whether it would really
blow up or not.

not dried up. New methods may be
required. It may be men need to ap-
proach their business from a differ-
ent angle and study it more closely;
but that need not mean discouragement.
Send the pickax of thought
down a little farther.

Don't stop on this side of success.
Just out of sight lies the unfailing
spring of successful endeavor. Tap
it before you lay down your tools, and
never say, "I am beaten." No man is
ever beaten so long as he has two
strong arms and a stout heart.

John D. Rockefeller has given \$475,000-
000,000 for benevolent purposes.

The Ladybird Express

Several years ago the citrus indus-
try of California, which produces a
large part of the oranges, lemons and
grapefruit of the country, was seriously
threatened by a foreign insect, called
the cottony-cushion scale, which
was brought in from abroad, says a
Boston paper.

Since, as its name implies, the cot-
tony-cushion scale was covered with
a secretion like floss or cotton it was
found impossible to kill it by spray-
ing with insecticides, for the cottony
covering prevented the spray from
reaching the body of the insect. So
the scientific men went back to the
land from which these scale insects
had come and found that in their own
home they were held in check by a
ladybird—much the same kind of lady-
bird, or ladybug, to which children
sing the old rhyme, "Fly away home."

These ladybirds were put into little
cages covered with cheesecloth or
wire netting; they were provided with
scale insects to eat on the journey and
were brought to California, where
they were kept for a while in an in-
sectary. When their numbers had in-
creased they were placed in cagelike
boxes and sent wherever the cottony-
cushion scale was threatening the
oranges and lemons. Now the State
of California is almost free from this
destructive pest, and the citrus indus-
try has been saved.

At the great insect incubator in the
capitol grounds at Sacramento they
rear millions and millions of lady-
birds, and all that a man has to do,
if he has scale insects in his grove or his
orchard, is to write or telegraph to
the insectary, and on the next train
will go the little boxes, all wrapped
and labeled, with several hundred
hungry ladybirds ready to clean up
the scale insects. After the man has
called at the express office and paid
the charges he takes the boxes into
the orchard, opens the covers, and the
hungry ladybirds fly away, soon to
find their dinner in the shape of scale
insects. Not only the parent ladybird
but also the worm, or larval form of
the ladybird, feed upon these pests.
They feed continually, for they have
enormous appetites, and the orchard
is soon free from scale insects.

Recently a man in Shasto County

wrote for a supply of ladybirds. On
the next train went the colonies, all
ready for work; but when they reached
their destination the man who lived
back in the county on a ranch, could
not be reached by telephone.

The poor freight agent was at his
wit's end; he did not know what to
do. He was afraid that if he did not
feed the ladybirds, they would die,
and he would have to pay for them.
Finally he telegraphed to Sacramento:
"Can't locate consignee. What
shall I do with the ladybirds?"

And the Sacramento insectary tele-
graphed back:
"Open the boxes and let them fly
away."

Of course that was the thing to do,
for were they not within a few miles
of the orchard? Their instinct would
lead them to their food just as surely
and almost as quickly as if the orchard
had put them upon the trees
himself.

So the secret of pest control
is "out of the bag," and science
has solved it. When we get
a foreign insect pest and cannot
control it we go back to its native land
and find another insect that is not a
pest and bring it home to destroy the
evil one. At the present time the
State of California has a man in South
Africa, not far from the famous dia-
mond fields, breeding insects to bring
back to California to kill the destruc-
tive black scale that has become so
serious in citrus and in olive or-
chards. Another man is in Japan,
where he will stay for three years in
order to find the natural insect ene-
mies of the Japanese beetle.

Only a few years ago a man went
to Smyrna to find out how Smyrna figs
were pollinated. Soon we shall not
have to depend upon Smyrna for figs,
for California will be producing plenty
of them. Another man went all over
India and the Philippines, looking for
a friendly bug to kill the white flies,
which are so destructive to various
kinds of citrus fruits; but, sad to re-
late, although he found the friendly
insects and transported them from In-
dian India to the coast in wagon
trains, all of them were dead by the
time they opened the box cages in
Florida.

Marvels of a Scrap of Paper

Only a sheet of paper. Yet it em-
bodies thousands of years of unsus-
pected romance.

When our forefathers were gnawing
bones in glacial caves, the so-called
"heathen Chinese" was reading his
books, printed on paper cunningly fas-
hioned from the bast of the mulberry-
tree or of bamboo-sprouts; and three
centuries before Christ was cradled
he had his factories for its manufac-
ture from silk-waste.

Julius Caesar was a comparatively
recent memory when the Chinese
statesman, Tsai Lun, became the
pioneer maker of paper. The Egyp-
tian was little behind the Chinaman
with his paper made from the pith of
the papyrus plant, moistened with
water from the Nile, pressed and dried
and made smooth by rubbing with
lyory.

And where China and Egypt led the
way, Persia followed. In the eighth
century we see a flourishing factory
at Bagdad, turning out paper made
from linen cloths; followed by rival
works in Damascus and along the
north coast of Africa.

Europe lagged far behind these
pioneers of the East. It was the
Moors who first introduced paper, in
the twelfth century, into Spain,
whence its manufacture spread to
Italy, France, and Germany. But it
was not until the middle of the fif-
teenth century that we find a paper
mill established at Stevenage, in Hert-
fordshire, followed a century later by
another at Dartford.

Paper can now be manufactured

from hundreds of different materials.
As long ago as 1889 one might have
seen at the Paris Exhibition sixty rolls
of paper, each made from a different
vegetable fibre. Books, containing
hundreds of pages, have been publish-
ed, each leaf differing in its composi-
tion from every other—the materials
used ranging from straw, jute, and
bamboo, to esparto and maize-leaves.

Although the materials from which
paper can be made are so numerous,
only two—esparto and wood-pulp—are
now used to any great extent,
since rags are no longer available in
sufficient quantities.

It was in 1866 that Mr. T. Houtledge
began to manufacture paper from es-
parto—a grass grown in the South of
Europe, which yields excellent pulp.
For a generation it was used to the
extent of millions of tons, until a
formidable rival appeared on the scene
in the form of wood-pulp, which, when
mixed with rags and some fibrous ma-
terial, was found to make splendid
paper at a smaller cost.

So popular did its use become that
within twenty-five years hundreds of
square miles of forests in Sweden,
Norway, and Canada were being laid
low to feed the world's presses; and
the forests of Russia, Newfoundland,
and Germany were soon called upon
to yield their tribute. To-day wood-
pulp constitutes the bulk of the world's
supply of paper. To what vast propor-
tions the paper industry has grown is
shown by the fact that to-day the
world's paper-mills exceed five thous-

Britain is Building Two Giant Airships.

Two great airships, the R-36 and R-37, are being built for the Civil Aviation Department of the Air Ministry to serve as passenger carriers, says a London despatch. One of the

Laugh!

Do you work a little
better every day?
Do you laugh aside the
troubles on the way?
Have you faith that,
after all,
Nothing evil shall
befall?
Friend of mine, you are a
winner—and to-day.

aircraft probably will make its first
trial flight some time the end of this
month, carrying a party of officials
and guests.

The R-36 is to be fitted to carry fifty
passengers, for whom are provided
bunks in little curtained compart-
ments, lounges, washing facilities and
even an electric kitchen for cooking
meals.

Cargo capacity will depend on the
length of the journey contemplated.
On a journey of 600 miles it is esti-
mated that the ship could carry 17.43
tons, while on a 16,000 miles journey
only 10.75 tons could be accommo-
dated. Each of the ships is fitted with
four 350 horsepower Sunbeam engines,
giving a total horsepower of 1,400. The
normal rate of speed will be 62.8 miles
per hour. Each of the giant ships is
672 feet long.

Soils and Crops

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

More Attention to Farm Forestry.

Aside from the income resulting from the sale of timber, the area devoted to the farm woodlot makes a substantial contribution to the success of the farm. It provides fuel, fence posts, materials for construction and repair, products of the sugar bush, and protection to crops, stock and buildings against weather extremes. The forest holds back flood waters, improves and builds up the soil and adds greatly to the attractiveness of rural scenery.

The rapidly increasing attention that is now being given to this department of the farm is due very largely to the much higher prices recently paid for forest products. Timber is a national necessity. The country was suddenly awakened during the war to its defenseless position should our wood supply be exhausted. The increased demand occasioned by the gradual reduction of available stocks have been responsible for the high lumber quotations. That value will be maintained on a correspondingly higher level in years to come than during the past can hardly be questioned owing to this relation of supply and demand.

The farmer should make his woodlot permanently profitable. When the lesson that all departments of the farm should contribute a reasonable share to the operator's income is generally understood and practiced, the farmer will see to it that land unsuited for cultivated crops will be devoted to the growing of timber. Through the production of a greater abundance of trees of superior quality by protecting them from fire, thinning where too crowded and planting where too thin, the farmer's income will be enhanced. The farm management problem will be partly solved in that he will be better able to employ his men and teams during the cold months. The attempt to combine stock raising and forestry will be abandoned by the thoughtful farmer, who will rather strive to keep the floor of his woodlot free from grass through encouraging the growth of a dense forest roof. He will come to realize that the quantity of products taken from this department of the farm will be doubled and tripled if he gives it the same consideration accorded other crops.

Perhaps no province in the Dominion offers more promising opportunities for the adoption of modern woodlot practices than does Ontario. The growth of her unsurpassed virgin forests proves the adaptability of her soils and climate. The wide variety of these soils provides for the production of wood to meet every human need. Here may be found extensive areas not well suited to the culture of other crops, that may well be devoted to forestry work. The best markets in the world are available and transportation lines and woodworking factories were built for marketing this particular class of products. Since general farming predominates, the

Dominion Department of Agriculture.

The Report of the Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa, for the year ending March 31st, 1920, makes reference to a conference of representatives of Federal and Provincial Departments at which an agreement was reached which will, to a large extent, eliminate overlapping and allow for close co-operation in the varieties of work carried on. Production, it was agreed, is to be carried on through provincial activities, while marketing and experimental work are to be cared for by the Dominion Department, except where special arrangements of the contrary are deemed wise. The Report of the Minister covers, in addition, the

labor situation in rural districts could be generally improved by furnishing productive employment throughout the year. These and other inducements urge Ontario farmers to a more careful study of modern methods of producing and marketing their woodland products.

How You Can Get Good Hatches.

It is easy to forget that hatching eggs are really living objects, and must be cared for as such. Most people are very careful with eggs under a sitting hen or in an incubator, because they realize that there are delicate, living chicks inside. But they will handle eggs, before starting incubation, with no other thought than "an egg is an egg," and that breaking them is the only way they can be harmed.

It is true, before the hatching egg is heated, that the germ in it is more hardy than after hatching has started. In this respect egg germs are like buds on a tree. Buds will stand a lot of cold weather changes during the winter when they are dormant, but after a little warm weather has awakened these buds, and they show signs of life, we know that a cold spell means disaster to them.

So it is with the germ in the hatching egg. It is dormant when laid, but a little heat will start it growing. Then it is very tender, and a changing temperature will either kill it or materially weaken it. A great many eggs get heated in the laying nest. An egg laid in the morning might be under different laying hens continually, until late afternoon. The heat from these hens would be enough to warm up the egg and start germ growth. This very tender germ may be seriously weakened or even killed before it reaches the incubator. It is therefore important to keep hatching eggs in an even temperature.

There is no more important factor in successful hatching than that of moisture. If you have ever operated an incubator you doubtless know this, and provide moisture when needed. But did you ever think of providing moisture before putting the eggs in the machines? The egg shell is just as porous before it is in the machine as afterward, and it will lose moisture just as quickly if we are not careful. Once the moisture has left the egg, it cannot be replaced, so that if this factor is not considered we start off with an egg much too dry for best hatches. Warm, circulating air is more thirsty than cool, moist air, and will absorb water from an egg ever so much more quickly. So when hatching eggs are to be held for a day or more they should be placed in a cool, damp place. The cellar is often the best place, and the kitchen the worst.

If you will gather your hatching eggs often, if you will keep them from getting heated enough to start germ development, and will place them in a place which is neither too warm nor too dry, you will get good results. In doing this you eliminate two factors—heating and drying, which spoil more hatching eggs than anything else.

work of the Department—carried on through the year by the various branches: Dairy and Cold Storage, Seed, Live Stock, Health of Animals, Fruit, Entomological, Publications, International Institute, and Experimental Farms. Among the new activities reported are the record of performance for poultry and special relief policy of the Live Stock Branch, with relation to the supplying of feed to unfortunate districts in the Prairie Provinces. The Report is distributed by the Publications Branch, which is shown to have sent out, during the year, two and a half million copies of publications.

A dollar saved is a dollar earned. But be sure it is real saving.

Some goods pay more profit than others. Usually, the poorer the quality the greater the profit.

The grocer pays more for Red Rose than for other teas—and he sells it at a less profit.

When you buy Red Rose you buy the best.

Poultry

Sort over the vegetables and estimate the amount needed for home use. All that can be spared will prove fine green feed for the hens and help to keep the breeding stock in vigorous condition until they can use the range every day. Mangels are cheaper than sprouted oats and are good health producers but possibly they are not relished by the hens as much as oat sprouts.

Dry mash hoppers can be made by sketching the side view of a hopper on the side of a packing box. Then saw out the hopper and use the boards removed to close up the front and top. Use a small cleat in the front of the hopper as a lip to keep the birds from drawing out the mash with their bills. A piece of wide-meshed poultry wire stretched across the opening will enable the hens to eat, but prevent wasting of the mash. Open receptacles for serving dry mash do not work well according to our experience, as the hens frequently scratch in them.

When it is snowing and blowing it is much satisfaction to know that the hens have hoppers of dry mash serving them cafeteria fashion, with the balanced ration which is as near as possible to ideal for egg production. Of course it is not exactly like the spring ration on the range, but it does help to keep hens thrifty and makes them lay.

Blackcap Raspberries.

In my experience the blackcap will thrive best on a rather rich clay loam that is naturally well drained. Unless the soil is already sufficiently rich, stable manure, if available, should be applied broadcast at the rate of ten to twenty tons to the acre, and turned under, plowing deeply. If stable manure is not available complete fertilizer containing 4.5 per cent. nitrogen, 7.7 per cent. phosphoric acid (available), and six per cent. potash, applied broadcast after plowing, and worked into the soil with cultivator or disk harrow, will give equally as good results. Good preparation of the soil must not be overlooked. Clods should be broken up and the ground put in the best possible mechanical condition before planting.

The distance at which blackcaps are usually set in commercial plantations is three feet apart in rows, which are seven or eight feet apart. The most economical way of planting raspberries is to lay off the rows with a turning plow, three or four inches deep. The plants then can be laid along the row at the proper distance apart, the roots spread out, and the soil pulled in over them with a hoe or small steel rake, and the job finished by turning the soil thrown out of the furrow back over the roots of the plants with a one-horse turning plow. Clean cultivation is necessary, as the raspberries and weeds cannot thrive together. Therefore, the berries will give way and weeds take full possession, unless they are kept under control by good, clean cultivation.

The black raspberry requires care in its pruning, which must be done at two seasons of the year to get the best results. The young stalks that grow from the roots in the spring should be stopped by pinching out the tip when they reach a height of about twenty inches. This work will necessitate going over the patch several times, in order to stop the canes when they have reached the proper height. This stopping or pinching back the canes will induce the development of

numerous lateral or side branches, and also cause a more sturdy growth of the cane, which will fortify it to a greater or lesser extent against strong winds, and prevent much damage by blowing over during heavy storms. These lateral or side branches form the bearing wood for the succeeding year, hence it is desirable that the greatest possible number of side branches be secured to insure a large crop of berries. The second pruning, which is of quite as much importance, may be done the following spring, and consists in cutting out all the old wood that bore fruit the previous year, and cutting back the side branches of the new canes to ten or eleven inches in length. All the old canes and ends cut from the laterals of the present season's fruiting canes should be raked off; piled in a heap and burned. I would prefer to cut out old dead canes as soon as fruitage is over if there are any signs of disease. Nor should they never be allowed to lie in a pile to rot, as they harbor insects and their eggs, also spores of fungus diseases that are injurious to the berries, and should therefore be promptly burned. I have used the word blackcap, as all purple cane sorts, as well as the true blackcap, are most generally spoken of as blackcaps. Both are cultivated in the same manner.

Canada's Maple Products.

The manufacture of sugar and syrup from the sap of the sugar maple is an important farm industry in the Eastern provinces of Canada, and particularly in Quebec. Long before the white man settled the country, maple syrup was known to the aborigines, and apart from wild honey was the only intensely sweet product at their command. The methods of procuring it were naturally of a very crude description. Modern methods have greatly improved the product and have led to an ever-increasing demand. Quebec province is the centre of the industry. Of the 20,000,000 pounds, or thereabouts, produced annually in Canada, more than two-thirds have to be credited to Quebec. Ontario is officially reported to be responsible for five million pounds, and the Maritime Provinces for half a million pounds only. The other provinces of Canada do not figure in the calculations. These facts are gathered from a timely pamphlet just issued by the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, of which J. B. Spencer, Director of Publicity, is the author. From this well illustrated and technically detailed publication it is also learned that the production of maple sugar, and its equivalent in syrups, of late years has shown a tendency to decrease. From 1851 to 1861 we are told the average yearly production was about 13,500,000 pounds, from 1861 to 1871 about 17,500,000 pounds, from 1871 to 1881, 19,000,000 pounds, and from 1881 to 1891, 22,500,000 pounds. The latter was the pinnacle of annual production, for in the next decade the average per year was 21,200,000 pounds, and in later years the average has been little less than 20,000,000 pounds. It is thought that perhaps with the increase in price that has taken place recently greater production may be looked for. It is estimated that the value of the yearly manufacture of sugar and syrup is \$2,000,000, and that 50,000 people are employed in the industry at the height of the season, which is of very short duration, extending over only five or six weeks at the most. Stringent laws against the adulteration of the product have been passed, especially in Quebec, where schools of instruction have been established and the Pure Maple Sugar and Syrup Co-operative Agricultural Association has been organized.

Large vs. Small Tractors.

The farmer of the future must be a mechanic rather than a day laborer, remarks D. D. Gray, Superintendent of the Central Experimental Farm at Ottawa in the December number of the Agricultural Gazette of Canada. This, of course, must not be taken in a literal sense, but rather as suggesting that the future agriculturist must combine with a multitude of other things he requires to know, a greater knowledge of mechanics than he has formerly had. Accepting this suggestion as his text, Mr. Gray tells of records that have been kept at the Central Farm on the cost of operating three makes of tractors. The cost of operating the smaller tractor is shown to be greater than the cost of operating the larger, that is in regard to horse-power. The cost of discing with the smaller is shown to be less, due to greater speed possible than with the larger. The cost of plowing with the smaller is more than with the larger. The lighter machine burned gasoline at a cost of 45 cents per gallon and the heavier machine kerosene at 28½ cents per gallon. Cylinder oil cost 85 cents per gallon.

Living is the best preaching.

The Growing Child—Article VII.

Sex Education.

The question of sex education is one that troubles the majority of thinking parents. There comes a time in the life of every child when he awakens to a realization that life must have a beginning, and he probably runs to his mother with a question.

Fortunate, indeed, is the mother who is prepared to answer the first question and so provide the foundation for confidence between mother and child. If the question is ignored or is answered untruthfully, an irreparable injury has been done to the child.

The wise mother (and fathers, also, for this is not alone a woman's problem) prepare themselves in advance so they are ready when a question comes, no matter what the age of the child. There is no excuse for ignorance now on the part of parents as there was ten years ago, for in the last few years the country has been flooded with literature which is to be found in the bookstores and public libraries or furnished free on application to the Provincial Board of Health.

The parent who neglects to be ready to answer the questions that are bound to come may rest assured that the child will obtain his information from some other source, and entirely wrong ideas may be inculcated which will influence the entire future of the child.

In his progress through childhood the child comes in contact with many agencies, such as the schools, churches, press and various other organizations. Through these he obtains much accurate knowledge bearing upon sex hygiene, but what effect this information has upon him, whether it is wholesome or otherwise, depends upon the early attitude of his parents. If they are ignorant, careless or prudish and cloak the subject with mystery, a morbid curiosity probably will be aroused, but if the subject is handled with frankness and reverence a very little information serves to satisfy the child and start him on his road to normal and healthful adolescence.

Many children attend school breakfastless. Some because of capricious appetite and in other cases because food is not to be had in sufficient quantity. Furthermore, in rural districts, and in some cities, a number of children live such a distance from the school as to make it necessary for them to carry lunch. Quite frequently the lunch is insufficient in quantity and of limited nutritive value. For these reasons large numbers of children during the most important period of their growth and development have practically but one meal a day throughout the school year. The education and health authorities have become alive to this neglect and are attempting to overcome it by providing for school lunches.

School lunches are no longer in the experimental stage. Wherever tried they have been successful, and the benefits of school feeding are generally recognized. A growing child needs more nourishment in proportion to its size than does an adult, and this is as true for the rich child as for the poor. Hence, it is just as much an advantage for the child of well-to-do parents to be provided with nourishing food at school, since he cannot go home to get it, as it is for the child of the poor. This at once removes the matter of school feeding from a class or charitable affair into the realm of child hygiene, where it properly belongs. Of course, there will always be some children who cannot afford to pay for this extra food and must be fed at the expense of some one else, but this can usually be arranged. In nearly all of the newer school buildings in the cities and towns of France the kitchen is as much a regular part of the plant as the classroom.

There are very few schools where a lunch service cannot be established if attempted in the right way. The success of the undertaking depends largely upon the interest, enthusiasm and knowledge of the teacher. When she decides that the service should be inaugurated in her school, the question of financial support comes first to mind. The movement will undoubtedly have the moral support of the school superintendent and Board of

You Can't Figure It Up.

You can count up the kernels on an ear of corn, but you never can count the ears in a single kernel.

He is "only a boy" to most folks, a plain, common-sense farmer boy. His toes may be sticking out of his shoes. His nose may be blue and cold. But wrapped up in that boy are possibilities that no human being can estimate.

Sound the boy right now and see what he can tell you of the everyday life of the farm—you who think of him as "only a boy." You and he will not be together long before he will astonish you by his knowledge of the birds, flowers, plants and crops of the farm. He knows the whereabouts of every woodchuck hole within a range of two miles; if there is a bee tree anywhere around, trust him to locate it for you; he can tell you when to trap the wild creatures of forest, field and stream. And he knows men, knows them clear down into their hearts, far better than you do. The chances are he could tell you, if he would, just what your worth is to the community and what people

Education, as the school lunch is rapidly being recognized as a part of the regular school work; but they are not always ready to finance the purchase of equipment and other initial expenses. In the large cities, committees of public-spirited citizens sometimes do this, or Parent-Teacher Associations, Women's Clubs, or similar organizations give financial support. In some large school systems the work is directed by a trained dietitian, with capable, paid assistants.

The gain in weight of undernourished children, the training in refined social habits, hygienic living, co-operation, and community spirit will probably well repay all efforts expended.

Morning Inspection. In the daily life of every child there are certain things so important from the standpoint of health that every mother should assure herself of their observance by diligent observation and inquiry. The best time for this inspection is in the morning before the child starts for school. Make the hour early enough to allow the child time to attend to any point which he has forgotten or neglected. Children are very apt to forget things which are not habitual and this inspection should be continued until correct health habits are an integral part of the child's daily life.

Notice first the cleanliness of the skin, as every mother will because of its bearing on her pride in her child's appearance and self-respect. But apart from the question of ordinary decency, cleanliness of the skin has its bearing on the question of health. If the skin is kept clean and in a tonic condition by frequent bathing, it will relieve the kidneys of much work that would otherwise fall upon them.

After satisfying yourself that the child's bathing has been properly attended to, learn if he has eaten any breakfast, and investigations made in several large cities revealed a startling number of children who go to school without any breakfast or a very unsatisfactory one. No wonder that malnutrition is so prevalent. It is a well known fact that many children have little appetite for breakfast, but when the demands that mental and physical growth make upon a child in school are realized every effort will be made to induce the child to take some food before leaving home in the morning. Though the establishment of school lunches should be a part of every system of school hygiene, this fact does not relieve the home of its responsibility.

Brush the child's teeth been carefully brushed after breakfast? Since the relation of defective teeth to disease has been recognized, widespread attention has been paid to the care of children's teeth. When particles of food are left around the teeth the ever-present bacteria bring about fermentation and putrefaction, acids are set free which attack the enamel and decay begins. Hence, the importance of cleaning the teeth is plainly seen, and an alkaline mouth wash, such as milk of magnesia, lime water, or salt and water, should be used. Children should be taught to thoroughly masticate their food.

Has the child been to the toilet? Constipation is one of the most troublesome and common complaints of both children and adults, and nothing is more conducive to this condition than neglect of regular evacuation habits should be begun in infancy, and as the child grows older he should never be allowed to neglect this hygienic duty. He will frequently be in such a hurry to run out to play or to be off to school that he will be careless in the matter if he is not carefully supervised.

Notice his posture, remembering the important relation this bears to his general health and self-respect. Does he stand erect with a free, easy carriage? Is his head well-poised, and his shoulders straight and lying close to the ribs behind? Does he walk toward you with a firm, erect attitude, or does he slouch along with a stooping body and drooping head? If these things are not as they should be, an investigation should be made of the physical training at his school.

Finally, see that he is properly clothed. Many children wear too few or too many clothes as the whim seizes them, or as some playmate leads the way. Do not let him be chilled in winter or overheated in summer.

are saying about you.

Only a boy—and yet, to-morrow you may look for him in the very front rank of the world's activities. Even now he is turning over in his mind plans for a bigger and a better farm than his father or his grandfather ever owned.

What are you doing to help that boy? Are you living the best life you can, clean, honest and above-board? Are you giving him a name and a character that will live, or will you be satisfied to leave him \$1,000 and think that enough?

To-morrow you will be leaning on this boy of yours. Are you making him strong against that day?

HIDES-WOOL-FURS

Our business has been built up on the willingness and ability to give you real service.

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INGERSOLL, ONTARIO

WELL SATISFIED WITH BABY'S OWN TABLETS

Once a mother has used Baby's Own Tablets for her little ones she will use nothing else. Her use of them leads her to believe there is no other medicine to equal them for any of the many minor ailments of childhood. Concerning them Mrs. Eugene Boisvert, East Aldfield, Que., writes: "My baby was terribly constipated, but after the use of Baby's Own Tablets he is entirely well again. I am so well satisfied with the Tablets that I lose no opportunity in recommending them to other mothers." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

His Mistake.

He longed to find the road to fame, But not a highway bore that name. He thought to glory there must be A level path that he should see; But every road to which he came Possessed a terrifying name. He never thought that fame might lurk Along the dreary path called work. He never thought to go and see What marked the road called industry. Because it seemed so rough and high He passed the road to service by. Yet had he taken either way He might have come to fame some day.

"Pape's Diapepsin" Corrects Stomach.

"Pape's Diapepsin" is the quickest, surest relief for Indigestion, Gas, 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 correcter in world.—Adv.

The depth of water under a vessel can now be ascertained by the hydrophone, which works on the reflection of the sound of the ship's propeller from the ocean-bed.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

HEALTH EDUCATION

BY DR. J. J. MIDDLETON
Provincial Board of Health, Ontario

Dr. Middleton will be glad to answer questions on Public Health matters through this column. Address him at the Parliament Bldgs., Toronto.

Good health, strong mentality and an active intelligent viewpoint on life for as many people as possible, are some of the things that Public Health activities are trying to foster and develop in this Province at the present time.

Success in one's chosen occupation is the aim of every man and woman of sense, and there are three rules for success. The first of these is: Go on. The second is: Go on. The third is: Go on. These are good rules, but to carry them out, a man or woman must have the necessary stamina, and the physical make-up must be so ordered and governed that a person need not lag behind in life's race through weakness of the flesh, even though the spirit is willing to succeed.

Wendell Phillips says: "The best education in the world is that got by struggling to make a living." This is true if he who is engaged in the struggle is endowed among other things with a clear mind, a sturdy frame, and a good digestive apparatus. But disappointments and handicaps at every turn face the weakling—the man or woman who has not perhaps got a good start, and therefore has been handicapped all through childhood and the years at school.

Wasted opportunity, it is said, is the cause of most failures. How often, however, the wasted opportunity arises through inability of the person affected to grasp the importance of the situation, on account of dull mentality resulting perhaps through no

To My Son.

Do you know that your soul is of my soul such part. That you seem to be fibre and core of my heart? None other can pain me as you, dear, can do; None other can please me or praise me as you.

Remember, the world will be quick with its blame If shadow or stain ever darken your name; "Like mother, like son," is a saying so true: The world will judge largely of mother by you.

Be this, then, my task, if task it shall be, To force this proud world to do homage to me. Be sure it will say, when its verdict you've won, "She reaps as she sowed. —Lo, this man is her son!"

Disposal of Lumbering Slash.

The Dominion Forestry Branch is the pioneer in systematic slash disposal in Canada. On all timber sales in the Dominion-forest reserves, this is one of the terms of the contract. Slash disposal is now generally in effect in timber sales on unlicensed lands in the Dominion forest reserves. Operators find that, once their men become familiar with the work and recognize that it must be done, the cost is by no means prohibitive and competition with timber cut under other conditions is quite possible. The stumpage revenues to the Government are somewhat smaller by virtue of this requirement, but forest officers regard this as a good investment. On Dominion Crown lands under license, slash disposal is not effective, these lands not being under the jurisdiction of the Forestry Branch. In consequence, the fire hazard in forest reserve lands is greatly increased.

In British Columbia considerable progress has been made toward slash disposal in the Coast region, and a beginning has been made in the Interior. This is largely the result of co-operation between the B.C. Forest Branch and the operators, though there is now legislation under which slash disposal made be made compulsory, the cost for the most part to be divided between the operator and the forest protection fund. On the coast, broadcast burning is the rule, this in-

volving comparatively little additional expense. In the eastern provinces, however, broadcast burning is not feasible to any great extent, partly because of damage to the remaining undrained timber, and partly because in many cases the soil itself is highly inflammable. As a rule, under such conditions, slash must be piled for burning, and this necessarily involves material expense, in addition to the cost of burning, which has to be done under careful supervision.

GOOD HEALTH AND GOOD SPIRITS

Depend Upon the Condition of the Blood—Keep it Rich, Red and Pure.

When a doctor tells you that you are anaemic, he simply means, in plain English, that your blood is weak and watery. But this condition is one that may easily pass into a hopeless decline if prompt steps are not taken to enrich the blood. Poor blood, weak, watery blood is the cause of headaches and backaches, loss of appetite, poor digestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous irritability and many other troubles. To poor blood is due the pimpled and blotched, the muddy complexion that disfigures so many faces. To have good health, a good complexion and a cheerful manner, the blood must be kept rich, red and pure. This is easily done through the use of a blood enriching tonic like Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The whole mission of this medicine is to help enrich the blood which reaches every nerve and every organ of the body, bringing with it health, strength and new activity. That is why people who occasionally use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills always feel bright, active and strong.

Mrs. E. E. Cook, Simcoe, Ont., gives strong testimony to the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills when the blood is in an anaemic condition, she says: "I have been a sufferer for some years from a run down condition of the system. I suffered from pains in the back, twitching of the nerves and muscles, my appetite was poor, I had indigestion and would get drowsy after eating. My hands and feet were almost always cold, and though I was constantly doctoring, the medicine I took did not help me. I had practically given up hope of good health, until a friend from Hamilton came to visit me, and urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It took some persuasion, but finally I consented to try them. I have reason to be grateful that I did, for after using seven boxes I felt like a new person. I have gained in weight, have a better color and my work is now a pleasure. For this condition my thanks are due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I cannot praise them too highly."

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.

As Time Passes.

I know that over yonder, just beyond the cloud so gray, A bird is sweetly singin' of the April an' the May, With the rainbow lightly playin' when the silver showers drop— Keep a tickin', Mr. Clock—an' don't you dare to stop.

I know that over yonder, jes' beyond the leafless tree, A garden filled with blossoms tempts the butterfly and bee, With the perfume of the moonflower's breathin' out a silent song— Keep a tickin', Mr. Clock. The journey's not so long.

"Cascarets" If Sick, Bilious, Headachy

To-night sure! Let a pleasant, harmless Cascaret work while you sleep and have your liver active, head clear, stomach sweet and bowels moving regular by morning. No griping or inconvenience. 10, 25 and 50 cent boxes. Children love this candy cathartic too.

The Boy Scouts Association.

The Tenth Annual Meeting of the Provincial Council for Ontario of the Boy Scout Association held in Toronto on Friday, January 28th, was the most largely attended meeting that body has ever had, some fifty members of the Council and representatives from various sections of the province being in attendance. Mr. J. W. Mitchell, Vice-President of the Council, presided in the absence of the President, Mr. Gilbert E. Fauquier, who is spending the winter in Italy.

Reports presented to the meeting indicated that the organization in Ontario is now reaching practically 9,000 boys, there having been a substantial increase both in the number of troops and in public interest in the Scout movement since the early summer. It was also stated that the Provincial Board of Honour which deals with all applications for awards for life-saving, etc., dealt with seven meritorious cases during the first six months it was in office. Of these, two were for saving persons from death by fire, four for gallantry in water accidents, and one for specially good services rendered to the Boy Scout Movement. One boy saved two children from certain death in a fire which destroyed their home in which they were quarantined because they were suffering from scarlet fever. The scout not only performed the rescue at great risk to

Used Autos

BREAKAY SELLERS THEM: USED cars of all types all cars sold subject to delivery up to 300 miles, or test run of same distance if you wish, in a good order as purchased, or purchase price refunded.

BRING mechanic of your own choice to look them over, or ask us to take any car to city representative for inspection. Very large stock always on hand.

Breakay's Used Car Market
408 Yonge Street, Toronto

himself, but in doing so contracted a severe attack of the disease.

For the year 1921 Mr. Gilbert E. Fauquier, of Ottawa, was re-elected President, and Mr. W. K. George, of Toronto, Provincial Commissioner. Mr. J. W. Mitchell, of Toronto, and Rev. Fr. Hebert, of Ottawa, are the Vice-Presidents, and Messrs. H. A. Laurence and G. H. Ross respectively are the Provincial Secretary and Provincial Treasurer. The new Executive Committee consists of Sir John Eaton, C. Q. Ellis, A. B. Fisher, J. E. Ganong, J. G. Gibson, Lt.-Col. Hendrie, John G. Kent, Lt.-Col. Noel Marshall, C. B. McNaught, John A. Northway, A. J. Mitchell, J. F. M. Stewart, H. R. Tudhope, A. J. Gough and J. J. Vaughan. Messrs. Frank Arnold, K.C., H. A. Laurence, T. Albert Brown and A. T. Reid were re-elected to the Board of Honour.

His Hearing Restored.

The invisible ear drum invented by A. O. Leonard, which is a miniature megaphone, fitting inside the ear entirely out of sight, is restoring the hearing of hundreds of people in New York City. Mr. Leonard invented this drum to relieve himself of deafness and head noises, and it does this so successfully that no one could tell he is a deaf man. It is effective when deafness is caused by catarrh or by perforated, or wholly destroyed natural drums. A request for information to A. O. Leonard, Suite 437, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City, will be given a prompt reply. advt.

For Future Canadians.

A country with forests—and no country is more richly blessed in this regard than Canada—has a distinct obligation to see that these forests are conserved so that future generations shall not seriously lack one of the most important contributions to culture and comfort. Finland can teach us a good lesson in the proper care of the forests. Finland, like Canada, must depend in a large measure on the product of the forest to maintain and improve her economic status. To neglect this source of wealth is to invite national bankruptcy. It is most astonishing to us that Canadians have so largely failed to realize the absolute necessity for a proper forest policy for the whole Dominion.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Distemper For a Chinaman to wear spectacles in company is considered an act of discourtesy.

In the French war zone, Arras now has a population of 41,500, Bethune of 20,000, and Lens of 9,000.

FREEZONE.

Corns Lift Off with Fingers

Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. It doesn't hurt a bit. Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without a particle of pain.

Cause of Early Old Age

The celebrated Dr. Michenoff, an authority on early old age, says that it is "caused by poisons generated in the intestines." When your stomach digests food properly it is absorbed without forming poisonous matter. Poisons bring on early old age and premature death. 15 to 30 drops of "Seigel's Syrup" after meals makes your digestion sound. 10

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, Tooth Lumbago and for Pain. Handy tin boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger packages. Made in Canada. Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada), of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.



A Mistake.

Colonel (who suffers with corns)—"Look here, sergeant, I believe you have a man named Smith who is a chiropodist?"
Sergeant—"Misinformed, sir—'s Church of England."

New to Him.

"Have you any worth-while books in here?" asked the superior person.
"We have thousands of volumes, sir," replied the clerk. "I'm sure there is something in our stock to suit the most exacting taste. What do you require?"
"I want a book on synonyms."
"Just a moment, sir, until I speak to the boss. I don't believe we have any of—er—Synonym's works."

Boiled Locomotive.

Picking her way daintily through the locomotive plant, a young woman-visitor viewed the huge operations with awe. Finally, she turned to a young man who was showing her through, and asked:
"What is that big thing over there?"
"That's a locomotive-boiler," he replied. She puckered her brows.
"And what do they boil locomotives for?"
"To make the locomotives tender," and the young man from the office never smiled.

A Purchasable Article.

A Belgian woman, who lost her husband in a railroad accident, received from the company \$2,000 by way of compensation. Shortly afterwards she read of a traveller getting twice as much for the loss of a leg. She went to the company and protested that the difference was unfair.
"Madam," said the official, "the two awards are perfectly fair. Four thousand dollars won't provide the man with a new leg, but for \$2,000 you can easily get a new husband."

MONEY ORDERS.

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

A Kindly Word.

"Oh, let the sympathy of kindly words Sound for the poor, the friendless, and the weak, And He will bless you! He who struck these chords Will strike another when in turn you seek."

Women in the United States now number nearly 30,000,000.

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."

America's Pioneer Dog Remedies Book on **DOG DISEASES** and How to Feed Mailed Free to any Address by the Author, Dr. Gray Glover Co., Box 118 West 31st Street New York, U.S.A.

"Pain's enemy" —I'll say it is!

WHEN you want quick comforting relief from any "external" pain, use Sloan's Liniment. It does the job without staining, rubbing, bandaging. Use freely for rheumatism, neuralgia, sprains and strains, backache, sore muscles.



Keep it handy At all druggists

Classified Advertisements.

THE TORONTO FREE HOSPITAL, near Weston, Ontario, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York, offers to young women desirous of becoming qualified nurses a three-year course of general training; attractive residence; single rooms. For salary and other information apply Lady Superintendent, Toronto Free Hospital, Weston, Ontario.



MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT
RHEUMATISM
Lumbago, Neuralgia, or any other pain, apply Minard's Liniment to the aching spot and get quick relief. Minard's is the remedy your grandmother used. There is nothing to equal it.
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

The New Car.
Pedestrian (conversing with friend in automobile)—"Is it a self-starter?"
"No, I have to crank the old boat. I'll say she's a self-stopper, though."

Wily Tommie.
Tommie—"Grandma, if I was invited out to dinner some place, should I eat pie with a fork?"
Grandma—"Yes, indeed."
Tommie—"You haven't got a piece of pie around the house that I could practice on, have you, grandma?"

Although ducks, of which there are nearly 200 species, are the most numerous in northern regions, they are found all over the world.

You don't have to suffer

BAUME BENGUE

relieves pain of headache, neuralgia, sciatica, lumbago, rheumatism.

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES!
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THE LEEMING BROS. CO., LTD.
MONTREAL.
Agents for Dr. Baume Bengue
RELIEVES PAIN

"DANDERINE"

Girls! Save Your Hair! Make It Abundant!



Immediately after a "Danderine" massage, your hair takes on new life, lustre and wondrous beauty, appearing twice as heavy and plentiful, because each hair seems to fluff and thicken. Don't let your hair stay lifeless, colorless, plain or scraggy. You, too, want lots of long, strong, beautiful hair. A 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" freshens your scalp, checks dandruff and falling hair. This stimulating "beauty- tonic" gives to thin, dull, fading hair that youthful brightness and abundant thickness.—All druggists!

MONTH OLD BABY HAD SKIN TROUBLE

On Face and Hands. Itched and Burned. Cuticura Heals.

"My baby was only a month old when her face and hands started to get red and scaly. The eczema started in the form of water blisters and itched and burned. She was so cross and fretful she could not sleep."
"It lasted nine months when I tried Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and I used three cakes of Soap with two boxes of Ointment when she was healed." (Signed) Mrs. Oscar Pilon, Amherstburg, Ontario, May 7, 1918.
Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum are all you need for all toilet uses. Bathe with Soap, soothe with Ointment, dust with Talcum.
Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Lyman, Limited, St. Paul St., Montreal.
Cuticura Soap always without soap.

WANTED

Send for list of inventions wanted by Manufacturers. Fortunes have been made from simple ideas. "Patent Protection" booklet and "Proof of Connection" on request.
HAROLD C. SHIPMAN & CO.
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The Sweetness of Wheat and Malted Barley is the sweetness of

Grape-Nuts

The delicately rich flavor, natural to the grains, is developed through 20 hours baking. Grape-Nuts needs no added sugar, and is rich in nourishment of a form easy to digest.

This ready-cooked food is economical
"There's a Reason"

I.O.O.F. "At Home" a Great Success

The At Home given by the members of I. O. O. F. of Athens on Monday night was certainly a most enjoyable affair and the concert preceding it, under the direction of Mrs. V. O. Boyle we certainly long be remembered by those fortunate enough invited.

The curtain rose showing a pretty drawing room scene and in the centre were grouped the members of the concert company making a very pretty picture with little Miss Elva Gifford holding the Union Jack and all singing the national Anthem.

The clever pupils of Mrs Boyle gave her valuable assistance.

The pretty soprano voice of Miss Lyreen Phelps gave much pleasure in her song "where my Caravan has rested" displaying the great improve-

ment the past few months of study had accomplished.

The sketch by Misses Elva and Irene Gifford and Master Bernard Godkin showed marvellous possibilities for these bright children and was very much appreciated by the audience.

The duet from the Country Girl sung by Miss Rita Mandeville and Lawrence Taylor created much amusement and was very much enjoyed.

The fine elocutionary work of Miss Edna Lang was a treat showing much careful study.

Miss Neta Davis in an old fashioned costume as worn by our Grand mothers presented the old fashioned girl (a sketch from the country girl) in a perfect and most amusing manner

Rev. V. O. Boyle gave great pleas-

ure by reciting that thrilling and dramatic poem "As real men die" by Pauline Johnson, in his usual finished style. Mr Boyle also gave an excellent vocal number "Jean" which he sang most sympathetically in his well trained baritone.

The chorus Molly the Marchioness from the country: the solo being taken by Miss Beryl Davis, was very bright and beautifully sung.

The very picturesque sketch "the heart of a rose" was very well rendered by Mr Lawrence Taylor, and a quartette of pretty girls.

The gems of the evening were the two songs given by Mrs Boyle.

Angus MacDonald and in response to an enthusiastic encore. The Birthday. Both songs showed to the fullest Mrs Boyles exquisite soprano every note of which was listened to with rapt attention and delight by the audience. Mrs Boyle also gave an excellent rendering of the poem, little Batesee by Dr Drummond presenting the Habitant to the life in the character of the old Graupire.

Mrs J. W. Grier of Boston a guest at the Rectory assisted most capably with the accompaniments.

A delicious supper followed the concert after which dancing was enjoyed to the music of the orchestra under the direction of Mr Kavanagh.

Too much praise cannot be given Mr Glen Earl Noble Grand and Mr Campbell Tribute Treasurer and Master of ceremonies for the perfect manner in which every detail of the entertainment was carried out and to whom great success was due.

Canadians have long known the wonders of big game hunting in Canada but this month's Rod and Gun in Canada contains an American's impression of what he terms his greatest big game hunt. Morris Ackerman, the famous American writer and game hunter visited British Columbia last fall with pen he tells an interesting story of big game hunting in his own inimitable manner. In addition to this article, there are sixteen stories and articles dealing with the great outdoor life in Canada. The writers include Bonnycastle Dale, F. V. Williams, Harry M. Moore, A Bryan Williams, and others equally well known to the readers of Canada's premier sporting monthly. The various departments are up to their usual high standards in this issue. Rod and Gun in Canada is published monthly by W. J. Taylor, Limited, Woodstock Ontario.

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— and this is the greatest surface saver of them all.

LOSS from paint-neglect is vastly greater than the cost of paint-protection. But it is to be noted also that the real cost of using ordinary paint—however cheap it may be—is vastly greater than that of painting with a pure and durable paint such as

B-H PAINT "ENGLISH" 70% Pure White Lead (Brandram's Genuine B.B.) 30% Pure White Zinc 100% Pure Paint

If you would avoid constant repainting—if you would have the paint that has maximum covering capacity, investigate the cause of the high reputation attained by B-H. You'll find that the favor in which it is held by so many experienced painters is due to a truly remarkable degree of purity—a purity attained by using such ingredients as the famous Brandram's Genuine B.B. White Lead—together with pure zinc and the purest linseed we know how to make in our own splendidly-equipped mills. Your investigation will result in a trial of this brand—and that trial will make you a confirmed adherent of this paint that goes so far and that lasts so long. Its fine, smooth surface never cracks or peels—the tough, air-tight coat it gives affords the surest kind of surface-protection against time and weather.

E. J. PURCELL, Athens



The Refinement of Purity

CAREFUL cooks know the value of purity. In the making of cakes or pastry they use those ingredients which they believe to be pure and wholesome.

To apply this "insistence on purity" to sugar, is no easy matter—for nearly all sugars look alike to those not expert in detecting variation. The safe course is to use a sugar that comes from refineries in which purity is a boast.

In the Dominion Sugar refineries the boast is backed by a standing invitation to the public to visit and inspect the plants in which Dominion Crystal Sugar is made.

In Dominion Crystal Sugar the housewives of Canada have one sugar that can be depended upon for that Purity which is so essential to successful culinary effort.

This is the only sugar that may be rightly termed "Canadian from the ground up." We do import the finest raw cane sugar and refine it—but our pride is in the product we make from Canadian sugar beets.

Dominion Sugar Company Limited
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Meetings in the Baptist Church

Beginning February 21st, 1921, and continuing until Feb. 25th. Further announcements Friday Evening February 25th. ¶ They are for the deepening of Spiritual Life and for all who need help. ¶ Come and be sure to bring your Bibles. ¶ Meetings Every Evening at 7.30 p.m. ¶ EVERYBODY WELCOME