

The Athens Reporter

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Athens, Leeds County, Ontario, Wednesday, June 6, 1917

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LEAGUE'S ANNUAL OUTING

The annual outing of the Epworth League was held at Mr. W. F. Earl's summer home at Charleston Lake on Saturday. The weather was perfect and members of the League and their friends to the number of fifty-seven thoroughly enjoyed this annual event. So quiet was the air that scarcely a ripple disturbed the surface of the lake, and only to stand and gaze at this paradise of waters would almost suffice the average person without the added pleasures of boating and the sociability of the gathering. No more appropriate spot could have been chosen for the picnic; neither could there have been more hospitable hosts. Mr. and Mrs. Earl throw open their cottage to the League every year.

Teams and motor cars transported the picnickers from Athens over a road which is slowly being improved to meet the demands of increased traffic. Dinner and supper were served in the cottage. Roaming through the beautiful grounds of Cedar Park, scaling the ridge beyond, and exploring the wildness of High Rock, gathering immense trilled honeysuckles, and moccasin plants, were pleasures of the day.

A. E. DONOVAN, M. P. P. SPEAKS AT LONDON

The London Free Press of May 31 contains a report of the convention of the Western Ontario Retail Jewelers' Association held there which is the beginning of a Dominion-wide confederation of the men of the jewelry trade.

Entertainment Provided

The entertainment provided for the out-of-town delegates included an automobile run around the city which included a visit to the grounds of the London Hospital for the Insane and to Springbank Park.

In the evening, a banquet was held at the Tecumseh House, where among other speakers, the delegates were addressed by Mr. A. E. Donovan, M.P.P., for Brockville, and his Worship Mayor Stevenson, who formally welcomed the convention to the City of London.

"Mr. Donovan, in an interesting address, spoke of the antiquity of the jewelers' craft and of the early historical associations of the guilds and spoke of the present movements being an organization similar to the numerous other such movements which had been found necessary in other trades all over the Dominion."

24th Cold This Year

According to figures issued at Toronto, May 24th of this year was the coldest day of any May 24th in 76 years. The records showed the thermometer to be at 36 degrees at its lowest point.

Prof. Knight who looks after that branch of the work at Queen's University, Kingston, states that 36 was the lowest registered there also, and the conditions seemed to be similar throughout the province.

CANADIAN CHEESE REQUISITIONED BY FOOD DICTATOR

London, May 30—Baron Devonport, the food controller, beginning to-day, ordered all cheese imported from Canada, Australasia and the United States requisitioned, and henceforth will control all dealings in it. Cheese will be put on the market at a price enabling retailers to sell it at sixteen cents per pound (approximately 32 cents).

The Food Controller has also fixed the retail prices on all beans, peas, and pulse and arranged an automatic reduction in the price of beans, averaging two cents a pound in July, with a similar reduction in August.

WOMEN'S INSTITUTE NOTES

As June is the beginning of the institute year a number of ladies will canvass the village on Monday next for new members and to renew the membership of the past year. The fee for membership is 25 cents.

Mrs. Laura Rose Stevens, of Huntingdon, Que., will address the Institute on Wednesday June 13 on an interesting subject. Mrs. Stephens needs no introduction as she was the founder of the institute here six years ago, her name then being Miss Laura Rose. Everyone is invited.

MASONIC DEDICATION

The new rooms of Rising Sun Lodge No. 85 A.F. and A.M. were dedicated Thursday night in the presence of seventy-five members and visiting brethren who came from Smith's Falls, Delta, Brockville, Perth, Frankville, and Chicago. Grand Lodge regalia and paraphernalia were, of course, used.

D. D. G. M. Taitte, of Smith's Falls conducted the ceremony. During the evening lunch was served by Brothers C. C. Slack and E. C. Tribute. Votes of thanks to the visiting brethren were extended by Brothers Lamb, Holmes and Usher.

After the toast to the King, "the Grand Lodge" was given by Ver. Wor. Bro. Fluker of Smith's Falls and responded to by Rt. Wor. Bro. Taitte and Bro. O. Cars, of Smith's Falls. "The Visiting Lodges" was given by Ver. Bro. McBride of Smith's Falls, and responded to by Ver. Wor. Bro. Craig, Smith's Falls, and Bros. Phelps and Hanna, of Delta.

TRIAL BY JURY

The Gananogue amateur opera company presented Gilbert and Sullivan's operetta, "Trial by Jury" in the Town Hall here Thursday night to a fair house. The attendance suffered from a counter attraction.

For amateurs, the Gananogue people are marvels. They deserved and received great admiration for the splendid talent they displayed. The operetta was marked by many excellent voices. Numerous vaudeville specialties rounded out the program. The dancing and singing were especially good and the costumes what one might expect in a city play house. About fifty people participated in the program; they were accompanied by numerous friends from their home town, making the trip in automobiles. That they thoroughly enjoyed the visit to Athens was evident from the ecstatic spirit in which they worked on the stage. Gananogue has talent to be proud of.

This entertainment was under the auspices of the Women's Institute.

MRS. JOHN PLUNKETT

At the age of 67 years, Mrs. John Plunkett, widow of the late John Plunkett, died at her home in Lyndhurst on June 3. Deceased, whose maiden name was Mary Somerville, was born at Leeds. Death was caused by a general breakdown after la grippe.

Mrs. Plunkett possessed a jovial disposition, and will be much missed by her large circle of friends. In religion, she was an Anglican. The sympathy of all goes out to the bereaved family.

She leaves to mourn her loss three sons, John, of Ellisville; William, of Long Point; Benjamin, of Escott; also three sisters and one brother.

The funeral took place Sunday from the residence of her son to St. John's church Leeds, and interment was made at the cemetery there.

The pall-bearers were: John Moorehead, Charles O'Connor, William Warren, William Bryan, Jacob Bryan, and David Townsend.

Among relatives from a distance were: Mrs. Chas. Slack and Mrs. M. J. Kavanagh, Charleston; Mrs. Dillon, Addison; Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Plunkett, Escott.

DONOVAN—McCARTHY

The marriage of Cornelius A. Donovan, of Toledo, Ont., well known in Brockville, where he formerly resided, to Miss Margaret F. McCarthy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John T. McCarthy, of Ogdensburg, took place Tuesday morning in that city, at 8 o'clock at St. Mary's Cathedral, Rev. Father Michael F. Burns officiating. Thomas B. Donovan, of Toledo, a brother of the groom, acted as best man, and Miss Elizabeth McCarthy, sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid. The bride was tastefully attired in a tan colored traveling suit with hat to match and wore a corsage of roses. The bridesmaid wore a dark blue suit with picture hat to follow. Following the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride's parents, after which the happy couple left on a honeymoon trip to Toronto, Kingston, Quebec and Montreal.

Mr. Donovan is a graduate of the Kingston Dairy School and at present is vice-president and general manager of the Hygienic Dairy Company of Watertown, N. Y. The bride is a graduate of St. Mary's Academy of Ogdensburg and the Ogdensburg College.

A GOOD BET—A Hundred-to-One Shot

DO you know that never in the past hundred years have the opportunities offered wage earners been so entirely in their favor and do you further know that it may be another hundred years before similar conditions prevail?

A hundred years is a long time to wait, so the wise man or woman will take advantage of the favorable chances within their reach to make the present last. The only way to do this is by putting aside in the Savings Bank a small portion of to-day's good luck. Remember this cannot last for ever.

All good chances are in the present. Those who depend upon future chances are betting against themselves and this is generally a very bad bet.

The Merchants' Bank OF CANADA.

ATHENS BRANCH

F. A. ROBERTSON, Manager

Local and District News

Mrs. L. Hope, of Newburgh, is a guest at the Rectory.

Miss Sarah Landon is home from the Kingston Business College.

Send in the names of your guests for the Personal columns of the Reporter.

Miss Jennie Doolan, of the B.B.C. was a recent guest at her home here.

Brockville merchants take their first Wednesday half-holiday to-day.

Miss Winifred Purvis, of Toronto, was in Athens for a few days renewing old acquaintances.

Mr. Harold Ferrier, of the Merchants Bank, spent the week-end at his home in Perth.

Mr. Clarence Knowlton returned to Toronto Saturday after spending three weeks at his home here.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Wing were on a motor trip last week to Elgin visiting relatives and friends.

Miss Rachel Johnston, of Delta, is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. M. Yates, Wiltse street.

Mr. Richard Layng has been granted the degree of D.D.S. at the Great Western University, Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Rappell, Leeds, have been guests of the former's mother, Mrs. Mary Rappell.

While in Athens Mr. Lorne Cummings and mother, of Lyn were guests of Mrs. Helen E. Cornell.

The W. M. S. of the Methodist church will meet in the vestry at 3 p.m. Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Coleman and family, Brockville, were week-end guests at "The Lilacs."

Burton Alguire has rented Roy Robinson's farm at Hard Island and will take possession in the fall.

The ladies of St. Paul's Presbyterian church will hold a lawn social on the evening of the 27th of June. Further announcement later.

Mr. Kenneth Blancher has passed creditably his first year examinations at the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto.

Rev. Lorne Cummings, of Lyn, preached in St. Paul's Presbyterian church Sunday evening, delivering a very able discourse.

Mrs. L. H. Nutting, and Miss Rose Johnston, of New York; and Mrs. Robt. Steacy and two children, of Frankville, are guests of Mrs. M. A. Johnston.

Rev. Mr. Vickery conducted the funeral services of the late Mrs. Ezra Wiltse at Addison on Sunday. There was no service in the Athens Methodist church in the evening.

Private Harold Edwards, of Smith Falls, who was wounded at Vimy Ridge, has since been awarded the military cross for distinguished conduct. He was transferred to England after being wounded and the honor was conferred on him there.

As a commissioner from Brockville Presbytery, Rev. W. Usher is attending the General Assembly of the Presbytery in Ershine Church, Montreal.

The number of invalid Canadian soldiers in England on April 27, according to the report just received by the Military Hospitals Commission, was 20,662, including 688 officers.

Send your absent friend the Reporter. It is only \$1.50 a year.

June—the months of brides.

Mr. G. Wing has sold his car to Mr. Warren Gifford.

Arnprior raised almost \$12,000 in their patriotic campaign.

Mr. Lloyd Willson, of Kingston, spent the week-end at the home of his parents here.

Capt. and Mrs. A. C. Ducolon, of Alexandria Bay, are guests of relatives in Athens.

Mr. H. Smith, of Hamilton, was a recent visitor in the village, a guest of his brother, N. E. Smith.

Mrs. D. M. Spaidal, and family, of Brockville, spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. Helen Cornell.

Mr. Frank Hutton, of Guelph, was recently in Athens a visitor in the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. Cross.

Mr. Winford Gifford, of Aylmer, Ont., offered his services for overseas but was rejected.

Mrs. W. G. Swayne and Mrs. L. Glenn Earl are attending the annual meeting of the Women's Auxiliary at Napanee.

June 4 was quietly observed this year as the King's birthday by the bank, the department of Agriculture and the public school.

Mrs. M. C. Towers, Lyndhurst, has been officially notified that No. 787360 Pte. Albert Towers recently underwent an operation in England and is progressing favorably.

Mrs. Sarah Wiltse has gone to Almonte to visit her daughter, Mrs. W. V. Lee, and may go to the Canadian West on a visit to her son and family before returning home.

The market in the county town Saturday morning was of average size. Potatoes sold at \$3 per bushel; eggs, 43 cents and 45 cents per dozen; butter, 45 cents per pound; veal, 13 cents and 15 cents per pound, mutton at 20 cents and 22 cents per pound.

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HER HUMBLE LOVER

"This is delightful!" she says, with half-closed eyes, as the door opens and Lord Delamere comes in. "I am rather grateful to the mountain torrent, Hector; I am sure the place we intended reaching to-night could not have been better than this; the room is charmingly comfortable! Come and sit down!" and she holds out her hand over his shoulder.

He comes and takes it in his, and pats it absently, but he does not sit down. If she could see his face, she—who is so keen to notice the slightest changes in his expression—would detect the air of grave thoughtfulness that sits upon it. There is a restless, almost apprehensive light in his eyes, and as he stands beside her chair he seems to be listening; then as she turns her head to look at him, he rouses himself.

"Yes," he says, "it seems very comfortable. But I did not mean to come here. It is a pity that we did not make out our destination."

"But why?" she says, with a smile. "One place is as good as another, and better, as the Spaniards say. I think this is delightful. What is it they are cooking, Hector? It is a most appetizing smell, and I am awful hungry. Are you sure you are not wet, dear?"

"Wet? No," he answers, as if he had forgotten the storm. "They are cooking the supper. I will go and see what they have got. We shall be lucky if we get an omelette and some soup. I won't be answerable for the presence of garlic," he added, lightly, but with an effort.

Signa smiles.

"I will forgive them even the garlic," she says, nestling down again. But why should you trouble? Cannot the faithful Saunders make the inquiry?"

"The faithful Saunders is busy with the horses," he says, as he moves toward the door; then he pauses, and coming back, stands with his back to the fire, looking down at her with a strange, intent expression in his dark eyes.

"You seem very happy, Signa," he says, almost interrogatively.

"I am quite," she replies. "I don't know why. Because I am getting so well, and because I am afraid you will be shocked, Hector, but I think there is a great deal of the Bohemian in me—this traveling and roughing it, as you call it, suits me admirably. I have often envied these gipsies who go about the country in carts all covered with brooms and cradles. It is the freedom, the liberty of the life, that is so delicious."

"You had better sell the granite, and buy a hawk's van," he says, with a smile.

She laughs and colors. It is the first time he has referred to his present wedding gift, and in some indefinite way it jars upon her.

He is silent for a moment; then he says:

"I think I will go and see how Saunders is getting on. He may want some help, and none of these good people understand how to groom a horse. I remember—"; then he stops short, and glances at her quickly; but the last two words of the sentence have escaped her, and, with a troubled brow, he leaves the room.

There is a long passage between the guest room and the door, and at the end of it he sees the short, thick-set figure of the landlord, a black object between the sky and the lamplight. The man turns as he hears Lord Delamere's step, and with a bow makes room for him to pass. Lord Delamere steps into the room, then turns, and motions the man to follow.

With a perfectly impassive face the landlord of the Mountain Goat obeys, and stands silent and attentive.

Hector stands looking beyond him at the mountains that rise beyond the valley, half-absently; then turns his glance upon the landlord.

"Do you not remember me, Herrmann?" he says, quietly.

The landlord bows, with a calm smile.

"Of a certainty, my lord," he says. Lord Delamere nods.

"I thought so, notwithstanding your manner."

The landlord shrugged his shoulder, and extends his hands, palms upward, after the manner of his countrymen.

"Soh!" he says, gravely. "It was not for me to rush myself forward, my lord. It was for me to wait and see whether your lordship wished me to remember. If so—good; if not—well, then I forget!"

Hector takes a turn with a stern face, as if the man's secrecy annoyed him, then he comes back to him.

"You understand," he says, "that it is by the merest accident that we are here?"

"The man explained, my lord," is the brief response.

Hector nods.

"We shall leave in the morning. Meanwhile—" he hesitates, his soul loathes the task upon him, but it is necessary—"meanwhile it is my wish that no idle gossip reaches her ladyship; and he waves his hand toward the window of the room in which Signa sits.

The landlord makes a gesture of complete comprehension.

"Certainly, most certainly, my lord," he says. "From no one in this house of mine will her ladyship hear anything of the—of that which your lordship wishes forgotten. Your lordship may trust me. Those good fellows—and he nods toward the common parlour—will be gone in an hour, and the house quiet. How should her ladyship hear anything?"

Hector stands with his hands thrust into the pockets of his travel-

ing jacket, his face dark and troubled, his eyes fixed on the line of mountains looming against the sky.

"It is fate," he mutters, half audibly. "A week earlier or later, the road would have been open. I would give ten years of my life if we were on any other spot of the habitable globe!"

"Bah!" exclaims the landlord, curtly, but not at all disrespectfully, "your lordship troubles yourself without cause. All that little business is done with and forgotten; even here in Casalina things do not last longer than nine days and that is—oh, a long time since. Be at rest, my lord—trust to me."

Lord Delamere nods. Upon his face is the look which rested there that tragic story of his, Lord Delamere's crime, but added to it a wistful apprehension which reveals its cause as he glances at the window behind him.

"Yes—yes," he says, "there is no danger—I can rely upon your discretion, Herrmann." Then he pauses for a moment, and his voice drops, as he adds, abruptly—"And she! Where is she?"

The landlord shrugs his shoulders. "Who can say?" he answers. "In Paris, Rome, where you will. Casalina has not seen her since—"

"I know—I know," interrupts Lord Delamere, sternly. "At any rate she is not here?"

"Of a certainty, not," replies the landlord. "Should I not have told your lordship at once? Yes—yes!"

"That would have been of no use," he says, moodily. "I tell you that we were compelled to take shelter here. The horses could not leave gone back to Pezzia, where we stayed last night, and there was no place but this to turn to. No matter—we leave here to-morrow early. I hope to Heaven that I have seen Casalina for the last time."

The landlord, who has only half caught the almost inaudible aspiration, bows and turns into the house, and Lord Delamere makes his way to the stables. Saunders is busy with the horses, whistling cheerfully as he dries their wet skins while his own is still unwatered.

"They are all right," asked Lord Delamere.

"The man starts at the altered voice, which he has never heard but with a pleasant, cheerful rind, but which is now hard and stern.

"Yes, my lord," he answers. "Rather overdone; that last mile or two tried them after the day's journey; but they'll be all right to-morrow. Her ladyship, my lord," he adds, glancing apprehensively to the pale face above him—"she's not tired, my lord?"

"No—no," says Hector, and his face relaxes its sternness. "No, her ladyship is all right, thanks, Saunders. Get in to your supper when you have finished here. They will make you comfortable."

"That's all right, my lord, thank you," says the man, with true English confidence. "I know that by the condition of the stables, my lord. Stables clean, and plenty of corn for the horses, always means clean linen and plenty of victuals for the man."

Hector nods.

"I came to tell you that we start early to-morrow," he says, turning to the door—"I mean quite early."

Saunders nods, his eyes on his beleaguered horses.

"Yes, my lord, I was thinking that perhaps we should get a day's rest for 'em. There's no denying that they are a little overdone."

"We shall leave here to-morrow if they've a leg to stand on," he says, with so strange a barbsness in his tone that poor Saunders colors, and, touching his hat, bends down to his work in silence.

Lord Delamere goes out into the night again, and stands looking into the darkness. As if in a vision he sees his own once deserted, now magnificent Grange; in spirit he once more steers the boat, with Signa lying at his feet, toward St. Clare. It is all a vision to him; even the gay, brilliant, bewildering Paris life; and this one accursed spot upon which he stands seems the only real thing. It is here that the most tragic events of his life have occurred, a tragedy, the whole truth of which has yet to be learnt, the bitter results of which have yet to be felt. As he stands, troubled and pensive, the place seems to change him-

from the happy, good-natured Hector Warren to the morose and sin-stained Lord Delamere.

"Fate! Fate!" he mutters once more. "It was fate that I should return and bring my darling with me. A chance word from one of these tipplers and her whole happiness would be wrecked! Would to Heaven we had braved the torrent; anything would have been better than being here!"

"Hector!" comes a voice in the darkness.

It is Signa's. He starts, and hurries to the door.

"Don't stand there, my darling," he says, chidingly; "the night air is cold."

"And so will the supper be," she retorts, laughing, "if you do not come in. Is anything the matter with the horses?"

"Thank Heaven, no!" he answers, fervently.

"That's devoutly uttered," she says, brightly. Come in now. What do you say to a roast pheasant as well as your omelet? We have found an inn after Dr. Johnson's heart. Come, I am fearfully hungry."

He puts his arm around her, and they go in. The supper, a luxurious one, trust a German for good living—is smoking on the table. A tidy maid servant stands ready to wait.

"Glorious! Is it not?" says Signa, taking her chair. "Give me Casalina for a resting place."

He shudders, but instantly dispels the cloud from his brow, and makes a great show of enjoying the situation.

"If only Lady Rookwell or Aunt Podswell could see us!" says Signa—"to say nothing of the Duchess d'Ornais—how surprised they would be. After all, a roving life is the one that contains the most enjoyment. You don't understand my enjoyment, perhaps; it is all so stale to you. To me it is simply delightful. What wine is that, Hector?"

"Pure Tuscan. I can recommend it; Herrmann was always famous for his wine."

She stares for a moment, then she laughs.

"Ah, yes, I forgot. You have been here before, have you not?"

"Yes," he says, calmly, but his hand trembles as he lifts his glass.

"You must take me all over the place to-morrow," she says, with a tone of anticipation in her voice. "I am sure it is pretty. There are mountains, are there not?"

"Yes," he answers. "There are mountains, oh, yes." She looks at him wonderingly.

"Is there anything the matter with the horses?" she asks.

He starts and laughs.

"Nothing. They are rather tired, and so am I, and so should you be; you have had a long journey, my darling."

"But a happy one," she says. "Do you remember, or do you not, my saying—the day I think it was when we were in the boat sailing to St. Clare—that I longed to be in Italy? I suppose it is because I am here that I am so happy. Do you remember?"

"I remember everything," he says, huskily. "There is nothing that I forgot. But come, darling, you must be tired. We start early to-morrow morning."

"Early," she says, open-eyed. "Surely not! The maid has been telling me in pure Tuscan that there is not a prettier place than Casalina; I wanted you to show it to me."

"It is not worth seeing," he says, almost sternly.

Signa looks up at him with heightened color, and a touch of pained wonder in her eyes. It is the first time in her life that his tone has been anything but gentle and loving with her.

"Is anything the matter, Hector?" she murmurs.

"Matter!" he says, with a forced laugh and a look of self-reproach. "No, darling; nothing. I am only annoyed that we should have been turned out of our course. Let me give you some more wine."

She shakes her head, still a little hurt; and he fills his own glass, and drinks the wine with an eagerness quite novel with him.


Then, as if with an effort, he dispels the gloom that seems to hover over him like a cloud and begins to talk to her, as she loves to have him talk; witty and gay by turns, with every now and then a tender word of love for her.

There is an old piano in the room—there is always a musical instrument of some kind in every Tuscan inn; and half-absently she opens it and touches the keys.

"Play something—sing, dear," he says, suddenly.

And she sits down and, touching the keys softly, sings one of his favorite songs. He gets up and paces the room for a few minutes, then he seats himself in the shadow, and resting his head upon his hand, is lost in thought.

"I wonder how many hands have touched this dear old thing," she says, and she picks out a tune slowly, gets it by memory, and begins to lit to it. With a suddenness that almost startles her, he raises his head, his face pale, his lips compressed.



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"Not that," he says. "It—there is no music in it. Sing something English."

Signa laughs softly.

"How patriotic you are to-night, Hector! Will this do?" and the clear voice soars into "Fair as a Rose." And his head goes down on his hand again. Outside in the passage the whole of the household is gathered to listen with breathless enjoyment to the sweet voice of the young English maid, and one of the maids leaves a sigh and murmurs:

"Ah, but mildred is a happy man!"

Mildred, as he rises to light a cigar, looks anything but happy. With restless strides he paces the room again, until, with a half-smothered yawn, Signa leans back in her chair and looks at him.

"My music hath no charm to soothe the savage breast," she says, half reproachfully. "You look tired out, Hector."

"I think I am, and yet I am restless. I will finish this cigar; but you shall go to bed, my darling," and he crosses and puts his arm round her with a caress that has something of a protesting air, as if some intangible danger were approaching her.

"Very well," she says. "You will not be long."

He shakes his head, and lighting the candle, leads the way to their room. When he comes down again, he calls impatiently for another bottle of wine, but forgets it when it is brought, and allows it to remain on the table untouched, while he falls to on the restless pacing of the polished floor.

At last he stops abruptly, and putting his hand to his forehead, as if to obliterate some painful, mental vision, murmurs:

"What has come to me? This is worse than womanish! This presentiment of coming evil! It is this cursed place. Thank Heaven, we leave it to-morrow."

Then he goes upstairs, and holding the candle above his head looks down at the lovely face with the peace of sleep lying upon it, and his face works convulsively with a passionate tenderness and awful apprehension.

"Oh! my darlings!" he murmurs, hoarsely. "Pray Heaven that the hand, which, stretching out from the past, lies so heavy on my heart, may never touch you! To-morrow! Oh, for to-morrow!"

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them out directly, my lord, and try them."

Hector nods and walks out into the road. It is a lovely view, but as he gazes at it no sign of pleasure or admiration comes into his eyes; instead, his face grows grave and harsh, and he turns back hastily to see Signa standing in the open doorway. She looks a part of the morning, so fresh and bright is the lovely face, so full of youth and grace the lithe, supple figure.

"What a lovely morning, Hector! And what a pretty place! Is it really true that we shall not be able to see it?"

"I am afraid so," he replies, looking away from her. "We have a long journey before us, and must start early. Our friend, the swollen torrent, has disarranged our plans."

(To be continued.)

THE LUSCIOUS STRAWBERRY

A Bunch of Tested Recipes for their Use, For the Careful Housewife to Clip Out.

Strawberries grow in Alaska and Florida and Maine and Texas. They follow the pull of the sunshine from South to North across the whole country. What to do with them while in season and how to keep up supply when out of season is set forth in the following array of recipes:

STRAWBERRY POPOVERS.

These popovers make a very novel and delicious dessert, and, what is better, one that is not at all difficult to make. Beat three eggs rather light, but not quite as light as for cake, and two cupfuls of milk and beat again and then add two cupfuls of flour that have been sifted twice and mixed with a saltspoonful of salt. Now beat it again until it is smooth and pour into buttered gem pans that have been heated in the oven until they are warmed thoroughly. Bake in a moderate oven. When done they should be eaten at once after they have been split up one side and filled with slightly crushed strawberries and covered with whipped cream.

STRAWBERRY BREAD PUDDING.

Though this dish has a homely name, it is really a most delicious confection and literally worthy "to set before a king." Cut stale bread in rather thin slices and toast a light brown. Butter this very lavishly and line the bottom and sides of a pudding dish with them. Fill the dish with strawberries and heap them in as thickly as possible, placing a few crumbled pieces of toast among them and sifting sugar all through and over them. Bake in a moderate oven for about half an hour. This is delicious served very cold with thick cream.

STRAWBERRY CHARLOTTE RUSSE.

Make a custard of one quart of milk, put over the fire with a cupful of sugar, bring to the boiling point and stir in the beaten yolks of four eggs. Stir constantly for a moment and remove from the fire. Dip half a dozen ladyfingers in cream and arrange them in a glass dish. Pour over them a layer of strawberries slightly sweetened. Arrange another layer of the berries. Pour the custard over all. Beat the whites of the eggs until stiff and stir into them four tablespoons of powdered sugar; color with a little juice of the berries. Pile the meringue lightly over the top or ornament with a circle of large, firm, sweet berries. The ingredients of the trifle must be very cold when put together, and it is a good plan to keep the dish on ice until served.

STRAWBERRY WHIP.

Rub a quart of strawberries through a fine strainer and add powdered sugar to taste. Beat the whites of three eggs to a very stiff froth and mix this immediately with the mashed berries and put in a quick oven to cook for 15 or 20 minutes, according to the degree of heat in the oven, and serve as soon as baked. A soufflé of this kind is always more delicious if baked in a low baking dish.

STEAMED STRAWBERRY PUDDING.

Make a soft dough with one cupful of milk and one pint of flour, in which has been sifted two level tea spoonfuls of baking powder and a little salt. Put a spoonful of the dough into well-greased cups, then a spoonful of strawberries, then another of dough. Steam for 20 minutes.

STRAWBERRY SAUCE.

Cream two tablespoonfuls of butter, add gradually one cup of powdered sugar and a little lemon juice. Beat in crushed berries and serve cold, or melt the butter over hot water and serve hot.

BERRY BAVARIAN CREAM.

Mix one pint of strawberry pulp and juice with half a cupful of powdered sugar. Cover half a box of gelatin with one-fourth cupful of cold water and soak until soft. Add one-fourth cupful of hot water and dissolve and strain. Stir this into the fruit, stand the bowl containing the mixture in a pan of cracked ice and as soon as it begins to thicken, fold in one-half pint of cream, whipped stiff. Turn into a mould and stand it in a cold place. Serve with the whole berries.

Strawberry sandwiches may be offered at the tea table. Mash the berries slightly, adding a little orange juice and plenty of powdered sugar. Butter thin slices of bread and spread with the berries.

Strawberry fool is a summer day dessert. Put two pounds of ripe strawberries into a pan with four ounces of castor sugar. Cover closely and let simmer for 10 minutes, stirring occasionally to prevent burning. Put the fruit through a sieve, add enough custard to make it thick, then some cream. Stand it on ice.

The trouble with most people who fish for compliments is that they don't go deep enough.

AFTER DOCTORS FAILED

A WELL-KNOWN RESIDENT OF PORT HAWKESBURY IS RESTORED TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

One of the best known men in the town of Port Hawkesbury, N.S., is Mr. William Duff. He has been a member of the municipal council for 16 years, held other responsible positions. Mr. Duff's words, therefore, can be taken as coming from a man who has the esteem and respect of his fellow townsmen. He makes no secret of the fact that he believes Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved his life, and that they restored him to good health, after several medical men had failed to cure him. Mr. Duff tells of his illness and cure as follows: "About four years ago I was attacked with a gripe which left me in a condition difficult to describe. I was attacked with general weakness, and a constant dull pain in the stomach. I became so weak that I could not walk a hundred yards without sitting down to rest. The food I ate continually soured on my stomach. My nerves were all gone, and palpitation of the heart and a fluttering sensation all through my chest, especially at night was almost unbearable. I was finally compelled to go to bed, and called in a doctor, who said my heart was affected, and treated me for that trouble. After three months attendance, and feeling no better I called in another doctor. His treatment also failed to help me, and I tried a third doctor. This one said there was nothing wrong with my heart, that the trouble was due to my stomach. After treating me for a time he advised that I go to the hospital at Halifax. On a previous occasion when I had an attack of rheumatism I had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I decided that rather than go to a hospital I would again try this medicine. I got a supply of the pills and began using them. In a few weeks I could feel my strength returning, my stomach was giving me less trouble, the palpitation of the heart disappeared, and after a further use of the pills I felt as well as ever I did in my life. I can truly say that I feel more thankful than words can express for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me."

You can get these pills from 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.

The Good Time.

Frequently you hear a rich man abused because he stays on the job that made him rich instead of spending his time gadding about the earth in search of a good time. But it is hardly fair to censure that avarice and greed prompt such action or even that it is lack of faith in humanity. Very likely the work done represents the good time for the man who stays at it for it is certain that there are many ideas of what constitutes happiness, and the man who selects loafing is apt to change his mind in time if he tries it. Doing nothing is harder than work, and if a man has spent many years at work, learning little of play, work brings him more enjoyment than the butterfly existence.—Athenian Globe.

SHIP O' DREAMS

(Carroll O'Connell.)
Misty night, stars so bright,
Dusky shades a-falling,
In the distance, hidden quite,
Whip-poor-will's calling.

All around, hills profound,
Lofly and serene,
Purple mist; must have kissed,
Their soft, luxuriant green.

The little flowers, with twilight hours,
Their dainty heads have drooped,
Mother Rest their slumbers blessed,
As over them she stooped.

The lake so blue has darkened, too,
And still, so still, it seems,
'Tis fitting night, for fairy flight,
In my little Ship o' Dreams.

The Hindenburg Line.

The German General Staff revealed the fighting on the Somme, and summarizing the result with faces fixed and plum, they put it up to Hindenburg with fat conceit.

The stout Field Marshal stood and scratched the corners of his head, and where in the interesting egs continued study sped.

"This thing must stop. We've got to draw the line somewhere," he said.

And whereupon they started in at once to draw the line.

According to the regulations perfect in design, in fact the Kaiser said it was without a doubt divine.

'Tis done! 'Tis done at last in strict accordance with the law,
And tooting loudly all the Teutons back of it withdraw.

The while a wondering universe looks on suffused with awe.

But now the British, nice enough, but rather stupid chaps,
Have cut it up and broken it—completely soiled the map.

You'd almost think they didn't know the thing was there, perhaps?
—Maures Morris, in New York Sun.

Making Amends.

A poor Turkish slave of Constantinople, to get at work upon the roof of a house, lost his footing and fell into the narrow street upon a man. The pedestrian was rescued by the concussion, while the slater escaped without material injury. A son of the deceased caused the slater to be arrested. The cad listened attentively and in the end asked the slater what he had to say in his defense.

"Dispenser of justice," answered the accused, "it is even as this man says, but heaven forbid that there should be evil in my heart. I am a poor man and know not how to make amends."

The son of the man who had been killed thereupon demanded that condign punishment should be inflicted on the accused.

The cad meditated a few moments and finally said, "I shall be so. Then to the street where the father of this young man stood when thou didst fall on him."

And to the accuser he added, "Thou shalt fall upon the culprit even as he fell upon thy father. Allah be praised!"

The legislator without statistics is like the mariner: at sea without a compass.—Garfield.

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AUSTIN G. L. TRIBUTE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

KISMET

A noble sacrifice was made recently by a young man at the front. He had been in France for about fifteen months and was expected home on leave, when his mother got this letter from him:
"Mother I found a man just close by me who was very sad. I said to him 'What's the matter Billy?' He said he had just heard his little girl was very ill and he could not get leave. Mother, I know it will be a great disappointment, to you, but I went to my officer and asked him whether Bill could not have leave instead of me. So Bill is on leave I am staying behind." A few days later the mother received a telegram saying that her lad had been killed while staying behind in the other man's place.

IRON DISCIPLINE, YET—

In the Canadian army there is only one social class. Precocious youth in lieutenants' uniforms find no support in snobbery. The results obtained by the Canadian forces prove that their discipline is perfect; yet every day we hear incidents of young officers with mistaken notions of the purpose of discipline, getting snubbed by men and officers alike. They learn in time—at least most of them. An incident which occurred in Halifax created a flurry of excitement. A number of soldiers were standing in a group—a bronzed and stalwart chap had his back to the building, his arms behind him. A young lieutenant passed by and the "chap" failed to salute him. This annoyed the lieutenant and after he had proceeded a few yards he wheeled again and passed the soldier and again he failed to salute. The indignant lieutenant sharply rebuked the soldier, who still stood with his arms behind him. "Don't you know you must salute an officer," said the officer. Then came the arms from behind the soldier's back. They were handless arms, and as he held them to the callous youth with the commission he said: "Run home and tell your mother you have seen a real soldier."

PARTNER, NOT EMPLOYEE

(The Wall Street Journal)
The British subject is different to other subjects in the important fact that he is a partner in the business. He is not an employee like the German. He is not only a partner, but he is the partner who signs the checks. All the rest follows, for an American citizen is no less. Indeed it may be doubted if our House of Representatives possesses anything like that power of the purse enjoyed by the British House of Commons. The British Upper House tried to amend a money bill some years ago as our Senate would not hesitate to do, and it is not likely to repeat the experiment. Indeed, if the House of Lords assumed a fraction of the power of our Senate, the Commons would go up in the air and stay up till the Lords climbed down. The British people are at war and they are willingly paying the tremendous bill because what they are fighting for is something they themselves have evolved out of their strenuous history. That thing is our common democracy, our own most priceless heritage.

AMERICAN TROOPS TO FRANCE

(Youth's Companion)
With the registration of the ten million young men from whom the new national army is to be drawn, the mobilization of the entire National Guard and the designation of a division of regular troops for immediate service in France, the United States has given earnest that it does not mean to enter the war merely as banker or commissioner for its allies, but as a real belligerent. Its man power, if fully called upon, must in the end exert a tremendous, perhaps a decisive, influence upon the actual fighting, but that power cannot be very extensive-

ly employed this year, since the necessary process of training and equipment will occupy most of the months that are suitable for campaign in the field.

But the flag is to go to the front at once. One army division, and very likely more as the summer goes on, will be dispatched to take a place in the battle line. We shall have our share, even if it be a small one, in the great war in behalf of freedom and the rights of man. How much material assistance we shall give to our allies is not clear—some at least, although perhaps not much. But it will cheer and hearten them to see our soldiers fighting at last beside their own; especially it will encourage our sister republic, France, which has so spent itself materially and spiritually in the struggle. The sight of the Stars and Stripes floating beside the Tricolor in the trenches will double the value of the small expedition we shall send.

It will be a wonderful experience for the men of Gen. Pershing's division. They will be welcomed as almost no other band of soldiers was ever welcomed, for their presence in France will have a significance that it is impossible to exaggerate. They carry with them America, a world power at last, forced out of its comfortable isolation by the peril of its sister nations; they carry with them the pledge of the oneness of the New World with the Old, and of its determination to do its part in defending civilization and democracy. It will be a historic moment when they disembark on the shores of France, and every American's heart will beat more proudly when that moment comes.

THE LITTLE SPELL

"I don't know who wrote it or where it appeared, but the following few lines are very true to life just now:

Twinkle, twinkle little spud,
As up among the clouds you scud,
You are doubtless feeling gay,
Chasing round the milky way.
You have reached to such a height
You are surely out of sight—
Like a diamond now you seem
In your price and that's no dream.
Twinkle on another twink;
As we chase for needful chink
You are sailing rather high,
As you wink your shrivelled eye,
Up there somewhere in the sky,
Tuber, since the coop you flew,
We have only longed for you;
That our freside you forsook,
Broke our heart and pocketbook,
Never felt how we could love,
Till you left and went above,
Never felt how dear you were,
Till we paid four dollars per.
Small potato, please come back,
In our lives, there's such a lack;
For your presence we so pine
That our stomach hits our spine,
We are tired of eating greens,
Stewed prunes, sauerkraut and beans.
'Tis for you alone we yearn;
Darling tater, please return."

A PROPHECY.

"Have you noticed," writes a correspondent, "that James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, showed himself almost as true a prophet of things to come as the author of 'The Battle of Dorking'?"

Our correspondent's reference is to "Kilkenny," and we think our readers will like to refresh their memories with the actual lines from Kilkenny's vision of the fight between the lion and the eagle. Hogg was of course referring to the Napoleonic eagle, but his words may be fitly applied to Germany to-day. "She saw before her fair unfurled One half of all the glowing world, Where oceans rolled and rivers ran, To bound the aims of sinful man. She saw a people, fierce and fell, Burst frae their bounds like fiends of hell; There lillies grew, and the eagle flew, And she herked on her ravening crew. Till the cities and towers were wrapt in ablaze, And the thunder it roared o'er the lands and the seas. The widows wailed, and the red blood ran, And she threatened an end to the race of man; She never lened nor stood in awe, Till caught by the lions deadly paw. Oh! then the eagle swinked for life And brainzelled up a mortal strife; But flew she north, or flew she south, She met wi' the gowl of the lion's mouth. With a mooted wing and waeiful maen, The eagle sought her eiry again; But lang may she cower in her bloody nest, And lang, lang seek her wounded breast, Before she seey another flight To pay wi' the norland lion's might."

—Public Opinion, London.

MY AUTO 'TIS OF THEE

My auto 'tis of thee, short cut to poverty—of thee I chant. I blew a pile of dough on you two years ago, and now you refuse to go, won't or can't. Through town and countryside, you were my joy and pride; a happy day. I loved the gaudy hue, thy nice white tire so new, but now you're down and through in every way. To thee, old rattle box, came many bumps and knocks; for thee I grieve. Badly thy top is torn, frayed are thy seats and worn; a whooping cough affects thy horn, I do believe.

Thy perfume swells the breeze while good folks choke and wheeze as we pass by. I paid for thee a price 'twould buy a mansion twice now all are peddling "ice"—I wonder why? Thy motor has the grip, thy spark plug has the pip, and woe is thine, I too have suffered chills, ague and kindred ills, endeavoring to my bills since thou wert mine. Gone is my bank roll now, no more 'twould choke the mon, so help me John—amen, I'd buy a car again, and spend some more.—Ex.

PLANTING TO-NIGHT

(Winchester Press)
Many are the backs that are weary to-night,
From using the spade and the hoe
Many are the men who are straining their sight,
Watching for the stuff to grow.
Planting to-night,
Planting to-night
Planting in the old back yard.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Smith last week attended the funeral of the two daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Smith, Brantford. The deaths occurred within a week of each other. Athens friends of the bereaved family unite in extending sympathy.

Mr. Jerry Campo, who has spent a couple of months with his brother here, returned to-day to Chicago.

BELGIUM RELIEF WORK

In view of the recent statement issued by Mr. Hoover, Chairman of the Commission for Relief in Belgium which points out the impossibility at present of obtaining the necessary shipping tonnage to forward to Belgium the food supplies in the same quantities as in the past, also draws attention to the fact that the United States Government have made arrangements to loan to the Belgium Government the sum of \$45,000,000 payable to the Commission for Relief in Belgium in six monthly instalments which sum will cover the cost of such food supplies as can be shipped in that time by the limited number of ships available to the Commission, the Central Executive Committee of the Belgium Relief Fund in Canada finds it unnecessary for he present, to make appeal to the generously disposed people of Canada on the plea of the urgency of support in order to stave off starvation.

The needs of Belgium continue however as pressing as in the past and the situation may be considered as being even more pitiable as, through the forced decrease in imports, Belgium will be compelled to fall back on her last native resources already so denuded. In order to maintain that so limited ration that has been doled out in the past it will be necessary to encroach upon the Country's stock of Milk Cattle which has been reserved to maintain a supply of fresh milk for the children.

In the hope, however, that the recent swiftly developed shortage in the World's shipping—the cause of this new departure of the Relief Work—may not permanently endure; in the hope that the necessary funds may be available should any emergency or special occasion arise and in view of the fact that in any event relief in many forms will be required after the war, the Committee hope that all the generous supporters of the fund in the past and all those who have pledged themselves for future payments will continue to support the Fund and thus continue to show their sympathy with the people who gave their all for the cause of Humanity.

All such donations received after the 15th of June will be disposed of to the best advantage of this stricken people, according to the wish that may be expressed by any donor or according to the actual or more pressing needs of any of the already organized channels of Relief Work such as:

- "Help to the Children removed from Belgium Front"
- "Queen's Fund for the Wounded Soldiers"
- "Home for the Belgian Soldiers"
- "Relief for Belgium Prisoners in Germany"
- "Relief for Belgian Committee of the Belgian Red Cross"
- "Relief for Belgian Children suffering from tuberculosis and rickets"
- "Belgium Orphan Fund"
- "Belgian National Relief Fund for War Orphans, etc."

SLEPT ON THE MARCH.

Fired Soldiers Who Actually Walked While They Slumbered.

In an article, "Sleep For the Sleepless," in the World's Work the author quotes an eminent surgeon who made a study of sleep in the French army as follows:
"In the retreat from Mons to the Marne we had an extraordinary human experiment in which several hundred thousand men secured little sleep during nine days and in addition made forced marches and fought one of the greatest battles in history.

"How, then, did these men survive nine days apparently without opportunity for sleep? They did an extraordinary thing—they slept while they marched! Sheer fatigue slowed down their pace to a rate that would permit them to sleep while walking. When they halted they fell asleep. They slept in water and on rough grounds when suffering the pangs of hunger and thirst and even when severely wounded. They cared not for capture, not even for death, if only they could sleep.

"The unvaried testimony of the soldiers was that every one at times slept on the march. They passed through villages asleep. When sleep deepened they were awakened by comrades. They slept in water, on stones, in brush or in the middle of the road as if they had suddenly fallen in death. With the ever oncoming lines of the enemy no man was safe who dropped out of the ranks, for no matter on what pretext he fell out sleep conquered him. Asleep many were captured. That the artillery men slept on horseback was evidenced by the fact that every man lost his cap."

LOOK OUT OF YOUR WINDOW.

Mayhap You Are Missing a Wonderful Moving Picture Show.

Houses are so common, people are so common, and windows are so common! How rare it is for any one to realize how important it is to stand up and look out of a window! Have you, for example, ever looked out of every window in your house? If not try it and see what a new idea you will get of the universe.

Just looking out of one window is a wonderful thing to do. We do it sometimes when there is a big storm raging, and what a sensation we get! Clouds burst, the rain washes down in torrents. We think maybe the world is coming to an end. Out of the window, even in placid weather, there is always a great sight. We have a reserved seat to the greatest show now going on. About everything is happening out there that there is! Streams of universal knowledge flow in upon us through that window. All our senses become revitalized.

Out of every window there is almost always a tree in sight somewhere, even in the city. Take note of that tree, with its roots deep in the soil and its branches spreading out into the air. That tree will connect you up with Mother Earth. Then there is always the sky, leading you into unknown depths of thought and feeling, and there are always people passing—world comrades! It is the greatest moving picture show in the world.—Life.

Teamwork on a Battleship.
The problem of naval expansion would not be so hard were it not for the fact that every ship needs such a great number in its crew, because the greater the number of men that must work together as "a team" the greater the difficulty of accomplishing the "teamwork" and the longer the time required. In a ship, especially in a large ship like a battleship or battle cruiser, most of the men work together in large groups, such as turret crews, 100 men sometimes composing a turret crew. Nevertheless the ship and all the men it floats are bound together by invisible cords that make a ship a unit, and the major effect of the training and of the drills of all kinds is to make the whole a living organism.—Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske in World's Work.

Waterloo.
Sir Walter Scott once said that the loss of the battle of Waterloo threw half Britain into mourning, yet the casualties of England and her allies were only 22,423, which included the wounded and missing. The French are supposed to have lost 31,000 or 32,000, as many of the exhausted men were trampled on by the troops of Blucher, but owing to Napoleon's exile to St. Helena no accurate record could be made.

Theatrical Note.
"There's no demand for tragedians any more."
"Then why not go with the tide and be a comedian, old top?"
"Oh, I couldn't be funny if I tried!"
"That isn't necessary."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Arthur's Seat.
What is known as Arthur's Seat is a hill east of Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland. It is a strange formation in the shape of a lion and is 222 feet high, yet the ascent is an easy one, and from the summit a glorious view is gained.

Her Sort.
Alice—What kind of girl has Jack engaged himself to? Rose—Oh, she's the sort of woman you never dare ask to luncheon for fear she'll stay to dinner.—Exchange.

Grief can take care of itself, but to get the full value of a joy you must have somebody to divide it with.—Mark Twain.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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MUSIC that just lifts you, carries you along—music that leaves you breathless and longing for more: that's a Columbia Record for the dance!

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A5815 THE MURRAY WALK. Fox-trot. Prince's Band. 12 inch \$1.25
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A5814 OH! JOE WITH YOUR FIDDLE AND YOUR BOW, YOU STOLE MY HEART AWAY. One Step. Prince's Band. \$1.25
EVELYN. One Step. Prince's Band.

A5816 BABES IN THE WOOD. Fox-trot. Prince's Band. 12 inch \$1.25
LOVE ME AT TWILIGHT. Fox-trot. Prince's Band.

W. B. PERCIVAL, AGENT
ATHENS

Mrs. Eysel Wiltse

Philipsville

Charles Chant, near Chantry, suffered a sad loss on Saturday morning about 2 o'clock, when his barn and out-buildings were burned with his horses, pigs, hens, and about 100 bushels of oats, all his machinery and carriages. The cause of fire is unknown but may be incendiary. The farmers have got their seeding done and are waiting for the atmosphere to get warm enough to give the seed a start.

W. J. Earl is so far improved as to sit up a short time each day. Mr. Robert French is on the mend. At one time it was doubtful if he would recover.

Mrs. Alma Denny met with a severe accident while driving from Delta Saturday morning. Her horse got frightened and pitched her out of the buggy into the ditch. She is very badly bruised and shocked.

Mrs. Richard has moved from the west end to center of the town, where she will be nearer the school. Her husband of the 156th is still in England.

Some of our townspeople are plowing and spading up their back yards and planting potatoes.

A large procession followed the remains of the late James Soper to Elgin where the Rev. Mr. Stillwell preached a very appropriate sermon. He leaves to mourn his loss a wife, two brothers and one sister.

Charles Crawford is erecting a large machinery hall to store his farm tools and carriages in.

Fred Acheson is putting new roofs on several of his outbuildings.

Earl Trotter has erected along the Elgin road a lot of wire fence.

Local enthusiasts with H. Davison at the wheel, visited the horse show at Perth on Saturday.

Miss Jane Judd is a week-end visitor at the home of her sister, Mrs. J. Downey.

Purvis Street

June 4th

The weather being fine the farmers have nearly all finished seeding. Miss Jennie Percival is now the guest of her sister, Mrs. Wellington Earl.

Master Elwood Baile spent a few days in Brockville with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Baile.

Mrs. J. Dickey is having a lot of repairing done on her house by the Herbison Bros.

Miss Beatrice Dickey spent Sunday at her home in Caintown.

Mrs. Wm. Graham spent last week at B. B. Graham's.

Mrs. M. A. Chick spent a few days in Lyn, a guest of her sister, Mrs. Dickey.

Misses Nellie and Louise Potten-ger spent Sunday at their home here.

Soperton

June 4—Miss L. Seaman, Delta, spent a few days last week a guest of Miss Pearl Danby.

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Miss Kathleen Best, of Glen Buell, is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. Scotland.

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Born, at Munson, Alberta, on May 26, to Mr. and Mrs. Howard McConkey, a daughter.

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METHODISTS

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Stationing List—First Draft Issued by Montreal Methodist Conference

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Montreal North District—Telephone Roy, to Trinity Montreal; Williams Smith, superannuated; R. A. Nunn to Shawbridge.

Montreal South District—Richard Whiting, Dominion, Montreal; R. W. Armstrong, St. Paul, Montreal; A. W. Williamson, Ormstown; J. K. Matthews, Hemmingford; Dr. James Lawson, Valleyfield.

Matilda district—L. M. England, Inkerman; J. E. Blanchard, Avonmore.

Brockville district—Arthur Wilkinson, Prescott; Albert Mathews, Algonquin.

Kingston District—W. T. G. Brown, Sydenham street, Kingston; Ivor S. Williams, Pittsburg, South; E. R. Kelly, Catarqui; Thomas Knowles, Elginburg; Ernest Coding, Perth district—William Howitt, Almonte; William Philip, Pakenham; J. W. Charlesworth, Easton's Corners.

Pembroke district—George E. Aides, Eganville; John Wheeler, Calabogie.

Ottawa district—J. W. Aiken, Dominion, Ottawa; G. A. McIntosh, McLeod street, Ottawa; Dr. S. P. Rose, St. Paul's, Ottawa; R. M. Timberlake Wesley, Ottawa; J. P. Philp, City View, Ottawa; W. T. Brown, Carp; S. W. Boyd, Manotick; H. L. Morrison, Chelsea; M. S. Lehigh, Kazabazua.

Quebec district—Isaac Couch, Quebec; T. J. Perry, Sherbrooke; F. H. Coleman, Ulverton.

Stanstead district—W. H. Stevens, Coaticook; Andrew Fairburn, Compton; L. H. Fisher, Magog; Peter Pollett, Mansonville.

Waterloo district—A. J. Ward, South Stukely; J. W. Humphries, Dunham; Manly Brundage, Bedford; E. W. Crane, Farnham.

Glen Buell

Miss Mildred DeWolfe, Portland, is visiting her uncle, Mr. Watson Davis.

Mrs. Albert Plunkett, Smith's Falls, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Peter Davis.

W. M. S. Officers

At the annual meeting of the Women's Missionary Society on Thursday, the following officers were re-elected:

President—Mrs. Brock Davis
1st Vice-Pres.—Mrs. Forth
2nd Vice-Pres.—Mrs. Norman Moore.

Sec.—Mrs. Foster Hall
Treas.—Mrs. Lewis Westlake

Delegate to Branch Meeting to be held in Kingston—Mrs. John Best, (alternative) Mrs. Foster Hall.

No service in our church Sunday as the pastor, Dr. Myers will be absent.

Junetown

Mrs. John Ruttle, Quabbin, was visiting her sister, Mrs. J. Mallory, last week.

Mr. Harold Alberry, Brockville, spent Monday last at Mr. Alvin Averys.

Miss Edna and Mr. Clarence Green, Kilkenny Street, and Miss Florence Quinsey, Caintown, were visitors at Mr. Francis Fortunes, on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Purvis spent one day last week with their daughter, Mrs. Allen Earl, Warburton.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Warren spent the week-end at Mr. Walton Sheffields, Athens.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Herbison and son, of Redwood, N. Y., were here last week visiting the formers mother, Mrs. J. Herbison.

Miss Mary Avery is spending a few days with Mrs. Roy Gibson, Purvis street.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Phillips, Escott, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Avery on Sunday.

Miss Evelena Price, Mallorytown, and Miss Agnes Price, Gananogue, spent the week-end here with Mrs. Harry Franklin.

Mrs. Wm. Lanigan, Winnipeg, who has been visiting her brother Mr. Egbert Avery, left on Friday to visit relatives at Ottawa and Sharbot Lake.

Mrs. M. G. Herbison, Miss Laura Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. John Herbison, and Rev. P. C. Watson, motored to Merrickville one day last week and spent the day with relatives.

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Mr. J. B. Ferguson, Mr. Barnet Ferguson, and Master Willie were visiting at Mr. John Fergusons, Dulcemeine, one day last week.

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FULFORD MEMORIAL

FOUNTAIN IS NOW ALMOST COMPLETE

Impressive Monument Erected to Memory of Late Ex-Mayor Fulford by Son and Daughter, Mr. Frank Fulford of London, Eng., and Mrs. John W. Ridgeway, of Brockville.

(Brockville Times)

The handsome memorial fountain, erected to the memory of the late John Harris Fulford, by his son and daughter, Mr. Frank Fulford of London, England, and Mrs. John W. Ridgeway of Brockville, is practically completed, and it is expected that the formal dedication of the handsome and imposing monument will take place in a few days.

The Fulford Memorial Fountain occupies a commanding position in the center of the business district of the Island City, where the late Mr. Fulford's loss is sincerely mourned by citizens in general. On Court House Avenue, directly opposite the Post Office it stands fourteen feet high, a work of beauty and art.

The fountain was designed by the well known architect Mr. Herbert Raine of Montreal, and was built by the Atlantic Terra Cotta Co. of Broadway, New York. The style is Italian Renaissance. The bottom basin is twenty feet in diameter, and four basins, decorated with turtles and dolphins are supported on the structure which is the admiration of all.

A tablet bearing the following inscription occupies a prominent position on the base. "John Harris Fulford Mayor of Brockville, 1907, born, 1842, died, 1915, to his memory."

The late ex-Mayor Fulford was a type of citizen of which any community might well be proud. He was always in the fore front in all worthy endeavors to promote the progress and prosperity of the town, and his life is a record of good deeds and kindly helpfulness his genial disposition winning him many warm friends who deeply sympathize with the surviving members of the family. He always took a keen interest in all municipal matters and served as Town Councillor for several years also Mayor in 1907. He was director of the Brockville Loan & Savings Co. and the Wolhausen Hat Corporation, two prominent business concerns of Brockville. He was an adherent of Wall Street Methodist church and took an active interest in the welfare of that church, and was a member of Merrickville Lodge, A.F. & A.M.

Mr. Fulford was born in Belleville, August 25, 1842, and with his parents moved to Brockville in 1847, being educated in the public schools and Belleville College. Afterwards he resided for some years at Easton's Corners, and returned to Brockville in the year 1881, when he became associated with the Grand Trunk Railway Co., as City Agent, and had occupied that position ever since, of late years being assisted by his son-in-law, Mr. John W. Ridgeway.

In 1863 he was married to Miss Mary McCrea, of Easton's Corners, who predeceased him. Three children were born of the union, Caroline E. (Mrs. J. W. Ridgeway), of Brockville; Frank Harris Fulford of London, England, and Charles E. Fulford, who died some years ago; one sister survives, Mrs. E. Hitchcock, of Brockville. The late Senator Fulford was a brother.

Mr. Fulford was very proud of Brockville and was identified with many movements for its advancement, the fine fountain in the centre of Market Place being his gift. With Mr. and Mrs. Ridgeway he also gave a pulmotor to the town for saving life.

PRICE OF BREAD IN

TORONTO DROPS A CENT

Bread to-day in Toronto retails 11 cents a small loaf. A reduction of one cent was announced last week by the local bakers and ascribed by them to the decrease in flour prices which is in its turn due to the benign influence of the new regulations prohibiting speculation in grain.

Flour which retailed at \$16.50 a barrel when the price of bread was raised to 12 cents a loaf, last week retailed at from \$12.25 to \$11.35 a barrel. This was a mean reduction of \$5.15 a barrel, or 31.2 per cent.

Bread which retailed at 12 cents loaf when flour sold at \$16.50 a barrel, now sells at 11 cents a loaf with flour at \$11.35 a barrel. This is a mean reduction of one cent or 8.33 per cent. In other words, the reduction in the price of flour to the bakers was 3.7 times as great as the reduction in the price of bread to the public.

Automobile Tops and Cushions

We have a full line of everything for Tops, Cushions, Slip Covers, Buggy Tops, etc.

Write for Prices on Repair Work

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EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE.

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

DR. A. E. GRANT
VETERINARY SURGEON AND DENTIST.
RESIDENCE: R. J. CAMPO'S, Bell and Rural Phones.
OFFICE: Cor. Main and Henry Sts.

J. W. RUSSELL
AUCTIONEER
Reasonable terms. Years of successful experience.
DELTA, ONTARIO

H. W. IMERSON
AUCTIONEER
Licensed to sell by Auction in Leeds County Apply for open Gates and terms
HARLEM, ONTARIO

Furniture

When intending Purchasing any kind of Furniture visit our store before doing so.

A Good Selection to Choose From

Undertaking

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

GEO. E. JUDSON
ATHENS, ONT.
Bell Phone 41. Rural Phone 28

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, it rendered it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only Catarrh cure on the market. It is taken internally. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

LUMBER

Now on hand, a stock of plank and dimension lumber suitable for general building purposes and a quantity of rough sheeting lumber.

Any order for building material will be filled on short notice. Present stock includes a quantity of

FOUNDATION TIMBER SILLS, SLEEPERS, ETC.

A large quantity of slabs and fire-wood.

F. Blancher
ATHENS

Mrs. WILTSE
Wiltse, a life-long resident of this township of Elizabeth, died away Friday evening at her residence in Addison following an illness of some duration due principally to advanced years and to the breaking up of a hitherto robust constitution.

The late Mrs. Wiltse was born at Addison 79 years ago. Her maiden name was Mary Wiltse and she was daughter of the late Martin Wiltse, one of the pioneer residents of the township. Many years ago she was married to Mr. Wiltse, who predeceased her nine years ago. A grown up family of eight children, four daughters and four sons, survive, namely Mrs. Ambrose Cole, Frankville; Mrs. Archie Cole, Winnipeg; Mrs. Egbert Smith, Mrs. Wm. Hay, Swift Current, Sask.; Messrs. Ezra Wiltse, Brockville; Edward and John Wiltse, at home, and David Wiltse, Swift Current, Sask. Also surviving are two sisters and one brother. They are Mrs. Coleman, Ottawa; Mrs. Armstrong and Mr. John Wiltse, Chicago. In religion deceased was a Methodist.

The funeral took place Sunday afternoon at 1 o'clock from the residence conducted by Rev. T. J. Vickery of Athens.

Right Thing to Contemplate.
Life is so full of miseries, minor and major; they press so close upon us at every step of the way, that it is hardly worth while to call one another's attention to their presence. People who do this are merely dwelling on the obvious, and the obvious is the one thing not worth consideration. What we want to contemplate is the beauty and the smoothness of that well ordered plan which it is so difficult for us to discuss.—Agnes Repplier.

New Coin Design.
It is provided in section 3517, chapter 944, revised statutes of the United States, that the director of the mint shall have power, with the approval of the secretary of the treasury, to cause changes to be made in the designs of coins not often than once in twenty-five years.

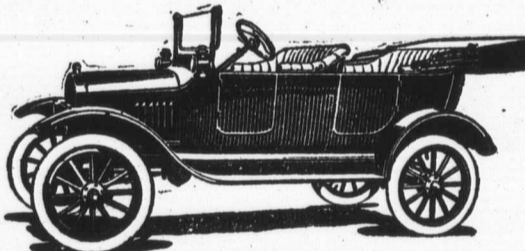
Pretty Cool.
Haller—Say, when are you going to pay me that ten you borrowed? You know I'm married now! Staller—Oh, are you? That's too bad! I wanted to touch you for five more.—Exchange.

A Born Leader.
"That man was born to lead."
"What makes you think so?"
"Even his own daughters obey him."
—Detroit Free Press.

Spring and Summer Styles

We have always had the reputation of giving the highest satisfaction in the making of men's clothes. Men who are particular about their apparel come to us year after year. Let us make your spring suit this year. We are confident of pleasing you.

M. J. KEHOE, BROCKVILLE



The Name "Ford"

Stands for lowest cost and greatest service. We have been officially notified that Ford Cars must advance soon. Secure your car before the advance comes. Large stock of repairs on hand to accommodate Ford users, also stock of Tires, Tubes, greases and oils always on hand.

Call And See Us

Percival & Brown
Athens Ford Dealers

Special Display of Ladies' and Children's PANAMAS

We are making a special window display this week of Ladies' and Children's Panama Hats.

These hats were bought direct from the manufacturers and are being shown in all the season's latest styles, and are marked way below the regular selling price.

Beautiful fine woven hats at \$3, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00 and up to \$8.00

Children's mushroom and semi-telescope Panamas, \$1.75.

Pugaree Silk and Palm Beach Hat Bands, 75c and \$1.00.

Fncy Silk Elastic Bands in every imaginable color and combination, 50c.

The Robt. Craig Co. Ltd.
Brockville, Ont.

Mrs. Egbert Wiltse

Philipsville

Charles Chant, near Chantry, suffered a sad loss on Saturday morning about 2 o'clock, when his barn and out-buildings were burned with his horses, pigs, hens, and about 100 bushels of oats, all his machinery and carriages. The cause of fire is unknown but may be incendiary. The farmers have got their seeding done and are waiting for the atmosphere to get warm enough to give the seed a start.

W. J. Earl is so far improved as to sit up a short time each day. Mr. Robert French is on the mend. At one time it was doubtful if he would recover.

Mrs. Alma Denny met with a severe accident while driving from Delta Saturday morning. Her horse got frightened and pitched her out of the buggy into the ditch. She is very badly bruised and shocked.

Mrs. Richard has moved from the west end to center of the town, where she will be nearer the school. Her husband of the 156th is still in England.

Some of our townspeople are plowing and spading up their back yards and planting potatoes.

A large procession followed the remains of the late James Soper to Elgin where the Rev. Mr. Stillwell preached a very appropriate sermon. He leaves to mourn his loss a wife, two brothers and one sister.

Charles Crawford is erecting a large machinery hall to store his farm tools and carriages in.

Fred Acheson is putting new roofs on several of his outbuildings.

Earl Trotter has erected along the Elgin road a lot of wire fence.

Local enthusiasts with H. Davison at the wheel, visited the horse show at Perth on Saturday.

Miss Jane Judd is a week-end visitor at the home of her sister, Mrs. J. Downey.

Purvis Street

June 4th
The weather being fine the farmers have nearly all finished seeding. Miss Jennie Percival is now the guest of her sister, Mrs. Wellington Earl.

Master Elwood Baile spent a few days in Brockville with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Baile.

Mrs. J. Dickey is having a lot of repairing done on her house by the Herbison Bros.

Miss Beatrice Dickey spent Sunday at her home in Caintown.

Mrs. Wm. Graham spent last week at B. B. Graham's.

Mrs. M. A. Chick spent a few days in Lyn, a guest of her sister, Mrs. Dickey.

Misses Nellie and Louise Pottenger spent Sunday at their home here.

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ATHENS, ONT.
Bell Phone 41. Rural Phone 28

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years, doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, it is now pronounced incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only Constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

LUMBER

Now on hand, a stock of plank and dimension lumber suitable for general building purposes and a quantity of rough sheeting lumber.

Any order for building material will be filled on short notice. Present stock includes a quantity of

FOUNDATION TIMBER
SILLS, SLEEPERS, ETC.

A large quantity of slabs and fire-wood.

F. Blancher
ATHENS

Mrs. WILTSE
Wiltse, a life-long resident of the township of Elizabeth, died away Friday evening at her residence in Addison following an illness of some duration due principally to advanced years and to the breaking up of a hitherto robust constitution.

The late Mrs. Wiltse was born at Addison 79 years ago. Her maiden name was Mary Wiltse and she was daughter of the late Martin Wiltse, one of the pioneer residents of the township. Many years ago she was married to Mr. Wiltse, who predeceased her nine years ago. A grown up family of eight children, four daughters and four sons, survive, namely Mrs. Ambrose Cole, Frankville; Mrs. Archie Cole, Winnipeg; Mrs. Egbert Smith, Mrs. Wm. Hay, Swift Current, Sask.; Messrs. Ezra Wiltse, Brockville; Edward and John Wiltse, at home, and David Wiltse, Swift Current, Sask. Also surviving are two sisters and one brother. They are Mrs. Coleman, Ottawa; Mrs. Armstrong and Mr. John Wiltse, Chicago. In religion deceased was a Methodist.

The funeral took place Sunday afternoon at 1 o'clock from the restery. Conducted by Rev. T. J. Vachey of Athens.

Right Thing to Contemplate.
Life is so full of miseries, minor and major; they press so close upon us at every step of the way, that it is hardly worth while to call one another's attention to their presence. People who do this are merely dwelling on the obvious, and the obvious is the one thing not worth consideration. What we want to contemplate is the beauty and the smoothness of that well ordered plan which it is so difficult for us to discuss.—Agnes Repplier.

New Coin Design.
It is provided in section 3517, chapter 94, revised statutes of the United States, that the director of the mint shall have power, with the approval of the secretary of the treasury, to cause changes to be made in the designs of coins not often than once in twenty-five years.

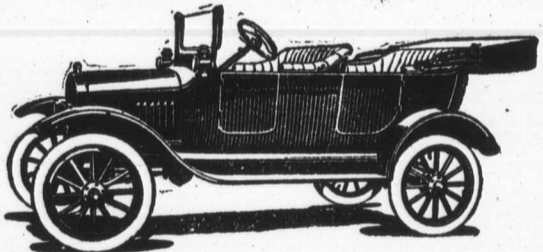
Pretty Cool.
Haller—Say, when are you going to pay me that ten you borrowed? You know I'm married now! Staller—Oh, are you? That's too bad! I wanted to touch you for five more.—Exchange.

A Born Leader.
"That man was born to lead."
"What makes you think so?"
"Even his own daughters obey him."
—Detroit Free Press.

Spring and Summer
Styles

We have always had the reputation of giving the highest satisfaction in the making of men's clothes. Men who are particular about their apparel come to us year after year. Let us make your spring suit this year. We are confident of pleasing you.

M. J. KEHOE, BROCKVILLE



The Name "Ford"

Stands for lowest cost and greatest service. We have been officially notified that Ford Cars must advance soon. Secure your car before the advance comes. Large stock of repairs on hand to accommodate Ford users, also stock of Tires, Tubes, greases and oils always on hand.

Call And See Us

Percival & Brown
Athens Ford Dealers

Special Display of
Ladies' and Children's
PANAMAS

We are making a special window display this week of Ladies' and Children's Panama Hats.

These hats were bought direct from the manufacturers and are being shown in all the season's latest styles, and are marked way below the regular selling price.

Beautiful fine woven hats at \$3, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00 and up to \$8.00

Children's mushroom and semi-telescope Panamas, \$1.75.

Pugaree Silk and Palm Beach Hat Bands, 75c and \$1.00.

Fancy Silk Elastic Bands in every imaginable color and combination, 50c.

The Robt. Craig Co. Ltd.
Brockville, Ont.

MADE IN CANADA

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

READ THE LABEL



CONTAINS NO ALUM

GRADING DIAMONDS.

Qualities in Stones of the First, Second and Third Water.

"A diamond of the first water should be entirely colorless and transparent, without any inclusion or flaw," says the Scientific American, "as is of the second water if it is colorless with small but unimportant faults or if it is without faults, but with some traces of color, and third water if it is colorless, but with larger faults or if it is distinctly colored." The correct valuation is therefore very difficult and often subject to the jeweler's judgment. For this reason Professor Kosiwaj gives to the layman the following hints:

"The requisite in stones of the first water is perfect lack of color or, what is more highly prized, a tinge of blue. In general, beautifully colored diamonds command fabulous prices and are to be found only in the treasure vaults of princes."

"Stones of the second water are numerous. There are supposed to be microscopically pure, but almost always show some inclusion. There are often traces of yellow color in this grade, and because this can be seen in sunlight one should never buy a diamond at night for the prevailing lights cause stones that are even noticeable yellowish to appear clear."

"Most of the stones of the ordinary market are of the third quality, and the dealers try to cover up their faults by combining them into groups for brooch stones or for the popular pendants, diamond hearts, marquise rings, etc. While they may be colored, they are often so full of flaws that they would be ranked as 'bort,' or diamond good only for mechanical purposes, if there had not been such a demand for the gems as to increase the price."

Apply Described.

"I have been courting her for two years," said the disconsolate one, "and I am certain that she will refuse me when I propose."

"Ah, that is interesting," said the amateur photographer—"a sort of undeveloped negative."

Montreal, May 29th, '09.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Yarmouth, N. S.

Gentlemen,—I beg to let you know that I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT for some time, and I find it the best I have ever used for the joints and muscles.

Yours very truly,

THOMAS J. HOGAN.

The Champion Clog and Pedestal Dancer of Canada.

NEWEST IN VEILS.

The very newest veils are charming and alluring. Both sexes admit it, for what man can resist a pleasing face behind an enhancing mesh?

Small, trim shapes for spring wear have made the veil unusually popular this season, for while the slightly-roughened hair may look well, and even increase the illusion of youth under a broad-brimmed hat, the very narrow trim or the brimless chapeau demands a neatness that only the properly-adjusted veil can give.

Smartness is often obtained by inverting a richly-bordered veil so that the border ornaments the crown of the hat.

Beaded and metal designs appear in very narrow chin borders, but will disappear soon after early spring. Very fascinating is the Cleopatra veil ornamented with moons of cut steel beads, usually on a taupe mesh.

Soutache designs are shown both in deep and narrow borders, the deep border being inverted and worn with the pattern over the tall military turbans and simple high-crowned sailors, while the narrow border effects are used in draped or in semi-draped arrangement.

Double borders are sometimes worn by ultra-fashionables, each border being in a different color. Thus a black hexagon has a two-inch border in champagne color, and a navy blue border three inches in width. The plain mesh of such a veil is used over the hat, the blue border over the central part of the face, and the champagne border on the chin. This, of course, is an extreme style.

There are many very attractive new shadow design in navy blue has a centre of gold. However, black and white is the dominant combination, and is more popular than any of the colored effects. Taupe, brown and sand are

DRS. SOPER & WHITE



SPECIALISTS

Piles, Eczema, Asthma, Catarrh, Pimples, Dyspepsia, Epilepsy, Rheumatism, Skin, Kidney, Blood, Nerve and Bladder Diseases.

Call or send history for free advice. Medicine furnished in tablet form. Hours—10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 2 to 6 p.m. Sundays—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

Consultation Free

DRS. SOPER & WHITE

25 Toronto St., Toronto, Ont.

Please Mention This Paper.

also good. Among the patterns there is one particularly attractive one of a slender, tapered in silvery white silk and indistinct black mesh.

New woven patterns in delicate traced designs in imitation of the hand-run scroll effects so firmly established among the high-priced veillings, are appearing among those most moderately priced. Sometimes these patterns are continued to borders intended to be drawn snugly about the lower part of the face, leaving the plain mesh over the eyes. Silk in cashmere colorings is used to develop some of the most dainty of the new hand-run patterns.

CATCHING RIVETS WITH NET.

Cutting off rivet heads as a strenuous occupation. Bits of metal are likely to fly in unlooked-for directions, sometimes injuring bystanders very severely.

Safety engineers on the Southern Pacific figure that loose rivet heads flying around with the speed of bullets are not only a danger to employees or of the public, but they have equipped all their rivet-cutting gangs with wire baskets mounted on long wooden handles. When using one of these devices a rivet cutter is much the same way it comes off and youngsters seek to capture moths and butterflies in fact, the rivet look good deal alike.

At any rate, the baskets have proved themselves to be a sure preventative of flying rivets; for they catch their prey before it has flown six inches—thus effectually stopping them in their dangerous flight.

CROSS, SICKLY BABIES

Sickly babies—those who are cross and fretful; whose little stomach and bowels are out of order; who suffer from constipation, indigestion, colds or any other of the minor ills of little ones—can be promptly cured by Baby's Own Tablets. Concerning them Mrs. Jean Paradis, St. Bruno, Que., writes: "My baby was very ill and vomited all his food. He was cross and cried night and day and nothing helped him till I began using Baby's Own Tablets. They soon set him right, and now he is a fat, healthy boy." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

First Use of Siege Guns.

A campaign surpassing the invention and resource of any that went before was that waged by the Turks against Constantinople in 1452-3. Its culmination not only brought the Turk into Europe, but it brought into warfare the use of artillery as a means of reducing fortified cities. Oddly, then, as in the present great war, it was German skill in the handling of cannon that aided the Turks.

One Urban, a Wallachian reared in Germany, who had seen service in the armies of German, Hungarian, and Greek before he attached himself to the Sultan's forces, devised the cannon that for fifty days battered the walls of the eastern capital of the Roman Empire. On the recommendation of Urban, the Sultan, before he began his campaign against Constantinople, erected a foundry and in it was cast a gun with a mouth exceeding two and a half feet in diameter and capable of projecting to the distance of about a mile a missile of six hundred pounds in weight. Other guns of a smaller calibre were constructed under the supervision of Urban.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

FINGER RINGS.

From Iron Ring of Babylon They Have Had Their Significance.

From the earliest period of civilized relationships the finger ring has been accepted as a symbol of fidelity and truth in the fulfillment of a pledge, according to a writer in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, and for the greater part of 2,000 years it was used as the most convenient means of conveying the signet of the wearer.

According to Herodotus, the wearing of finger rings originated with the Babylonians, the ring of those times being of iron. That the custom was gradually transmitted from the Babylonians to the Hellenes is certain, the later Greek historians describing minutely the richly chased gold rings worn as talismans by warriors on their departure for the wars, while at the end of another century every freedman in Greece possessed a signet.

Coming down to the Roman era we find the freedman, in imitation of the Babylonians and Spartans, bearing their iron signet as evidence of the simplicity of their lives, the custom prevailing down to the last days of the republic. Ambassadors alone were permitted to wear the gold ring, this privilege, under the influence of the splendors of the Augustan era, being extended to senators, chief magistrates and equites. Tiberius, however, limited the wearing of the gold ring to the possessors of large property qualifications. Severus conceded the distinction to all Roman soldiers and under Justinian all citizens, freedmen or slaves, enjoyed the right, silver rings being worn by freedmen, and iron by slaves.

The third and fourth centuries of the Christian era saw the first use of the ring as a religious symbol, the monogram of Christ being the most revered device, and this custom has in one form or another continued down to the present day.

In the Middle Ages the signet ring was held to be of the greatest importance in religious, legal, commercial or private affairs. Among betrothed couples of the fifteenth, sixteenth and eighteenth centuries many rings were inscribed with words supposedly of talismanic power, such as Caspar, Melchior and Belshazzar, the names of the Magi, while in the nineteenth century nearly all engagement rings bore the familiar "Mizpah" (the Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from the other).

In direct contradiction to the ring of beneficent influence is the poison

SALADA!

Tea is an Every-day Luxury

STEADFASTLY REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

Black, Mixed or Natural Green. E205

ring, dear to the hearts of all lovers of the weird, blue lights, the melodramatic.

Historic examples of this sinister agent are the ring containing a hollow bezel with which Hannibal, pursued by the Romans, ended his life at Libya; the ring of Demosthenes, the anello della morte of the Borgias, which carried a secret point made to work with a spring, this point communicating with a receptacle for poison in a cavity behind, in such a way that the murderer could give the fatal scratch while shaking hands with an enemy.—Buffalo Commercial.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

MIGRATING PLANTS.

Weed That Followed the Bug That Devastated It.

It appears that there exists between certain plants and certain animals a curious association that seems almost like mutual affection. The catnip, which came from the East with the cats, is said never to flourish where there are no members of the feline family to feed on it. The "buffalo grass," in our own country, has, it is said, practically disappeared with the buffalo. Then, too, there is the burdock, which seems to climb tenaciously to human kind, evincing an unwillingness to grow where there are no humans in sight.

One of the most extraordinary instances of the apparent migration of a plant as if to "keep company" with an insect was the removal of the homely solanum rostratum from the vicinity of the Rockies eastward. Something like fifty years ago the farmers of the Mississippi valley became aware of the presence of a new pest in their fields. Its ravages soon assumed alarming proportions. A stocky, equally striped beetle, which multiplied at an amazing rate, had begun to devour the potato vines. The potatoes, deprived of their vines, rotted in the ground, and an important crop was lost.

This beetle naturally received from the farmers the name of "potato bug." It was found to have begun an eastward march from the then uncultivated strip of eastern Colorado and western Kansas, and it subsequently became known as the "Colorado potato beetle." It was also found that in the region of its origin this beetle had fed upon solanum rostratum, a plant belonging to the same genus as the potato. Doubtless the insect had been quite content with this article of food. But some settlers planted a field of potatoes and the beetle at once fell in love with them.

Migrating eastward in eager search of its new food, the Colorado beetle multiplied with astonishing rapidity. In a few years it had covered the whole country and had devastated potato fields to the Atlantic coast. Then some of the beetles, or their eggs, were carried in vessels across the ocean, and the insect began a new career of conquest in the Old World, for

it spread over the British Isles and the continent of Europe.

But what about solanum rostratum, abandoned by its old friend? One would suppose that, left free from the devouring attentions of the beetle, it would have been content to remain where it was. But this was not the case, since the weed seems to have set out immediately on a journey in search of the beetle.

The prevailing direction of plant migration in this country appears to be westward. With the settlement of the country, the plants of Europe and of eastern America tended to crowd out the native vegetation. But the solanum proved an exception to this rule. Apparently it realized that its destiny was to be eaten. Nothing but the potato beetle would eat it, so it came East to find that insect.—Exchange.

Rubbing It In.

The playwright's own latest play was being produced. Sitting in the last row in the orchestra stalls, he listened to its leading phrases. The piece was a complete failure. As the playwright sat, pale and sad, chilled to the heart by the fatal silence, a woman sitting behind him leaned forward and said:

"Excuse me, sir, I have something belonging to you. Knowing you to be the author of the play, I took the liberty at the beginning of the performance of slipping off a lock of your hair. Allow me to return it."—New York Times.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

What She Likes About Her Mother-in-Law.

(Home Chat.)

She says, "How do you wash your curtains? They always look so nice."

"When we go home she doesn't treat him as if he's a martyr just returned for a taste of the old comfort."

"I like her because she credits me with a bit of sense, instead of imagining that I've everything to learn."

"You see, you've earned money yourself, therefore you know the value of it. I was not so fortunate when I started." Rather nice of her, wasn't it?

"Don't drop your girl friends," she said. A husband's very nice, but I know they're not all-sufficient."

"I thought it jolly sporty of her when she said that it had always been her wish to see her boy happily married."

She lets me know when she's coming round, a thing I appreciate, because I don't like her to catch me in the middle of my work, she knows that."

She doesn't keep saying, as she goes over the house, "Now I should do this," or "I should have that there." Consequently I frequently ask her opinion."

"When he has a cold she doesn't say, 'Dear me!' in the tone that insinuates he wouldn't have had it under her care. She says, 'Well, he always was subject to them.'"

She always asks so nicely after my mother and my people. I think a lot

of her for that; she realizes that they are still my people.

Maybe I'm silly, but I always feel I could hug her when she says that she's never seen Jack looking better.

She doesn't incessantly criticize my method of bringing up baby, but admits that many of the modern teachings are improvements on the old ones.

There are times when Tom isn't in the sweetest of moods, but she doesn't make him worse by siding with him, but whispers to me: "Same sort of temper as his father, my dear. I know."

What I like about her is that she doesn't view our marriage from her son's point of view alone, but takes me into equal consideration also.

I've always got the feeling when I'm with her that she likes me for myself, not just because I'm her son's wife and she's got to put up with me.

I wanted everything to run so smoothly when she visited us, and I worked like a nigger (we've no maid.) But she said, "Now, I know what there is to be done. I didn't let the servants, so we'll either let the work go or do it together." I know real relatives who don't look at it that way.

My mother-in-law pleases me because she doesn't say everything she thinks, and, as my ways are not always her ways, I'm grateful to her for that.

She always treats me as if I were such a success, as if she always knew I would be, that I just can't help living up to it.

When she's not feeling well she sends for me to go and see her sometimes, just like a real daughter. There's something about that I always like.

She often praises my cooking. Isn't it nice of her?

of India in the present war is encouraging proof that what we have done so far we have done well, but both look to us to continue the work and on the lines of the free Empire, and we have to see to it that they are not disappointed.

General Smuts puts into the forefront of his speech the ideal aspects of the war. He, if any man, knows the value of guns and munitions and multitudes of fighting men, but he is still of Napoleon's opinion that the moral forces are the dominant forces. "Silent invisible forces have," as he says, "been set in motion in this great tragedy, and when the end comes, it will be recognized that it was not so much the valor or strength of our armies that carried us to victory as the inspiration of a great cause." His appeal to us to have faith in this cause, to be patient and constant, neither too much elated by success nor too much depressed by ill-fortune, comes to us at a timely moment, and may be commended, especially to the civil population. There may be times ahead of us in which we shall be called upon to submit to real privation and to make sacrifices beyond any that we have contemplated, but let it be intimated to the Government that we do not need a panic-stricken agitation to make us submit to these necessities, but will accept them cheerfully for the cause, if and when they are decreed. Let the appeal to the public be for the cause, let them be brought to understand what the success of Germany by her present methods would mean not only to us but to the whole world, and, as General Smuts says, forces will be set in motion which will be even more powerful than armies. Let the appeal be merely to fear and self-interest, and the greater part of this force will go to waste.

So when General Smuts, appealing eloquently to his own experience, hopes that "freedom will be the ruling light which will guide us to victory," he is doing more than make a phrase in a peroration. If all the Allies and the neutrals can be brought to believe in very truth that their freedom depends on defeating the German attack by sea, we may be certain it will not prevail; and we may rely on every effort and sacrifice to prevent its prevailing. And if all the world can be persuaded that, when they come to the terms of peace, the Allies will really make freedom "their ruling light," the invisible forces of which General Smuts speaks will everywhere rally to their side.—Westminster Gazette.

HAIR GOODS

FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

Mailed at lowest possible prices, consistent with high-grade work.

Our Natural Wavy 3-Strand Switches at \$5.00, \$7.50 and \$9.00 in all shades are leaders with. Just send on your sample, or write for anything in our line.

GENTLEMEN'S TOWELS at \$2.50 and \$3.50, that defy detection when worn.

MINTZ'S HAIR GOODS EMPORIUM

62 KING ST. W. HAMILTON, ONT.

(Formerly Mme. I. Mintz).

THE "RULING LIGHT"

It does somehow get us down to the quintessential difference between the British idea of Empire and all others that have figured in history that General Smuts should be with us heart and soul in our present struggle and be hailed everywhere as one of the most powerful leaders and spokesmen of the British Commonwealth. To the enemy his appearance and that of his "old friend" and comrade-in-arms, General Botha, both as leaders of incomparable skill in the field and as statesmen, powerfully helping to unite the nations under the British flag, is the most perplexing manifestation of these times. They have not the clue to it nor the mental habit which can interpret it. They shrugged their shoulders and thought it another whim of the mad English, which by-and-by would inure to the advantage of Germany, when, at the end of the South African war, we withdrew our army and trusted the men who had been in arms against us to join with their former enemies in working out the free constitution which was to make a nation of South Africa. We have our reward, and when General Smuts appears to receive the freedom of the City of London he is able to claim that, now, as always, he is a consistent fighter in the cause of freedom. "When I look at the effort of this nation," says General Smuts, "I declare without flattery that liberty, like wisdom is once more justified of her children."

The same reflection may occur to us as we read the speech on the same occasion of the Maharajah of Bikanir. We have read a German book on the Indian Empire which, after reckoning up the number of troops that we kept in India, declared it to be an absurdity that we should claim to have any Empire at all when we were unable to maintain more than one British soldier to every 4,000 of the population of India. The writer was thinking of those Colonial possessions of his own country in which the military establishments were a large majority of the European population and maintained on a footing of war against the native populations; and he could think of no other test by which an Empire could be judged. We with a contemptible number of troops light-heartedly relying on a civil administration to win respect and support from the overwhelming majority of Indians who surrounded us were "an image with feet of clay" offering an open invitation to a really virile action like the German to come and demolish us or stir up our Indian fellow-subjects to drive us into the sea. We may find the answer to this in the message from the Indian Princes which the Maharajah of Bikanir is charged to "lay at the feet of his Majesty the King-Emperor," and which he recited at the Guildhall yesterday. The Maharajah has reminded us more than once that our rule in India does not rest on the sword, and let us never forget it. The consent of the 350 millions of India to our government was never assured by the 70,000 troops that we kept there. It rested on the belief that we governed justly and wisely, and could be relied upon to advance with the times and bring the people of India into association with the Government of their own country. The loyalty of the Princes and people

HELP WANTED.

WANTED PROCATONERS TO train for nurses. Apply, Welland Hospital, St. Catharines, Ont.

WANTED-WOOLLEN MILL HELP. Napper tender, one accustomed to Gessner Nappers on White and Grey Blankets and heavy Cloths. For full particulars, apply to Shingy Mfg. Co., Ltd., Brantford, Ont.

MONEY ORDERS.

SEND A DOMINION EXPRESS Money Order. They are payable everywhere.

of India in the present war is encouraging proof that what we have done so far we have done well, but both look to us to continue the work and on the lines of the free Empire, and we have to see to it that they are not disappointed.

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Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

A BROAD POLICY

In order to encourage the settlement and cultivation of vacant lands in the Western Provinces, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, through its Colonization and Development Department, of which Mr. J. S. Dennis is the head, has undertaken an active campaign to try and induce absentee owners to cultivate their holdings.

A circular has been issued to some 8,000 absentee owners, pointing out the profits which can be made by cultivating their lands, and showing how many farmers sold their last year's crop for more than the original cost of their farms.

The company offers the advice and assistance of its Colonization and Development Department, free of charge, in supplying reliable information as to how to go about getting the land under cultivation and will send, on request, the fullest details as to routes of travel, customs regulations, passenger and freight rates and similar data.

In undertaking this campaign the company is following its usual broad policy of Dominion-wide development, realizing that every new settler means greater production to meet the food shortage which at present threatens the world, and which Canada, with its extensive and fertile unploughed areas, can provide.

Fashionable Laces.

Flirt. French Vals. Novelty nets. Venise edgings.

Enlistment is a sure cure for that tired feeling.

Brighten The Corner

where you are by eating a food that does not clog the liver or develop poisons in the colon. Cut out heavy meats and starchy potatoes and eat Shredded Wheat Biscuit with berries or other fruits. Try this diet for a few days and see how much better you feel. The whole wheat grain made digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking.



Made in Canada

SPORT SHOES WITH SPORT CLOTHES

That's the vogue, this year—to have one's shoes in harmony with the sport suit, or outing skirt and sweater.



FLEET FOOT

SUMMER SHOES

are the most complete line of summer footwear ever made. The Fleet Foot trademark goes on shoes for every summer need—for work and play—for men, women and children.

Ask your dealer to show you the Fleet Foot line—you'll find exactly what you want—and the prices are a half, a third and even less, than equally attractive leather boots would cost.



DOMINION RUBBER SYSTEM

204

MODERN WARSHIPS

Changes Half a Century Has Made in Naval Methods.

A NEW TYPE OF SAILORMAN.

The Old Time Yarn Spinning Tar Has Been Supplanted by a Younger, Better Educated and More Capable Man. His Chances in Uncle Sam's Navy.

A naval officer would have been considered as a fit subject for an insane asylum who in 1860, the year of my entry into the service, had prophesied the creation in less than half a century of a United States fleet of great seagoing battleships of more than 30,000 tons displacement, each with several turrets, any one of which could throw against an enemy at one discharge a greater weight of metal, of incomparably greater destructive power and range, than was possible from the full broadside of one of Nelson's largest ships of the line. We may gain some idea of the tremendous increase in the power of fighting ships when we realize that in a short time and without danger to itself one modern dreadnaught could destroy the combined fleets that fought at Trafalgar in 1805.

In the wildest stretch of the imagination our prophet could not have foreseen the addition to the fleet of torpedo boat destroyers of a thousand tons displacement, a speed of thirty or thirty-five knots and torpedoes of great accuracy, high speed and an effective range of 10,000 yards. A "bag of powder on the end of a spar" was our conception of an offensive torpedo in those days. Good work could be done even with that crude equipment, as Cushing proved when he torpedoed the Albemarle.

I think our prophet would surely have had a padded cell provided for him had he attempted to describe the modern submarines, which are capable of keeping the sea for many days, which have a radius of action of 4,000 miles or more and which are able under favorable conditions to creep unseen upon the most powerful vessel and at one discharge destroy it. He would have found few indeed to listen to him if he had asserted the possibility that scouting or bomb throwing aircraft would act in conjunction with the fleets or foretell the influence of electricity and the wireless upon operations of the fleet both in peace and in war.

All those wonderful changes and advances in naval design, construction and equipment have taken place within my period of service. In sea power, in military efficiency, in comforts and conveniences, we have greatly gained, but I think that those of us who started our careers when the great naval advance of the last generation was still to come, who made their early cruises in sailing ships or ships with auxiliary steam power only, look back with tender memory upon the old and less mechanical environment.

The romance of the sea conveyed by Marryat and others in their stories has not really gone; the conditions only have changed. The sea and its effect upon those who follow it never change, and there is as great a field in the navy today for the adventurous youngster as ever, perhaps a greater. Certainly he can have as many heart thrills on board a submarine or destroyer or flying craft as he could have had on board a brig or schooner cruising for pirates in the olden days.

The changes in the material of the navy have produced corresponding changes in its organization and personnel. You no longer see the gray bearded boatswain's mate, quartermaster or quarter gunner about the decks of our ships. They were brave and loyal to the core, and their yarns of experiences on all seas and in all weathers, interspersed occasionally with a little good advice to the young officer, factually given, whiled away many an hour of quiet night watches in port.

The old type of sailorman understood his duties as thoroughly and performed them as faithfully as any one could desire, but machinery has banished him. His place has been taken by the younger, better educated man, who in a general way is more capable, but who does not as a rule follow the sea for a lifetime unless he wins early promotion.

It is now a rare thing to see in the lower ratings an enlisted man who is more than thirty years old. The great majority are much younger. The life is too strenuous and its conditions too abnormal, as measured by modern conditions on shore, to hold men to it. And yet I believe that no other occupation open to American youth offers them so many chances to succeed and to acquire a provision for old age. It is in the power of any young man of fair elementary education, industry and good moral character to enlist in the navy, say, at the age of twenty and to retire at the age of fifty with a life compensation of from \$50 to \$100 a month. That class does not include the considerable number of those who obtain warrants or commissions, which bring much greater emoluments.—Admiral Charles J. Badger in Youth's Companion.

How It Was.
"She wanted to marry him for his money."
"Did she fall?"
"No; he failed, and she married some one else."—Topeka Journal.

A fool always wants to shorten space and time; a wise man wants to lengthen both.—Ruskin.

JERRY

By L. Glenn

LOCAL ITEMS

Little Jerry Smith clerk of the Egg Circle is buying eggs on a most obliging guy. He never smoked and swore. He was 'most too good to think.

A little chap and you wouldn't think, He had a nerve of a mouse; Why the poor little codger would wink and blink At any noise 'round the house.

His cousin Bill was a stalwart gent, A shining light in the town, He put on a front, and money he lent,— If you put security down.

Now war broke out, as all wars will, And the call went forth for men, And Jerry Smith dared his cousin Bill To join with him there and then.

But Bill, he fairly shouted "NO", A thousand reasons he had, "What, shoulder a gun all day and go. Where the weather was fearfully bad?"

Not he, why he had a cold right now, Then think of the summer's heat, But Jerry Smith just made a bow, And murmured, "Cold in the feet."

So Jerry put in his time at the front, Doing his little bit, Till one day a shell tried a funny stunt And Jerry was out of it.

They sent the word to cousin Bill, Just how it all occurred; And the news got through the town as it will And the village preacher heard.

And Bill is trying to figure out What the pious preacher meant In that part of the sermon he mentioned about The tidings that had been sent.

For the preacher chap with conviction had said, Though he owed big Bill a five,— "Now poor little Jerry's a better man dead, Than some stalwart guys alive.

MISS MATILDA PENNOCK

Another gloom was cast over Elgin recently when it was learned that Miss Matilda Pennock, aged 73 had passed suddenly to the Great Unknown, following a spell of heart failure. Deceased was a daughter of the late Samuel Pennock and had always resided in that township. She owned a fine dairy farm a mile from Elgin which she worked and kept in neat and exemplary condition. Quiet unobtrusive and friendly, she had won many warm friends who will deeply regret her death. A niece Miss Petranella Mustard has resided with her for many years. The funeral was held on Friday to the Methodist church and was conducted by her pastor, Rev. R. Stilwell. The body was interred in the family plot.

CANADA HAS SENT 312,503 MEN

The total number of officers and men of the Canadian Expeditionary Force who had sailed for England up to May 1 last was 312,503, according to information furnished by Hon. J. D. Reid, on behalf of the Minister of Militia to Hon. Frank Oliver in the Commons.

The total number who were on duty in Canada on May 1 was 25,475. Mr. Oliver was told there was no record of the number of officers and men sent back from England as unfit for service at the front.

SEEKING TO DISPOSE BISHOP R. C. HORNER

Ottawa, May 31.—Members of the Holiness Movement Church of Canada have entered action in the Ontario supreme court for the purpose of forcing the abdication of R.C. Horner as bishop of the church. An injunction is being asked to "restrain him from acting as such." G. L. Monaghan, of Cobden, Ont., secretary-treasurer of the church is cited as co-defendant, and the court will be asked to stop him collecting or disbursing funds belonging to the church.

The Holiness Movement Church was organized by Horner years ago and it has quite a large membership to-day. From its origin he administered its affairs. It seems he did not do so to the satisfaction of a majority of the members and at a conference held last winter they called upon him and the secretary-treasurer to resign. Both ignored the edict of the conference and the action is taken to force them from their positions. The conference appointed Rev. A. T. Warren as bishop and Rev. E. G. Schmidt and Rev. J. W. Campbell as assistants, but it is claimed the defendants did not recognize these appointments.

LOCAL ITEMS

Word has gone forth from militia headquarters, that all provisional (unqualified) lieutenants in the active militia, except those actually attending schools of instruction, will be asked to hand in their resignations.

Teacher—Why are you late for school?
Tommy—Please, teacher, I must have ver-washed myself.

Born, at Heckston, Ont., on June 2, to Mr. and Mrs. Netterfield Moore, a daughter.

A wing is to be built to the Kingston Home for the Aged, which is at present filled to its capacity.

Bishop Bidwell conducted confirmation service in the Anglican Church at North Augusta on Tuesday night of last week.

Born, on Tuesday May 28, to Dr. and Mrs. Ross McLaughlin, 183 Princess street, Kingston, a daughter.

It is expected that the alteration to the Robt. Wright store, Brockville, will be completed within a week.

Mrs. Bishop, Mrs. McKnight and Mrs. VanDuzen, of Toronto, arrived here to-day. With Mrs. G. W. Beach they will occupy Mr. W. H. Jacob's cottage at Charleston Lake for a time.

Come and enjoy the service with the children, birds and flowers Sunday evening in the Methodist church at 7.30. This is Children's Day all over the Dominion and a cordial invitation is extended to all.

The instruments of the 156th Leeds and Grenville Battalion band, so generously presented to that organization by Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Hardy, of Brockville, are now following the disrupted band overseas, having been shipped from Kingston about ten days ago.

The annual field-day of the Brockville District Ayrshire Breeders' Association will be held in Andrew Henderson's grove Friday, June 15, 1917. Several prominent speakers are expected to be present and a judging competition for young men will be held. This is to be a basket picnic and everybody is welcome.

Monday morning Mr. Thomas Jarrett, editor of the Times, was presented with a smoker's set by members of the staff. He left to-day for Cobalt, where he has accepted an editorial position on the Nugget published there.

The artillerymen of the 72nd, 73rd and 75th Batteries and R.C.H. A., which left recently, have been transferred into infantry units in England and will go to France in that capacity.

Sunday morning an explosion took place in a manhole of the Bell Telephone Co., Brockville. It was at the junction of King and Apple streets. It was caused by an accumulation of gas, but of what nature no person knows. A pane of glass in the office of Dr. Mulvihill was broken and also two panes over F. A. Stagg's shop.

Owing to the shortage of paper in the country and the increased prices there should be curtailment in the public and high schools. In some places they are seriously considering the advisability of using the old fashioned slates in the public schools instead of paper.

Assessors in Ontario are being instructed in the new duties which have been imposed upon them, by the Act, giving votes to women. In the past, where a woman owned property, her husband got the vote. He may still get the vote instead of her, but can do so only by waiving her right. Where the wife owns the house in which the family resides, the wife will get the vote as owner and the husband as tenant. Where the house is rented, the vote goes to the person who has the lease, whether the husband or wife.

Beginning Tuesday, May 8th, and every succeeding Tuesday during the summer months until Oct. 31st, the C.P.R. will run cheap Homeseekers' Excursions by regular trains to all principal points in British Columbia. Tickets are good for 60 days with privilege of extension on payment of \$5.00 for each month or part thereof but in no case will extension be granted for more than two months or before Nov. 30th, 1917. Stopover allowed. Tourist sleeping car space can be secured on payment of usual berth rates. Write to or call on Geo. E. McGlade, City Passenger Agent, Brockville, for folders and full information.

BODY FOUND

It is reported that the body of Alfred L. Smith, the employee of the Whyte Packing Co., who disappeared a few weeks ago from home in Brockville, has been found in the river near the asylum at Ogdensburg, N. Y.

It is understood that his body has been identified by the initials on his watch and by letters found in his pockets.

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