

The Athens Reporter

Vol. XXXIV. No. 7

Athens, Leeds County, Ontario, Wednesday, Feb. 13, 1918

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NEWS ITEMS

Brief Notes of Interest to Town and Rural Readers.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Taber have returned from a trip to Toronto.

Mr. William Hillis is ill at his home on Elgin street.

Mrs. D. L. Johnston remains quite ill, having had a second attack of appendicitis.

Born, on Feb. 6, to Dr. R. H. and Mrs. Layng, Preherne, Man. a daughter, Margaret Elizabeth.

Mr. Mal. Livingston is ill with pneumonia at his home at Hard Island.

Mrs. E. Duffield is recovering from her recent attack of congestion of the lungs.

Mrs. Lewis Stevens, Prince street, is on the sick list and has been confined to her room the past few days.

Mrs. O. Reid and Mrs. William Broad, of Brockville, are in the village renewing old acquaintances.

Mrs. C. Hillis and children, of Watertown, N.Y., are in Athens visiting relatives, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Hillis.

Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Kendrick were called on Sunday to Escott by the illness with pneumonia of the latter's mother, Mrs. D. Hutcheson.

Mr. W. J. Whipple, of Ruso, N.D., is visiting friends and relatives in this district.

The heatless days in Athens were closely observed; the town was very quiet, and the stores were open only in the mornings to sell food. Both schools were closed on Monday.

Mr. George Tennant, of Syracuse, is visiting his brother, Mr. Ed Tennant, and his niece, Mrs. H. R. Knowlton.

Mr. Joseph McDonald and bride (nee Miss Maggie Moran) of Brockville spent a week of their honeymoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. Taylor.

The country roads are reported in a bad condition and it is said there are 42 pitch holes by actual count, on the road from the railroad to Wight's Corners, a distance of less than one mile.

Lieut. Col. J. A. McCammon, sheriff of Leeds and Grenville, who for over a year has been doing work as sanitary officer for the district, is returning to his home in Gananoque. The Colonel is widely known and made a great many friends while on the Kingston staff.

No more negro students are to be admitted to Queen's College, Kingston. This is due to the objection of patients to receive medical attention from negroes in hospital clinics. There are now fourteen negro medical students at Queen's, and these will be allowed to complete their fourth year, but will not be allowed to continue with their fifth when the greatest amount of clinical work is to be done.

Mr. Ithamar Hunter, of Alberta, who has been spending the past two weeks here and in the district, renewing old acquaintances, left Monday for his western home. Mr. Hunter was a resident of this village when a boy, and his wife is a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Albert Wiltsie.

In a letter received by Mrs. Helen E. Cornell from her son, Gunner Hubert Cornell dated January 15, he stated that he had just been discharged from a hospital in France and was being sent to a convalescent camp. He is suffering from the effects of a slight attack of gas received in September.

Gunner Hibbert Johnston, who was wounded in the thigh some time ago, was in a pill box at the time he received the wound. He had been on a gun crew and had helped to clean up the piece before retiring to the pill box for rest. While he was inside, a shell came down in front of the open door. Interposed between Hibbert and the shell were three artillerymen who received the full force of the explosion. He has quite recovered from the slight wound he received.

ATHENS PUBLIC SCHOOL REPORT

Form I.
I Sr.—(Honors) Sinclair Peat, Howard Putnam, Joey Gainford, (Satisfactory) Jessie Hawkins, Elva Gifford, Doris Connerty, Roy Fenlong.

I Jr.—(Honors) Phelma Gifford, (Satisfactory) Goldie Parish, Gertrude Wilson, Freddie Fenlong, Jean Kavanagh.

Prim. Sr.—(Honors) Lloyd Burchell, Merwyn Pearce, (Satisfactory) Gwendolyn Swayne, Laura Hawkins, Edith Siznett, Carmen Blancher, Frances Ross, David Goodfellow, Audlen Hamblin, Fannie Fineman, Bettie Fair.

Prim. Jr. Honors—Laurence Scott, Ida Hollingsworth.

Average Attendance—26.
Ada L. Fisher, teacher
Room II.

Jr. III—(Honors) James Morris, Mary Duffield, (Satisfactory) Thelma Parish, Orval Hollingsworth, Howard Burchell, Steacy Fair.

Jr. II—(Honors) Coral Purcell, Rhea Kavanagh, (Satisfactory) Bella Fleuman, Erma Blancher, Anna Goodfellow, Ross Robinson.

Average attendance—29.
Gladys M. Johnston, Teacher

Room III.
Sr. IV—(Honors) Guy Purcell, (Satisfactory) Haddon Rabb, Sidney Vickery, Alma Hazelton, Carmen Layng, Zella Topping, Beaumont Kelly, Edna Eaton, Donald Peat, Kenneth Bulford.

Jr. IV—(Satisfactory) Sidney Burchell, Garfield Gifford, Alvin Judson, Leonard Johnston, Irene Gifford.

Sr. III—(Satisfactory) Dora Mulvena, Marjorie Gifford, Howard Holmes, Robert Rahmer, Marion Robinson, Gerald Wilson.

Average attendance—38.
S. L. Snowdon, Principal

FANCY DRESS CARNIVAL HELD

Big Attendance Thursday Night at Athens Rink—Many Excellent Costumes.

Despite bad roads and a postponement, the fancy dress carnival at the rink Thursday night was the best in many years. There was no general skating until nine o'clock, and this was the cause of a larger number of costumed skaters than is usually the case. The carnival was advertised for Wednesday but as this interfered with the date of the regular weekly storm, a postponement was necessary. Music by a local aggregation was much enjoyed. A band was the greatest difficulty that had to be overcome in preparing for the carnival, but Mr. C. C. Slack came to the rescue with the offer to organize one for the occasion. He succeeded in getting a few players together, and the result was a brass band of four pieces, two cornets, a baritone, and a bass, played by N. E. Smith, Wm. McLean, C. C. Slack, and N. Hagerman.

The rink was well illuminated, and the scores of costumes showed up to good effect. A light snow fall did not mar the pleasure of the evening to any great extent. The judges had no easy task to choose the prize-winners, but at length decided on the following:

Best costume, lady—Miss Georgia Spry.
Best costume, gentleman—Mr. A. W. Parish.
Best costume, A. H. S. girl—Miss Lillian Burchell.
Best costume, A. H. S. boy—James Heffernan.
Special, best boy's costume—Master Howard Putnam.

LARMOUR—BROWN

A quiet wedding took place at the Holiness Movement parsonage yesterday at 2.30 p.m., when Arthur L. Larmour was united in marriage to Miss Marion Brown, daughter of Mr. Lorne Brown, by Rev. R. M. Hammond. The bride was gowned in Copenhagen blue, and was attended by Miss Lilla Hamond. The groomsmen was Mr. Everett Reed. The couple left on the evening train for the east. They will reside at Gem, Alberta.

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The Merchants' Bank OF CANADA.

ATHENS BRANCH

F. A. ROBERTSON, Manager

HYDRO POWER FOR DISTRICT

The subjoined correspondence reveals the fact that Reeve Holmes is endeavoring to get the very latest proposition of Sir Adam Beck's department for the supply of electric power in Athens.

The estimates from the engineering department to which reference is made in the communication, have not as yet come to hand. It is to be hoped, however, that the estimates will be such as will make it possible for Athens and the adjoining municipalities to become beneficiaries in this great development.

Athens, Ont.

Feb. 1, 1918

Hon. Adam Beck,
Chairman Ontario Hydro Electric Commission,
Toronto, Ont.

Respected Sir—We are informed that your Department has acquired or obtained control of a water-power situated at the village of Merrickville in the county of Grenville, for the purpose of the development and distribution of electric energy, and that certain transmission lines in that connection have been (or are now) in course of construction.

A line from Merrickville to the incorporated village of Athens would be approximately twenty-seven miles in length, and would touch the villages of Easton's Corners, Jasper, Toledo, and Frankville en route, and by a slight deviation would take in the village of Addison.

Will you kindly furnish us with a synopsis of the plan by means of which Athens may be connected with, and become a part of your system.

We would require electricity for approximately forty street lights, and also for domestic and other purposes.

Thanking you in anticipation, I have the honor to be Sir,

Your obedient servant,
M. B. HOLMES,
Reeve

Toronto, Ont.

February 7, 1918

Mr. B. Holmes,
Reeve,
Athens, Ont.

Dear Sir—I am in receipt of your communication of February 1st, with respect to the supply of power to your Municipality and others in the district.

In reply I may say that the Commission has not obtained control of the water power situated in the village of Merrickville, but has entered into a contract for the supply of power from this development for the purpose of distribution of electrical energy in this district, and is constructing transmission lines at the present time.

I have issued instructions to the Engineering Department to make an investigation as to the amount of power required for Athens or for any other municipality in the district, and to prepare estimates on the cost of supplying same.

Yours truly,
A. BECK,
Chairman

A private assembly was held at Lyndhurst Friday night under the auspices of the Dramatic Club of that place. The attendance was good in spite of the bad condition of the roads. Music was supplied by local talent.

The public school is closed owing to a defect in the heating system. The repairs will be made immediately.

McKENNY—KENNEDY

On February 6 at the Methodist parsonage, Elgin, Rev. R. Stillwell united in marriage William J. McKenny and Miss May Kennedy, both of Portland.

In Hospital

D. W. Johnston, Rockspring, was officially notified this week that No. 1090337, Pte. Roy Walter Johnston, was admitted to the 6th Casualty Clearing Station on February 4 suffering from shell gas.

Skating Not Affected.

The new fuel saving laws will not affect the weekly programs at the skating rink. Skating is regarded as recreation and need not be curtailed. Only one room is heated and little fuel is required.

Divorce Made Easy for Returned Men

Returned soldiers whose wives have proved unfaithful in their absence are to be helped in seeking that relief which the law allows by way of divorce. Among the principal items of cost in divorce proceedings is a \$200 fee which has to be paid to the Clerk of the Senate. In the case of returned soldiers it is proposed to remit this along with certain other incidents. There is promise of a number of such cases.

Draft Arrives Safely.

The arrival at an English port of a draft of infantry from the 1st Battalion, First Eastern Ontario Regiment, is reported through the chief censor's office at Ottawa. Several district men were included in the draft, which left Kingston three weeks ago.

NOTICE

Owing to E. Taylor going out of the auctioneer business, I hold a license for the Counties of Leeds and Grenville, and will conduct all sales that I may be favored with.

Phone 94, Smith's Falls, or Athens Reporter for dates and particulars,
D. C. HEALEY,
Auctioneer

WINTER COMFORTS

For 60 days we will sell Sanitary Odorless Closets at a special price. Get one installed now.

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Give us the opportunity to add "you" to our list of satisfied customers.

H. R. KNOWLTON
Jeweler and Optician
ATHENS

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Lesson VII. Feb. 17, 1918. Jesus Teaching by Parables—Four Kinds of Ground.—Mark 4: 1-20.

Commentary.—1. Teaching by parables (vs. 1, 2). 1. Begun again—The shore of the sea of Galilee was a favorite place with Jesus for teaching those who came to him. He had taught here before, and now he was beginning "again" to teach the people. Great multitudes—Luke says they came "to him out of every city" (8: 4). This was the popular period of Christ's ministry. Great numbers listened to every discourse, and the synagogues were crowded when he spoke. Doubtless many had come out of idle curiosity, but a large number desired to be benefited by Christ's preaching. Entered into a ship—The fisherman's boat into which he entered was pushed a little distance from the shore, so that he could command a full view of his hearers. Sat in the sea—Jesus sat in the boat as he addressed the people. Sitting was the customary posture of the teacher in Christ's time. On the land—The smooth beach along the Sea of Galilee afforded a convenient place of assembly. 2. Taught... by parables—A parable is a story or description of nature or of actual occurrences, used to teach spiritual truth. The word has in it the idea of placing one object alongside of another, of comparison. In his doctrine—in his teaching.

II. The parable of the sower (vs. 3-9). 3. Harken—Listen. Jesus at the outset invited the close attention of his hearers. Behold—The opening of the parable is vivid, and it is more than probable that one or more sowers were actually scattering seed within sight of the hearers, for that region was rich and adapted to agriculture. It was the season for sowing, which commenced in October. There went out a sower to sow. He was provided with seed and went forth with a definite purpose. He went where there was soil prepared to receive the seed. The soil of Palestine was prepared for sowing by being stirred to a depth of four inches. The people lived in villages and literally "went forth" to their fields in the country. The sower represents the Saviour, who came to teach the truths of the kingdom, and the apostles, who were taught by him, and all others, who as public and private workers scatter the blessed truths of Christ's kingdom. 4. Way side—In Palestine the grain fields are not often fenced, and there are trodden paths extending here and there through the grain. The seed, falling upon these paths, would be especially exposed to the attacks of birds, which abound in that country. 5. Stony ground—ground of this sort was doubtless in plain sight of Jesus and his hearers. It was not a soil mingled with stones, sprang up—The thin layer of soil covering an extended layer of rock. If sprang up—The thin layer of soil would be thoroughly warmed by the sun, and the seed would quickly germinate. 6. Withered away—The roots could not find their way to moisture, hence there could be little growth and the young plant would quickly die.

7. Thorns—Thorns, briars and other prickly plants thrive in Palestine and indicate a fertile soil. There are twenty-two words in the Hebrew Bible that denote thorny or prickly plants. The farmer is accustomed to go through his wheatfields before these noxious plants ripen to cut them out. If this is not done the land becomes overrun with these pests, choked it. The thorns were so thrifty that they grew more rapidly than the grain, robbing the latter of the moisture and substance of the soil. The soil was good and favorable to an abundant harvest of grain, but for the fact that it was preoccupied by seeds of thorns. 8. Good ground—The soil was deep, free from weeds and had been properly prepared, sprang up and increased—Unlike the sowings on the other kinds of soil, the seed was not caught away by birds, nor was the quickly germinating seed blasted in the thin layer of soil by the heat of the sun, nor were the tender plants choked by the thorns. The seed germinated, grew vigorously and matured, brought forth—The harvest was abundant whether the increase was thirty, sixty or a hundred times as much as the amount of seed sown. 9. In closing the parable Jesus placed the responsibility upon his hearers. The truths he would convey were not beyond the comprehension of those who had a desire to receive them.

III. The Parable Explained (vs. 10-20). 10-13. Those of Christ's hearers who were interested in what he was saying, including the disciples, came to him and inquired as to the meaning of the parables. They had been deeply impressed with the words of Jesus and desired to know more fully the nature of the kingdom about which he had been speaking. Jesus gave these inquirers to understand that because of their interest in spiritual things they could comprehend the truths he was proclaiming, but those who had no real interest or only a passing interest in those truths would fail of comprehending them. His speaking in parables was a test of their desire to know spiritual truth. The parable would make clear the truth to those who had minds and hearts to receive it, and to those who had no desire to know and accept the principles of the kingdom the parable would tend to obscure those principles. Jesus desired that all who heard his preaching should receive the truth and enter the new kingdom, but he well knew that there were multitudes to whom the word of the Lord by the prophet Isaiah was applicable (6: 9, 10).

14. The sower—This is applicable to Christ and to all his followers who teach the truths of the gospel in sincerity. 15. Sower... taketh away—The heart of the wayside hearer is hard and not readily susceptible to the truth, and Satan through his numberless agencies snatches away the good seed before it settles into the soil of the heart. 16. receive it with gladness

The stony-ground hearers go farther than the first class; they not only hear, but believe, and receive the truth, and the seed springs up. They take upon themselves a profession of religion. The truths of the gospel are attractive. They appeal strongly to the hearts of all who give earnest attention to them. 17. have not root in themselves—There is no deep soil of repentance and true faith, into which the roots of a religious experience could strike. affliction or persecution arises—These are sure to come. The scorching rays of the sun act upon the plant growing in stony-ground soil, as tribulation and persecution do upon the superficial professor of religion. Both quickly wither and die, are offended—Stumble. 18. among thorns—There is a reception of the word and it promises to have its effect, but the heart is open to other things, as worldly anxieties and the love of wealth, so the fruitage of godliness is not realized. 19. unfruitful—The seed of the kingdom can never produce much fruit in any heart till the thorns of vicious affections and impure desires are plucked up by the roots and burned—Clarke, 20. good ground—Those given up to God's will. We are responsible for the nature of the soil. The Holy Spirit come to us with illumination and conviction and begets in us a desire for salvation. If we cherish the conviction and yield ourselves to God, trusting him implicitly, there will be an abundant harvest.

Questions—What is a parable? Where was Jesus now? Why did he speak in parables? Whom does the sower represent? What is the seed? What is the first soil mentioned? What devoured the seed? What is the second kind of soil? Why did the grain wither? What is the third kind of soil? Who are the wayside hearers? The stony-ground hearers? What was the harvest from the good ground?

PRACTICAL SURVEY.

Topic.—Hindrances to a harvest.

- I. Inattention. II. Insincerity. III. Compromise.

I. Inattention. In consequence of the moral state of the Jewish nation Jesus taught the multitudes in parables. Standing by the seashore and surveying the mixed company before him, Jesus gave in parable a prophecy of the future of his truth among them. The stress of the story lies not in the character of the sower or on the quality of the seed, but in the nature of the soil. In framing this parable Jesus classified his hearers according to his experience with them, recalling the different effects produced upon them by his claims to be the Messiah. He chose that form of teaching which brought men face to face with nature and human life. He put truth into form in which it could not perish or be corrupted. He turned the minds of his hearers in the direction in which they could soonest unlearn their errors and be prepared to receive his truth. Before anything in this particular set of parables as to the kingdom of God could reach their minds, they had to unlearn all they had learned from their leaders to the Kingdom of God being a Jewish commonwealth. Time was needed for truth to prevail against error. Direct attack upon it would have been useless. Those whose minds were filled with the Pharisees' ideas of religion could hardly help understanding and misrepresenting the doctrines and sayings of Jesus. The parables were certain to be remembered. Their special value was that while they were fitted to preserve truth from being forgotten, they were above all fitted to preserve truth from being corrupted. Time will ripen them for the purpose of instructing the multitudes as well as Christ's disciples through all time. This parable of the sower is a solemn lesson and warning, and with a description of what is actually taking place now.

II. Insincerity. Besides the wayside hearers who failed to be helped by Christ's teachings and work, there were others of an emotional temperament who were carried away in the excitement aroused by this sudden popularity. They were the stony-ground hearers. They lacked the sufficient depth of soil. Without either their judgment being informed or their will renewed, they were quick to wither under the daily tests of discipline. The kind of soil into which the seed was sown determined the harvest. Life is the time for the getting of character and for the trial and perfecting of it. These insincere ones could not produce fruit. They were superficial in character.

III. Compromise. The parable presents a third class, perhaps more limited, who recognized Christ's power and authority, but they would not leave their old religion, which was wholly artificial. They tried to combine truth with error. Such were the double-minded class, unstable and finally unreliable, successful for a time, but failing short at last. The "thorns" occupy the short and fleet period of time allotted for man's probation. They absorb attention and engage the heart. One kind of soil was fruitful, whose hearts were prepared by divine influences and responsive to divine culture and care. From them truth was neither stolen, stunted nor choked. They were true disciples.

PRACTICAL APPLICATIONS

Four kinds of soil. 1. The wayside.—Agrippa went with great pomp and hear Paul preach. That carnal and powerful pleader laid the truth on his heart, as if he would plow a furrow into his life. But the devil's birds were near to pluck up the seed. Pride came with her glittering plumes and chirped in his ear. "Thou art a king, but who is this tent-maker?" Lust croaked behind pride, and had something to say about giving up Bernice. So they came one after another, plucked up the grain and flew away. 2. The stony ground. Paul found it in Galatia (Gal. 5: 7). Christ found it in Galilee (John 6: 6). 3. The thorn-choked soil. Demas is the New Testament illustration (2 Tim. 4: 10). 4. The good ground. This is the ground that has been thoroughly broken up by repentance and moistened with the

POSSIBILITIES FOR CANADIAN SHEEP RAISING

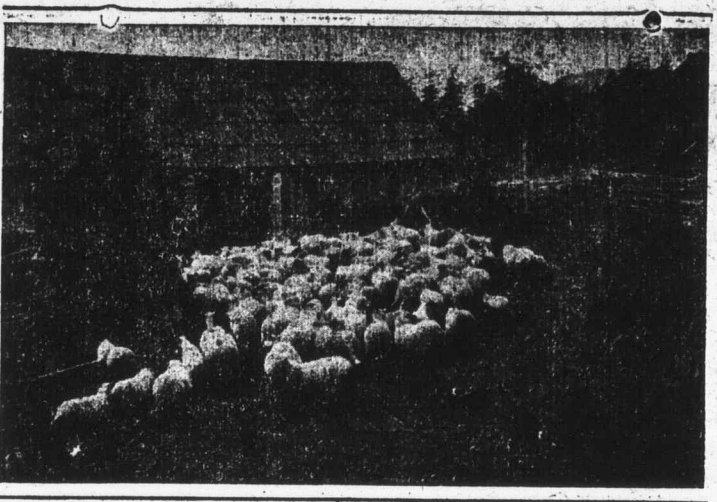
Greatest Increase From Flocks On Mixed Farms

(By T. Reg. Arkell, Chief Sheep and Goat Division, Ottawa.)

War is on the tongues of all the world at present, because so far-reaching are its effects, that everyone, even to the utmost limits of civilization, has been effected to some degree. No person or industry has escaped completely. Examine its effects on the sheep industry of Canada, and, roughly, they are two in number. The world's consumption of wool has increased and the production has decreased. Together with this, the high cost of all commodities has effected great increase in the selling price of the wool in the fleece. The demands of increased armies of men on unproductive work has resulted in the higher cost of meats. High priced wool and the sheepraiser until his industry are now starting into this industry. Possibilities for sheep-raising in Canada are unlimited so far as land is concerned. There are vast tracts of

land which should make it continue for some time. The wool production has decreased all over the world, due to the following conditions: number of men now required for army purposes, and increased world-wide slaughter of sheep. The consumption of wool has increased, and this is chiefly due to the demands for army clothing. Therefore, the value of wool has increased, and as these conditions will continue to increase until war ceases, so the continued rise in value. Losses in merchant shipping are large since war started, and there will continue to be some loss until this warfare ceases. The result is, and will be, that ocean transportation of wool will be limited until normal conditions reassert themselves. Consequently, some countries which produced large quantities of wool and use smaller quantities may have some difficulty in disposing of their surplus. However, Canada will never suffer

Never before has the world used so much wool, the result being practically a wool famine. How many years this condition will exist cannot be forecasted. However, several years must elapse before these conditions can be righted so that wool will have an enhanced value during this period. From a meat standpoint the situation is almost the same. Meat enters very largely into the daily ration of the soldier and its supply has to be obtained from some source. One way in which the North American continent is aiding the Allies is in supplying large quantities of meat, and there is a strong demand for this commodity. The decrease of the world's sheep population has been estimated at fifty-four and a half millions since war started. The number of sheep in the warring European countries will continue to decrease until normal conditions are resumed. One reason for this is the difficulty of importing feeding materials, and the result is that the animals are being utilized for food. Again, in mutton, as in the question of wool, there is an increased demand for mutton for consumption in Canada. So a good market for meat is assured for some time to come.



Sheep do well in Canada from coast to coast. Here is a British Columbia flock which promises well. In most parts of Canada, however, sheep ranching is not feasible, but there is room for much more development of the small farm flock.

land from one coast to the other which are useful only for grazing purposes. These lands are particularly suitable for sheep in large flocks. Practically every mixed farm in the country could maintain its small flock. Thus there is ample room for sheep. It has been stated that Canada should and could maintain twenty millions of sheep instead of two million which at present is the total. Sheep are exceedingly profitable where the small amount of requisite care is applied. Wool is increasing in price continually at present, and so far as it is possible to forecast, this increase will continue for some time to come. The limitations of this increase are impossible to define, but conditions ex-

cesses very heavily of wool and does not produce sufficient for its own requirements, so that there always will be a keen demand for wools for home consumption, provided it is of the type and condition that can be utilized in manufacture in this country. According to Hoover, the United States Food Administrator, the wool clip of that country is decreasing and the consumption is increasing now. In fact, in 1916 only 35 per cent. of the wool used was produced within its boundaries. This means that should the home market in Canada by any chance fall, there will be a market at hand which will not entail ocean transportation.

At this point it is well to point out one thing, that in most booms, accompanied by inflated prices, there follows a period of depression. Just how much the values in the sheep industry are inflated is a question which cannot be answered. That there is at present some inflation must be a fact. The best authorities, however, consider that there is very little, so that any depression which will follow will not be very pronounced. All that is necessary to avoid this possibility is careful buying at present values. There is a possibility of too great an outlay of capital, which gives the same conditions as is found in an over-capitalized company.

Increase in large flocks cannot be looked for to any great extent. Ideal conditions necessary for ranching seem to be growing scarcer every year. Ranchers recede as the settler advances and have done so throughout the American West and are doing so in the Canadian West. If this continues there may come a time when ranching will become only a matter of history. This is simply surmise at present. Sheep-raising under mixed farming conditions is where the greatest increase will be found. Most farms of this nature can profitably maintain a small flock of sheep. Now that co-operation is spreading rapidly in the sheep industry the old difficulty of disposing of wool to the best advantage is disappearing. Co-operative wool selling is increasing the profits. This co-operation should extend amongst small flockmasters to the ownership of rams, dipping outfits and shearing appliances. In this way many of the present difficulties would be overcome and better returns ensured. —The Canadian Countryman.

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are in this body do groan, being burdened. What is time but a wharf where ships load and unload? What is a home but the place where parents are in commerce; they give out and their children take in. There used to be a common notice when ships were for sale, and the words "shifts without ballast" was often read; it meant sea is flat bottomed, that she can be shifted from one part of the port to the other without being stiffened with ballast. But some smart sailing craft must have plenty of ballast, or cargo, in order to be safe. "Not the soul be without knowledge is not good." A full sock can stand up right, an empty sock falls flat. You see men taking in cargo, striving away, stirring up power, starting on the voyage. "Whither away?" We ask their aim, their destination, and many give no answer. Some do not know, some do not care, some are easy-going and led by others, some are afraid. Timorous mortals start and shrink To cross the narrow sea, And shiver trembling in the brink, And fear to launch away. The bold launch into the deep, they have courage and conscious power, they study winds and currents, have they purpose in their heart? The ark was prepared for a definite purpose, it was not to sail, or make discoveries, to go on pleasure, or war. It was to save! Calmly she floated with her living cargo, without masts, or rudder, or pumps. The modern ship is different; she is loaded for a definite port. To meet a ship in mid-ocean and ask her destination and get no answer, is to conclude that the ship was in charge of a landsman, and not a seaman. Are you the captain of your soul, or is another leading you whither he will? Alas! how full of contradiction is man; he is great and he is mean; he is weak and he is strong; a drop shaken in the wind, but he is a child that thinks! He is a judge, a criminal; he is glorious and base; he is a novelty, a chaos, a worm. "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding." This "spirit" constitutes man's greatness, distinction, responsibility, and immortality. He is from God, must account to God. How are you going to answer one of a thousand? The duty is appalling if you try to do it alone. But there is a Davidsman waiting, available, ready. "Able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him, seeing He even liveth to make intercession further."

About the easiest way for a man to lose his good name is to have it engraved on the handle of his umbrella.

MARKET REPORTS

TORONTO MARKETS.

Table with columns for 'FARMERS' MARKET' and 'WHOLESALE MARKET'. Items include Eggs, Butter, Cattle, Sheep, etc. with prices listed.

SUGAR PRICES—WHOLESALE.

Table listing sugar prices for various grades and quantities, including Acacia gran, Redpath granulated, etc.

TORONTO CATTLE MARKETS.

Table listing cattle market prices for various types of cattle, including Ex. cattle, Butcher cattle, etc.

OTHER MARKETS.

Table listing prices for various commodities like Oats, Flour, etc.

Table listing prices for Buffalo Live Stock, including East Buffalo, Receipts, etc.

Table listing prices for Chicago Live Stock, including Cattle, Receipts, etc.

SUNDAY AT HOME

PRESS ON.

Still will we trust, though earth seem dark and dreary, And the heart faint beneath His chastening rod; Though rough and steep our pathway, worn and weary, Still we trust in God! So from our sky the night shall furl her shadows, And day, poor gladness through his golden gates, Our rough path lead to flower-enamelled meadows, Where joy our coming waits. Let us press on: in patient self-denial, Accept the hardship, shrink not from the loss; Our guardian lies beyond the hour of trial. Our crown beyond the Cross. —W. H. BURLEIGH.

THE COMFORTER, THE HOLY GHOST.

If thou knowest the gift of God, and who it is that Saviour to thee, give me to drink; (thou wouldst have asked of him, and he would have given the living water.—If ye are being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?—Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whosoever ye shall ask the Father in his name, he will give it you. Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name: ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.) CAPACITY. (By the late Rev. H. T. Miller.) Man has a capacity for the Infinite; this is his original mate. The ship is seaworthy before it is launched; when launched it is a matter of cargo, storage, furniture, direction, aim and end. Noth took a hundred and twenty years to build the ark; it was not ready before that time. How long did it take to build the spirit of man; was time one of its conditions; did angels help to fashion it; did other spirits help at the launch? Just as a perfect ship leaves the builder's hands as she plunges into the water, so a perfect spirit enters the body. There is nothing to be added, or deducted. The ship is in the sea, the spirit is in the body, for time they are essential to each other, but they are always "other," and not the same. "We that

Kill the Germs of Catarrh

BY ACTING TO-DAY YOU CAN QUICKLY CURE CATARRH AND AVOID BUNCHITS, PERHAPS CONSUMPTION.

Most Agreeable and Surest Cure is Catarrhzone, Which Cures Every Curable Case.

Catarrhzone proves especially good in those chronic cases where mucous drops down the throat, sickens the stomach, and pollutes the breath. When the nostrils are stuffed, only a few breaths through the inhaler are needed to clear the passages, and where there is coughing and sore bronchial tubes, the soothing, healing properties of Catarrhzone act almost as magic. Once you stop taking medicine into the stomach and get the healing oils and pure balsams of Catarrhzone at work you can be sure of quick and lasting cure for nose colds, catarrh, weak lungs, bronchitis, and speaker's sore throat. The complete \$1.00 Outfit of Catarrhzone is sufficient for two months' treatment, and is guaranteed. Smaller size, 50c, at all dealers, or the Catarrhzone Co., Kingston, Ont.

Cuba's Fine Tobacco.

Cuba produces the highest priced tobacco grown in the world. The fine aromatic tobacco is not grown in all parts of the island, but on a little spot near the western coast, the size of which is no more than twenty-five square miles. Such tobacco as is produced in this limited area can be produced nowhere else.

Nests On the Water.

It is almost unthinkable that a bird should build a nest on the water. Yet that is exactly what the grebes always do. With reeds, grass and plant stems the grebe makes a regular floating island somewhat hollowed out on top, usually near the open water of a marshy or reedy lake. We have several kinds of grebes, but their nests are much alike, sometimes moored to the reeds, but usually floating freely on the water.—St. Nicholas.

He is twice a conqueror who can restrain himself in the hour of victory. —Cicero.

"BELA"

Big Jack went through the formalities of counting, though it was patent to all that the fighting was done. Afterward he turned to Sam and shook his hand.

"I didn't think you had it in you," he said.

This was sweet to Sam. Joe raised himself, sniveling, and condescended to revile Sam.

"Ah, shut up!" cried big Jack, with strong disgust. "You're licked!"

Joe got to his feet. "Only by trickery!" he cried. "He wouldn't stand up to me! I could have knocked him out any time. Everybody was against me! It takes the heart out of a man."

Teas threatened again.

General laughter greeted this.

"That's all right!" cried Joe, furiously, from the door. "I'll get you yet!" He went out.

The others now began to crowd around Sam, congratulating him a little sheepishly, slapping his back. A great, sweet calm filled Sam. This was the moment he had dreamed of during his long days on the trail and his lonely nights at Grier's Point.

He had made good. He was a man among men. They acknowledged it. It was like a song inside him. The hideous wound that Bela had dealt him was healed.

He glanced over his shoulder at her. From her corner she was gazing at him as at a young hero. Calm filled her breast, too. Joe was gone, and her secret still safe. Surely after to-night, she thought, there would be no need of keeping it.

They heard Joe climb into his wagon outside and curse at the horses. Instead of turning into the road, he drove back to the door and pulled up. Bela turned pale again.

Joe shouted through the doorway: "Anyhow, no woman keeps me!"

"Damn you! What do you mean?" cried Sam.

"You owe the clothes you wear to her, and the gun you carry! The horses you drive are hers!"

"You lie!" cried Sam, springing toward the door.

Joe whipped up his horses. "Ask her!" he shouted back.

Sam whirled about and, seizing the wrist of the shrinking Bela, dragged her out of her corner.

"Is it true?" he demanded—"the horses? Answer me before them all!"

She fought for breath enough to lie. He saw it. "If you lie to me again I'll kill you!" he cried. "Answer me! Is it your team that I drive?"

His violence overbore her defences. "Yes," she said, tremulously. "What difference does it make?"

The men looked on, full of shame-faced curiosity at this unexpected turn. One or two, more delicate-minded, went outside.

Sam's ghastly wound was torn wide open again. "What difference?" he cried, white and blazing. "Oh, my God, it means you've made a fool of me a second time! It means I've nerved myself and trained myself to fight this brute only to find he's able to give me the laugh after all!"

"Sam—you so poor then," she murmured.

It was like oil on the flames. He flung off her beseeching hand. "I didn't ask you help," he cried, passionately. "I told you to leave me alone! You can't understand a man has his pride. You're loathsome to me now!"

Mahoeley interfered with good intent. "Sam, you're foolish. What difference does it make. Nobody blames you!"

"Keep your mouth out of this!" cried Sam, whirling on him.

To Bela he went on blindly: "The team it at the point. I'll have it here in an hour. My credit at the store is yours! Your hear that, Mahoeley! Turn over what's coming to me to her. The gun, the axe, the blankets I'll keep. I'll pay you for them when I earn it. I'll make you a present of my labor, driving for you. And I hope to God I'll never see you again!" He ran out.

Bela stood in an oddly arrested attitude, as if an icy blast had congealed her in full motion. There was no sense in her eyes. In acute discomfort, the men stood on one foot, then the other.

Mahoeley, as the leader, felt that it was incumbent on him to make the first move.

"Look here, Bela," he began, "don't you take on—"

The sound of his voice brought her to life. She threw back her head with a laugh. It had a wretched, mirthless sound; but a laugh is a laugh. They were glad to be deceived. They laughed with her.

"Tak' on?" cried Bela, recklessly. Her voice had a tinniness. "What do I care? I glad be gone. I glad both gone. I never let them come here again. Maybe we have some peace now."

Naturally the other men were delighted.

"Good for you, Bela!" they cried. "You're a game sport, all right! You're right; they're not worth bothering about. We'll stand by you!"

She seemed unimpressed by their enthusiasm.

"Time to go," she said, shepherding them toward the door. "Come to-morrow. I have ver' good dinner to-morrow."

"You bet I'll be here!" "Count on me!" "Me, too!" "You're all right, Bela!" "Good night!" "Good night!" They fled out.

Only Musq'oosis was left sitting on the floor, staring into the fire. He did not turn round as Bela came back from the door.

"Why don't you go, too?" she demanded in a harsh, tremulous voice.

"Tink maybe you want talk to me?" "Talk!" she cried. "Tob moech talk! I sick of talkin'!" Her voice was breaking. "Go way! Let me be!"

He got up. He had dropped his innocent affectations. "My girl—" he began simply.

"Go way!" cried Bela, desperately. "Go quick, or I hit you!"

He shrugged and went out. Bela slammed the door after him and dropped the bar in place. She barred the other door.

She looked despairingly around the disordered cabin, and moving uncertainly to the nearest box, dropped upon it, and spreading her arms on the table, let her head fall between them and wept like a white woman.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The next day, as far as the settlement was concerned, Sam Gladding had ceased to be. Bringing the team to Bela's as he had promised, he left it tied outside, and the night had swallowed him.

At first it was supposed he had started to walk out around the north shore, the way he had come; but Indians from below Grier's Point reported that no white man had passed that way. They found likewise that he had not gone toward Tepiskow. He could not have crossed the river, save by swimming, an impossible feat burdened with a rifle and an axe.

Those who came in front around the bay said he had not been seen over there, though Joe Hagland had barricaded himself in his shack in the expectation of a visit.

It was finally decided that Sam must be hiding in the bush somewhere near, and that he would come in with his tall between his legs when he got hungry.

There was not much concern one way or the other. Most of the men indulged in the secret hope that Sam would stay away. He was a game kid they were now ready to confess, but altogether too touchy; there was no getting along comfortably with him. Had he not almost put the restawrap out of business? It was as Bela said—if both the hotheads kept out of the way, they might have some peace and comfort there.

Sergeant Coulson had computations. He proposed getting up a search party for Sam. The idea was laughed down. Nice fools they'd make of themselves, opined Mahoeley, setting out to look for a man in good health and in the full possession of his faculties who hadn't committed any crime.

There was a good attendance at Bela's dinner, and a full house at night. To their undiscerning eyes Bela seemed to be her old self. That is to say, she was not moping over what had happened. A wise man would have guessed that she was taking it much too quietly; he would have seen the danger signals in that unnaturally quick eye. Bela had dropped her usual air of reserve. To-night she seemed anxious to please. She smiled on each man in a way that made him hope. She laughed oftener and louder. It had a conscious, provocative ring that the wise man would have grieved to hear. Competition became keen for her smiles.

When they finished their supper there were loud calls for her to come in and sit among them. Bela shrugged and, picking up a box, stood looking over them. They fell suddenly silent, wondering which she would choose. She laughed mockingly and, turning carried her box in front of the fire.

From this point Mahoeley, in the midst of the general chaffing, unexpectedly received a narrow-eyed look over her shoulder that went to his head a little. He promptly arose and carried his box to her side. Mahoeley was the greatest man present, and none presumed to challenge him.

Bela bridled and smiled. "What for you come over here?" "What for you come over here?" she demanded, "not tell you to."

"Oh, I took a chance," said the trader coolly. At the same time his wicked, dancing little eyes informed her that he knew very well she had asked him over. The sanguine Mahoeley was no celibate, and he cared not who knew it.

"You think 'cause you the trader you do w'at you like," said Bela, mockingly. "Any man can do pretty near w'at he wants if he has the will." "What is will?" "Oh—determination." "You got plenty termination, I suppose." This with a teasing smile. Mahoeley looked at her sharply. "I look here, w'at are you getting at?" he demanded. "Nothing." "I'm no hand to handy words. I'm plain spoken. I go direct to a thing." Bela shrugged. "You can't play with me, you know. Is there anything you want?" "No," said Bela with a provoking smile.

As Mahoeley studied her, looking into the fire, a novel softness congealed him. His attentiveness was slipping from him, even while he bragged of it. "Darned if you're not the handsomest thing in this part of the world!" he said suddenly. It was surprised out of him. His first maxim was: "A man must never let anything on with these girls."

"Pooh! W'at you care about 'an' some?" jeered Bela. "Girls all the same to you."

This felled Mahoeley on the raw. A deep flush crept into his face. "Ah, a man leads a man's life," he growled. "That ain't to say he don't appreciate something good if it comes his way."

"They say you treat girls pretty bad," said Bela.

"I treat 'em as they deserve," replied Mahoeley sullenly. "If a girl don't get any of the good out of me, that's up to her."

It was the first time one of these girls had been able to put him out of countenance.

"Poor girls!" murmured Bela.

He looked at her sharply again. The idea that a native girl might laugh at him, the trader, was a disconcerting one. "Sometime when the gang ain't around I'll show you I ain't all bad," he said sardoniously.

Bela shrugged.

Musq'oosis was in the shack again to-night. He sat on the floor in the corner beyond the fireplace. Neither Bela nor Mahoeley paid any attention to him, but he missed nothing of their talk.

By and by the group around the table moved to break up.

"I'll go with them and come back after," whispered Mahoeley to Bela.

"Everybody tink I send you look for Sam. That make me mad. I wouldn't go to Sam if he was lead to death by the road!"

"Nobody see me," said Musq'oosis soothingly.

"Everyting get known here," she returned. "The trees tell it."

"I know where he is," Musq'oosis murmured with an innocent air.

Bela made a clatter among the dishes.

After a while he said again: "I know where he is."

Bela, still affecting deafness, flounced into the kitchen.

She did not come back until the supper guests were arriving.

With a glance of defiance toward Musq'oosis, Bela welcomed Mahoeley with a sidelong smile. That, she wished the Indian to know, was her answer. The red-haired trader was delighted. To-night the choicest cuts found their way to his plate.

When she was not busy serving, Bela sat on a box at Mahoeley's left, and suffered his proprietary airs. Afterward they sat in front of the fire, whispering and laughing together, careless of what anybody might think of it.

This was not particularly entertaining to the rest of the crowd, and the party broke up early.

"Bela is changed," they said to each other.

At the door Stuffy said, as a matter of form: "Coming, Mahoeley?"

Mahoeley, glancing obliquely at the inscrutable Bela, decided on a bold play.

"Don't wait for me," he said. "I'll stop and talk to Bela for a while. Musq'oosis will play propriety," he added with a laugh.

Bela made no remark, and the shack emptied except for the three of them. Mary Otter had gone to call at the mission.

For a while Mahoeley passed the time in idly teasing Musq'oosis after his own style.

"Musq'oosis, they tell me you were quite a runner in your young days."

"So," said the old man good-humoredly.

"Yes, fellow said when the dinner-bell rang in camp, you beat the dog table!"

Mahoeley supplied the elugeth to his own jest.

"Let him be," said Bela, sullenly.

"Don't mak' stop," observed Musq'oosis, smiling. "I lak hear w'at fenny thoughts come in his head."

Mahoeley glanced at him narrowly, suspecting a double meaning.

When the rumble of the last wagon died away in the distance, Mahoeley said carelessly: "Well, Musq'oosis, you know the old saying: 'Two is company, three is none.'"

Musq'oosis appeared not to have understood.

"In other words, your room is preferred to your company."

Musq'oosis did not budge from the position of the squatting idol. His face likewise was as bland and blank as an image's.

"Or, in plain English, get!" said Mahoeley.

"Go to your tepee," added Bela, shortly.

Musq'oosis sat fast.

Mahoeley jumped up in a rage. "This is a bit too thick! Get out before I throw you out!"

Musq'oosis, with the extraordinary impassivity of the red race, continued to stare before him. Mahoeley, with an oath, seized him by the collar and jerked him to his feet. This was too much for Bela. Her hard air broke up. Jumping to her feet, she commenced to belabor Mahoeley's back with her fists.

"Let him go! Let him go!" she commanded.

Mahoeley dropped the old man and turned around astonished. "What's the matter with you? You told him yourself to go."

"I don't care," said Bela. "Now I want him stay."

"What do you think I am?" cried Mahoeley. "I don't want no third party present when I call on a girl!"

She shrugged indifferently. "It

CUTICURA HEALS SKIN TROUBLE

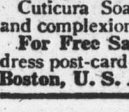
On Face that Itched & Burned. The Soap and Ointment Acted Like Magic.

"My skin had always been clear until last January when a pimple appeared on my chin. It burned and itched and of course I foolishly scratched it. Then a scab formed that looked like a cold sore and my face became nearly covered."

"It was growing worse so fast that I sent for Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I washed my face with Cuticura Soap and applied the Ointment and the magic. I have not been troubled since. (Signed) Otto C. Brock, Glen Sutton, Que."

Cuticura Soap is ideal for the skin and complexion.

For Free Sample Each by Mail address post-card: "Cuticura, Dept. A, Boston, U. S. A." Sold everywhere.



"Drivin'."

"Who tell you tak the horses?"

"Nobody."

"Those my horses!" she said, stormily.

Musq'oosis shrugged deprecatingly. "Horses go out. Get wicked in stable all tam."

"All right," said Bela. "I say when they go out."

"W'at's the matter?" asked Musq'oosis mildly. "Before w'at is min is yours, and yours is mine."

"All right. Don't lookin' for Sam," Bela repeated stubbornly.

Musq'oosis sat down by the fire. Bela rattled the cups to justify herself. The old man stole a glance at her, wondering how he could say what he wished to say without bringing about another explosion.

"For why you mad at me?" he asked, finally.

"You mind your business!" Bela cried passionately. "Keep out of my business. I know where you been today. You been lookin' for Sam. Everybody tink I send you look for Sam. That make me mad. I wouldn't go to Sam if he was lead to death by the road!"

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She shrugged indifferently. "It

wouldn't do you no good to put him out. I got no'ing for you. Not to-night."

Mahoeley seized her wrist. "My gad, if you think you're going to play fast and loose—"

Bela smiled scornfully, unafraid, provoking. "W'at you tink?" she said. "I not same lak those girls down by your place. hey come w'an you whistle. I come when I ready. Maybe I never come."

There was a battle between their eyes. "You need a master!" cried Mahoeley.

Her eyes glowed with as strong a fire as his. "You can't get me easy as them," said Bela.

Mahoeley laughed and dropped her wrist. "Oh, you want a bit of wooing!" he cried. "All right. You're worth it."

Bela changed her tactics again. She smiled at him dazlingly. "Go now. Come to-morrow."

(To be continued.)

A Nature Study.

"hat is that noise?" asked little James.

Out walking in the park;

"That noise you hear," his father said.

"Is but the dogwood's bark."

"And tell me why the dogwoods bark."

He urged, "with such to-do!"

"I think," his father said, "they hear

The pussy-willows mew."

—Cleveland Leader.

THE STARTING POINT OF CONSUMPTION

Lies in Weak, Watery Blood—Dr.

Williams' Pink Pills Make the Blood Rich, Red and Pure.

Weak, watery blood is the starting point of consumption. When your blood is in this condition your health declines. Your face becomes pale or sallow, your appetite fails, your heart jumps and flutters at the least exertion or excitement. You are always weak and wretched and you lose interest in both work and amusement. This is the point from which you may easily step into that hopeless decline that leads to consumption and the grave. What is needed to bring back health, strength and energy is the new, rich red blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make. In all the world of medicine there is no other tonic and blood builder like them, and all who feel weak, run-down or easily tired should lose no time in giving these pills a fair trial. They have transformed thousands of weak, hopeless men and women, boys and girls into strong, robust people. In proof of these statements may be given the experience of Mrs. T. Brannen, Charlton, Ont., who says: "Not only myself, but my friends think that had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I would have filled a consumption's grave. My condition was most serious; my blood seemed literally to have turned water; I was as pale as a sheet and became utterly unable to do any housework or go about. I doctored steadily for a long time, but was growing weaker, and finally the doctor held out but little hope for my recovery. It was thought that a trip might help me and I was taken to New Ontario. Those who saw me while on my way did not think I would reach my journey's end alive. After I reached my destination a friend strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as of course I was anxious to regain health I did so. The pills were the first medicine I had taken which seemed to help me at all, and it was not long until I felt they were doing me good. I continued their use gladly, and was able to move about the house. Next I was able to go out of doors and to help in the housework, and from that time on my progress was rapid, and in the end I was enjoying better health than I had ever done before. There are many people who can testify to the above facts, but I would not be doing justice to your wonderful medicine if I did not make these facts known."

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

MYSTERY OF COLOR.

Rules Are Known, but Reasons Still Dark.

Why does a leaf which is green in the summer turn red or yellow in the autumn? Perhaps that looks like a foolish question, like asking why water runs down hill. But a book might be written in answer to either of these foolish-looking questions without reaching the bottom of the explanation in one case or the other. It is so interesting to thoughtful people.

The autumn leaves bring up the whole wonderful subject of color, which puts science to its trumps. Are you satisfied to say: "The leaf is green in summer because in autumn it is its autumn color. If you are satisfied with that, then you are not giving your mind its due amount of exercise. You will never be a Columbus, a Newton or an Edison."

What makes the leaf visible at all to you? Has a leaf light of its own? No. How, then, does it get light? It reflects the daylight that falls upon it. What is the color of daylight? White. How can the leaf, by reflecting white light, appear green, or red, or yellow? It does it by selecting a part of the light to be reflected and absorbing the rest.

Then white light is made up of colors that can be separated? Yes. And the leaf has a property or power of separating those colors, and of extinguishing some and turning others back from its surface? It has. And the colors turned back, or reflected, are still light. Yes, colored light, but no longer white light. What is it that enables the leaf to select colors

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and to absorb some and reflect others?

The action of the leaf probably depends upon the arrangement of its molecules or atoms. When a leaf that has been green all summer turns red in the autumn, is there a rearrangement of its molecules which causes it to make a different selection among the colors of light? That seems very likely.

**Has Germany
125 U-Boats?**

WHILE Germany's actual sea power expressed in submarines cannot be exactly determined by the Allies, naval men who have access to daily and weekly reports, and shipbuilding experts who can estimate very closely Germany's production capacity, believe they have a fairly accurate idea of the truth. They regard it as a liberal concession to say that Germany does not possess more than 125 submarines. Some of them estimate the number at not over 100. And there seems to be a general agreement that Germany rarely if ever has in excess of thirty submarines at sea at one time.

For the past year and more there have been all kinds of romantic tales about the number and the size of German submarines. Germany has been credited with possessing anywhere from 200 to 400 undersea craft, and there have been yarns about submarine dreadnaughts running up to 5,000 tons displacement. Twelve months ago somebody predicted that at her rate of construction Germany would have in service a thousand submarines at the end of a year. There has been talk of heavily armored submarines, capable of withstanding the impact of five and six-inch shells. There were tales of 22-knot submarines, and even faster ones, capable of overtaking the average passenger liner.

Now, all these stories, in the belief of naval experts have emanated from German sources and have been spread abroad for the purpose of creating fear and panic. No man has yet seen one of these submarine leviathans whose advent has been reported. Certainly none of the many submarines that have been captured by the British and allied naval forces fill the specifications. There is no authentic testimony concerning any submarine that displaces more than 1,000 tons, and most of them have been smaller than that. A 1,000-ton submarine is a big fellow, some 300 feet in length, approximately matching in size the modern destroyer.

The heavily armored submarine is unknown. There are some that carry light armor about their conning towers and along the upper deck, but they will not resist five or six-inch shells, or even a well placed three-inch shot. The armor of the submarines is concealment, and this is testified by the anxiety they display in disappearing from sight under attack by light naval craft. If they were armored to match the German tales they could fearlessly come to the surface and engage in stand-up fights with destroyers—a thing that has never yet been attempted.

At the outset of the war Germany was generally credited with some seventy of much smaller size than the modern type. Taking into consideration Germany's shipyard capacity and allowing that she may have concentrated most of her efforts on submarine construction since that time, it is the best judgment of naval experts that never at any time did she have more than 200 submarines. Her shipyards no longer possess their original capacity. There have been heavy inroads on the men, and even heavier reduction in the matter of raw material. It is regarded as certain that not one of the original submarine fleet she had at the time the war began is now in service. Most of the first batch have been destroyed, others worn out.

There is no doubt that Germany rapidly increased the number of her submarines for a time; that was before the Allies began to make headway against them. Within the last year Germany's submarine strength has been receding, especially within the last six months. The most rapid construction of which the Germans are capable does not now equal the rate of destruction.

Whatever Germany's actual capacity for submarine construction, naval men have proved to their own satisfaction that they can sink and capture undersea craft more rapidly than they can be built. The average number at sea each day at this time is known to be appreciably less than the average number six or eight months ago. When Germany started her ruthless campaign she began playing havoc with Allied shipping, but she also risked her own undersea craft in a wholesale way. She gave the Allies opportunity to destroy more, and the Allies have done so. Making allowances for the cruising limitations of submarines, for the fact that their crews require periodic rests, for the further fact that it is extremely difficult to train officers and men for this kind of work, and deducting the necessary periods that must be devoted to overhaul and repair, the estimate is that Germany cannot maintain more than thirty such craft at sea at any time.

"Of course," a naval expert remarked to-day, "thirty enemy submarines is thirty too many. But it is a whole lot less than the yards of a hundred or more. Thirty submarines turned loose in the shipping lanes can do an extraordinary amount of damage. As a matter of cold calculation they ought to do more damage than they are doing. The fact that they do not is a fine testimonial to the growing effectiveness of the campaign that is being made against them. What I mean is that the submarine has become a far more vulnerable type than we believed it was a year or two ago. We rated it too low at the beginning of the war. Then we rated it altogether too high; but that was because we had not made rapid advances against it. Now we rate it somewhere between the maximum and the minimum, with its effectiveness against new methods of attack steadily dwindling. As things are going now, if this war lasts long enough, Germany will have no submarines at sea.

BUYS GLASSES FOR BULLDOG

Proud Mistress Discovers Cold Wind Brings Tears to Pet's Eyes and Takes Him to Oculist.

One of the newest features of the high cost of living investigation by federal agents has just been revealed by United States District Attorney Cline of Chicago. He told the following story:

"I dropped into an oculist's a couple of days ago with a friend who had broken his glasses. We found that gentleman, immaculately clad, carefully fitting a pair of glasses on the pug nose of a bulldog with undershot jaw and bandy legs.

"Well, we had to wait. A lady, in handsome furs, held the bulldog by the chain. When the job was done she led it away. I asked the oculist:

"How do you test the vision of a dog's eyes? He replied: 'I didn't test it for vision. You see it was like this—the lady had her dog out motoring. They were riding rather fast and the air was cold.

"She noticed that a little drop of moisture gathered in the dog's eye. It trickled down his cheek. The lady decided that something must be done. So she brought him to me—the glasses are to protect his eyes when he goes motoring."

"How much did she pay for those glasses? I asked.

"Eight dollars," the oculist replied."

HAD SEEN HIS FACE BEFORE

Nurse Who Was Formerly Militant Saffragette Learns Her Soldier Patient Was Former Policeman.

The day approaches when in recognition of the women's generosity in giving their men for the war the men are asked to give women hereabouts the vote, says a British correspondent. Nothing could be more timely, therefore, than to recall the story of what happened in that hospital of our British allies on the coast of Normandy. A kind nurse was bending over the pillow of a wounded man—a big corporal of the Grenadier Guards. She was a dear old lady, the nurse, one who had in her time enjoyed a full share as a militant suffragette. In fact, she had led more than one furious assault on the houses of parliament. Yet here she was lavishing the treasures of her sympathy upon the country's mere fighting men.

"It's odd," she said. "Your face, my good man, isn't a bit strange to me. I can't get rid of the idea that I've seen you many times before."

"I can't deny it, ma'am," sighed the wounded corporal, struggling with a visible embarrassment. "You have seen my face before. But can't we let bygones be bygones? It's true, I used to be a policeman. But that was before the war, ma'am."

Germany Short of Food.

The real food situation in Germany is the important puzzle of the war. The United States food administration has got hold of some figures on the standard German ration for non-combatants, which seem to indicate that the Teutons are in desperate straits. Figured in calories, the food value of this ration is only 10,000. This is not sufficient nourishment to keep a man of 140 pounds from losing weight steadily, even if he does nothing but lie on his back for 24 hours a day. If he has work to do, he will eat up his fat and then his muscular tissue, so much the faster. If the figures received by the food administration are correct and are not supplemented by other rations not mentioned, the civilian population of Germany must inevitably be weakening fast.

Strict Prohibition Law.

Under the act of congress organizing the territory of Alaska, the legislature meets every two years. It did not meet in 1916, but the legislature of 1915 passed a law providing for a popular vote on the liquor question in November, 1916. At that election the people voted by a large majority that from and after January 1, 1918, spirituous liquors should not be manufactured, sold, transported or given away anywhere within the territory. The prohibition law thus to be established by popular vote, notes an exchange, probably will be the most stringent of any.

Moto and Beam.

Gen. George W. Goethals was lunching in New York recently with a man who complained about his brother's extravagance.

"His latest extravagance is horses," said the complainant. "He bought a pair of coach horses last week for \$3,000."

"Humph!" said General Goethals. "What did you pay for your touring car?"

"Er—ten thousand dollars."

"Well," said the general, "don't criticize the team in your brother's eye till you've cast the motor out of your own."

Willing to Hear.

"Miss Willing," began the young man, as he wiped the cold perspiration from his brow, "are you fond of stories?"

"If they are new, Mr. Woodby," replied the fair maid, "I simply do not care."

"But the one I was going to tell you, Miss Willing, is not new," said the young man. "It is, I might say, Miss Willing—or, Clara—the old, old story, but—"

"Oh, never mind, George," she interrupted. "Even if it is a chestnut, I'm sure I never heard it. Go on, please?"

—Tit-Bits.

Community Gathering.

A community gathering was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. Livingston on Friday evening.

Neighbor met neighbor in friendly greeting and with music, recitation and story pleasantly spent a few hours. A paper was read on "War and Its Relation to Women," followed by a rousing patriotic recitation. Little Miss Lillian Dunham sang "When the World Has Peace Again." A contest and various games furnished laughable sport. Light refreshments were served. On the evening of the 15th a similar neighborhood gathering which will assume a valentine nature will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Howorth.

On account of the prevailing high cost of hardware, the blacksmiths of the village are advancing prices on all kinds of work, commencing Monday, February 18.

An enjoyable assembly of an informal nature was held in the lower rooms of the town hall last evening. Refreshments were served at the close.

THE HOPE OF SERBIA.

Boys Must Save Future of the Nation.

When the invasion of Serbia took place in 1915 an effort was made to bring away as many as possible of the boys, who are the hope of Serbia in the future. The practice of the Turks, when the Serbians were under their rule, had been to detach the most promising boys from their nation by taking them away to be brought up as Turks. The Serbians had good reason to believe that the Austrians would follow the same policy. The Serbian Government therefore directed the people to let boys from 8 to 14 join the retreating army. Large numbers of boys thus joined a retreat that turned out to be too hard for them. Thousands of them died on the way, or later from sickness caused by the hardships they had suffered; but 7,500 got through to a place of safety, and have survived the effects of the journey.

These boys are now the hope of the Serbian nation. Their education is being taken care of by the French and British. The French Government is taking care of 3,000 of them, and has distributed them among the various public schools of France. The British agent in this, as in all other measures for the support of the Serbian refugees, is the British Serbian Relief Fund. There are 328 boys in Great Britain, and partial support has been given to others in Switzerland.

The education carried on is various in character. The bulk of the boys are young and are at elementary and secondary schools; but some are university students, and others at commercial and agricultural schools.

There are ten Serbian masters employed in the teaching, and three Serbian Orthodox priests pay regular visits to the hostels where the boys live and give them religious instruction. The boys must be brought up to be Serbians in spite of their education in a foreign country. As a further help to that end, even when they are taught a subject in English the examination is conducted in Serbian.

Plan Japanese Railways.

Narrow-gauge railways have had their day in Japan and, as rapidly as possible, will be supplanted by the regulation width of track existing in England and the United States. It is no longer a question of talk, for Baron Goto, president of the Imperial Railway Board, has a scheme that will be introduced in the next session of the diet.

According to the Tokio Yomiuri, standardization of the Imperial Railways will be quite different from the plans originally advocated to rebuild the entire line in twenty-five years. This would involve an expenditure of \$450,000,000. The new programme will be much more expeditious but is likely to encounter opposition in the two houses of Parliament. The present gauge of three feet and six inches will be increased to the standard width of four feet eight and a half inches by adding a rail on one side, as was done by the Erie Railroad in the United States when it reduced its gauge from six feet to the standard.

Naturally this will involve the renewal of many wooden ties for which it is expected 75,000 pieces will be needed. Dr. Srma, chief of the Works Department of the Railway Board, asserts that the present rolling stock can be rapidly transformed to the new gauge by substitution of wider trucks. Only 5,953 feet of tunnels in Tonshu, the main island of Japan, and a few bridges will have to be changed. These need repair, even under the present system. The equipment at present consists of 2,035 locomotives, 4,851 passenger cars, and 29,491 freight cars which need change—in all 36,477 engines and cars.

Traction power on the widened gauge will be increased 40 per cent. In point of speed, the highest limit at present is fifty miles an hour, which under the improved roadbed and rolling stock will be increased to seventy miles an hour. For example three hours will be saved between Tokio and Kobe. The new scheme will begin in 1918. Every effort will be made to avoid interference with current traffic.

Fine Conformity.

"That penmanship teacher is very consistent in the way she arranges her face veil."

"How do you mean?"

"Don't you notice that in putting it on she always dots her eyes?"—San Francisco Chronicle.

THE ATHENS REPORTER

Published every Wednesday.
 Terms of Subscription
 To Canadian points—\$1.50 a year in advance, \$1.75 if not so paid.
 To United States—\$2.00 a year in advance, \$2.25 if not so paid.
 AUSTIN G. L. TRIBUTE,
 Editor and Proprietor.

LOCAL ITEMS

Reeve Holmes is on a business trip to Ottawa.

This is Ash Wednesday, the first day of lent.

Miss Grace Rowsome, of Lyn, has returned home after spending two weeks with her uncle, Mr. Joseph Thompson.

Farmers have been plowing out a new road from Athens to Wight's Corners, the pitch holes having almost prohibited traffic.

Miss Anna Hickey has returned from a two weeks' vacation, spent at Ottawa and at Quyon, Que., where she was a guest of Mrs. Walter Douglas.

High School Board Meets.

The new High School board met Wednesday evening of last week. Routine business was transacted. Meetings will be held regularly on the second Tuesday of each month. The personnel of the board is as follows:

- A. W. Johnston, chairman; W. G. Parish, Delorma Howe, appointed by the counties council.
- John Hamblin, David Sheffield, (appointed by council of Rear Yonge and Escott).
- W. B. Percival, W. C. Smith, (appointed by Athens village council).
- T. S. Kendrick (appointed by Athens Public School Board).
- H. H. Arnold, secretary-treasurer.

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 No. 564, for Smith's Falls, 6.20 p. m.

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 No. 567, from Ottawa, 1.10 p. m., change at Smith's Falls.
 No. 565, from Ottawa, 10.15 p. m.

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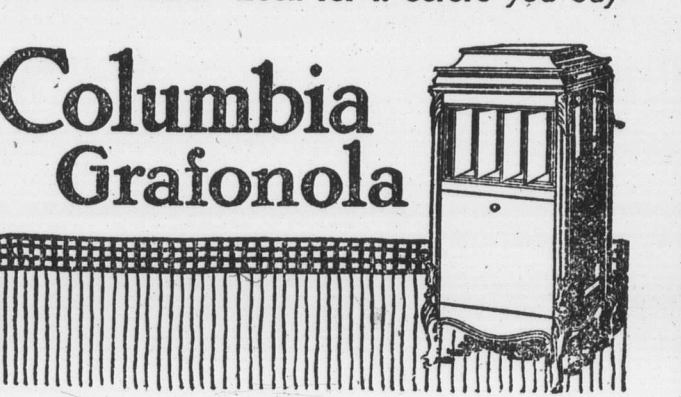


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A Needless Deception

By LILLIAN HALL CROWLEY

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

"Now, mother dear," said Jane, "we simply must fix up the horrid house some way. I can't have Ted's mother see such a place."

"Why make pretense, daughter? This is the way we have lived for the last four years."

"Yes, I know," answered Jane, "but it isn't really our way of living. We are only waiting until father's peach crop is a success. But to an outsider—this place looks as if it belonged to a Hill Billy. It would class us with them forever."

"Doesn't she like you for yourself, Jane?" asked her mother anxiously.

"Yes, of course, she has been a perfect dear ever since Ted and I became engaged. She made my last week in college the brightest of all for me."

"Well, dear, what could we do to this room?"

"We'll do a lot of things to it. In the first place, I asked Ted to bring his mother and sister the day father is in town to be gone all day. I know he wouldn't have any sympathy with the way I feel about this and it will all be over by the time he gets back."

Mrs. Wilson and her daughter were sitting early one summer morning in the only downstairs room in their house. They had come from Pennsylvania four years before when Nathaniel Wilson had invested all he had in a peach orchard in the Ozarks, where one crop with favorable weather conditions would bring him a fortune. He had worked hard to bring his orchard to a state of perfection, but always some unfavorable occurrence hindered the long-looked-for bumper crop.

When his wife had protested against their going to the farm, because Jane's education might be hindered, he had assured her that there was a good university in the town a few miles away and that Jane should have every advantage. He had been able to keep his word and Jane, who had just finished high school in Pennsylvania, entered the college. She was now graduated and again home for the summer.

She had always been a great help to her mother when she was home. She made all the clothes for the family, put up fruit, cooked, and even helped her father out of doors. She had learned many things in college, about milk and butter, trees and shrubs, all of which practical knowledge was useful on the place.

During her last year of college life love had come knocking at the door of her heart in the person of Ted Somerville. He belonged to one of the wealthy families of the town and his mother was a social leader. They had been very happy in their love, and their joy was complete when Ted's mother showed instant fondness for the young girl her son had chosen.

Everything had gone along smoothly until now, when Jane realized what an impression her miserable little home might make on Mrs. Somerville. The one large room was kitchen, dining room and living room, while upstairs were two bedrooms.

The house, with a few pieces of furniture, had been on the farm when Mr. Wilson had bought it. The family had brought no furniture with them except a few old heirlooms. They meant to use the house only until such time as they had money from the big peach crop. Everything hinged on that.

Mrs. Wilson, never very strong, had lost interest in keeping up her house or her own appearance, and her husband was too busy to notice.

Now here was her daughter stirring her out of her usual calm lethargy. Jane hauled out a carpet that had been packed around one of the precious pieces of old mahogany and had since reposed, folded, on the floor of the closet under the staircase.

"Come," said Jane peremptorily, "let's put down this carpet."

"But—Jane, I never tacked down a carpet before!"

"No, but you have seen them after they were put down. Come, mother dear. Let's hurry."

After the carpet had been put down Jane looked around with satisfaction until her gaze took in the windows. "No curtains! Mother, haven't you any?"

"I've never had the heart to make curtains for a room like this," replied Mrs. Wilson forlornly.

Jane ran to an old chest of drawers, relic of better days, and took out a bolt of white material belonging to her wedding outfit. "Now we'll have curtains for all these windows. The view over the mountain will be lovely and we'll have lots of flowers."

Jane had called in a couple of the men working in the orchard to carry the kitchen stove out to the back of the house.

"You see," she instructed, "when I go in and out for the tea things it will look as though we had a kitchen out there, besides keeping this room perfectly cool."

"Yes, I see."

"Now, mother, you run up stairs and I'll finish. When you get far enough along I'll do your hair, and, for goodness sake, put on a corset! Get out the one you bought a thousand years ago in Philadelphia. Let out the strings, but get into it somehow."

"I haven't had one on for over two years."

"You simply have to get into one now and you must pull it tight enough to get into that white muslin dress I

made for you last summer and which you never wore."

"Very well," Mrs. Wilson smiled at her daughter's enthusiasm and tried to catch the same spirit.

Jane had arranged the flowers to her own satisfaction when her mother came downstairs.

"I am sure I can never fasten this dress; I'm all out of breath now."

"Never mind, you won't need any breath. I am going to do everything. There you are. Now sit down while I fasten these earrings. There—you look just like a has-been-lady."

"I feel as if I were going to be presented at court."

"You are!" said Jane. "Now, mother, you must keep that chair because it is the most comfortable one. I have placed the best one here for Ted's mother, so that her back will be to the back door. Then this chair for Bessie—Bessie is so young and happy, she won't know she isn't comfortable. She mustn't see behind the door, either. I'll fetch the kitchen chairs I painted yesterday. They ought to be dry now."

"This is such a lot of trouble, Jane." "Yes, but once in a life time. Now, if you should want something, I'll get it, because if you get out of your chair you'll forget which one you sat in, and if you get into one of the others—all will be lost!"

The stage was all set for the play, when Ted, with his mother and sister, drove up to the door. The room had gone through a transformation. The carpet and dainty white curtains, the freshly-painted chairs, the tables arranged with books and flowers, a calm and happy mother and, best of all, a radiant Jane, presented a beautiful picture to even the most critical eye.

Jane noticed a puzzled look on the face of Mrs. Somerville when she looked at her mother. As she was warmly greeting Ted's sister Bessie at the time, Mrs. Wilson was oblivious to this.

For a moment Jane was dismayed. "I wonder if it is the earrings?" she asked herself, but she did not have time to worry about it, as she had to go out and make the tea. Everything was going on splendidly, and she was elated with her success.

"Just the thing to do," thought she. When Jane came in for the last time she heard Mrs. Somerville ask her mother, "From what part of Pennsylvania did you come from, Mrs. Wilson?"

"From Elliptown," Mrs. Wilson smiled reminiscently.

"Elliptown?" gasped Mrs. Somerville. "What was your name before you were married?"

"Grace Tompkins," answered Mrs. Wilson with a surprised look.

"Grace Tompkins, I was sure I had seen you before. I am Theo Alexander."

"Theo!" exclaimed the astonished Mrs. Wilson. "Is it possible? I had lost track of you entirely. Why, we haven't seen each other since the high school graduation."

"Yes, we all went to Europe after that. Father died there and we just stayed on until I met Dick Somerville in Paris. He was there for a year's study. Then we were married and came to live in Saylorville, and have been here ever since. You are the first person from home I have met since we came."

"I am so glad to see you, Theo. Isn't it wonderful that our children met each other?"

"I didn't know any Wilsons in Elliptown," said Mrs. Somerville, "so the name did not impress me."

"My husband's people moved there several years after you left, Theo. Nathaniel found work in the bank too confining and we came here four years ago to make our fortune."

Jane stood, with teapot in hand, in bewildered surprise.

"Then I need not have tried to deceive you; you'd have loved mother anyway!"

Ted sprang to her side and put a protecting arm around her.

"What is it, dear?" he tenderly inquired.

"I know you'll all despise me. I made mother pretend we had more rooms—and the stove is out of doors—and we would be taken for Hill Billys—and I did it all!"

Ted took the teapot from the excited and weeping girl and seated her in a chair. Turning to Mrs. Wilson, he asked:

"What is Jane talking about?" Mrs. Wilson, between smiles and tears, told of Jane's struggles of the morning and of her fears lest, being found in the old shack with scant furniture, her parents would be looked down upon by the great Mrs. Somerville.

At this everybody laughed and Ted loudest of all.

"Why, that's plucky, Jane. By George, but you're plucky. Let's have a look at the kitchen that isn't a kitchen."

Then putting her arms around Jane and pressing a kiss on the girl's tear-stained cheek, she said:

"You ought to have seen the ugly house we lived in our first year. I am proud of you for Ted's sake. He will have a helpmeet in one who will not be balked by obstacles. Come, do give me some more tea!"

Practice at Driving.
"He is pretty good at driving a truth home."
"Yes; he's good at driving anything home. He started in early life with cows."

Ex-Premier Caillaux Is An Ambitious Politician And a Traitor to France

THE arrest of former Premier Joseph Caillaux marks the culmination of M. Clemenceau's determination to bring to justice a man whom he, with others of the leading statesmen of France, had long believed to be a man of unscrupulous personal ambition who was poisoning the political life of France.

The substance of the charge against M. Caillaux is that since 1911, when the Agadir incident in Morocco nearly caused a rupture between Germany and France, he has acted consistently in the German interests to the detriment of his own country and that he has tried to seduce Italy from loyalty to the entente, again in the interests of Germany.

"Caillaux se croit Napoleon," Clemenceau has said. His dominant belief in himself and his utter indifference as to the means to an end have succeeded in hypnotizing less courageous men into a belief in his genius for leadership and power.

But the accumulated evidence of Caillaux's intrigue has at last pro-



EX-PREMIER CAILLAUX

ved too much for the most complacent of his followers and now M. Barres, the distinguished French novelist and Deputy of the Seine, has declared that "From every crevice that opens into the underworld the same name issues. At the bottom of all these pits the same person, Caillaux, is always to be distinguished. Caillaux is the first spark of the fire. In the great historic menagerie of distinguished men who for the peace of the people ought never to have been at liberty, Caillaux's cage should be placed next that of Cardinal de Retz, whose libertinage and passion for intrigue have at any rate given us a masterpiece of political psychology."

The love affairs of Caillaux have become notorious in connection with the shooting by his present wife of the editor of Figaro, for which she was acquitted. During one of his terms of office as Minister of Finance he fell in love with the wife of one of the clerks in his department. That clerk was rapidly promoted. After a time the wife divorced the clerk and married Caillaux. Then he discovered that Mme. Caillaux was still in love with her former husband and he sued for divorce, and made the former husband the co-respondent. When made alive to the ridiculous of the position he endeavored to withdraw the suit, but the wife insisted on its continuance, won the case against him, and married her former husband. His next adventure was to detach the wife of Leon Clarette, the author, who is his famous present wife.

Caillaux became Minister of Finance in 1911, and at once hatched an elaborate scheme for the co-operation of France and Germany in developing the Congo and Cameroon territories. These negotiations will probably remain the crowning instance of the evils of secret diplomacy for they were carried on without the knowledge of the French Premier or the French Ambassador at Berlin, and their consummation would have virtually surrendered the French Congo to German control.

With the close of the famous trial against his wife it was supposed that Caillaux's career was at an end, but nevertheless he was able to secure the post of Paymaster-General in the French army, and evidence has accumulated to show that he has used his post since the beginning of the war to conspire against his country.

Among his war plots was a conspiracy against General Joffre, in which he had the support of the Socialist-Radical party, of which he has been virtual chief, and it is proved beyond peradventure that he has persistently tried to arrange a separate peace between France and Germany that would leave Great Britain, Belgium, and Russia in the lurch. "Can we forget," writes Gustave Herie in the Paris Victoire, "that during his last trip to Italy he compromised himself with the fine flower of Italian pacifism, and that the Italian police have a complete record of his 'defeatist' harangues and that our Ambassador in Rome had to notify our Government that the Italians wished to expel from Italy this former Prime Minister of France?"

Where Aunt Hannah Used to Live

By CRAWF C. SLACK.

I have not the gift of prophecy as old and learned seers, But I am some authority on happy by-gone years, I may not know the classic set nor those with hoarded pelf, But I know the common people, for I'm one of them myself, I may not know the city where the highbrows claim to dwell, But I know about Plum Hollow and its kindly people well; I have known it since my boyhood, then it was my heart's delight Just to go out to Aunt Hannah's and to stay there day and night.

She lived 'way out in Plum Hollow on a little garden farm, As a shrine that humble dwelling seemed to bear a sacred charm, It was small and unpretentious, hid away among the trees, Where the hollyhocks and sunflowers were a-nodding in the breeze, Where the dandelions and daisies that were growing up the lane, Seemed to voice for you a welcome and to bid you call again, Where the poppies and the pansies, those old-fashioned flowers you'd find, And the climbing morning glory 'round the cottage was entwined.

When a boy I had a longing for vacation days to come Then away out to Plum Hollow and Aunt Hannah's country home, To the fields and flowers and hillsides where the yellow plum trees grew, Where the woodbirds sweet were singing and the friends were kind and true, To the spring brook in the hollow, how I often long and wish, That I could return to boyhood, be there catching minnow fish, Often now in looking backward I would all possessions give Just to spend a boy's vacation where Aunt Hannah used to live.

When life's path is dark and stormy and o'er troubled waters cast, How they brighten up the journey, sweet reflections of the past, And O memory, precious memory, let me wander back with thee To the lovelight days of childhood which are still a part of me, To that charm road, the old farm road 'mong the cornfields and the grain, Let me drive up Spot and Brindle,

hear the cow-bell once again, To enjoy a child's vacation I would all possessions give, Just to go out to Plum Hollow where Aunt Hannah used to live.

We can turn to scenes of childhood and remember them forsooth, We may hold them dear and sacred but we can't return to youth, We may turn to old time places, when we weary of the new, But we'll miss the old time faces which our infancy once knew, I can but usurp the feeling and it grieves my heart to know That the one I loved so dearly has departed long ago, She is sleeping in the churchyard but her spirit at the throne, I believe, cares for the children in a nursery all her own, I have wandered yon and hither and have thus far failed to find Anyone more self denying and one more good and kind, I have tasted of life's pleasures and the sweets it had to give, But I spent life's happiest moments where Aunt Hannah used to live.

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WE ARE AGENTS FOR THE BROCKVILLE STEAM LAUNDRY. Basket is packed here each Monday night.

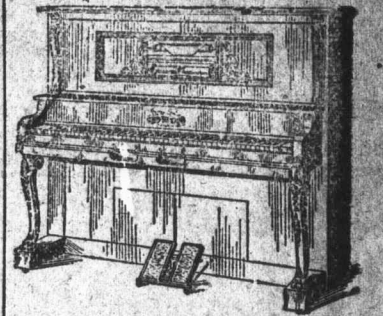
E. C. TRIBUTE

O that I could paint a picture, one of merit, one worth walls, Of that dear old lady standing at that cottage with her smile, Just a little bit of color of a col and tree-arched lane, And a bare-foot boy a-running up to greet her once again, Just a bit of rural landscape, sunlit from the azure skies, With the birds a-wing and flowers just a love feast for the eyes, Could I paint a worthy picture of my boyhood's loved retreat, Paint it true and close to nature, life's work would be complete.

Zutoo

Will cure any headache in 20 minutes, will nip a cold in the bud, will relieve the monthly pains of women, and in every case it leaves you feeling good.

Pianos.



We carry a first-class line of pianos. There is no more popular instrument in Canada; and we should like to have the opportunity of calling to your attention the advantages and pleasures that enter your home with a piano.

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TRY it just once! Ask your friend to let you "pilot" his car on an open stretch. You'll like it, and will be surprised how easily the Ford is handled and driven.

If you have never felt the thrill of driving your own car, there is something good in store for you. It is vastly different from just riding—being a passenger. And especially so if you drive a Ford.

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F. O. B. FORD, ONT.

W. B. Newsome, Dealer, Plum Hollow

RUSS LOSSES IN THE STRIFE WERE FEARFUL

Army Fought Nobly and Whole Units Perished Eight Times.

DESIRE FOR PEACE

Is Universal, and Easily Explained When Sufferings Known.

London Cable—Prof. Bernard Pares, who taught Russian history and literature in the University of Liverpool, and is the official correspondent of the British Government on the Russian front, contributes an interesting and impressive article to the Daily News, on "The Tragedy of Russia." Writing with intimate knowledge of Russia's early part in the war, and of the causes that led to her debacle, he says that one can understand nothing without a knowledge of the colossal Russian casualties and also a lively sense of their inevitable bearing, and on this he says: "The Russian army has done its duty and has perished eight times over in doing it. It is for us to understand the position thus created. The sin was the sin of autocracy, as are three-quarters of the troubles from which Russia is now suffering, but the inevitable result is that overwhelming war-weariness which, for the now emancipated millions of Russia, blurs out almost everything else in a universal longing for peace."

Of the enormous losses of the Russian army, he writes: "After 10 months of war the Russian, according to statistics given me then by their War Office, had lost 3,800,000 men in killed, wounded and prisoners. In the drive into Galicia, in 1915, through most of which I went, and also through the retreat, the loss of men which the Russians acknowledged, was far less than their real loss. The army owned to the loss of 150,000 men out of 350,000, but more often than not I found a company of 250 reduced by casualties to 40, and that was only half-way through the retreat. One cannot forget the wholesale night-mare of men sent up, untrained and without rifles, and returning as cripples two days later. On the Warsaw front whole divisions were sent under shrapnel without rifles, and men who had no helmets tried, as elsewhere, to cover their heads with sapels. As a result of this lack of equipment enormous numbers of cripples for life were spread wholesale over villages where they were, often, almost the only men left."

"Meanwhile War Minister Sukhomlinov refused all offers of munitions from factories not run by the Government. It was the general and chief of staff of the army and the director of artillery in Petrograd that urged me to beg for them every possible help from England, and this I did on reaching London in a memorandum in which I represented a revolution, and also chaos as inevitable. I was in this supported by the military knowledge and conspicuous ability of Gen. Knox, who, before and since, almost exclusively devoted himself in supplying the tragic needs of the Russian soldier."

"Lord Kitchener and Lloyd George both did all that was humanly possible for the Russian army—as much as the most devoted Russian Minister could have done under the conditions. "However, the criminal incompetence of the Russian Government continued, and with the same results. In May, 1916, I was present at a Russian offensive on Lake Naroch, of which no news had reached even our representatives at Russian Imperial headquarters. We had now some artillery to concentrate at a given point. With this we attacked for a month, advanced a mile and a half, and lost 50 per cent of our men. Practically all our artillery and aeroplanes were taken from us. The Germans fell on us a day or two later, and it was sheer butchery, conducted systematically, with full knowledge of our impotence. Of our troops, which had again been brought up to full strength, all the battlements of the front line were reduced by mine attacks without our being able to inflict any loss in reply. "Shortly before the break up of the army I found that the average units, with whom I lived, had been renewed between eight and ten times. Please realize the numbers of the Russian army and then tell yourself that every place has been filled eight or ten times over. As one soldier said: 'It is not fighting, it is slaughter!'"

HOME FORCES' RATIONS CUT

Except for Youths Training for Service Abroad.

Still Equal to Field Supply of Other Armies.

London Cable—The Earl of Derby, Secretary for War, to-day notified Field Marshal Viscount French, Commander of the Home Forces, of his decision to reduce the rations of meat, sugar and tea for all the home forces, except youths under 19 years, training for abroad. "When the whole nation is being asked to reduce food consumption in

the interests of our armies abroad," says the War Secretary, "I think you will agree with me that the army at home will expect equally to be asked to make certain sacrifices. The burden cannot be allowed to fall wholly on women and children and civilian workers. He explains that the reduced ration compares favorably with the field ration of most other armies, and says that the reason for making the reduction imperative are known to all, adding: "The fate of the war may well depend upon the spirit in which such reductions are accepted. The grit of every individual soldier and civilian is now being tested and may be still further tested during the coming months. It is the duty of the army at home to set the whole nation an example of determination and cheerfulness, and I have no doubt of their response."

CARD. MERCIER STILL FIGHTS.

Amsterdam Cable—Cardinal Mercier is still maintaining his struggle against the measures of the German invaders of Belgium. The Cardinal for some time past has refused to correspond with the Minister of Public Worship. All letters from the latter to the Cardinal have been left unanswered, and the authorities are now threatening to stop the salaries of the clergy in consequence.

A WAR TRADE BOARD NAMED FOR DOMINION

For Effective Maintenance of Industries Essential in War.

POWERS AND DUTIES

Direct Export and Import Licenses and Prevent Labor Waste.

Ottawa Despatch—The Government has decided to create a War Trade Board. The members are: Sir George Foster, Minister of Trade and Commerce; Frank P. Jones, Montreal; John W. McConnell, Montreal; James H. Lundy, Toronto; Charles B. McNaught, Toronto; Joseph Gibbons, Toronto; C. A. Magrath, as Fuel Controller, and the Hon. J. Laporte, as chairman of the war rations commission, are to be members of the board ex-officio. The Minister of Trade and Commerce is appointed chairman. The members of the board will elect a vice-chairman.

The executive of the labor organizations were asked to nominate a representative. Mr. Gibbons, whose name was among those submitted, will represent organized labor on the board. The powers and duties of the board are officially announced as follows:

- 1.—To have direction of licenses for export and to make recommendations with regard thereto.
 - 2.—To have direction of licenses for import and of applications to the proper authorities of exporting countries for permit to export to Canada and to make recommendations with regard thereto.
 - 3.—To undertake and carry out such supervision, as may be necessary, of all industrial and commercial enterprises and by co-operation with producers to prevent waste of labor, of raw materials and of products.
 - 4.—To make recommendations for the maintenance of the more essential industries as distinguished from those of a less essential character.
 - 5.—To investigate and keep records of the country's stock of raw materials, partially finished products and finished products and when necessary to direct their distribution so as to obtain the best results in the national interest.
 - 6.—To consider and recommend methods of curtailing or prohibiting the use of fuel or electrical energy in the less essential industries.
 - 7.—To direct priority in the distribution of fuel, electrical energy, raw materials and partially finished products.
 - 8.—To investigate, generally, conditions of trade, industry and production (except food production) and to make recommendations with regard thereto.
 - 9.—To work in co-operation with the Canadian War Mission at Washington and through the mission or otherwise to co-operate with the War Trade Board of the United States, or other bodies constituted for the like purpose, with a view to securing the most effective unity of action by the two countries for war purposes.
- It is provided that any department of the Government may attach to the board such of its officers as may be deemed advisable. The board is to co-operate with the several departments of the Government in matters requiring common or united action, and each department is to assist and co-operate with the board and its officers. The order in Council creating the board also contains a proviso that nothing therein shall take away or affect the powers of the Food Controller.
- An official statement issued by the Prime Minister, declares that the board is constituted "following very careful consideration of the more effective organization of the purpose of the war and having regard to the necessity of more effective measures for maintenance of industries essential for that purpose."
- These tanks ought to be mighty handy things for bottling up the Germans.

"GOT" THE SUB. WHICH SANK THE TUSCANIA

British Destroyer Pursued Her and Finished Her With Depth Bomb.

LOSS NOW 101

And of These the Most Were Men of the British Crew.

London Cable—The loss of life on the U. S. transport Tuscania, torpedoed off the Irish coast by a German submarine, will, it is now known, not exceed 101, the majority of the victims being members of the crew.

The Tuscania carried a total of 2,397. The saved number 2,296, as follows:

TROOPS	2,196
CREW	100
Total lost	101

Among the American survivors are 76 officers. There are 81 American troops in hospital.

Two torpedoes were fired at the vessel. The first passed astern, but the second struck in the vicinity of No. 1 boiler. A British destroyer, one of the escorting fleet, pursued the U-boat and is believed to have sunk it with a depth bomb.

44 BODIES WASHED ASHORE.

The bodies of 44 of the missing 101 victims of the Tuscania disaster were washed up to-day on the rocks 15 miles from the scene of the torpedoing. All were Americans, and their bodies were mutilated beyond recognition.

A pathetic feature is that although all the victims wore tags, no identification numbers had been put on them because these Americans had not yet been assigned to definite army units. Therefore there is no way to identify them, and they will be buried in one grave.

IN SIGHT OF IRISH COAST.

A despatch from Belfast reads: "At an early hour yesterday morning 500 survivors, including troops and members of the crew of the torpedoed transport Tuscania, were landed at a nearby port. Survivors have been landed at other Irish and Scottish ports, a large part of the number being members of the vessel's crew.

The Tuscania was part of a well-guarded convoy, and was in sight of the Irish coast, when just as darkness dropped on us and without sign of a submarine of any sort, a torpedo struck the liner full amidships. The track of another torpedo was immediately afterwards noticed astern."

"Without panic and in splendid order the men reached the boat stations, but the work of lowering the boats was hampered by the tremendous list of the liner. One or two of the latter series of boats manned capsized while being lowered. After their occupants had been thrown into the sea other boats were let down right on top of them, and it is feared several men lost their lives in this way."

"The liner continued to float a considerable time. The work of rescuing the men from the water was carried out by boats from the escorting vessels and patrols called to the scene."

"On the arrival of the survivors here many were removed to hospitals, but a great majority of the men were lodged in hotels, where hot meals were served to them by volunteers working under the Shipwrecked Sailors' Society. The soldiers also were fitted out with warm clothing and given other comforts."

"There were many pitiable scenes, a number of the men being on the verge of collapse from shock and uncertainty as to the fate of their comrades. They soon recovered, however, and treated their experience with wonderful indifference."

"Immediately news of the disaster to the Tuscania was received steps were taken to provide for the survivors. A large amount of clothing and other necessities was despatched to the port of rescue, and preparations were made to house those who might be brought to Belfast, and an offer was made to supply any needs required for the comfort and aid of the men. The Lord Mayor sent the following message to Walter H. Page, the American Ambassador at London: "On behalf of the citizens of Belfast, I offer to the United States my deepest sympathy in this fresh out-

rage to which American subjects and shipping have been subjected near here. I respectfully and earnestly offer all necessary help, and I am in contact with the survivors at this moment."

An American officer, interviewed at Londonderry, says: "We were one of a powerful convoy. Monday was a wild night. Had the disaster occurred during a gale I don't like to think of what would have happened. But Tuesday evening was calm."

"The first intimation we had of possible danger was an order for all men to go on deck with lifebelts. It was about 4.30 o'clock. At the same time we sharply altered our course. At 6 o'clock, just as the darkness was well setting in, we got the blow. Nobody saw the periscope, nor could one have been seen well."

"We were instantly disabled. All the lights went out. An order rang out sending the troops to their boat stations and to get the lifeboats out. NO PANIC."

"The shock was not severe. It was more of a crunching-in feeling that of a direct blow. The ship naturally was a good deal of confusion. You cannot get a scope of lifeboats from the height of an upper deck in the darkness without some confusion, but at no time was there a panic."

"There was great excitement, however, but it lasted only a few minutes. Then all the men pulled themselves together. Megaphone calls were given all over the ship, saying there was no danger that the vessel would sink before all were taken off. In the meantime S. O. S. signals were sent out."

"Even before some of us had grasped the situation British destroyers were dashing alongside. Such soldiers as had been lowered in lifeboats were put on board destroyers. A few men who had jumped overboard in the first excitement were picked up. I believe one or two lifeboats were smashed in launching."

"The destroyers took off our men in splendid style, with perfect order. "All this time the Tuscania was slowly sinking. For a minute I did not know whether to go into a lifeboat or to stick by the ship."

"One of the members of the crew urged that we stay on board and trust John Bull's destroyers. He yelled this in my ear. I took his advice, and waited for my turn to come to go on board a destroyer."

"No sooner had we cast off, with 500 men on board than a torpedo was fired at us. It missed. Another destroyer dashed off, operating a bomb-dropping device, and the claim was afterwards made that the submarine had been done in."

"The soldiers lined up, and while standing at attention, one man began to sing, 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee.' and the 'Star Spangled Banner.' The crew which lined up on the opposite side sang 'God Save the King.'"

SHIPPING LOSS FOR LAST WEEK

Ten Over 1,600 Tons, Five Under That.

One Italian Steamer Was Sunk.

London Cable—The Admiralty reports 15 British merchantmen sunk by mine or submarine in the past week. Of these, 10 were 1,600 tons or over, and five under 1,600 tons. Four fishing vessels also were sunk.

The British losses by mine or submarine during the past week are approximately the same as the previous week, when nine British merchantmen of more than 1,600 tons, and six of lesser tonnage, were destroyed.

Rome Cable—The Italian shipping losses by mine or submarine in the week ending February 2 were very slight, only one steamer, under 1,600 tons, being sunk.

CANADIAN GETS U. S. POST.

Brantford Despatch—Capt. J. R. Cornelius has accepted a post offered him by the American Government, that of instructor for the officers' training corps at the University of Princeton, and leaves in a few days to assume his new duties. Capt. Cornelius is secretary of the local branch of the Great War Veterans' Association, and at the unanimous request of the members will reassume that post upon the completion of his work in the United States. He is a veteran of the 83rd Battalion.

KING GEORGE IS SURE OF FINAL VICTORY

Democracies of World United to Secure Enduring Peace.

FINAL TEST NEAR

Still Hopeful of a Solution of the Irish Problem.

London Cable—Parliament was prorogued to-day, and will reassemble on Feb. 12.

The text of the speech is as follows: "My Lords and Gentlemen,—Since I last addressed you great events have happened. Within a few weeks of that occasion the United States of America decided to take their stand by the side of this country and our allies in defence of the principles of liberty and justice. Their entry into the war, followed by that of other neutral states, has united practically the whole civilized world in a league of nations against unscrupulous aggression, has lent additional strength to our arms and inspires fresh confidence in the ultimate triumph of our cause."

"On the other hand, Russia, distracted by internal dissensions, has not been able to persevere in the struggle until the fruits of her great sacrifices could be reaped, and for the present has ceased to bear her part in the allied task."

"The negotiations opened by her with the enemy have, however, served but to prove that the ambition which provoked this unhappy war is as yet unabated. These tragic events have added to the burdens of the other allies, but have not impaired the vigor and loyalty with which one and all continue to pursue the common aim."

"Amid the confusion of changing events, the determination of the democracies of the world to secure a just and enduring peace stands out ever more clearly."

"In all the theatres of the war my naval and military forces have displayed throughout the year a noble courage, high constancy and fixed determination, which has won for them the admiration of my people."

"In France the enemy has been repeatedly and successfully thrown back, and I await with assurance the further progress of the conflict."

"In Palestine and Mesopotamia the most revered and famous cities of the Orient have been wrested from the Turks, while in Africa the enemy has lost the last remnant of his colonial possessions. In all these fields the forces of my dominions and of the Indian Empire have borne their full share in the toil and in the glory of the day."

"During the year representatives of my dominions and of the Indian Empire were summoned for the first time to sessions of an Imperial War Cabinet. Their deliberations have been of the utmost value both in the prosecution of the war and in the promotion of Imperial unity."

"After thanking the House of Commons for the liberality of its provisions for the heavy expenditure of the war and announcing his sanction of the representation of the people bill, the King expressed the hope that this bill would ensure to a much larger number of his subjects an effective voice in the government of the country."

"It will," he continued, "enable the nation, the unity of which has been so marked a characteristic of the war, to continue in the not less arduous work of reconstruction in the times of peace. The settlement of this difficult question by agreement leads me still to hope that in spite of all the complexities of the problem a solution may be possible."

"In regard to the government of Ireland, upon which a convention of representatives of my Irish people are now deliberating."

"The successful prosecution of the war is still our first aim and endeavor. I have watched with proud and grateful heart the unvarying enthusiasm with which all sections of my people have responded to every demand made upon them for this purpose, and as they face the final tests which may yet be required to carry our efforts to fruition, I pray that Almighty God may vouchsafe to us His blessing."

GALLANTRY ON BATTLEFIELD

Long List of Heroic Deeds Recounted

Which Won Canadians the D. C. M.

London Cable—Stirring series of Canadian gallantry are related in today's Gazette registering the conferment of the Distinguished Conduct Medal.

Sergt.-Major W. M. Jones, who received the medal in January, 1916, is awarded the bar to the same for making a personal reconnaissance and driving back an enemy bombing party.

The medal was awarded to the following: Quartermaster-Sergt. R. C. Alday, who grappled with an enemy carrying a flammenwerfer and took

him prisoner after a tremendous struggle; Pte. A. B. Angus, who attended the wounded for thirty-six hours, and then hearing there was still a wounded man in No Man's Land brought him in under heavy fire; Pte. A. W. Armitage, who, although wounded in the head and later losing an eye fought with a bombing party till the enemy was expelled from our trench; Pte. F. G. Biles, who established a post on his own initiative and collected and dressed wounded under the heaviest of machine gun fire for thirty-six hours, only ceasing when overcome by complete exhaustion; Sergt. J. Bishop, who, although twice wounded, carried on with a Lewis gun and rushed into the open to take a message from a runner who had been killed retreating under heavy fire; Pte. J. Bontellier, who established an officer and twelve men over the open at the double and threw a bomb, killing the officer and wounding others, and refused to desert till he had penetrated 150 yards into the open. He then signalled the enemy's position to our men.

Sergt. E. Biekby (Medicals) worked so well for 36 hours that the wounded were evacuated as quickly as brought in. He was the first to go out to the trench with a doctor. Sergt. S. H. Carpenter attacked single-handed a machine gun, rushing it while in action. Corp. R. L. Kendall attacked 20 of the enemy, killing several with a revolver and forcing the rest into shell-holes, where eventually they were captured. Sergt. J. L. Keenally (Artillery) supervised the unloading of ammunition wagons under heavy fire and extricated one overturned in a trench.

SWINE-BREEDERS.

Canadian Association Annual at Toronto.

Toronto Report—Protection of hogs against hog cholera was the chief subject of discussion at the annual meeting of the Canadian Swine Breeders' Association, held at the Carls-Rite Hotel last night. The problem of supplying feed for the increased number of hogs in the spring was also given considerable attention.

Veterinary Director Dr. Terrance addressed the meeting on the hog cholera question. He stated that he is not opposed to the use of the double treatment of hogs for the prevention of cholera, but insists that it be made use of by officers of his department only, as the virus used in inoculating the hogs is very deadly, and, therefore dangerous in the hands of unskilled administrators.

H. S. Askell, Dominion Live Stock Commissioner, said that special endeavor will be made to secure adequate transportation for export pork next year, that the movement of the pork will have to be financed by Government aid, and that special arrangements will be made with the packers so that they will give the farmers the service they deserve in providing for killing of the pigs.

J. E. Brethour, of Burford, explained the provisions for supply of millfeeds in detail.

The financial statement of the association showed receipts for the year of \$19,497.15, and a balance on hand of \$6,663.47. The number of pure-bred swine registered in 1917 was 12,701.

GERMAN "NEWS" AS TO BRITAIN

London Cable—A German Government wireless message thus describes a number of non-existent strike riots:

"Hardly a day has passed in the whole of January without strikes, riots and conflicts with the police in English towns. A conflict occurred in Oxford street, London, on Jan. 17th, in which the police were refused Troops were summoned, but refused to fire. Troopers were arrested. All the windows in a big store were smashed."

JERSEY BREEDERS

Hear Stories of Remarkable Productivity.

Toronto Report—Some remarkable stories of productivity in Jerseys were told at the annual meeting of the Canadian Jersey Cattle Club.

Mr. W. R. Membrey, Adolphus-town, said a Jersey heifer of his had dropped her first calf at 14½ months and two more calves in the next three years. In her first milking period this heifer had, he said, given as much as nine quarts a day as a milking, and he could hardly get her dry between lactation periods.

Mr. J. J. Johnstone, of Woodbridge said one of his heifers, as a result of accidental service, had freshened when a year old. This was years ago, and the heifer afterwards ranked among his highest testing cows and was a most persistent milker.

Mr. J. Lee Alexander of Coaticook Que., said one of his freshened at between sixteen and seventeen months of age and the progeny, a heifer, came in at twenty-five months and gave in her first period 500 lbs. of butter fat and nearly 9,000 lbs. of milk.

The judges recommended for the Canadian National Exhibition were: J. Lee Alexander and Hugh Clark, Georgetown.

LABOR MEN TO VISIT FRONT.

London Cable—An official invitation has been extended to the National Union of Railwaymen to send 350 members of that organization to make a tour of the western front. The men selected will be representative workmen from all classes of the organization. It is understood the railwaymen's visit will be followed by visits from men of the other great labor unions.

People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw a fit.



SCENE OF ITALIAN VICTORIES. Between Asiago and the Brenta River, as near the black, the Italians have made advances and held the ground gained, frustrating enemy plans for an advance down the Frenzle River, shown on the map, toward Bassano and the plains. The fog admits the loss of ground, but now claims to have held the Italians at Monte Sisonol, above Asiago.

The Fighting Hand of Scandal

THIRTY-TWO years have gone since a wave of consternation passed over England with the news that a grave charge had been made against one of her greatest and most popular statesmen, a man of irreproachable reputation. The news was paralyzing, incredible, impossible, and yet it was true.

"Sir Charles Dilke's fall," Mr. Justin McCarthy wrote a few months later, "is like that of a tower. He stood high above any rising English statesman; and but for what has happened he must have been Prime Minister after Gladstone." There was, indeed, no more brilliant and promising statesman of his day. From his first entry into the House of Commons he had been marked for a great career. He was a born political leader, a speaker and debater of rare skill, and he had a knowledge of foreign affairs unapproached by any other man at Westminster. He had achieved European fame; and, to fill his cup of success and happiness, he was about to marry a woman of singular sweetness and charm, whom he loved, and who loved him with a rare tenderness and passion—Mrs. Mark Pattison, widow of the rector of Lincoln College. And it was at this supreme hour of his triumph that the blow fell—a "thunderbolt" from a sky of unbroken blue—which hurled him from his pedestal to the dust.

On the evening of July 18th, 1885, Sir Charles had returned from a dinner given by the Reform Club, a which he was the guest of honor, to find awaiting him a letter from an old friend who asked him to call on the following morning on "grave business." And it was at this interview that he learned that the wife of a Liberal member of Parliament had volunteered a confession to her husband that she had been unfaithful to him with Sir Charles Dilke immediately after her marriage.

This was the terrible accusation that he was so suddenly called upon to face—a charge which, if it could be proved, meant irretrievable ruin and disgrace, at the very zenith of his career and promise.

Terrible as the position was in which Dilke found himself, he faced it with characteristic calmness and courage. There was still a hope, however slight, that the scandal might be kept from public knowledge; but within a few days this hope was dashed to the ground when he learned that legal proceedings were to be taken.

To Mrs. Pattison, at whose feet he had so gladly and proudly laid as tribute his great position in the world, he wrote in this dark hour, when his career was in such dire peril: "I feel this may kill you—and it will kill me, either if it kills you or if you don't believe me."

This was indeed by far the bitterest drop in his cup of suffering. His trust was not misplaced. Mrs. Pattison from her bed of sickness at once cabled a message of absolute trust in him and unquestioning faith in his complete innocence. And that the world might have no doubt of her loyalty, she also cabled to the Times an announcement of her engagement. Well might Lord Granville write to Dilke, "I wish you joy most sincerely. The announcement says much for the woman whom you have chosen."

It was a misfortune for Dilke that Mr. Gladstone formed his new Ministry before the great case came on for hearing; and thus was unable to offer a place in it to a man who, however distinguished, was still under the shadow of so serious a charge. At the trial the charge against Sir Charles was dismissed with costs, the judge saying expressly that there was no case for him to answer.

Immediately there arose a virulent campaign against him by a section of the press. A scathing and pitiless attack was made on him by Mr. Stead, in the Pall Mall, in which allegations of a most serious nature were put forward.

Never was a more pitiless and unscrupulous campaign directed against any man. Not only in the press were horrible charges of immorality more than suggested against him; the tongue of scandal gave them definite and circumstantial form—stories of the betrayal of innocence, or orgies, almost rivaling those of that ducal rone, Philippe of Orleans; and this torrent of unspeakable scandal Sir Charles was powerless to stem. The court had indeed dismissed him from the case "without a stain on his character," but, on the advice of his counsel, advice which was supported by the judge, he had not gone into the witness-box to submit himself to cross-examination; and it was this suspicious shrinking from "the music" that opened the flood-gates of scurrility.

To the fame that he should retire from Parliament, he wrote in his Diary: "Renewed attempt to dismiss me out of public life. But I won't go now. In July I said to my wife and to Chamberlain, 'Here is the whole truth—and I am an innocent man.'"

He found himself avoided in Parliament; he was a social outcast; his splendid career of public service was ignominiously ended. The "tower" had fallen in irretrievable ruin.

With what courage and patience he bore this cruel blow, supported by the touch of affection of his wife and the loyalty of his friends, the world still remembers. A few years later he returned to Westminster as member for the Forest of Dean. But he never regained anything like his old influence. The story of Dilke's downfall is one of the saddest tragedies in the history of English politics.—Tit-Bits.

Frankville

Mr. Walter Hanton has sold his farm to Mr. Haskin, of Easton's Corners. Mr. Hanton is going to move to W. D. Livingston's house lately occupied by Miss Munroe.

Miss Pearl Moran has returned home after a month's visit with friends in Toronto.

Mrs. Goodfellow and Mrs. M. Livingston spent last week the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Dunham of Toledo.

Mr. Enos Soper, who has been confined to his home for some time through illness, is now better and hopes to be about again soon.

Misses Geraldine and Norma Richards, students at the Brockville Business College, spent the week-end with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Richards.

W. H. Montgomery and G. M. Levrette are auditing the township accounts this week.

May's moving picture show is being held nightly in Montgomery's Hall this week.

Mrs. G. A. Comerford, who has been ill for the past two weeks, is now much improved.

Mrs. Mary Prodgers, of Carleton Place, is spending a few days with her sister, Miss Kate Jones.

Word received by Mrs. William Johnston from her son, Kenneth, states he is progressing favorably in an English hospital, and expects to return home sometime in the near future. He has another brother, Charles, who has been on the firing line since 1916, having enlisted with a western battalion.

Private Ben Yates, who was seriously wounded last August, and who has since been in a hospital in England, states in a letter to his parents that he is able to get around with the aid of crutches. He is a son of Mrs. R. C. Yates, and enlisted here with the 156th Battalion.

C. R. Church went to Alexandria Bay, N.Y., yesterday to attend the funeral of Charles Mallory, a relative. Deceased was a resident of this section for some years, removing from here about two years ago. His wife predeceased him over a year ago.

Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Smith and children are visiting relatives at Harlem and Chantry.

Mrs. Francis Richards is spending a few weeks with her cousin, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stone, at Fortar.

Memorial Service.

A memorial service will be held in the Athens Baptist church Sunday morning at 10.30 for the late Private Gerald Botsford, killed in action. The pastor, Rev. G. V. Collins, will preach.

ROD AND GUN

"The Condition of the Fur Seals To-day" by Bonnycastle Dale; "His First Duck" by F. V. Williams; "The Civilizing of Split Rock" by M. A. Shaw; "Injun Devil" by H. A. Sturtzel; "A Toilet Set for the Camper" by E. G. Brewer; "The Old Time River Brigade" by R. J. Fraser; "Wandering Trails" by H. C. Haddon; "A Hunt with New Brunswick Guides"; these are some of the stories and articles that go to make up the mid-winter number of Rod and Gun in Canada, published at Woodstock, Ont., by W. J. Taylor Limited. In addition to the above their February number contains under the heading of "Guns and Ammunition" two fine articles by expert gunners, namely Thomas K. Lee and Major Townsend Whelen. Mr. Lee is described by the editor of this department as "undoubtedly the finest target shot with the .22 rifle that ever lived" and his article on Repeating and Single Shot Rifles will be read with great interest by gunners.

Death of James Wallace

Mr. James C. Wallace passed away on February 11, after an illness of two weeks, at the age of 72 years. He had been a resident of the village for several years, coming here from his farm near Greenbush. Surviving him are his wife, who was a daughter of the late Wm. Tackaberry, of Wiltstown, and one son, Robert Wallace, on the homestead.

The funeral is taking place this afternoon from the residence to the Methodist church where Rev. T. J. Vickery will conduct services. Interment will be made in the spring, the remains being placed for the present in the vault.

Miss Hazel Latimer is in Toronto this week attending the millinery openings.

Mr. Robert Blair, of Westport, is in Athens to attend the funeral of Mr. Wallace.

Oak Leaf

Mr. M. J. Johnson and son Wallace drove to Brockville on Wednesday.

Dr. and Mrs. T. R. Whaley returned home from New York and will spend a few weeks with their friends here, after which they will leave for Alsask, Sask.

M. and Mrs. G. E. Godkin entertained a few of their friends to tea Saturday evening.

Mr. W. F. Warren and son Lloyd were in Brockville on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Green entertained a few friends at progressive five-hundred on Monday evening.

The residents of Oak Leaf deeply regretted to hear that Pte. Gerald Botsford was killed in action on Jan. 25, and offer their sincere sympathy to the bereaved parents.

Mr. J. White of Toledo, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. King.

Mrs. S. Godkin collected eight dollars for packing the soldiers boxes at Charleston Monday evening.

Mrs. L. Green returned home on Monday.

Glen Elbe

Miss Gladys Barker, of the parsonage, Delta, spent the week-end with her friend, Miss Anna Ferguson, of Glen Elbe.

Glen Elbe was well represented at the house party and carnival held at the home of Mr. J. M. Percival on Friday evening of last week. Master Clifton Cassell took one jolly load, and Harold Ferguson another. All reported a good time. The neat sum of \$31.25 was realized toward the building of the new church shed.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Taber and daughter, Miss Rheta, spent last week in Toronto (and in the snow drifts along the line).

Mr. Wilson Burnham has been on the sick list but is now improving. Farmers in the vicinity are busy getting out their supply of wood.

The pupils from here attending the A.H.S. had a holiday on Monday of this week on account of the scarcity of coal.

A number of the young people from here attended the carnival held on the Athens rink last Thursday night.

Miss Edna Scott teacher of Elbe school spent the week-end at her home in Addison.

Mrs. Wilson Burnham entertained the ladies of the neighborhood at a quilting bee a few days ago. In the evening the other members of the families were invited in for oysters. A most enjoyable evening was spent.

Miss Lillian Dixie, teacher at Glossville spent the week-end at her home in Addison.

Philipsville

The merchants of this village are enjoying the holiday occasioned by the closing order from Saturday to Tuesday morning.

Serg. Edgar Phelps, of Portland, Ore., who arrived home on Thursday last to visit his father L. N. Phelps, of Delta, who is quite ill, paid a flying visit to the home of his brother-in-law, A. E. Whitmore, of this town, on Friday evening.

The farmers are having difficulty in reaching the wood that has been cut, and it is still lying in the woods awaiting delivery.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Green on February 6, a son.

Mr. Ach Stevens is on the sick list, for the last few days owing to a bad cold.

The carnival and house social at J. M. Percival's, Addison, on Friday evening last, was a great success. The skaters thoroughly enjoyed the rink and the guests at the house enjoyed the vocal and instrumental music, games, gramophone selections etc. About 10.30 the ladies of the congregation served delicious refreshments after which came the merriest time of all, and the house seemed a veritable hive of amusement, music and laughter. At a late hour the rector, Rev. Mr. Lyons, in brief address full of wit and humor, brought the happy time to a close, all singing the national anthem. Proceeds were over \$32.

LaFORTY—IRWIN

Wednesday afternoon last at 2 o'clock at the Wall street church parsonage, Brockville, Rev. P. L. Richardson, B.A., D.D., united in marriage Miss Hattie Irwin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Irwin, Soperion, to Clarence LaForty, son of Mr. Hiram LaForty, Athens. The bride, who was unattended, was charmingly attired in a gown of Copenhagen silk trimmed with crepe de chene and lace. Her traveling suit was of navy blue, and she wore a white hat.

Mr. and Mrs. LaForty will visit friends in Brockville and vicinity before their return here.

Chantry

Mr. Sandy Elliott spent a day in Brockville this week.

Miss Ruth Derbyshire is on the sick list.

Miss Ida Knowlton has returned to Delta after spending a couple of weeks with her sister, Mrs. J. Davis.

Mrs. R. Trotter entertained a few friends two evenings last week.

The men had a bee helping Roy Derbyshire get up wood for his cheese factory.

The ladies of the Baptist church held their annual thank-offering meeting Thursday evening at Isaac Stevens.

Notice to Creditors.

IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE of Adam Ducolon, late of the Village of Athens, in the County of Leeds, Cheese Maker, deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to "The Revised Statutes of Ontario," 1914, Chapter 121, that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of the said Adam Ducolon, who died on or about the fourth day of January, 1918, are required on or before the sixth day of March, 1918, to send by post prepaid, or deliver to T. R. Beale, of Athens, Ontario, solicitor for the Administratrix of the property of the said deceased, their Christian and surnames, addresses and descriptions, the full particulars of their claims, the statement of the securities, if any, held by them.

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

Dated the 6th day of February, 1918.

T. R. BEALE,
Solicitor for Mary Ann Ducolon,
Administratrix. 6-8

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In all countries. Ask for our INVENTOR'S ADVISER, which will be sent free.

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FARM FOR SALE

110 acres more or less, 1 1/2 miles east of Athens, on the Brockville road, 80 acres under cultivation, the balance good pasture land. On the premises are erected a good stone house and outbuildings. This farm was owned by the late Erastus Rowsom, and is one of the best in the county of Leeds, well watered, convenient to churches, schools and cheese factories. Apply to

HENRY D. ROWSOM

HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR GRAIN FLOUR EXCHANGED FOR WHEAT

On account of scarcity of fuel, Custom grinding only on Tuesday and Saturday.

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Reasonable terms. Years of successful experience.
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Licensed to sell by Auction in Leeds County
Apply for open dates and terms
HARLEM, ONTARIO

Hit with Axe.

S. Blanchard, Lombardy, while cutting wood in his bush, about one and a half miles from his home, one day last week, met with a painful accident. The axe slipped, and striking the left foot, almost severed the great toe. He walked home and had it dressed until he could receive medical attendance. He is now able to be about, although it is still very painful.

Brockville Business College

WEEKLY BULLETIN

Ed. Nute has resigned his position with the city ticket agent of the G.T. Ry. and is now stenographer and typist for the Canada Carriage Co. of town.

Miss Gladys Pocock, who graduated last week, has been placed as stenographer with the Whyte Packing Co.

Percy Anderson has resigned his position here as stenographer with the supervisor of the G.T. Ry. and has accepted an appointment with Carriages, Limited, in their Toronto office.

Miss Blanche Whiting has taken the position on our staff caused by Miss V. Fitzpatrick becoming stenographer for the Bank of Nova Scotia.

Harry Phillips, a student of last term, is now stenographer in local office of the G. T. Ry.

Bert Clissold, one of our last year students, has been placed by us as book-keeper for J. J. Curran, grocer.

Miss Pearl Acheson, who graduated last week, has gone to Kingston expecting to take a position.

Miss Blanche Beath, a graduate of former days and recently stenographer for the agricultural representative at Napanee, has been transferred to Ottawa, and is now in a private secretarial position to one of the leading agricultural officials for

the Dominion.

Miss Esther Scott has been placed for us in a stenographic position with a Toronto firm by the employment department of the United Typewriter Co.

Miss Ina Conner was this week passed our 80 word per minute shorthand test, and Miss Ray Magill has passed the 100 word test.

We have two vacant seats for young people who would like to start courses next week.

BROCKVILLE BUSINESS COLLEGE

W. T. ROGERS, Principal

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Proclamation

The New Year Term will open January 2, 1918.
Bookkeeping, Stenographic and Civil Service Courses.
Rates: For three months \$40.00
Each subsequent month 6.00
These fees include cost of text books.
Send for full particulars

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Distinction in Clothes

THERE is a distinctive quality created by good clothes that means much to a man. "Don't judge a man by the coat he wears," is a saying that evidences the natural appraisal that springs up naturally within us. A bankrupt business man bought a new suit with his last few dollars because the moral effect of good clothes is a great factor in civilized life. He knew it—and to-day, he is a successful man.

For years and years, Kehoe's clothes have been the standard for business men, school teachers, clergymen, doctors, and others.

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IT'S WELL TO KNOW

Our Great Stock Reducing Sale of Furs, Women's Cloth Coats and Sweaters, Men's and Boys' Clothing Hats and Furnishings, commenced Tuesday morning.

Bargains in Every Department.

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