

The Athens Reporter

Vol. XXXIII. No. 51

Athens, Leeds County, Ontario, Wednesday, Dec. 19, 1917

4 cents a copy

BROCKVILLE'S GREATEST STORE

Gift Suggestion

The spirit of the time says, "Give sensible practical Christmas presents." A visit to the Big Store will make the matter of selection easy. Come in the morning! Only 4 more days.

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Fancy Dressing Gowns, \$6.50.
Sweater Coats, \$2.50 to \$6.50.
Silk Shirts, \$5.00.
Silk Front Shirts, \$1.60 and \$1.75.
Percale Shirts, \$1.00.
Auto Strop and Gillette Safety Razor, \$5.00.
Ingersoll Watches, \$1.50 up to \$4.50.
Silk Pyjamas, suit, \$5.00.

GIFTS FOR WOMEN

Fancy China at all prices.
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Fancy Linens in boxes, 75c to \$5.00.
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The **ROBERT WRIGHT CO. Limited**
BROCKVILLE CANADA

We take this opportunity of wishing our many friends and customers in Athens and surrounding country a very

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We have had a splendid business the past season and by giving the best value for your money we hope to have your business for 1918.

Store open evenings this week.

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USE THE REPORTER AS AN ADVERTISING MEDIUM

COUNTRY SUPPORTS UNION GOVERNMENT

Union Government Sweeps Country—Incredible Majorities Give the Government Mandate to Prosecute the War by Means of the Military Service Act.

When the returns began to come in Tuesday night from the county town to the Liberal and Unionist rooms here astonishment was written on every face. The Unionists were frankly astonished at the poor showing of the Liberal candidate, Mr. Hardy, and the Liberals were astounded at the big majorities for Sir Thomas White, which totalled 1,500. Hardy was defeated in every municipality except two—Plum Hollow, where he had a lead of one vote, and Westport, where he had a lead of 17. It is believed that the Unionists have a majority of 52 seats.

The election of the Unionist candidate was the cause of a celebration in Athens. Bonfires blazed on Main street in the zero weather until a late hour Monday night. The village gave White a majority of 22.

The Ottawa river proved the dividing line in the wholly remarkable division of the Canadian electorate and west of it, the Unionist lead attained large proportions.

On the other hand, the anticipated happened in Quebec. A "solid Quebec" was promised to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and those who made the undertaking delivered the goods. Nowhere save in the English constituencies of Montreal, had the Unionists a look in. Most of them lost their deposits.

French Vote Solid for Laurier. Wherever the French vote predominated, it was cast solidly for the Laurier candidates and this factor especially accounts not only for the Laurier sweep in Quebec but also in most of the maritime seats where the opposition now leads.

Soldiers' Vote Will Help Union. Nowhere is the election of a Unionist imperilled by the overseas vote which aggregating an eighth of the total has yet to be counted, but very probably the temporary lead of the Laurier candidates outside of Quebec will in some instances be reversed when the overseas results are available.

Majorities Are Big. There are no close contests where Unionists have been elected. The majorities are uniformly large, those for the Unionists in Ontario and the west corresponding with the abnormal leads for Laurier in the Quebec constituencies.

To no single element may the result be more attributed than to the female voters. The figures, at least, from the upper provinces and from the English speaking seats in Montreal, demonstrate that the women voters went almost solely for the government, which was pledged to support their relatives at the front.

Wait Soldiers' Vote. The victory of the Union Ministry though striking in the light of present figures, is not yet complete. A quarter of a million soldiers' votes overseas or elsewhere outside Canada have yet to be counted, this being equal to one-eighth of the total. The military vote at home also waits tabulation.

There has never been any doubt as to the overwhelming predominance of this vote for the government, and when it comes in it will alter no Unionist majority, but especially where the contests are close, will in all probability wipe out the ephemeral lead of certain Liberals.

En Route to China.

Captain G. S. Cronk, who was one of the members of the medical board in Brockville under the Military Service Act, has left Kingston, en route to China on a special mission. Two other military physicians accompanied him.

Draft Reaches England.

Announcement is officially made that the draft from the Railway Construction and Forestry Depot in Brockville, has safely reached England. Captain Demers was in command.

The Reporter wants correspondents in a number of villages in the country where it is not now represented. Some of these are: Addison, Glen Buell, Glen Elbe, Toledo, Delta, Elgin, Lyndhurst, Oak Leaf. Write for further particulars.

TOTAL RESULTS OF THE VICTORY LOAN

Amount Raised in Brockville, Leeds and Grenville Was \$3,219,800.

Below are the total figures raised by the several municipalities in Leeds and Grenville for the Canadian Victory Loan:

Brockville	\$1,150,150
Elizabethtown	124,350
Front Yonge & Escott	85,500
Front Leeds & Lansdowne	195,300
Gananoque	308,550
Crosby	153,650
Bastard	104,700
Kitley	61,200
Athens, Rear Leeds & Lansdowne, Yonge & Escott	217,800
Prescott	250,300
Edwardsburg	96,450
Augusta	91,100
Wolford	119,300
Oxford and S. Gower	223,700
Cardinal	37,750
Total	\$3,219,800

Ruling Regarding Students.

Various instructions have been issued to tribunals by the Department of Militia concerning the status of medical, dental and veterinary students of Toronto University under the Military Service Act. The authorities acknowledge the necessity of the services of graduates of these courses, believing that these students are more valuable as professional men than as members of combatant forces. Although such regulations may be subject to change, the present ruling is that such students shall continue their courses to graduation, and shall then, if medically fit, be attached to their proper corps. This privilege is granted on condition that the college men take military training and pass examinations in the meantime. The Canadian Officers' Training Corps of Toronto University provides the drill which is required of all, regardless of their medical category.

Established 1864

Assets over \$121,000,000

YOUR BANKING BUSINESS

Will receive careful and courteous attention at any Branch of THE MERCHANTS' BANK OF CANADA

Complete facilities and connections are carefully maintained for the transaction of all classes of business and private accounts. Every convenience is afforded Savings Depositors. Small or large sums may be deposited and interest is paid on balances. Loans made to farmers for purchasing stock, feed, etc.

The Merchants' Bank OF CANADA.

ATHENS BRANCH F. A. ROBERTSON, Manager

Exemption Appeals.

The appeals in connection with exemptions under the Military Service Act are being heard in Brockville, and will continue until Saturday. His Honor Judge Dowsley will hear the appeals for and against the residents of Gananoque, Newboro, Athens, Delta, and Mallorytown, while His Honor Judge Reynolds will hear the Toledo, Merrickville, North Augusta, Cardinal and Kemptville appeals. Two hundred appeals have been filed with the presiding officers by the applicants and Militia authorities, but some have been withdrawn.

Choir Practise.

The choir of the Methodist church will hold its weekly practise on Saturday, December 22, at 8 p.m. instead of on Friday.

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

Surprise Party.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Godkin, Oak Leaf, opened their home to a number of Athenians who surprised them Wednesday night, and music and dancing made the occasion one long to be remembered for its great measure of hospitality and real pleasure. Light refreshments were served. The heavy snow fall was no deterrent to the daring spirits that braved the tree-mile drive.

Married in Almonte.

It will be of interest to the readers of The Reporter to learn that Rev. Wm. Usher, Presbyterian minister, recently of Athens, was united in marriage to Miss Emily Cannon at the home of her parents, Almonte, on Friday last, the 14th inst. Rev. S. G. Brown, Almonte, officiated. Rev. and Mrs. Usher subsequently left for a few days visit to Ottawa, whence they will proceed to their new home at Bishop's Mills, Ont.

In the Pig Business.

Perth Council will purchase 15 or 20 pigs at once with a view to having all who can, keep a pig next summer. The fifteen will be kept at the Albion House for the winter and it is expected by next spring the stock will have increased to 125 or so.

STRICTLY CASH BUSINESS

Please do not ask for credit, commencing

January 1st, 1918

THIS business will be run on a strictly ready pay basis. Goods have become so expensive and so difficult to procure that we can not afford to sell on credit.

CASH

We shall make it worth while to our customers for ready pay at the time of purchase.

J. THOMPSON, Athens

FOOD CONSERVATION

You can take your full share in this important national win-the-war measure...

THE CANUCK BREAD MIXER

It is the great modern exponent of cheaper, better, cleaner, digestible home-made bread.

Cut your baker's bill in half, and eliminate your doctor's account.

Four loaf size ... \$2.75 each Eight loaf size ... \$3.25 each

The principle of saving and economy as practiced by users of the "Canuck" will eventually win the war.

E. T. WRIGHT CO., Limited., Hamilton, Can.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

LESSON XVII. December 23, 1917.

Preparation for the Messiah—Christmas Lesson.—Malachi 3: 1-12.

Commentary.—I. The Messenger of the Messiah (v. 1). I—God himself is the speaker.

11. The Mission of the Messiah (vs. 2-6). 2. who may abide the day of his coming.

12. The Mission of the Messiah (vs. 2-6). 2. who may abide the day of his coming.

13. Stern rebukes to Judah (vs. 7-9). An indefinite expression which indicates remote past time.

14. Offering incentive to repentance. The event announced by the prophet was the appearance of that great Deliverer who had for many ages been the hope of Israel.

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17. Offering incentive to repentance. The event announced by the prophet was the appearance of that great Deliverer who had for many ages been the hope of Israel.

they ought. They seemed to be unaware of the fact that they had gone far away from the Lord.

IV. Gracious promises (vs. 10-12). 10. Bring ye all the tithes.—The way to escape from the curse that was resting upon the people was to begin at once to obey the Lord.

11. Pronouncing judgment against sin. The various aspects under which the Messiah was presented by the prophets bear distinct relation to the immediate needs of the people.

12. The Mission of the Messiah (vs. 2-6). 2. who may abide the day of his coming.

13. Stern rebukes to Judah (vs. 7-9). An indefinite expression which indicates remote past time.

14. Offering incentive to repentance. The event announced by the prophet was the appearance of that great Deliverer who had for many ages been the hope of Israel.

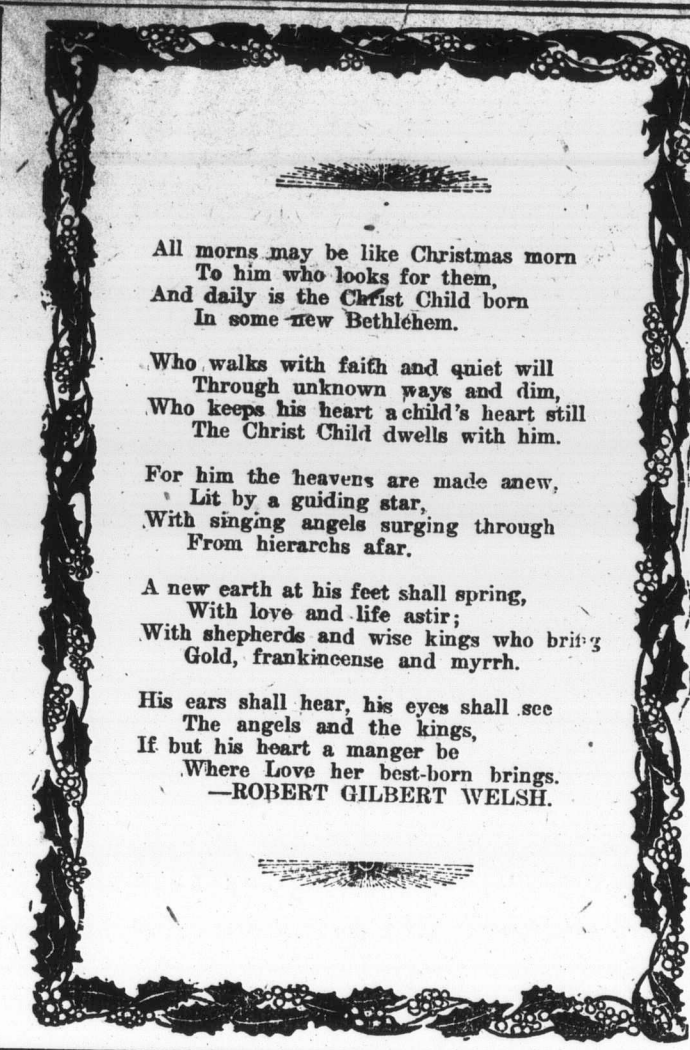
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18. Offering incentive to repentance. The event announced by the prophet was the appearance of that great Deliverer who had for many ages been the hope of Israel.

19. Offering incentive to repentance. The event announced by the prophet was the appearance of that great Deliverer who had for many ages been the hope of Israel.



A Yuletide Home - Coming

(By Charles McCabe.)

The club looked just the very thing Gerald Mannersley was craving for—a sense of home.

A few lines read accidentally in an out-of-date newspaper had made him restless with longing for the old scenes.

When he arrived at his old club on a chill, grey Christmas morning, it was only to find that fifteen years' silent absence had been too severe a test for friendship.

He stood at the club window, looking out in the desolate, deserted street which he had always remembered as being thronged, and a great sadness swept over him.

In fancy he saw a sweet-faced maiden, who sought her happiness only in the eyes of the youth by her side.

Two hours later he was striding through the crisp country air along a winding path which led to a rambling, ivy-covered cottage.

Half believing that it must be fancy leading him still, he entered the house softly, and following the voice went into the inner room, and stood in the glow of the warm firelight.

The sweet, tired-faced, middle-aged singer turned as his shadow fell across the light, and then stood white and trembling.

For several moments they stood thus, the strong man's tears falling on her gray tinged hair.

laid for two, daintily spread with Christmas fare.

"Yes," she answered. "I am quite alone. I have often come down here."

"Perhaps you do not know, Gerald, that Mr. Townsley's money goes back to his family if I marry again."

The man sprang to his feet and to his family if I marry again.

Her answer was drowned in the burst of Christmas bells that pealed from the village church close by.

"Moses appeared in an alb and cope, with a long beard and a rod.

This service, as performed in the cathedral at Rouen, commenced with a procession in which the clergy represented the prophets of the Old Testament.

The Missal of an Archbishop of Sens indicates that during such service the animal itself, clad with precious priestly ornaments, was solemnly conducted to the middle of the choir.

Amen, bray, most honored Ass, Sated now with grain and grass; Amen repeat, amen; reply.

The service lasted the whole of a night and part of the next day, and formed altogether the strangest, most ridiculous medley of whatever was usually sung at church festivals.

When Josiah Gibbs found that his wife "had it in for him," as he called it, and had bought him a box of cigars for his Christmas present.

"Now, isn't it too bad, my love? I discovered that cigar smoking was becoming so injurious to me that I have quit it and have to content myself with a few whiffs now and then on my pipe with mild tobacco."

But every time Joe Spicer called at Gibbs', which was often—he was an old friend of Gibbs'—he smoked one or more of Josiah's wife's Christmas cigars.

And when he saw his friend Joe Spicer he told him how he had escaped his wife's Christmas cigars—Joe Spicer, the best judge of a good cigar that ever bit off the end of a two-for-a-half.

Christmas Trees

From Time Immemorial Part of the Holiday Celebration.

From time immemorial a tree has been a part of the Christmas celebration. It may be seen outside the traditional mangers in the missals and early paintings of the preraphaelite Italian school.

The correct German Christmas tree always has an angel or a Christkind on the topmost branch, with a tinsel star at the end of a staff, like a pantomime fairy.

The lights on the tree are said to be of Jewish origin. In the ninth month of the Jewish year, corresponding nearly to our December, and on the twenty-fifth day, the Jews celebrated the feast of dedication of their temple.

It is not easy to fix the exact date of the Nativity, but it fell most probably on the last day of Kislev, when every Jewish house in Bethlehem and Jerusalem was twinkling with lights.

The Greeks also call Christmas the feast of lights, and, indeed, this was also the name given to the dedication festival, Chanuka, by the Jews.—New York Mail and Express.

Popular Jokes

The most popular joke which has been published in any language in the history of the world is stated to be that which appeared in an obscure corner of the Punch almanac for 1845.

"Advice to persons about to marry—Don't!" It would be interesting to know who was its author. Another, founded on a similar subject, was the "Advice to persons who have fallen in love—Fall out!"

You never can tell about oratory. Lots of shallow remarks are delivered in a deep voice.

Prophetic

These lines were found among the papers left by Lieut. Leo Buchanan, B.A., shortly before he crossed to France.

A moment now to say "good-bye." The busiest thing that pierces my eye, "Fall in, fall in," a thousand feet, "Trump to their places in the street."

For me, and if my name is there, And you should find a record fair, "Fall in, fall in," a thousand feet, "Trump to their places in the street."

SMARTEST DRESS LINES. High collars. Draped sashes. Long light sleeves.

DINNER WEAR. It may be diaphanous. With a sash, pronounced to a train. And sleeves that are winged and graceful.

Old Christmas Portents

If you will go to the crossroads between eleven and twelve on Christmas night you will hear what most concerns you in the coming year.

A Yuletide Tragedy

When Josiah Gibbs found that his wife "had it in for him," as he called it, and had bought him a box of cigars for his Christmas present.

"Now, isn't it too bad, my love? I discovered that cigar smoking was becoming so injurious to me that I have quit it and have to content myself with a few whiffs now and then on my pipe with mild tobacco."

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"BELA"

Sam appeared trudging through the sand, bareheaded, coatless, tight-lipped. His eyes likewise were fastened eagerly on the dead goose. Reaching it, he started it with his foot. Dropping to his knees, he smelled of it. So far so good. Presently he discovered the cause of its death, a wing shattered by a bullet.

Seeing no tracks anywhere near, he concluded that it had fallen wounded from the sky. As such it was treasure trove. He set to work to gather bits of driftwood, and started a fire. His bright eyes and the clarity of his movements testified to his hunger.

From her hiding place Bela watched him with avid eyes. No mask on her face now. The eyes brooded over him, over the fair hair, the bare throat, the pale, hard young face that showed the lassitude following on violent anger.

Her whole spirit visibly yearned toward him—but she was learning self-control in a hard school. When he began to pluck the goose she set her teeth hard and stole silently away upstream.

In the Indian village beside Hahwah-sepi little, crooked, Musq'oosis was squatting at the door of his teepee, making a fish net. This was work his nimble fingers could still perform better than any in the tribe. Meanwhile, he smoked and dwelt on the serene reminiscences of a well-spent life.

While he worked and meditated nothing in the surrounding scene escaped the glances of his keen, old eyes. For some time he had been aware of a woman's figure hiding behind the willows across the stream, and he knew it was Bela, for there was no canoe on that side, but he would not give her any sign.

In Musq'oosis, as in all his race, there was a coy streak. Let the other person make the first move was his guiding maxim.

Finally the mournful, idiotic cry of a loon was raised across the stream. This was a signal they had used before. Musq'oosis started with well-simulated surprise, in case she should be watching him, and rising, waddled soberly to his dugout. Nobody in the village above paid any particular attention to him. He crossed the stream.

Bela stepped into the bow of his boat. No greeting was exchanged. Each had the air of having parted but a few minutes before. Bela had learned Musq'oosis's own manner from him, if he wouldn't ask questions, neither would she volunteer information. Thus the two friends played the little comedy out.

Sitting at the door of his teepee, Bela said: "Let me eat. I have nothing since I got up to-day."

He put bread and smoked moose meat before her, and went on knotting his cords with an unconcerned air.

By and by Bela began to tell her story with the sullen, self-conscious air of a child expecting a scolding. But as she went on she became warm and broken with emotion. Musq'oosis working away, gave no sign, but the still turn of his head persuaded her he was not missing anything.

When she came to tell how she had fallen upon Sam while he slept the old man betrayed into a sharp movement.

"What for you do that?" he demanded.

Bela came to a pause and hung her head. Tears dripped on her hands. "I don't know," she murmured. "He looks so pretty sleeping in the sand—so pretty! Moon shine in his face. I am pain in my heart. Don't know what to do, want him so bad. I think I die if I go way without him. I think I don't know what I think. Want him, that's all!"

"What white woman?" said Musq'oosis disgustfully.

During the rest of the tale he muttered and frowned and wagged his head impatiently. When she came to the scene of the hearing in Gagnon's shack he could no longer contain himself.

"Fool!" he cried. "I tell you all what to do. Many times I tell you not let a man see you want him. But you go ask him marry you before all the people! What you come to me for now?"

Bela hung her head in silence.

"You got white woman's sickness?" cried the old man with quaint scorn. "That! Love!"

"Well, I am 'moss' white," muttered Bela suddenly. "Why you not tell me about this sickness? Then I look out!"

"There is no cure for a fool," growled Musq'oosis.

Bela finally raised her head.

"I am cure of my sickness now," she said, scowling. "I hate him!"

"That!" said the old man scornfully. "Your face is wet."

She dashed the tears from her cheeks. "When he ran out of John Gagnon's," she went on, "I run after. I held on him. He curse me, he throw me down. Since then I hate him. I lak make him hurt lak me. I want see him hurt bad."

The old man looked incredulous. Questioning her sharply, he drew out the incident of the dead goose. He laughed scornfully.

"You hate him, but you go put food in his trail," Bela hung her head. "I hate him!" she repeated doggedly.

Musq'oosis filled his pipe, and puffed it meditatively for a while.

"You could get him," he said, at last.

Bela looked at him with a new hope.

"But you got do w'at I tell you? Cryin' won't get him. Mak' a dry face and let on you don't care 'bout him at all. All tam laugh at him. You can't do that, I guess. Too much fool!"

Bela frowned resentfully. "I can do it," she declared.

"All right said Musq'oosis. "Let him go now. Keep away from him a while. Let him forget his mad."

"All right," agreed Bela.

"Now go see your mother," commanded Musq'oosis. "She sicken for you. She is white, too."

Bela, however, made no move to go. She was painstakingly plucking the goose.

"Well, w'at you waitin' for?" demanded Musq'oosis.

"Sam walkin' this way," she said with an inscrutable face. "Got no blanket. Be cold to-night, I think."

"Wa! More foolishness!" he cried. "Let him shake a little. Cure his hot mad maybe."

"White man get sick with cold," persisted Bela. "Not lak us. What good my waitin' if he get sick?"

"Musq'oosis held up both his hands. "There is not lak a woman!" he cried. "Go to your mother. I will paddle by the lake and give him a rabbit robe."

Bela's eyes flashed a warm look on him. She got up without speaking. About half past nine, while it was still light, Sam found himself walked out. He built a fire on the pine needles above the stony beach and sat down with his back against a tree. The goose provided him with another meal. He was two hours' journey beyond the mouth of Hahwah-sepi.

Wading across the bar of that stream, he had guessed his proximity to the Indian village as described by Bela, but his pride would not allow him to apply there for shelter.

He had no reason to suppose that Bela had already got home; but he feared she might arrive before he could get away. Anyhow, he had plenty to eat, he told himself; it would be strange if he couldn't last a night or two without a covering.

He lay down by his fire, but, tired as he was, he could get no rest. Whichever way he lay, a cold chill from the earth struck to his marrow. He fell into a wretched, half-waking condition, tormented by images he could not control.

When he edged close enough to the fire to feel its warmth it was only to be brought leaping to his feet by a snake burning through his clothes. He finally gave it up and sat against the tree, hardening himself like an Indian to wait for dawn. His lagged nerves cried for tobacco. He had lost his pipe with his coat.

The lake stretched before him still and steely in the twilight. For a moment the sun had withdrawn himself modestly and expeditiously, and the clear, cold face of the sky had an ominous look.

"The world was terribly empty. Sam received a new conception of solitude, and a heavy hand of discouragement was laid on his heart.

Suddenly he perceived that he was not alone. Close under the pine-walled shore a dugout was swimming toward him with infinite grace and smoothness. At the first sight his breath contracted, for it seemed to have sprung out of nothingness—then his heart joyfully leaped up. At such a moment anything human was welcome. A squat little figure was huddled amidships, swinging a paddle from side to side with long, straggly arms.

Sam perceived that the paddler was the aged hunchback who had once visited the camp at Nine-Mile Point across the lake. "Old Man of the Lake" they had called him. They had not learned his name.

A certain air of mystery enveloped him. When he stepped out on the stones with his long hair, his bent back, and his dingy blanket capote he looked like a mediaeval grotesque, yet he had a dignity of his own, too.

"How?" he said, extending his hand. Sam, greeding the inevitable questions, received him a little nervously. "Glad to see you. Sit down by the fire."

"I old," observed Musq'oosis calmly. "I go when men sleep."

He made himself comfortable by the fire. To Sam's thankfulness, he did not appear to notice the white man's impoverished condition. He had excellent manners.

"Are you going far?" asked Sam.

The old man shrugged. "Just up and down," he replied. "I lak look about."

He drew out his pipe. To save himself Sam could not help glancing enviously toward it.

"You got no pipe?" asked the Indian.

"Let it," admitted Sam ruefully.

"I got no'er pipe," said Musq'oosis. From the "fir-bag" hanging from his waist he produced a red-clay bowl such as the natives use, and a bundle of new, red stems. He fitted a reed to the bowl, and passed it to Sam. A bag of tobacco followed.

"A gift," he stated courteously.

"I say," objected Sam, blushing. "I haven't anything to give in return."

The old man waved his hand. "Plantea tam mak' Musq'oosis a gift some day," he said.

Sam looked up at the name. "So you're Musq'oosis?" he asked, hardening a little.

"What you know about me?" queried the other mildly.

"Oh, nothing!" returned Sam.

"Somebody told me about you," said Musq'oosis. With kindly guile he added: "Where is she?"

"You can search me!" muttered Sam.

The tobacco was unexpectedly fragrant. "Ah, good!" exclaimed Sam with a glance of surprise.

"Imperial Mixture," said Musq'oosis complacently. "I old. Not want moch. So I buy the best tobacco."

They settled down for a good talk by the fire. Musq'oosis continued to surprise Sam. On his visit to Nine-Mile Point the old man had been received with good-natured banter, which he returned in kind. Alone with Sam, he came out in quite a different character.

Sam made the discovery that a man may have a dark skin, yet be a philosopher and a gentleman. Musq'oosis talked of all things from tobacco to the differences in man.

"White man lak beaver. All tam work don't give a damn!" he observed. "Red man lak bear. Him lazy. Fat in summer, starve in winter. Got no sense at all."

Sam laughed. "You've got sense," he said.

Musq'oosis shrugged philosophically. "I not the same lak o'er men. I got crooked back, weak legs. I got sittin' down. So my head is busy."

He smoked with a reminiscent look.

"When I yong I feel moch bad for cause I got crooked back. But when I old I think there is good in it. A strong man is lak a moose. We! So big and swift and 'an' some. All tam busy got no tam 'ink wit' his head inside. So w'en he get old his son put him down. He is lak a man. But a weak man he got no'ttin' to do but look lak eagle at ev'ry'ting and remember what he see. So w'en he is old he rich inside. W'en a man get old bad turn to good. Me, w'en I was yong I sore for cause no woman want me. Now I glad I got no old wife best a drum wit' her tongue in my teeper."

"Women! You're right there!" cried Sam, excitedly. "They're savages! Women confuse and weaken a man; spoil him for a man's work. I'm done with them!"

A slow smile lighted Musq'oosis's ugly old face. "W'en a man lak lak that," he remarked, "I 'ink pretty soon some woman goin' get him sure."

"Never!" cried Sam. "Not me!"

"I 'ink so," persisted Musq'oosis. "Man say woman best, all bad. Come a woman smile so sweet, he surprised he say this one different from the o'ters."

"Oh, I know how it is with most fellows," admitted Sam. "Not with me. I've had my lesson."

"Maybe," agreed Musq'oosis, politely allowing the matter to drop.

By and by the old man yawned. "I 'ink I sleep a little while," he said. "Can I sleep by your fire?"

"Sure!" returned Sam. "Make yourself at home."

Musq'oosis brought his blanket from the dugout. "You goin' sleep, too?" he asked.

"In a bit," replied Sam uneasily.

"Where your blanket?"

"Oh, I lost that, too," confessed Sam, blushing.

"I got a rabbit-skin robe," said Musq'oosis.

Returning to his boat, he brought Sam one of the soft, light coverings peculiar to the country. The foundation was a wide-meshed net of cord, to which had been tied hundreds of the fragile, downy pelts. Sam could stick his finger anywhere through the interstices, yet it was warmer than a blanket double its weight.

"But this is valuable," protested Sam. "I can't take it."

"You goin' to the head of the lake," said Musq'oosis. "I want trade it at French outfit store. Tak it to Mahooly, the trader. Say to him Musq'oosis send it for trade."

"Arca! you afraid I might steal it?" asked Sam, curiously.

"Steal!" said the old man, surprised. "Nobody steal here. What's the use? Everything is known. If a man steal everybody know it. Where he goin' to go then?"

Sam continued to protest against using the robe, but Musq'oosis, wayward in his objections aside, calmly lay down in his blanket and closed his eyes. Sam presently followed suit. The rabbit-skin robe acted like a charm. A delicious warmth crept into his weary bones, and sleep overmastered his senses like a delicious perfume.

When he awoke the sun was high over the lake, and Musq'oosis had gone. A bag of tobacco was lying in his place.

At this era the "settlement" at the head of Caribou Lake consisted of the French outfit, the "company post," the French Mission, the English Mission, and the police barracks, which had housed as many as three troops.

These various establishments were strung around the shore of Beaver Bay for a distance of several miles. A few native shacks were attached to each. The principal group of buildings was comprised in the company post, which stood on a hill overlooking the bay, and still wore a military air, though the pall-woods had been torn down these many years.

The French outfit, the rival concern, was a much humbler affair. It stood halfway on the short stream

CUTICURA HEALS ECZEMA ON BABY

Spread Covering Body. Awful Disfigurement. Itched and Burned. Had to Scratch.

"My baby was troubled with eczema which began on her face and spread all over her body. It was in a rash and was very sore and inflamed, causing awful disfigurement. The rash itched and burned making her scratch terribly and she was cross."

Then I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Baby was healed with six cakes of Cuticura Soap and three boxes of Cuticura Ointment. (Signed) Mrs. Henry Richard, Murray Harbor, P. E. I., April 2, 1917.

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which connects Beaver Bay with the lake proper, and was the first establishment reached by the traveler from outside. It consisted of two little houses built of lumber from the mission sawmill; the first house contained the store, the other across the road was known as the "Kitchen."

Mahooly pointed to them with pride as the only houses north of the landing built of boards, but they had a sad and awkward look there in the wilderness, notwithstanding.

Within the store of the French outfit, Stiffy, the trader, was audibly turning up his accounts in his little box at the rear, while Mahooly, his associate, sat with his chair tipped back and his heels on the cold stove. Their proper names were Henry Stiff and John Mahooly, but as Stiffy and Mahooly they were known from Miwasa Landing to Port Ochre.

The shelves of the store were sadly depleted; never was a store open for business with so little in it. A few canned goods of ancient vintage and a bolt or two of colored cotton were all that could be seen. Nevertheless, the French outfit was a factor to be reckoned with.

There was no fur going now, and the astute Stiffy and Mahooly were content to let custom pass their door. Later on they would reach out for it.

Mahooly was bored and querulous. This was the dulcetest of dull seasons, for the natives were off pitching on their summer grounds, and travel from the outside world had not yet started.

Stiffy and Mahooly were a pair of "good hard guys," but here the resemblance ended. Stiffy was dry, scanty-haired, mercantile; Mahooly was noisy, red-faced, of a fleshy temperament, and a wag, according to his lights.

"I'd give a dollar for a new newspaper," growled Mahooly.

"That's you, always grousin' for nothin' to do!" said his partner. "Why don't you keep busy like me?"

"Say, if I was like you I'd walk down to the river here and I'd get in the middle I'd say 'Lord, crack me!' and I'd step off."

"Ah, shut up. You've made me lose a whole column!"

"Go to hell!"

Thus they bickered endlessly to pass the time.

Suddenly the door opened and a stranger entered, a white man. As a rule, the slightest disturbance of their routine was heralded in advance by "moccasin telegraph," and this was like a bolt from the blue. Mahooly's chair came to the floor with a thump.

"Well, I'm damned!" he said, staring.

Stiffy came quickly out of his little box to see what was up.

"How are you?" began the stranger youth, diffidently.

"Who the hell are you?" asked Mahooly.

"Sam Gladding."

"Is the yolk boat in? Nobody told me."

"No. I walked around the lake."

Mahooly looked him over from his worn-out moccasins to his bare head. "Well, you didn't bring much wit' you," he observed.

Sam frowned to hide his Main-blushes. He offered the rabbit-skin robe to create a diversion.

"Musq'oosis sent it, eh?" said Mahooly. "Put it on the counter."

Sam came back to the red-headed man. "Can you give me a job?" he asked, frankly.

"Hey, Stiffy," growled Mahooly. "Look what's askin' for a job!"

(To be continued.)

Two Dudes Who Came to Stook

The following letter was written by a farmer near Yorkton to a friend in Winnipeg in reference to a couple of youths who came down from the city to help with the harvest. The youths at home "assisted" in a bank for a few hours each day and thought they were working. After putting in part of a day in an oat field their desire to help to win the war by working in the harvest got a serious setback, and they hurriedly departed for the busy haunts of trade. The farmer is writing the friend to send out a couple more men. The letter follows:

Dear John,—I take my pen in hand to let you know we are all well and rite in the midst of the harvest, but the main thing I want to tell you is about the two dudes from Winnipeg that came down to help with the em-ployment bureau in Winnipeg that they were coming down to the Station to meet them. Well Sir there was two kids got off—long about 18 or 19 years old they was. They was wearing white shirts with big white collar over their coats, and button boots with cloth tops on 'em and nifty suits and checked caps.

One of them he was the freshest guy of the two come up to me and he says Hello Rube, how is the little old alfalfa this fall flippin his fingers o'fen the end of my whiskers. The other lad says to me stand right where you are kiddo and let me feast on you—Oh Alfred isn't that makeup perfect he says, couldn't he step right onto the stage now without ever going near the dressing room. I didn't know what he was talking about cause I only had my working clothes on. I said are youse young guys looking for work. They said they had come down to pick up a little easy money and secure some relief from the strain of the city. Do you think you can stand stookin I said and they told me they thought they were in pretty good condishun as they had been playing pool all summer. Each of them had a nice new suitcase and I thought they was kind of light when I was throwing them in the democrat. Afterwards when they were at work the missus looked in them and all there was was all kinds of cigarettes, a safety razor and a sweater. When we was driving out to the farm they was asking all kinds of foolish questions about the work. The Smart Alex one said it ought to be pretty good sport, beat tennis all to nothing. He asked me what was the name of the gee gee on the Starboard side and he had the gaul to ask me if he could have \$50 salary in advance.

Well that night they kind of opened their eyes when I showed them the way to the hayloft to sleep and threw em a horse blanket. One of them said something about Mary Garden perfume to wop the God Morpheus.

Well I had to take a big splash out of them 80 acres of oats dead ripe so I called the boys along about 3 o'clock in the morning. I went out to the stable with a lantern and holded it to em. After a while I heard a noise and one of them came down the ladder carrying his suitcase. He seemed to be half asleep. Did you call, mother—he says you seem to be calling early this morning.

Where are you going, I says.

"I'm going some place to stay all night," he says—"you disturb my rest—what's the matter, couldn't you sleep?"

I told him this was the time we usually got up in harvest time and he says why waste so much time in sleep. I told him it was time to go to work. "What's the idea," he said. I told him we were going to cut oats, and he says why take advantage of them in the dark?

Afterwards the other fellow came down and asked me if I believed in daylight saving, he said I seemed to be a good hand at it.

After breakfast we got into the field, 'em oats was the tallest you ever seen right up over the horses heads. I was showing them dudes how to stook and one of them asked me if he couldn't get the loan of a stepladder to stand the sheaves up. I could see it was going to be heavy work alright. Well Sir there was a heavy dew on the ground and it wasn't long till them fellows was as wet as though they had been wading in water.

I come close to the smart Alex one when I was passing with the binder once and he says Hey, Pop, is there any danger of submarines around here. I'd hate to get torpedoed just as I was leaning over to pick up a sheaf.

After a while one of the lads halted me when I was passing. "How is the time," he said. I looked at my watch and told him a quarter to eight. "Gawd!" he said, "I thought it was near 1 o'clock. This is about the time I roll off the little old ostermote in town," he said. We went to eat along about noon with the sun red hot and them two lads had faces on them like the comb of our turkey gobbler. They was clean faded and they just dragged themselves up to the pump. How do you feel says one of 'em in a weak voice. I feel says the other just like Jeffreys felt after he was down for the third count. I feel like I'd had ten turkish baths one after another and then been pulled through a knot hole. You could wring a tub of water out of me right now. Well Sir we went into dinner and the missus had the table piled high with new potatoes and onions and homemade bread and fried eggs and prunes. Those yaps just lit into that as if they had been starved for a month. About eight each each they et. I says to one of them is your legs how do I understand he says right back that the board is 'thrown in with this job, es I says and you seem to be throwing it in alright. Why don't you get a pitch fork. Well anyway they felt better after they had fed up a bit and smarty says to me Alfonso could you have the chef bring in some French vintage and a couple of perfectos. The

other fellow says when do we take our siesta. I says what do you mean and he says when do we hit the hay for an afternoon nap. I says right back you hit them oats and hit them in a hurry too, it looks like rain. Oh very well Carlos, very well, do not be peeved I pray of thee.

Well Sir they went at it again and I could a put up more stocks in half an hour than those two did in the next two. After a while I stopped to fix the binder over in one corner and I heard the two lads talking. How would you like to be up to your neck in water down at the beach one said. And how would you like to be swinging in the hammock out on the verandah on Carlton street with ones behind bringing you out long cold ones in thin glasses said the other. Think of sitting in one of those ice houses over in Norwood. Yes or think of being up one the snowfields in the mountains. And all the time they was wrestling with them big sheaves of oats and the sun sending down heat like you was standing next to a red hot stove. Well by and by I missed them. I made another round of the field and then went over to where I saw them last. Hello I shouted and then I saw one of them stand up behind a long row of sheaves they had but up to keep off the sun. "Adventure friend add give the password," said Mr. Smart Alex. I was plum disgusted, so I said the password is 'for you fellows to get out of here. They looked at me surprised like and then one of them says three cheers, we're fired, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah. The other lad was sure tucked out. He just raised his head a little and said in a weak voice—Tiger—hurrah—mother was right. And inside of an hour they was on the train going to Winnipeg.

Yours truly, HANK.
P.S.—Send me down two MEN.
Nature's Sanitary Cop.
When an animal dies in a garden or in the woods and decomposition begins, carrion bugs come from afar and near. A dead bird, a mouse, or a harmless snake wantonly killed by some wanderer, provides a banquet for hundreds of insects. Among these the "grave-diggers" are found, embracing 43 species, 12 of which are found in Europe, the rest in America. You can identify these beetles, says the Popular Science Monthly for July, by the two jagged yellowish-red or reddish transverse bands upon their black wing-covers. Their scientific name (Necrophorus) means no more than "buriers of the dead." As undertakers, the insects have legs especially adapted for digging. A grave-digger beetle has the most extraordinary sense of smell. He can detect the peculiar odor of decomposition a long distance away, and flies to the dead thing as straight as an arrow. His remarkably keen nose is situated in his club-like feelers. As a rule several grave-diggers are found near a dead body. They crawl under it and scratch the supporting earth away, so that the body soon lies in a hollow. Gradually the body is lowered until it sinks below the surface. Then it is covered with earth. The female lays her eggs around the interred form, thus insuring for the newly-hatched larvae a plentiful food supply.

Worth Knowing.
Tomato catsup, a correspondent says, must be eaten hot to get its real flavor. Nobody knows how good that is who pours it out cold from a bottle. Heat a small quantity and serve it in a small syrup pitcher.
When thin timbers stick together and there is danger of breaking them, do not try to pull them apart, but warm them into a pan of warm suds. In a short time they can be easily separated.
If housewives do dislike to find worms when cutting apples would first put the fruit in cold water they would find that the worms would leave the apples and come to the surface of the water.
A teaspoonful of vinegar beaten into boiled frosting when the frosting is added will keep it from being brittle and breaking when cut, and it will be as moist in a week as the day it was made. Also, a teaspoonful of vinegar added to each pint of home-made syrup will prevent it from candying after it stands.

The Real "War Bread" must contain the entire wheat grain—not the white flour center—but every particle of gluten and mineral salts—also the outer bran coat that is so useful in keeping the bowels healthy and active. Shredded Wheat Biscuit is the real "war bread" because it is 100 per cent. whole wheat prepared in a digestible form. Contains no yeast, baking powder, seasoning, or chemicals of any kind. Food conservation begins with Shredded Wheat Biscuit for supper. Delicious with sliced bananas, berries, or other fruits. Made in Canada.

Bright, Clean Knives are the sure result of using Old Dutch

because it quickly removes stains, rust, sticky unyielding substances, and restores the original luster.

Old Dutch Cleanser

I, ET a woman ease your suffering. I want you to write, and let me tell you of a simple method of home treatment, send you ten days free trial, rest, and pain and put you in touch with a woman in Canada who will gladly tell you my method has done for them.

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AUSTIN G. L. TRIBUTE, Editor and Proprietor

THE SAD STORY OF THE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE

Is frequently revealed in these war times even in this well-to-do Province. Hard enough to be poor—still worse to be sick and poor.

The lot of the consumptive is a specially trying one. Only recently a family was discovered living in two small rooms over a store. At one time they had occupied a comfortable home but the father took sick and had to give up work. With the savings all gone, they were forced to sell the furniture to buy food.

This is the great work carried on by the Muskoka Free Hospital which is now appealing for help.

Contributions may be sent to W. J. Gage, Chairman, 84 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, or Geo. A. Reid, Secretary-Treasurer, 223 College St., Toronto.

MAKING OF MARGARINE

Two Firms Granted License—300 Licenses to Import.

Two firms only, so far in Canada, have been licensed to manufacture oleomargarine. These are the Swift Canadian Company, Limited, and the Harris Abattoir Company Limited, both of Toronto. But nearly three hundred licenses to import have been granted, the Food Controller announces.

Numerous applications to manufacture were received at the office of the Veterinary Director General, whose department examined and regulated the issue of licenses. With the exception of the two large Toronto packing houses, none of the applicants, on investigation, could satisfy the department as to the sanitary conditions under which the making of oleo could be carried out.

What Makes Business Succeed. "There is always a premium in business on the man who does his work painstakingly," says J. O. Armour in the American Magazine.

Kept a Wasp as a Pet. Wasps, which we are being instructed to kill, are not generally regarded as companionable insects, but that, perhaps, is only because we cannot all be Lord Avebury, says The Manchester Guardian.

Bad Memory. Flatbush—You know he's awfully forgetful. Bensonhurst—Really? "Oh, yes. Why, the day after he was married he tied a piece of cord around his finger so he would not forget it."

Unselfish. "He is always thinking of others, isn't he?" "Yes; planning how he can get them to do something for him."

KEEP YOUR HANDS CLEAN.

Wash Them Many Times a Day and Use Plenty of Soap.

Soap or lather such as is used in shaving kills minute organisms of disease. Whenever a person's hands have touched anything unclean or a sore the hands should be instantly washed with soap and water, making a good lather.

Your unclean (infected) hands may cause the loss of your eyesight. The practice of rubbing the eyes with the fingers or hands endangers the sight. Typhoid fever and other serious diseases are carried from person to person through the medium of food which has been touched and prepared by unwashed hands.

One may feel almost sure that one's hands are clean all the time—they look as if they were—but science tells us they are not chemically clean and incapable of doing harm unless they are washed with soap or a disinfectant.

BELOW THE MOUNTAINS.

The Higher the Elevation the Lighter the Material Under It.

Researches of the United States coast and geodetic survey carried on in recent years prove beyond doubt that mountains are not held up by the rigidity or strength of the earth's materials, but by the fact that the materials under them (in the outer portion of the earth) are lighter than normal.

The higher the mountain or the plateau the lighter is the material under it. The principle is exactly the same as that which makes an iceberg float. The portion of the iceberg that is above water is held up by the large mass of ice—which has a density lower than that of water—in the submerged portion of the berg.

So, in the case of the mountain, the portion above the general level is held up by the lighter material under the mountain, which extends down to a depth of about sixty miles. Although the mountain is held up or floated by a lighter material under it, the bottom of the ocean is depressed because the material under it to a depth of about sixty miles below sea level is heavier than normal.

What may be considered as the normal condition is that which obtains in the large river valleys and under the coastal plains.

Swiss Military System.

With a population of less than 5,000,000 Switzerland can put in the field an army of 600,000. How does the Alpine republic do it?

In the first place, every able-bodied male citizen serves. Those not able-bodied pay a military tax, graduated according to income, and there is no buying immunity from service. Training begins early, schoolboys from seven to fifteen years old spending from four to eight hours a week in compulsory gymnastic drill and physical training without arms.

Euphemisms For Death.

"Decease" is now a regular form of word for death. But it began as a gentle euphemism, "decessus" (departure) seeming much less harsh to the Romans than "mors." All languages abound in euphemisms of the kind, which go back to a superstitious reluctance to mention death plainly that gradually passed into a kindly desire to soften the idea.

Friiled Lizards.

Some lizards are able to walk on their hind legs, of which the most remarkable example is the friiled lizard of Australia, a powerful form, which attains a length of about three feet. Should danger threaten it scuttles off on its hind limbs with considerable speed for as far as thirty or forty feet in a half crouching attitude, with the fore limbs hanging down and the remarkable frill folded up.

Bad Memory.

Flatbush—You know he's awfully forgetful. Bensonhurst—Really? "Oh, yes. Why, the day after he was married he tied a piece of cord around his finger so he would not forget it."

Ambition.

"Pa, what is ambition?" "Ambition, my boy, is that spirit which prompts a young man to work hard so that he can some day stop working hard."

Unselfish.

"He is always thinking of others, isn't he?" "Yes; planning how he can get them to do something for him."

YOUNG OLD MEN.

Mental Ability Not Always Dulled by the Passing Years.

A generation ago it was customary to talk of those who had reached forty as of mature age. A man of those years is now considered young, and at sixty or seventy can have a brilliant future still ahead.

That our forefathers had no such conceptions of relative youthfulness can easily be shown. The constitution provided that no one should be eligible for election to the senate at an earlier age than thirty-five, the reasons advanced being that such a restriction was necessary in order to keep the senate made up of grave and reverend seigniors—elder statesmen, who would not be blown about with every veering wind of political doctrine.

Alexander Hamilton was a senate secretary of the treasury at thirty-two. The younger Pitt became prime minister, first lord of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer of England at twenty-four. Washington spoke of retirement from active life to well earned rest and leisure for his remaining years when still but forty-six.

In recent times we have had no presidents young in years by the former standards, unless Roosevelt be classed as an exception in connection with his first term of service. Even the popular novelists have sensed the change, now making their successful business men of forty or thereabouts attractive to the heart of the female reader.

SUBMARINE MINES.

Explosive Power of These Coast and Harbor Defenses.

Not the least important weapon for defending our coasts and our harbors from the attacks of hostile warships is the submarine mine. Though it is perhaps the least ominous looking of naval defenses, if it is once hit by an invading warship its tremendous explosive power will sink the ship in less time than any other weapon could.

The shock of the striking vessel automatically explodes the mine, says the Popular Science Monthly, and the violently expanding gases from the powder crush in the hull of the ship in a twinkling.

Submarine mines are made of an outer casing of steel and an inner charge of high explosive. A separate chamber containing nothing but air gives the mine buoyancy. The mines are carried in small light draft boats to the positions previously mapped out. The boat simply drops the mines with their anchors overboard. When the cable is all paid out the buoyant mine will be floating about ten feet below the water's surface.

The mines lying far outside of a harbor contain their ignition system within themselves. This may be a number of percussion pins placed all around the outside of the mine. When a ship strikes one of these the heat of the impact ignites the powder instantly. Or an internal ignition system may be employed. When a ship hits the mine it rolls it over. This releases an iron ball which is ordinarily held in a small cup in the center of the mine. The ball falls out of the cup and pulls upon a string, releasing a trigger and firing off the charge.

Varieties of Sables.

Next to the Barguzin sables the best are the Yakutsk, then the Nikolai and the Kamchatka. This last type of fur is much liked by Americans who cannot afford the imperial sable, for it is a big animal with heavy fur, but the color is very light. The Parisian lady who cannot buy a Barguzin sable usually prefers the Amur, which is small, but of a bluish color. Chinese sables have thin and light colored fur, and the Hudson Bay sable, a kind of pine marten, is hardly a satisfactory substitute.

Spinach Paper.

According to a French horticulturist, M. de Noyer, spinach stems contain 46 per cent of cellulose. He claims to have actually made paper from the vegetable, following the methods of the Grenoble papermaking school. If the waste portions of spinach are used for this purpose he believes they will produce a most satisfactory writing paper, which will cost considerably less than the present high quality grades.—Popular Science Monthly.

Two Classes.

"Now, children, what is the earth inhabited by?" "Human beings." "Correct. And, Willie Stone, into what two grand divisions are all human beings divided?" "Regular people and boots."

Social Error.

"Mother, dear, what is economy?" "Ethel, where on earth did you pick up that vulgar expression? Don't ever let me hear you use it again."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Indecision.

Oh, weakness and indecision of mind! If not yourself vices, to how much of exquisite misery do you not sometimes pave the way!

Tea Chest Lining.

The Chinese use as an alloy for lining tea chests a metal roll consisting of 125 parts of lead and 18 parts of tin.

GOOD WORK DONE BY TRIBUNALS

Statistics of Exemptions, Appeals, and Refusals in This District—Little Less Than Two Thousand Are Eligible.

Major R. E. Porter called upon the Exemption Tribunals in Military District, No. 3, on behalf of Lt.-Col. Street, district military representative of the Militia Department. Major Porter's especial object is to see that there is no misunderstanding on the part of the tribunals in regard to the exemption of those necessary for farm labor, and also to see that no advantage is taken of this safeguard.

Major Porter states that the work of the tribunals on the whole has been remarkably good. Blunders may have occurred here and there but on the whole the exemptions have been granted with wisdom and the judgments have been made with discretion and perfect fairness.

An interesting feature of the tribunal work gathered from Major Porter is that the so-called slacker element is very small. In nearly every case the man who finds himself down on the list of the first draft of men for overseas training smiles philosophically and says, "Well, I guess I have as much right to go as the other chaps," and that's all there is to it. In fact, Major Power says that after January 3 there will be no such word as slacker for the simple reason that the man who is not in khaki will either be ineligible or exempt, and will have the papers to show it. If anyone says, "Why are you not in khaki?" all he has to say is: "Go and ask the Government—they know!"

Killed Moose with .22.

Pembroke Osberver: C. W. Small, agent for the Colonial Lumber Co., brought down from Deep River a couple of weeks ago, a story for the truth of which he vouches, but which through an oversight, did not find its way into print last week. It seems that two young men employed in Foreman Zadov's camp went out a few Sundays ago armed with a .22 rifle to hunt small game. In the course of their hunt, they encountered a herd of about a dozen moose, and the moose, showing a disposition to be ugly, the young men climbed into a tall tree. The moose rambled about, evidently anxious for trouble, and the men, from their elevated position, started shooting down at them with the small rifles. And they got results, two of the big animals being reached in vulnerable spots by the bullets and being killed. To kill moose with a .22 rifle is a feat seldom if ever heard of, and the young men, who reached camp after the animals had moved away, were quite proud of their achievement.

Would not be Without Zutoo Tablets At Any Cost

Such is the statement of Mr. A. O. Norton, of Boston, the largest Jack Manufacturer in the world. His voluntary testimonial regarding ZUTOO follows:

286 Congress St., Boston, Mass. "I have been a sufferer from Headache since childhood and have used all, or nearly all the so-called 'cures' on the market. Some months since my attention was called to Zutoo Tablets and I have been using them ever since with the most gratifying results. I find they cure a 'sick' or 'nervous' headache in a few minutes and leave no bad effects. My family use them whenever needed with equally good results. I have frequently given them to friends who were suffering from Headache and they never failed to give quick relief. I always carry Zutoo Tablets in my grip on the road and WOULD NOT BE WITHOUT THEM AT ANY COST."

A. O. NORTON. 25 cents per box—at all dealers

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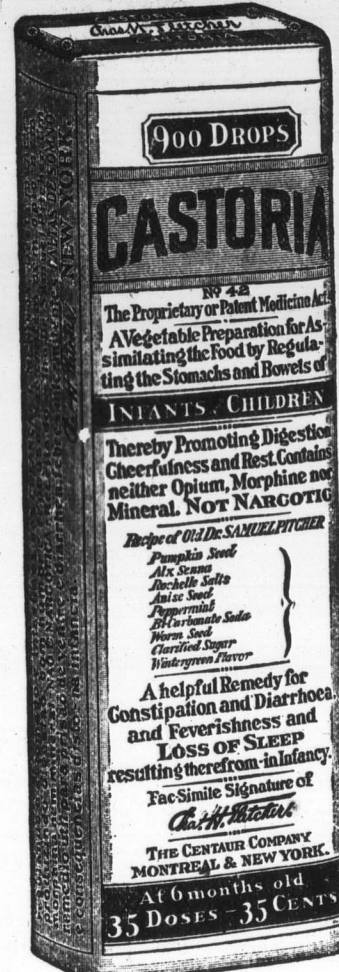
Xmas & New Years

Excursions Fare & a third

XMAS—Good going Dec. 22, 23, 24, and 25, 1917, returning until Dec. 26, 1917.

NEW YEARS—Good going Dec. 29, 30, 31, 1917, and Jan. 1, 1918, returning until Jan. 2, 1918.

Full particulars from the Station Agent, Canadian Northern Railway.



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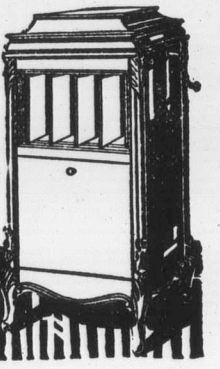
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Interesting Items

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. John Biglow, on Dec. 11, a daughter.

Mr. Wm. Towriss recently paid a visit to Garretton friends.

Miss Florence Willson is home from Queen's for the holidays.

Mr. W. A. Lewis, Brockville, was a recent visitor in the village.

Miss Usher left this week for Bedford Mills.

Miss Leita Arnold has returned from a visit with Toronto friends.

Mrs. M. H. Moore returned on Friday from a trip to Arnprior.

Mrs. S. C. A. Lamb was a visitor in Brockville this week.

Mrs. Simes, Brockville, has been spending a few days in Athens.

—Fresh oysters, fruit and confectionery, at Miss Addison's.

Mrs. E. Taylor spent the day in the county-town.

Mr. Alex. Campo, of Smith's Falls, was in Athens on Monday.

Mr. Claude Coon, student at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, is home on vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Parish spent a couple of days in Brockville this week.

New Hymnals.
New Methodist Hymn Books now on sale at H. R. Knowlton's.

Mr. Robert Blair, of Strathcona, is spending a few days with friends here.

Douglas Johnston, Clarence Rowson, and Kenneth Blancher are home from the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto.

Jno. Hughes, who died in Kingston on Sunday, was the father of Mayor Hughes, of that city, and of Mrs. A. W. Merriman, Elgin.

Miss Georgia Mitchell, Frankville, has been here for a few days visiting Miss Ina Hause.

A number of new volumes have been added to the list at the Public Library.

The fuel situation has been considerably improved by the arrival of several carloads of coal.

Little Frank Robinson had to have his fractured arm reset a few days ago.

While working at a sawing-machine at his home, Robert Shaw had one finger amputated, and his hand badly cut.

Special services in the Holiness Movement church came to a close Sunday evening. The attendance was gratifying.

Mrs. M. A. Johnston has returned from Sopoton, where she has spent the past two months.

A Brockville paper contains the announcement of the engagement of Captain Bernard T. McGhie, C.A.M.C., Kingston, Ont., and Miss Myrtle Avery, of Junetown, Ontario.

Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Kilborn, natives of this section and for many years residents of this place, are back from the west and are revisiting the town, guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Stevens.

Mrs. A. U. Williams, Watertown, is here on a visit to her sister, Miss A. Hunt. Miss Florence Williams, student at Victoria College, Toronto, is also here for vacation.

D. Abrahams and F. Brayman returned Saturday night from a visit to the Soldiers' Convalescent Hospital in Kingston.

The bans were published in this parish on Sunday of the coming marriage of Gertrude Emmeline, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Johnson, Oak Leaf, to Dr. Thomas R. Whaley, of Alsask, Saskatchewan, which is to take place the latter part of the month.

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Services Appreciated

On Monday evening, December 10, a congregational meeting was held in the Presbyterian church. An impromptu program consisting of singing, dialogues, recitations, etc., was given by the children, who afterwards enjoyed the Christmas Tree surprises.

The silver collection taken was given to the Mission Band for their thank-offering.

Master Bryce Sheffield, on behalf of the Band presented Miss Usher, the president, with a casserole, while Miss Nina Mulvena read the address in which she not only expressed the sentiment of the Band but also of the adult church members. Miss Usher responded in appropriate words.

Miss Usher organized the "For Others" Mission Band three years ago, and has been a most competent, faithful, and energetic president, endeavoring at all times to instill in the minds of her followers a deep interest in mission work and a proper conception of its real value. The practical side of the work was not overlooked, as the Band met many Saturdays at her home and not only enjoyed a social hour but also learned to sew while making quilts, etc., for use in the mission fields. Miss Usher has filled a place in the hearts of her co-workers here which will be difficult to replace.

Another feature of the evening was a surprise for Mr. Thompson in the way of an appreciative address by Mrs. A. Robeson, who for years has been secretary of the Sunday school. Mr. Thompson has for about 25 years been superintendent, giving his services so unselfishly and manifesting in every way a deep interest in the welfare of the school and its members.

Whenever an effort has been put forth for any worthy purpose, either by mission band, Sunday school, guild, or church, Mr. Thompson was there with an approving, encouraging smile, a willing heart and an open purse. These things have been heartily appreciated by the members of each class.

Mr. Thompson, in an address, read by him to Mr. Usher expressed the deep regret of the church in the breaking of ties which have been formed in the last four years during Mr. Usher's stay here. He also expressed the appreciation of the congregation for its pastor's untiring efforts in behalf of the church, no phase of the work being too small to receive his devoted, kindly, and unselfish attention. Mr. and Miss Usher left for their new field of labor carrying with them the very best wishes of each member of the Athens Presbyterian church.

A Correction.
Last week we referred to the resignation of Mr. Lloyd Willson, Kingston, from the service of the Merchants' Bank to take a new position. As our information was not altogether correct in detail, the following will be of interest: Mr. Willson, who has been accountant in the Kingston branch of the Merchants' Bank for the past two years, has accepted the position of secretary-treasurer of the Kingston Light, Heat and Power Company, which is now a branch of the Hydro-Electric.

WINTER COMFORTS

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LIMITS OF THE AIRPLANE.

Fliers as Big as Ocean Liners Are an Impossibility.
I am not one of those who entertain extravagant ideas concerning the future of the airplane. All sorts of ridiculous notions are afloat, largely fathered by people of lively imagination and of limited information. I do not believe that all transportation in future will be through the air. The airplane will not supplant the railroad, the trolley car or the motorcar. It will merely be another agency for performing a similar kind of work.

There are certain things that it will do better than the railroad or the motorcar, and its use will therefore be limited to these, for we must realize at the start that the airplane has decided limitations. We see numerous pictures today of aircraft as large as ocean liners, but these are merely vain imaginings. We shall have no airplanes as large as the Lusitania. Any one who understands the fundamentals of air mechanics will immediately understand why this is so. The airplane is built essentially upon the same principles as a bird. It has the same flying capabilities as a bird and precisely the same limitations. The best flier among birds is the hummingbird, and certain insects, which are much smaller, such as the dragon fly, are also wonderful fliers. It is a law of nature that the larger the bird the poorer its flying ability.

There are excellent mechanical reasons for this. The main one is that as a bird increases in size its weight increases at a much greater rate than the area of its wings. Thus if a bird doubles its size it would need, to lift itself in the air, not twice as much power, but eight times as much—that is, its weight increases as its cube, whereas the area of the wings increases as its square. This is the principle that limits the size of birds, and it is also the principle that limits the size of airplanes, which fly just as birds fly. Each increase in size demands a much greater proportional increase in motive power, the result being that we have to add so enormously to the weight that the airplane soon reaches a size where it cannot leave the ground.—From Interview With Orville Wright by Burton J. Hendrick in Harper's Magazine.

WHY THEY FAILED.

Both Were Caretakers, and One Should Have Been a Promoter.
In the American Magazine is an article entitled "Are You a Caretaker or a Promoter?" in which a writer describes how he and a friend went into partnership and failed miserably. "As I look back on that day," he says, "I wonder that we did not see the end of our enterprise from the day of its beginning, for there could be only one possible end. To be sure, Calkins and I worked for the Universal company for years. We knew all its methods, all its trade secrets, all the possible pitfalls in the road of such an enterprise. We had kindred tastes and abilities; we were hard workers and simple livers; we were both ambitious and both singularly agreed in matters of business policy. "We saw all these factors and counted them as great strength. The amazing thing is that we failed to see in them at the very outset a fatal weakness, for Calkins and I were too much agreed. Our tastes and abilities were altogether too similar. What Calkins could do well I could do equally well. The things he was afraid of I was afraid of too. "At watching expenses and arranging for prompt deliveries we were both efficient beyond complaint. But neither of us had any taste or ability for jumping out into the field and dragging business in by the hair. I had never completely recovered from the setback to my confidence which my youthful breakup had administered. And, as for Calkins, he was completely lost the minute he got ten feet away from his own desk."

Infinitesimal Webs.
Mexico, the land of Montezuma, prickly pears, sand, volcanoes, earthquakes, wars, revolutions, intrigues, etc., has many subtropical wonders both in vegetable and animal life. Among these latter is a species of spider so minute that its legs cannot be seen without a glass. This little arachnid weaves a web so wonderfully minute that it takes 40 of them to equal a common hair in magnitude.

Near to Treason.
Misprision of treason is an expression rarely heard in this country, but it has a very definite meaning in the laws of the United States. It consists in concealing the treasonable acts of others and is classed as a crime not much less than treason itself. It may be committed by citizens of the country or aliens who enjoy the protection of American law.

The Best Way.
"There's one sure way of getting promoted."
"What is it?"
"To do your work so well that the firm can't afford to keep a man of your ability in an inconspicuous place."

Edging Close to the Truth.
A farmer who understood human nature said, "If you want your boy to stay at home don't bear too hard on the grindstone when he turns the crank."

Do not accustom yourself to consider debt only an inconvenience. You will find it a calamity.

FAMILY FRIENDS.

Fine Food For Thought in a Bequest Made by Justice Lamar.
In the will of the late Justice Lamar of the United States supreme court there was one very unusual legacy. He bequeathed his friendships to his family.

"To my family," the will runs, "I bequeath friendships many and numerous in the hope that they will be cherished and continued. True friendships are the most valuable of our earthly possessions, more precious than gold, more enduring than marble palaces, more important than fame. * * * As Henry Drummond has well said, 'Friendship is the nearest thing we know to what religion is!'"

The family that inherits such wealth is truly rich. But it is a legacy that must be used if it would be preserved. Friendships cannot be locked away in safes or lent to historical exhibits and museums. Like love and faith and courage, they belong to that intangible treasure of the soul that must be kept from destruction by constant service. It is not alone material things that "rust doth corrupt."

How many of us have let slip through busy or careless fingers the beautiful and glowing friendships of our youth? We did not mean to do it. Indeed, we have often regretted the loss until, as the years pass, the regret gradually fades away. And if that is true of our own friends how far more true of our fathers' friends! Yet there have been families where friendships have passed down from father to son for several generations.

There is food for thought here. How many fathers are building up fine and loyal and serviceable friendships that they can with pride and gratitude bequeath to their sons? How many mothers are storing up like treasures for their daughters? The question does not end there. How many young people of today are fitting themselves to receive such legacies? How many in all the varied and urgent calls of life are heeding the challenge to make themselves worthy of friendships by being loyal and fine tempered and generous friends themselves?

"A man that hath friends," the old Book of Wisdom declares, "must show himself friendly;" and again, "Thine own friend and thy father's friend forsake not."

Fogs Bewilder Birds.

It is a curious thing that, though human beings are utterly bewildered in a dense fog, most animals find their way through it without much difficulty. A horse will trot along in its right direction as though the air were perfectly clear, and not only that, but will take the right turning at the right moment if it is at all accustomed to the road. A human being would take any turning but the right one. Birds, on the other hand, are utterly bewildered by fogs. Pigeons, for instance, will remain motionless all day long, half asleep, huddled up in their pigeon houses. Chickens and poultry of all kinds won't stir all the time a heavy fog is about. Birds of all kinds, as a matter of fact, seem helpless during foggy weather.

What America Has Proved.

America has proved that it is practicable to elevate the mass of mankind—that portion which in Europe is called the laboring or lower class—to raise them to self respect, to make them competent to act a part in the great right and great duty of self government, and she has proved that this may be done by education and the diffusion of knowledge. She holds out an example a thousand times more encouraging than ever was presented before to those nine-tenths of the human race who are born without hereditary fortune or hereditary rank.

Have Thou Moderation.

"Have thou moderation in all things; keep thyself from wild joy and from wailing sorrow; strive to hold thy soul in harmony and concord, like the strings of a well tuned harp," said Pythagoras. "To possess a sane outlook on life is a prime requisite for living long," says Dr. C. H. Lerrigo in the New York Outlook. "Serenity, courage, poise, determination, all are important factors. It may be that there is a physiologic center which controls the aging of the body, as is claimed, but even so we may be sure that it reacts to these psychic influences."

He Told Her.

A middle aged governess on arriving at a new situation was formally introduced to the family, and the next morning Master Tom, the hopeful of the family, said to her, "Miss Parker, are you Leghorn or Cochon China?" "Why do you ask such an extraordinary question?" she asked.
"Because," answered the boy, "I heard dad say to mummy after you left the room last night that you were no longer a chicken."

Disconcerting.

A prominent English clergyman once congratulated an old lady on her bravery in fighting her way to church against a terrible tempest, but received the disconcerting reply, "My husband gets so cross grained after meals that I have to get out of his way, so I might as well go to church."

From an Economical Viewpoint.

"Do you believe in early marriages?" "Yes. With the cost of living where it is now I'm inclined to the belief that the sooner the girls are married off the better."

The price of true success is patient toil. Never give up until you have tried every means to attain your end.

Final Appeal Judge Gives Ruling on Exemption of Farmers

Mr. Justice Duff (the Final Court of Appeal) Declares it is Essential that there shall be No Diminution in Agricultural Production.

(Published by authority of Director of Public Information, Ottawa.)

Hon. Mr. Justice Duff gave judgment on December 6th, in the first test case brought before him, as Central Appeal Judge (the final court of appeal), for the exemption of a farmer. The appeal was made by W. H. Rowntree in respect of his son, W. J. Rowntree, from the decision of Local Tribunal, Ontario, No. 421, which refused a claim for exemption. The son was stated to be an experienced farm hand, who had been working on the farm continuously for the past seven years, and ever since leaving school. He lives and works with his father, who owns a farm of 150 acres near Weston, Ontario. With the exception of a younger brother, he is the only male help of the father on the farm. The father is a man of advanced years.

In granting the man exemption "until he ceases to be employed in agricultural labor," Mr. Justice Duff said:

"The Military Service Act does not deal with the subject of the exemption of persons engaged in the agricultural industry; and the question which it is my duty to decide is whether the applicant being and having been, as above mentioned, habitually and effectively engaged in agriculture and in labor essential to the carrying on of agricultural production, ought to be exempted under the provisions of the Military Service Act.

"These two propositions are indisputable:

- "(1) In order that the military power of the allies may be adequately sustained, it is essential that in this country and under the present conditions, there should be no diminution in agricultural production.
- "(2) The supply of competent labor available for the purpose of agricultural production is not abundant, but actually is deficient.

"The proper conclusion appears to be that the applicant, a competent person, who had been habitually and effectively engaged in labor essential to such production, ought not to be withdrawn from it.

"It is perhaps unnecessary to say that such exemptions are not granted as concessions on account of personal hardship, still less as a favor to a class. The sole ground of them is that the national interest is the better served by keeping these men at home. The supreme necessity (upon the existence of which, as its preamble shows, this policy of the Military Service Act is founded) that leads the State to take men by compulsion and put them in the fighting line requires that men shall be kept at home who are engaged in work essential to enable the State to maintain the full efficiency of the combatant forces, and whose places cannot be taken by others not within the class called out."

Ottawa, Dec. 8, 1917.

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'The House of Plenty' TORONTO
Presents to the People of the Province of Ontario
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE'S ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN LEAVING FOR AMERICA

'You soon depart for the Western and I for the Eastern Hemisphere. A new career of action is opened before me, and I hope to unite my name with new and great events...

VARIOUS TYPES OF AIRCRAFT IN BATTLE

As this is a war of scientific surprises and may later be won in the quiet laboratory of a professor of chemistry, it is only natural that the airplane should be constantly changed in design and equipment...

GOOD REASON TO BE PROUD

For the last two years the Canadian Pacific Railway, in connection with the Pacific steamers of the Canadian Pacific Ocean Service, has carried a very large proportion of the passengers from the United States to Russia...

What's the Answer?

What did Adam first plant in the Garden of Eden? His foot. Why is a stick of candy like a race horse? Because the more you lick it the faster it goes...

CARE OF YOUR WATCH.

Caution Should Be Expected in Method and Time of Winding. Do you know how to care for your watch properly? Of course you know that you can't expect it to keep time or even to run if you drop it on a cement sidewalk or tumble out of a canoe with your watch in your pocket...

Worth Protecting

A good article is worthy of a good package. A rich, strong, delicious tea like Red Rose is worth putting into a sealed package to keep it fresh and good. A cheap, common tea is hardly worth taking care of and is usually sold in bulk.



SITUATIONS VACANT.

YOU CAN MAKE \$25 TO \$75 weekly, writing show cards at home. Easily learned by our simple method. No canvassing or soliciting. We sell your work. Write for particulars. AMERICAN SHOW CARD SCHOOL, 801 Yonge Street, Toronto.

HELP WANTED.

WANTED - PROBATIONERS TO train for nurses. Apply, Welland Hospital, St. Catharines, Ont. WANTED - LOOM FIXER ON CROMPTON and Knowles Looms, weaving heavy blankets and cloths. For full particulars, apply to Slingsby Manufacturing Co., Ltd., Brantford, Ontario.

HONEY ORDERS.

DOMINION EXPRESS FOREIGN cheques are accepted by Field Cashiers and Paymasters in France for their full face value. There is no better way to send money to the boys in the trenches.

MISCELLANEOUS.

RAW FURS WANTED - ALSO BEEF hides, catkins, reference, the highest price. I have bought furs since 1883; ships me yours. Henry O'Brien, opposite Y.M.C.A., Third Street, Collingwood, Ont.

FARMS FOR SALE.

150 ACRES - PARTS OF LOTS 25 AND 26, in third concession, township of Halton, County of Northumberland, 2 1/2 miles from Stratford, 3 miles from Cobourg; large brick house, 10 rooms; large barns and poultry houses; 20 acres in apples, 15 in cherries, 100 wells and cisterns; also running water in pasture; rural mail delivery and telephone; price \$7,500; immediate possession; owner overseas. This is in front of, 10 King Street East, Toronto.

AT A SACRIFICE - 4000 ACRES LUMBER, timber and 2000 acres lumber and fruit lands; in Buckley and Lakeside Valleys. Address, Box 78, Prince Rupert, B. C.

65 ACRES 4,600 - TWELVE MILES from London on a gravel road; two story brick house; bank barn; half a mile to school; two miles to station; great bargain. 15 acres of wheat looking well. Choice water and loam. T. A. Faulds, 20 Victor Street, London, Ont.

FARM FOR SALE - WATERLOO county; four miles west of Galt; 150 acres excellent wheat land; two-story frame house; good bank barn. George P. Moore, Galt, Ontario, Executor of J. D. Moore Estate.

POULTRY WANTED.

A POLITRY WANTED OF ALL kinds. We pay highest price. Write for complete price list. Walter, 60 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

WE HAVE THE BEST MARKET IN Western Ontario for good live or dressed poultry. We supply crates and remit promptly. Get our prices before selling. C. A. Mann & Co., London, Ont.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

JUST TWELVE SALES EARLY \$18 premium and \$25. Opportunity to make several hundred dollars monthly. Write quick for details. Foster Phonograph Co., Foster, Que.

FOR SALE.

BLACKSMITH SHOP FOR SALE OR RENT. Apply to C. O. Patman, 87 Anns. R. R. No. 1, Ont.

SCOURING SOAPS.

Some Handy Recipes for the Housewife. A good scouring soap can be made at home at practically no cost at all, while it will be found far superior to many of the scouring soaps sold in the stores.

A Cure for Bad Breath

'Bad breath is a sign of decayed teeth, foul stomach or unclean bowels.' If your teeth are good, look to your digestive organs at once. Get Seigel's Carative Syrup at druggists. 15 to 30 drops after meals, clean up your food passage and stop the bad breath odor. 50c and \$1.00 Bottles. Do not buy substitutes. Get the genuine.

A War Obituary.

Solonan Grundy Married on Monday. Drafted on Tuesday. Claimed exemption on Wednesday. Wife leaving on Thursday. Sought the office Friday. Rejected him; with thanks to his country Saturday. And blew him up all Sunday. That was the end of Solomon Grundy. —Columbia State.

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ROYAL YEAST

TENERIFFE.

Spanish Possession Has Interesting History.

The most striking feature of Teneriffe is, of course, its famous peak. It is one of the great landmarks in these seas, and the traveller who approaches the island from Madeira some 300 miles away to the north is not long out of Funchal before he catches sight of the great mountain rising slowly out of the water. And so it may continue to rise all day, if the weather is clear, ever gathering to itself more detail, until, as his boat casts anchor off the mole at Santa Cruz, the peak towers above him, more than 12,000 feet. It gives one the impression that all of the island must be mountain, and the impression is not far astray, for, with its supports and spurs, the Pico de Tejde, as the Spaniards call it, does, indeed, occupy nearly two-thirds of Teneriffe. Its summit, on a clear day, is one of the great vantage grounds of the world. All the islands of the archipelago are visible from it, and the horizon is 140 miles away.

The island, of course, belongs to Spain, and, like most other Spanish possessions, has a long and interesting history. The story of Teneriffe is concerned largely with tales of high adventure on the high seas; of great enterprises, carried out by great adventurers, and afterwards "regularized" by the intervention of princes. Thus, although its existence was known for many centuries before his time, the island was officially discovered early in the fourteenth century.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gentlemen, - My daughter, 13 years old, was thrown from a sleigh and injured her elbow so badly it remained stiff and very painful for three years. Four bottles of MINARD'S LINIMENT completely cured her and she has not been troubled for two years.

Yours truly, J. B. LIVESQUE. St. Joseph, P. O., 18th Aug., 1906.

SASH WINDOWS.

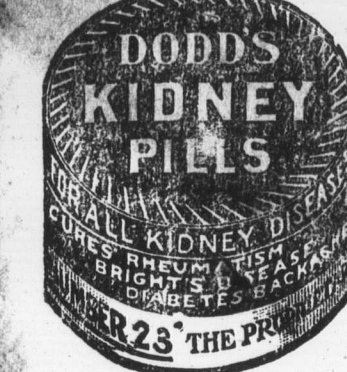
Probably a Dutch Invention of the Seventeenth Century. The history of sash windows is somewhat obscure, but the probability is that they were a Dutch invention and that they were introduced into England soon after the revolution of 1688.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere. The derivation of the word "sash" in this sense is the Dutch "saas," a sluice - old English "saase." In Queen Anne's reign they were yet so comparatively uncommon as to be mentioned as a special feature of houses that were advertised as "to let." In the Tatler, for instance, May 27-30, 1710, there is this advertisement: 'To be let, in Devonshire Square, near Bishopsgate, a very good Brick House of 3 Rooms of a Floor, and a good Hall, with very good light and dark closets, the whole house being well wainscotted and sashed with 30 Sash Lights.'

CARE OF YOUR WATCH.

Caution Should Be Expected in Method and Time of Winding. Do you know how to care for your watch properly? Of course you know that you can't expect it to keep time or even to run if you drop it on a cement sidewalk or tumble out of a canoe with your watch in your pocket.

But here are many finer details of care necessary if you are going to get the best results from your chronometer, says the Brooklyn Eagle. Uncle Sam, through his bureau of standards, has investigated the matter and has prepared a bulletin of instructions for the benefit of watch owners. His issues the ordinary warnings, advising you never to lean the back of the watch, exposing the movement, unless it is absolutely necessary; not to let your watch become magnetized by proximity to electrical apparatus; to replace broken crystals at once, etc. In regard to the importance of winding your watch regularly, the bulletin says: 'Even the delay of an hour in the time of winding may cause considerable variation in the rate in some instances. The winding should not be done jerkily, but steadily, and not too rapidly, and the same reason should be approached carefully to avoid injury to the spring or winding mechanism. It is generally regarded as slightly better to wind the watch in the morning than at night, as the rare variations of the balance under the light spring will perhaps give more uniform results with the movements and jar of the watch during the day than if the balance wheel were subjected to the lesser tension twelve hours after winding. The difference is, however, not so important as the regular winding of



GETTING the SPIRIT

ROSE ANN shook her head vigorously and surreptitiously drew her handkerchief from the folds of her peg-top skirt.

Not surreptitiously enough, however, to escape the eagle eye of her co-partner in the notions at the Arcade Dry Goods Emporium.

"Why the dew drops, sweet Rosie?" nagged Loretta of the skinkily hazel eyes and smooth Auburn braids above her too perfectly arched brows.

"Oh, it's no use, 'Retta. Here it is Wednesday, only one more day to shop, and I've got no more Christmas spirit than a burned out fire cracker. What's ailing me? I've done without lunch the last week, trying to get it. Not a tingle down my spine, not a thrill when I see an express wagon. I've shopped my usual nickel's worth when the crowds were thickest, and I've done everything but write a letter to Santa Claus. It might as well be Decoration Day for all the excitement I can gather."

"Forget it, Rose Ann," said Loretta, shifting her Spearmint from biscuipied to molar somewhere in the rear. "Oh," she added, seeing Rose Ann's hopeless expression, "go out and fell a pine or something. Get up a cantata, talk the weather man out of a snowflake. Hurry up, let's cover up these counters and beat it. There's the gong, and I've got a lead-pipe cinch on a table de hoty dinner with Mr. Fister to-night."

With leaden hands Rose Ann helped the nimble-fingered Loretta spread the drab gray covers over the notions. If one only worked in anything but notions at Christmas-time. Nobody bought 'em; if they did, one could never guess what they might be making. In ribbons or laces one might get lots of new ideas and even suggest a few to the interested buyer. But supporters and hooks and eyes, and hairpins and tape! Nothing red but elastic; nothing Christmasy but the dusty red bells, and artificial holly festooned above the tables.

In the tiny cloak room Loretta adjusted her lace veil over a green toque, and fastened her flowing jabot with a rhinestone bar pin.

"Sorry I can't wait, Rose Ann. But I promised Mr. Fister I'd meet him at six sharp. Anyway, I think the new shoe department head would cherish a walk home with you. G'night."

With which parting shot Loretta waltzed out of the room on her way to a real dinner. Rose Ann pulled her sailor down over her brown curls with trembling hands. How did Loretta know the new head man in shoes had even looked at her? 'Twas true, he had spoken to her once or twice, and he sometimes came down on the same car with her, but as to his attentions warranting an open joke from Loretta—never! With head held high she

walked from the store with eyes to the front. She might have saved herself the trouble, for the new "poor but honest" as Loretta had dubbed him, was enroute home.

For blocks Rose Ann walked, darting between package-laden pedestrians, pressing her nose to shop windows, even venturing into some particularly gay places in quest of her earnestly sought Christmas spirit. Arrived home, she explained her lateness to her mother by pleading a headache, and the need of fresh air and a walk.

Long after her mother was asleep Rose Ann addressed her Christmas cards and cut tissue paper for her simple little gifts. Finally she threw down the scissors; her fingers wouldn't tie perky bows, her gifts all looked commonplace.

She dumped the lot into the box couch and dropped off to sleep, with a troubled heart. Was she growing old at twenty-three? No, that couldn't be it—people at seventy-five still had Christmas spirit when they were supposed to. Was she ill? No, not when she could eat seven hot rolls for dinner.

The next morning found her no nearer a solution. But she was a normal girl, and she loved her mother dearly, and the sun was shining. So for the time she smiled and was happy. But once in the whirl of shoppers she was again disturbed at the lethargic manner in which she executed sharp orders; at her absolute lack of spirit.

She could not bring herself to look at the "poor-but-honest." She could not let him see that she was calm and spiritless at this time of all the year. Again she forfeited her lunch to dash out into the cold, stinging air; to mingle with the gay, hurried throngs. But she came back at one-thirty a little disheveled, with one or two last-minute gifts, and—no spirit.

The afternoon seemed consoling. When at seven o'clock the last shift came on for the Christmas eve rush, Rose Ann took off her black apron reluctantly. As she stooped to recover her pencil, Loretta remarked in no unkindly tone, "Even lookin' on the floor for your spirit, me little Rosie? Say, make a little more stock in things level with your eyes, and don't intensify so on the spirit, up or down! You'll find it sure as soon as you stop lookin' for it. Merry Christmas, Rose Ann, G'night."

Rose Ann hurried home to help her mother assemble some remembrances for the washwoman's children. The two of them made popcorn balls, and ginger-bread men with funny faces; filled stockings with candy and trinkets, and wrote rhymes for each child's Mother Goose book. Rose Ann's eyes glistened and her hair tumbled in riotous curls on her temples. At length they finished the

baskets of childish, sweet gifts for the kiddies, and Rose Ann opened the box couch and brought forth her unwrapped gifts. Her heart dragged; her mouth drooped. For fear her mother would notice her change of humor, she snatched up a sweater and ran onto the back porch steps. For a while she sat with chin in hand, glancing first into one lighted window and then another across the alleyway.

Suddenly she jumped up, catching the post, strained her eyes across the darkness into a room in the opposite house. She brushed her hand across her forehead, and looked again. There in his second floor rear stood the "poor-but-honest," struggling with an awkward package on a table. He tried first one way and then another, then gave it up, clutching his hair, and tangling yards of red ribbon in his despair.

Rose Ann had a wild moment of indecision. Then, dashing into the house, she pretended a mystery though he traversed the aisle oftener than his duties demanded, rushed out sped down the walk and knocked at the front door corresponding to the back window above. For a brief moment her heart pounded and she thought she must run home. But 'er she could suit the action to the thought, the front door was thrown open, and there stood the "poor-but-honest."

"Er—well—oh," gasped Rose Ann. "I didn't know you lived here until I saw you from my back steps, and somehow, all of a sudden, I just had to come show you how to tie up that package. And I'm sorry—I—that I haven't looked at you, and—oh, let's go fix up the Christmas package."

And then the "poor-but-honest," because he wasn't poor in the real sense, and because he was very honest, did not mince matters. He let her tie up the package very carefully, because next morning it was to be for her. And he went home with her through the still cold night, and let her tell him how she had suddenly "gotten the spirit," by wanting to help somebody else. "That's the whole secret," she said happily. "I was too intent on doing things for myself. To-night I had a real thrill, when I was helping mother fix the poor kiddies' baskets. Then when I came to my own thought—over gifts, my heart sank again, and I had to go out and make myself get over it. Then I saw you struggling over that maze of ribbon, and the spirit came over me in a flood; and—"

They reached the steps. He took her face between his hands. "Was it only the holiday spirit, Rose Ann, my dearest?"

Her radiant eyes answered his question 'er her lips could frame a reply.

In the distance the Christmas carolers were singing that sweetest of Christmas songs: "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear."

"How thoughtful of Santa Claus to write!" said Mrs. Kennedy. "I suppose Donald has the motor boat, so will get the box of soldiers; and Charlie has the cannon, so will have the sailors."

"No; I have got the motor boat," said Charlie. "And Donald has the cannon."

Donald did not say anything, but he looked very, very solemn. "Oh, why did I change my motor boat for the cannon?" he thought.

He looked even more serious still when the parcels in the porch were opened, for the box of soldiers was the most splendid one he had ever seen. There were rows and rows of horse and foot soldiers, with shining swords and brightly-painted coats. The sailors were very nice, but nothing came up to soldiers in Donald's eyes.

"I think there has been some mistake," said Uncle Bob, noticing the piteous expression on his nephew's face. "I had a private talk with Santa Claus, and told him particularly that you were to be the gallant soldier of the Kennedy family, and Charlie the sailor boy. There has been a mistake somewhere, I am sure."

As the hours of Christmas Day went by the Kennedy children, with happy, contented faces, played with their new toys—all but Donald, and he looked more and more solemn.

III. It was Christmas night, Donald and Charlie were in bed. Charlie was asleep, but Donald lay awake. Presently manly footsteps passed the half-open door.

Uncle, uncle—is that you?" called Donald.

"Yes; why aren't you asleep, young man?"

"I can't sleep; I am worried, uncle. Please sit on my bed, quite close to me. I want to confide in you."

Uncle Bob smiled in the dark. "Speak on," he said.

"Uncle, you seem to know more about Santa Claus than the rest of us; you are friends with him, aren't you?"

"Yes; Santa Claus and I make little plans together sometimes. What is the matter?"

"Well, it is like this. I thought that Santa Claus had made a mistake when I saw the motor boat in my stocking and the cannon in Charlie's, so I thought I'd put the mistake right. If I had left them as they were, I should have had the soldiers; and I do want them."

"I thought something odd had happened," said Uncle Bob. "Another time you must leave Santa Claus to rectify his own mistakes. I am sorry about the soldiers, but you must be content with the sailors."

"I am awake," came from the other bed. "Donald can have the soldiers. I'd really rather have the sailors, but I did not like to say so," said Charlie.

So Donald had the soldiers and Charlie the sailors, and everyone was pleased.

And Donald has made up his mind not to interfere with Santa Claus' plans another Christmas.

FOR THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

Make your Christmas tree ornaments.

Get ready plenty of glittering things.

String popcorn, cranberries and gilt paper balls.

Cut five-pointed stars of cardboard, and cover with gilt paper.

Make tiny paper dolls and dress them like fairies to hang on the tree.

Use white popcorn freely on the tree; with pin attach a single piece of popcorn to the tip of each branch or twig. It takes a little time, but repays the effort, giving the tree a beautiful snow-rusted appearance.

Little peanut dolls dressed in gay colors make good tree ornaments.

Use yellow tulle or netting to make small bags and fill the bags with popcorn.

Pink and white popcorn, wired in different shapes, is very nice for the Christmas tree.

A Realistic Picture.

A still life by Jan van Huysen in the museum at The Hague was injured, but it is believed that the perpetrator was neither thief nor vandal. The picture represents a basket of fruit on which a number of insects have gathered. On a pale yellow apple, which is the centerpiece in the cluster of fruit, is a large fly, painted so true to nature, the officials of the gallery say, that the canvas was injured by some one who endeavored to "shoo" it and brought his cane too close to the canvas. "A tribute to the painter's genius," says the letter recording the fact, "for which the work had to suffer."

Celebrating the Day Anciently and Now

On Christmas eve the bells were rung; on Christmas eve the mass was sung. That only night in all the year. Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear. The damsel donned her kirkle sheen; The hall was dressed with holly green. Forth to the wood did merry men go To gather in the mistletoe. Then opened wide the baron's hall To vassal, tenant, serf and all. Power laid his rod of rule aside, And Ceremony doffed his pride. The hair, with roses in his shoes, That night might village partner choose.

So sang Sir Walter Scott of the glories of Christmas eve and of Christmas itself. And the world yields to him the palm for the best practical description of the season's dear delights.

Christmas with us is a day of giving and receiving, of good cheer and good feeling, and essentially it is one of religious significance. Hence it will sound strange to many to be told that a number of our Christmas customs come down to us from pagan times. Yet such is the fact. Traces of some heathen rites are found in England as well as here, and the cause of their survival lies deeper than theology. Where the mother country, so called, was converted to Christianity the priests found her people wedded to many old customs. Not all of these were what they would have had them, but they had a practical work to perform and went at it in a practical way. The more revolting of these customs they properly uprooted altogether; the better of them they preserved, only in grafting the rites of the church upon them.

Thus it came about that festivities which had their origin in the old Roman Saturnalia and had come into use among the druids survived in the grim mythology of the Saxons and are a portion of our inheritance to-day. Conspicuous among these are the burning of the Yule log and the hanging of the mistletoe bough.

Among all people who celebrate the day at all it has always been a day for eating and drinking, for singing and dancing and merriment of all kinds. Indeed, this has been the criticism of the church against the manner of observance—that its spiritual meaning was too often forgotten in the

general tide of worldly cheer.

In England its observance is universal. The chroniclers tell us that in Cheshire no servants would work on this day, even though their failure to do so resulted in their discharge. The richest families were compelled either to do their own cooking on Christmas or eat what had been prepared beforehand, while dancing and merriment reigned.

And the games that were played number nearly legion, the most of them, though, on Christmas eve. Running in sacks, ducking for apples, jumping at cakes suspended by a string and trying to catch them between the teeth, drinking hard cider mixed with egg and spices, and a score of others—these claimed and still claim in Devonshire the time of old and young; the children themselves being allowed on this one night to sit up until the midnight bell tolls.

What has been aptly called "a beautiful phase in popular superstition," a very old belief, was that all the powers of evil lay dormant and harmless on Christmas Day.

The cock crowed through the live-long night to drive all evil spirits away; the bees sang in their winter hives; the cattle, half human at all times, became wholly so at midnight and talked like human beings.

Bread that was baked the night before Christmas could not possibly become moldy. The streets in many places were filled with numbers in fantastic garb.

Indeed, there were mummings in the days when Saturnalia reigned over even the Roman emperors, but they were not necessarily of the Christmas time. The love for masquerade is almost as old as the human race itself.

But as to the day itself, it was then, as it is now, a very merry day, with good fellowship bubbling even from hearts where theological nonbelief dwelt—a day sacred to the family, to the eating of roast turkey and cranberry sauce or roast beef and plum pudding and wafers and the drinking of beer, ale and wine.

It has changed to some extent since the old day, but it is still the happiest day of all the year—at least where the shadow of misfortune does not cloud the sky.

GAMES TO MAKE CHRISTMAS MERRY

AFTER all, there are no new games more amusing or fun-giving than the old-fashioned ones, such as progressive conversation, pass the button, twisting a word to make as many other words as possible, guessing contests and forfeit games. Though there is "nothing new under the sun," one of these herewith suggested may aid a distracted holiday hostess.

Gathering Snowballs.

For the littlest tots this game will prove very enjoyable. To each one give a fluffy cotton snowball, which should be attached to one ankle with a narrow elastic, just to hold it lightly. One child sits on the floor while the others join hands and dance around him. Without moving from his seat, the one in the centre reaches for the snowball on the ankle that seems easiest to reach. The players must not let go of each other's hands in endeavoring to dance out of his reach. When one is caught he is deprived of his snowball, and must take the other's place in the ring. As the contest narrows down to the last two or three who still have their snowballs the game grows quite exciting. After everybody has served his turn in the centre, they may have a lively "snowball fight" with the trophies.

Novel Ways to Choose Partners.

To avoid the "twosomeness" which is so apt to exist in the average towns, the wise hostess plans to have her guests choose partners at least once during the evening. Two entertaining ways are given.

1. Cut a large circle of white cardboard, dividing it with red ink into as many sectors as there will be girls present. Write a girl's name in each division. Make a large red arrow and attach to the centre of the circle with a brad. Lay the circle on a smooth table and have each boy come up in turn and spin the arrow, thus

choosing his partner. Of course, if a girl's name has been chosen, the boy must again take his turn. The hostess may avoid the embarrassment of there being a last choice, by refusing to be chosen until all her guests are accounted for.

2. Another very pretty method is to have a large holly wreath suspended in a doorway. Present the girls, who are in one room, with a piece of mistletoe to which is attached a long red ribbon. The ribbons are all put through the holly wreath and the boys in the next room each choose an end from the maze. The wreath is cut, and the girls wind up the ribbon, thus "drawing" their partners.

Charades.

Old-timey, but what is more fun than this game of guessing? The charades may be arranged for beforehand, or may be impromptu.

A littl girl with her arms outstretched, a star on her forehead, and draped with popcorn and tinsel would make an easily-guessed tree.

A boy might place a can on a table in the room, and in leaving, say "Ta-ta" (Cantata).

A boy wearing a Turkish fez, or an imitation one (cap with tasse) holding a key (Turkey).

One person might take aim with a small missile at another's foot. The answer is obvious—mistletoe.

A word which has to do largely with the modern Christmas might be suggested by one person calling the roll, and others in the picture answering "Present" (Presents). This is not as easy to guess as it sounds. Those who are guessing are looking for a catch-word.

Any number of words appropriate to this season may be enacted, and many may be thought up in the excitement of the game, which will cause much merriment and much competition between the opposing sides, which are chosen at the outset of the game.

Santa Claus' Mistake

IT was very early Christmas morning; it would have been quite dark in the bedroom if it had not been for the street light outside the window.

Side by side against the wall stood two white beds. In one slept Charlie Kennedy, aged five; in the other, Donald Kennedy, aged seven, lay awake.

From the foot of each bed hung stockings.

"It looks like night out of doors," thought Donald. "But I have it is really morning, and it is morning I shall just have to peep into my stocking to see what Santa Claus has brought."

Donald slipped a bare pink foot out of bed, then the other followed, and in his blue and white striped pyjamas he peeped to the well-filled stockings and emptied the contents on the floor.

In the dim light he could see a knife, a Chinese puzzle, an orange, and a box of sweets, also blackwork motor boat.

He put the things carefully back, then looked longingly at his other's stocking.

"I'll just peep at Charlie's. That'll be no harm," he thought.

"I had much the same as Charlie's," he thought.

work motor boat, there was a cannon. Donald handled it lovingly. "Santa Claus ought to have known that I mean to be a soldier. He should have given me this cannon," he muttered. "Charlie is to be a sailor, so the motor boat would be just the thing for him. Santa Claus has made a mistake—that's what he has done."

Donald put back Charlie's presents and crept into his warm bed. But he could not sleep; he kept thinking of the cannon and the motor boat.

"I am sure Santa Claus has made a muddle about us. I shall set things right."

And so saying, Donald got out of bed once more, and put Charlie's cannon in his own stocking, and gave his brother the motor boat.

Having done this, Donald once more got into bed, and this time he soon went to sleep.

II.

It was Christmas Day and breakfast-time. Around the breakfast table in the dining-room, decorated with evergreens, sat Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy, Donald and Charlie, and their sisters, Doris and Rose, whilst Uncle Bob was placed between Donald and Charlie to see that they "behaved themselves," as he laughingly remarked.

As they were all chattering, Ellen, the parlormaid, entered with a tray. On the tray was a letter.

"I wonder who that is," remarked Uncle Bob. "I am sure the postman has brought it early as it is Christmas Day."

"It is addressed to Master Donald and Master Charlie, and I found it in the drawing-room grate, ma'am. It looked just as if it had fallen down the chimney," said Ellen.

"What a peculiar place for a letter! Do let me see who it's from. Shall I read it out to you, boys?" asked his mother.

"Yes, please, mummy. I expect it is from Santa Claus. I dare say he dropped it down the chimney in passing," said Donald.

"Mother and father smiled at this suggestion, whilst Uncle Bob grinned broadly.

"Why, it is from Santa Claus, as you said," remarked Mrs. Kennedy, looking very surprised. He writes:

"Dear Donald and Charlie,—A line in great haste to say that I have just found I have made a mistake about the things I put in your stockings last night. I did not know before which of you had settled to be the sailor and which the soldier, or I should have given the presents differently. Now I know, and, to make up, please look in the porch, and the box of soldiers you will find there is for the boy who had the motor boat, and the box of sailors for the boy to whom I gave the cannon. I hope this will please you both. I should have left the soldiers and sailors in your bedroom, but it is nearly light as I write this, and I am of a nervous disposition, and should not like you to see me, as I am so shy."

"Your loving friend, Santa Claus."

"That is very interesting," said Mrs. Kennedy, "but what is to be done about the things in the stockings?"

"I don't know," said Donald, "but I am sure the postman has brought it early as it is Christmas Day."

"I wonder who that is," remarked Uncle Bob. "I am sure the postman has brought it early as it is Christmas Day."

"I had much the same as Charlie's," he thought.

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