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The Reporter Office
Athens, Ont.

The Athens Reporter

—AND—

COUNTY OF LEEDS ADVERTISER.

Vol. XXVIII No. 50

Athens, Leeds County, Ontario, Wednesday, Dec. 18, 1912.

G. F. Donnelley, Publisher

BROCKVILLE'S GREATEST STORE

Gift China---Cut Glass

Bric-A-Brac, Lamps, Silverware, Etc.

Visit our big basement. We've gathered together here a wonderful display of truly beautiful and useful gifts at attractive prices. Come in and look around.

CUT GLASS VALUES

Cut Glass Lemonade Tumblers.....	\$3.50 doz.
Cut Glass Water Tumblers.....	\$4.00 doz.
Cut Glass 7 in. Vases.....	\$2.25 each
Cut Glass 9 in. Vases.....	\$3.50 each
Cut Glass 8 in. Bowls.....	\$3.00 each
Cut Glass Tankard Jugs.....	\$3.50 each

Pretty Gift Aprons

Ladies' Fancy Tea Aprons—Trimmed with lace, all over embroidery, and hand embroidered, prices from 25c to \$1.00.

Maid's Aprons—Bibs trimmed with embroidery insertion and edging, wide frill on bottom, many styles at, from 25c to \$1.25

Colored Allover Aprons—also white linen, with or without bibs, wide straps, prices from 25c up to 75c

Hand Embroidered Corset Covers—Made in France \$1.45 to \$2.50

Silk Hosiery

New Imported High Class Pure Silk Hose in black or white, for ladies, at \$2.50, \$2, \$1.50, \$1.50 and 75c

Children's pure silk Ribbed Hose black or white..... 89c

ROBERT WRIGHT & CO.
BROCKVILLE, CANADA.

Big Sale of Suit Cases and Travelling Bags

Over 200 to select from

KELLY'S

The Shoe Store of Quality

Next Door West of Robert Wright's.

BROCKVILLE

Tips on Christmas Gifts for Men

He won't tell you so, but we know that from the hundreds that deal here that he would like some of the natty new things we are showing.

HE WOULD LIKE SOMETHING FROM COLCOCK'S

A real nifty Dressing Gown	Half a dozen nice Ties
A Silk Knitted Muffler	A Tie and Muffler to Match
A box of Holeproof Hosiery	A nobby Sweater Coat
A Fancy Vest of tasty designs	A nice Umbrella
A pair of Silk Lined Gloves	One of our Xmas Shirts
A nice Cane	Wool Knitted Gloves

COLCOCK'S

Brockville

Ontario

HONORED THEIR TEACHER

At the closing session of the Model School on Friday, Dec. 18, the students of the Athens Model School presented Mr. S. Hitzman, the principal, with a beautiful quarter-cut oak morris chair, upholstered in leather, as a slight token of their esteem and appreciation. Miss Mabel Dorman read the following informal address,—

Dear Mr. Hitzman,—I have been requested by my fellow-students of the Athens Model School to offer you a slight token of our affection and regard. I cannot tell how delighted I am to be the means of conveying to you the expression of our united love. What we present to you is but a poor symbol of our feelings, but we know you will receive it kindly as a simple indication of the attachment which each of us cherishes for you in our heart of hearts. You have made our lessons pleasant for us—so pleasant that it would be ungrateful to call them tasks. We have often tried your temper and forbearance, but you have dealt gently with our waywardness, teaching us by example, as well as precept, the power of kindness and self-control. We will never forget you and in after life we shall look back to this Model Term as a time when the path of learning were strewn with flowers, and whenever memory recalls these days our hearts will warm towards you as they do to-day.

We do not wish to address you in any formal manner but as a beloved and respected friend, in which light, Mr. Hitzman, we all regard you. Please accept, with our little gift, our good wishes that you may be as happy as you have endeavored to make us; and may we be as faithful in our duties to others as you have been to us.

The Modelites of 1912.

Athens, Ont., Dec. 13, 1912.
Mr. Hitzman, although taken by surprise, expressed his thankfulness and appreciation in a few words, saying that one of the greatest joys of the teacher's life is to meet former pupils, and he felt sure the members of the 1912 Class would be found filling positions of honor and trust in the services of their country and of their fellow-citizens.

After a farewell song or two, a very pleasant term's work was brought to a close.

The students have made preliminary arrangements for a two week's outing at Delta Lake early in August, 1913.

TOWNSHIP COUNCIL

Special Meetings.—Nov 27, Dec. 4th, and Dec 11th, 1912

By-Law to make a woven wire fence of 9 strands No 9 steel wire with 12 stays to a rod, a lawful fence. Application to have a vote to Repeal Local Option By Law was not granted.

By Law for approval of the expenditure of \$6000, for permanent improvements of High School, was given first and second readings, with vote to be taken January 6th, 1913.

Richard Ferguson was authorized to pile stone in Road Div. 20 to the extent of \$170, at \$2.25 per cord to replace stone sold for County Roads purposes

Accounts ordered paid; Walsey Rowsome, repairing culvert, \$3; G. M. Bates, refund of dog tax, \$1.00; Edward Foster, repairing Coleman Wiltsie bridge, \$8.00; J. F. Harte, M.D., as M.H.O. in small pox case, \$20.00; R. Ferguson, repairing culvert on town line, \$2.00.

Council adjourned until 16th inst. R. E. Cornell Clerk.

LOCAL OPTION CAMPAIGN

Probably the greatest fight in the annals of prohibition in the Province of Ontario will be waged on election day in January. The revised list shows that there are no less than 277 licenses in danger. The "dry order" will be voted upon in one city, twenty-one towns, twenty-two villages and thirty-six townships. Twenty-one places are voting on a repeal, making one hundred and one contests in all. In the repeal wars six towns, six villages and nine townships will vote.

The temperance workers have brought on contests to secure local option in eighty contests out of 260 that were open to their efforts. The their interests have brought on repeal contests in twenty-one municipalities out of 240 which they might have attacked.

BARRETT-BULLIS

A very quiet wedding took place at the home of Mr and Mrs S. Y. Bullis on Tuesday, December 8 at 9.30 a.m. when their daughter Clella Louise was united in marriage to Mr Almond Grant Barrett, Rev. L. B. Henn of Lanigan officiated. The bride wore a pretty dress of silver spangled white net over mauve colored satin de chene. She also wore an embroidered silk net veil with a wreath of orange blossoms and carried a bridal spray of the same and lilies of the valley. The ceremony took place under an arch of white lace trimmed with flowers.

The table was tastefully decorated with pink carnations and smilax. After the wedding dinner Mr and Mrs Barrett left for Saskatoon. The bride's travelling costume was a red silk gloria dress trimmed with black soutache braid and black fringe, with a gray velvet hat.

Both bride and groom are held in high esteem and have the best wishes of their many friends. After their return they will reside near Ardath, Sask.

VILLAGE COUNCIL

The statutory meeting of the village council was held on Monday evening. All the members present. Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

On motion of H. H. Arnold, seconded by E. Taylor, the following accounts were ordered paid: Joseph Thompson 75c., J. P. Lamb & Son \$11.47, Karley & Purcell \$10.29, G. F. Donnelley \$66.87.

A By-law to provide for taking a vote on the question of granting money for improving the high school building was introduced and given its first and second readings.

On motion of W. H. Jacob, seconded E. Taylor, the date for holding the granolithic sidewalk court of revision was fixed for January 18, 1913.

On motion, the tax collector was given ten days in which to complete his work.

Council adjourned until Friday coming at 8 o'clock.

G. F. Donnelley, Clerk.

SPECIAL SERVICES

On Sunday evening there was a grand rally at the closing meeting of evangelistic services conducted by Messrs. Crossley and McCombe. The large auditorium of the Methodist church was filled to the doors and a feeling of intense interest was manifested in the services. The singing by the evangelists, assisted by Mrs. McCombe, the choral services and congregational singing were inspiring.

The services throughout have been un denominational and on the platform on Sunday evening Rev. W. Westell, Rev. W. H. Montgomery and Mr. Grant Hamilton, divinity student, occupied seats. Mr Crossley's address is regarded as having been the best of the series. His subject was "Mysterics," and after pointing out the many things in daily use (such as electricity, heat light), which man cannot explain, he said that the mystery of the spiritual life—was no greater than these. "Come, taste and see" introduced his closing appeal, to which many responded.

Following the usual service, all who had made a start in the divine life were invited to occupy seats near the altar, where they were addressed by Mr Crossley.

Interest in these special services has been widespread, many from the neighboring townships being present at the evening services.

Nomination Meeting

A Meeting of the municipal electors of Rear Yonge and EScott, will be held on Monday, Dec. 30, at 1 o'clock p.m. in the township hall for the purpose of nominating a reeve and four councillors for 1913.

John Rowsome, D.R.O., for No. 1 Polling Sub-division at Elisha Steven's residence and Wallace C. Brown poll clerk.

Thomas D. Spence, D.R.O., for No. 2 Polling Sub-division, at Albert Morris' residence, and Charles Howard poll clerk.

James K. Redmond, D.R.O., for No. 3. Polling Sub-division at Wallace Darling's residence and Frederick Hollingsworth, poll clerk.

R. E. CORNELL,
Township Clerk.

WE ARE NOW SHOWING THE MOST COMPLETE AND EXCLUSIVE RANGE OF

WOMEN'S NECKWEAR

ever shown in Brockville. Among the new styles are, The Bib Jabot; Sailor Robes; King of Rome; Medica; Broadway Bow, etc., etc. The styles are very exclusive, so different from what you see elsewhere.

Our Presentation Umbrellas are so much different from what has been shown other seasons—\$1.00 to \$5.00. We engrave free all umbrellas at \$2.50 and over and all put up in a pretty holly box.

SPECIALS

10 doz. shams pretty applique effects, Reg. 39c special 25c.
50 doz. Handkerchiefs, special 2 for 25c.
10 doz. pretty fancy blouses, next Spring styles, Special \$1.00.

C. H. POST

BROCKVILLE

Phone 54

ONTARIO

CHRISTMAS * SHOPPING

Take advantage of the Xmas cheap fare and come to us to buy your Xmas Gifts for Men and Boys. We'll refund your fare on purchases of \$15.00 and up.

Gifts "He" would appreciate

A nice Suit, Overcoat or Reefer
A fancy Vest, odd Coat or odd Trousers
A Coat Sweater, Underwear or Caps
Gloves and Mitts in wool or leather
Handsome Shirts in soft or hard fronts
Scarfs and Mufflers in all shades
Socks in plain black or fancy
Swell Ties in fancy boxes
Linen Handkerchiefs 1/2 doz. in a fancy box
Fancy Suspenders, Arm bands and Garters in fancy boxes
Cuff Links, Tie Pins in fancy boxes
Umbrellas, Toques, Fur Collars

We keep Everything the Latest at Popular Prices

GLOBE CLOTHING HOUSE

The Store of Quality

BROCKVILLE

ONTARIO

Suits That Stand Out

From the ordinary in the crowd are the regular products of our work rooms. You get none but fashionable clothes here, because that is the only kind we produce. Try us on your new suit and see how perfectly we fit you, and how well the clothes are made.

M. J. KEHOE

Clerical Suits a Specialty.



Light Your Kitchen with a Rayo Bracket Lamp

Sometimes in the kitchen or elsewhere you need a lamp held high, where it will light the whole room, and be out of the reach of children.

The Rayo Bracket Lamp is made for exactly this purpose. It is one of the famous Rayo Family—the best kerosene lamps made.

THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY, Limited TORONTO MONTREAL HALIFAX WINNIPEG ST. JOHN

THE OLD VIOLINIST'S CHRISTMAS.

He was old and feeble and poor—just one of those examples of a man who has lived too long. Slowly he wended his way down a crowded street until he reached that sign which marks the border line of hope and despair for so many human heads—the three balls.

Proud blood flushed the pallid features of the old man as he approached the broker. More years than many has yet lived seemed weighing upon the bowed head, and not only the deep set, hungry eyes, but every feature of that patrician old face expressed the humility of despair.

There, on the pawnbroker's ledger, which, like the roll of the recording angel, marks the downfall of many a soul and suffering enough to redeem it, was written the name of this old man, and over on the shelf in a rough case lay his Amati—the child of his old heart, the mistress of his soul.

"I haven't any money," admitted the old man. "But it's Christmas eve, and if you will allow me to sit here and lend me my old violin, I will play you a Christmas carol—a rhapsody."

There was a pleading in the old voice that would have opened a harder heart than the keeper of the shop beneath the three golden balls. The night had grown old, and it lacked less than an hour of the day which was to bring peace to the world.

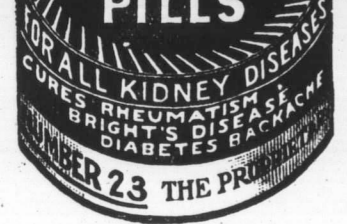
The touch of a loved one brings to life again the glory of our dead selves—youth to old age, strength to weakness—light to dull, aching eyes—courage, ambition, love, laughter—all it awakened. Gently the sacred prize was lifted—reverently its keys and strings were touched, as the old violinist drew the bow that was so perfectly wedded to his master hand.

And on the night air floated the joyous notes of the "Hosanna, Hosanna to the Highest." Loudly they rang—and then the echo, soft and silvery, quivered a moment. It was the pulse of the soul throbbing in one magnificent blending of harmony.

Then for a moment came the shadow of the present. The face became white again and the old hungry light shone from the eyes anew. Ah, could he ever have parted with this companion of his soul, tried horse? Food purchased at this price would choke him, but hunger is a persistent foe. It will bring from the heart almost any loved object.

You who know luxury or comfort, who have never felt poverty's heaviest curse—real, desperate, despairing, aching hunger—may not see this truth, but there is nothing under God's heaven that twists the heart into distorted shapes, destroys ideals, and compels us to surrender that which our hearts would bleed for under any other conditions like hunger.

Again the bow was drawn, though age had crept up to play the feeble limbs. Softly the "Miserere" moaned from the violin. "Ah, I have sighted to rest me, dear, in a silent grave," gently trilled the melody, while in a minor key the obligato cello forth its wail. Wonderfully sad flowed the music from the old violin.



Then, as the cathedral chimes rang out the tidings that a Christmas day was born, the "Gloria in Excelsis Deo" rashed forth in one magnificent soulbuster from the strings of the violin.

"Glory to God on high"—the tones seemed to soar beyond the sad old world—upward, upward until it seemed to touch the star studded dome and beyond to the throne most high. "Peace on earth"—the benediction seemed to strike into every soul.

The snowy old head rested against the loved Amati. The face was as white as the Christmas snow without—but the lips smiled. Peace on earth—peace, peace to the soul that slumbers.

WHERE COLD STORAGE HURTS

It is very pleasant, no doubt, to be able to put away large stocks of butter into cold storage when butter can be obtained for twenty cents a pound and to take it out of cold storage when it can be sold for forty cents a pound.

DIABETES Sano's Anti-Diabetes Is the only remedy which has a record of complete cures. Price \$2.00 at most leading Druggists.

THE SANOL MFG. CO., Limited WINNIPEG, MAN.

POULTRY MANAGEMENT.

Pullets hatched in April among the heavier breeds should be laying now if properly grown and matured.

What is the mystery in obtaining eggs in paying quantities when eggs are light? Some poultry raisers never fail to have towns producing year after year, and others claim they cannot obtain satisfactory results.

I was cured of terrible lumbago by MINARD'S LINIMENT. REV. WM. BROWN.

I was cured of a bad case of earache by MINARD'S LINIMENT. MRS. S. KAULBAK.

I was cured of sensitive lungs by MINARD'S LINIMENT. MRS. S. MASTERS.

ROSETTES.

They trim hats. They are on slippers. And they figure betwixt and between. The wheel rosette leads for new garters.

A SELFISH SELF-DENIAL.

"A little self-denial benefits us in the long run," said the ready-made philosopher.

SEED DISTRIBUTION.

By instructions of the Hon. Minister of Agriculture a distribution of superior sorts of grain and potatoes will be made during the coming winter and spring to Canadian farmers.

Applicants must give particulars in regard to the soil on their farms, and some account of their experience with such kinds of grain (or potatoes) as they have grown, so that a promising sort for their conditions may be selected.

Each application must be separate and must be signed by the applicant. Only one sample of grain and one of potatoes can be sent to each farm.

As the supply of seed is limited, farmers are advised to apply early; but the applications will not necessarily be filled in the exact order in which they are received.

All applications for grain (and applications for potatoes) should be addressed to the Dominion Cereals, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa.

Applications for potatoes from farmers in any other province should be addressed (postage prepaid) to the Superintendent of the nearest Branch Experimental Farm in that province.

NA-DRU-CO LAXATIVES are best for nursing mothers because they do not affect the rest of the system. Mild but sure. 25c. a box at your druggist's.

SHELTER FOR HOMELESS.

The new scheme for providing shelters for the homeless poor in Central London will apply in its first stages only to the area between the Embankment and Oxford Street, and from Vauxhall Bridge Road to the Temple.

The commissioner of Police is arranging that constables on night duty shall carry tickets to be handed to homeless persons in need, coming under their notice.

PILES CURED AT HOME By New Absorption Method. If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding piles, send me your address and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment.

FUR COMBINATIONS.

They're effective. Some are unusual. Coats show contrasting faces. Collar and cuff sets are in two sorts of furs.

A BUSY WOMEN'S THOUGHTS. A woman is as old as she looks—youth and a man is as young as he looks—old.

A PUBLIC MENACE. (Buffalo Courier) How the public can be protected from the vicious and the unbalanced who are murderously disposed is becoming a very grave problem.

THE LIQUOR CURSE. (Kingston Standard) In France, as a result of the increase in drinking, the proportion of male insane has increased from 14 per cent. to 47 per cent.

THE TRANSCONTINENTAL. (Montreal Herald) Silently, indomitably, in scorching summer heat and the maddening cold of the northern winter, the builders have toiled, while only faint echoes of their struggles have come to us in older Canada.

TOO LATE TO CHANGE. "A man can no more change his reputation than he can change his face or his arms," said Senator LaFollette, at a banquet in Madison.

HIS OWN MAKE. (Yonkers Statesman) "Do you mean John H. Good, the wealthy farmer, or young Sam Good, the socialist millionaire?"

Mr. Bacon—That Mr. Crossley, who called last evening, is a self-made man. Mrs. Bacon—Too bad he couldn't have made himself a little more agreeable.

A Boon to Stock-raisers

To Know How to Cure Colic, Distemper, Colds, Swellings, Etc., Saves Thousands Each Year.

Of Practical Interest to Horsemen

It is a matter of vital importance to every farmer, horse-owner, and stock-raiser to know exactly what to do when one of the animals is taken suddenly sick.

The letter of Mr. Frank G. Fullerton, which we print below gives information of inestimable value, and tells of his experience in curing all sorts of colic during the past thirty-eight years.

SAVED 1,000 BY NERVINE I lost several valuable animals. One told me of the success Mr. Wendling of Brockville, Ont., had in his racing stables with 'Nervine,' so I laid in a supply.

A BUSY WOMAN'S THOUGHTS Public opinion is subject to change, but it's an excellent thing to stand in with.

A Successful Treatment Mrs. Edward Kennedy, of Meriden, Conn., 40 years old, was advised by her physician to try Dr. Martell's Female Pills.

WOULD SOON LEARN. A Highland piper who had a pupil to teach originated a method by which he succeeded in reducing the difficulties of the task to a minimum and at the same time fixed his lesson in the pupil's mind.

IF YOUR BABY IS SICK GIVE BABY'S OWN TABLETS The little pills of babyhood and childhood should be treated promptly, or they may prove serious.

SOCIAL PUZZLES SIMPLY SOLVED Don't, when you drink, elevate your glass as if you were going to stand it, inverted, on your nose.

MAKE HOME ATTRACTIVE. It might not be impertinent to ask why children prefer to roam the streets at night rather than remain in their own homes?

THE POULTRY REVIEW PUBLISHED MONTHLY. Subscription \$1.00 PER YEAR. Brimming over with useful information for beginners and old hands.

BRITISH PLAN IS BEST. (Niagara Falls, N. Y. Gazette.) A New York lawyer who has made a special study of the law's delays estimates that a sum equal to the cost of the Panama Canal could be saved in this country every year simply by cutting out the time wasted in legal and judicial procedure.

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THE CZAREVITCH.

Russian Crown Prince His Father's Idol.

The Czarevitch, whose illness is occupying the sympathetic attention of Europe, is the idol of his father. Ever since his birth it has been the custom of the Czar to assist at his son's rising in the morning and occasionally to usurp the functions usually relegated to nurses and mothers and give the imperial baby his bath.

Not infrequently has the Czar given audience to his ministers in the Czarevitch's nursery, or received them in the audience chamber with the small hair to the imperial throne perched upon his knee.

The Czarevitch has been described as the most valuable child in the world. If he succeeds to the throne he will be in possession of some 400,000,000, at which sum the private fortune of the Romanoffs is valued.

Within a few days of his birth the infant's life was insured for 500,000, 300,000 less than the amount for which the Grand Duchess Olga, the eldest child, was insured.

THE SUCCESSION TO THE THRONE OF THE ROMANOFFS IS BY NO MEANS SO WELL SECURED IN THE DIRECT LINE AS IS THAT OF THE HOHENZOLLERNS.

THE KAISSER HIMSELF HAS SIX SONS AND GOODNESS KNOWS HOW MANY GRANDSONS. IN THIS CASE THE SILENT LAW ELIMINATES WOMEN FROM THE PROBLEM.

THIS ANTI-FEMINE DECREE, HAS NOT, CURIOUSLY ENOUGH, HAD THE SAME VIGOROUS APPLICATION IN AUTOCRATIC RUSSIA, WHICH IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY WAS BLESSED, OR CURSED, AS THE CASE MAY BE, WITH FEWER EMPRESSSES.

THE EMPEROR PAUL DECREED THAT THE SUCCESSION SHOULD BE THAT OF REGULARITY WITH PREFERENCE TO MALE OVER FEMALE HEIRS.

IT WAS IN VIRTUE OF THIS DECREE THAT THE PRESENT CZAR'S OLDEST BROTHER, GEORGE, WHO DIED IN 1859, WAS DECLARED HEIR PRESUMPTIVE IN SPITE OF NICHOLAS II. HAVING SEVERAL DAUGHTERS, AND IT WAS ONLY THE BIRTH OF THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS WHICH HIS UNCLE MICHAEL WAS DEPOSED FROM HIS POSITION AS 'CROWN PRINCE.'

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ISSUE NO. 51, 1912

HELP WANTED. WANTED—KNITTERS FOR JENCKES' Automatic and Creelina machines. Apply Kingston Hosiery Co., Limited, Kingston, Ont.

AGENTS WANTED. WANTED—AN EXPERIENCED SALESMAN in each town to introduce our line to the public; big money can be made and permanent position secured. Apply The Queen City Silver Co., Toronto.

FARMS FOR SALE. FARM FOR SALE, 172 ACRES TOWNSHIP OF NICHOL, COUNTY OF WELLINGTON, known as the Crabbe farm, two miles from Ferris, brick building and kitchen, bank barn. Terms, one-half cash, balance on mortgage, six per cent. Apply to Gibbons, Harper & Gibbons, London, Ontario.

FOR SALE—A CHOICE ONE HUNDRED ACRES located in the heart of the County of Norfolk's great fruit belt; a large place and mail delivery. \$5 under road state of cultivation. Balance good. Five acres berries and orchard; 29 acres fall grain; near Delhi; seven miles from Simcoe, on main road. Good water; new brick house; other buildings and fences in good condition. Apply to C. S. Nelles, Delhi, Ont.

\$300 A YEAR WILL RENT A choice 50 acre farm in Township of North Dorchester. Rent paid promptly for term of lease, clear deed of the property will be given tenant. Apply M. J. Kent, London, Ont.

FOR SALE—TAILORING BUSINESS. Good chance for right man; not much capital required. Apply to W. Buck, New Hamburg, Ont.

PORTABLE SAW-MILL, IMMEDIATELY. To cut on shares; water's work; also hotel, new with 60 acres of good timber. Rent paid. Apply to J. J. McEwen, 100 CANADA, Limited, 67-71 Adelaide Street west, Toronto. Please mention this paper.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH BILD Hard fabric manufactured by the Brunswick-Balke-Collerender Co., of Canada, Limited; fitted with Monarch cushions, used in the best billiard rooms and clubs in Canada; bowling alleys and hotel fixtures. THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLERENDER CO. OF CANADA, Limited, 67-71 Adelaide Street west, Toronto. Please mention this paper.

SHORTAGE OF ANTHRACITE COAL is creating a big demand for Hard Coke. We have it in Egg, Stove and Chestnut sizes. It is first class for furnace and cooking range. Delivered in car lots to all stations in Ontario. For price apply to THE WILSON SONS, LIMITED, Hamilton, Ont.

GIVE YOUR CANARY A large brass cage. Fresh water to drink. Lukewarm bathing water. A piece of cuttle-bone for bill-sharpening. Fine gravel to the depth of a fourth of an inch. See to his taste, ready mixed or to his taste. In summer, chickweed, plantain, sorrel or dandelion leaves. In winter, bits of apple or fig, and even lettuce toward evening as it makes him sleep. The leopard cannot change his spots, in which respect the girl with freckles has a decided advantage.

Boys and Girls Send Post Card to-day for how to make "Easy Pocket Money" Now's the Time. Address P.O. Box 1268, Montreal.

Mechanical Horse Used Abroad. A real mechanical horse is being experimented with abroad. It is a tractor that is easily hitched to any horse-drawn vehicle, just as a team of horses may be and combines all the advantages of the horse with those of the tractor at an exceedingly low price.

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SNOW CHILDREN

A Christmas Story

(By Josiah Dwight Whitney, in the Evening Post.)

This is the story of the only man who ever can truthfully say that he has seen the dance of the Snow Children in Ellenburg.

The Ellenburg graveyard lies on the side of a beautiful hill facing a great meadow, and in the center stands the most beautiful spruce tree that ever was seen with the roughest, most symmetrical lines, tapering to an exquisite point at the top. Every year it seems to grow prouder and more hardy than the year before, although the oldest inhabitant says that the seedling was brought over from Norway by the settlers of the village more than a hundred years ago. As no one in Ellenburg is as old as that, or even feels that old, the story is only a story.

However, everyone in Ellenburg except the village cobbler, who is by occupation and temperament a narrow-minded person, knows perfectly well that the Snow Children celebrate Christmas eve around the Norway spruce every 24th of December, just as the clock is striking midnight. It is not given to everybody to see them—in fact, nobody but John Christian ever really saw them. They say that those who go to the hillside out of mere curiosity neither hear nor see anything, while some who have accidentally sprayed their minds busied over the prospective happiness of their children on the morrow have heard sweet music playing, of a sort that no orchestra in Ellenburg, Insoberon, or Jensen's Ford has ever been known to produce. It came from the direction of the great spruce, and some say they heard shouts of childish laughter mingling with the music. But when they crept cautiously over toward the tree and peeped out from behind a broad headstone to see what the festivity might be, forgetting entirely their own chicks and the morrow, the spruce was dark and deserted, save that most people declared that a bright star in the east seemed to be burning more brightly than any star was ever known to burn, directly over the beautiful tapering summit of the Snow Children's tree.

Hans Engborg, the oldest inhabitant, says that the spruce was planted by one of the early settlers whose little daughter died in the middle of winter. The child was buried, so Hans says, with wild strawberries and snow-flower, on a Christmas eve, in the white place; and the seedling spruce was placed over her grave, where, though the ground was frozen as deep as the grave-diggers penetrated, it took root and grew into a goodly tree before the fawns set in. The father came and placed the toy he had bought at the foot of the evergreen, and while he sat on the new-made mound with his face in his hands, he saw a vision of the infant Jesus, lying in a manger in Bethlehem, and there were angel voices singing joyous melodies which left the father very, very sad, but said words to cure the bitterness in his heart. The spruce has grown for these hundred years—at least, that is what Hans Engborg says. Perhaps he embroiders on the story as the years go by, but at any rate Hans never says that all the little ones who have been laid away on that hillside since the first settlers' little girl celebrate Christmas eve by dancing about the great spruce. And Hans and all the other people in Ellenburg call them the Snow Children, although they have never seen them; and they say that the reason why John Christian saw them was that he loved little children as much as any mortal man could, and happened to be on the hillside one Christmas eve when he came very near to giving his life for one of them.

It was a bitter night, that starlit evening when the stockings were being hung! John Christian had risen from a sick-bed and gone across country five miles afoot, in fulfillment of his annual custom of taking a basket of Christmas things—fat goose, some cranberries and apples, red-checked Spitzerbergs and plum-pudding, to an aged dame who lived alone in a cottage by a wood. Once upon a time, a dozen, yes, more than a dozen and a half, years ago, the old woman had done a single kindly act to a flaxen-haired child, three who called Christian father; and John had never forgotten, though on a night like this he would have preferred to stay at home and make himself as comfortable as a sick man might about his own rooming, to see the old woman, "Shades of Thor, 'tis a cold night, mother!" he cried, as he entered the little cottage and sank into a chair. "And the fields are rough between here and Ellenburg?"

"Cold weather makes a merry Christmas," croaked the old dame. "And the good lord should send you, who remembers this old week like a son. A merry Christmas to you, John!" "It's little to remember you, mother, and a sorry Christmas that John Christian will be having, as usual. It was eighteen years ago, mother, eight years ago, that the little Christina was taken away on the flood; and twelve since the wife was taken and left John Christian alone in the world. And Christmas, when the children have the happiest time, brings the little Christina back—and she laughs and I hear her say 'Daddy, I have a hug for you' and the joy in my heart goes out and leaves a cruel lump instead."

"John, you should forget all that," said the dame who tried once a year to be soothing, for Christian was about the only visitor she had. "The Master will comfort, for he took the little snow-flower to be his own. Who knows? Perhaps she dances with the Snow Children to night."

"No, no! Not that!" said Christian. And then for a long time he sat gazing at the flames as they leaped up about the hickory logs in the fireplace. And definitely he bade the dame good-night and went out.

It was colder than ever as Christian took his way homeward through the fields, drawing his sheepskin coat closer about him. The ground was white with the thinnest simpering covering of feathery snow; the moon threw

the shadows of the tall chestnuts and beeches in long, pale streamers across the brilliant earth; and amidst the tracery of the woods lay a soft, ineffable mist. Presently a flake of snow fell on John's nose. Then a breeze sprang up and drove clouds up from the horizon till the moon was hidden. At last the flakes flew thick and fast and Christian swung his arms lustily to drive the chill away.

The last mile of his walk carried him by the rustic bridge over the little stream which winds its way through the meadow overlooked by the burial-ground. The snow was blinding now, John Christian's blood suddenly tingled and ran hot at the sound of a faint cry of distress from near the bridge. To him it was the same voice of a child which had called to him in terror eighteen years before, when the darkness and flood had closed about the one child which God had given him—Oh! Help! Oh, the cold water—some one! Christian stumbled down the embankment and saw a struggling figure in the water. He ran out on the ice, and it broke with him also. Then a pair of hands clutched him under the neck and dragged him under, tightening on him, like the grip of death. "For her sake! It might have been Christina!" he cried to himself, as the chill water cut to the marrow of his bones and the hands choked him till he sank completely under.

It was not difficult to release the choking hands, but John Christian, sick, cold and exhausted, found it harder to extricate himself and the owner of the hands from the hole. Each time that he tried to lift himself up, the ice broke. So the struggle went on till at last, when Christian succeeded in pulling himself out, on the shore with his precious burden, he was nearly exhausted.

It was she that was helping him now. "Come," she seemed to be saying, "we must run. We shall freeze. Run! It means death to stay here." And the hands that had helped choked now helped Christian to his feet.

Oh, but it seemed cold to poor John Christian! The wind drove the snow into his face and bit his flesh like needles; his temples seemed to be sheathed in a helmet of ice; and his wet clothes became as steel and tor his flesh as he walked. Yet he must get home! Over the bridge through the burial-ground, just as the town clock sounded the midnight hour, "It might have been little Christina," he kept muttering.

Suddenly all Christian's suffering ceased and the air about him became as warm and balmy as a summer's day. He saw a Christmas spruce before him in a blaze of light, and the Snow Children were "oh-ing and ah-ing" about it. The branches had never looked quite so beautiful, and at the very top shone a star which was brighter than the brightest flaming aur-light you ever saw. There were twinkling candles which burned in all the most dazzling colors; and apples and oranges of the reddest red and the yellowest yellow hanging on the tips of the boughs. The Snow Children looked up at the pretty bangles on the tree, the tinsel and pop-corn strings, the colored glass balls and the brightly painted toys. Then they laughed a joyous laugh and danced round the tree holding hands.

The ground under the tree was covered with sparkling snow; it seemed as soft as velvet, and the children's feet left no marks. The children all wore thin white dresses, and did not seem to be cold at all, and for that matter, neither was Christian, who felt himself surrounded by the most delicious warmth and heard a chorus as of a thousand angels chanting carols in the sky.

"Christina! Christina!" he cried aloud. But no little flaxen-haired child answered the call. The Snow Children stopped their dancing and stood looking at him wistfully. One said: "He would have given his life for us."

Christian could not have told you how it was that he woke up later in his own bed, feeling very weak, with a yellowing nurse standing beside him, wearing the same wistful expression he had seen on the faces of the Snow Children. "You have been very sick, you are getting over pneumonia," she said. "What has happened to me?" asked Christian, never moving his eyes from the nurse.

"Yes, dragged me out of the water on Christmas eve. I was coming to Ellenburg on a hurry call that night—Hans Engborg is a great grandfather now! I had never been here before—at least, not for a great many years. I missed the turn at the bridge in the blinding snow and walked into the creek. You pulled me out. It was brave of you. You did it because you once loved a little girl of your own."

Christian lay silent for a long time after this. He was thinking back over the years to the time when the spring frosts had come down with such unheeded violence and swept nearly the whole town of Ellenburg away as suddenly as a chess player sweeps the board with a stroke of his arm. He saw his three-year-old child clinging to a board and crying piteously to be helped, then carried beyond sight.

"Yes, there was a little girl whom I loved once," said Christian at last. "She was carried away in a flood that she would never be found too big for us, and—no never—found her. Perhaps she had golden hair like yours, and the largest brown eyes, which was strange for one of us, but beautiful. She gave her father more than any grown woman could give—that perfect love and confidence of a child. If she were a father is a rough, mannerless dog, with no claim to anybody's love or admiration. But in those days she was too young to know. He was the best man in the world to her eyes, and in return she was adored."

"And her name was Christina," said



the nurse, hastily. She had turned away from Christian and was looking out of the window, shading her eyes with the muslin curtain. "How did you know?" asked the man in bed. "Because when you were freezing to death in the burial ground you cried out 'Christina!' twice, and I thought it was strange you did not have told what color those eyes were as she turned them on him, so full of tears were they—'And, father—daddy—I've got a hug for you!'"

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse The stockings were hung by the chimney with care, In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there. The children were nestled all snug in their beds, While visions of sugar plums danced in their heads; And mamma in her kerchief and I in my cap, Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap. When out on the lawn there rose such faint lights, I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter. Away to the window I flew like a flash, Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash. The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow, Gave a lustre of midday to objects below. When what to my wondering eyes should appear, But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer, With a little old driver so lively and quick, I knew in a moment it must be Saint Nick. More rapid than eagles his coursers they came, And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name: "Now Dasher! Now Dancer! Now Prancer! Now Vixen! On, Comet! On, Cupid! On, Dunder and Blitzen! To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall! Now dash away, dash away, dash away fly. As dry leaves that before the wild wind bellow, When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky."

YULETIDE FAIRY TALE FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS

A FLOOD, A TRAMP AND A FAIRY.

It had rained and rained and rained. For ten days this particular part of Nebraska had been soaked and soaked by water which fell out of the sky. The Kaw River was twice its normal size, and all the rivers and brooks and creeks which empty into the Kaw were roaring and spluttering, and making the Kaw more and more dangerous.

The railroads had stopped trying to run trains. Many bridges were gone, and many more were weak and twisted out of shape. But the rains could not stop the Tramp. On and on he came, searching for work, the first time in three years.

Why his fine resolution. He had begun to think of his wife and baby, that's why. Now he was nearing the town of Fairburg, and about one mile west of the bridge and railroad yards (where he expected to find work, for he had once been a railroad man) he came upon a bridge over which the water was pouring. And the Tramp stopped—and prayed.

"Could it be," he asked God, that just at the time when he was about to try to become a man once again, the storm would stop him? As the big, ragged man stood near the bridge, which it did not seem he could possibly cross, a little child suddenly appeared before him and looked into his eyes.

"Of course, the Tramp was surprised. For something like three years he had run away from his wife and children had run away when he came near them. "What wouldst thou, big man?" asked the child. "So the Tramp plucked up his oozing courage and told his story—and how he wanted to go to work. "Gleefully did the little fairy child laugh up into his bearded face. "Come with me," the child said, and nimbly up the great steel framework from which the bridge

So up to the house-top the couriers they flew, With the sleigh full of toys and Saint Nicholas, too, And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof The prancing and pawing of each little hoof. As I drew in my head and was turning around, Down the chimney Saint Nicholas came with a bound. He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot, And his clothes were all furnished with furs and shawls; And a bundle of toys he had flung on his back, And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack. His eyes, how they twinkled, his dimpled how merry, His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry. His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow. And he heard on his chin as the snow fell as the snow! The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth, And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath. He had a broad face and a little round belly, That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly. He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf. And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself. A wink of his eyes and a twist of his head, Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread. He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work. And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk, And laying his finger aside of his nose, And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose. He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle, And away they all flew like the down of a willow. But I heard him exclaim ere he drove out of sight: "Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night."

WHERE SHE SPANKED.

A little boy had eaten too much unbecomingly of his Christmas supper and was now reacting lustily. His mother's visitor was much disturbed. "If he was my child," she said, "he'd not get a good sound spanking." "He deserves it," the mother admitted, "but I don't believe in spanking him on a full stomach." "Neither do I," said the visitor, "I'd spank him over."



hung, and which the water had not yet reached. So the tramp followed, and soon, with the child leading, her hair flying and drenched by the rain, her two of them were on the very top-most steep girder. Yet the Tramp—now become a man—could not bear to see the child thus exposed to cold rain and danger; and so he picked her up in his arms and wrapped her close in his coat. And they crossed the mud and stream in safety. But when they reached the other side the child disappeared all in a minute, right out of his arms. Next day the superintendent of the railroad was glad to hire a man who looked so big and strong. And the tramp is not so sure that it was not the spirit of his own little child which came to him in the guise of a fairy.

CABIN DAYS RECALLED

A CHRISTMAS STORY BY

ELLEN R. C. WEBBER, in Vancouver Sunset

Nika tiken mika glatawa oook nika house, mas kloshe pola khi saghalie Lyhee klatawa oook ilahie. Tenas cultus potlach, hyin cultus hee. Mika wa-wa halo,—nika hyin siek tumtum;—hyin cly!

I was living just beyond the ragged fringe of civilization when these invitations were sent out to my neighbors, just across the river; the only neighbors within ten miles.

My cabin home was in the heart of the Cascades and just on the bank of the Fraser where it comes tumbling, white flecked and roaring still, high-walled canyon.

The river is narrow here; and just on the other side lived Capt. George and Capt. Jim, two brothers, with their families.

George came across in her canoe to visit me and tell me of her anxieties about the great holiday season.

Lucy was slim and pretty, with hair glossy smooth and braided. Her print dress was clean, her white apron spotless and her head and shoulders, was neatly folded and hung over the back of an unmade chair.

"Baptiste is more bad," she told me sadly, "the priest, he say we must not go to the mission this Christmas day to meet all the people, cause this east wind he blow so cold mebbe Baptiste he be dead in the canoe. Baptiste, he heap cough sick; some day he not get out his bed; he not eat nothin' and he no more fat stop his bones."

"I think pretty soon he go way long o' Ales, he not come back no more, no more!"

The words came with a plaintive moan as the little mother who had lost one boy just a few months before through this same dreaded white plague, clasped her hands and rocked her body forward in grief for her oldest son; her first-born.

It came that we planned our Christmas party and that these curious invitations were sent out. We hurried an order off to the store for toys and gifts for our friends, and then we cooked and baked. In all probability it was Baptiste's last Christmas here, and it must be made a happy and merry one.

Now, I had often imagined I was somewhat weak in Chinook grammar and construction, and the note of acceptance written by Baptiste and delivered by Jimmie, jun., strengthened my doubts on that subject.

This is Baptiste's note: Mrs. Webber, Your nice kind letter ask us come over to your house, make me very glad, also make my father glad, and make my mother glad, and my brothers and sisters, they were glad also.

I read your very welcome letter myself. We think you like learn Chinook, some day we learn you talk it alright. So good-by; we much oblige you; we sure come over in our canoe on the big day for your potlach and good time.

Your friend, Baptiste. The novelty of the preparations for this unique Christmas party gave zest and employment to every hour of labor expended upon it.

British Columbia woods hold many treasures for the decorative art. Scarce flowers which may be dug from mossy vines, everlasting, and a plant so closely resembling English holly that it is difficult to detect the points of difference. No labor was spared in this line, and in one corner of the large living room the laden tree, ribbed and beaded with English holly and Indian alike. Across the other corner a big damp sheet was stretched, and excited much curiosity. The long table down the center of the room held three very attractive pieces, aside from pies, cookies and wild duck, the jelly, the decorated Christmas cake, and two large tissue paper "pies" made in large milk pans, and each "pie" showing eighteen bits of baby ribbon protruding from the "crusts."

When the guests that these were all prepared proved cold and threatening. The east wind rushed intermittently down the canyon, a coyote howl in the mountain side, and now and again away up the creeks a rush and roar of snow and rock sliding down some of the sheer cliffs that are so lonely and wild, but grandly beautiful, were the surroundings of this isolated cabin home.

Not too early did our guests arrive; native etiquette and Indian pride forbids that any shall appear too eager to accept hospitality, kindness or gifts. When we heard the canoes, or rather the chatter of the Indians as they beached their canoes we went out to the porch to wait their coming and to show that we cordially welcomed them. Each one of the ten, even to the little tot Charlie, came to me first with a bow and the greeting, "Hyas kloshe Christmas."

Amongst these people, a woman, the oldest present, is first in all household or family affairs. All gifts are from her; all smallness and meanness is credited to her; a man has no voice in sale, barter, gifts or hospitality.

As they entered the living room Captains George and Jim stopped short on the threshold with an emphatic "Who!" expressive of admiration. Lucy and Mary laughed at their respective "men" and gently chided them on their bad manners. But the old men absolutely turned their backs on Indian etiquette, and boldly walked about looking and admiring, as they exclaimed, "Whoo, Skookum, hyin Skookum!" (Ah, good, very good!) And Mary and Lucy sat with their children about them and said meekly, "Oh, I shamed my own man act so bad!" And then when I exclaimed in mock sternness, "Don't you say that! Those two fine old men; my husband's tillikums; hyas kloshe tillikums!" (Highly valued, or extremely good friends).

They laughed gleefully and looked at their lords more in pride than shame. My children soon had their play-mates before the tree and each was eagerly choosing which gift he hoped was his, but not a child, not even little Charlie, aged only three, touched that spread table or asked for a thing to be given them. Neither at any time was a child's voice raised above a low soft tone that could not annoy any elders, and there were five besides my own, who were not so well behaved! so far as excitement led them on.

The sheet seemed to attract much attention, so I told them if they would sit in the dark I would show them what it hid. They looked like frightened children, but played bravely. I took the lamps behind the scenes where I had arranged for shadow pictures. First a lone mountain shone on the curtain, then an antlered deer came across, followed by a man and a gun. Round and round the mountain they went, then up one slope and down the other. The race was long and the excitement of the audience was great and their advice to hunter was no doubt good, but at last the deer raced skyward and out of sight while the hunter was left on the top of the mountain. "Whoo! Tamamoo!" exclaimed the men, which meant that the deer was magic or ghostly.

Next came a canoe race which ended by each canoe slipping down the open mouth of a big strugon, causing much laughter. Many games were played, games that did not seem to entertain very pleasantly, and then came the tree. Baptiste dressed in fur coat, pillows, seal skin cap, and cotton hatting heard made a jolly old Santa Claus.

He was a pupil of the Mission school, so he could read the names on the gifts nicely. Ribbons, dolls and aprons, as well as the goodies, went to each child exactly alike, and the boys also fared equally.

But when Santa called Captain Jim's name, and gave him, as he stood before the tree, a long-haired, blue-eyed doll. I really thought the women would go into hysterics with laughter, while the old man hugged, kissed and petted it, till little Katie, his daughter, pulled it from his arms, when he professed great disappointment that it was for her rather than for himself.

I never saw a Christmas party so thoroughly enjoyed each gift or so joyously appreciated each little joke. After stripping the tree we sat down to a supper. Do you imagine that my guests were greedy, or noisy at table? Their visits at the Mission schools are too frequent for this, and the sisters have taught them very nicely.

But one little Indian custom they retained. To one uninitiated in their manner and their meanings, it would bear an appearance of greediness; but it is not this pretty vice which prompts the act.

Upon leaving the table, each Indian guest placed in a clean handkerchief the remnants of cake, pie, fruits, etc., left upon the plates. This was to signify that they had received more than they could possibly desire of food, good and tempting to be refused or rejected; a delicate compliment you understand, to the hostess.

The bran pie with its luscious gifts came next, and amid much giggling and changing of strings all waited Captain Jim's signal to pull. With a "Wah hoo, wah hoo!" Captain Jim and his relative, everlastingly, gave mighty pulls, and hauled forth small gifts; more laughter and noise and trading of prizes, and the second pie was eagerly rounded. The zest of waiting was in this, to fish for a prize and enjoy for a brief moment the uncertainty, the "might be" of the half doubtful, half hopeful results.

After this the entertainment of the elders proved a puzzle. Baptiste with his paint box, his pattern books or flowers and landscape, and his natural history had gone into a corner by himself and was lost in the enjoyment of his gifts. The children were looking at their picture books and earnestly studying dolls; and there is no little mother more loving than the little Indian girl over her dolls.

But suddenly an inspiration came to me, and I flew to the bean bag. I soon taught my guests the mysteries of "Birds in the Bush" and over the loss or gain of those beans they grew hilariously excited till I was almost afraid they would become crazed. The women never lost their heads, though they enjoyed the game hugely, but when the men's laughter or intense watchfulness became too noticeable, they would seize their arms and shake them into a realizing sense of where they were, with a few sharp words in their native tongue. "Birds in the Bush" kept them well entertained till midnight, when with words of thanks and kindly farewell they bade me good night. In April of the next year little Annie Jim was laid to rest with her flaxen-haired doll in her arms. Later from the hop fields came a letter to me from Baptiste. "I think you like to hear about dear little Charlie. He's dead. He just sick little while, died quick. He take that little tin gun you gave him for present in bed all time sick. My mother, she put in it grave long him, maybe he like take it long of him. I think maybe nothing up there he like better. Maybe so I go see little Charlie pretty soon now. Your true friend, Baptiste."

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Chas. H. Fletcher

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SOWING HIS WILD OATS

REAPING A HARVEST OF SORROW



How many young men can look back on their early life and regret their misdeeds. "Sowing their wild oats" in various ways. Excesses, violation of nature's laws, "wine, women and song"—all have their victims. You have reformed but what about the seed you have sown—what about the harvest? Don't trust to luck. If you are at present within the clutches of any secret habit which is sapping your life by degrees; if you are suffering from the results of past indiscretions; if your blood has been tainted from any private disease and you dare not marry; if you are married and live in dread of symptoms breaking out and exposing your past; if you are suffering as the result of a misspent life—**DRS. K. & K. ARE YOUR REFUGE.** Lay your case before them confidentially and they will tell you honestly if you are curable.

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By-Law No.

Being a By-Law for the approval of the electors of the expenditure of \$6000.00 in an addition to the High School Building and other permanent improvements.

WHEREAS High School District No. 2, Athens, is composed of the Municipalities of The Incorporated Village of Athens and the Townships of the Rear of Yonge and Escott, in the United Counties of Leeds and Grenville.

AND WHEREAS The High School Board of Athens High School have by resolution requested the Municipal Councils of the aforementioned Municipalities to submit a by-law to the vote of the qualified electors of the respective municipalities to raise by the issue of debentures the sum of \$6000.00 on the rateable property of the High School district for building an addition to the High School and other permanent improvements.

AND WHEREAS The said sum of \$6000.00 to be raised (or levied) and paid by the respective Municipalities in proportion to their equalized assessment.

AND WHEREAS To make the said permanent improvements the Council of the Village of Athens require to raise \$6000.00 and to do so intend to create a debt upon the said Municipalities of the Village of Athens and the Townships of the Rear of Yonge and Escott of \$6000.00 with interest thereon at four and one half per cent per annum payable in thirty equal annual instalments by the issue of debentures to the amount of \$11,050.50 payable as herein provided.

AND WHEREAS The majority of the Municipal Councils have determined that the said debentures shall be payable in annual instalments within thirty years from the day on which this by-law takes effect, such instalments to be in such amounts that the aggregate amount payable for principal and interest shall be the same in each of the thirty years.

AND WHEREAS The whole rateable property of the said Municipality of the Rear of Yonge and Escott according to the last revised assessment roll of the Township of the Rear of Yonge and Escott is the sum of \$415,225.

AND WHEREAS There is no existing debt secured by debentures of the Municipality of the Rear of Yonge and Escott.

AND WHEREAS The whole rateable property of the said Municipality of the Incorporated Village of Athens according to the last revised assessment roll of the said Village of Athens is the sum of \$349,724.62.

AND WHEREAS The present existing debt of the Incorporated Village of Athens secured by debentures of the Municipal Corporation of the Village of Athens is the sum of \$16,995.56.

AND WHEREAS For the paying off the said sum of six thousand dollars and interest thereon it will require to be raised in each of the several years hereinafter mentioned, the following sum, viz: Three hundred and Sixty-eight dollars and thirty-five cents (\$368.35).

THEREFORE The Municipal Council of the Rear of Yonge and Escott enacts as follows:—

1. It shall and may be lawful for the Athens High School board to expend in the erection of an addition to the High School building and other permanent improvements to the sum of six thousand dollars.
2. It shall and may be lawful for the Council of the Incorporated Village of Athens to borrow for the purposes aforesaid the sum of six thousand dollars and issue debentures of the said Municipality to the amount of \$11,050.50 (being the total amount of the said amounts authorized to be borrowed as aforesaid and interest on the unpaid principal at the rate of four and one half per centum per annum) in sums of not less than one hundred dollars each, payable in the manner and for the amounts and at the times respectively set forth in the above recitals to this by-law.
3. That the said debentures shall be payable at the agency of the Merchants Bank of Canada at Athens on the 31st day of December in each of the thirty years hereinafter mentioned and shall be signed by the Reeve and Clerk of the Village of Athens and sealed with the Corporation seal and countersigned by the Treasurer.
4. That there shall be raised and levied in each year by a special rate on all the rateable property of the Municipality of the Rear of Yonge and Escott and the incorporated Village of Athens, in proportion to their equalized assessment, a sum sufficient to discharge the several instalments of principal and interest accruing due on the said debentures as the same become due respectively payable according to the provisions of this by-law.
5. That this by-law shall take effect immediately on the passing thereof and the said debentures may be issued at any time after the first day of March, A.D. 1913.
6. That the votes of the ratepayers of the said Municipality of the Rear of Yonge and Escott qualified to vote on money by-laws shall be taken on this by-law in the several polling subdivisions appointed in the said Municipality for election purposes on the sixth day of January, A.D. 1913, commencing at nine o'clock in the forenoon and closing at five o'clock in the afternoon and for that purpose the following persons shall be deputy returning officers, and the following shall be the polling places for taking the votes, namely:—
John Rowsam, D.R.O. for No. 1 Polling Subdivision at Elisha Stevens residence and Wallace C. Brown poll clerk.
Thomas D. Spence, D.R.O. for No. 2 Polling Subdivision at Albert Morris residence, and Charles Howard poll clerk.
James K. Redmond D.R.O. for No. 3 Polling Subdivision at Wallace Darling's residence and Frederick Hollingsworth, poll clerk.
7. That the Reeve of the said Municipality of the Rear of Yonge and Escott shall attend at the Township Hall in the Village of Athens on the 16th day of December 1912 at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon for the purpose of appointing persons to attend at the different polling places on behalf of the persons interested in and desirous of promoting or opposing the passing of this by-law respectively, and also persons to attend at the final summing up of the votes by the Clerk of the said Municipality.
8. That the Clerk of the Municipality of the Rear of Yonge and Escott shall sum up the number of votes given for and against the by-law on the 7th day of January A.D. 1913 at the hour of ten o'clock for noon at the Township town hall in the Village of Athens.
9. That this by-law shall be finally considered by the Council and if the same shall have been assented to by the electors shall then be passed on the tenth day of February A.D. 1913 at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon.

By-law read a first time in open council

By-Law No.

WHEREAS High School District No. 2, in the United Counties of Leeds and Grenville, is composed of the Municipalities of the Incorporated Village of Athens and the Township of the Rear of Yonge and Escott.

AND WHEREAS The High School Board of Athens High School have by resolution requested the Municipal Councils of the aforementioned Municipalities to submit a by-law to the vote of the qualified electors of the respective Municipalities to raise by the issue of Debentures the sum of six thousand dollars (\$6,000.00) on the rateable property of the said High School District for building an addition to the High School Building and other permanent improvements.

AND WHEREAS The said sum of six thousand dollars to be raised, or levied, and is to be paid by the respective Municipalities in proportion to their equalized assessment.

AND WHEREAS To make the said permanent improvements the Council of the Village of Athens require to raise \$6,000.00 and to do so intend to create a debt upon the said Municipalities of the Village of Athens and the Township of the Rear of Yonge and Escott of \$6,000.00 and interest thereon at four and one half per cent per annum, payable in thirty equal annual instalments, by the issue of debentures to the amount of \$11,050.50 payable as herein provided.

AND WHEREAS The majority of the Municipal Councils have determined that the said debentures shall be payable in annual instalments within thirty years from the day on which this by-law takes effect, such instalments to be in such amounts that the aggregate amount payable for principal and interest shall be the same in each of the thirty years.

AND WHEREAS The whole rateable property of the Municipality of the Incorporated Village of Athens according to the last revised assessment roll of the said Village of Athens is the sum of \$349,724.62.

AND WHEREAS The present existing debt of the Incorporated Village of Athens secured by debentures of the Municipal Corporation of the Village of Athens is the sum of \$16,995.56.

AND WHEREAS For the paying off the said sum of six thousand dollars and interest thereon it will require to be raised in each of the several years hereinafter mentioned, the following sum:—

Year	Principal	Interest	Total
1912	\$ 98.35	\$270.00	\$368.35
1913	102.78	265.57	368.35
1914	107.40	260.95	368.35
1915	112.23	256.12	368.35
1916	117.29	251.06	368.35
1917	122.56	245.79	368.35
1918	128.08	240.27	368.35
1919	133.84	234.51	368.35
1920	139.86	228.49	368.35
1921	146.16	222.19	368.35
1922	152.73	215.62	368.35
1923	159.61	208.74	368.35
1924	166.79	201.56	368.35
1925	174.30	194.05	368.35
1926	182.14	186.21	368.35
1927	190.34	178.01	368.35
1928	198.90	169.45	368.35
1929	207.85	160.50	368.35
1930	217.20	151.15	368.35
1931	226.98	141.37	368.35
1932	237.19	131.16	368.35
1933	247.87	120.48	368.35
1934	259.02	109.33	368.35
1935	270.68	97.67	368.35
1936	282.86	85.49	368.35
1937	295.59	72.76	368.35
1938	308.89	59.46	368.35
1939	322.79	45.56	368.35
1940	337.31	31.04	368.35
1941	352.49	15.86	368.35

THEREFORE The Municipal Council of the Incorporated Village of Athens enacts as follows:—

1. It shall and may be lawful for the Athens High School Board to expend in the erection of an addition and other permanent improvements to the said High School Building the sum of Six Thousand dollars.
2. It shall and may be lawful for the Council of the Incorporated Village of Athens to borrow for the purposes aforesaid the said sum of six thousand dollars and issue debentures of the said Municipality to the amount of \$11,050.50 (being the total amount of the said amounts authorized to be borrowed as aforesaid and interest on the unpaid principal at the rate of four and one half per centum per annum) in sums of not less than one hundred dollars each, payable in the manner and for the amounts and at the times respectively set forth in the above recitals to this by-law.

Notice is hereby given that the above is a true copy of a proposed by-law which has been taken into consideration and which will be finally passed by the Council of the Rear of Yonge and Escott, in the event of the assent of the electors being obtained, on the 10th day of February A.D. 1913 at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon, being one month after the first publication thereof, the date of the first publication thereof, being the 13th day of December A.D. 1912, and that the hour, day and place fixed in said by-law for the taking of the votes of the electors on the same, the polls will be so held for taking such vote.

Dated at the Village of Athens the 11th day of December A.D. 1912.

R. E. CORNELL,
Clerk of the Rear of Yonge and Escott.

By-law read a second time in open council this 11th day of December A.D. 1912.

R. E. CORNELL,
Clerk

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the above is a true copy of a proposed by-law which has been taken into consideration and which will be finally passed by the Council of the Village of Athens in the event of the assent of the electors being obtained, on the 17th day of February, A.D. 1913, at the hour of seven o'clock in the afternoon, being one month after the first publication thereof, the date of the first publication thereof being the 18th day of December, A.D. 1912, and that the hour, day and place fixed in the said by-law for the taking of the votes of the electors on the same, the polls will be so held for taking such vote.

Dated at the Village of Athens, the 16th day of December, A.D. 1912.

G. F. DONNELLY,
Clerk of the Village of Athens.

New Year Term

The New Year term of The Brockville Business College will open Jan. 6th 1913. Our Book-keeping, Stenography and General Office Work courses are particularly adapted to the present day commercial world demands. Our Farmers' Sons' short Winter course is especially adopted to the needs of the young farmer, who may have a very meagre education, yet who is anxious to get enough education to enable him to handle more efficiently the business side of farming. Send for free catalogue.

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The regular retail price of these plants is Six Dollars and Fifty Cents but we send them all to one address for \$5.00.

1 Boston Fern 50c	1 Asparagus Ferns 35c
(A good one.)	(A Beauty.)
1 Chinese Primrose 35c	1 Cyclamen 85c
(In Bloom)	(In Bloom)
1 Roman Hyacinth 50c	1 Xmas Cherry 75c
(In Bloom)	(Full of Red Berries.)
1 Primula Obconica 50c	1 Ostrich Plume Fern 75c
(In Bloom)	
1 Begonia 75c	1 Palm or Rubber Plant . . . \$1.00
(Our Selection.)	(Your Choice.)

The regular selling price of these plants is \$6.50, but we supply them all to one address, carefully packed for express for \$5.00. We will select the plants carefully and send only choice ones.

Send this Collection and divide them among your friends for Gifts.

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3. That the said debentures shall be payable at the agency of The Merchants Bank of Canada at Athens on the 31st day of December in each of the thirty years hereinafter mentioned and shall be signed by the Reeve and Clerk of the Village of Athens and sealed with the Corporation seal and countersigned by the Treasurer.

4. That there shall be raised and levied in each year by a special rate on all the rateable property of the Municipality of the Incorporated Village of Athens and the Township of the Rear of Yonge and Escott, in proportion to their equalized assessment, a sum sufficient to discharge the several instalments of principal and interest accruing due on the said debentures as the same become due respectively payable according to the provisions of this by-law.

5. That this by-law shall take effect immediately on the passing thereof and the said debentures may be issued at any time after the first day of March A.D. 1913.

6. That the votes of the ratepayers of the said Municipality of the Incorporated Village of Athens qualified to vote on money by-laws shall be taken on this by-law in the several polling subdivisions appointed in the said Municipality for election purposes on the tenth day of January A.D. 1913, commencing at nine o'clock in the forenoon and closing at five o'clock in the afternoon and for that purpose the following persons shall be deputy returning officers, and the following shall be the polling places for taking the votes, namely:—
H C Phillips, D.R.O. for No. 1 Polling sub division at the town hall, S C A Lamb, Poll Clerk.
George Gainford, D R O for No. 2 Polling Sub-division at the Conlin barber shop, L Glenn Earl Poll Clerk.

7. The Reeve of the said Municipality of the Incorporated Village of Athens shall attend at the Village Town hall in the Village of Athens on the 21st day of December 1912, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon for the purpose of appointing persons to attend at the different polling places on behalf of the persons interested in and desirous of promoting or opposing the passing of this by-law respectively, and also persons to attend at the final summing up of the votes by the Clerk of the said Municipality.

8. That the Clerk of the Municipality of the Village of Athens shall sum up the number of votes given for and against the by-law on the 7th day of January A.D. 1913 at the hour of ten o'clock for noon at the Township town hall in the Village of Athens.

9. That this by-law shall be finally considered by the Council and if the same shall have been assented to by the electors shall then be passed on the tenth day of February A.D. 1913 at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon.

By-law read a second time in open council this 16th day of December A.D. 1912.

G. F. DONNELLY,
Clerk.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the above is a true copy of a proposed by-law which has been taken into consideration and which will be finally passed by the Council of the Village of Athens in the event of the assent of the electors being obtained, on the 17th day of February, A.D. 1913, at the hour of seven o'clock in the afternoon, being one month after the first publication thereof, the date of the first publication thereof being the 18th day of December, A.D. 1912, and that the hour, day and place fixed in the said by-law for the taking of the votes of the electors on the same, the polls will be so held for taking such vote.

Dated at the Village of Athens, the 16th day of December, A.D. 1912.

G. F. DONNELLY,
Clerk of the Village of Athens.

Electric Restorer for Men

Pho-phono restores every nerve in the body to its proper tension; restores vim and vitality. Premature decay and all general weakness averted at once. Phosphono will make you a new man. Price \$3 a box, or two for \$5. Mailed to any address. The Scobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.

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A RELIABLE REGULATOR
These Pills are compounded with the greatest
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They are a specific for the distressing disorders
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A reliable French regulator; never fails. These
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on the wall. "Mother's Treasures" is
just the picture you want. It is fit for
any home in Canada and can be had
free by subscribing for the The Family
Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal,
the greatest and best family paper
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year, and no home can afford to be
without it. Every present subscriber
to that paper should send his renewal
now and get a copy of the beautiful
picture. Any one not a subscriber
should order the paper and picture at
once. They will help to make the
New Year brighter for you.

Obituary
At 4 p.m. on Monday, Dec. 16, at
his residence on Hard Island, passed
away another of our oldest residents in
the person of Matthew Dunham. He
was confined to his bed less than one
day, suffering from congestion of the
lungs.

Mr Dunham was son of the late
Daniel Dunham of Toledo and Lavina
Derbyshire; was born Mar. 13, 1832;
was married to Evaline Kilborn in
1855, who now survives him; and
lived, all but the last year of his life,
first in Plum Hollow, then in vicinity
of Toledo. During the last four or
five years he has been partially blind.
In religion he was an adherent of the
Methodist Church; in spiritual things
his last year proved his best. God
enabling him to witness many times
publicly of his acceptance in the
Blood.

Besides his wife, he leaves to mourn
his departure: one son and one daugh-
ter, Lincoln Dunham of Hard Island
and Mrs Wm Tallman of Toledo; five
sisters and one brother, Mrs Minerva
Hause and Mrs Susanna Kilborn of
Plum Hollow. Mrs Emily Jackson,
Athens, Mrs Lois Sickler of Westport,
Mrs Avis Matson of Oswego (five
widows), and Harvey Dunham of
Brockville; also three half-brothers,
and a large number of more distant
relatives.
His funeral takes place at 11 a.m.,
to-day, conducted by Rev. Mr Snell of
Frankville, assisted by the residing
pastor in the Methodist Church here.
Marr'd though it be, by death, the
Potter's clay;
Deathless, transformed, 'twill rise in
the great Day.

A GIFT WITH A THOUGHT IN IT

There's one very simple way out of
the Christmas shopping problem: don't
shop, but sit quietly at home and sub-
scribe for The Youth's Companion.
The chances are, too, that no present
you could buy for the young friend or
the family you delight to honor could
confer so much pleasure as this gift of
The Youth's Companion for a whole
round year—fifty-two weeks' issue,
and the fifty second as keenly antici-
pated and enjoyed as the very first.
There will be stories for readers of
every age; sound advice as to athletics
suggestions for the girl at college or
making her own way in the world;
good things for every member of the
family—all for \$2.25—less than five
cents a week.
The one to whom you give the sub-
scription will receive free all the re-
maining issues of 1912, as well as The
Companion Window Transparency and
Calendar for 1913, in rich, translucent
colors. It is to be hung in the win-
dow or over the lampshade. You, too
as giver of the present will receive a
copy of it.
THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,
144 Berkeley St., Boston, Mass

SUFFERED
With Biliousness and
Sick Headache
Calgary, Alberta, July 8, 1911
I was a great sufferer for a long
time with Biliousness, Sick Headache
and Liver trouble. Nothing seemed
to do me any good. I had almost
given up in despair when I decided to
try

FIG PILLS
After taking about half a box the
headaches stopped and my appetite
improved. I have just finished the
fifth box and feel as well as ever. I
can heartily recommend Fig Pills for
stomach and liver troubles.
MRS MARY ELLSON
Sold at all dealers in 25 and 50 cent
boxes or mailed by The Fig Pill Co.,
St. Thomas, Ont.

Nomination Meeting
Meeting of the municipal electors
of the Village of Athens will be
held on Monday, Dec. 30, at 7.30
p.m. in the town hall, for nominat-
ing a reeve, councillors and school
trustees for 1913, and in case a poll
be required, the votes of the qualifi-
ed electors will be taken from 9
a.m. to 5 p.m. on Monday, January
6th 1913, at the following places:—
P. S. D. No. 1—At the council
room. H. C. Phillips, D.R.O., and
S. C. A. Lamb, P.C.
P. S. D. No. 2—At Wm. Conlin's
barber shop. Wm. Knapton, D.R.O.,
and J. G. Campbell, P.C.
G. F. DONNELLEY,
Village Clerk.

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NEW STEAMSHIPS
"EMPERESS OF RUSSIA"
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From Southampton Apr. 1, May 27, 1913
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Litterateur of Ottawa Ont. is called, says
in an unsolicited testimonial
For Zutoo Tablets
"Zutoo Tablets stop my headaches so
completely that I do not mind having
them any more."
Do you still suffer from your headaches,
or do you do like Mr. Gard—take Zutoo!

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DAIRY CATTLE BEEF CATTLE
SHEEP, SWINE, SEEDS, AND
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\$12,000.00 in Prizes. Increased
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I am installing a
New Mill
near Athens
and am now in a position to guar-
antee the best of good work.
Custom sawing will be given
prompt attention.
I am in the market for the pur-
chase of all kinds of logs. Arrange-
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RAILWAY TIME-TABLE

GOING WEST

	No. 1	No. 3
Brockville (leave)	9.35 a.m.	3.45 p.m.
Lyn	10.05 "	4.00 "
Seeleys	10.15 "	4.07 "
Fortilton	10.35 "	4.18 "
Elbe	10.42 "	4.23 "
Athens	11.00 "	4.30 "
Soperton	11.20 "	4.46 "
Lyndhurst	11.27 "	4.52 "
Delta	11.37 "	4.58 "
Elgin	11.57 "	5.12 "
Forfar	12.05 "	5.18 "
Crosby	12.13 "	5.23 "
Newboro	12.23 "	5.33 "
Westport (arrive)	12.40 p.m.	5.45 "

GOING EAST

	No. 2	No. 4
Westport (leave)	7.20 a.m.	2.39 p.m.
Newboro	7.30 "	2.47 "
Crosby	7.40 "	3.00 "
Forfar	7.45 "	3.06 "
Elgin	7.51 "	3.13 "
Delta	8.05 "	3.40 "
Lyndhurst	8.11 "	3.50 "
Soperton	8.18 "	3.59 "
Athens	8.35 "	4.30 "
Elbe	8.42 "	4.36 "
Fortilton	8.47 "	4.43 "
Seeleys	8.58 "	4.54 "
Lyn	9.05 "	5.15 "
Brockville (arrive)	9.20 "	5.40 "

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ing rates, etc. apply to any of our
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came and the shipping center created went ahead by leaps and bounds.



PRESENT Carmangay to-day is a thriving incorporated town, with not less
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Already Alta Vista has beautiful homes costing as high as \$4,000.
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Winsome Winnie

"I never said anything to— Miss Tredennick?" demanded Madam, with an imperious flash of her cold, brilliant eyes on the unlucky abigail, who betook herself to her usual protection of tears and sniffs in an affecting manner.

"I never said anything to— Miss Mildred, Ma—Ma—dam—never; only that the Captain admired Miss Winnie's hair—he said it was so long—I'm sure 'twas't anything so—so—particular to look at, I dare say he was making fun when he praised it."

"You have no right to suppose anything of the kind," said her mistress, sharply. "Winnie Caerlyon has the most beautiful hair I ever saw."

"And did cousin Stephen admire her?" persisted Mildred, with a proud, lazy smile, looking from her aunt to the injured Miss Tredennick, to whom the capricious young lady had taken a haughty dislike.

"Indeed he did," said Madam, with an admirable air of frankness and candor. "He told me that he thought her such a nice, modest, sensible little creature and pretty too, he said. I laughed so at him! But sailors are very galle, and have an enthusiastic admiration for the smallest particle of female beauty, you know, Mildred."

"I always thought cousin Stephen particularly gallant," rejoined Mildred, betaking herself to the sofa again; "a good-natured old fellow he always was, and I ought a pony for me when I was a little girl, but he never seemed to notice pretty girls or ugly girls, except to tell me once that I should have made a match better boy than I did a girl."

"Stephen has not seen you since you were in the schoolroom," said Madam, with a peculiar smile. "I have no doubt but that you will find him less insensible now in the matter of handsome faces and plain ones."

Mildred listened in silence, her brows elevated, and her haughty chiselled lips turning in a sarcastic smile.

"Oh, is that it?" she returned, with a provoking air of nonchalance. "Well, I also am less insensible in the matter of handsome faces and plain ones, chose that, and have my own ideal views on the subject."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Madam, quickly, glancing with a certain involuntary apprehension at handsome, self-willed Mildred Tredennick, who, by her imperious temper and inflexible will, and in later years by these brilliant, unabashed eyes of hers and her proud beauty, had ruled, monarch of all she surveyed, from her earliest infant days, when vexed nurses pronounced her "a child that no one could manage," to the hour when her last governess said in despair that "Miss Tredennick would do just as she pleased" about music or drawing lessons.

Miss Tredennick did as she pleased about most things, and there were some unpleasant forebodings in the heart of her prudent relatives that Miss Tredennick would continue to do as she pleased in a manner that might prove very unsatisfactory to them. In fact, this visit to the seclusion of Roseworthy, and consignment to the guardianship of her careful, clever aristocratic aunt—not quite palatable to the independent young lady—was a preventive measure agreed upon in a secret council of the prudent relatives aforesaid. Miss Tredennick's peevish, fussy, pompous father, and her handsome, vain, easy-going mother, and a stiff, sensible, worldly cousin, and graceful, gracious aunt Vivian, with a will nearly as strong as her own, and a diplomatic ability that would have done credit to an ambassador. There were nothing to be apprehended—oh, nothing of course! Only Mildred was so odd, and had such strong opinions and pronounced feelings for a girl of eighteen!

"Ridiculous, you know!" said the easy-going mother.

"Breaking—overcoming. I've a good mind to—just to—" broke out the peevish father.

"Bad style for a young lady," observed Madam Vivian, placidly, with a quiet smile.

It was nothing serious, of course! The idea was absurd! But those boy-and-girl attachments sometimes hung on, and occasioned awkwardness and unpleasantness. There was some boy-and-girl nonsense between Mildred and cousin Gardiner; there was no denying it—the sensible cousin had noticed it. Madam Vivian had noticed it.

"There must be no attempt at anger or expostulation, madam," counseled the peevish father, who was for trying the time-honored expedient with wifely demure of "locking her up in her own room."

"You want her to run off with Albert Gardiner the next dark night," warned Madam, coolly.

"He wouldn't dare!" spluttered the peevish father.

"Perhaps not," said Madam, smiling, "but Mildred would. She'd make him run with her if she chose."

So Madam counseled, and they waited, until bright-eyed, fair-haired, Bertie Gardiner went away with his regiment—the most winsome youngster that ever carried a flag. And then Madam took self-willed Mildred away, with the understanding from the secret council that she was to be introduced to society, made recognized and elegant, taught the graces of her own beauty and fortune, and kept under Madam's supervision until she had safely disposed of her in marriage.

Astute, politic Madam Vivian had her own views in the arrangement, which the short-sighted members of the council did not perceive.

"So that's it, is it?" repeated Miss Tredennick to herself, copying Miss Tredennick's clear, very accurately—as she fondly hoped, very accurately—she folded up sundry articles of Miss Tredennick's wardrobe, and put the neglected young lady's apartment "to rights" for the fourth time that day. "I wondered what Madam was going to trouble herself with a young lady for—ones as proud and obstinate as herself too—and why she wouldn't have Winnie Caerlyon any more. Miss Tredennick will be sufficient company for me," says she. "I wish her job of her management of Miss Tredennick; she's not her match now, sure

enough. I wonder what he'll think?" pursued Miss Tredennick, disentangling the hooks of a velvet bodice from a heap of lace collars, and picking a gray Parisian kid glove out of the meshes of a chunly lace-covered parasol. "Admire her, I suppose. She is grand and stylish looking, I'll allow; and my! doesn't she know with! Why shouldn't she be grand and stylish looking?" continues the waiting-woman, plaintively, holding up a lace-trimmed cambric wrapper. "The money she spends! Fifty pounds this last fortnight on the box of things from Paris, and sovereigns here and there!"

Miss Tredennick turned over the contents of glove-boxes and dressing cases, renewing the toilet table with a medley of ribbons, jewels, perfumes, fans, gloves and loose silver, thrown there by Mildred Tredennick's careless, royally lavished, indifferent hands; tried on some gold bracelets and pearl harpins, and sighed as she looked in the glass and thought of the unkindness of Fortune in not giving her eight hundred a year in her own right, and thus enabling her to look as grand and distinguished a lady as Mildred Tredennick.

"She's not stingy either, I'll allow," she admitted; "that blue silk of mine wasn't a bad present. He might do a great deal worse—she'll make a grand, fashionable, stylish wife for Tredennick of Tregarthen."

She paused a minute to admire a beautiful pale yellow linen summer costume, with malachite and gold buttons, and tilted a little to herself.

"Poor Winnie Caerlyon!" she said, with an intense amount of smiling pity; "She has a great chance against Mildred Tredennick to be sure!"

How My Hair Is Coming Out!



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Tonight rub your scalp lightly with Cuticura Ointment. In the morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap. No other emollients do so much for dry, thin and falling hair, dandruff and itching scalps, or do it so speedily, agreeably and economically. Full directions in every package.

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had disturbed the thin white crust of frozen snow, while the last faint, rosy smile of the winter sun grew farther away, and leaving her in the cold gray evening light, shed his parting rays of level crimson radiance upon the bodies of the old chestnut trees and gnarled oaks, and athwart the windings of the snow-clad avenue.

Bright, radiantly, indeed, they shone, for to Winnie Caerlyon's dazzled gaze they seemed to illumine suddenly a mass of rich color and glistening sheen like the hues of an exotic blossom or the pair of gleaming, jewel-like, glowing on the amber and crimson hues, the feathered velvet robes of a woman; rich and beautiful apparel—gleaming on dainty lacquered boots, slim, close-fitting fur jacket, coquettish, velvet hat with its tuft of crimson and amber feathers stirring in the keen, frosty breeze.

Fondly the pale red sun lingered and shimmering here and there about the tall, straight, graceful form ere she sank to rest in his radiant ocean bed, as if he sought to exhibit to the companion who walked beside her each hidden beauty that his admiring eyes had not yet discovered—the glow and flash of proud bright eyes, the peachy flush painting the pure, smooth cheek, the golden bronze of her masses of shining hair, gleaming with pearls, the rippling, curling lips. Winnie Caerlyon did not miss one detail of that proud beauty in the very flush of its spring-time of youth, wealth and high spirits, with the added charms of all that wealth, indulgence and an imperial self-will could bestow to make it almost perfect.

The beautiful young lady of her reverent admiration—looking more beautiful than she ever looked—so evidently to him who walked beside her, with his admiring gaze fixed on the proud, lovely face, his smile serenely bright as he responded to hers, all his regard devoted to notice her slightest gesture, to catch the least word that fell from those rosy, scornful-curving lips, to re-echo the merry laughter of that clear, ringing voice. Oh, how beautiful—how lovable—how worthy of all honor, all regard, all dearest, highest affection must she be—young, lovely, beloved, gifted, well-born, wealthy, enviable Mildred Tredennick!

For one moment the passionate fire of a jealous despair leaped into the pale, white face and the gray eyes of the girl standing without in the cold shadow and drifted snow looking upon those two figures in the sunshine—stoutward, handsome, gallant, smiling Stephen Tredennick, and the fair imperial woman who was the object of his devoted lover-like attention and then a darker shadow fell upon that of the clustering laurels on her stricken brow, a numb cold weight seemed to fall on her trembling limbs, her hands relaxed their rigid hold of the cold iron bars, and through the cold frosty evening shades Winnie Caerlyon stole swiftly away.

With a dull, heavy throbbing at her heart, a dull intangible pain quivering through her very soul, with compressed lips and hands clasped tightly over her eyes, as one who tries to stifle the anguish of a mortal inward wound, she sped swiftly on in bewildered haste, scarce knowing whether that familiar road by Tregarthen Head was leading her, seeing nothing but these two figures in the sunlight, hearing nothing but the echo of Mildred Tredennick's ear imperious tones. In her dizzy confusion of thought and vision, she almost imagined that she encountered them again face to face at the cross road leading to Tolgooth mines, and shrank breathlessly aside from the pair that stood in converse together.

"My word, Miss Caerlyon, you're enough to give one a start, positively!" and in alarm, partly real and partly simulated, Miss Tredennick caught up her silk flounces in her lemon colored kid gloves, and whirled around with a sharp little scream, "Now, didn't she give you a start, Mr. Pascoe? I am sure I never saw or heard her coming!"

Acquainted as Winnie had hitherto been with the fashionable waiting woman's resources in the way of effective toilette, her information had evidently fallen far short of Miss Tredennick's ability in this direction; and she gazed confusedly at the splendid apparition, in order to make sure that her unsteady sight and fast-throbbing brain had not misled her as to the identity of the person attired in rich black silks and vel-

rets, a gold chain, and the long-coveted silky jet black Astrakhan fur.

Miss Tredennick's hair was crimped and curled, Miss Tredennick's complexion had the most extraordinary charming blending of roses and lillies in lieu of its usual sallowness, and one lemon-gloved hand held a fragile lace mouchoir, most delicately perfumed with essence of wood violet.

Winnie glanced from her to Mr. Pascoe, whose gracious countenance wore and awkward, detected expression.

"Evening, Winifred!" said he, sulkily kicking the snow about with his boot.

"I did not rise out of the earth, or drop down from the sky," observed Winnie, coolly, in reply to Miss Tredennick's exclamation. "I saw you both standing here as I came over from the cliff road."

"Ah, yes," said Miss Tredennick, recovering herself with a genteel cough and smile, "we were talking, Miss Caerlyon, Mr. Pascoe and I. The gentleman, hearing himself alluded to, looked up, more sulkily, if possible.

"I was speaking a few words to Miss Tredennick," explained he, shortly and roughly, as if to deprive the conversation of complimentary significance with which the lady strove to introduce, "she were a-telling me the news."

"Ah, yes," the lady responded, smiling sweetly; "I was just saying to Mr. Pascoe that it is such a pleasant thing—so suitable—quite charming indeed—and one gets sadly lonely at Roseworthy, but now we have a pleasant prospect. Visitors, and so forth, you know, Miss Caerlyon, make a great change."

"Oh, certainly," said Winifred, nodding a slight assent, and endeavoring to smile; "I was just saying to Mr. Pascoe that it is such a pleasant thing—so suitable—quite charming indeed—and one gets sadly lonely at Roseworthy, but now we have a pleasant prospect. Visitors, and so forth, you know, Miss Caerlyon, make a great change."

"And indeed, Miss Caerlyon, you're missed—you were always so quick with your hands, and so ready. As I often say to Mrs. Grose, 'Dear me, if Miss Winnie was here, we should give her plenty to do.' A wedding makes such work and bother and fuss!" and she flattered affectively behind the lace handkerchief, glancing over it at Mr. Thomas Pascoe, as she had seen Madam Vivian do with her fan; but she made no further impression on that polite young man than to make him turn still more of his shoulder towards her, and kick the snow until it flecked her dainty skirts and wetted her boots.

"A wedding!" cried Winnie; and it seemed to her as if the chill, dark winter afternoon closed around her in a sudden fall of night—as if the ocean surges roared and thundered in her ears.

"Yes," said Miss Tredennick, with an air of excessive astonishment, belied by the saucy smile of her hard black eyes; and Mr. Pascoe lifted his foxy face from the contemplation of his thick mine-boots, and grinned in a malcontent manner, looking at Winifred with an elaborate pretence of indifference from beneath half-closed eyelids.

"You've not heard, Miss Winnie?" continued the lady's maid, "Really, I'm surprised! And stories like that do go so fast!"

"'Twas all over Tolgooth to-day, when he brought her through the works," Mr. Pascoe put in, with the same disagreeable smile, eyeing a stone on the roadway as if he meant to ascertain its chemical proportions, by sight. "A fine girl she is too—shows the man his good taste."

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Pascoe," Miss Tredennick responded, having much recourse to fluttering of the lace handkerchief, and tittering behind it; "and you show your taste, too. Ha! ha! Really she's a fine, tall, stylish young lady, as you say, Mr. Pascoe, that will do a man credit. Ha! ha! Really you're too bad, Mr. Pascoe. But it's a fact that gentlemen do seem to run after tall, fashionable-looking women!" and Miss Tredennick smiled slightly, drew herself up to her full, tall height, rustled her fashionable silks and furs, and cast her eyes modestly down.

Darker, darker grew the chill winter pall of a strange misty night, louder beat the surging tide of heart and brain, as Winnie Caerlyon stood still and calm, unmoved in torture, defeating all the malicious pleasure of her unworthy foes.

"You are alluding to Miss Tredennick, I suppose?" she said, her voice only a little harder and sharper than usual. "She is very handsome."

"That terrible fatigue can be overcome. A simple home remedy now cures Lack of Energy, Loss of Ambition, and a Feeling of 'Don't-Care.' Successful in Nearly Every Case."

That miserable nervousness and half-sick, tired-all-the-time condition is due nine cases out of ten to a clogged-up system. You grow irritable and despondent, you lack ambition, energy seems all gone. Surest road to health is by the frequent use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills; they will make you feel like new all over in a short time.

Writing from his home in Barcelona, Mr. Frederick G. Mayer states: "I think no one ever suffered as severely as I did for nearly six months. So many serious symptoms were developing as a consequence of this evil condition of my system that I realized I must find a remedy. The strong pills of various kinds I tried seemed after their first effect were over to make me far worse and I did not know which way to turn for relief. I saw Dr. Hamilton's Pills advertised, and the first box used satisfied me. I found a true remedy. Instead of gripping with undue activity, Dr. Hamilton's Pills acted as naturally, as if physics had not been taken. I never had to increase the dose and, indeed, within a month I reduced it, and when the system finally acted of its own accord as a result of Dr. Hamilton's Pills, I took a dose twice a week only, just to make sure the old condition would not come back."

No other remedy cures constipation and biliousness so easily or safely as Dr. Hamilton's Pills; they are an ideal family remedy for all diseases of the stomach, liver and bowels. Sold in 25c boxes, five for \$1.00, all druggists and storekeepers, or The Getarbozoo Co., Buffalo, N.Y., and Kingston, Canada.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

Read the Label

Costs no more than the Alum Kinds

The only Baking Powder made in Canada that has all its ingredients plainly printed on the label.

For economy we recommend the one pound cans.

"Yes," observed Mr. Pascoe in reply, although she had neither addressed nor looked at him, smacking his lips as he spoke, and putting his hands in his pockets; "she's something worth lookin' at—a fine young woman?"

"And the Captain thinks exactly as you do, Mr. Pascoe," Miss Tredennick cried, giggling excessively. "It's queer you didn't hear of it, Miss Caerlyon; it's quite a charming match."

(To be Continued.)

HIS CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

(By Frances L. Haum.)

It was Christmas time. The streets were crowded with people, nearly every one laden with packages.

In a large department store stood a plain looking man, a fur cap surmounted his gray hair, a knitted scarf of many colors was wound about his throat, a brown coat and heavy mittens completed his toilet.

As the crowd surged about him, a bewildered look crept into his face. A clerk approaching him, asked: "Something for you, sir?" He attempted to reply, but a more desirable customer attracted her attention and she passed on.

Presently a young lady approached, and bidding him a cordial good afternoon asked: "Can I be of any use to you, sir?" A genial smile lighted the rugged face as he said: "I take it kindly of you, lady, to help an old man. You see, daughter Liza and her folks came to-day. My other girl Mandy stayed home to help mother—that counts for my being here alone. I didn't think to have no trouble trading, but I got confused like."

"There are a great many people here," she replied. "Now, suppose we begin. What shall we start our list with?"

"Let's begin with mother," eagerly replied the old man. "A spell ago, Ell our cat, broke her best preserve dish, and I calculate she'd be pleased with another."

The pencil moved rapidly. Then as she looked up she said: "Mother thought a fine table cloth for Liza, her little boy Samuel must have some toys, and her husband is a great hand for reading, he must have some books; but you see, lady, I don't know much of reading matter, so you will pick 'em out?"

"Then there's Mandy, she's keeping steady company; he's to work in the city. He's coming to-morrow, so mother said to get her something to fix up the parlor with. Mebbe a silk spread to put on the marble top table, I don't know what else. Can't you think of something?"

"Certainly can," she replied. "Well, that's about all, except the things for Baby Belle."

"Your grandchild?" questioned the lady.

"No, ma'am," he replied; "you see, last year as the meeting house bell was ringing in Christmas, she came, and her mother, our neighbor, went."

"The next morning early I drove over. Mother called me into the hall, 'Samuel,' says she, 'there are four motherless ones besides the baby. If only she had gone too.'"

"Nancy, God knows best," says I. "He always does," says she. "But I've been thinking, here we've not so dreadful old, hale and hearty; Liza is married; Mandy's keepin' company. Soon we'll be alone on the farm. Now, why can't we take the little one?"

"We called her Belle, for she came when the Christmas bells were ringing."

As he finished the lady's eyes were dim. "How beautiful in you!" she said. "What shall we get for the dear baby?"

"I was thinking that a doll baby and some picture books; then we must have—"

she does—

enjoy going around with us."

Quickly she added: "and, you see, the lady added a large box of candy, and a bunch of holly to the well-filled basket."

As the old farmer took the basket on his arm, the lady asked: "Where is your girl, Mr. Bert?"

"Bless your heart!" he replied, "I don't want nothing; I got a pound of tobacco up the street; it will be fun enough for me to see the folks pleased."

Taking the tiny gloved hand in his mittened one, he said: "Thank you kindly for all the trouble you have taken for the old man. God bless you, dear lady. A merry Christmas to you."

As he was passing midnight, in a mansion, in a richly furnished room, sat a

lady upon the hearth, and leaning against the holly-barked mantel, a man looked lovingly down upon the wet feet.

"Just think," she is saying. "The dear old man didn't desire the slightest thing for himself, so I slipped a box of cigars addressed to him into the basket. He certainly was one of nature's noblemen. Listen, Harry, there are the chimneys. Merry Christmas."

The same stars shone kindly down upon the quaint farm house. In the plain sitting room in a wooden cradle the Christmas Belle slumbers sweetly.

Just then the cracked bell in the old meeting house rang out a joyous peal.

Drawing his wife to him, he pressed his lips to her wrinkled forehead, saying: "Merry Christmas, mother."

A FAMILY AFFAIR.

Mrs. Newlywed's mother was terribly perturbed. A little bird, who ought to have known better, had whispered into her ear that Mr. Newlywed was addicted to the awful practice of playing cards at his club.

"Yes," remarked Mrs. Newlywed to her mother, "it's quite right. Frederick plays every night, but it doesn't matter, for he gives me all his winnings."

"But, my dear Cissie—"

"Oh, it's all right, mother dear! He nearly always plays with Mr. Next-door."

"But what difference does that make?"

"Well, you see," explained the young wife, "Mrs. Next-door makes her husband give her all his winnings, too. Then we just change over. I give her all Frederick's winnings, and she gives me the winnings of her husband."

"Oh," remarked Ma, rather pained.

"Thus, you see," wound up Mrs. Newlywed, "both Mrs. Next-door and myself get more out of our husbands than we could possibly hope to do by any other means."

The Bank of Montreal

Closed Best Year in Its History

That the Bank of Montreal is one of our oldest as well as one of our most important financial institutions, was emphasized by the fact that the annual report held this week was more important and placed in the financial, commercial and industrial expansion of the Dominion.

The annual report presented, which covered the year ended the 31st October, 1912, showed net profits for the year of \$2,318,000, which with a balance brought forward of \$1,855,000 and the premiums on new stock amounting to \$834,000, make a total of over \$5,207,000 available for distribution. Quarterly dividends, and two bonuses absorbed \$1,894,000. The sum of \$1,000,000 was transferred to rest account, \$1,000,000 to contingent account and \$511,000 expanded on bank premises, which left a balance to be carried forward, \$82,000. The Bank has now total assets of nearly \$27,000,000, making it one of the strongest financial institutions on the continent. During the year it increased its paid-up capital to \$16,000,000, increased its rest account to a similar sum, made large gains in deposits and in current loans, opened a number of new branches and otherwise kept pace with the growing prosperity of the Dominion. The fact that the Bank made current loans of a big demand in the country for banking accommodation, and that the Bank of Montreal is doing its full share in catering to the business needs of the communities where its branches are located.

The year was the first under the general management of Mr. H. V. Meredith and the fact that the profits for the year were some \$242,000 greater than those of the previous year, making it regarded as not only satisfactory to the shareholders, but as complimentary to the foresight and business sagacity of the General Manager. It is doubtful if the Bank of Montreal was ever in as good condition to take care of the growing needs of the Dominion than it is at the present time. Its increase in paid-up capital and rest accounts, its gain in deposits, total assets and other matters, makes it peculiarly fitted to take a leading place in the financial and industrial expansion of the country.

The addresses of the President and General Manager were both comprehensive reviews of the financial, commercial and industrial conditions prevailing throughout the Dominion. That of the President, which referred to the Dominion as a whole, was a masterly summary of the conditions prevailing at the present time. The address was optimistic in its tone, Mr. Angus declaring that conditions throughout the Dominion were unusually sound and that satisfactory progress might be expected as long as present conditions prevailed. Mr. Angus touched upon the agricultural expansion, the increase in immigration, the growth of manufacturing, railroad development, the shipping industry, and practically speaking every phase of our commercial and industrial expansion.

Mr. Meredith, in his address, referred more particularly to the growth of the bank and the banking business. He touched on the forthcoming revision of the Bank Act, and intimated that there might be a few minor changes, although in the main the present law was giving satisfactory service. He also dealt in an able and comprehensive way with the increased cost of living and the charge that the banks throughout the Dominion were not paying sufficient attention to the farming communities. He denied the charge that the banks encouraged farmers to become depositors and not borrowers and stated that in so far as his bank was concerned many millions were on loan to farmers and small traders.

Throughout the addresses of the two heads of the Bank, like the annual report itself were eminently satisfactory to the shareholders present, and should prove equally so to business men throughout the country as well.

ALWAYS ONE DRY PLACE.

In a college library one day recently a card was found attached to a row of books dealing with philosophy. On the card some pranking student had written these lines:

Should there be another flood,
For refuge hither fly;
For should the whole world be submerged,
These books would still be dry.

GLASSES

are a positive help and a permanent pleasure. The hand of Time cannot be stayed. The eyes grow weak with advancing years. To preserve the sight means to help the eyes do their work. To help the eyes means to wear glasses. **SCIENTIFICALLY FITTED GLASSES** We know we are fully qualified to properly test eyes and would appreciate your patronage.

Wm. Coates & Son
Jewellers
Expert Graduate Opticians
Brockville
Established 1857

Athens Lumber Yard

Building Lumber
Sash and Doors
Cedar Shingles
Asbestos Plaster
Portland Cement
Land Fertilizers

Athens Grain Warehouse

Hay, Straw and Oats
Horse Feeds
Cow and Calf Feeds
Hog and Pig Feeds
Hen and Chicken Feeds
Best kinds of Bread Flour

VERY LOWEST PRICES

JOHN S. EATON BUILDER

All kinds of brick and stonework, plastering and cement work done at reasonable rates. Bake-ovens, fireplaces and boiler work a specialty.

JOHN S. EATON,
Box 21, Athens, Ont.

COMPLETE LINE OF

General GROCERIES

STANDARD

Breakfast Foods MEALS, ETC.

We make a quick turn-over of our stock and keep everything new and up-to-date.

FRESH AND CURED MEATS

Smoked Ham, Bolognas, etc

Highest market price paid for Eggs, Hides, Deacon Skins, etc.
GORDON McLEAN

Plants:

Azaleas
Tulips
Daffodils
Hyacinths, etc.

Cut Flowers:

Roses
Carnations
Violets, etc.

R. B. Heather

Tel. 22; G. H. 56.

BROCKVILLE, ONTARIO

Kingston Business College Limited

KINGSTON - ONTARIO

Canada's Highest Grade Business School

offers superior courses in Bookkeeping, Stenography, Civil Service, General Improvement and all Commercial Subjects.

Our graduates have had positions.

Faculty:

H. F. MITCHELL, Principal

The Merchants Bank of Canada

NOTE THE FOLLOWING

Capital and Surplus (about) \$11,400,000
Assets (over) 31,928,961
Deposits (over) 54,779,044

Your DEPOSITS are SAFE in the MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA.

MONEY LOANED on favorable terms.

Seven Branches and Agencies in the district. CHEESE FACTORY cheques cashed as per on all local branches, and at BROCKVILLE if desired. Number of branches in Canada 186.

Sub-Agencies at Frankville and Addison—open every Wednesday.

ATHENS BRANCH JOHN WATSON, Manager

Local and General

The Reporter will be printed on Tuesday of next week.

Turkeys ruled at 21c, at the Gananoque fair.

Mrs Wm. Mott has accommodation for a few roomers.

All kinds of Flour and Feed prices lower—At Athens Grain Warehouse.

Born—To Mr and Mrs N. L. Massey, at Moose Jaw, Sask., on Dec. 10th, a daughter.

Mr James Alguire is moving to Athens and will occupy the Johnston residence on Victoria street.

Cash paid for cow-hides, horse hides, sheep pelts and deacon skins—at Willson's Meat Market.

Miss Anna Hickey of Regina has returned to her home in Athens for the holidays.

Mr Claude G. McClary of Bassano, Alta., is visiting his many friends in Athens and vicinity.

Wanted Basswood and White Ash Stave Bolts—Athens Saw Mill and Lumber Yard.

Born—At Ettington, Sask., on Dec. 3, to Mr and Mrs Amos Wiltse, a daughter.

Miss Edna Fair has accepted a position in the office of The National Manfg. Co., Brockville.

The Parish saw-mill will run this winter as usual. Everything ready to start soon as logs come in.

Two of Athens' most highly esteemed citizens, Mr Wm. Karley and Mr C. L. Lamb, continue very ill at their homes.

Mrs H. Cornell and daughter, Miss Marion, were guests at the Armstrong-Cumming wedding at Lyn on Thursday last.

On Tuesday evening of last week Mr and Mrs R. J. Campo very pleasantly entertained the teachers of the High and Model school and the Modelites.

Lost—On Henry, Main or Victoria street on Friday last, a bill-fold containing three \$5 bills. Finder will please leave at Reporter office.

Addison Methodist S. S. will hold a Christmas tree and entertainment on Friday evening, Dec. 20th. A good programme has been prepared.

Calgary is to have a new Provincial Normal School, which, when completed, will cost in the neighborhood of \$400,000 and will be the finest institution of its kind in the Dominion.

An oyster supper and entertainment is to be held in the town hall, Delta on the evening of Jan. 1st, 1913. A splendid supper and a good programme is promised.

The annual Christmas entertainment is to be held in the town hall, Toledo, on December 25. A splendid programme is being prepared.

The many friends of Miss Lulu E. McLean will be pleased to learn that she has been accepted as nurse-in-training at Kingston General Hospital making 92 per cent on her exams.

Mr and Mrs Thomas Berron announce the marriage of their daughter Ella to Mr Floyd Howe of Rosser, Man., formerly an A. H. S. pupil, on Wednesday, December the fourth.

The Baptist Christmas entertainment was held last evening. A programme of songs and recitations were rendered by the young people and a short talk (appropriate to the season) was given by the pastor. Santa Claus kindly visited the church and remembered all the young people.

The departure of Miss Robb, who has effectively filled the office of assistant principal of the public school during the Model term, was honored yesterday by the pupils of the fourth term, who presented her with an address, accompanied with the gift of a writing case and stationery.

The council of the town of Newmarket was presented with a petition asking that a vote be taken for the repeal of Local option, and, on investigation, adopted the following report: We find the general opinion among manufacturers, merchants, professional men and other citizens that local option has been a benefit to Newmarket, and consider it would be a useless expense to this municipality to bring on a vote for the repeal of local option.

Service in the Baptist church on Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.

Mr Wallace Bissell of British Columbia visited his sister, Miss Ina, and other friends in Athens last week.

Mrs F. L. Washburn is moving from Rockport to Athens and will occupy W. L. Steacy's residence Mill street.

On Saturday evening next a Christmas tree and entertainment is to be held in the Methodist church at Harlem.

The Collector gives notice that all taxes must positively be paid by Dec. 26, or immediate action will have to be taken to enforce payment.

Two Christmas entertainments this week—The Anglican S. S. this (Wednesday) evening and the Presbyterian S. S. on Thursday evening.

In recognition of her skill in deciphering a picture puzzle. Mrs Wm. Mott received a few days ago a handsome gold watch.

Mrs and Mrs James Hewitt of Greenbush, announce the engagement of their daughter, Dora Merl, to Mr Forster Ford Earl, of Lyndhurst. Marriage will take place Dec. 24 at 5 p.m.

"The Snuggles Family" will attend Frankville Methodist S. S. entertainment on Tuesday evening next. There will be a good programme.

Card of Thanks

Mrs A. W. Kelly and family desire to thank the many friends of Mr Kelly who so willingly helped them in their recent trouble.

A red-hot campaign for the repeal of Local Option is taking place in Renfrew. The temperance people are fighting hard to hold all they have, and the Renfrew Mercury, one of the very best papers in Ontario, is backing up their efforts.

Mrs Bottomley wishes, through the medium of this paper, to thank the many kind friends, both known and unknown, who have been so practically sympathetic during the recent illness of her daughter.

The Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, is offering a free course of lectures on beekeeping lasting two weeks during January. Persons interested in taking this course should write to the President of that Institution, asking for a copy of the programme.

Mrs William Keyes of Saskatoon, Sask., is here to sympathize with Mrs A. W. Kelly and family in their bereavement. Mrs Keyes is the foster mother of Mildred Kelly, daughter of Mack Kelly, who died three months ago, and granddaughter of Mr A. W. Kelly, who died a week ago.

Dogs played great havoc with a flock of sheep and lamba owned by John Green, a farmer living near Kingston. On going to his field on Tuesday morning he found two of them dead and twenty-eight so badly injured that it was necessary to destroy them. And yet farmers are urged to keep sheep. Less dogs would be in the interest of Agriculture.

It is the superabundance of electrical energy that is to develop New Ontario. The Nipissing Central electric railway carries an average of 2200 passengers a day between Cobalt and Haileybury, and the newly opened section to New Liskeard is already carrying an average of 450 a day between Haileybury and New Liskeard.

Founded 34 Years Ago

The Brockville Business College has now been in existence thirty-four years and is thus reckoned one of the oldest Business Colleges in Ontario. This school has always been characterized by its efficient courses and the courteous treatment of its patrons; it has also an excellent reputation for immediately introducing its graduates into business circles. W. T. Rogers, the principal, is now announcing the opening of the new term, Jan. 6th 1913.

There Are Two Roys

Brockville Recorder.—Some time ago a young man named Roy Sherman, of Leeds township, was in Brockville police court and his name appeared in the Recorder at the time. Many people confounded his name with that of Roy Sherman, a former resident of Plum Hollow, and a much respected young citizen who is now living on a farm near Athens and who bears an excellent reputation. The Recorder makes the explanation to correct the false impression and relieve this young man of the imputation.

Dressmaking

For sewing and repairing apply to the undersigned. Children's clothes a specialty. I also can accommodate two roomers.

Mrs H. Stevens, Church Street.

The Coming Event

The Ladies of Christ's Church Guild intend having their annual winter entertainment on or about Jan. 22, 1913. No effort will be spared to make this attractive. The programme will contain amongst many other excellent numbers, a grand Imperial Military Fantomime, which in itself will be well worth the entrance fee. Wait for it. Full particulars later.

Christmas and New Year Holiday Rates—good going all trains Dec. 21st, 1912 to Jan. 1st, 1913, inclusive, returning up to and including Jan. 3 1913, fare and one-third for round trip. Good going all trains Dec. 24th, and 25th, returning up to and including Dec. 26th, for lowest one-way fare for round trip, also good going all trains Dec 31st, 1912 and Jan. 1st, 1913, returning Jan. 2nd, 1913, at lowest one way fare for round trip.

On November 7th, the residence of Dr. A. W. Bellamy, Rochester, N.Y., was the scene of a very joyous gathering. The occasion was the 75th anniversary of the birth of his mother, Mrs Victoria Bellamy, formerly of North Augustus. The King's Daughters, of which Mrs Bellamy is an active member, with other friends, honored her by a real surprise party. The afternoon was spent with a programme, refreshments, toasts and friendly intercourse. Mrs Bellamy was in the best of health and spirits, and entertained her friends as energetically as in former years.

A. TAYLOR & SON

Agents for

BELL AND DOMINION
Pianos and Organs
Main Street - Athens

A. M. EATON

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

MAIN STREET - ATHENS

Rural Phone. Day or night calls responded to promptly.

The People's Column

For Sale

The undersigned offers for immediate sale the following articles:—
2 Buggies
1 Cutter
3 Single harnesses.
4 Horse blankets.
2 Fur robes.
2 Boxstoves.
Bells, Whites, Neckyoke, etc.
48-50 T. G. STEVENS, Athens

House to Rent

On Charleston Road, a half-mile from Athens. House, barn and 2 acres of land. Immediate possession. Apply to W. H. WILTSE, Athens.

House for Sale

The House and lot opposite the Gilroy residence on Henry street, Athens. Half an acre of land, barn, well fruit trees. Terms to suit purchaser. For particulars apply to Mrs JOHN GIBSON, Gananoque or to WM. KARLEY, Athens.

Tamworth Boar

A pure bred Tamworth boar for service at my farm near Athens. W. L. STEACY

Cattle and Horses

For Holstein cattle any age, pure bred or grades; also horses, any style for any purpose—Apply to S. HOLLINGSWORTH, Athens

Select from us our

XMAS - GIFTS

We have a large stock of

Bags and Suit Cases

from 75c to \$11.20. To create a large demand, we are giving 20 per cent discount from all our regular prices.

Make our store your headquarters for

Mitts and Gloves

for Men and Boys. 100 varieties to choose from.

Have a look at our Horse Blankets.—The 5/A kind that never slip or slide off. Our prices will please you.

Just received, a large stock of Bells for the shaft, saddle, chimes, straps to go around the horses and all varieties.

We have the store of plenty for everything for the Horse, Sleigh and Stable.

C. AS. R. RUDD & CO.
BROCKVILLE

"The House of Hats"

Furs of Fashion

The attention of gift seekers is directed to our exclusive collection of Rich Furs—

The choicest and rarest furs of fashion are now ready for your choosing—

All our furs have the fashionable soft lining and finishings which are so much in demand—

Alaska Sable Stoles from \$10.00 up.

R. CRAIG & CO.

KING STREET

BROCKVILLE

Comfort AND Convenience

Without Waterworks, Plumbing or Sewage

The SANITARY Odorless Closet insures your family against ill-health and the diseases most common to the winter season. Because you have been forced to put up with a crude, dangerous, out-of-doors convenience for years, is no reason that such a state of affairs should last, especially when the price of the SANITARY Odorless Closet is within reach of all. Just one sickness saved and the SANITARY has paid for itself. Doctor's recommend it. The SANITARY is the best for your home. It may be placed anywhere, upstairs, downstairs, in the cellar, bathroom or bedroom. Positively no odor. Investigate now. Make your home up-to-date and modern. Write us for literature. It's free.

The Earl Construction Company

ATHENS - ONTARIO

FURNITURE

CALL AND SEE.

our stock of

High-Class Furniture

For the trade of this season we have a stock of furniture well worthy of your attention.

Whether you require a complete suite for the Parlor, Dining Room, Bedroom, or simply an individual piece, we can meet your requirements.

Our long experience enables us to buy only reliable goods, and we offer them at very attractive prices. Your inspection invited.

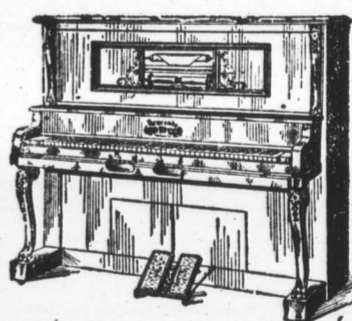
T. G. Stevens

PICTURE-FRAMING



"Vessels Large May Venture More, but Little Ships Must Stay Near Shore."

The large displacer ads. are good for the large business and the Classified Want Ads. are proportionately good for the small firm. In fact many large firms become such by the diligent use of the Classified Columns. There example is good—start now.



NEWCOMBE PIANO is the Best PIANO

MADE IN CANADA

If you are open to conviction and can be reached by a logical argument, we can convince you that it is the best, if you will call at our Warerooms and examine its merits.

Equipped with Howard Straining Rods which aid in creating the tonal and constructional superiority of the "Newcombe."

KNABE PIANO

The World's Best Piano. Patronized by Royalty H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught having purchased three for Rideau Hall.

Blundall Pianos

Is a High-Grade Piano of Distinctive Tone Quality, Exquisite Design and Finish.

Also a few carriages to sell at greatly reduced prices rather than carry them over.

W. B. Percival