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# The Athens Reporter

GENERAL LIVERY  
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Clifford C. Blancher  
Athens Ont.

Vol. XXXVI. No. 14

Athens, Leeds County, Ontario, Thursday, December 23 1920

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## Pianos

We sell both Bell and Dominion Pianos

## Organs

For those who prefer an Organ we recommend a Bell or Dominion.

## Phonographs

If you haven't heard the Brunswick, do so before you buy---It's O.K.

**Farms** We have several good farms in the vicinity of Athens for sale and we consider the price is very reasonable---If you want a farm we can save you time and money.

**A. Taylor & Son**  
Athens Ontario

## LOCAL NEWS

ATHENS AND VICINITY

Merry  
Christmas

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Ice Cream, also Oysters in plate or bulk at Mauf Addison's.

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A. D. Dewar Pastor.

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BORN—On Tuesday, Dec. 21, to Mr and Mrs L. Glenn Earl, Athens son.

Office Hours on Xmas Day at Post Office for delivery only—11.30 to 12.30 and 5 to 5.30

The date for the regular December meeting of the Women's Institute falling on Xmas, the meeting will be held the following Tues. 28th, in the Auditorium of the Town Hall at 1.30p. m.

All the children are invited to be present to enjoy an afternoon of fun and frolic as it is a kiddies party

A choice musical programme is being prepared and expect also a call from Santa on his way home, when he will tell of how Xmas is observed in other lands.

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Anthem: "The Sheperds Vision," Ashford.  
Five minutes to children:  
"How the Holly became red."  
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Sermon: "Christmas."  
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Prayer:  
Anthem: "The Star of Bethlehem"  
Recitation: "Will you receive the King Miss Zella Topping."  
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Hymn: "Hark the herald angels sing."

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# H. R. H. LIBBY-ANN

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

Out of the Swirl of Snow and Blackness of Night Her "Prince Charming" Came, and on Christmas Eve, Too, With Jingling Bells to Find the Princess Waiting for Him

"And so at last the prince came in his state carriage of gold, and the ogre, seeing his strength, did not dare to keep the princess. . . . Libby-Ann read it slowly, savoring each romantic sentence. To-night there was no one to laugh at her for taking pleasure in so childish a book; and that fact was the one comfort of the situation. For the solitude was dreadful, and the snow had even crept in under the door; Libby-Ann could see it from her crouched position on the hearth. It had filtered through the chinks of the east window, too, cutting the blackness of the night beyond into fresh silhouettes at every new drive of the jeering gale. The house was full of strange, untoward noises; of cracklings and creakings, as of ghostly footsteps, or—worse yet!—of trespassing human feet. "Did not dare to keep the princess. . . ."

A shutter banged distantly, and Libby-Ann started from her seat trembling. Then she pulled herself together.

"Of course it's nothing!" she said aloud. "I know it's nothing. None of the noises are anything but noises! Still . . ."

She glanced apprehensively over her shoulder at the lonely little building trembled from attic to cellar. It seemed the very heart of a maelstrom, whose malignity was centered upon herself. Libby-Ann defied it with a laugh that had a sob of sheer loneliness and terror perilously close behind it. Then, crossing to where the supper lay spread upon the red-and-white checked cloth, she turned the dull flame of the swinging lamp above it a trifle higher, glanced at the clock, whose solemn face told that the hour was well past 10, and then gazed mournfully at the untouched food.

"He won't be home to-night!" she said. "Tisn't possible now. Something must have happened! Oh, isn't it just awful to have such a Christmas Eve!"

A log fell in the grate, and Libby-Ann jumped. Eat? Impossible! As well put the things away and be done with the pretense! Picking up the butter-dish and the cake, she started boldly for the kitchen. It seemed a mile away, a mile terrifyingly full of treacherous shadows. But she kept bravely on until, just as she reached the door sill, there came a lull in the wind, and over vague distances of snow-muffled, silent lands a faint sound. Doubtful of her overstrung imagination, she stood still, rigid with silence. Then it came between the low moanings of the wind; a faint tinkle of little bells, distant as yet, and hardly perceptible except to anxiously straining ears, but of blessedly human significance. Libby-Ann set back the cake and the butter hurriedly, and took down the lamp.

"Father!" she exclaimed in a tone of relief that was a confession of all the agony of nervousness which, for hours past, she had been denying to herself. "Father! He's managed to get back after all!"

And then she shuddered involuntarily, the grim atmosphere of her difficult parent seeming to move into the house ahead of him at the mere mention of his approach. Yet it was better, far better, than this being alone with the terrifying nothings which women find in a house at night.

She placed the lamp at the unshaded east window, tapping away some of the snow that he might see the light the better, and then went about straightening the things on the table, listening—but vainly, now.

"He must have been in the hollow when I heard him," she murmured. "I'll just put the coffee back on the hob . . ."

As she did so, the book of fairy-tales lying open on the hearth-rug caught her eye. With a swift gesture she gathered it up, listening again and holding on to the book as to a friendly hand that soon must be relinquished. Again the bells! Nearer now. They were coming up the hill-road, they were turning in at the lower gate. In another instant he would be there!

"Where was I?" Libby-Ann breathed anxiously. "Oh, yes! 'And so at last the prince came in his state carriage of gold . . .'" That was it!"

She slipped a marker between the pages, and closing the volume with a snap, hid it under the cupboard by the hearth. A faint "Hullo!" came from without, almost inaudible through the storm, which had increased again. The call was utterly unexpected. What could it mean? Father never called. He would simply stomp in, silent and morose and hungry. Again came the call: something about "What for the castle!" At least that was what it sounded like.

Libby-Ann looked at the clock. Close to eleven! What on earth could the call forebode? Never before in all her nineteen years had a stranger visited the lonely mountain farm at such an hour. Something must have happened to her father! In an agony of fear she crossed to the side door, pushing the bolts with trembling fingers. . . .

icy air entered joyously scattering the ashes on the hearth and playing promptly danced to its piping. And with the wind came the words, unmistakable this time:

"What ho! The castle!" Libby-Ann looked cautiously around the edge of the door, her heart beating furiously with a terrible (yet lovely) sense of something tremendous about to happen. And there in the stable-yard was an incredible sight. The prince had arrived in his golden carriage of state!

At any rate, it was a golden carriage. Of that there could be no vestige of doubt. It was about the size of a small house, and square, and its sides, even under their heavy burden of snow, glittered with gold. A pair of huge, white horses, caparisoned in crimson and little silver bells, drew the coach, the reins by which they were guided passing through an aperture in the front to the warmly lighted interior, in which sat a wonderful young man. He smiled at her, showing a gleam of very white teeth. It was a splendid smile, and it set her heart beating anew, in a strange, unexpected sort of way.

Behind him, and around him in the interior of the car, or whatever it was, were innumerable objects, forming a sort of decorative background; little shelves, boxes, glass cases, on which the light of the lantern that swung from the ceiling shone glitteringly. Indeed, the whole thing glittered and swam before her eyes, as she stood rooted to the spot, unmindful of the cold and the snow that eddied in about her feet.

"Snow princess, is the barn-door open?" shouted the young man. Libby-Ann could only nod, speechless.

"All right, then!" the young man cried, gathering up the reins with a beautiful, sure gesture. "I'll put 'em up, and be right in. Come on now, Pegasus; come on, Phoenix! Oh, my brave steeds—one more pull, and then a feast, and blessed sleep!" The horses, who had stood like stately figures of fatigue, pricked up their ears at the command of his silver voice, and the whole gorgeous affair lunged forward through the encumbering snow. As it vanished around the corner of the house, Libby-Ann caught a fleeting glimpse of an illuminated sign which said something about popcorn; but it was meaningless to her dazed eyes.

Then through cones of magical time she waited, dumb and motionless, once the door was mechanically closed. Finally the sound of his approach, stamping on the porch, electrified her into action, and, flying to the mirror above the mantel, she snatched one fleeting, despairing glance at her white little face and smooth hair, so tightly brushed back. It was dreadful—dreadful! The prince had come at last—and caught her in calico! If only she were not so plain, so unornamental, so hopelessly unattractive! Of course no one ever noticed her—but perhaps, if only she had thought to rush upstairs and put on her lilac silk with the sprigged pattern . . . Well, it was too late for that now!

He flung the door wide, brushing off the snow from sleeve and breast, shaking his woollen cap, and baring his yellow head on which the curls grew rough and vigorous. Then he came in and closed the wild night out, shooting the bolts with care. Some-how the sight of it sent thrills of delightful terror up and down her spine. Then he made her a grave bow of salutation, his twinkling blue eyes taking her into his confidence and challenging her imagination, her sense of play, her capacity for finding life a great, wonderful, joyous game.

"Dear princess of this lonely stronghold," said he, "is the lord of the castle at home?" "He—he is not!" she stammered, smiling and blushing. "The storm—he must have stayed in Middletown for the night."

The stranger gave a low whistle. "Middletown!" said he. "That's where I was bound for when I lost my way in the snow—and, incidentally, the trade I might have had at the shopping-centre to-night, along with it."

"It's twelve miles over the mountain," said Libby-Ann. "Then it's plain I can't get there to-night!" he exclaimed, making a wry face. "Great Scott! And tomorrow is Christmas! I promised my mother, too, that I'd be home for sure. But the horses are dead beat, and so

an I: the Ark is pretty heavy . . . lovely princess, is your royal mother visible?"

Libby-Ann shook her head. "My mother is dead," she said simply. "There is no one here but me." Instantly his manner changed. "Forgive me!" he said, gravely and sweetly. "Here I come rushing in with my fooling and nonsense, never dreaming that you were alone. Please forgive me—I only talk that way to keep the world as beautiful and gay as I'd like to have it. I'm not crazy, really. I—I apologize!"

"Oh, don't!" said Libby-Ann, suddenly, breathlessly. "Go on that way, please! I understand!" "You do?" he exclaimed, coming a step nearer. "You don't say! Good! But now about my staying . . . Maybe the horses can go . . . why, I never thought of there being only a lone girl . . ."

"Of course you'll stay," she replied, her hands twisting nervously under her apron in fear lest he vanish into the night as mysteriously as he had come.

The stranger seemed to hesitate, advancing doubtfully from the door toward which he had instinctively taken a few steps. "Well, if you really don't mind," he began, smiling again. "A Wilton never turned away a guest yet!" he assured him, proudly, innocently. "Of course you can have the best chamber. And—and you must be hungry, too. There's supper, and coffee all hot," she added timidly.

He laughed his silver laugh that was like Christmas bells for gladness. "You are a royal princess, for sure!" he cried, slipping out of his great coat. "I knew it at first sight—in deed, as soon as I saw your castle on the hill, with the light beckoning in the window! Coffee? With pleasure, your highness!"

He drew up the chair which she indicated, making a delightful grimace over the food like a pleased boy, as she uncovered it. He seemed perfectly at home and at his ease once more, the slight shadow of his hesitation wholly vanished.

"I'm fiercely hungry," he confessed, "but not so hungry that I'm going to turn cannibal and begin on you, so you needn't look so scared, child! Cheer up, and smile at a poor wanderer. Honest, I'm a perfectly desirable citizen; a good, respectable merchant, though not exactly what you might call steady, seeing that I move about a good bit, shop and all. But otherwise in good standing, I can tell you truly. So don't be afraid, princess—smile a little!"

She brought him the coffee from the hob, holding the hot handle with her apron, her gray eyes wide, her timidity melting. For he was irresistible as the west wind in summer, so full of romance and gentle sport. "Feast well, O prince!" she said shyly, half-shamefacedly, scarce knowing herself. "Feast well; the ogre will not be home to-night!"

He dropped his fork in surprise, and his laugh rang out again, full of delight and encouragement. "Well! I'm blessed if you don't really understand!" he cried, springing up to help her. "Here! Let me pour that! Aren't you going to eat, your highness?"

"I—I guess maybe I will," she answered. "I wasn't hungry before, because the house is so—so alone, with father not getting back, and all, but now . . ."

"I know!" he nodded. "House all creaks and groans, and your heart jumping up and down!" He arranged a chair for her. "Now you sit here, and let me do the waiting."

"But that's the woman's work!" she protested, though feebly. He had such a queer yet charming way of sweeping matters along, and making the oddest things seem all right.

"Not in my world, it isn't!" he said firmly. "In my world the prince serves his lady, always, and the meanest task is an honor when it is performed for her!"

"How lovely!" sighed Libby-Ann. "But—but . . ."

"But what?" he asked. "Go on, say it! You have got to get the habit of saying things. That's half the fun of thinking them. Go on—But what?"

"But are you real?" Libby-Ann burst out. "Am I real?" he retorted gaily. "Just watch me get after this wonderful pie!" "Is it really wonderful pie?" she

asked solemnly. "I—nobody ever said anything nice about my cooking before."

"They didn't!" He seemed astonished. Then he took a swallow of coffee, set down the cup, and regarded her almost seriously. "It's magnificent pie!" he declared. "And I'm a good judge, too, for my mother is some cook. But what makes you ask if I am real? Was it my appearing so suddenly?"

She nodded. "Partly," she said. "And what was the rest of the reason?" he wondered, very frankly, with simple curiosity. "Please tell me!" She could deny him nothing. If he had asked for the sun, she would have gone after it. Slowly she got up and went to the cupboard, from beneath which she drew the red-bound fairy book. Somehow she could not help doing it. She did not exactly want to, and yet she felt so sure that he would understand! Opening it at her marker, she placed it before him on the table.

"And so at last the prince came in his state carriage of gold," he read aloud; and the ogre, seeing his strength, did not dare to keep the princess. . . ."

With a sudden blush she snatched the book back, holding it tightly to her breast, as the crimson mounted her burning cheeks. "Hello!" said he, as though all at once he beheld her through new eyes. With the color in her face she was as nearly pretty as her tightly bound hair permitted.

"I was reading it when you called," she stammered. "I see!" he nodded, that new consciousness still burning in his eyes. She was perfectly well aware that he was really seeing her for the first time, and vaguely wondered why. He held out his hand for the book. "Let's have it back," he begged. "It looks like a pretty story: I'd like to know how it ends."

"Oh, no!" cried Libby-Ann, hastily. "That is, the end is no matter. I was just trying to show you how I came to wonder if you could be real, and how it was that I could understand—the 'game!'"

"Because you live just in fairy-tales!" he said, softly. "Poor little girl!" "You have to live that way up here on the farm," she murmured. "Yes, I suppose so," said he. "But then, you have to anywhere. Life is a little dull, you know, unless you make it interesting!"

"Dull?" cried Libby-Ann, dropping the last vestige of her self-consciousness. "Not your life!—wandering about from place to place. Why, it must be wonderful, seeing the gay towns and the happy people, and the theatres, and everything! I'm sure it must be different from anything here!" "I'm not so certain," said he, slowly. "I've seen a lot of places, that's a fact; and I haven't seen your nearest village. But I'd like to bet that it's no different from the rest."

"Oh, but it is!" she assured him. "Middletown Corners, five miles on—that's the nearest place—is awful! The people are so—so prim and disapproving, and never have a good time. It's an awfully mean little town. Nobody could be really happy with only Middletown Corners!"

He pushed back his chair from the ravished supper-table, a light shadow of seriousness over his fine eyes. "Just the same, it's probably very little different from the rest of the towns!" he declared. "For the people in them are much the same the world over. It's only that there are fewer of each sort of people in the small places. And people like you and me are in the minority everywhere; there are only a few of us, and never enough, even in the big cities, to make us feel the strength of a majority. We're always the odd lot, and in a way, we're bound to feel it. But that doesn't matter. Believe me when I tell you this: it isn't the place you live in that makes for happiness—it's the way you live! The town doesn't matter. Think! Why, if you were to move away from here tomorrow, you'd take yourself along. And your inside life would still be your real life! What folks really mean when they say they want to leave a place where they couldn't succeed in living happily is that they want to run away from themselves. They want to leave themselves behind, and it can't be done!"

"I expect that's true," said Libby-Ann. She looked across at him as though in a dream, and somehow in that instant her fear of his father, of her lonely life, of that dreary round of housework, melted into nothingness, and a new, brave feeling flooded her veins like wine. "I, too, used to have the idea that roving would help," he went on after a little pause; "that if I went away things would be better with me. I had a good start in life; the opportunity for a college education. And I made a bad mistake. I didn't make good, as I should have done after all the sacrifices mother made to give me my chance. I was always dreaming, loafing, and I couldn't study. Somehow the idea of the university and a profession didn't interest me. And when the time came, I couldn't pass the examinations, and there was no more money for tutoring . . . and later, when I saw how disappointed mother was in me, and how the friends and neighbors talked, I thought I'd get away, that the town was no place for me, and that I'd have to go to some better place to make a decently happy life for myself. Well, I've succeeded pretty fairly. I made a good living, too, and can take care of mother now. But it wasn't because I took my body away from home that I succeeded. It was because I learned to live inside my body. And by doing that the very best I could—I got along."

He finished off with a sigh and, rising from the table, went closer to the hearth, piling on new logs. Spell-bound, Libby-Ann followed. And when he found a seat close to the blaze, she took a place opposite him on a cushion. The lamp had flickered and burned out, leaving the room with only the firelight, but neither of them noted the fact. The corners filled with shadows, crouching and mysterious, and across the low ceiling other shadows of a gayer sort danced in company with the flames. The air was sweet with the warm odor of the crackling pine and the smooth smoke of dry applewood. The glow of the fire was reflected on Libby-Ann's cheeks, and her gray eyes were very wide. Some mystic and tender spirit had crept into the room, including the two of them as though in a mist. Her heart beat so that it almost pained, and yet she would not have had it otherwise! Presently he spoke again:

"I'd like you to know my mother," he said dreamily. And the words seemed to increase immeasurably their intimacy. "She is so dear, so wonderful and patient. She is like one of the wise women of the Bible—'She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.' Often I see her in my imagination, when I'm driving my shop over the quiet roads, and there is no sound but the birds, and the rustle of hidden creatures in the woods, and the tinkle of my horses' little silver bells as they pull me along in my 'state carriage of gold.' (And there she is, waiting for my return, always so glad to greet me with her quiet 'well, son!' . . . I'd like you to know her!"

She was stunned, jolted heavily back to earth. But bravely, though wonderingly, she faced this sudden change. "But your room—I must make up the bed . . ." she began.

"Never mind me—I will sleep here!" he replied briefly. "But please, will you go now, at once—I please!" "Very well," said Libby-Ann, deeply wounded and terribly confused. She lit a candle, and went to the door with leaden steps. He followed, opening the door for her. Then he stopped her with a gesture, and by the candle's light she saw that though his lips were set, his eyes were miraculously tender still. "Little princess!" said he. "What is your name?" "Libby-Ann," she told him; the homely sound of it seemed to typify all her drab existence. "Elizabeth-Ann!" said he, smiling now. "Two of England's queens!" "And what is your name?" she asked. "My name is Freedom Day," said he.

Then he kissed her hand, just in the manner of the courtly prince he looked, and shut the door behind her softly. . . .

The Christmas dawn was clear and cold as Libby-Ann, her curls caught up beguilingly in a snood of blue ribbon, crept quietly down the stairs. Far off in the East the crimson sun was sending advance rays over the glistening fields of snow, tinting the rose-hued branches of the trees with heavy hues, gleaming on icicle caves and frosted hedgerows. The world was intensely still, intensely glad, as though the whole universe laughed for holy joy.

Very softly Libby-Ann entered the kitchen, bending swiftly and silently over the soon cheerily crackling stove and the preparations for breakfast.

Then, when all was ready, she tapped upon the door of the living-room, smiling to herself the while. There was no response. With apprehension creeping over her like an icy cloud, she waited a breathless moment, and knocked again, louder. Still the intense quiet, broken only by the snapping of the kitchen fire. Then, with a desperate movement, she opened the door.

The living-room was empty! Despair swept over her like a storm. Gone! He was gone! Impossible! After last night, after the beginning of life for her! With stumbling feet she managed to reach the east window, and looked out.

There on the smooth new snow lay the evidence, damning, irrefutable—a heavy wagon-track, and the mark of horses' hoofs, breaking the sparkling surface, leading away—away over the brow of the hill, clean-cut and clear, into the distance, into the shining, unknown world. With a heavy sob she buried her face in her arms, and kneeling there by the frost-ed glass, the cold light shining full upon her, she wept as though her heart would break. Time passed, unreckoned, hideous. She could not live, she could not! But at length she gathered her miserable little body from the floor and turned to the mirror above the cold hearth. From it her tear-stained face stared back at her out of a tangled mass of curls.

"No use for them now!" she murmured, gathering them up and unmercifully twisting them into their accustomed sleekness. Resolutely she turned away and, choking back a sob, set about clearing the disordered table. The dreary monotony of her life had begun again. There was the butter and the cake, there was the plate of cold meat, there was . . .

Amazed, she picked it up: a huge round box with a pattern of holly on it and tied with a great crimson satin ribbon which held in place a pair of little gilt tongs. Candy! A box of candy of a size and beauty beyond belief. And, better still, a little note. With shaking fingers she opened it and read.

"Dear! I have gone off early so as surely not to disappoint my mother. Merry Christmas, and my best box of candy to you. I will be back on New Year's Day, to face the ogre and to finish the fairy-story. I love you. FREEDOM."

After a moment the world began going around again. Suddenly the sun came over the hill, and laughed in at the window. Marveling, Libby-Ann lifted the gorgeous box to her breast, crushing the lovely crimson ribbon all unheeding. And there beneath it lay the book of fairy-tales, open at her story, the end of which had been lightly underscored with pencil.

"And so at last the prince came in his state carriage of gold," she read, "and the ogre, seeing his strength, did not dare to keep the princess." (Over to the next page—oh, quickly!) "And so they were married and lived happily ever after!"

"Oh!" said Libby-Ann. And all at once she set down the box of candy and the note, and began fluffing out her hair!



# Soils and Crops

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

## Mash Means Money.

The problem of the poultryman today is to get his birds to eat enough mash. Mash, the high protein carrying part of the ration, should be before the birds at all times. Records of our high-producing birds show that they consumed practically equal parts of mash and scratch by weight. How was this done and how can it be repeated?

The mash should be made as palatable as possible, and the fibre in it should be kept down as low as possible. Adding alfalfa to the ration increases the fibre content very rapidly. The lower the fibre content, the less the amount of energy required to digest a given amount of food and the more food is left for production purposes. A good mash can be made by mixing equal parts by weight of the following feeds: Cornmeal, bran, wheat middlings, ground oats and a high-grade meat scrap. This mash is simple, easy to get and is well balanced.

To get the birds to eat this mash seems to be a problem for some poultrymen. However, if they will cut down the amount of grain they feed in the morning and keep the birds hungry, they will be only too glad to eat mash.

There are several methods of feeding mash. The first and most common way in the commercial flock is in the large V-shaped hoppers, similar to the self-feeders in such common use by hog raisers. Expert poultrymen have found that this type of hopper saves labor, as they can be built large enough to hold from a week's to a month's supply. However, they also found that they are feed wasteful. Birds will sit up on the edge of the hopper and pick out the most tasty particles of mash—the cornmeal and meat scrap—and will leave the bulky, less palatable feed in the hopper or throw it out sideways with their beaks. After some time you will find the feeding part of the hopper filled with dirty bran and the oat hulls, and that the birds aren't eating it. To overcome this you must clean out the hopper before the birds will take to the mash again.

A better type of feeder which has wide use is the V-trough feeder with the top partially covered so that the birds can't throw out the mash and waste it. Also, the birds can't select their food; they just have to pick and take what they get, as the opening is just high enough so the birds can look in. With this feeder you will find scarcely any feed wasted, and you will also find your mash consumption will stay fairly uniform. This type of feeder is very easily constructed, and when completed will have several features not found in the ordinary hopper.

There is a 2 x 2-inch rod directly over the opening in the feeder. This prevents the birds from roosting on it and from getting in and dirtying the feed. Care must be used in selecting this rod so that it will be straight, as it is mounted on nails so that it will turn around and make the birds fly off. If there is a slight bend in the rod it will not turn freely, and the birds will be able to roost on the top of the hopper.

Another feature that we have found to help increase the usefulness of this feeder is to tack a mason's lath along each edge of the top of the trough so that it is flush with the outside but projects over the inside from one-fourth to one-half inch. This makes

it impossible for the birds to pull and throw any mash out sideways and waste it.

We have been able to bring up the mash consumption of some of our flocks practically 100 per cent. by the introduction of this type of feeder. Birds that were only eating one and one-half pounds of mash a month are now eating three, and their production has been constantly on the increase.

We have found that a feeder of this type, eight feet long, filled once a day, will provide ample feeding space for 200 birds, and will hold a day's supply of food. However, the length can be increased or decreased to fit the size of your flock.

Of course, these feeders must be filled every day. With this type of feeder you can get increased mash consumption by sprinkling some milk or buttermilk along the top of the mash in the hopper. The birds will taste this and eat considerable more mash.

Men using the large hopper method of feeding can also feed some of the mash mixture dampened with milk or water about noon, in some other container, trough or pan.

There are several other possible types of mash hoppers in use on the market, but for the man who has a small flock the closed top trough type will give him the most satisfactory results.

## Pigs on Rape.

That at least 500 pounds of gains in pigs may be accredited to the acre of rape forage for a season has been determined in tests at the Ohio Experiment Station. The best results from rape pasture were secured when the pigs were given a full feed of corn, nine parts; tankage, one part, by weight; the amount accredited in this case being 628 pounds to an acre of rape.

It is usually supposed that pigs when fed corn alone on rape pasture would consume more of the forage than when supplemented with tankage. However, the pounds accredited for pigs on rape pasture with corn alone, but on full feed, was only 459 pounds. With limited feeding however, where only three-fourths' feed of corn was given, the gains amounted to 544 pounds for the season. Limited feeding with the standard rate of supplementing corn by nine parts to one of tankage, gave 522 pounds of gain to the acreage of forage.

The pigs used in this experiment averaged about fifty-one pounds each and, of course, the ones receiving corn, tankage, one on pasture, made the highest daily gain, 1.47 pounds. Limited feeding of corn alone on rape forage brought a daily gain of 1.06 pounds. The lot of the same weight fed in dry lot with a ration of corn, tankage, one, made an average gain of only nine-tenths of a pound; hence there is a difference of more than half a pound per day per pig in favor of balanced ration on rape pasture.

These tests show that it pays best to feed supplements of corn on rape pasture. When hogs are being raised for breeding stock, it will be cheaper to grow the hogs on a limited grain ration on rape pasture as the concentrates required per 100 pounds gain are less. However, it pays to use some tankage in the ration. In this experiment the pigs fed corn alone while on rape pasture required 325 pounds of concentrates to every 100 pounds of gain made.

Keep the breeders vigorous during the winter and thus begin the plans for the spring hatching season long before spring arrives.

Many pigs and calves are lost each year, especially in the winter, because the breeding stock was kept confined too closely and not allowed to exercise freely. Animals seldom refuse to go out when given the opportunity; if they do, they need to be forced. They will maintain a better appetite, their health will be better, and the air and sunshine is highly beneficial. Some farmers force the breeding stock to take daily exercise, making them go certain distances to get feed or water. The little lot back of the barn makes a good winter range and yard for breeding stock.

Clean milk can be secured with milking-machines if proper precautions are taken. These precautions are such that they are within the limits of the ability of every dairyman. The all-important principle which must be kept in mind is strict attention to details. No matter if a few essential rules in the care of the machines are carried out to the letter, if one should be occasionally neglected, the results are sure to be irregular. That is why some of the dissatisfied users of milking-machines have grounds for complaints. The fault is with the users. If the machines are properly taken care of they will give satisfaction in producing clean milk.

An optimist is a man who can eat a bowl of soup at a church supper and then say, "Well, maybe the soup was in some other dish."



FOR GREATER BEEF PRODUCTION

Picture is of a "Triala" a cross between a buffalo and a domestic cow. It is claimed by live stock men making breeding experiments that about 250 pounds more prime meat can be obtained on the shoulders of the animal by this cross breeding.

## Horse Service

When the horse is obliged to stand idle outdoors in cold weather for any length of time it should be well blanketed. This is particularly true of clipped horses. Some horses are blanketed continually to keep them clean, and to make their coats glossy. This is wrong practice, for, in the first place, the dirt in a horse's coat originates for the most part in his skin, hence the blanket cannot keep it out; in the second place, the blanket does not make a true gloss on the coat, but only a temporary one, which is soon lost when the horse goes out in the cold. Liberal use of the curry comb and brush are the best means of obtaining a clean and glossy coat.

eggs has been heavily drawn on and therefore is reduced. The eggs from those of our flock who have spent the winter loafing and eating our profits will start laying fairly well in the spring, and their eggs are the best colored. But we do not want to raise our chickens from loafers.

Select the lighter-colored eggs. They are from the highest producers we have, and it is from such stock that we want our next heavy-laying pullets to come.

## Government Stock in the Show Ring.

Everybody will agree with the Dominion Animal Husbandman, who writes an interesting article in The Agricultural Gazette of Canada for November on "Federal Exhibits in the Show Ring," that the exhibition of good stock of any breed, whoever the owner may be, is the most potent kind of advertising for that breed, and that Canadian interests could in no wise suffer by a creditable showing of Government stock at the greatest stock shows in the world. The article referred to is a sort of defence of the action taken by the Experimental Farm system in making entries at various fairs, local and provincial. Exception to this course has been advanced on the ground that it is a case of the people competing against the people. On the other hand it is desirable that farmers and the public generally should know what is being done with the money provided by them. As Mr. George B. Rothwell, the Dominion Husbandman, suggests, if the entries can top the classes there is the best kind of evidence right in the spotlight of publicity that the public are at least being supplied with a run for their money. Mr. Rothwell lays down certain restrictions under which such exhibits should be made. He also details certain successes that have already been achieved in the show ring by the Experimental Farm system.

## Hatching Brown-Shelled Eggs

Selecting eggs for setting or hatching is one of the most important phases of the poultry business, for the quality, size and egg-producing abilities of our next laying flock depend on this selection. It is equal in importance to the selection of our breeding heifers or our breeding sows, ewes or mares.

In this respect the brown-shelled egg-laying breeds have a distinct advantage over the breeds that produce white-shelled eggs, for the tint and richness of the brown color can aid us in making wise and profitable selections.

Most farmers, and many poultrymen, select the darkest, richest brown-colored eggs for setting, believing that they have secured the eggs from their best layers and from their truest breed-type hens. However, the opposite is the correct method. We find that a hen that has laid heavily all through the winter, produces eggs in the spring, that are not so highly colored. Indeed, many of her eggs are only tinted or speckled. The strain of manufacturing a large number of eggs has told on her, and the coloring matter which goes into her

## Better Farmhouse Floors

BY D. WILLIAMSON.

"I'm going to build a farmhouse," you say, or "I'm going to remodel this old farmhouse."

Very good; you get your plans, pore over catalogues, consult with your contractor, then set to work. The walls are to be hollow tile, we'll say; the roof, asbestos shingle; electric lights are to be put in; a vacuum-cleaning system installed. "Oh, I'm going to have everything right up to the very last minute!" you tell your neighbors.

But, hold on; how about the floors? Are you going to use the same old sort that your grandfather put down when he built? No, I don't believe you are; I'm sure you want better floors to match all the other good things. And so I have the notion you'll be interested, if I tell you what I've learned about modern floors from practical experience.

Hardwood floors, properly laid, are a splendid investment, save a lot of housework, and with good care are almost everlasting. In a new house I always lay a good level floor of cheap pine boards; then, the very last thing, when all other work is done, I cover this with building paper, and lay the hardwood floor. At present prices of lumber, the thin flooring (three-eighths or half an inch) is the thing to use; but be sure that the ends as well as the edges are tongued and grooved, else it won't lie level. As for the material, that depends on circumstances; I have used both white oak and hard maple, with excellent results. There is very little choice, when all things are considered. The oak has rather the prettier grain, especially if quarter-sawn; but it is more expensive. The cheaper grades of maple have ugly streaks and marks; but they wear just as well on a kitchen floor as the more costly. And there are other kinds of hardwood that will give good service and satisfaction.

In an old house the floors have usually sagged, so you will need to lay nailings-strips of different thickness to level up the new flooring. Therefore, very thin flooring will sag and bend when walked on, since it is a bit slippery when highly polished, and flat on the rough floor; ished.

three-fourths-inch is the least I can recommend for that purpose. I generally scrape my floors, but this is not absolutely necessary, and is quite expensive if properly done. Planing a hardwood floor, however, is the worst thing you can do; even a very sharp plane-bit will tear the surface, whereas a scraper leaves it satin-smooth. Professional floor-scrappers wear rubber shoes, or go in stocking-feet, so as not to mar the unfinished floor with shoe-nails.

After scraping I always fill the pores of oak with some good paste filler; pine, maple, or any close-grained wood will not need this; then, for any hardwood, I put on two coats of shellac, sandpapering each coat lightly. When the shellac is dry, I smear on some floor wax, and polish with a weighted brush that comes for the purpose. Every so often, when the floor looks dull, some more wax is rubbed on and polished; if this is carefully done every few weeks, your floors will never show a sign of wear. Soft-wood floors can not be satisfactorily waxed; they must be varnished and kept varnished.

But there is another modern material which I have used with splendid results—composition flooring. A special cement (there are quite a number of good sorts on the market) is spread down and smoothed like a concrete sidewalk; any good cement-worker can do this. The base-board and entire floor are all in one piece; there are no joints to hold dust and dirt. I have laid this material over concrete, new board floors, old board floors, etc., and it has always worked well. The usual thickness is about three-eighths of an inch. On a wooden floor we usually nail down chicken wire to reinforce it; on concrete this is unnecessary. Some of the manufacturers claim that their product does not need the chicken wire under any circumstances. Composition flooring comes in various different colors, and is waxed like hardwood; the only objection that I know of is that it is a bit slippery when highly polished.

# The Welfare of the Home

## What is the Very Best Inheritance That We Can Leave Our Children?

Someone has said that boys are assets and girls liabilities. For many centuries and in many lands this has been the general sentiment and the care and training of each has had this mistaken idea for a basis. Step by step, with unyielding persistence, the girls have made progress, and now in the twentieth century they can claim equality with their brothers. Our country is not rich because of its houses and lands, mines, stocks and bonds, but because of its boys and girls. Knowing then the value of these same boys and girls, how are we rearing them, training them and guiding them? How are we fitting them for their greatest usefulness? Never before in the history of the world has there been so much serious thought and earnest effort in the development of these human plants.

Luther Burbank, the great horticulturalist, says that the best place to bring up a boy or girl or a plant is in the country, the nearer to nature the better. So farm children start with no handicap. They have without money and without price, sunshine, fresh air and blue sky, and while with these only they can hardly be self-supporting, without these they will not need support long. On the farm, the child learns to work, unless he happens to be a most skillful shirk and even then he is apt to take a few lessons in doing things. The moral value of work is unquestioned. Steady, persistent work has done more to keep the world clean and wholesome than any other force in it. Children on the farm learn many kinds of work. They learn to meet every-day emergencies intelligently and to adjust themselves readily to changing conditions. They have fewer temptations. There are fewer opportunities for careless and unnecessary spending and the habit of right saving is one of the sines of character. Farm life is not artificial; there is time for realities only. In business, the young man and woman from the farm is at a premium, because the employer knows that on the farm they

have been learning some earnest lessons. They have gone to bed early, begun the new day early and have been thinking of other things than just to have a good time. In business, the thing to-day that is in demand is character coupled with intelligence. And this, more than any other place in the world, the life on the farm should produce. These are some of the advantages to be gained from country living. They are great advantages.

Now what are the limitations? Why is it that a steady stream of the best blood of the land has been pouring into the towns and cities for years? Why is it that boys and girls look away from the farm with longing eyes and hungry hearts? Why is it that, too often, their interest in farm life is dead before they enter the teen age? These are important questions to ask ourselves. We have held farmers institutes. We have studied many problems—all earnest and profitable. We know how to give our bean crop intelligent care; how to train and guard our young colts; our cows have recommended food and balanced rations. No chances are taken to mar their future usefulness. We have thrown a searchlight on all subjects but the most vital one of all, the Home. We take the best farm magazines. How many do we take which teach us how to rear our children? This father and mother business is the greatest, the most complex, the most subtle and the most worthy in the whole world. Too many of us have begun it without preparation and continued it with great indifference.

What is the best inheritance we can leave our boy and girl? Twenty acres? Forty acres? Two hundred acres? No, decidedly not! What we should give them and the best that we can leave them—a clean healthy body, an intelligent mind and a pure soul. With this, they have every chance for success and happiness. Without them, they will be shipwrecked early in the strenuous voyage of life.

## Silent Service.

In the excitement and worry of mother's sudden illness the dinner dishes had been forgotten. Eleanor thought of them with a sudden pang as she paced the corridor of the great hospital, waiting for the doctor's verdict, two hours later. She did not leave the hospital until a quiet, calm-eyed nurse had assured her that her mother was better; that she would live.

It was after five o'clock when she walked in at the front door of her house, and again she thought of that table of unwashed dishes. How good the girls had been to her, and how sweet and sympathetic they were! They had volunteered to do anything in the world for her that they could. Phoebe was the only one among them who had not seemed eager and anxious to help. She was disappointed in Phoebe.

She opened the door of the living room and stared; everything was in perfect order—the curtains at just the right angle, and not a speck of dust anywhere. She walked on through to the dining room. Again she stared. The table from which they had so hurriedly risen to take mother to the hospital had no unwashed dishes upon it. The silver and the glasses shone. There were clean napkins, and a bowl of nasturtiums glowed in the centre of the table.

She walked through the dining room into the kitchen. The fire burned brightly; something was cooking on the range; and there by the table sat a little, quiet, brown-eyed girl, in a simple blue house dress and a big apron, slicing potatoes.

"Why, Phoebe May," cried Eleanor, "is it you?"

"Yes; I stayed after the others went away," said Phoebe, smiling. "I know how hard it would be for you to come back to unwashed dishes and have to get supper. I made a custard, and, if you like, we can have biscuits. I have the potatoes nearly ready to go on, and I found some cold meat in the refrigerator."

Eleanor sat down. How tired she was! And yet what a stay and a prop was all this cleanliness and order—and Phoebe's smile! In a flash some lines of Lucy Larcom's came into her mind:

If but one friend has crossed thy way  
Only once in thy mortal day,  
If only once life's best surprise  
Has opened on thy human eyes,  
Ingrate thou wert indeed if thou  
Didst not in that rare presence bow  
And on earth's holy ground, unshod,  
Speak softer the dear name of God.

Tears rushed to her eyes. Eleanor tried, "did you do all this?"

Phoebe smiled again. "Why not? I am your friend, you know, and friendship stands for something." She paused, then continued: "I'm not beautiful like Nina and Gladys. I can't sing as Kate sings. I can't make bright, funny little speeches as Margaret does. But I can wash dishes and put things in order for you. I don't expect you to love me as you do the others. I'm so insignificant and plain and commonplace, but, oh, I love you!"

For a moment Eleanor did not reply. She had had her dark hour, but it had not been the other girls that had led her out upon the sunny slope of hope and courage. It had been plain, silent little Phoebe. She put both arms round the slender figure enveloped by the big ginger apron. "So many dishes, and you washed them for me!" she said brokenly.

## High Speed for Grindstones is Dangerous.

I had a power grindstone that was run from a three-inch pulley on a line-shaft. This gave me just the speed for ordinary purposes. I was in a hurry, and my ax ... of nicks, I moved the grindstone to a twelve-inch pulley on the same shaft. I knew this would give me more speed and thus I could grind the ax down faster.

I started grinding and was well pleased with the effect. The nicks were being quickly ground away. The red-hot bits of steel flew into the air like fire from a Roman candle.

All at once the ax flew from my hands. There was a crash, and I found myself on my back on the floor. I thought I had been hit by lightning.

I had been running the stone at too high a speed, and it had broken, turning a part of it through the side of the building, tearing a hole large enough for me to walk through. The ax, which was caught by the flying stone, crashed through the side of a power washer that stood a short distance away.

A piece of flying stone struck me in the stomach, knocking me to the floor; but I was not in the circle of the stone's motion, I escaped practically unhurt. The damage done to the building, washer and grindstone cost me more than \$50, and I had to go to a neighbor's to finish grinding my ax.

I learned a little lesson that I am not likely to forget. Grindstones were not made to run at high speed; from sixty to 100 revolutions a minute is plenty fast enough. I find it pays to run the grindstone by power, as it saves one man's time in the busy season; but in the future I will be careful about running the stone too fast.

## Beat the High Cost of Machinery.

Do you have any machinery out in the weather? Drop the work you had planned for to-day and put it under cover. This part of the equipment for farming costs more to-day than ever before in history. This makes necessary greater care if we will avoid excessive cost. The machinery we buy to-day are much more intricate and complicated and thus more damaged by weathering than those of previous years. One-eighth of the total investment saved each year your machinery is properly cared for, is a very conservative estimate. The added satisfaction and saving in operating tight-fitting, smooth-running machinery needs no argument for its proof. No machine can stand out in the weather and then operate efficiently the following season.

If you despise a man's creed you are not far from hating him.



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ISSUED WEEKLY

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William H. Morris, Editor and Proprietor

**NOTICE**

Driving onto sidewalks with teams and vehicles thereby blocking them against legit traffic is strictly prohibited and further offences will be prosecuted.

F. Bancher, C. I. if Co st b/c

**Nomination Meeting**

A Public Meeting of the Electors of the Village of Athens, will be held on

**Monday, Dec. 27, 1920**

at 7.30 p.m., in the Town Hall, for nominating a Reeve, Councillors and School Trustees, for 1921, and in case a poll be required, the votes of the qualified electors will be taken from

9 a.m. to 5 p.m., on Monday, January 3, 1920, at the several polling subdivisions in the municipality.

G. W. LEE, Returning Officer.

**Nomination Meeting**

The Public Meeting required to be held for the Nomination of Candidates for the Offices of Reeve and Councillors for the year 1921 of the Municipality of the Township of The Rear of Yonge and Escott, will be held on Monday the 27th day of Dec.

A. D. 1920, at the Township Hall, in the Village of Athens, at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon, and if an Election is required the polls will open in the several polling subdivisions of the Municipality on Monday the third day of January 1921 from 9 o'clock in the forenoon until 15 o'clock in the afternoon.

R. E. Cornell, Ret. Officer.

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**Township Council**

The council of Rear Yonge and Escott met on the 15th inst. at one o'clock.

Members all present. Minutes of last regular and special meetings were read and adopted.

**Accounts Ordered Paid.**  
Harry Keyes, for 39 cords of stone, \$138.50; F. D. Spence, for work in Div. 20, to be retained from taxes of 1920, \$14.70; D. Heffernan, bonus on 95 rods wire fence, \$15.20; Fred S. Hayes, equalizing two school assessments, \$6, selecting jurors, \$3, assessing expenses \$1, \$10 in all; R. E. Cornell, salary, \$165, care of hall, \$10, selecting jurors, \$2, expenses, \$8.57, \$185.57 in all; Irwin Wiltsie, salary as treasurer, \$55, expenses, \$4.50, \$59.50 in all; Delbert Covey, refund of statute labor tax, to be retained from road funds in Div. 21, \$5; Alpheus Scott, refund dog tax, \$2; Ernest Bogart, refund dog tax, \$2; W. J. Moore, work on town line, Kitley and Yonge, \$13; E. J. Purcell, nails for bridges, \$1.46; Delmar Cowie, bonus on 30 rods wire fence, \$5.40; Dr. Harte, indigent account, \$23.50, sanitary account, \$7.50, inspection of school \$45, \$56 in all; J. E. Bruce, tile account, \$75.75; T. R. Beale, legal services, \$10; D. R. Sheffield, salary as reeve, \$20, selecting jurors, \$2, \$22 in all; C. B. Howard, salary as councillor, \$20; Thos. Howorth, salary as councillor, \$20, inspecting bridges, \$3, \$23 in all; E. S. Earl, salary as councillor, \$20, inspecting bridges, \$3, \$23 in all; G. O. Hayes, salary as councillor, \$20; account of Everett Rowsome for hauling milk truck over bad piece of road was laid over for further consideration.

By-law to appoint deputy returning officers, poll clerks, places for polls and place and time for nomination was passed, appointing W. C. Brown's residence as polling place in Div. 6, W. C. Brown D.R.O. and Harold Fortune, poll clerk; Albert Morris's residence as polling place in Div. 2, T. D. Spence D.R.O., and Paul Heffernan, poll clerk; James Sheldon's residence as polling place in Div. 3, John Mackie, D.R.O., and Phillip Yates, poll clerk.

Nominations to be at the township hall on December 27th, at 1 o'clock. Mrs. Britton Killenbeck's taxes for 1920 were ordered not to be collected.

A resolution that James Keyes' dog tax be refunded was not carried. The council adjourned to meet on the 27th, after nominations.

R. E. Cornell, Clerk.

**SAND BAY.**

The sleighing in this part of the country could not be better. Mrs. Hermon Heatlip expects to return home this week from the Kingston General Hospital, where she has been for three weeks, having had an operation for appendicitis.

The young people in this part of the neighborhood are practising for a Christmas tree to be held in Dulcaine Methodist Church on Dec. 21st.

It was a great shock to this neighborhood when word came Sunday evening that Bruce Johnston had passed away in the Kingston General Hospital, only sick from Wednesday. He died of pneumonia. He was a student of Queen's University and a very clever young man, only 22 and a friend of everybody. It seems strange that such people have to be taken away so early in life. He was such a clean boy and our country is surely very scarce of such boys as he. His funeral took place at Lansdowne on Tuesday.

The Methodist Church in Dulcaine has been all painted inside, which is beautiful. There was union services in Sand Bay Presbyterian Church while this work was going on for three Sundays. Last Sunday there was a union reopening which was largely attended, and we heard an excellent sermon.

Richard McCrady had a bee to-day cutting wood and got a nice lot cut.

**SHERWOOD SPRINGS.**

Mr. and Mrs. Blake Dickey, Yonge Mills, were guests on Sunday last at Mrs. Annie Eligh's.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Layng are the proud parents of a baby boy. The many friends and neighbors of Mr. Thos. Whitney are sorry to hear of his serious illness at the home of his son in Brockville.

Mrs. E. P. Eligh received word recently of the marriage in Saskatoon of her youngest sister, Miss Gladys Galford, to Mr. Arthur Manuel, manager of the Bank of Toronto at Loverna, Sask.

**In Memorium**

In loving memory of Mrs. Hannah Trotter, Phillipsville, who died Dec. 20th, 1919.

Oh and oh our thoughts do wander, To a grave not far away, Where we laid our darling sister Just a year ago to-day.

Yet dear sister though we miss you, And our hearts with grief are sore, Some day we hope to greet you On that bright and happy shore.

From her Sisters in Athens.

**CIVIL SERVICE.**

Results of examination held in rooms of Brockville Business College July 6th:

Successful candidates for Post Office Department work—G. Trevor, S. Gibson, I. Edgar, D. Smith, A. McCrady, C. Carr, F. Nicholls, B. Bullis, A. Coburn, W. Stott.

For positions as Government Stenographers—Misses F. Sweeney, I. Jones, V. Carley, A. Quigley, E. Ferguson.

For temporary office work—Misses Mary Gemmill and Winnie Crobar.

Another examination was held Oct. 13th, and another will be held in May or June. Each half year a good sized contingent of Brockville students enter the Civil Service at Ottawa.

To prepare for these examinations and for the filling of office positions young people are urged to enroll at the Brockville Business College at the New Year Term, Jan. 3rd, 1921.

Fees—For 3 months, \$45; each extra month, \$8. No charge for textbooks.

**DR. PAUL**

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Write or Phone early for dates or call the Reporter and arrange for your Sale. **H. W. IMERSON, Auctioneer**

**Farm Help**

Owing to unemployment in centres of population there are many men now available for farm work. A large number of these men have had farm experience and their services are now available at moderate wages with board. Farmers who can usefully employ one or two of these men at this time will be rendering a service to the community as well as to themselves. Many farmers have repairs and other odd jobs which have been put off for years on account of the high cost of labor. This might be a good time to get caught up with work of this nature.

Farmers desiring help please communicate with your local representative and state the nature of the work and wages you are willing to pay.

**WALTER H. SMITH,**

Agricultural Representative.

**HONORABLE MANNING W. DOHERTY,**

Minister of Agriculture.



**Xmas Gifts**

Such as---

Buffets, Dining Suites, Library Tables, Library and Den Chairs, Morris Chairs, Easy Chairs, Couches and Divanettes, Centre Tables, Pedestals, Sectional Bookcases, Writing Desks, Kitchen Cabinets, Wicker Work Baskets, Den and Mantle Clocks, also a Fine Range of Brass and Iron Beds, Mattresses, Etc.

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*Glidden Endurance Paint* prevents decay, keeps out moisture from the wood and resists wear from changing weather conditions without scaling or cracking.

*Glidden Endurance Paint* stays fresh and bright for a long time, wears well and looks well—and because of its durability is the cheapest paint you can buy.

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# Christmas Made Them Partners.

## FOR LOVE OF HIS LITTLE CHILD, THIS FATHER GAVE ALL AND GAINED ALL.

By MAY ELLIS NICHOLLS.



"It's awful to get a puncture, especially after dark!" said Bobby and gazed ruefully at the broken rubber band in his hand.

On the floor at his side was a disabled auto-truck, loaded down with Christmas packages—at least that was what Bobby saw. Of course it was had only grown-up eyes, it might have looked to him like a cigar box mounted on four little wheels, three of them bound round with rubber bands and the fourth, as Bobby had mournfully declared, minus its "rubber tire."

"Mother!" he called, scrambling to his feet. Receiving no reply, he ran to the door through whose crack a ray of light shone. "Mother, please light the gas, I've got a blowout."

With the opening of the kitchen door a flood of light, an appetizing odor and Comfort all entered together. Comfort had flushed cheeks and tender eyes. She wore a white apron over a blue muslin dress exactly the shade of her eyes; her sleeves, rolled above her elbows, displayed her shapely white arms.

"Why you blessed darling! All in the dark, are you?" She lighted the gas and with the light the room sprang into definite lines, like a developing negative. It was the ordinary dining room of the ordinary city flat: a cheap, ornate, built-in sideboard, a yellow-oak dining table, four chairs and a divan that could be used for a bed, made up the furniture.

"See my puncture, mother?" Bobby held up the rubber band and pointed to the little bandless wheel.

The mother's serene eyes suddenly saddened. "Cars, cars, cars, always cars! Put up your play, Bobby, and do some examples."

There was a cadence in the mother's tone that the child felt though he did not understand. He reluctantly obeyed. His mind was not on the question of how many two's make four. After his mother had returned to her dinner-getting he tied the broken rubber band and stretched it over the fourth wheel; it broke shorter than before. Once more he tried but with the same result.

"If I had only a big rubber!" he murmured.

He tried to fasten it with a string but the rubber was rotten and he threw it down with tears in his big gray eyes. "The mean old thing!" he cried.

Suddenly he sprang to his feet, a look of determination on his face.

"I've a great mind—" he said and put his hand on the knob of the hall door. For a full minute he stood deliberating, then he turned the knob, walked slowly the length of the dark hall and paused outside another door.

For weeks Bobby had been forbidden to enter that room. "Father is at work and must not be bothered," was the law laid down to him every morning and never repealed. Each morning after breakfast that room swallowed Father. Sometimes he came out for lunch, sometimes Bobby did not see him again till the next day. When he did come out, he seemed to be looking at something far away and hardly spoke to Mother or Bobby. Yet he was not angry with them. Oh, no! When he did see them, he cuddled and kissed them as if he had been away for a long time and only the other day, when the auto-truck was out of order, he got right down on his hands and knees and fixed it quicker—quicker—why, quicker than Bobby could think about it. Mother could cure bad cuts and black-and-blue spots by kissing them and could make wonderful things to eat but she did not seem to know one wee bit about automobiles, and sometimes Bobby thought she acted as if she did not want to know. Why, Bobby himself knew more about autos than Mother did!

For five long minutes he listened outside the forbidden door. Well might he pause: it was the first time in the six years of his short life that he had ever deliberately disobeyed those who had authority over him. But his mind was made up. He was going to face Father as man to man, and no matter what resulted from it, ask him to fix the truck.

He opened the door noiselessly and entered the room. For a moment the glare of light almost dazzled him, for it was as light as six flaring gas jets could make it. Blinking, he advanced on tiptoe. At a table in the middle of the room sat Father—tall, slim, his mop of black hair thrown back, his dark eyes fixed on something he held in his hand and was adjusting with a tiny tool. At last he put the thing

down on the table and for a moment longer Bobby stood motionless in sheer amazement. Then he jumped and capered and fairly squealed with delight. The thing was a tiny auto-mobile, only a few inches high but perfect in every part and it ran like mad, first this way and then that over the polished surface of the table.

"Oh, gee, Father! Gee whizz, can't she go?" Bobby's little body fairly quivered with excitement. "It's from Santa Claus, isn't it, and it's for me?"

The eager little hands were outstretched, but before they reached the coveted treasure they were struck aside and a voice that Bobby would never have known for Father's, shouted at him:

"Don't you dare touch that, Child! Why did your mother let you come here anyway?"

"Mother didn't let me; I came," Bobby protested, ready to defend Mother even in his extremity.

The surprise and suspense in the little face brought Robert Norton to a realization of himself. With one hand he swept the marvellous little car from the table and with the other turned Bobby gently but firmly toward the door.

"Father cannot talk with you now, Son; he's busy. One of these days you shall have all the cars you want. I hope, run along now, that's a man!"

Bobby stopped in the passage, his small frame shivering with the sob of a very small boy. He felt stunned and humiliated and desolate. He crept into the kitchen.

"Father wouldn't mend my tire," he sobbed.

For once his gentle mother turned on him almost fiercely as his father had done. "Bobby! You don't mean you bothered Father?"

"He isn't working, Mother-dear. That's what—" choking back the ache that seemed to fill his throat, "hurts my feelings so. He isn't working! He's just playing. He's playing with the cunningest little touring car you ever saw in your life and he wouldn't let me touch it!"

Mother held out her arms and secured in the privacy of the kitchen, Bobby ran into them. It was all such a puzzle. \* Father playing with toys in the parlor, Mother getting their dinner in the kitchen, when Father used to go to business every day, Nora used to get dinner, and Mother used to sew and read and play with him. And the worst of it was Father did not seem to enjoy his play and sometimes he thought Mother did not like to get the dinner—anyway she had looked sorry enough when a man came with a paper and she had counted money out of an old pocketbook and given it to him. And another time a man came and there didn't seem to be enough money in the pocketbook, and he said something cross and went away. It was a comfort to lie still, cuddled against her soft shoulder, for all at once he felt tired and sleepy and knew that his head was aching dreadfully.

"How hot your head is, dear," Mother said, raising his chin to look into the tear-stained little face. "Do you feel sick in any way?"

"Only when I swallow."

Mother carried him to the light.

"I will give you your supper right away, Dear, and put you to bed. You have played too hard to-day."

"I've got to hang up my stockings, Mother," Bobby reminded her reproachfully.

"Of course, you may hang them before you go to bed."

"I don't want any supper, Mumsie; and you may hang up my stockings. I only want one thing anyway and I wrote Santa Claus about that."

"And what was that, Dearie?"

"A touring car—a real one like the one we saw in the window of the big toy store. It has an engine and gears, and a differential. You remember?"

Yes, she remembered. Two weeks ago she had taken Bobby to see the wonderful display at the largest toy shop in the city and he had had eyes for only one thing, this little car, a marvellously intricate miniature of a grown-up's expensive plaything—the kind of toy his pampered darlings provide for its pampered darlings.

"Mother! You think Santa Claus will bring me a little car like that, don't you?" he questioned wistfully.

"That was all I asked—no candy, nor guns, nor anything. Some way if he doesn't bring me the car I shall think Richie Davis knows."

"Knows what, Darling?"

"Nothing; only Richie is nine and he says there isn't any Santa Claus."

The mother slipped off his clothes, gave some simple home remedies, tucked her son into bed and turned out the light. Then she hastily put the frugal dinner on the table and called her husband.

He sat down with the far-away look that Bobby had so resented. He was pale and the purple shadows under his eyes made them look larger and darker than they really were. He seemed hardly to know where he was until a hoarse cough sent the mother hurrying to Bobby's room.

"Anything the matter with Bobby?"



HERE WE ARE AGAIN!

Bobby can't wait till next year for his Christmas. It is exactly like asking you to wait until eternity for your invention. You want it here and now. What do you think Bobby said to me to-night?"

"Something that floored you, I'll bet!"

Like a burst of sunshine in a dark day was the smile that lighted the father's sombre eyes.

"He said he should not believe there was any Santa Claus, if he did not get a little touring car with an engine and gears and a differential. What is a differential, Robert?"

The father laughed aloud.

"Wants a car with a differential, does he? The young rascal knows more about cars now than half the chauffeurs do. Well, I must get back to my work." But he still sat, looking into space, his brows knit, his teeth set on his under lip.

"I know it is absolutely simple," he said at last; "just a trick that a child could do. I am always on the verge of getting it, and to-night, Ann, just before Bobby interrupted me, I was sure I had it at last. I seemed to see it slowly coming out before me just as mountain-peaks rise out of a fog, and I held my breath—one moment more—one single step—and then Bobby spoke and it was gone. That was the reason I was so hard on the poor little beggar. For a moment I could have knocked him down, I was so furious. But I'll make it up to him and to you, too, Annie."

She smiled and kissed him in silence. After he had gone back to his work she still sat listlessly, her elbows on the table, her chin cupped in her palms.

Ann Norton was the kind of woman the Old Masters visioned when they painted the Virgin Mother. Her large shapely hands were vibrant with service, her deep bosom was a haven of rest, her clear steady eyes were beacon lights. She was not an imaginative woman. As a little girl she had not been a lover of fairy tales and now she was not able to enter into her husband's dreams. Had she been able to do so she might have had more sympathy with him, but she had been. She coveted his heart's desire for her "big boy" as she playfully called her husband, just as she desired the expensive little car for Bobby, because she loved him and it hurt her to have him disappointed.

Again a hoarse cough sent her hurrying to Bobby's room, and as she looked fearfully at the delicate flushed face, her motherhood revolted.

Bobby should have a Christmas! He should not be robbed of his rightful inheritance of childhood for some intangible, future prosperity. What would it all be worth when dear old Santa Claus had been offered up to the god, Mammon! She hastily slipped on her coat and hat and ran down the long flights of stairs to the street.

She returned an hour later, loaded with bundles and followed by a boy who carried a market basket and a small tree. Piling all the things on the dining room table, she knocked softly at her husband's door, and after waiting in vain for an answer, turned the knob softly and went in. Once across the threshold, she was attempted to retreat without making her presence known. Robert Norton sat at the table, but he was no longer playing with the little car. His head was resting on his arm and his whole attitude told of utter weariness and discouragement.

"I have the Christmas things, Robert; come and help me trim the tree."

"I thought you said you had no money."

For answer she held her left hand before his eyes. The finger nails were trimmed close and, though the hand was carefully kept, it bore the unmistakable marks of rough work. Her plain gold wedding ring hung loose

# The Lad's Gift to His Lord.

Two shepherds and a shepherd lad  
Came running from afar  
To greet the little new-born One  
Whose herald was a star.

But empty were their toil-worn hands,  
And on the stable floor  
The Wise Men knelt with precious gifts  
The Saviour to adore.

"Oh, take my cloak," one shepherd cried,  
"I'll keep the Babe from cold."  
"And take my staff," the other said,  
"I'll guide Him o'er the world."

The shepherd lad looked sadly down;  
No gift at all had he,  
But only on his breast a lamb  
He cherished tenderly.

So young it was, so dear it was—  
The dearest of the flock—  
For days he had been guarding it,  
Close wrapped within his smock.

He took the little, clinging thing  
And laid it by the Child,  
And all the place with glory shone—  
For lo! Lord Jesus smiled.

come high, didn't it? But Bobby might have had it and welcomed it, he added more to himself than to her. "If I had only got that last step in my process," his wife repeated. "But, Robert," she hurried now, realizing more and more the audacity of the request she was about to make, "you have a little car more perfect than any that was ever in any toy shop, one with gears and a rubber tire and a differential." Bobby had set his whole childish heart on this as much as you have set your man's heart on your great invention, and he is ill—oh, Robert, it frightens me to think how ill he might be! What would success or wealth or life itself be without our darling boy? Robert, will you not give Bobby your little car?"

He stared at her, honestly ignorant of her meaning. "My little car? I have no little car."

"The one you were playing with when Bobby found you?"

Then he understood. His wife was asking him, seriously asking him, to give his working model—the model on which he was trying to perfect his wonderful invention—to his child as a Christmas plaything. The blood surged purple to the roots of his hair. This then was the measure of her faith in his power. He looked as a man might look who has just been told he has a mortal disease.

"You want me to give Bobby my model?"

She did not really care. She saw she had wounded him beyond belief. The mother-love and the wife-love struggled within her. "Never mind, Dearest," she said at last. "Believe me, I did not dream you cared like that." Then she reached out her hand to him. "Come, let's have a look at him."

As they leaned above his bed, Bobby opened his eyes and gazed about him with a startled look.

"How are you, my man?" Father asked gently.

The wide dark eyes stared at him with no sign of recognition. "Don't you know Father, dear?" his mother questioned with mingled love and terror in her crooning voice.

"Father is playing with the little car," drowsily answered Bobby. Then starting up, "Santa! Please, Santa! bring me a little car. Father won't let me play with his."

"Yes, he will," broke in his father and hastened from the room to get the cherished model, but before he could return the boy had dropped into a restless sleep.

Bobby's stocking had been hung beside the tree and now Father stuffed the model into the top of it. "I want him to see it the first thing in the morning," he said.

The mother watched him with brimming eyes. Usually one most self-conceited of women, she could not trust herself to speak.

"After all, it is best that way," he added hoarsely. "I could not have given it up for anything but love. Tomorrow I will enjoy Christmas with you and Bobby; the day after I will start out to hunt a job."

"Oh, Robert, you don't mean you have given up?"

"I must. Bobby will break the model the first day—you have no idea how delicate it is, Annie. Well, it will be the breaking of my idol and I can never be a dearer little lad than Bobby."

Ann Norton had intended to keep vigil by her son's bed during the entire night, but as the hours wore on his troubles multiplied. Peaceful his sleep became fitful and fitful his sleep became peaceful and peaceful his sleep became fitful. She was awake when his soft eyelid cheek pressed against his ear. "Oh, Mumsie, I think Santa Claus has brought me a little car. The first rays of the morning sun on the fleecy snow on the window ledge, the crisp air full of the sound of bells, and the neighboring church sweet boy's voices were caroling:

Sing, oh, sing this blessed morn  
Jesus Christ to-day is born.

Father rolled Bobby up in his blanket and carried him, blanket and all, into the adjoining room. The boy gave one hurried glance in the direction of his stocking, wriggled from the entangling folds and rushed to seize his treasure. In the silence that followed, Father and Mother looked at each other with fast beating hearts. The child stood speechless, his lips parted, a look of ecstasy on his face. At last with a sigh of supreme content, he reached out his hand and tenderly, almost reverently, took the little car and lifted it to his lips. Then he turned and hid his face on his father's knee.

"Oh, there is a Santa Claus, there is!" he said. "Just see my car! It's got tires and gears and a differential. I'm so glad I—I'm afraid I'm going to cry."

The happy day sped on. All the morning Father and Bobby played with the little car. Father pointed out all the complicated mechanisms of the tiny machine and Bobby looked and listened and marveled. He could not be separated from it even for a minute. It stood by his plate while the sacred ordinance of turkey and cranberry sauce was observed, and now, while Mother washed the dishes, he lay on his stomach, chin in hand, with eyes riveted on his treasure. He was enjoying to the full one of the rarest experiences in life—the possession of his heart's desire.

Father stood at the window, gazing moodily at the merry crowds in the streets far below. He was trying to reconcile himself to the inevitable, to accept cheerfully as he could, and at least bravely as he must, what the New Year held for him. Suddenly his trained ear caught a new sound from the little car—a peculiar buzz followed by a brief interval of silence, and then a second slightly different sound, which whirled and crossed to where Bobby lay.

"That sound! What makes that sound?"

"What sound?" Bobby asked placidly.

Father flung himself down on the floor by Bobby and gazed with straining eyes, every muscle tense, at the gyrating model. Bobby had set up part of an old toy train outfit, a miniature hill with a roadway winding up and down around it, and up and down this hill the little car was speeding. As it reached the beginning of the ascent it then came the momentary pause and then the change of sound as it began to climb. The man watched it with unwinking eyes, perspiration starting on his forehead. After several breathless minutes he reached the model from the track and stared at it as if his gaze could melt it apart from part. At last he drew a long, sobbing breath.

"I see it at last," he whispered. "I see it at last!"

Bobby scrambled to his feet and looked at Father with troubled eyes. What could he have done to the precious car? He had never seen Father look like that before.

"That's it. Good heavens, of course that's it! Blockhead, not to have seen that before!"

He caught Bobby up in his arms. "Let's find Mother!" he shouted.

"What have you two boys been doing?" Mother asked, before she caught a glimpse of Father's face. Then she turned pale. She who was indeed one with him, understood. "Oh, Robert!" she cried and his joy reflected through her face and voice.

They found each other's arms and Bobby put his arms around both their necks and bound them close together.

"Just to think, Annie," Father said at last, "it was Bobby's running the little car that saved the hills that I had not given it to him; I should be punishing over it yet."

"I am so thankful, Dearest," she said, the happy tears glittering in her tender eyes. Then she added enthusiastically, "It is a great combination, isn't it? Norton's car and 'God Save' wondered what she meant."

"It was always my wish, Bobby, that he knew how much I loved him. Christmas well, my man, alive possessed the hills. May that be true, and all of us!"

It's a New Year, dears,  
And a good year,  
Still better years shall be,  
For the heart of man goes forward  
To wider victors—  
To meet the days, the holy days  
Brotherhood,  
Of all and all as one  
The whole world's

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### Feeding Schedule for Child.

Experts in Home Economics have worked out the accompanying four-hour feeding schedule for children from three to five years old. It is worth studying.

If the child is over weight, reduce the starchy foods slightly. Overweight, up to a certain point, is not a serious condition.

#### Breakfast.

Food and quantity:  
Orange—½.  
Oatmeal—1 cupful cooked.  
Milk, for cereal and beverage—1 glass.  
Toast, buttered—1 slice.

#### Dinner.

Egg—1 soft cooked.  
Potato and butter—½ cupful mashed.  
Spinach—½ cupful.  
Bread, buttered—1 slice.  
Apple tapioca pudding, small portion.

#### Lunch in Afternoon.

Milk—1 glass.  
Crackers—2 Graham.  
Supper.

Milk toast—bread, 1 slice; milk, 1 glass.  
Prune pulp—5 to 6 medium-size prunes.  
Sugar—1 tablespoonful.  
Cookie—1 small.

#### Breakfast.

Prunes—6.  
Cream of wheat—2-3 cupful.  
Milk, for cereal and beverage—1 glass.  
Toast, buttered—1 slice.

#### Dinner.

Vegetable soup—½ cupful.  
Baked potato and butter—1 medium.  
Squash (mashed)—½ cupful.  
Bread, buttered—1 slice.  
Custard—½ cupful.

#### Lunch in Afternoon.

Milk—1 glass.  
Crackers—2 Graham.  
Supper.

Egg—1 scrambled.  
Bread, buttered—1 slice.  
Biancangue with top milk—Small serving.

This schedule is only suggestive, but it is a better guide than the hit-or-miss plan too often indulged in by parents.

### The Telltale Hand.

Have you ever thought that the hand is a telltale? Well, it really is, for if you want to know the age of a woman look at her hand. Her face may be fair and smooth and her throat white, but if her hands are withered and wrinkled you are sure to think of her as old. Isn't this a sensible reason for keeping your hands in good condition?

It's really not heavy work that spoils your hands; it is neglect. You can do all the housework you want to, and yet have good-looking hands if you will only take care of them. Be sure that you thoroughly dry your hands. If you have them in water for a long time, they are pretty sure to come out looking shriveled, because the water has absorbed all the natural oil. Now what you want to do is to give them, right then and there, a little attention. Rub into the hands a good cold cream. Massage well. A cream which has lemon as its base will not only soften the hands, but also whiten them. Then there are special hand creams to be used at night which overcome any impurities that the hands have come in contact with, and lemon juice works wonders too. And there are bleaches that take away redness and roughness, and have a way of fading out freckles and brown spots. Then there is a homemade paste of borax and water, which will remove the brown spots if you only use it faithfully.

Be careful what soap you use. Probably the use of inferior soaps has done more to destroy the beauty of the hand than all the heavy work in the world. If you are not just sure of the soap you are using, give it up, and use in place uncooked oatmeal or bran. Put the oatmeal or the bran in little cheesecloth bags, dip them in the water, and then use them as you would soap. You know it's the free alkali that makes soap bad for the human skin. Now, here's a sure but rather disagreeable way to test soap for alkali: Taste it. If it burns your tongue it's a sure sign

that, no matter how good the soap may be for household use, it's far too strong for your skin.

Here's just a little suggestion, but very worth-while carrying out: Before you start to do any kind of work, such as sweeping, working about the stove, or cleaning, drag your nails over a cake of soap. In this way you will get each nail filled with the soap. This prevents the dirt from getting down under the nails, where it is always so difficult to get out. Of course, you and I know that well-kept nails are an indication of refinement. Never let your nails grow too long. Keep them short and rounded. Every time you dry your hands push back the cuticle around the nail with the towel. This trains it to grow properly. In correctly cared for nails the half-moons must show. Be careful never to have your nails too highly polished.

### Bags That Are New.

If you want a plain bag for everyday use, or a bag for dress-up or party occasions, you won't have a bit of trouble this year. There is no end to the variety of the new bags. There are sturdy, good-looking ones made of tooled leather. The newest shape is the box, and many of them are fitted, sometimes with just a purse and a mirror, and then again with a little set of manicure articles.

There are lovely soft bags made of duvetyne and decorated with steel beads. The smart idea is to have the duvetyne bag match the color of your top coat or your suit. And there are bags entirely of wooden beads, in such color combinations as deep blue and orange, red and cream-white, dark gray and lavender, and other bags of beads that are very flat and shiny, and are woven in brocade designs. At a distance these very new beaded bags give the appearance of metal brocade. Bags of Bohemian straw are new. The straw is dyed in wonderful colors, and then woven to form the bags, which come in the regulation shapes. Bags that fool you are new too. They look like little Dutch silver powder boxes when you see them lying on the counter. But there's a little handle in the middle of the box, and when you discover that and pick the box up, you find it is merely a deep top to a silk or velvet bag. The feather bags are just over from Paris.

### Some Timely Warnings.

Don't be masculine in your dress. A hen, you know, can't crow very well.

Don't imitate in dress. However bad you may look, you will look worse if you try to look like someone else.

Don't, if you are short, wear a too-high hat to give you height. You will look just as short, and out of proportion too.

Don't, if you are tall and thin, wear a very short skirt. You will look as if you were on stilts if you do.

Don't, if you are fat, talk rapidly and incessantly. It will make you look puffy too.

Don't, if you are old, wear a broad velvet band about your neck. Though it may hold up your flabby throat, it gives you a strangled look.

Don't, if you are young and pretty, use paint and powder. You only mar the picture instead of heightening it.

Don't, if you are poor, wear a lot of cheap jewelry. What hasn't any value can't add value.

Don't have a neglected skirt placket. Others can see it if you can't.

Don't wear mussed-up clothes. The more costly they are the mossier they will look.

### Proposals by Hair.

A correspondent recently returned from Japan and is leaping year all the time in that country. Japanese women have certain ways of arranging their hair to indicate their feelings and do not wear hats. Girls who wish to wed arrange the hair in front in the form of a fan or butterfly and adorn it with silver or colored ornaments.

Widows who are looking for second husbands fasten their hair at the back of the head by means of tortoiseshell pins, and widows who are determined to remain faithful to their departed spouses cut their hair short.

Minard's Liniment For Burns, Etc.



## A Position of Trust

The village of Greenville had made a "lucky strike." A chance probing into its soil had brought to light the fact that it sat above a vast reservoir of natural gas. All of its citizens who could afford it, and the expense was small—were busy piping their houses and dreaming of the morrow, when they should have the precious aeriform fluid in range and furnace-luxury and economy hand in hand.

At night splendid silken flames soared from various stoves, arrogantly triumphant flames, thought the neighboring village of Wexford sitting in its blackness five miles away. Its soil was not equally kind, and since it was in the position of the hill that would not come to Mahomet, it had to put its hand in its pocket and pay for Mahomet's passage. Less figuratively speaking, Greenville firm had agreed to supply it with the gas. The great black pipes that were to convey it already lay along the turnpike that connected the two towns.

On the long pike there was but one house; a house of some importance in spite of its tininess, for no one could pass it without paying toll to pretty Celia. Not that Celia exacted the tribute for personal reasons, though it was worth a small sum to meet so sunny a face on that lonely road. She and her mother were the agents, vice Mr. Thorn, deceased, of the corporation that controlled the pike.

It was a rather desolate spot for a home, but the "halfwayness" of it, as she called it, never troubled Celia. She was happy in her miniature garden and especially happy in her position of trust as tollgate keeper.

But with the coming of the big pipes a small cloud sailed into her horizon. She and her mother were poor, and fuel was so expensive in that treeless, coalless region. If only they could afford to have the gas put in, the subsequent saving would be considerable. It was hard that it should be so near and yet unobtainable.

"Horrid things!" said Celia, referring to the pipes. "Everybody else has to pay to pass this gate, but you think they ought to pay toll in gas, mother?"

"I wish they would, indeed," said her mother. "But the economy of it, how convenient it would be on winter mornings."

Celia had visions of cold fingers, a refractory stove and green wood belching puffs of gray smoke.

"Don't!" she exclaimed and put a rosy finger tip in each ear. "While the pipes still awaited burial, Greenville held a great fair—the Fair, as people afterwards called it, reverentially. The town had been so prosperous, so exuberant over its prosperity, that many believed it would burst unless it could have some active demonstration. So Greenville decided upon a fair as an effective safety valve."

For the past two weeks a continuous stream of motley conveyances from both the near and the back country had stirred the turnpike to its gentler end, and the more distant towns, the turnpike lay blank as far as Celia's eye could see. It was a little cheerless, after the day's bustle, without mother's pleasant voice to break the monotonous drone of the crickets outside. The stillness of the house wore upon the girl's nerves, and her book, entertaining as

came out, savage with disappointment, and groped through the shed and about the yard. Once they came close to her hiding place, and she clenched her teeth to keep down the cry that swelled her throat. Finally there was silence, a long, breathless silence.

For a second time during those eventful twelve hours Celia woke with a start from a fitful sleep. Warm daylight shone in at the circular opening, and she heard the well-known voice of the treasurer calling her mother. She crawled from the pipe with the bag in her hand.

The treasurer sprang from his horse when he saw the bedraggled little figure.

"Why, Celia, girl, what's this?" "The toll money," said poor Celia, taking the question literally, and then the courageous little spirit weakened, and she faintly indicated the picture in the evening glow.

Now the traveler who passes the tollgate in the evening will see the cottage brilliant with the yellow glow of gas. The pipes paid their toll after all—through the instrumentality of the open-handed Western farmers who admire nothing so much as pluck and honesty.

And the buckskin pouch very properly came back, not a penny the lighter, to the young hands that had kept it safe. For this corporation had a soul, and that soul was touched by the picture its treasurer drew of the pitiful little figure that had come to meet him, with its trust unbroken, on the morning after the fair.

(The End.)

### Which Was Crusoe's Island?

There is a report that the Chilean Government is about to make Robinson Crusoe's island into a national park and tourist resort.

But to what island does this report refer? To the island of Juan Fernandez situated off the coast of Chili, somewhere about 33 degrees south latitude?

But is this Robinson Crusoe's island? It is Alexander Selkirk's island, and that famous Scottish sailorman, the subject of an essay by Addison, and of a poem—"I am monarch of all I survey"—by Cowper, was unquestionably the prototype in fact, of his far more famous fictional successor, Robinson Crusoe.

Defoe, though not a travelled man, had a constructive imagination of the first order. He was ignorant of the position of Juan Fernandez, the island upon which Selkirk had been marooned for four years and four months, and whose adventures Defoe had read in the "Spectator."

What can easily be determined, by the most casual re-reading of the great romance, is that Juan Fernandez, though Selkirk's island, is not Crusoe's.

Defoe was no'ing if not exact. His "Diary of the Great Plague of London," although pure fiction, would deliver the very exact. Robinson Crusoe, in telling his story, misses no detail of latitude and longitude, and he not only gives us a fair idea of the size of his island, but states that it was near the mouth of the River Orinoco, about latitude 12 degrees 18 minutes north.

Even if this had not been stated plainly, the fact that the ship, upon which Crusoe was a supercargo, was written out on a claving expedition from Brazil to the west coast of Africa, and was blown by a tornado out of its course towards the West Indies, would of itself rule out Juan Fernandez by thousands of miles!

There is only one island which, by size and position, answers to Defoe's requirements. This is the island of Tobago, about twenty-four miles north-east of Trinidad. It is one of the Windward Islands, and, as is fitting, is under the flag of Britain.

This is no new discovery. The Tobagoans know all about it. If you ventured to inform a native of Tobago that Juan Fernandez was Robinson Crusoe's island, you would be in danger of becoming a hospital patient, for they are very jealous of this title to fame.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Colds, Etc.

### How Faces Fit Occupations.

It seems to be pretty well agreed among those in a position to speak authoritatively that associated with the various occupations in life there is undoubtedly a type of face which more or less betrays the calling of its owner.

Medical men, especially in hospital practice, find acquaintance with these types valuable. They may not be able, with the shrewdness of Sherlock Holmes or of other acute persons, to read a man's past, present and future by a glance at him in the street, but they are able to gauge with considerable accuracy how far the history of the case, as given by the patient, is a truthful one, and how far it fits with his probable occupation in life.

Calling must certainly have some influence over the physiognomy of the cabman, the butler or the groom; each frequently possesses a type of face which wears so characteristic an expression as to make it not difficult to identify the vocation accompanying it.

We speak also of the legal face, the musical face, the dramatic face, and the military face. This is merely a broad classification, and the best authorities disbelieve in the claims of the keen observer that he can differentiate to a finer degree.

There are tales of hospital physicians who claim to be able to say from a glance at the face that this or that man is a butcher, a grocer, a bank clerk, a lawyer's clerk, a commercial traveller, a stock broker, and so on.

It is thought that the fame of these medical men as rough and ready detectives has been largely manufactured for them by enthusiastic friends. But that many medical men do possess great insight into the occupations of those that come before them is true.

The question is often debated whether physiognomy is a gift of vocation or whether it shows that the vocation chosen is in accordance with the particular capacity and ability of the person to whom it belongs. In other words, if the lawyer does not show the "legal face," the aspiring minister the "ecclesiastical face," the medical student the "physician's face," the soldier the "military face," and so on, the question arises, is that a sign that they have mistaken their calling?

Is the man who doesn't look a bit like a doctor likely to fail because his physiognomic qualification is wanting? Or will he, whatever his original features, gradually come to acquire the type of the profession to which he belongs?

The answer to the question is, of course, that both theories are right. A certain kind of face, the so-called scientific face, is so often seen among medical students as to prove that the owner of that cast of countenance is likely to adopt medicine as a career. Conversely, whatever the original cast of features a medical man may have possessed, the anxious, delicate and absorbing work of medical practice will put a stamp upon them.

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### Unknown Warrior's Grave in Westminster Abbey.

Unnamed, unnumbered, here he rests, This warrior unknown; Around him group the Empire crists, Nor bow they there alone.

The noblest nations stood in line In that most crucial hour; Regarding duty as divine, To crush the tyrant's power.

Who is this warrior unknown Who here in glory sleeps, While Royal mourned from the throne With Empire round him weeps?

Their tears are mingled with the joy That Liberty still lives; In virtue of the noble boy That "mother" freely gives.

In him there stands a countless list Of Britain's valiant sons, Of whom the Empire makes her boast While course of Empire runs.

From north and south, from east and west, They came from regions far, The noblest, at their own behest, When blared the trump of war.

From Southern Cross to Polar Star, Around the girdled world; They came in millions from afar, 'Neath Britain's flag unfurled.

The world's dread tyrant there they met On France and Flanders field; Nor shall that tyrant e'er forget, For Britons never yield.

Till Truth and Liberty, unchained From fetters, shall be free, And Righteousness, that God ordained, Shall dwell from sea to sea.

Now rest, ye brave, in glory here, With Britain's mighty dead; Free from the haughty tyrant's fear, While laurels crown your head.

Make Believe.  
"I wish my dolly didn't have such a round face and such rosy cheeks," said little four-year-old Dorothy.

"Oh, that makes her look strong and healthy," said her mother.  
"Yes, that's the trouble," replied Dorothy. "When I want to play that she's sick and almost dying she looks so awfully fat and healthy I just can't feel one bit sorry for her."

Child Marriages to End.  
Child marriages in China must stop for the Minister of the Interior has just issued an edict that any person who marries under 15 years of age will be punished.

Canada has a very heavy annual fire loss that is steadily increasing, amounting in 1919 to \$23,500,000, or \$2.90 per capita. Much of it is claimed to have been preventable.

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 factory or refund in full our money.  
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 922-931 Dundas St., Toronto, Ont.

**Making Attar of Roses.**

Every year in Bulgaria there is an immense harvest of roses in which the people take a good deal of interest. This rose crop, says a writer in the Philadelphia Public Ledger is the support of one hundred and seventy-three villages and amounts to some twenty-five million pounds of rose flowers. It is for the world's supply of that rare perfume attar of roses.

From all these million pounds of blooms, however, the average yearly distillation of pure attar amounts only to about one hundred and twenty thousand ounces. It takes from one hundred and sixty to two hundred pounds of rose flowers to make one ounce of attar, and there are about three hundred roses to the pound.

The distillation of rose flowers is carried on, during the progress of the harvest, in copper boilers with condensing attachments; the first product of distillation is redistilled into what is known as "second rose water." This double-distilled water is very strong in odor and very turbid in appearance. It is full of tiny, yellow, white, oily globules, and when the long-necked bottles in which the rose water runs are filled they rise to the top. These globules are the real attar of roses. They are skimmed with little conical spoons and put into separate bottles that have little holes in the bottom large enough to let the water run out, but not the oil.

**Mike's Share.**

The time had come to dole out the day's rations, and in an Irish regiment the quartermaster and his assistant were portioning them out in preparation for distribution.

At last, just before the orderly men were due to arrive, the assistant turned to the quartermaster.

With a twinkle in his eye, Mike said: "Av ye please, sorr, there's a loaf short. Who'll I give it to?" "Keep it yourself, Mike," replied the quartermaster.

**Old "Ham and" Disappears.**

The high cost of living has separated one of the oldest couples in the country, who have served so faithfully together as to have become a public institution. That one would ever be divorced from the other never entered the brain of man.

However, when it comes to slashing the romance out of life, trust the present-day boarding house, where the question is now being put, "Which will you have—ham or eggs?"

When a man starts on the down grade he always expects his brakes to work.

Repairs on farm machinery ordered now will be on hand when needed in the spring.

Trying to be somebody with all one's might is about the biggest work a human being can engage in.

"A co-operative enterprise is directly dependent for its success upon the loyalty of the members and their interest in the organization. Lack of loyalty and interest on the part of the members has resulted in the downfall of many co-operative associations. Organizations founded upon a real desire of the members are less likely to suffer from lack of allegiance than those which have for their basis misconceptions and prejudice."

**Surnames and Their Origin**

**HALLOWELL**  
 Variations—Halliwell, Helliwell.  
 Racial Origin—English.  
 Source—A locality.

Here is a group of family names compounded of a word which we know quite well (the pun being unintentional) and another which some of us know at least, though it is to be feared that we seldom pause on it long enough to realize its meaning. This latter is the word almost now extinct except in prayer. It is "halowed" or "halowed." It is akin to the words "halo" and "holy," being identical in meaning with the latter.

If the spelling of these family names were modernized they would all be "Hollywell."

As has been explained many times in this series, there is a very large class of surnames which originally were descriptive of the places in or near which people lived. They first came into being as mere descriptive phrases, as is indicated by the prefixes which are found with them in the early records. Later, through everyday use, as applied to individuals, people lost the connection as descriptions of place, and the became veritable family "tags." Then, of course, it was most natural that the clumsy prefixes should be dropped in most cases.

Thus the family names of Hallowell, Halliwell and Helliwell are but the derivative forms as "at the Holy Well." The Middle Ages was in no way a miscellaneous place, with the "cross well,"

**Woman's Suit Against Kaiser Cancels Debt.**

The Treaty of Versailles has given strange satisfaction to Mme. Prieur of Paris, who two years ago filed in the French courts a charge of murder against the Kaiser because her husband, a French merchant, was drowned when a German submarine sank the steamship Sussex in the English Channel during the war, says a Paris despatch. The Minister of Justice then promised that he would demand Wilhelm's appearance in the courts to answer to the charge, but apparently the action has been shelved.

A French commissioner of police called on Mme. Prieur recently and asked her to acknowledge the accuracy of an account which a German lawyer asserts is due to it by her late husband, despite the fact that the peace treaty provides that persons in France who suffered from the German invasion or other acts of the enemy do not have to pay their obligations to Germans until they are finally indemnified by the Berlin Government. Therefore, Mme. Prieur refused to accept the German claim until the Kaiser appears either before a French, German or Dutch court to answer to the charge she has filed against him.

**A MOTHER'S TRIALS**

**Care of Home and Children Often Causes a Breakdown.**

The woman at home, deep in household duties and the cares of motherhood, needs occasional help to keep her in good health. The demands upon a mother's health are many and her children's welfare exact heavy tolls, while hurried meals, broken rest and much indoor living tend to weaken her constitution. No wonder that the woman at home is often indisposed through weakness, headaches, backaches and nervousness. Too many women have grown to accept these visitations as a part of the lot of motherhood. But many and varied as her health troubles are, the cause is simple and relief at hand. When well, it is the woman's good blood that keeps her well; when ill she must make her blood rich to renew her health. The nursing mother more than any other woman in the world needs rich blood and plenty of it. There is one way to get this good blood so necessary to perfect health, and that is through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills make new blood, and through their use thousands of weak, ailing wives and mothers have been made bright, cheerful and strong. If you are ailing, easily tired or depressed, it is a duty you owe yourself and your family to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. What this medicine has done for others it will surely do for you.

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

**One of Them.**

A fisherman sat in the shadow of a stone wall on the bank of a creek, patiently waiting for a fish to take the bait. Just above a sign on the wall which read "Insane Asylum" sat another man just as patiently watching him. Finally he asked: "Caught anything?" "No." "Had any bites?" "No." "How long you been fishing?" "Three or four hours." "Come on over on this side."

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**Your Day's Work.**

What a satisfaction there is when you leave your work at night, in looking back over the day's work as a superb accomplishment. How you enjoy your unquestioned approval at the end of a perfect day. You can go home with a light heart and say to yourself, "Ah, now I can play. I have done my best to-day. I have left nothing undone or half finished. I have made the most of everything. I haven't been mean, I haven't been unkind, I haven't lost my temper, I haven't shirked my job. I have tried to put efficiency into everything I have done to-day."

This is a day's record which it is a delight to look over, of which to be proud. But when you go home at night feeling mean and contemptible because of a poor day's work, and of failures in all directions that you could have prevented, how different your sensations!

Some people drift into the habit of being half satisfied with a poor day's work. But you can't afford to do this, my friend. The habit of leaving your work at night without having done your best, of turning out, day after day, work that does not meet with your approval, is demoralizing to your character and fatal to your chances of advancement.

Don't be satisfied with anything less than your best. Make it a rule that you will have reason to be proud of your day's work because you have put your best into it, the highest of which you are capable. Don't leave it with flaws; don't compel yourself to go home at night regretting a poor day's work, a botched job. You can't afford it; it will haunt you so that you cannot enjoy your home or your recreation.

**Maple Leaf on Unknown Warrior's Coffin.**

Just as the body of the "Unknown Warrior" was about to be lowered into the grave in Westminster Abbey a single maple leaf, sent from Canada, was placed upon the coffin.

With its unmatchable shading of red and gold, just as it had fallen from the tree, this simple tribute was the last to be laid over the head of the unknown hero before the grave was filled in with earth removed from the original resting place in France.

The leaf, a particularly beautiful specimen, was gathered by Mr. Adam Brown, the aged Hamilton citizen who recently resigned as postmaster, on the road between Burlington and Wabasso Park. With not the least pretension of the use to which it would be put, Mr. Brown enclosed it in a letter to Miss Albee Home, London, daughter of the late Sir Anthony Home, V.C., of Lucknow fame. This lady has just written of how the leaf became a medium typical of Canada's sincere homage to that host who, fighting, fell, leaving no trace of their identity.

Who is this unnamed hero that lies where England's dead are buried? Nobody knows. But if he be one of Canada's sons, in his last sleep he is close to the emblem of his native land.

**Origin of Gun Salute.**

The custom of firing artillery comes to us from the time when guns were first used. It was then considered polite and courteous to any great personage who happened to arrive at your castle to load all your guns with shotted rounds—not blank—and to fire them off as he arrived at your threshold. The reason for doing this was to show you trusted your guest by emptying all the guns just before he came into their range. This practice was not kept up long. Blank rounds were soon fired instead of real ones. They were not so dangerous!

**MONEY ORDERS.**

When ordering goods by mail send a Dominion Express Money Order.

**His Passport.**

The scene was the office on a railway station of the Society for the Repatriation of Australian Soldiers, at which certain cheaper or free tickets were issued to bona-fide Australian ex-soldiers.

A man, very stylishly dressed, walked into the office and asked for the special ticket.

"We only issue them to ex-soldiers of the Australian Army," replied the clerk.

"Why," burst forth from the other's lips, "you boast-wallowing, swivel-eyed son of a rollicking lame sheep, if you feel my buck-jumping, sharp-coughing, wildy whip running, foul of your blinded shoulders, you'll know it's time to pull the carb-bolt on that jaw of yours and then—"

"Give him a ticket—quick!" shouted the manager of the depot. "He's out!"

Graphite for Wire Wheels.  
 The spoke ends of wire wheels are apt to rust, especially if there is the slightest looseness which permits water to enter. A small quantity of graphite spread over the surface at the spoke ends will prevent this rusting.

Economy is in itself a source of great revenue.



**Welcome Words.**  
 "Jones is the finest after-dinner speaker I ever heard."  
 "Indeed!"  
 "Yes; he always says, 'Waiter, give that bill to me.'"

**A Matter of Taste.**  
 "Don't you wish you was a bird, Jimmy, and could fly way up in the sky?" mused little Jean dreamily.  
 "Naw!" scorned Jimmy. "I'd rather be an elephant and squirt water through my nose."

**Angels Got Tired.**  
 The new baby had proved itself the possessor of extraordinary lung power. One day baby's brother, little Johnny, said to his mother:  
 "Ma, baby came from heaven, didn't he?"

"Yes, dear," answered the mother. Johnny was silent for a minute and then he went on: "I say, ma!"

"What is it, Johnny?"  
 "I don't blame the angels for slinging him out, do you?"

**Very Ill!**

Lord Halsbury's ninety-seventh birthday reminds me that he is still sturdy, and can walk into the House of Lords without any assistance other than a stick. To himself, however, his health is not very marvellous.

A friend who met him one day congratulated him on the wonderful way in which he was preserving his strength and on never being ill. "I don't know so much about it," said Lord Halsbury, shaking his head sagely; "I had a bad attack of hic-coughs last week."

**Diagnosis.**

The telephone rang and the book-keeper answered it.

"Yes, madam, this is Wilkins' market."

"This is Mrs. Blank. I want you to know that the liver you sent me is most unsatisfactory. It is not calf's liver at all; calf's liver is tender and—"

"What is it?" Wilkins asked.

"The bookkeeper surrendered the phone."

"Mrs. Blank," he said, "liver complaint."

**Gender.**

George, three years of age, appeared on the Easter program at his Sunday school in Greenwood, singing a solo. As he was leaving the church with his mother, a friend said to him:

"George, you did fine."  
 "I know it," he replied.

His mother, reproving him, said: "Why, George, you should not have said that to the lady."

Whereupon George answered: "Well, mother, I guess I could hear my own voice."

**Murdering Wagner.**

"Excuse me," said the detective, as he presented himself at the door of the music academy, on Christmas Eve, "but I hope you'll give me what information you have, and not make any fuss."

"What do you mean?" was the indignant inquiry.

"Why, that little affair, you know."

"I don't understand."

"Why, you see, we got a tip from the house next door that somebody was murdering Wagner and the chief sent me down here to work on the case."

**A Diligent Novice.**

Father returned from his first driving lesson boasting of his easy mastery of the new car. To please him, several of his family consented to ride with him and things went well until a car coming up behind them honked its horn.

The startled driver jerked his wheel to the right, running down a steep bank, then to the left, heading into a fence, and to the right again, luckily bringing up in the road.

"Dad, what on earth are you trying to do?" demanded his breathless son.

"Why, son," replied the new driver calmly, "I was just practicing turning out for teams."

There have been rumors of men who have died from overwork; but many cases of death from overeating are very well authenticated.

The wood-box in the kitchen yawns to be filled these nights; let it not yawn in vain.

Coughs and colds sneezes and sniffles quickly yield to  
**BAUME BENGUE**  
 The relief is most gratifying and refreshing.  
 BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES  
 \$1.00 a tube.  
 THE LEEMING HILES CO., LTD.  
 MONTREAL  
 Agents for Dr. Jules Bengue  
**RELIEVE PAIN**  
 ISSUE No. 52—20.

**CHILDHOOD AILMENTS**

The ailments of childhood—constipation, indigestion, colic, colds, etc.—can be quickly banished through the use of Baby's Own Tablets. They are a mild but thorough laxative which instantly regulate the bowels and sweeten the stomach. They are guaranteed to contain no harmful drugs and can be given to the youngest baby with perfect safety. Concerning them Mrs. Alcide Lepage Ste. Beatrix, Que., writes: "Baby's Own Tablets were of great help to my baby. They regulated her bowels and stomach and made her plump and well." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25c a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

**No Point.**

A funny old man told this to me I fell in a snowdrift in June said he I went to a ball game out in the sea I saw a jelly-fish float up in a tree I found some gum in a cup of tea I stirred my milk with a brass key I opened my door on my bended knee I beg your pardon for this said he But 'tis true when told as it ought to be 'Tis a puzzle in punctuation you see.

**One of the best known guides in Nova Scotia gives this testimonial of MINARD'S LINIMENT—**

Have used MINARD'S LINIMENT in my home, hunting and lumber camps for years and consider it the best white liniment on the market. I find that it gives quick relief to minor accidents, such as Sprains, Bruises and all kinds of wounds. Also it is a great remedy for coughs, colds, etc., which one is liable to catch when log driving and cruising during the winter and spring months. I would not be without MINARD'S LINIMENT and cannot recommend it too highly.  
 (Signed) Ellison Gray  
 East Kemptville, N.S., Feb. 24, 1920.

**The Lesson of the Rabbit.**

Talk about output! Listen to this little tale of mass production.

Fifty years ago, there were no rabbits in Australia. Then three rabbits were sent out from London.

Forty years later 25,000,000 frozen rabbits and 96,000,000 rabbit skins were shipped to Europe from Australia.

Nearly all Australian railways are State, or Government, owned.

**USE SLOAN'S TO WARD OFF PAIN**

You can just tell by its healthy, stimulating odor, that it is going to do you good.

If I only had some Sloan's Liniment! How often you've said that! And then when the rheumatic twinge subsided—after hours of suffering—you forgot it!

Don't do it again—get a bottle today and keep it handy for possible use tonight! A sudden attack may come on—sciatica, lumbago, sore muscles, backache, stiff joints, neuralgia, the pains and aches resulting from exposure. You'll soon find warmth and relief in Sloan's, the liniment that penetrates without rubbing. Clean, economical. Three sizes—35c, 70c, \$1.40.

**Sloan's Liniment (Pain Enemy)**

**WANTED**

Send for list of inventions wanted by Manufacturers. Fortunes have been made from simple ideas. "Patent Protection" booklet and "Proof of Conception" on request.

**HAROLD C. SHIPMAN & CO. PATENT ATTORNEYS**  
 25 SHIPMAN CHAMBERS - OTTAWA, CANADA

**INVENTIONS**

**WEEKS BREAKUP A COLD TABLETS**  
 TRY THEM PRICE 25c

**Classified Advertisements.**

**AGENTS WANTED.**  
**GENES WANTED: BLISS NATIVE**  
 A Herbs is a remedy for the relief of Constipation, Indigestion, Biliousness, Rheumatism, Kidney Troubles. It is well-known, having been extensively used in 1883 by distribution of large quantities of Almanac, Cook Books, Health Books, etc., and is furnished to agents free of charge. The remedies are sold at a price that allows agents to double their money. Write Alonzo O. Bliss Medical Co., 124 St. Paul St., East, Montreal. Mention this paper.

**FARM HELP**

**FARMERS** needing men—married or single—should apply at once, stating wages and other details; good men available. No fees. Ontario Government Employment Bureau (Employment Service of Canada), 46 King St. West, Main 3501, Toronto.

**Why Sands Sing.**

The eastern side of Lake Michigan is fringed with sands that sing. One has only to walk on them when they are dry, or thrust a stick into them, to produce a musical sound. Various explanations of this phenomenon have been put forward. The most plausible is that advanced by Mr. W. D. Richardson, who has noted that the sands do not sing beyond the line reached by driftwood.

There must be some relation between the periodical wetting of the sands and the sounds they emit. It has, therefore, been concluded that the lake water deposits a thin film of salt upon the grains of sand. When the grains are rubbed together the film creates considerable friction. The effect is similar to that of rosin on a violin bow.

**Minard's Liniment Relieves Distemper**

The man who sits around wishing he had a million dollars is not likely to get more than a dollar of it.

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

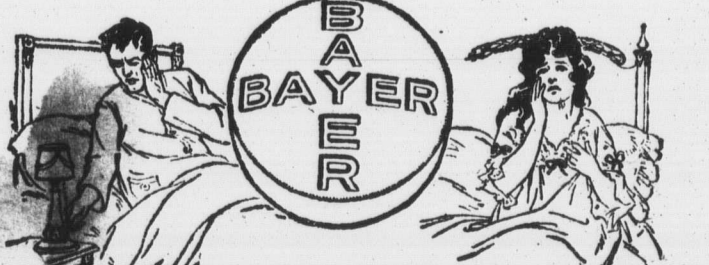
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 Book on **DOG DISEASES**  
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 30 DROPS COUGHS

**Cuticura**  
**Talcum**  
 Is so soothing and cooling for baby's tender skin after a bath with Cuticura Soap.

**ONLY TABLETS MARKED "BAYER" ARE ASPIRIN**

Not Aspirin at All without the "Bayer Cross"



For Colds, Pain, Headache, Neuralgia, Toothache, Earache, and for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuritis, take Aspirin marked with the name "Bayer" or you are not taking Aspirin at all. Accept only "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" in an unbroken "Bayer" package which contains complete directions. Then you are getting real Aspirin—the genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over nineteen years. Now made in Canada. Handy tin boxes containing 12 tablets cost but a few cents. Drugists' Aspirin is an unbroken "Bayer" also sell larger "Bayer" packages. There is only one Aspirin—"Bayer"—You must say "Bayer" Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticester of Salicylic Acid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to avoid the public's confusion, Instructions, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."



