

## THE ATHENS REPORTER

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AUSTIN G. L. TRIBUTE,  
Editor and Proprietor

## JUNETOWN

Mrs. Thomas Franklin returned last week from a couple of weeks visit in Brockville with Mr. Franklin, who has been a patient at the General Hospital for the past six months.

Miss Mary Avery, Kingston, Mrs. McGhie, Miss Mercie McGhie, Mr. Ambrose McGhie, and Mr. Harold Alberry, Brockville, were last week here for the Avery-McGhie wedding.

Mr. Robert Mulvaugh returned on Saturday from a visit with friends in New York state.

Mrs. A. E. Summers, Master Albert Summers, of Mallorytown, and Miss Luta Warren, Lansdowne, were recent visitors at Mr. John A. Herbison's.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Chant and children, of Herbert, Sask., are guests of Mrs. J. D. Bigford.

Miss Lily Morris, Athens, was a visitor at Mr. Robert Fortune's one day last week.

Mr. Norris Fergusson and Mr. J. Nunn spent Monday last in Lansdowne.

Miss Beatrice Avery is visiting at Mr. Jas. Williams, Caintown, for a few days.

Mr. George Tennant of New York, is here visiting his sister, Mrs. James Herbison.

Misses Evelyn and Kathleen Earl, Warburton, spent part of last week with their grandparents Mr. and Mrs. Walter Purvis.

Messrs Robert and Francis Fortune returned on Friday from Waterford, where they attended the funeral of their brother, the late Thomas Fortune whose death occurred on Tuesday last.

Mrs. Sandy Ferguson and Miss Mildred of Brockville, spent last week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tennant.

Miss Mary Purvis, Ottawa, Miss Maude Avery, Toronto, Miss Gertrude Scott, Kingston, Miss Beatrice Avery and Miss Fern Warren are spending the holidays at their homes here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Fergusson were in Mooretown on Thursday attending the funeral of the former's mother, the late Mrs. James Fergusson, who passed away on Christmas morning.

Mr. Wm. Tennant, of Neidspath, Sask., who is here visiting his sister, Mrs. Jacob Warren, spent the week-end with friends in Brockville.

Miss Agnes Price left on Saturday for Mountain Grove to spend the holidays at her home.

Master Stuart and Master Russell Tennant, Caintown, spent last week at Mr. Jas. Purvis.

Mrs. A. B. Ferguson and Mrs. R. K. Ferguson received word on Friday of the death of their brother the late Mr. Wm. Young, whose death occurred suddenly Friday morning at his home in Brockville.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Baile spent Christmas at Mr. Henry Foley's, Lansdowne, Mrs. James Herbison, and Mr. and Mrs. John A. Herbison at Mr. A. E. Summer's, Mallorytown. Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Avery and Master Cecil at Mr. M. O. Trickey's, Quab bin.

Mrs. Joshua Nunn, Landis, Sask., and son, Mr. Jonathan Nunn, of Toronto, are here visiting the former's brother, Mr. Ben Ferguson and sister Mrs. Wm. Warren.

Miss Gertrude Scott has been engaged to teach Poole's Resort school for the coming year.

Visitors here for Christmas include:

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Earl and family, Warburton, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Purvis and sons at Mr. Walter Purvis.

Mr. and Mrs. Leland G. Warren and sons Donald and Russell of Brockville and Mrs. Walton Sheffield and Master Floyd of Athens, Mrs. Theo Summers and Mr. Roy Summers, Mitchellville, at Mr. Jacob Warren's.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Truesdell, Mallorytown, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Purvis, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Tennant and family, Caintown, Mr. and Mrs. Claude N. Purvis and little daughter of Purvis street, and Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Ferguson and children at Jas. S. Purvis.

Mr. and Mrs. Zachary Purvis and Miss Helen, of Lyn, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Tennant and family, Caintown, Mrs. Sandy Ferguson and daughter, Mildred, of Brockville, at Mr. Eli Tennant.

Captain John Guild of Kingston, is visiting at Mr. Eligh Tennant's.

Mrs. John Summers and children and Miss Ethel Neil, of Ottawa, are guests of Mrs. John A. Herbison.

## The Santa Maria Derelict

By M. QUAD

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Of all the devilish, cold blooded things done by men you will have read of few to equal what took place aboard one of the Spanish merchantmen, the Santa Maria, in the year 1862. It was published in the papers at the time, but only a partial account, and as we had war and excitement at home the incident was soon forgotten.

One of the oldest business houses in Mexico up to the date above named was that of the Spanish house of Galera & Co., founded seventy-five years previously. The business of the house was banking, mining, merchandising and cattle raising. It had a dozen branches in Mexico, and it had dealings with half a dozen countries. It was a financial sense it was stronger than the government, and its yearly profits footed up an enormous sum. A son of the founder had succeeded to the management, and when old age came he turned over the active work to a cousin named Alvarez. The new manager was a young man of twenty-five, born in Spain of a fine family and had been educated for the priesthood. He was a man without a vice. Such was his probity that he was called "Holy Alvarez" even in his youth. At an enormous salary and with autocratic powers young Alvarez took over the management of affairs in Mexico, and almost as soon as he stepped foot on North American soil a change took place in his character. He began to drink, gamble and play fast and loose.

Of course there was gossip about the new manager, and there were those who predicted that his extravagances would ultimately bring ruin to the old house, but there were no official complaints. He knew little or nothing of business, but he did know how to spend money royally, and in a year he had people guessing how much longer it would take him to bankrupt the house. It was after the balance sheets had proved to him that he was spending more than the profits of the house and was a debtor to an enormous amount that he set about preparing a grand coup. The Spanish merchantman was loaded with a consignment of gold, silver, copper, furs and dyestuffs for Spain and the cargo insured to the last cent. Alvarez took into his confidence a young man named Prado, and when the Santa Maria sailed his confederate went with her as supercargo.

The ship was manned by a crew of fourteen men, all Spaniards. Thirty days after her sailing to the southward the American bark Homeward left the port of Valparaiso homeward bound. We had been out three days when we ran into a dead calm, with the weather so terribly hot that the deck planks smoked in the sun. As we lay heaving on the ground swell a small boat drifted into view. It seemed to be empty, and it had been in sight for two hours and was not over half a mile away when the captain decided to pick it up. A boat was sent off, and when she returned with the stranger we had a sad spectacle under our eyes. There was a dead man lying at full length under the thwart.

About two days later we came up with a derelict from which the man in the boat had no doubt escaped. On board a horrible sight met us—the bodies of fourteen dead men.

The derelict was a great find to us. Her manifest showed a cargo valued at over \$2,000,000, and the ship was all right above deck.

As the man got away alone and had provisioned the boat it must have been after the others were dead. He it was, then, who had brought about the wholesale death of the crew, and he must have had a strong motive. That motive was discovered when some of the boxes of treasure were hoisted out of the lazaret and broken open. Aside from one or two boxes, the whole treasure business was a fake. Lead had been substituted for silver and gold. The furs were a cheat and a fraud, and the value of the dyestuffs was not one-quarter of the sum they were insured for. A second and closer search of the stateroom evidently occupied by the supercargo gave us the key to unlock the whole mystery. He had left behind a letter of instruction signed by Alvarez at the City of Mexico, and in that we learned that the name of the dead man was Prado.

With the auger hole plugged and a part of our crew on board the Santa Maria, we laid our course for the port of Valdivia, and in due time both craft arrived there in good shape. The dead had been given burial, of course, but there was no lack of other proofs. As soon as the plot was unraveled steps were taken for the arrest of Alvarez in Mexico, and our claim for salvage was filed. Governments move slowly in international matters. It was months before they got ready to arrest the man who had plotted this sea tragedy. He had meanwhile continued his career of dissipation and extravagance, depending upon his insurance money to make everything good. News got to him somehow from Valdivia of the derelict being towed in, and he left Mexico and hid away in Bolivia. There he was at last found, but he cheated the hangman by committing suicide.

As a plot hatched against an equal and as a tragedy of the sea one must believe that Prado was little short of a devil incarnate to sweep aside coolly the fourteen human beings who stood in his path.

## LEONARDO'S STYLE OF ART.

"Mona Lisa" Is No Mystery, According to Kenyon Cox.

Leonardo da Vinci was a tireless student of all kinds of natural phenomena, and of many things he had learned a great deal that has been rediscovered only in our own time. Among other things, as his notebooks prove, he had studied effects of transmitted and reflected light, understood the difference between diffused daylight and sunlight with its crisp edged shadows, saw the blue shadow which has been introduced into modern painting by the impressionists and knew the reason of it.

He attempted none of these things in painting, and he tells us why. These things, he says, after a long description of the effects of sunlight upon foliage—of the color of the sky in the high lights, of the yellow light where the sun shines through the leaf and the interruption of this light where the shadow of one leaf falls upon another—these things should not be painted "because they confuse the form."

The Florentine ideal in art was the utmost realization of form. Leonardo was a true Florentine, and he introduced into painting just so much of light and shade as should assist in this realization, no more. It is his use of modeling that is his most personal contribution to art.

Much rhapsodical nonsense has been written about the "Mona Lisa" and her enigmatic smile, and there have been endless speculations as to her character and the meaning of her expression. It is all beside the mark. The truth is that the "Mona Lisa" is a study of modeling, little more. Leonardo had discovered that the expression of smiling is much more a matter of the modeling of the cheek and of the forms below the eye than of the change in the line of the lips. It interested him, with his new power of modeling, to produce a smile wholly by these delicate changes of surface, hence the mysterious expression.

Poets may find "La Gioconda" a vampire or what not. To artists with a sense of form her portrait will always be a masterpiece because it is one of the subtlest and most exquisite pieces of modeling in existence.

## FLAG OF THE MINUTEMEN.

The Banner Under Which the "Embattled Farmers" Fought.

Under what flag did the "embattled farmers" fight? There was no national flag then, no state or provincial flag even. But, says Peleg D. Harrison in "The Stars and Stripes and Other American Flags," there was a flag there nevertheless.

The farmers of Lexington carried the cornet or standard of the Three County troop. That banner was designed for a local company of cavalry raised in the counties of Essex, Suffolk and Middlesex, Mass., in 1659. The office of color bearer of this troop was a kind of inheritance in the Page family. The standard was carried in King Philip's war in 1676. When the minutemen were organized Nathaniel Page 3d of Bedford carried the old flag to the drills. At the midnight alarm Captain Page snatched up the standard and carried it with him to Concord, where it "waved above the smoke of that battle."

The flag is now preserved under glass in a fireproof safe of the Public Library at Bedford, Mass., and can be seen by arrangement with the librarian.

The ground is crimson colored satin damask emblazoned with an outstretched arm, in the hand of which is an up-lifted sword. This representation is the color of silver, as are three circular figures that are probably intended to represent cannon balls. Upon a gold colored scroll are the words "Vince aut Moriture" (Conquer or Die). The flag is about two feet long by one foot six inches wide.

## Opportunities.

Thomas A. Edison said at a birthday dinner:

"What nonsense to declare that the trusts have gobbled up all the opportunities! Why, there are more opportunities than ever there were, but most of us are stupid and lazy and we don't grasp our opportunities. The successful man not only makes hay while the sun shines—he makes it from the grass that other people let grow under their feet."—Exchange.

## Ball Money.

Blackmail used to be levied on the newlyweds in England to prevent them from being mobbed upon leaving the church. This "graft" was called "ball money," because it was given ostensibly to buy a football for the village green, but it rarely went beyond the nearest public house.

## Companions in Misfortune.

Robbed—I do pray you to give me my things back. My hot tempered wife will kill me if I go home without them. Robber—Sorry. I'm married myself, but what do you suppose my wife will do if I go home without anything.

## Another Discovery.

"Shakespeare was one of the ablest of brokers."  
"How do you make that out?"  
"By the number of stock quotations he furnished."

## She Had an Idea.

"I wonder where he gets all his money?"  
"Perhaps he works harder than you do."

## More Than Some Can Do.

Dick—Think I'll use this old piano for kindling wood. Dock—You ought to be able to get a few cords out of it.—Exchange.

## TWO VIEWS OF A FACE

A Story For Halloween

By DWIGHT NORWOOD

It is singular how certain callings will be considered criminal in one age and respectable in another. There was a period—the early part of the nineteenth century—when the professional gambler in what is now the middle west was quite a prominent personage in the community. So in England there was a period when the highwayman, especially he who robbed the rich and gave to the poor, was regarded a very good medium for the equalizing of funds. Some of England's best blood has been represented on the highway.

One evening a couple of hundred years ago a gentleman and his daughter were bumping along in a chaise on an unpaved road that led from London to their home near Clough when they were stopped by a masked horseman who appeared at the window and demanded their valuables. Sir Evan Briery, the father, produced his money and his watch without resistance, but Evelyn, his daughter, demurred.

"I will give you, sir," she said, "the only valuable article I have, which you cannot take from me by force, provided you will give me a glimpse of your features."

"Pray what may that be?"

"I shall not tell you."

The robber hesitated, then lifted his mask, and by the side light on the chaise Evelyn saw the face of a young man, singularly handsome and refined. She remained silent for a time, and the highwayman said:

"I have kept my part of the contract. It only remains for you to keep yours. What is this article that I may not take by force?"

"My heart."

At that moment there was a sound of horses' hoofs coming, and the highwayman rode away with the words:

"So be it. I shall some day call for it."

Evelyn Briery was but seventeen when she made this bargain. When questioned as to her intent when she made it she replied that she could not explain what induced her to say that in exchange for a view of the man's features she would give the only valuable article she had, nor had she framed a reply as to what the article was. She only knew that when she saw the strikingly handsome features of a gentleman the answer came to her from she knew not where and her reply was involuntary.

That was a period when Cromwell's Ironsides had defeated the forces of King Charles I. and Cromwell had made himself lord protector of England. The king's adherents were deprived of their fortunes and scattered. Some of them sought service in the armies of foreign sovereigns, and some, in order to make a living, took to the road. Among these was Lord Walter Wheatleigh, whose father, the Earl of Portland, had been killed at Naseby fighting for the king. Walter, the last of his race, had served under Prince Rupert, and after the beheading of the king his estates had been confiscated, leaving him penniless. He was one of those who took to the road for a living, and it was he who had stopped the chaise of Sir Evan Briery and made the singular bargain with Evelyn. He afterward joined the young king (Charles II.) on the continent and at the restoration returned with the king, who restored to him his ancestral estates.

Meanwhile Evelyn Briery grew to be a handsome woman. The face of the highwayman and the mysterious influence that had induced her to pledge him her heart in exchange for a glimpse of it never left her. The years went by, and he did not return to claim his own. Sometimes she dreaded he would and sometimes feared he would not. After awhile she began to think that he had suffered for his crimes on the gallows.

One October evening—it was Halloween—Evelyn stole out of her home and went across the fields to the river bank. The moon was but a few days old and was dividing the day and the night. Evelyn stood on the river bank among scattered trees and, raising a mirror she held in her hand, said aloud:

"Good moon, show me my future husband."

There was a sound of breaking twigs behind her, and a face appeared reflected in the glass. It was the well remembered face of the highwayman.

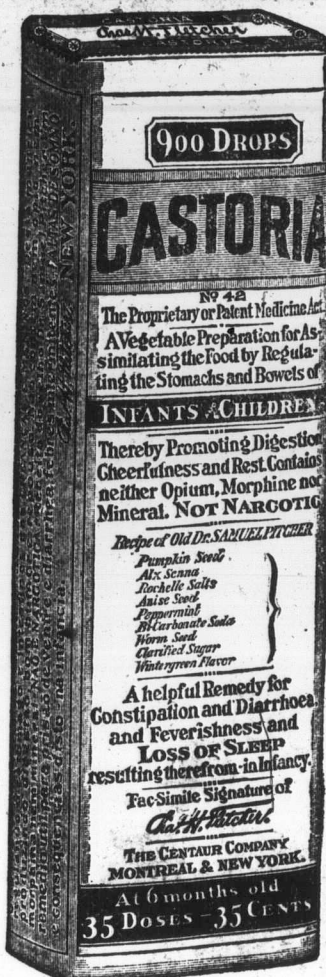
"Mistress Briery," he said, "one night some years ago I gave you a sight of my face for your heart. To give you good measure I give you another sight of the same unworthy object."

Evelyn dropped the mirror and turned.

"The highwayman!" she exclaimed. "The repentant highwayman, formerly Walter Wheatleigh of Prince Rupert's army, then reduced to make a living on the road, now Earl of Pentland."

"I did not know what I was saying," said the girl, turning away. The young earl caught her, saying:

"Nevertheless you said it, and I have come for my own." Evelyn Briery became Countess of Pentland and for a short while a member of the court of King Charles. But the profligacy of the court soon drove her to her husband's home near Windsor, where she remained, living a somewhat secluded life with her husband and her children.



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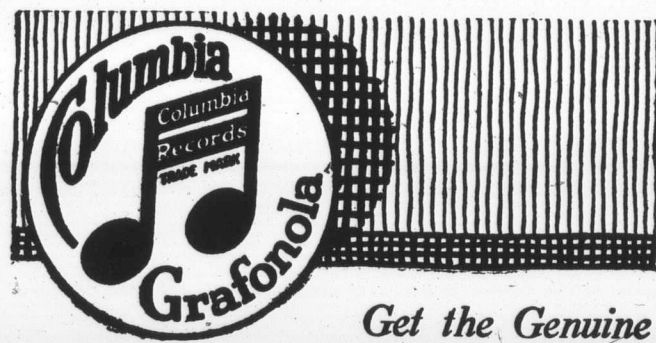
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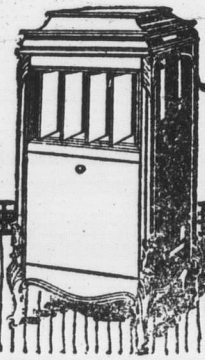


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