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AUSTIN G. L. TRIBUTE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

The Seeding Problem

In some parts of Ontario the continued wet weather that has characterized this season up to the present has prevented the sowing of some of the usual crops at the usual time and has had a tendency to discourage the farmer. Such however should not be the feeling since the possibilities of producing crops on land not yet sown are practically as good as ever provided the weather improves a bit and the right crops, be sown in the right way and properly looked after.

Among crops sure of proving satisfactory at this late date are barley for grain, peas and oat for forage, buckwheat, millet, Hungarian grass, corn for forage or ensilage, swedes, white or flat turnips and rape.

Barley would likely do well even sown on fairly well drained land. Sow about 2 bushels per acre.

PEAS and OATS sown 3 bu. oats 1 bu. peas per acre to cut green for hay be expected to give profitable returns if sown anywhere before June 25.

MILLETS and HUNGARIAN GRASS have wonderful possibilities as forage producers and even for seed for poultry or swine if sown before July 10.

BUCKWHEAT may be sown up to July 10 with certainty of profitable returns on almost any kind of land where water does not stand.

CORN for FORAGE or Flint varieties (Longfellow Comptons Early etc.) should be chosen. Sow thinly up to June 25.

FLAT TURNIPS or WHITE TURNIPS while not so satisfactory as swedes for most purposes do well if sown as late as the end of July and are most excellent cattle feed, being particularly suitable for dairy cows. They do not keep as well as swedes.

RAPE for pasturage is of great value for swine, sheep or beef cattle.

With late seeding most thorough preparation of the seed bed is absolutely necessary if success is to be hoped for. If land has to be ploughed turn a shallow furrow and in case land is grassy it will be much better to plough again even if already ploughed last fall or early this spring. After ploughing roll, disc two or three times and harrow before seeding. After seeding roll again if surface is very dry.

In any case get the seed in well and what is quite as important in the case of hoed crops above mentioned see to it that they are kept absolutely free from weeds for the next two months. Neglect in this important detail means failure when crops are sown late.

If a choice of crops is possible sow Corn Buckwheat, Turnips and Hungarian Grass on the lighter soils and other crops on other kinds of soil, that is clays, clay loams, peaty or mucky soils, etc. but any one of these crops will do quite well on almost any kind of land.

Toothache—Put some Perry Davis Painkiller on a little wad of cotton and place in the cavity. It will relieve the pain. 25c and 50c bottles.

FRANKVILLE

Mr. John E. Louck's new car has come. It is a fine car.

Mr. and Mrs. Herb Wright of North Augusta spent Sunday at Wilfred Hewitt's, Lehigh's Corners.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pattemore, of Smith's Falls, spent the week-end at her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Morley Holmes, Lehigh's Corners.

Mr. A. R. Henton has a new milking machine. Mr. Parker Richards has one on order.

Mr. Richard Hanton's team ran away from the factory the other night, after becoming frightened by the lightning.

Mrs. Peter Stewart has been visiting her son, Frank, at Prescott, for the last week.



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TO CRIPPLE AUSTRIANS

Brusiloff Seeks to Break Up Teutonic Armies.

Fall of Czernowitz is Step in a Movement to Break Through the Enemy's Lines at Several Points—Austrians Are Now Separated Into Three Armies, and Are Rapidly Falling Back.

LONDON, June 19.—The Russian offensive has been renewed after a temporary pause, with increased fury. An incessant rain of shells is falling even thicker than in the earlier days of the offensive, on the Austrian trenches, and the Russian ammunition supply appears to be inexhaustible. Heavy guns have been brought up, the despatches from the front say, and huge Russian reinforcements have appeared near Torchin, west of Lursk, in the Stokhed-Styr district, and near Horodenka, between the Dneister and the Pruth.

The breaches made by the Russians on the south-western front, spreading fan-shape from 30 to 40 miles in the rear of the Austrian line, have now effectively separated the three main Austrian army groups.



GENERAL BRUSILOFF.

operating between the Pripiet and Bukovina. The continued retreat of the more advanced portions of the Austrian forces is occasioned, therefore, more from strategic reasons than because of actual pressure applied by the Russians.

The primary object of General Brusiloff's campaign is not the retaking of lost territory, and, although it is quite conceivable that Lemberg may be caught in the encircling movement developing from the flank attacks of Lutsk and Czernowitz, the chief aim of the Russian advance is obviously to destroy—or, at least, cripple—the Austrian army.

The tremendous number of prisoners taken by the Russians up to Saturday roughly estimated at 165,000, with additional losses in killed or wounded of 150,000, attests to the success of the Russians in accomplishing this aim.

After much hard fighting on the River Pruth, where the Austrians fought desperately with a view to gaining time for the evacuation of Czernowitz by their army and the removal of military stores from the city, General Lechnitzky has finally entered the capital of Bukovina. The capture is an important one, as it entails the command of several important railway lines. The city had been untenable for several days because of the tremendous Russian bombardment, which compelled the flight of the civil inhabitants and evacuation of the place by the Austrian forces. It is expected that further details of the capture will show that both sides suffered sanguinary losses.

The recapture of Czernowitz by the Russians comes at a dramatic moment, it happening only a few days after the Austrians, with imposing ceremony, had unveiled on the city hall a double-headed Austrian eagle such as the Russians had removed during the occupation of the city last year.

Russian headquarters announce the capture of Czernowitz in the usual laconic terms. It gives no description of the desperate fighting known to have occurred for the crossings of the Pruth River after the Austrians blew up the bridges, but adds the interesting fact that the Austrians are being pursued into the Carpathians, which is the only alternative to being driven into Roumania, where they would be interned. The Russian official account makes the interesting revelation that German reinforcements have already been brought from the French front to the assistance of the hard-pressed Austrians.

"Yesterday, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, General Lechnitzky's troops captured by assault the bridgehead at Czernowitz, on the left bank of the Pruth. After desperate fighting for the passage of the river, where the enemy had destroyed the bridges, we occupied Czernowitz."

"Our troops are pursuing the enemy, who is retreating in the direction of the Carpathian passes. In the course of the capture of the bridgehead, we took over 1,000 prisoners and also seized guns in Czernowitz."

Laborer Killed.
GUELPH, June 19.—George Harris, a well-known laborer, met a mysterious death Saturday morning on the C. P. R.

Loaves And Ladies

A Victory For the Wives

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Alonzo Dibble's store on the main street of Roseville and in the same room with the postoffice was the forum in which the male citizens of the village got together to discuss every new departure from the beaten track of the world's ongoing.

Alonzo Dibble, being peculiarly interested in the sale of twenty-five cent packages of smoking tobacco and cigars at prices all the way up from one cent stogies to five-cent perfectos, took care that the meetings should not want for a topic and that the debate should not end when it struck a rut.

While the men of Roseville had been discussing these problems the women had started the suffrage society. The men had not yet entered upon this topic and might not have done so had not Amos Gwynne squeaked the war in Mexico by his unpatriotic remark. "There had been no sales of stogies for some time, and no one had called for birch beer. The shopkeeper, fearing that the meeting would break up without any more purchases, placed the palm of his hand on the counter and flourished his other arm dramatically.

"I say," he shouted, "there's more honor for a woman to bake a perfect loaf of bread than it is to vote nine times for a president of the United States!"

There was an instant's silence among the men gathered around the glowing stove; then Hen Lariday broke the stillness.

"There ain't much honor for any one, man, woman or child, to vote nine times for president—not on the same day, no, sir!"

After the laughter had died away the storekeeper resumed his exhortation. "It's all right to make fun of it, Hen, but you ain't got no wife, and your ma is one of the God fearn', old fashioned kind who don't want no votes but the vote of her family that she's the best mother and the best cook in the world. But what I do mean is this: Ever since the women of Roseville started this here Ladies' Suffrage society they've stopped being such good housekeepers. Look at the business in homemade baking that Mrs. Dell Smith has built up. Why, I'll bet I've sold more flour to Mrs. Smith than to any one else in town. See 'em come in here day after day and buy Mrs. Smith's bread and take it home to their families. I'll bet there's more men in this here store this minute who said to his wife at supper tonight, 'What good bread Mrs. Dell Smith makes!' When a man says that, well, his wife ain't got anything to be proud of!"

"You're right, Alonzo," agreed James Gray. "But what we going to do about it?"

Alonzo was distinctly cross eyed. Now, one of his orbs was fixed on James Gray and the other wandered over to the door where a woman's form stood motionless by a barrel of brooms.

"Yes, what we going to do about it?" hawhawed Hen Lariday.

"Can't do anything," said Alonzo slowly. "But I don't blame any man for getting tired of a woman who blats all day about running the government when she can't even bake a decent loaf of bread! Some day the women will wake up and find they've got the vote—and nothing else, by gosh!"

The door closed gently.

The woman by the barrel of brooms had slipped out.

"Who was that?" asked Hen Lariday.

"Susie Pinkham,"

"Great heck! Do you suppose she heard what you said, Alonzo?"

"I hope so," said the storekeeper grimly.

"If she did," went on Hen impressively, "the news is running like wildfire through the hull village. Susie Pinkham's the worst gossip in Roseville."

"And the best is Hen Lariday!" jibed Alonzo.

James Gray walked slowly up the street toward home. He was turning in his mind all that Alonzo had said about bread and women, and he had reason to agree with the storekeeper on more than one point of his argument.

Mrs. James Gray was the president of the Ladies' Suffrage society, and she it was who was urging the fair members to affiliate themselves with the state organization. It was Mrs. Gray who had suggested to Dell Smith's wife that home baking would be a profitable enterprise, and from that moment the idea had taken possession of Roseville women.

Husbands found delicious homemade bread on the table, but Mrs. Smith had baked it; likewise crisp cookies and loaf cake and pies. The members of the society to a woman turned their weekly baking over to the industrious little woman who was not even a member of their club.

"Oh, I haven't got any time," Mrs. Smith had good naturedly said in excuse. "I'm helping Dell pay off the mortgage. When that's done I'll think about it."

Meantime she baked and baked, and the women of the society met and debated and tried to better conditions in the village.

James Gray was thinking about

these things. He did not marvel at Alonzo's outburst of wrath. Alonzo's wife was secretary of the society, and instead of keeping his books as she had heretofore she had pleaded too much other work in hand, so Alonzo had hired a bookkeeper.

The supper table was set when James Gray entered the house. His wife was perusing a pamphlet and smiled a greeting over the top of it, but she went back to her reading without making any remark.

The table looked very inviting. There were an immaculate cloth, the white and gold china, a platter of pink boiled ham from the store, a dish of store pickles, another dish of tinned baked beans, a glass dish of canned peaches from the store, some of Mrs. Smith's delicious graham bread and a plate of cake that was undeniably Mrs. Smith's production.

James washed his face and hands and brushed his hair; then he sat glumly down to supper. Mrs. Gray had put away the pamphlet and was sitting behind the teapot when he entered.

There were only two of them, for their daughter, Annibel, was married and lived across the way with her husband, Oscar Wren.

"Good bread!" muttered James darkly, as he helped himself to a second slice.

"Isn't it?" asked his wife eagerly. "Lizzie Smith can make the best bread in town."

"She can hold the championship so long as none of the other women compete with her," hinted James morosely.

Mrs. Gray regarded her husband with calm surprise.

"I suppose you were in the store when Alonzo expressed his opinion of the Ladies' Suffrage society?" she asked curiously.

"Susie Pinkham been here?" he countered.

"Why?"

"Oh, I recognize the signs. Please pass me some of Mrs. Smith's cake," he said pleasantly.

Mrs. Gray frowned and was silent during the remainder of the meal.

After supper James put on his coat and went to the lodge meeting. Mrs. James put on her hat and went to a special meeting of her society.

Three weeks later Alonzo Dibble entered his store one evening and found his plump little wife in possession of the bookkeeper's desk.

"Where's Ida Jones?" asked Alonzo.

"I sent her home—paid her off and discharged her," responded his wife, making an entry in the daybook and carefully blotting it. "I've got plenty of time to do this work."

"What? You give up that fool society?" demanded Alonzo.

"No. I can do both if you don't bother me by talking too much," she smiled at him.

"Oh, I ain't got any time to talk," he said hastily. "You know I've got my hands full looking after this store. You can't do more'n one thing at a time," he added as he moved away.

Mrs. Dibble looked at the three clerks nimbly waiting on customers. She glanced at the stableman standing by the barn door. She thought of herself in the bookkeeper's cage, and a little smile curled her lip.

"Alonzo certainly has plenty of help," she mused, dipping her pen in the ink.

For a number of weeks Alonzo Dibble was silent on the question of women's votes. He noticed that Mrs. Smith omitted her usual order for flour, and he told his clerks that she was probably buying from his competitor.

On the tables of the members of the suffrage society continued to appear delicious home baked bread, toothsome pies and cakes, and the town rang with the praises accorded Mrs. Dell Smith as a model wife and mother and gave credit to the fact that she was not a member of the society.

"A woman can't be a good wife and mother and tend to her baking and brewing and do men's voting too!" declared Alonzo Dibble to his usual audience.

From the back door leading to his house came the calm voice of Alonzo Dibble's wife. Behind her, twenty strong, were the members of the society.

"Fiddlesticks!" said Mrs. Dibble. "Just because a man can't attend to more than one thing at a time it's no indication that a woman may not be able to do two or three things well!"

"Prove it!" barked Alonzo. "Just look at all Mrs. Smith's bread and cake and pies we've been eating, all because our wives ain't got time to do it and run their blamed old society. Pooh!"

A ripple of feminine laughter came from the back door.

"You tell them, Mrs. Smith," urged Mrs. Gray's voice.

"Well," began Mrs. Dell Smith in her brisk manner, "I'll confess I haven't done any baking for any one outside my family for over three weeks. If you men folks have enjoyed your bread and cake and pies I guess it's all to the credit of your wives. I think they patronized my home cooking more to help me pay off the mortgage than anything else." Her voice broke, and she hid herself among her friends.

Mrs. Dibble finished the argument. "So you see," she said, "the women of Roseville can attend to their housekeeping, do their sewing and bake their own bread and organize a suffrage society and vote when the time comes."

Alonzo Dibble was filling glasses with sweet cider.

"Let us drink to the success of the Ladies' Suffrage society," he said solemnly.

And so ended the discussion of loaves and ladies, it having been proved that the ladies were quite capable of looking out for the loaves.

Death of Mrs. John Dickey

There passed away at the residence of her son, Thomas, at Caintown, on Tuesday, June 13th, an old and highly respected resident, in the person of Malita Miller, relict of the late John Dickey, aged 84 years.

The deceased was a daughter of the late Samuel Miller, and was born and always had resided in Caintown where she had a host of friends who will deeply regret her death.

In religion the deceased was a Methodist, and always took a deep interest in church work.

One son, Thomas, and one sister, Miss Sarah Miller, are left to mourn her loss.

The funeral was held on Wednesday, Rev. Mr. Bradford, of Mallorytown, conducted the services at the house, and interment was made at Yonge Mills.

The pall-bearers were, Messrs. Thomas Tennant, Ora Tennant, Thomas Hodge and O. L. Gibson.

Among the mourners from a distance were Miss Beatrice Dickey, Merrickville, and Pte. W. S. Dickey, Barriefield Camp.

Delta Womens Institute

Delta June 12.—The Delta Women's Institute met Thursday, June 8th in the town hall. Attendance was small owing to heavy rains. A letter was read from Mrs. McAlpine thanking the institute for the small gift and kind words of remembrance. One was also read from Miss Pearson asking each institute to work especially for the 156th Battalion. A card of thanks for basket of doughnuts sent the Children's Shelter Brockville, was also read. The report of the secretary of finance committee for entertaining soldiers in Delta was given. A motion was made granting \$7 for regular colors for the Home Battalion. More yarn has been purchased; those wishing to knit may call at Mrs. G. Morris'.

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Spring Term opens April 3rd.

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