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AUSTIN G. L. TRIBUTE, EDITOR AND PROP.

Wednesday, May 16

DEMOCRACY OF A MONARCHY

The reported decision of the Prince of Wales to marry his first cousin is in one sense a relief to the people of the Empire. For it does away with the possibility of an unpopular future queen. Yet, if English royalty is to continue the practice of intermarriage in its own cast, what will the end be? To preserve the royal families must marry into royalty; at least this has been the custom. Perhaps we colonialists have strange ideas on the subject of royalty, and there is no doubt that the present war has done much to change the views of the English themselves. The policy of hitching nations together by means of royal marriages did no one any good but Germany. There is a prevalent feeling that English princes should marry in their own land. Surely this is sane enough. Whether royal or not, England's daughters should be more acceptable to the Empire than those of foreign lands. Princes are very human fellows, and the fact that they must marry to suit the policy of a nation is one of the sad things of a monarchy. Colonialists would give them much liberty in their choosing—even to marrying shopkeepers' daughters. For the Empire is a grand democracy—the greatest in the world. The King holds the threads of the huge empire in his hands. Behind quarrelling democratic factions, he dwells secure in the knowledge that his people are democratic in mind but monarchic at heart. To try to explain the paradox is useless. As long as England has a king, so long will the Empire be great—after that, dissolution.

THE LATE BISHOP MILLS

The Kingston Standard By the death of Bishop Mills the Anglican Church has lost one of its most brilliant and most earnest dignitaries. In recent years, illness compelled him to have a co-adjutor Bishop, but during these years, he still did much useful, effective, and excellent work. Of commanding presence, with courtly manners, possessed a great eloquence, a keen scholar, a master of the purest English, and a capable, careful organizer, he was fitted in every way for the position which he filled so long and so worthily. He devoted not only his brilliant talent, but his means to the church he loved so well. No deserving call was ever passed unanswered by him, and the amount of the generous assistance which he rendered in the various organization of the church to societies, aiming at the welfare of the community, and to provide charity will never be known. He never spared himself, and he expected his clergy to follow his example in this. He passed a long and useful life doing his duty grandly to his God, his church, and the community. He has left behind him an example, the influence of which will long be felt and the memory of which will long be cherished.

HIS ANNUAL HOLIDAY

Following our usual custom, The News staff will take their annual vacation next week, when no paper will be issued, but office work will be turned out by job and receiving subscriptions. Send in or bring in next week that long overdue dollar, as we cannot afford to send a man into the country this year collecting—paying \$4.00 per day collecting one dollar accounts. Phone 2 will catch ye Editor day or night at his home, among his fruit and flowers, at "Desborough Park," in which his heart delights. Or come yourself in the "month of roses" and see one hundred varieties of these royal beauties gathered from all parts of the world during the past 20 years, all blooming together, a riot of color and dream of loveliness.—St. Lawrence News, Iroquois.

A LOST UTOPIA.

Mariners From the Dominion Visit Tropical Island.

The story of an island that nobody owns, an island dropped out of the pockets of struggling Great Britain and picked up by no one; an island where the only wars are those of the long-tailed squawking parakeets on the tops of the palm trees, where the only shells that ever drop are coconut shells, tossed down by frolicking monkeys; where the beach is of pink coral dust; there everyone is prosperous, there is no road tax, or war tax, or any kind of a tax, and no laws to need a government, and no misbehavior to need a law. Such a story hovers in the midst of submarine legends, came placidly bobbing to Brooklyn on the tiny coconut schooner Canada, sailed by marines from our Dominion, which was discharging her cargo of juicy nuts at Atlantic Basin recently.

The Canada left Philadelphia three months ago for a cruise among the coral islands off the coast of Honduras and Guatemala. She drifted about from one to the other on the summer breezes of the Caribbean, and when she had filled her hull with the brown nuts that most of us see only after they have been shaved up and put into pies or sprinkled down baker's cakes, she batted down her one little hatch and spent a couple of weeks cruising among the keys and stolls, looking for inhabited islands not on her regular sailing list.

Many of the coral keys showed traces of having once been inhabited; others were too small for anyone to live on. On one or two stood little villages of empty palm-leaf houses, nesting places now for sea birds. The bland climate had left even the prints of the bare feet of children in the sand floors of the little houses.

One of the few islands, big enough for any nation to want to own, was the island of Roatan; it was inhabited, but according to the men on the coconut schooner, it has dropped between two owners and belongs to neither the one nor the other.

The people of Roatan told the sailors that the island once belonged to Great Britain, but that it had been sold to Guatemala. Guatemala had never paid for it and had never taken possession. The British Government officials left some time ago and no one has ever come to take their places.

The people of Roatan like being ownerless. Every family seems to have a little farm and one or two horses, and to be thoroughly prosperous, without having to work.

The coconuts ripen and fall, while the people, on the sand, and the only labor falling on the people is that of getting nuts peeled and down to the wharf when the schooners come.

The demand for coconut pie and cake in the civilized world keeps the market from ever becoming slack, and the Roatanians are able to live like the lilies in the Song of Solomon, toiling not nor spinning.

The Canada can carry a crew of only six men, and there are no passenger accommodations on board. There is no tourist line running to the islands, and if tired, war-weary people want to go there they will have either to supply their own boats or swim.

Shirkers in Khaki.

Next to the men who have made great profits out of the war and apparently done nothing in the conflict, those most criticized by the general Canadian public are the wearers of khaki who draw officer's salaries and never go to the front. A good deal is said about them in private, especially when they become recruiting officers, but the first man to tackle them in public was Rev. W. E. Millson, a Methodist clergyman of St. Thomas. Recently the minister, speaking to a Sunday evening congregation, hotly berated officers who go overseas, but do not reach the front, and stated that he had heard one in particular speak at a recruiting meeting of young men who do not enlist. He declared that that young officer had the most offensive streak of yellow. The result of this sermon was a hot altercation between Mr. Millson and a major of an overseas battalion, and this caused the affair to become public. The matter of officers who have not been to the front, calling civilians "yellow" is one that the newspapers have not taken up at great length, and speeches can hardly be made about it. For that reason the St. Thomas clergyman is attracting considerable attention. It was timely in view of the current rumor that one major who only got as far as England intends to come back to Canada for the purpose of conducting a recruiting campaign and urging young men to go to France as privates.

"Creoles."

Harris Dickson, who knows a great deal about New Orleans, declared in an article published some years ago, that outside lower Louisiana the word "Creole" is still misunderstood, and added this definition of the term: "A person of mixed French and Spanish blood, born in Louisiana." Between the dialect of the Louisiana Cajun (Canadian) and that of the French Canadian of Quebec there is a strong resemblance; but the Creole negro language is a thing entirely apart, being made up, it is said, partly from French and partly from African word sounds, just as the "gullah" of the South Carolina coast is made up from African and English. Much of the temperament, the gayety, the sensitiveness of New Orleans comes from the Creole. He was Latin enough to be a good deal of a gambler, to love beautiful women, and on slight provocation to draw his sword.

New Pancake Dish.

Within the lid of a new pancake dish are contained a syrup cup and a butter plate.

CALL TO SERVICE GROWS INSISTENT.

Perhaps the most important of the addresses given on Saturday afternoon of the members of the Women's Conservative Club and their friends was that of Norman Somerville, who spoke on the subject of provincial resources. He is looking for a response so unanimous to the invitation to go to the farms during the four or five weeks of seeding that all danger will be averted and the production to increased that the present anxiety will be at once allayed and the war carried on to a conclusion with a genuine British peace, which means a peace with justice and humanity in the ascendant.

Mr. Somerville outlined the origin of the organization of provincial resources committee by the premier. This committee had had many problems to investigate and now it was asked to grapple with the problem of production. The cry, said the speaker, was never so insistent and pregnant as now. The cry for men had taken men from the farm. One man taken meant fifty per cent of the farmer's help; two men meant that he was left without any assistance. In ordinary times Britain had France, Italy, Russia, the United States and Canada to depend upon for grain. Owing to present conditions it devolves upon Canada to supply all the deficiencies caused by the war.

Speaks of Campaign

Three months ago, owing to the crop, the Argentine Government placed an embargo on foodstuffs going out the country, and the President of the United States, owing to reports received telling of the shortage has appointed a controller to take charge of the foods of the country. The campaign of curtailment, under Hubert Hoover, was begun, and it is now announced that unless that country eats less and produces more it will be impossible to carry the allies thru until next year. There is also shortage in Australia and Britain, and Ontario has 365,000 of an acreage less than it had in the year previous. Owing to the action taken by the British Government Lloyd George is able to announce 100,000,000 more acreage than last year, and expects to have an increase of 300,000,000 in the year following.

In Canada, as elsewhere, there are two opposing elements confronting the situation. One is the shortage of time and the other the element of labor. Ontario has only one man on every 100 acres. Farmers from Quebec and the United States have been brought in, but they have been sent for the most part to the western provinces. In Ontario great dependence is being placed on the high school boys, who last year, 2000 in number, proved their competency. A second class to whom the province is looking are the retired farmers in the towns and cities and villages. To these two portions of the community in particular and to every man, woman and child in a general way, the government is looking for assistance. Mr. Somerville assured the audience that the boys would be looked after in every way on the farms. A closing reminder was that Germany would pay any price for food in order to keep her armies fit, and between this and the menace of the submarine she was now trying to wear out the allies.

FOODS AND FOOD PRICES

New York Herald
Potatoes wipe their weeping eyes and wonder why the prices rise. The cabbage, either white or red, in doubt, can only scratch its head. The pea within its pendant pod, is guessing who gets all the wad. The odorous onion peers about and peels its coat to smell it out. The bread and cake rise everywhere to ask why such excessive fare. The lettuce, on its high priced ways, looks backward to its salad days. All kinds of pies and pastry see too much to pay for piety. The fish presents a plaintive tale and wants the price to go by scale. The lobster, oyster and clam, quite shellfishy, don't giveadam. The various brands of flours inquire if florists' prices could be higher. The ham and bacon have the gall to ask who is it hogs it all. The lamb and mutton, veal and beef all meet together for relief. The carrot's yellow as of old but now its yellow's more like gold. The blushing beat in every slice grows redder thinking of the price. The egg, with nothing much to tell, remains within its sheltering shell. All sorts of fruit, raw, canned, and dried, are silent on the upward slide. The butter, either strong or weak, is cowed beyond the power to speak. The only grateful thing is rice, which hasn't suffered much from price, but fear not, ye consumers, it, ere long, will have to do its bit, and if there is a food on earth, of any dietetic worth, which you, by circumstance, must buy, you've got to pay the price or die! But what is death to patriots who will stand for prices, as do you?

—W. J. Lambton

Philipsville

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McGrogan, of Dayton, were the guests of Miss Susan Dunham on Sunday.

The cheese box mills are running full time to keep up to their orders for boxes.

A car of potatoes was unloaded at the C. N. R. junction last week at \$4.25 per bag; and they were not first class.

The dairymen are still stabling their cows; very few have let them out on pasture.

The farmers are not progressing much with their seeding; some of them have not a seed in the ground yet.

The clover meadows came through the winter fine with very few spots winter killed. We found only now and then any fall wheat in our drive that came out from under the snow o. k.; but there is a very small growth of grass. Wheat owing to the cold spring.

Large droves of young and dry cattle have been sent away to the summer pastures.

Wm. French has lost four valuable cows in a short time. The cause is unknown.

Mr. Vanantwerp, of Detroit, was the guest of his brother-in-law, Mr. Arvin Brown.

William John Earl is very low and not much hope of his recovery. His health has not been good for a number of years.

This section was visited with autumn cold showers Friday and Saturday.

Mr. Richard Lawson and three sisters, of Plum Hollow, were weekend guests here.

Charleston

On Monday last, W. Johnson, president of the Lyndhurst Telephone Co., and Mr. Steele, of Delta, were through here finishing the work on the lines.

Mr. and Mrs. Fleishman, New York, arrived on Sunday.

W. C. Smith, Athens, comes thru here every week buying eggs for the Egg Circle.

Dr. Giles, of Montreal, arrived on Saturday and is preparing for the opening of Cedar Park.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Sweet, Lyndhurst were Sunday visitors here.

Purvis Street

The farmers are very busy seeding this fine weather.

Mrs. Wm. Graham, sr. spent last week at B. B. Graham's.

Rev. Bradford, Mallorytown, was calling on his people in this part last week.

Miss Florence Quinsey is spending some time at her home here now.

Mr. Geo. Herbison is now working for Mrs. J. Dickey.

Mr. and Mrs. Pettem were guests at Mr. James Manhart on Sunday.

Mrs. B. B. Graham, who was ill, is now entirely recovered.

Miss Beatrice Dickey spent Sunday at her home at Caintown.

The infant son of Mr. Orval Baile, who was ill, has recovered.

Greenbush

Mrs. Morton Moore, who was seriously ill in the hospital in Smith Falls, is so far recovered as to be able to return to her home here.

Mrs. Wm. Kennedy is spending a few days at the home of her father Mr. David Johnston.

Mr. Norris Loverin visited friends in Ottawa last week.

Mrs. Ed. Smith is recovering after a serious attack of heart trouble. Her son, Dr. Morley Smith, of Carleton Place, visited her on Sunday.

After a lengthy illness patiently borne, Mrs. Walter Olds departed this life on Wednesday May 2nd. The funeral service was conducted at the home on the day following by Rev. C. Baldwin. Among the friends from a distance who attended the funeral were; Mrs. Cameron Stuart, of Ottawa; Mr. Wesley Stevens, Westport. Mr. Olds and the children have the sympathy of many friends in their hour of bereavement.

Measles are epidemic in the neighborhood.

Mrs. Chas. Pritchard, of Pittsburgh, Penn., is visiting at the home of his sister, Mrs. E. Smith.

On May 4th Mr. Albert Forsythe died very suddenly at his home near Greenbush. The funeral which was largely attended was held in Greenbush church. Among the friends from a distance were: Mrs. Gordon Bouch and Mr. Roy Forsythe, of Gouverneur, N. Y.; Mrs. Wm. Estus, of Alexander Bay and Mr. and Mrs. Collier, of Brockville. The bereaved family has the sympathy of the whole neighborhood in their bereavement.

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