

THE ATHENS REPORTER

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Display advertising rates on application.

AUSTIN G. L. TRIBUTE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

Ex-Czar Nicholas will winter in Siberia. His lodging will have no modern conveniences. Well, he won't need to worry about the plumbing freezing up. Things might be worse.

Hon. Robert Rogers satisfied everybody when he resigned. He is a much disliked man, but clever withal. However, his place is not in politics, especially in times like these.

THE TONE OF THE PRESS

To read the rabid ravings of the party Press, the uninitiated might imagine that they are in earnest. Not a bit of it! The editors are seldom the owners, and their poor pens are guided by the policy of the "men behind." Distasteful in the extreme must it be to write as other men dictate; but that is one way bread is buttered and potatoes bought.

Will the Government force every newspaper to disclose the names of the owners, as has been suggested? The United States filled with political corruption, as it is, has his law. Is it not time that Canada had the same? The Canadian public is weary of reading bitter personal attacks on men in the Government. They are lowering to the dignity of the Press, and display ulterior motives. When it is necessary to denounce the behaviour of men in administrative positions, let it be done in an unbiased judicial manner, and not in the petty, degrading form many party papers are using to-day. Let us have a clean Press!

TRAINING IN YOUTHFUL FUN

Among the fairly large number of boys, from eight to twelve years old, in the village, there is a lack of ingenuity as compared with that of boy population of twelve years ago. It is hard to find an explanation for this; but there is every evidence of a dearth of occupation among the younger element. Nothing their action day by day, week after week, during the long vacation, the writer has seen no indication of a striving for proficiency in the arts. If the boy of to-day feels the desire "to make things," he obscures it by inability to concentrate his mind long enough on a single idea to consummate it. In his insatiable search for information, he may come upon one of his elders at some work that he does not understand. He asks the inevitable question; and before there is time for a complete answer, he turns away to exclaim at the speed of a passing automobile. He forgets his query; and resumes his aimless daily wanderings. To thus impeach the modern boy as a class, is perhaps a trifle unfair; here and there are individuals who are exceptions proving the rule.

In retrospect: In Athens, a dozen years ago, was a bunch of boys that gathered in groups at three or four appointed places. One boy's father was a carpenter, a man with white beard and sympathetic disposition. His workshop was infested every day with several youthful artisans, who turned out kites of tried and experimental designs, fire balloons, hot-air engines, traps, snares, bird-houses, and other articles of varied character. Above the workshop was the boys' theatre, in which, for the admission price of two ordinary pins might be seen a rather garbled version of "Under Two Flags" or perhaps "Uncle Tom's Cabin." A nearby woodshed was a tansorial parlor, with its castle lather and Joseph Rodgers cutlery. The room over an adjacent tinshop was headquarters for the boys' club, which boasted of a baseball nine with uniforms of black sateen, the dye of which had a tendency to mix with perspiration in times of great stress.

The tank near the pump held a supply of minnows caught with much splashing and arduous netting in the creek that still runs from Lake Elolida to Wiltse Lake. "Carrying the pail" was an honorable position

fishing excursions that was a sinecure.

away was a post with the bicycle bell securely fastened by a screw. This bright metal was marred by a deep dent left by a bullet from a Flobert .22. The old Flobert is doubtless yet in existence, its rickety stock well wired beneath the heavy octagon barrel, the ejector as in days past, a feeble mechanism.

Hide-and-seek, hares-and-hounds, cucumber-fights, and all the repertoire of boys' games somehow found a place in many of those busy, halcyon days. The boys were held together by the pleasure of doing things co-operatively, and the leading spirits provided the programs. Parents, as a rule, knew where to find them. They were together when the first automobile appeared, when gypsy communities passed through, when the fire-bell rang, when the "glorious twelfth" was celebrated—and an esprit de corps was born, that had the village been able to hold them when they came to man's estate, would have kept it from any danger of commercial and social somnolence.

No better advice can be given to the boys of Athens to-day than to congregate in suitable spaces, and try co-operative fun in preference to unproductive idleness on the streets.

The Village School Fair will be an opportunity for boys to prove their industry. Parents, by offering encouragement and timely suggestions, will aid the spirit of their work. The world despises those who do not work; and if in their youth, men have entered into fun that is instructive and productive. They will never be indigent believers in the fallacy that the world owes them a living. The world owes no one anything; and a man's duty under every practical or theoretical system of economy is to be a worker.

Maple Avenue

Aug. 21.—Miss Halladay, of Elgin, has returned home, after spending a week with Miss Alice Knowlton.

Master Rupert Hamblen, of Washburn's Corner, is visiting his brother, Aulden Hamblen, at Robt. Shaw's.

Mrs. Richard Gainford was taken to the hospital on Saturday, her condition being such as to cause her many friends much alarm. The family accompanied her and remained until Monday.

Miss Nina Mulvena is visiting friends in Brockville this week.

Soperton

Aug. 27.—Messrs. E. J. Suffel and Johnson Reed attended Brockville Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Johnson, Lyndhurst, spent Sunday at E. J. Suffel's. Rev. J. M. and Mrs. Singleton left on Thursday for Outlook, Sask.

Miss H. Fairbairn, Brockville, is a guest of Mrs. T. J. Frye.

Mrs. McConkey returned on Saturday after two weeks treatment at St. Vincent de Paul Hospital, Brockville.

Mr. John Frye met with a serious accident last week, being kicked by a cow. The cut required four stitches.

Miss Hattie Shire is ill at her home.

Miss Jennie Shire received a severe shock from lightning during the storm of a week ago and is still confined to her bed.

Glen Morris

Aug. 28.—Mrs. Eugene Howard and son Stanley are visiting friends in Toronto.

Miss Ruby Morris will teach school at Newbliss the coming term. Miss Shields, Smith's Falls, will fill the position of teacher in our school.

Mrs. C. B. Howard returned home on Sunday. She has been under the care of Dr. C. Howard, Hotel Dieu, Kingston.

Mr. Wesley Davis and family were visitors in the Glen recently.

Mr. John Vout and family motor-ed from Algonquin on Sunday and spent the day with A. Hawkins.

Mrs. Milton Leech and children, Smith's Falls, were recent guests of Mrs. Royal Moore.

Miss Hattie Moore is holidaying in Smith's Falls.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a constitutional disease, and in order to cure it, you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts upon the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills for Constipation.

THE PURPLE FLASK

One by one they shook hands with him and wished him luck. He left the place with Minna, whom he married that night, and the next morning he left her, taking the purple flask with him.

He thought her love for him would give him courage to perform the terrible task ahead of him—but does love weaken or strengthen a man who is about to give his liberty, perhaps his life, to a "cause"?

That is the theme of Gouverneur Morris' story, "The Purple Flask," which begins in September Cosmopolitan.

This is only one of the features that make September Cosmopolitan one of the greatest numbers of the greatest magazine in America.

WHERE ARE WE AT?

By Crawford C. Slack

A friend has asked me to make public my opinion of the political situation, the war, etc. Here it is: My worthy friend, I must admit, I'm neither Tory, neither Grit, I'm independent? then you say. I don't know what I am to-day. Perhaps I'm socialist, for I do not like this bloody war.

For thirty years, I've been a fool. A racing, chasing party tool. A stalwart Grit, as you know well. For Grits I used to work and yell. But I must tell you plain and flat, To-day, I don't know where I'm at. I used to swear by as I'd probe The righteous columns of the "Globe."

It used to be my guide and hope, I used to swallow all its "dope." But somehow it has slipped a cog. And left me very much agog. Its Ed. perhaps, is looking for Some honored favors through the war?

And then it might be such a thing, He's jealous of the bacon king. Who got a baronetcy for just Easy work in the packers' trust.

In days ago this mark of state, Was of the worthy, valiant great, But now to be a belted knight, You just pinch everything in sight.

But second thoughts now say, perhaps The "Globe's" been caught in Roger's traps.

And looking forth for something fat. I wonder what the "Globe" is at?

As for the war, my loyal friend, This big chap's war, when will it end?

They claim to win shall make us free, It does not look that way to me.

They say our freedom is at stake, That claim is just another fake Framed up by men with interests fat.

Who know exactly what they're at. It looks like a commercial deal; While war lords fight, their henchmen steal.

The patriot cry seems but a mesh To catch the Shylock's pound of flesh. When graft is charged against the state

The grafters they investigate. Think you they heed a widow's tears Or mothers mourning through the years?

Blood runs in streams and true men die, But millionaires, they multiply.

Could German tyrants more enslave Us common serfs from crib to grave; We're social slaves, domestic slaves, For titled autocrats and knaves.

We're slaves of church and slaves of state, Kept slaves to make slave drivers great.

WOMEN ARE EAGER TO SERVE.

Mrs. Frank A. Vanderlip, wife of the President of the National City Bank in New York, has been extremely active in war relief work, both as a worker herself and as a director of the thousand and one new occupations that are open to women at this time.

Writing in the September issue of Harper's Bazar, now ready, Mrs. Vanderlip makes this statement: "Women are eager to serve. They have always served at home. Now our government needs their work outside their homes. They will be ready for every sacrifice. I believe that the idea of democracy with its promise of opportunity for every child, is a clear and definite belief in the minds of women, and that we are ready to give to our utmost to create a world democracy."

Among the great things done by women thus far, Mrs. Vanderlip mentions the development of the Red Cross, the Increase and Conservation of the Food Supply, the taking of the Military Census of Resources, and helping to raise the recent Liberty Loan.

Second Camp Meeting.

The camp meeting of one of the factions of the Holiness Movement Church has closed, and the other faction is now in possession of the grounds. A large attendance is in prospect.

Successful Students

Last week three more students of the Kingston Business College were appointed to positions in the Civil Service at Ottawa. Over two hundred graduates of this college are holding positions in the different departments of the Government of Canada.

Charleston

Mr. and Mrs. Fleishman have returned to New York after a stay of six weeks at their cottage.

A car owned by Jas. Ross' Livery and driven by J. Kilborn, struck a telephone pole near W. Crozier's, when the driver in some way lost control. Dr. and Mrs. Bright and children were in the car at the time but all escaped serious injury. The car was somewhat damaged.

Mr. and Mrs. Tye, P. Finley and Miss Finley motored to Kingston on Saturday.

Miss Tye, Lyndhurst, was a visitor here last week.

Miss Shirley Kuhn, Brockville, is holidaying at P. F. Johnson's.

W. Green and R. Heffernan are both threshing in this vicinity.

The farmers are experiencing great difficulty taking care of the grain on account of the shortage of help and wet weather.

Masters Basil and Gerald Amell, Cardinal, are holidaying at their uncle's, R. Foster.

Miss Harriet Green, Lansdowne, was a visitor here last week, the guest of her sister, Mrs. Mulvena.

A number from here attended the camp meeting at Lake Elolida on Sunday.

Aug. 20.—Quite a number from this vicinity attended the social at Ballycanoe on Wednesday evening.

Miss Helen Troy, who taught our school last year, will teach the coming term in Toronto. She will utilize her spare time studying at Loretta academy.

Masters Eugene and Owen Heffernan, Athens, are holidaying at the home of their uncle, T. Heffernan.

Mrs. Clifford Green and Mrs. Wm. Rogers left last week to join their husbands in Saskatchewan.

Mrs. George Slack and son Paul, Sand Bay, were visitors here over Sunday.

Miss Beulah Thurston, Brockville, was a recent visitor here.

Mrs. W. King and little daughter, Watertown, were recent visitors at George King's.

Miss Edith Boulton, Lillies' is holidaying at her sister's, Mrs. E. King.

Sherwood Spring

Mr. George Merron of Owen Sound is renewing old acquaintances in this vicinity.

Mrs. McDonald and children, of Kingston, are spending their holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Smith Latham.

Mr. James Eligh, Yonge Mills, spent a few days last week here.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, Mallory-own, were guests on Sunday at Mr. Robert Heaslip's.

A large number from here attended Brockville Fair on Wednesday last, and report a good time, despite the excessive heat.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart McMillan, Riverside, spent Sunday last at Mr. Geo. Stewart's.

Little Omer Clow, who underwent an operation for appendicitis in Brockville General Hospital last week, is progressing favorably.

20 MINUTES

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Any order for building material will be filled on short notice. Present stock includes a quantity of

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A large quantity of slabs and fire-wood.

F. Blancher

ATHENS

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations, and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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