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# The Athens Reporter

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## HOCKEY: Newboro at Athens, Saturday, January 24

### THE FIGHTING HOPE

By Virginia L. Wentz, from Wm. J. Hurlburt's Play

"Oh, Robert," she said dully. He stood up and faced her. "Do you mean that you don't believe me?" he asked in a pained tone. "No, Robert, how could I? I can't believe impossibilities. You forget that Mr. Brady told us he came back from a week's trip in Nantucket last night." "The finality of such an assertion admits of no discussion," returned Robert coldly, but adroitly. "No," she said quietly. "I'm glad you don't want to discuss it. It would be foolish, I think, and not in the least interesting." She ended with a soft laugh. It hurt her, but it pleased Robert. It announced that she had changed the subject. Presently: "I'll just stroll around to the club," said he. So Anna was free to seek refuge in the little vine covered porch back of the children's nursery, to be alone with the night and the stars and to draw in a little of the outside air for which she was stifling. For a full hour, white faced and staring, she scarcely moved. It was not that she for a moment suspected her husband's loyalty to her—if he had taken any woman to luncheon yesterday it had probably been one of those little typewriters down in the sweltering offices, the tired and most pale faced among them—no one could deny Robert his kindness and susceptibility of heart. Oh, it wasn't that at all which had brought her to this cruel pass! It was that her husband, the father of her children, had proved himself beyond peradventure a deliberate liar. And to her!



"There was a woman here, I tell you, a woman!"  
dark, perplexing things in Robert; all the odd little things that had refused flatly to be ignored in cropping up, but for which, hitherto, she had found no solution. She had groped through no merciful, slow dawn to this understanding of him. Being incapable, disqualified by nature, of any conception of a mind that hedged by reflex action, the spelling of falsehood to her meant positive agony.  
A breath from the honeysuckle vines entered her dilating nostrils. She sniffed it curiously. "That's how the honeysuckle smells one summer night when Robert kneels beside me, to tell me all his beliefs and hopes, swore that my standard of life was his, and I believed him, and I think I thrilled a little. Now, all Robert's beliefs and ideals put together couldn't make me one thrill, and I feel as if I had been alive and was dead, and—and—" "All the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't set Humpty Dumpty together again." Oh, I hate him!" she cried suddenly in bitterness. "I hated my father, too; he was another liar."  
Then presently, looking up at the stars, she became a little humble; she made no attempt to judge. What was she, in the audacity of her youth, to slich the privilege of the Almighty? Robert was a gentle little man, who could be strong. She should have mated with a strong, big man who couldn't, that was all. Just one mistake among a myriad in a teeming world.  
"And what I've got to do is to scurry back into my everyday self as quickly as I can," she concluded. "After all, nothing has happened. Robert is Robert, and I am I, just as we were when we pledged our troth. And yet I could have killed him to-night. To kill a man because he happens to be himself is scarcely reasonable or sane. With this weakness, inherent in his nature, he'll have need of me. And the children want me. I'm indispensable to all of them. I must take my life in my own hands. No one can help me now. It will be amusing to manage it, an excitement." She rose, but her knees shook in an

imbecile sort of way. She laughed a bit sharply out into the dark. "I'm my mother all over again, I see. My young mother died of this sort of thing, I believe." She put her hand out to touch a tiny jutting spur twinkling silver in the new moon's rays and shivered. "But I'll not die of it; I shall fill out. The fall from a fool's paradise hurts—oh, it hurts—but it doesn't kill us in these days."  
Closing the balcony door softly, she entered the nursery. The children were fast asleep in their cots. She touched them curiously to see if their soft, warm flesh would thrill her as it used to do.  
"Poor little helpless souls! You will need me, won't you?" she said brokenly, crouching down at their side. Robert junior stirred.  
"The roof—it has a lazy time," he murmured in his sleep.  
Anna smoothed his soft hair and trembled.  
"Dear little son," she said, "didn't mother tell you the roof couldn't help being where it is. It was made like that. And the walls—they have to hold it up. No, they do not have much fun."

Mr. Marshall Craven, the confidential friend and legal adviser of the president of the Gotham Trust company, blustered into the president's library in his home up the Hudson, near Ossining. He had come from New York early that afternoon and had much to do before the president's arrival on the 2:30 express.  
In hurried fashion, this stranger was opened, then that. Papers and documents were hastily strewn here, there and everywhere. Unopened envelopes which demanded attention were quickly torn open and thrown into the wastebasket or on the floor, as the chance might be. All of which proved a sore trial to Mrs. Mason, the president's housekeeper, who was in the last stages of "tidying up" the library.  
As usual, when Craven was bustling with work he noticed nothing of his surroundings. He pulled out his watch. Fifteen minutes, yes!  
"See if you can rattle off this letter in time for the next post, Miss Graham. Take it directly on the machine," he said, plying his fingers through his thin, gray hair. And he began to dictate.  
But there was no confirming click of the typewriter. Craven turned over his shoulder toward the secretary's desk and looked above the rim of his glasses.  
"Bless my soul," he exclaimed, "if I hadn't clean forgotten the bird had flown. Humph, Mrs. Mason," he said suddenly, addressing the housekeeper, who stood mutely dusting a generous pipe rack, "what in the world induced Miss Graham to give up her job anyhow? She's been here over a year. She's given entire satisfaction; had her stipend raised twice; always treated considerably—the deuce if I can make it out!"  
Mrs. Mason suspended her feather duster and smiled enigmatically.  
"She said her health was bad and she wanted a rest."  
"Health bad? Fiddlesticks!" grunted Craven. "She had cheeks like Baldwin apples and walked like india rubber."  
"Well, for my part, Mr. Craven, I'll be perfectly frank. I'm going to give up my position, too, only I don't intend to lie about it. I'm going because—"  
"Because, Mrs. Mason?" The lawyer whirled around with surprise and vexation.  
"Well, things don't suit me, sir."  
"Then why don't you fire the cook, fire the butler, fire the whole blame outfit if they don't suit you? I know Mr. Temple would rather lose all of 'em than you."  
Mrs. Mason finished the pipe rack and began nervously plying her duster among the antlers and engraved hunting scenes.  
"Oh, the servants are all right," said she. "Mr. Temple has given me full authority over them. 'Tisn't the servants I complain of. Besides, a lot of them feel as I do, only they can't afford to quit."  
"Eh? What's wrong then?" demanded Craven sharply. A light had fallen on the darkness of his first surprise. He was beginning to understand.  
Mrs. Mason left the antlers and hunting scenes and went to the favorite guns.  
"I've been strictly brought up, Mr. Craven, and somehow I feel it ain't right—it's doing violence to my conscience—to stay on under this roof."  
For a second Craven studied her curiously—this sturdy New England housekeeper who for three years had made the daily routine of living in the Temple home a smooth and comfortable thing.

(Continued on page 3)

### Purely Personal

The local Hockey team took the long end of a 6-3 score in the game on Wednesday with Portland.

Mr. Robert McCullough of Lansdowne, died at Kingston, Jan. 19, 1920. Funeral on Wednesday at Lansdowne. The late Mr. McCullough was an uncle of Mrs. G. W. Derbyshire of this town.

Born—At the Women's Hospital, on Monday, January 19th, to Mr. and Mrs. (nee Oia Derbyshire) W. Everett Smyth, of 327 Lauder Ave., Toronto, a son. Both doing nicely.

Baltimore Seal-Shipped, Fresh Oysters at Maud Addison's-Henry street.

Call at E. J. Purcell's and pick out that new "Alladin" Lamp—There is no need to sit in the semi-darkness now, burns less coal oil and gives many times the light of the old style lamps.

Miss Morris, Westport is visiting at the home of Miss Edna Layng.

Mr. W. A. Johnston, manager of the Athens branch of the Standard Bank spent the week-end at the home of his mother at Bloomfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Walton Sheffield were Sunday guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Parish.

Miss Geraldine Kelly spent Sunday at the home of her parents Mr. and Mrs. A. T. L. Kelly.

Miss Guest rendered a very pleasing solo in the Methodist Church Sunday evening.

Mr. Maurice is reported very ill in the Kingston Military Hospital.

Miss Nellie Kelly, Chantry, spent Sunday at the home of her parents here, Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Kelly.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Parish, Brockville, spent Sunday at the home of his parents here, Mr. and Mrs. W. G.

On account of the heavy roads on Sunday the Baptist minister Rev. Nichols, was unable to get to either Plum Hollow or Toledo.

Now is the time to get and enjoy that new cutter you are needing. A Taylor & Son have just received a shipment and are ready to treat you right as to price.

Get your Empire Milking Machine from A. Taylor & Son, Athens, they are the agents for this vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Glover spent the past week the guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Earl.

The ice crop at Charleston is reported to be exceptionally good.

The local hockey team have been issued with new sweaters.

Watch your storage batteries. It isn't safe to put them away in a warm place and pay no attention to them until spring. A battery requires an occasional drink of distilled water, even when not in use.

It's not necessary to remove tires from the rims for winter storage. Jack up the car to remove the weight let out the air, and cover with an old bag to keep off the light.

Nathaniel Vermilyea, of Thurlow township has been elected reeve for forty-four consecutive years. This speaks well for Mr. Vermilyea.

The C.N.R. has again changed their time table for this road. This affects the afternoon mail which formerly reached here at six o'clock.

Did you ever notice that wealth and happiness are not always on the best of terms.

Happiness doesn't always consist of having everything you want.

Russia's losses during the war in killed and wounded aggregated 35,000,000, and they are still at it.

Invitations are out for the Annual At Home of the Loyal Orange Lodge, No. 226, Lyndhurst, to be held on Jan. 30, 1920.

Messrs. A. Taylor & Son are the local agents for the Empire Milking Machines.

Mrs. C. Fleming, Elgin, spent Saturday, at Harold Sheffield's.

Invitations have been issued for an informal assembly to be held in Lyndhurst Town Hall, on Jan. 23. Meredith's Orchestra attending.

W. F. Earl received news of the death of Mr. W. S. Hough on Dec. 18 in the County Farm hospital, Dos Angeles, California. Mr. Hough was over 90 years of age and died of strangulated hernia and old age. He was buried in the County Farm cemetery.

The Women's Institute is giving a social evening to the members, their husbands and friends in their rooms in the Town Hall, on Friday evening, Jan. 30, commencing at 8 o'clock. A pleasing programme is under preparation. Refreshments will be served. Every member is earnestly requested to be present, accompanied by a friend.

Mrs. F. Blancher was called to Gananoque on Monday night on account of the death of her mother Mrs. Wright. Mrs. Wright was the eldest daughter of the late Joseph Slack, Hard Island, and was 84 years of age.

Mr. W. B. Connerty is visiting her daughter Miss E. Wiltse, Montreal.

### A. H. S. Notes

A. H. S. Literary met on Wednesday evening for business purposes and decided to help on the skating rink by encouraging the students to buy tickets. On motion by L. Curtis it was decided to pay seventy-five cents on each season's ticket and buy some hockey supplies with the money from the school fund.

A committee was then elected to look into the matter of a permanent memorial for ex-students who died for King and Country in the Great War. The committee is composed of Miss L. M. Guest, Miss M. Taber, Miss E. Tett, and Messrs. Taber, Curtis and Burchell.

### Philipsville

The regular January meeting of the Woman's Institute met in the Hall on Wednesday night the 14th inst. with the President in the chair and a very fair attendance despite the piercing cold of the day. A most helpful and opportune discussion on "The Methods of Cooking and Curing of Meats and Fish" was the subject of the day. At this time of year and with the cost of meats, etc., soaring it behoves us to learn and know the best way of preserving our supplies.

A very excellent and interesting paper entitled "Sociability of Yesterday and Today," by Mrs. E. A. Whitmore was much appreciated. After the regular business was disposed of our president paid very glowing tribute to the memory of Miss Ethel Stevens our late secretary-treasurer who died since our December meeting, also voiced the sympathy of every member, to her devoted sister, father and brother.

The meeting was brought to a close by singing the National Anthem.

The February meeting will be a public social meeting held in the Hall.

### Warburton

Miss Winnifred Steacy has returned from visiting her sister, Mrs. Philip Leadbeater, Elmsville.

Mrs. T. J. Webster still continues very ill at her home here.

Mr. R. J. Austin has returned to his home from the Brockville General Hospital where he was a patient for some time.

Mrs. Martha Steacy spent a few days with her daughter, Mrs. A. McCormack, Fairfax.

Miss Elva Dillon is a guest of Lyndhurst friends.

Miss Irene Loney, Toronto, is visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Loney.

A farewell party was given to Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Flood on Saturday evening, by their neighbors and friends. The vicinity are sorry to lose Mr. Flood as one of its citizens but what is our loss is another's gain.

Mr. Ed. Burns is doing a rushing business getting out wood and logs.

We congratulate Mr. Geo. Steacy in getting the highest vote for Deputy Reeve of our township.

### Toledo

Mr. John Foster, Jr. of Watrous, Sask., accompanied by his friend Mr. Doyle, is renewing old acquaintances here.

Mrs. Eliza Karley, of Brockville, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Seymour.

Miss Marguerite Seymour of Jasper and Miss Mildred Seymour of Athens spent the week end with their parents here.

Quite a large crowd was present at the Seymour Bros. sale on Friday.

Mr. John Seymour was an Athens visitor on Friday.

The funeral of the late Miss Sarah Hunter of Newbliss, was held in Toledo Presbyterian church on Friday afternoon, Rev. Mr. McNab, of Merrickville, officiated. Interment took place in the family in the cemetery adjoining the church.

Miss Hunter who was well known here, was a woman possessing many sterling qualities, and her presence will be missed in her community and in her home, where she leaves a loving brother, Mr. Thomas Hunter to mourn her loss.

A very pleasant evening was enjoyed by upward of one hundred people when a dance was given in the Town Hall on Wednesday night the 14th inst under the management of a committee composed of Messrs. B. Eaton and H. Dunham. Dancing formed the chief amusement of the evening and was indulged in to the full, to the excellent music furnished by Dodd's orchestra. Refreshments were served about midnight after which the fun was resumed until a late hour.

Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Livingstone and young daughter, of Frankville were guests on Friday of Mrs. C. Pratt and Miss M. Pratt.

On Friday evening the 16th inst. the members of the Orange Order held an At Home in their Hall in Toledo, in celebration of the event of clearing up the mortgage on that building. A large crowd assembled. Such distant points as Lombardy, Plum Hollow and New Boyne being represented. The large and spacious hall furnished an ideal ballroom and the young people took good care that the floor was always occupied. As usual the Dodd's orchestra was in great demand, and certainly upheld their reputation for good playing. Dancing was the principle amusement of the evening, and with the exception of about an hour at midnight, when sandwiches, cake and tea were served, was kept up almost continuously until the wee sma' hours.

### Ruby Wedding

The Christmas and New Year holidays are considered by many as suitable occasions for the solemnization of marriage vows, and the same idea prevailed many years ago as attested by the marriage at Lyn on January 1st, 1880, of George Evans, Glen Buel and Miss Lucinda Duclon, Frankville.

Looking ahead from that date, the youthful couple would have deemed forty years an interminable period, but now, viewing it in the retrospect, it seems but a brief space.  
On last New Year's Day Mr. and Mrs. Evans celebrated their ruby wedding at their cozy home near Greenbush by hospitably entertaining about fifty relatives and friends. Assisted by kind-hearted and deft-fingered neighbors, the bride of forty years ago made her home most attractive with holly, evergreens and other appropriate decorations, so that it formed a pretty setting for the day's festivities. The dinner table nicely appointed was well provided with delectable viands which were fully appreciated by all those fortunate enough to receive an invitation.

The afternoon passed quickly and pleasantly in social converse, reminiscences and anecdotes in which all participated. Before dispersing the company joined in singing "God be with you till we meet again," expressing the wish that the host and hostess might be spared to enjoy many more years together.

Many useful gifts, presented Mr. and Mrs. Evans on this occasion, testify to the esteem in which they are held by their friends and will be treasured as mementos of their fortieth wedding anniversary.

In the evening a jolly crowd of other friends, young and old, dropped in to offer their felicitations and enjoy a social time in Mr. and Mrs. Evans' hospitable home. In games and music the time sped, until the wee sma' hours, the guests departed, but not until they had presented to the erstwhile bride and groom, a purse as a souvenir of their ruby wedding.

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When you want to get the best results obtainable—Moderate charges. Write or Phone to Mr. Eaton at Frankville or apply at Reporter Office for dates, bills, etc.

B. F. SCOTT, Licensed Auctioneer for Leeds and Grenville. Addison, Ont. Write or 'phone.

### \$100—REWARD—\$100

One Hundred Dollars Reward will be given by the Charleston Lake Association for information that will lead to the conviction of the party or parties who this winter broke into cottages at Charleston Lake.

W. G. PARISH, S. C. A. LAMB, President. Secretary.

### WANTED

Athens High School wish to erect a permanent memorial to ex-students who died while serving King and Country during the Great War. They wish to have this list as complete as possible. The following information regarding ex-students is desired, Name in full, age, rank, unit, where killed, date of death, honours won. Address replies to Jas. E. Burchell, Sec'y of Memorial Committee, Athens Ont.

### AUCTION SALES

On Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 10 a.m., D. M. Kilborne, will sell by public auction at his farm, Plum Hollow, his entire stock and farm implements. Free lunch will be served to those from a distance. Usual terms.

On Thursday, Jan. 29, Ford Wiltse will sell by public auction at his farm on Addison road, lot 3, con. 9, Township of Yonge, entire farm stock and implements. Everything will be sold as Mr. Wiltse has purchased a fully equipped farm at Tully, N. Y.

### QUESTIONS FOR THE FAMILY.

If neighbor enquires after our physical health, we answer him with thanks but if he enquires after our soul's welfare we feel like telling him to attend to his own business. Why do we feel thus?

Do we realize that we are daily painting pictures which will hang on the wall of someone's memory. If our thoughts are pure, our lives will be pure also. Will they not? Then the picture will be pleasant to look at.

Who are the greatest objects of pity? Those who are physically deformed, or physically afflicted, or those who have an evil eye and slanderous tongue, and scared conscience?

One of the family.

### Eloida

Ice harvest is at its zenith. Eloida has a stock covering around 600 acres of water, the quality of the ice is second to none.

The late fall of snow has greatly contributed to the quality of the sleighing in this district.

Mr. Robert Holmes is somewhat improved in health of late, and his friends are hoping for his complete recovery.

The Plum Hollow and Eloida Telephone Co. Ltd., have extended their lines as far east on the town line as the home of Mr. Thos. Greenwood.

A Moose Jaw firm is arranging with Mr. Sam Hollingsworth to handle a carload of heavy mares at Athens early in February. They will probably be sold by auction.

The fall in temperature since the New Year has had the effect of making us sit up and take notice that the fire is sufficient to exclude the frost. Miss Jennie Moore spent the week-end with friends at Chantry.