

THE ATHENS REPORTER

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AUSTIN G. L. TRIBUTE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

COMPULSION THE FAIREST WAY

Speed in the reinforcements for our fighting units when they will be most urgently needed in the fall and winter when the present supply will be exhausted is the first and most compelling argument for an immediate enforcement of Conscription. We must not, however, overlook the obvious defects of our old Voluntary system, some of which have been well stated as follows: "It tends to deplete the country of its most patriotic and self-sacrificing citizens and to leave slackers in possession. It allows men to enlist for the front whose services would be invaluable at home, while others who could easily be spared thrive and fatten by increased wages and profits. It fails to equalize the task of defending our freedom. It fails to bring out the full strength of the country's manhood." We can see all this as we look back. The magnitude of the efforts still to be made leaves us no option but to adopt conscription, which, after all, is the only just method in a democratic country. For, where the citizenship is equal, every citizen is equally responsible for its defence. Delay is fraught with the utmost peril.

MEN WHO SHOULD NOT TALK
(Winchester Press)

When you hear the man on the street proesting that Canada has done enough in this war you can make a safe bet that the speaker is one who has done nothing himself. The man who is loudest in protest against conscription is the man who has no son or brother at the front, and the man who, if he gives at all, gives very little to the patriotic or Red Cross Funds.

SANE ADVICE

(Providence (R.I.) Journal)

Every German or Austrian in the United States, whether naturalized or not, unless known by years of association to be absolutely loyal, should be treated as a potential spy. Keep your eyes and ears open. Whenever any suspicious act or disloyal word comes to your notice communicate at once with the Rhode Island Bureau of the Department of Justice, Federal Building, Providence.

We are at war with the most merciless and inhuman nation in the world. Hundreds of thousands of its people in this country want to see America humiliated and beaten to her knees; and they are doing, and will do, everything in their power to bring this about.

Take nothing for granted. Energy and alertness in this direction may save the life of your son, your husband, or your brother.

Purely Personal Items

Misses Fern and Bernice Sheffield, of Prescott, are guests of their aunt, Mrs. Moulton, Main street west.

Flight-Lieutenant H. A. Coon, Kingston, was a Sunday visitor in town.

Miss Leita Arnold, and Miss Bernice Jephcott, of Toronto, are spending a few days with Mrs. W. G. Parrish at the lake.

Mr. S. Whitmore, of Delta, was in town yesterday.

Mr. Harold Percival was home from Brockville for the week-end. He was accompanied by Mr. Harris Fournelle a Cornwall boy who is a fellow worker with him in the munition factory.

Mr. and Mrs. Marsh Ripley, Elgin, are in Athens to-day looking for a suitable residence. They intend to live in Athens in order that their child may be educated at the A. H. S. Mr. Marsh was a great friend of the late Bethuel Loverin, a former editor of this paper, and was associated with him on many of his hunting trips.

Subscribe for the Reporter

Three months 50c.
Six months 90c.
One Year \$1.50.
Single copies 4c.

The Legend of Painted Rocks

By L. Glenn Earl

Rich in ancient Indian lore,
Are many points on Charleston's shore,

If you but take the time to heed
The wind-worn rocks where all may read

The life of that forgotten race
You'll trace a history on the face
Of some half-buried slab of stone,
Or rocky spur that stands alone,

Braving the winters' storms and snow,
Checking the summers as they go.

Rock House Cave, as we have named
The place, in legends is far famed.
Echo Rock and Tallow Rock Bay,
As such they're known by us to-day,

Each have a history to relate
Of life as lived at that distant date,
When Redmen ruled these hills and vales,
And 'round their campfires told the tales,

That some old brave with patient hand,
In honor of his famous band,
Crudely carved in pictured word
The many legends you have heard.

But 'mong the legends, sweet and old,
Among the stories that are told,
Of Indians ways, beliefs and creeds,
Of the mighty chase and war-like deeds.

The legend of Painted Rocks will start
A throb in many a lover's heart.
Painted Rocks, as you have seen
Are stained in red and brown and green;

And in those weatherbeaten stains
That through the years have braved the rains,
The story of an Indian maid is told,
And what great love one heart can hold.

A summer's eve! A perfect night!
The full round moon is at her height;
The fragrant flowers of white and red,
Throughout the wood their perfume spread.

And tiny waves as they come and go,
Kiss the shore, and soft and low,
Murmur along the sandy beach
To the lilies just beyond their reach.

To the lilies just beyond their reach,
And back to heaven throw the light
That comes from the many stars of night.
The Night Wind, lingering 'mong the trees,

Scarce stirs a leaflet with his breeze;
And tiny voices of the wood,
Chirp that all is well and good.

A summer's eve! A perfect night!
Her father's camp is bathed with light
Of Moon and Stars and Milky Way,
A softer glow than light of day;

And Kee-wa-san, in her birch canoe,
Drifting along, sees the heavenly view
Reflected from the tranquil lake,
Save where the tiny ripples break

From her paddle, and hasten away
To lose themselves on the quiet bay.

Kee-wa-san, a pretty maid,
In happy babyhood had played
In warm white sand along the beach,
When scarce her tiny arms could reach,

The pretty flowers that enticing stood
In wild profusion through the wood;
And as the seasons swiftly flew,
She, to a beautiful maiden grew,

And in a tribe that's known afar,
For deeds the braves have done in war,
For pretty maid, and stalwart man,
Fairest of all was Kee-wa-san.

Her dark hair loosely hangs in braids,
As is the custom of the maids;
And around her head a dainty band
Of sweet grass, woven with patient hand,

The wayward locks pretends to hold;
And woven in the grass is gold,
And bits of silver, bits of shell
Found where many a brave could tell,

Of spirits watching o'er the vein,
Lest someone digs the wealth for gain.
And in her hair, two feathers, white,
Catch the silver of the light;

Around her neck some glimmering throng
Threadlike in texture, but tough and strong
Holds a tiny uncut stone,
Found in a land but little known.

Above her elbows, shapely, bare,
Two bands of gold are snuggling there;
And in her leathern dress are quills,
Plucked from the porcupines in the hills,

And stained by the juice of a certain seed,
That wise men gather from a weed.

And Kee-wa-san in her light canoe,
Unheeding the damp of the evening dew,
Revels in the beauties of the night,
The tiny stars and the pale moon-light.

But in her father's camp the men
Have gathered 'round their chief

again,

For an Evil Spirit had appeared,
From 'mong the broken crags that reared

Their rugged heads at the back of the camp,

Protecting it from night time's damp,
And had demanded from the tribe,
Some tribute, sacrifice or bribe,
To appease his wrath at some fancied slight,

The hunters had given that very night,
By breaking the law the Spirit had made,

By killing game in a certain glade.
Before the braves, the Evil One,
Demanded atonement for what they'd done,

Demanded in no uncertain strain,
Their prettiest maid at dawn be slain,

Or he would pour on the luckless camp,
Hunger and Want, in his wrath would stamp,

Man in his strength, woman and child,
From the face of the land they had defiled;

And many were the threats he made,
If the sacrifice should be delayed.

Throughout the camp, the threat was borne,
And many a maiden's heart was torn,
With dread lest she should pay the price,
And she be chosen for the sacrifice;

For no one dared the god defy,
And all knew well that one must die.

The women wept as their babes they nursed,
The braves the Evil Spirit cursed;
And the hunters who'd brought this terrible hour,
Offered themselves to the Spirit's power;

But the Spirit leered and shook his head,
"A maid must die at dawn," he said.

The chief, whose many years had seen,
These grand old hills grow bright and green,
Where the winter's ice and snow had lain,
Come from the spring with sun and rain,

Called all the maidens to his side,
To let the evil one decide
Which girl, at the coming day
Should give her life that they might pay,

To the dreaded Spirit his terrible bribe,
To take his curse from over the tribe.
But Kee-wa-san, waited not the word,
Scarce seemed her chieftain to have heard,

But threw herself at the Spirit's feet,
With broken voice does she entreat,
That she be allowed to die and right
The wrong that was done the Spirit's might.

The Spirit willingly gave assent,
And through the night the tidings went;
The Owl in his dead tree on the hill,
Whispered the news to the Whip-poorwill;

And the Night Wind hastened away to sigh
To distant flowers that the maid would die;

And tiny ripples to wild waves grew,
Against the rocks their fury threw;
And the Moon hid her face behind a cloud,
And the Ferns and Rushes wept aloud;

The Roses withheld their faint perfume,
And the twinkling Stars hid in the gloom;
The Dew-drops found a grayish mist
To fling o'er the grass where the serpents hissed;

Gone from the earth was the perfect night,
And nature wept with the maid in her plight.

At last the first gray streaks of dawn,
Crept slowly o'er the upland lawn;
The Sunbeams tarried on their way,
As loath to bring that fatal day;

And Kee-wa-san in her tent alone,
Prayed the goddess of Love to loan,
Her strength to face the coming day,
And to wing her spirit far away,

To the beautiful garden of dreams she knew,
Was out beyond the rainbow's hue.

And when the morning broke alight,
Fair Kee-wa-san in robes of white,
Gave for her tribe, all she had to give,
Gave her life that they might live.

And the Goddess of Love in sympathy,
Painted the rocks that all may see;
And in the pictures painted there,
Is told the tale of this maiden fair;

And yet to-day in letters dim,
Along the top of the great rock's rim,
Here and there, we trace a word,
Of the love that in that young heart stirred;

Of a maiden whose love was pure and strong;
And may the painting last along
The ages that yet must come and go,
And may it brave that winds that blow,

On Painted Rocks' hard, flinty face,
That bear a history of her race.

And may we, paddling by at night,
With hearts that are free, and gay and bright,

A thought to this wonderful maiden give,
Who gave her life that others might live.

K. McLaughlin Writes

Letter of Sympathy
To Soldier's Mother

Keith McLaughlin to Dead Commanders' Mother—An unusual Letter.

(Winnipeg Free Press)

One of the most realistic and touching of the letters from the battlefield that have yet appeared in print was published in last week's Neepawa Register, and related the circumstances under which Lance-Corporal Reid Howden, son of Hon. J. H. Howden, former attorney-general for the province, met his death.

The letter was written by K. McLaughlin, a comrade of the brave, dead soldier, and was sent by him to the sorrowing mother, with a view to comforting her by letting her know of the calm courage of her son when the call came.

The letter is almost "literature," being written in such an unaffected style, and yet every line and every sentence is tinged deeply with the tragedy—the inexpressible tragedy of the Great War.

The letter follows:

"Somewhere in France.
"Dear Mrs. Howden: As Dan Campbell asked me to write you concerning your son Reid, I will try and tell you about his last trip in the line.

"We had made two previous trips in this part of the line and Reid was given a stripe because of his coolness and courage. You know it is quite an honor to get stripes on the field, far more than in England and Canada. We all went up for that third trip with smiles on our faces, though everyone's heart was heavy, for they knew most of them would never come back. Your son seemed to know something would happen, and gave a few francs, part of his last pay, to his friend, Harry, who worked in the cook kitchen. We went into the line Saturday night, and we knew we were going over Sunday morning. All Saturday we lay in the muddy front line while the artillery on both sides shelled heavily. At 4.30 on Sunday it seemed as if every gun on earth opened up, and we shelled the enemy's trench for ten minutes and then lifted to his supports.

"As the artillery lifted our first wave advanced, and your son was in this wave; then the second wave followed, and after that the third. Of course, the Germans immediately saw them, and then a regular hell on earth started—shells were crashing away, and the machine-guns working. In fact you would not believe anything could live there. We lost a great number of men going over. I was supposed to be in the third wave, but through excitement we went too fast and got into the first. Then we ran into his wire, which was supposed to be blown away by artillery, but there it was, 20 feet through, and so thick that a cat couldn't crawl through. One of my crew was hit here but managed to get back. We stood in front of the wire trying to get through, with Fritz shooting us down. A number saw the hopelessness of our position and retired back to the trench.

In a Shell-Hole.
"I was lying in a shell-hole against the wire with Dan Campbell about 20 feet away when I heard someone calling my name, and Reid came creeping into the shell-hole covered with blood and mud. I did my best to bandage him up, but I was doubtful regarding his wound. He had been held up by the wire and was slinging bombs into Fritz's trench when a German shot him in the upper part of the arm and the bullet passed out about an inch from the spine. Where the bullet entered was hardly noticeable, but there was a bad wound where it came out. Reid and I lay all morning in the old shell-hole, and he was very cheerful. He did not suffer much pain, and talked about getting to 'blightly,' and then home. We were unable to move because Fritz was shooting all the time. A few wounded men tried to get back but were immediately killed. Of course, Reid was unable to move, and I promised to bring him a stretcher as soon as it got dark.

"About noon he said he was cold, and I put my overcoat over him. He gave me his wrist watch, and said it was presented to him by his school friends. He did not grumble, and said he was sorry he was such a bother. In fact he was the stuff that heroes are made of. About two o'clock he dropped off to sleep, and when I felt him half an hour later he was cold. I felt his heart and

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

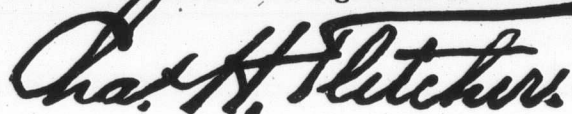
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shook him but there was no sign of life. At night I was able to get back. "All I can say is that there is a wooden cross to mark your son's grave, and like many others, he died like a hero without a grumble. No wonder Britain is bound to win when she can send out men like your son.

Yours sincerely,

"K. McLaughlin."

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E. C. TRIBUTE

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