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AUSTIN G. L. TRIBUTE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

OPEN DITCHES UNSAFE

While Athens has little to be ashamed of as far as appearance goes, the presence of open ditches on main thoroughfares is unpardonable. Aside from their appearance their existence does not conduce to the safety of pedestrians or vehicular traffic. On every side the cry of "Safety First" is heard; we all echo it with much relish—and leave the ditches open. Perhaps there is every intention of filling them in; but unavoidable delays occur—and the ditches are left open. Main street east is an example of this negligence. For months, a deep drain has yawned between the road and sidewalk, a continuous menace to passers-by and to the residents on the other side of the street, who must cross it.

That such a state of affairs has prevailed for months with no reported casualties, is no evidence that it will continue as harmlessly. The filling in of open ditches is work that should be undertaken at once.

"The south ward drain," of much notoriety, is not so easily dealt with. Unless the occasion arises that will force the medical board of health to take action, it will remain open in spite of the aggregate common sense of the parties concerned.

DESECRATING GRAVES

Desecrating graves is something that years of civilization have brought to the level of the lowest of crimes; yet, now and again, an instance of it is brought to public notice. So much respect has the ordinary civilian for the graves of the dead that he feels compunction at even the thought of treading upon the turf that covers them.

In the Athens Cemetery are the graves of the parents of Morgan King. He it was who imported baby rambler roses from New York to grow and rear their blossoms upon the well-kept plot. No flowers too beautiful, no pains too great for the preservation of this resting place. The rose bush thrived, and some of the blossoms burst into full-petaled flowers; they were indeed beautiful. Then the vandal came—plucked the roses with ruthless hand, his very violence all but destroyed the entire bush. Gone then was the beauty of the grave that had been builded on respect for them that are dead.

Was it a child savage or a Hun-veined person of riper years? At the act was caused by inherited lack of respect for things sacred, we do not name him villain. Let him read: "Breathes there a man with soul so dead" perhaps Scott can accomplish where parents failed.

He who desecrated, of riper years, may well tremble in his insecurity. Outraged and angry, Mr. King informs us that he is fully determined to probe the affair to the bottom and to allow the machinery of the law full license in punishing.

PHYSIOLOGY OF NATIONS

The United States with its army a few days from the trenches reminds Canada of its own feelings during the first period of the war. The Americans say we had our days of flag-flying then. True, we did; but never to the same extent as our new ally. Flag-flying was never a feature of Canadian life. There was, and always will be an undemonstrative affection for the Union Jack; and we were never very jealous of other flags. Americans could come to Canada, hoist the star spangled banner in utter contravention of international laws and courtesies. In very few cases were they interfered with. Bravado of this kind could not possibly hurt anyone but the flag-flier; and Canadians felt only a little sarcastic.

No, it is not flag-flying that proves the nation's quality. Canada has proved itself with quiet, unmovable patriotism; and is proud in its even-tempered way. Conscription has been passed as the best method of helping to win the war. We in Ontario do not profess to understand the French Canadians in Quebec. They seem like aliens. Canada will do her

part in spite of them.

The United States are now brought closer to us than they ever were before. Their joys will be our joys, and their griefs our griefs in the time ahead. We shall bleed together.

The Americans are dreaming of glorious victories for their troops, for they have an impetuous, red-hot patriotism that demands wonderful results. They will be swift to condemn for the inevitable mistakes, and they will not tolerate "muddling along." Reverses will leave them amazed; enormous casualties will be cause for wrath. Their newspapers will tell them of the calmness with which Canada is suffering; and they will dislike us for our seeming nonchalance—for a time. They will not then understand how we can read, day after day, news despatches without any word of victory. They will say we are pessimistic. In time they will learn that we have hit a happy medium between pessimism and optimism, and have ceased to be arm-chair critics.

THE BROADER VIEW IN CANADA

The following editorial from an American newspaper, "The Christian Science Monitor," of Boston, is interesting because of its accurate view of Canadian affairs:

Canadians are not sparing of themselves in analyzing the conditions and responsibilities confronting the Dominion at this time. In no other country in the world, probably, is there a more outspoken press than that which in Canada reflects all shades of public opinion. Whether the Canadian newspaper which one takes in hand is for or against the Government, or for or against the Government's policy in any particular, it does not mince words in stating what it believes to be the truth. This has been a Canadian newspaper characteristic for years; it was just as pronounced in the time of Sir John A. MacDonald as it is in the time of Sir Robert Borden. In political discussion, the Canadian press has never upholstered its language. It does not now waste time in hunting for soft phrases. But it is less partisan and more broadly political, less provincial and more national, less national and more imperial, and less imperial and more universal in its tone today than it was before August 1, 1914.

It departure from personality is no less marked than the departure from partisanship. Party lines are still recognized, but they are steadily becoming fainter. Sometimes they parallel each other, so closely that it is impossible to distinguish one from the other, and sometimes they cross and recross each other, with confusing results. Here the Conservative line is defended by Liberals; there the Liberal line is defended by Conservatives.

What is really taking place is that after three years in which, with the exception of Quebec, every element of the population has given readily and cheerfully of its best, narrow partisanship is making way for the broadest patriotism. The question has ceased to be one of national, imperial, and human import.

Canada has long since tired of pretension and platitudes. It has turned away from those who talk, and is pinning its faith to those who do. It had its period of flag waving and national anthem singing in the first two years of war; during the last year it has seen that the issue is one not to be circumscribed by nationality; that the decision on this issue is not to be estimated in terms of money, territory, or trade advantage; that the thing at stake is the right of freemen to freedom. It has turned back to the ideals upon which its foundations were laid, has fixed them in its vision, and has found that, in comparison with them, and with their reservation, all other things are trivial. Physical Canada would survive even a temporarily triumphant barbarism. The material losses resulting from even a sweeping victory for the enemy would be repaired in time. It is a realization of the repulse which progress on higher planes would suffer from military autocratic ascendancy in the world that has awakened Canada to a new sense of responsibility, a new conception of its ability to meet everything that may be required of it.

There will be no continuance of differences of opinion in Canada with regard to means and methods, there will be fewer differences hereafter regarding the end to be attained. That end is no longer the winning of an advantageous or satisfactory peace for the Mother country, for its possessions, for the Empire, or for its companions in arms, but for all the inhabitants of the earth, now, as well as for the generations to come.

In proportion as Canada is inspired, influenced, and moved by these ideals will its ability to realize them be increased. The Dominion is approaching the fourth year of the war a thousand times clearer in perception, and a thousand times stronger in confidence and resolution than it was when it entered upon the first.

The Legend of Echo Rock

By L. Glenn Earl

[Of distinct local color is this legend, one of the latest from Mr. Earl's pen. Charleston lake is replete with places of legendary interest; and whether these legends are purely Indian lore or the embellishment of a poet's fancy, they seem to vitalize the rugged scenes of the "paradise of waters" with human interest.—Ed.]

Gone are the Redmen from the shores,
And lost to us forever more,
Their crude religion and belief,
Their songs of pleasure, wails of grief,
But carved on rocks where all may read,
Are stories of their simple creed;
Worshippers of stars and sun,
Their rule of Charleston's shores is done;
And we, their conquerors, little guess

The part they had in moulding this
The land we call our home to-day;
For yesterday seems far away.

When the evening stillness softly weaves
A mystic peace o'er fern and leaves,
From your canoe to High Rock talk,
And hidden voices your soft words mock;
Echo Rock, we call the place,
But known by the Indian race,
In their quaint tongue, "A Happy Retreat,"
Where spirits, the lovers' words repeat.

A grove of pines and lesser trees,
Whisper in the fragrant breeze
Above the rock, and moss and grass
Carpet the walks where lovers pass
From the camp below to the high rock's rim
To watch the sun's last rays grow dim
Behind the hills in the distant west,
As the sun drops down to his nightly rest;
And the lake below this wooded peak,
Lists to the words the lovers speak;
And the moon, peeping o'er the eastern hills
With her silver light this dream grove fills,
And the tiny stars from their distant height,
Twinkle in the coming night.

The camp at the base of Echo Rock
Snuggles among the trees that block
The point where the south winds take,
Their course from 'cross the pretty lake,
And lovers stroll along the bay,
Laughing the evening hours away,
To lose themselves in the grove above,
And murmur their tender words of love,
Where man tells maid of his desire,
Swearing a love that ne'er will tire,
And happy hours this forgotten race,
Wiled away in this mystic place.

The summer passed, and all too soon,
From his starry height the Harvest Moon
To the Northwest Wind sent an urgent call
To bring the misty days of Fall;
To fade the green to a rusty brown,
And bring the beechnuts tumbling down.
But the stars beseeched the wind to stay,
"Bring not," they cried, "a wintry day,
The lovers enjoy these golden nights,
And await each eve for our welcome lights,
To flicker our messages of love
Down silvery paths from our home above."

But the Northwest Wind broke in to state,
"These lovers do not appreciate
The wondrous beauty of your light,
The glories of a perfect night."
But the tiny Stars said it was not so,
Declaring those on earth below,
Gave thanks to the fairy Goddess of Love,
For the light that comes from the heavens above,
And the Moon peeped down in High Rock grove,
Fantastic shades on the green grass wave,

And hand in hand beneath the trees,
A maid and man in love she sees;
And the Northwest Wind as he lingered heard
The soft caress in the spoken word,
And happy eyes look love to eyes,
Unheeding the time that quickly flies.

Late flowers of summer their fragrance spread
Above the carefree lovers' heads,
And tiny waves on the lake below,
Kiss the shores as they rippling go,
Like children murmuring in sleep,
Back to the vastness of the deep.

And the Harvest Moon and the Northwest Wind,
The little Stars and the flowers so kind,

Hear the maiden say to her lover true,
As they watch the grand lake's distant view,
"What a wonderfully pretty night,
my love,
Surely we bless the Moon above,
And the tiny Stars, the Wind and Flowers,
That give to us these happy hours."

And the Moon was pleased that the maid should care,
For the silvery light that lingered there,
And the Goddess of Love placed to bless,
The grove where many a lovers' caress,
And tender words of loving heart,
Bespoke that the Moon had played her part.

And the Goddess of Love placed a spirit, fair,
In Echo Rock, and it still is there,
And in the quietness of night,
When the Harvest Moon is at her height,
You whisper, "I love" to the rock above,
And the spirit answers back, "I love"
And the tiny stars the brighter seem,
And life is more of a pleasant dream,
As in the evening's fairy glow,
You tell the tale, as of long ago;
And the maid at your side in accents true,
Whispers so softly, "I love but you,"
And the night wind, lingering close can hear,
From the rock, the echo coming clear,
As the spirit whispers the words anew,
Soft and sweet, "I love but you."

FORETOLD HIS OWN DOOM.

Lord Kitchener Felt That He Would Lose His Life at Sea.

Lord Kitchener had a sort of foreboding of an accident at sea. So much was this the case that he never crossed from Dover to Calais without wearing a life belt waistcoat, one that he had specially made for him in Egypt before he made his famous advance to Khartum.

Though so often on the sea and an excellent sailor, he detested sea trips and never felt comfortable on board any ship. He complained that the sea affected his sight.

Another curious point was that while he always acquired curios in any part of the world in which he might be, he took care never to allow his purchase to be on the vessel on which he was a passenger.

When Lord Kitchener was in France a few months before he lost his life at sea off the Orkney Islands he was visiting the British front. There he met his friend, the naval Captain Testu de Balincourt, then on service at Dunkirk, whom Lord Kitchener asked to be his special aid if he should need one later during the war.

Lord Kitchener told his friend how a heavy shell had burst close to him while on this visit, but added, "That did not disturb me, for I know that I shall die at sea."—New York Sun.

STREETS OF LONDON.

A Name System That is Confusing Even to Residents of the City.

When it comes to confusing street systems London should not be overlooked. Some consider it the most confusing, even Londoners not always being sure of locations.

As an example of what one meets in the British capital a man once asked to be directed to a certain house on King street. He was sent in one direction. When he did not come to King street as soon as he expected he asked again for King street and was sent in an opposite direction. Again not sure of his direction, he asked a third time for King street and was asked which King street he wanted.

The question stumped him, not knowing that London has nineteen King streets. This number does not include the King streets in London's suburbs. If this man who wanted King street had asked for Queen street his predicament would have been even greater, for there are thirty-four Queen streets in London.

Great as the city is, it is far behind New York in regard to a comprehensive street system, even though corners of New York such as Greenwich Village are most confusing.—Exchange.

Keep to the Ridge.

When tramping through a country that has many streams it is usually better to get upon the nearest ridge and follow that than to try to make your way along the course of some stream. The ridge will give you a better outlook and drier walking, while the stream may have to be crossed a number of times and, if its windings are followed, will add miles to your journey.—Outing.

Tough.

"What kind of bird do you call this, waiter?"
"A canvasback duck, sir."
"Well, if you'll get me a pair of scissors so I can rip off the canvas I'll try to make a meal of it."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Great Oak Tree.

Audobon park, New Orleans, claims in the Washington oak the largest tree of its species in the world. Its wide-spreading branches are festooned with funeral Spanish moss.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

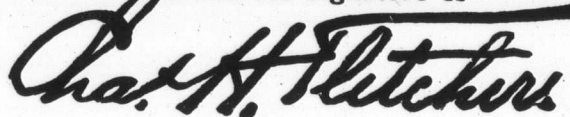
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The Reporter wants correspondents in a number of villages in the country where it is not now represented. Some of these are: Addison, Glen Buell, Glen Elbe, Toledo, Delta, Elgin, Lyndhurst, Oak Leaf. Write for further particulars.

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E. C. TRIBUTE

Beginning Tuesday, May 8th, and every succeeding Tuesday during the summer months until Oct. 31st, the C.P.R. will run cheap Homeseekers' Excursions by regular trains to all principal points in British Columbia. Tickets are good for 60 days with privilege of extension on payment of \$5.00 for each month or part thereof but in no case will extension be granted for more than two months or before Nov. 30th, 1917. Stopover allowed. Tourist sleeping car space can be secured on payment of usual berth rates. Write to or call on Geo. E. McGLADE, City Passenger Agent, Brockville, for folders and full information.