



SAVINGS, Thrift, Independence—all these are the outcome of the same impulse and attain the same objective—PROSPERITY. The Standard Bank of Canada can help you to attain it.

THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

ATHENS BRANCH

W. A. Johnson - - - Manager

The Athens Reporter

ISSUED WEEKLY

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William H. Morris, Editor and Proprietor

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1920

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of throat that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Medicine.

Hall's Catarrh Medicine has been taken by patients suffering for the past thirty years, and has become known as the most reliable remedy for Catarrh of the Throat, Larynx, Nasal Cavity, and the Blood on the Mucous Membrane, expelling the Poison from the Blood and Healing the diseased portions.

After you have taken Hall's Catarrh Medicine for a short time you will see a marked improvement in your general health. Start taking Hall's Catarrh Medicine at once and get rid of catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHESLEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists.

LARGE HOUSE for sale—On W. St. Athens, Good Barn and Stable—large lot Hard and soft Water in the house, apply to T. Foley, Route 4 or E. Taylor, Athens

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. Churchill, Sec'y of Memorial Committee, Athens Ont.

\$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

WORK WANTED by Mrs. Wm. Roberts. Either home or out.

WANTED—Good farm, capable of carrying 20 head of milkers. Apply to A. W. Johnston, Post Office Athens.

WANTED—One set of two-ton Bolster springs. Submit best offers to the Reporter Office.

THE FIGHTING HOPE—From Page 1 measuredly. "I never did judge Robert by a general standard. I judged him by the standard I held out to him before I married him. It was a pretty big one, but he knew it and God forgive him, he knelt beside me and swore it was his own.

"And now"—again that spasmodic twitching of the brows, while the low, measured voice went on—"and now it's not only against my standard that I balance him. I weigh him against one who is my standard's standard."

CHAPTER IX.
BACK FROM PRISON.

TO Mrs. Mason's narrow, unbending, short-sighted code everything in life was prepared in advance—a man's political convictions, a woman's religious convictions, a child's nursery stories, the babies' prayers. Her puritanic soul was outraged wholly now, and, flushing angrily, with an instinctive shrinking back of her whole person, she attacked the woman before her.

"May the Lord have mercy on such women as you, Anna Granger! You're wicked, flagrantly, deliberately wicked, to utter such thoughts. Isn't it enough to have the unlawful feeling?" She wheeled suddenly to Temple. "Oh, I've seen for a long time that you loved her. Every one has seen it. But I thought her sense of decency—"

Temple stepped forward at that, his eyes blazing. "Mrs. Mason," he said forbiddingly, "don't you think you have gone quite far enough? Have you no pity, no sense of womanliness?"

The housekeeper winced at the man's tones. The words escaped her. Anna had risen, very white and still, she stood for a second. Then:

"Mr. Temple, I must leave this house, leave it at once. But you may count upon me. When your case comes up for trial I shall be there. I am going to clear you. Mrs. Mason thinks—her eyes traveling slowly to the elder woman—"that it's not because you're innocent that I insist upon giving my testimony. She thinks it's because I love you. I do. But you at least know I've nothing further to hope from this. I am Robert Granger's wife till death!"

Temple bowed. "Yes, I know," he said simply. "I want you—in my soul I want you—to be always as you are now—right and loyal."

"That is what I longed to hear you say, just those words," said she, with a little, quick, sobbing breath.

Mrs. Mason was forgotten. For a brief moment they two were alone, removed from the rest of the world. The silence was eloquent, yet never had Burton Temple felt farther from the woman he loved than now after she had made her heart's confession. He adored her inaccessibility, her code of honor as wife and mother.

It was she who broke the silence, and when she spoke the great nobility of her voice sank into his troubled soul and quieted him.

"It had to come some day—the awakening. Will you try to believe me when I say it is not all a loss, because we will not allow it to be a loss? Because we are going to do right, you and I?"

She smiled up at him with trembling lips and eyes running over. Then she lifted one hand and placed it upon his dark head, even as he a little while ago had placed his upon her own. And in this case again it was not a caress, but a benediction, and he understood.

She turned and moved evenly toward the door. There came a sharp rap, a feverish, insistent, wild sort of rap, and she paused. Cato looked up alertly from his nap and threw back his ears.

Temple stepped quickly to the door and threw it open. Then, in amazement, he stepped back. "Granger!" he exclaimed. "What are you doing here?"

A little white faced man, wearing a long ulster and carrying his hat in his hand, entered. It was not his close cropped hair and subservient hangdog manner alone which witnessed to the late prison life and discipline; the timid, interval spaced movement of the lockstep bore its witness as well.

He cast but one sickly glance of confusion at Burton Temple. Then he turned to the woman who stood stone still at one side of the door staring at him piteously.

"Anna, I've been pardoned," he said, coming to her quickly. "I came here at once, you see. I want to speak with you for a moment alone." His words were hurried, furtive, like the jailbird accustomed to sneaking whispers in the prison line to his pal. Involuntarily the wife shivered.

"There's no need, Robert," she answered dully. "There's nothing to conceal now; they know who I am." Wearily she turned to Temple. "The pardon has been granted," said she.

Temple bowed, without speaking. "Yes," broke in Granger with nervous haste. "They've been working for a pardon for some time, you know. You've seen it in the papers, haven't you? You see, the public felt that I was innocent, unjustly condemned, so—"

He paused, seeing a slight, beseeching gesture of his wife to Temple. The big financier understood and, turning, quit the room quietly, leaving man and wife together. Mrs. Mason, whose curiosity was quite as alive as her conscience, stayed. It wouldn't do to miss this meeting. Maybe it was her duty to stay!

"I want you to leave this house, to come away with me at once. There's no longer any need for proofs of vindication, you see," Granger said to Anna, hastily kissing her.

She submitted, battling down the shudder of disgust which the touch of his lips feebled her. After all, he was her husband.

"Yes, I'll go with you," she said lifelessly. She wondered how she could live with this thief all the rest of her days.

"You see, Anna, every one knew I was innocent; every one believed in me. Now I must get away to some place where I can rest, where no one will ask me questions or harry me, for I'm tired to death—to death. Oh," still catching no responsive light on the immobile face before him, "it was your belief in me, Anna, that gave me courage all along."

She looked at him, shuddering. "But I don't believe in you, Robert," she said. "I know."

Under the man's prison pallor rose a sort of grayish fright.

"Know! Know what?" he asked sharply.

"I know that you are not innocent, Robert!"

At those words all the bravado went out of Granger, as a tiny spark suddenly goes out touched by a block of ice.

"Sh-h-h! What do you mean anyhow? I am innocent; I am." He did not whisper now; he almost shrieked, even as he had in court that day when the jury pronounced him guilty. And now, as then, he fancied he saw over his head the cruel Roman symbol of vengeance, the faces and the ax—saw, too, the calm women who spin the thread of life, crouching on the shadowy frescoed wall of the courtroom, a naked skull at their feet.

Something seemed to grip his throat. He strangled an instant, then he coughed and spat. He drew his hands across his eyes and pulled himself together.

"I am innocent, innocent!" he insisted.

"Don't! Don't, Robert!" cried Anna, pity at the shameful sight of her perjured husband rising in her heart. "I know the whole of it. I've read the letter you wrote to Cornelius Brady, you see."

He shook as a man seized suddenly by some deadly disease. Then instinctively, fearfully, he looked toward Mrs. Mason.

"She knows all," said Anna quietly.

"Who has that letter? Where is it? Has Temple got it? My God, why don't you tell me?"

"There is no letter now, Robert. I read it, and I burned it without thinking."

"You destroyed it? Then it can't be used against me! Oh, Anna, you're a trump!" He seized both her hands and kissed them in a frenzy of relief. Even in that pivotal moment, though, when the weight of months had fallen from him and left him light, a suspicion came to him, a jailbird suspicion.

"But you said 'without thinking.' Without thinking what, Anna?"

"Without thinking that as well as convicting you that letter was the only evidence to vindicate Mr. Temple," answered she calmly.

Then Mrs. Mason, with a sneer, made it plain.

"Maybe your wife feels that an innocent man mustn't be sent to prison. Mr. Granger, or maybe she feels some stronger motive. I remember that you were adverse to her staying on here the day that I saw you. Now, I believe, she thinks of giving evidence about the destruction of that letter."

At the last sentence the ugly, condemning, vindictive expression which had come into Granger's face at her incriminating words vanished.

"Anna, it's not true! It couldn't be true that you would expose me!" he gasped in a sort of terror. "You are not going to tell about that letter? Why, I am your husband, Anna—your husband! I did certify that check. Yes, I did. But, good God, why should you want to ruin me?"

He sank at her feet in pitiful, abject appeal.

"Anna, as your husband, as a man who loves you and whom you once loved, I say, forgive me. Great heavens! I've repented. I've paid thrice over again for my folly. What can I do now? I can't undo what's been done. It's you who must wipe out the stain; help me to begin over again. Your forgiveness would be absolution. Anna, you will forgive me?"

Curiously the woman touched his shoulder. Instinctively she wanted to feel just a little bit alive. But she might as well have touched a post of wood. It seemed as though the very faculty of feeling had been obliterated within her.

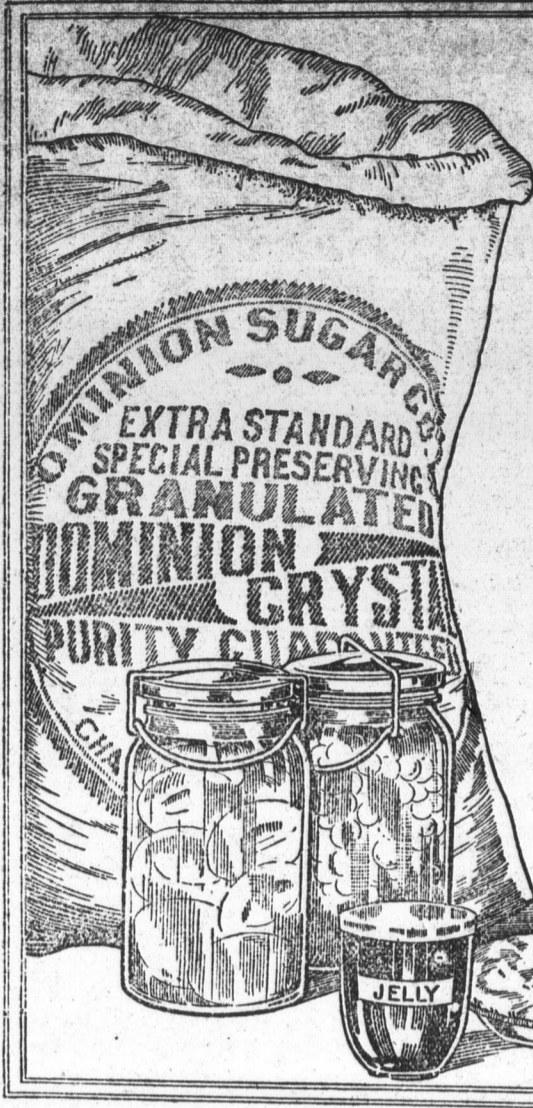
"Forgive you? I suppose I must, Robert," she said lifelessly. "All women forgive. They were put into the world like priests or governors, I think. Only we are not supposed to give penances or sentences." Her voice trailed off wearily.

"You see, Anna," Granger went on, trying to excuse himself. "I knew I hadn't made the success of my life that you'd expected. It touched my pride to the quick to see you living in that narrow way—you, who might have been a queen among women." A look of cunning came into his face. "And then, the boys—"

"But, Robert, didn't you know that I would sooner have worked my fingers to the bone and my brain to a little white spot than have you do this awful thing? Didn't you know I would sooner have worn rags than have you steal?" She made a pitiful little gesture and ended with a half sob.

"I know, I know," said he. "It's easy now to see what a mad idea it all was. But I had that chance to get a fresh start in life. With money I could do big things; I could make myself all that you wanted me to be. The boys were growing up. We needed more for

(Continued Next Week)



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We will accept orders to-morrow for a limited number of these Grafonola outfits, asking only that you pay \$10 down to-morrow, and we will deliver the outfit to you at once, and you can pay balance afterwards in small weekly sums while you are getting your enjoyment from it.

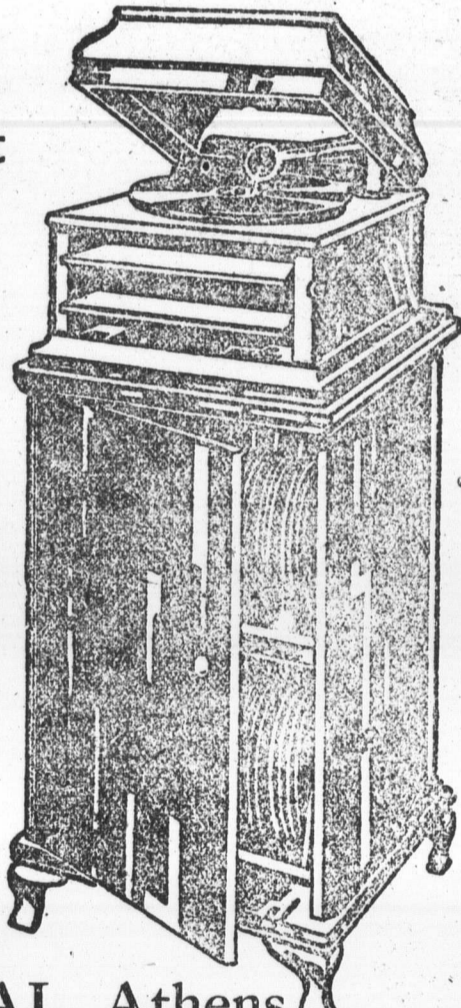
Details of Construction

Case is simple and dignified in design, and may be had in either mahogany, golden or fumed oak. Size 16 1/2 x 16 1/2 at base. Closed-in hinged top.

Powerful motor, large sound chamber, tapering tone arm, best Columbia reproducer, graduating speed regulator, tone control leaves, start and stop device. All exposed parts heavily nickel-plated.

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