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THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA
ATHENS BRANCH
W. A. Johnson - Manager

The Athens Reporter
ISSUED WEEKLY

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Legal and Government Notices—10 cents per nonpareil line (12 lines to the inch) for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.
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William H. Morris, Editor and Proprietor

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1920

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Medicine.
Hall's Catarrh Medicine has been taken by catarrh sufferers for the past thirty-five years and has become known as the most reliable remedy for Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure acts thru the Blood on the Mucous surfaces, 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 great improvement in your general health. Start taking Hall's Catarrh Medicine at once and get rid of catarrh. Send for testimonials free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, etc.

Wood Wanted

Tenders will be received for 20 cords of body maple, 24 inches long, delivered at the Athens Town Hall.

Applications will be received by the property committee:—M. C. Arnold and Geo. T. Gifford.

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.

\$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

It's modern, independent halt. This mood would never do. The prim New Englander saw it. "I say, Anna, what you need is to have a little visit with your children. Mr. Temple will excuse you for a day. I know. You can run out to see them, and—" "Oh, but I can't—I can't, you see," cried Anna in an extremity of desire and duty. "A day? Why, just in that very day the evidence I'm seeking might come—a letter, a telegram, a telephone message. Look here, Mrs. Mason!" Opening a drawer of her desk, she took out a handkerchief. One corner of it was tied in a hard knot over many tiny scraps of paper. "As Mr. Temple was leaving the room just before you came in he tore up this letter and threw it in the wastebasket, you understand? You ask me often why I am so white in the mornings when I come down to breakfast. Well, it's because I haven't slept. It's because I've been passing the night trying to piece together just such scraps as these. Always—always with no result.

"Nothing works against him. Everything—every little bit of evidence works for him. A little side light on his splendid fighting qualities here; another on some unknown patrician act of kindness to some fellow being there. Oh, it's horrible, horrible! As I say, the whole of life seems to have got mixed—jumbled. Yet I must go on hoping against hope for the children's sake."

"Dearie, I know what I'll do. I'll run out myself tomorrow and see them and fetch you back direct word. Would you like it?"

For reply, in an abandon of gratefulness, Anna drew the elder woman down to her and kissed her again and again.

That afternoon, taking a stroll in the garden, Anna's heart felt lighter, and her dimples stirred incipiently, remembering Mrs. Mason's promise.

"Tomorrow," she said softly, stopping for a second before a rosebush



WILL JONES

TOGETHER THEY EXTRACTED THE SKIRT, and leaning her cheek down to one of the Gloire de Dijon triumphs. "Oh, tomorrow, please come quickly!"

A thorn caught her skirt as she was in the act of moving on.

"May I help?" asked Burton Temple, advancing. Unknown to her he had been reading in the little vine covered pagoda opposite. Cato at his feet.

Together they extracted the skirt, a fragile texture transparent with lace, a faint perfume in it. He noticed that she wore a porte bonheur on her arm with a turquoise in it. It made the skin look white, or the skin made it look blue. The petty common service broke the spell of formality which usually existed between them in the library.

"Are you going farther down the path? May I walk with you?" he asked, and, having received the assent of her head and a nonchalant "if you wish," he began:

"Do you know what I was thinking about, Miss Dale, as I sat there in the pagoda? I was wondering where I had met you before. Since the very first day you came I have often wondered that. I have seen you before—oh, no, there is no doubt about it—but where I can't recall."

"In some other incarnation, I dare say," laughed she. "Was it when we were swinging from trees or not so long ago as that? Could it?—yes, she would tempt the fates and be downright courageous—"could it have been in the days when I was in the Exchange building. One meets so many—"

"The Exchange building? Ah, precisely! I recall it all now, and how I used to find myself unwittingly looking for you after that first day. But I was called south, and when I came back you had vanished." He spoke reminiscently.

"The first day? I don't quite understand," queried she.

"I was coming down in the elevator, hurried to death, my mind in a frightful state of turmoil. I found you watching me from some crowded corner, and I looked directly into your eyes." He studied her now with a smile serious and tender. "I looked, and it was like bathing one's face in a pool of spring water after a hot journey," he ended simply.

It came back with such unmistakable vividness to Anna that she spoke spontaneously:

"You did look worried."

"Oh, you remember, too?" he cried. "I can't tell you how glad that makes me. I couldn't get you out of my mind somehow. You see, I never did get you out of my mind. Some faces stay with us. Yours stayed."

The woman beside him had become very grave, feeling the beat of her pulse quicken with the distant surge of a strange joy, a joy indistinct as the tremor of an unrisen sun, yet all pervasive. Realizing her danger, def-

ly she veered her mood.

"Yes, I passed our old elevator boy on the street a few months ago," she remarked casually, stooping to pat the mastiff's head. "I remembered his face, too, though it had been over a decade since I saw him."

The man's face was rueful as he nodded appreciation of her tactics.

Below them was the broad expanse of the Hudson, scintillating as a sapphire in the glow of the summer afternoon. A yachting party steaming up river waved hats and handkerchiefs at them in pure good fellowship. It seemed good to be alive. Temple pulled two chairs under the shade of the trees, and they sat down. In the distance the cliffs of the Palisades rose and beckoned alluringly.

"Do you know what I used to call them, those cliffs?" said he, seeing his companion's eyes upon them. "My enchanted palaces. When I was a child the palace of enchantment meant the future, the mysterious, ineffable future when I should be grown up, when I should be a man, when the world would be my garden, the world and life and all their riches mine to explore, to adventure in. And, oh, the people by whom the world and the future were inhabited, the cavalading knights, the lovely princesses! Love and glory and all manner of romance, I had them for the wishing. Did you ever have such an enchanted palace, Miss Dale?" asked he whimsically.

"Yes," acquiesced she softly, falling in with his mood, the sympathetic bond which always asserted itself when she was not on guard, drawing her once again. "Oh, yes; I, too, had my enchanted palace, a many-planned palace built of gold and silver, ivory, alabaster and mother of pearl; the fountains in its courts ran with perfumed waters." Her voice trailed off dreamily, and Temple thrilled with the music of it. "And its pleasure was an orchard of pomegranates. One had no need to spare one's colors, you know." She turned to him with an adorable smile.

"I know." He was at one with her now, responding intuitively to the play of her emotions. "And the stars left their courses to fight for you, and the winds of heaven vied with each other to prosper your galleons—wasn't it like that?" He looked at her; she was scarcely listening; she was watching the sunlight catching on the tops of the Palisades. It was just as well; he was safer in his inspection of her so.

"Uh-huh! Like that," she said; her ears mechanically following his words.

"I dare say," she went on musingly, "it must be that we pass the enchanted palace while we are asleep. Surely, at first, it is before us—we can see it glistening in the distance, like the peaks yonder. We shall reach it tomorrow, next month, next year. And then one morning we wake up—and it is behind us. We've passed it, and we can't turn back. We must go on." Her voice ended in a little, half sob.

The sight of a tear trembling on her lashes cost Burton Temple a hundred conflicts with himself. He felt a sudden warmth behind his eyes and in his throat. All he did, however, was to look big, hold his tongue and envy the dead their enforced responsibility.

"I—I'm not often agitated," said Anna, rising, with an odd, stary smile, "and you must pardon me that display of overstatement." But before he could have spoken: "I must really go in now. I've promised Mrs. Mason to play a game of pachisi, or cribbage, or something," she faltered. So Temple, elaborately commiserating, escorted her up the red gravel path.

Anna was growing excessively uneasy. For quite two hours now she'd been anxiously expecting Mrs. Mason's return from Westfield. What could be the matter? At the very least it must be the measles. Finally, however, her elder friend came in smilingly, disarming all fears.

"And how's the new nurse getting on with them? Does she make Robbie wear his rubbers on wet days? Is his cold quite gone? Is Harold's finger well again? Have they hid that horrid penknife?" Anna was untying Mrs. Mason's veil and pouring out her questions in a torrent.

Mrs. Mason assured her that the boys were both well and happy, that the new nurse was doing beautifully and that, except for a few hours when the rascals had her locked in the chicken house, she was having a fine time.

"Oh, she won't mind an inconsequential thing like the chicken house," laughed Anna, handing Mrs. Mason her veil pins, "when once she's used to those boys. They locked their mother in one day, and I had to spank them, poor little dears. Oh, but I'm sick with longing for them—sick!"

"I know, dearie," soothed Mrs. Mason, patting her on the back. "But I've something else to tell you. You couldn't guess why I was so late coming back? No? Well, I've been up to see Robert."

"You have!" Anna started never so slightly. "Is he well? Is he keeping up? What did he think about my being here?"

"Oh, he's well, and he's keeping up. They're all very good to him. They feel he is up there through a miscarriage of justice. They treat him kindly. They've made him what they call a 'trusty.'"

Anna was listening with strained attention.

"You explained to him, didn't you, Mrs. Mason? You made it clear just why I left home? You made him understand that I am in a position here to find out the truth that will convict the man who has done this thing?"

Mrs. Mason plucked several imaginary threads off her skirts to hide her confusion.

(Continued Next Week)

The Refinement of Purity

CAREFUL cooks know the value of purity. In the making of cakes or pastry they use those ingredients which they believe to be pure and wholesome.

To apply this "insistence on purity" to sugar, is no easy matter—for nearly all sugars look alike to those not expert in detecting variation. The safe course is to use a sugar that comes from refineries in which purity is a boast.

In the Dominion Sugar refineries the boast is backed by a standing invitation to the public to visit and inspect the plants in which Dominion Crystal Sugar is made.

In Dominion Crystal Sugar the housewives of Canada have one sugar that can be depended upon for that purity which is so essential to successful culinary effort.

This is the only sugar that may be rightly termed "Canadian from the ground up." We do import the finest raw cane sugar and refine it—but our pride is in the product we make from Canadian sugar beets.

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Limited
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Are You Planning Indoor Entertainment For Your Family? and Your Guests?

In a little while—not so far away as you may think, perhaps—you'll have to seek your amusement indoors, and what better place than home when you can have the greatest entertainer in the world there at a small outlay?

Too Easy to Pay For to Hesitate About—Read How

We will accept orders to-morrow for a limited number of these Grafonola outfits, asking only that you pay us \$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" x 16" 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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Fine chance to own a good Grafonola easily—Don't let it pass by unheeded.

W. B. PERCIVAL, Athens

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We are equipped to handle all kinds of Job Printing to you order on short notice