



PROGRESS can only be assured by looking ahead and preparing for it. Farmers—by exercising foresight in raising cattle, hogs and other readily saleable products—can add to their worth. This Bank aids and encourages every kind of agricultural operation.

THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

ATHENS BRANCH

W. A. Johnson - Manager

The Athens Reporter

ISSUED WEEKLY

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

\$1.50 per year strictly in advance to any address in Canada; \$2.00 when not so paid. United States subscriptions \$2.00 per year in advance; \$2.50 when charged.

ADVERTISING RATES

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.
Yearly Cards—Professional cards, \$9.00 per year.
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Auction Sales—10 cents per inch for first insertion and 20 cents per inch for each subsequent insertion.
Cards of Thanks and In Memoriam—50c
Obituary Poetry—10 cents per line.
Commercial Display Advertising—Rates on application at Office of publication.

William H. Morris, Editor and Proprietor

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 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 Cures 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-ten Belster springs. Submit best offers to the Reporter Office.

THE FIGHTING HOPE—From Page 1

numerous vanities and whims of womankind, ever to go the way of all flesh. But the problem, like the puzzle of the Eleatic philosophers, had solved itself. "Achilles cannot catch the tortoise," but he does. It was impossible for Burton Temple to fall in love, but he had. So Craven only shook his head sadly and commiseratingly. "Are you ready to dictate your letters, Mr. Temple?" Poising lightly near the threshold, a delicate uplift on her lovely brows, the lady of his visions waited. Craven frowned. Temple smiled. Craven left the room, and Temple rose.

"Letters," said he. "Oh, no, thank fortune, there are no pressing letters to dictate this afternoon; we can put them off till tomorrow."

"No?" said Anna quizzically. She bowed slightly and was retreating when Temple said in that bumble, mesmeric way of his:

"I never knew before, Miss Dale, that you sang. I heard you in the music room a little while ago. How it would please my mother!"

It had been merely a simple little lullaby, full of pretty sarsenet childings to a wakeful child, a favorite lullaby of her children. At the moment when she sang it she had felt the need of it somehow.

"Oh, I've no drawing room accomplishments," laughed she. "I had no early training. At home I used to mend the house linen and tie down the jellies." She caught her under coral lip with bewitching sedateness.

"Your little song gave me very real pleasure nevertheless," said he, smiling. "It had a bit of removed content about it, such as might have belonged to the enchanted palaces we were speaking about the other day. Remember? Sit down, won't you, and talk to me a little? I'm lonely."

Instead of sitting down Anna reached out her hands seductively to Craven, who came and pushed his big, honest nose confidently into them.

"I dare say," smiled she apologetically, "those enchanted castles of ours were rather vague things wrapped in a good deal of rosy haze and of an architecture that could scarcely have been reduced to ground plans and elevations. This is a very practical age, you know, Mr. Temple."

"I know," said he, watching her with grave eyes. "Still, I'd like to hear a little about—about the prince of your enchanted palace. We hadn't got to that, you see. What must your ideal man be like, Miss Dale? Do sit down!"

"My ideal man!" echoed Anna, with never so faint a touch of surprise. Then, yielding to a mood of recklessness, she sank into a low ottoman and looked straight out before her. "Well, he must be like a buoy at sea, firmly anchored to the bottom, but taking the surface as he finds; swaying with waves, not braced against them and only seeming to drift. You understand? Never floating with the current, anchored. How's that?" she answered, with a fleeting dimple.

"That's good," he said earnestly, watching the slim, firm hands clasped round the woman's knees.

"And the princess of your enchanted palace, Mr. Temple? What must your ideal princess be?" Still she looked out dreamily before her.

"I think," said he slowly, "your definition of the prince would fit in with mine of the princess. A little lighter dancing on the surface, perhaps, a little less anchor rope, but pretty much the same."

"I thank you for my self," she murmured softly, with lovely, melting eyes. "There does seem to be a good deal of the vixen about us often," she went on, "but one thing is sure, the man who calls for the ideal in a woman may be disappointed; but, at least, he'll get more than had been in her before. His calling for the ideal will create it. The woman will try to become what he thinks she is."

"Precisely," nodded Temple, "and I suppose that is why so many marriages fail—the man doesn't call for the best?"

"His business takes him in hand, that's all," commented Anna lightly. "It's the old truism about man and woman, I daresay, 'Her heart is a home, and his but an inn.' They come that way into the world, you know—the women, with the husband already in their hearts. Sometimes, in appearance, they are unfaithful to him, marrying some one else, but—"

"I think it's like that with some men, too," said he, seeing that her sentence had trailed off vaguely into silence. "There are some men who will wed only the prototype in their heart with which they were born. There are some of us who wait and wait until she comes."

He was looking down at her with that pathetically patient smile that always demoralized her. His voice, with the wonderful music in it, was upon her. She shivered and with a deliberate effort leaned forward so that she might catch a glimpse of the prison walls across the river.

"We shall know her when we meet her, don't you think?" the low, mesmeric voice went on. He had risen now and come close to the ottoman.

"Her?" She pretended to be mechanically following his words, her eyes still fixed resolutely upon the prison walls, the blood within her surging hotly. "Oh, the ideal princess! Why, yes, Mr. Temple, if she ever comes your way I hope you'll know her. But just think what a pedestal you've raised for her to stand upon!"

The strident little laugh, almost hysterical, jarred Temple's mood horribly. In patient amazement he lifted up his eyes. He crossed to his desk and, getting a pencil, began to sharpen it.

"It was only in a general way that I established the princess' qualities," he continued, with assumed lightness. "So it isn't fair of you to poke such fun at my standard, Miss Dale. Besides, your standard for the prince was just as high, wasn't it?"

"Maybe it was. But I don't believe in the prince any more; there's the difference, you see. He must have—oh, all sorts of impossible things."

Again that ringing laugh with a jerk in it. And the jerk snapped some odd thing in Temple's simple, honest heart.

"For example?" he said, in a quiet, kind way.

"Oh, honor, for example, and— A sudden understanding took him. He winced and hesitated.

"And?" he pursued steadily, laying the sharpened pencil upon the desk and closing up the knife slowly.

She was desperate. She was making her last tiger fight.

"—and a penknife."

"At least you will admit the penknife, Miss Dale."

The pain in his eyes, the gentle dignity of the man's bearing, struck home, making her heart cry out. She made a quick, restive, uncontrolled little move toward him.

"I beg your pardon. I was unwarrantably rude." An ungovernable little sob caught her breath.

"They should have gone to the Scriptures for your name, Miss Dale," said he with dry lips. "You should have been called Jael. I used to wonder what the woman could have been like who had the heart to kill that poor devil Sisera. She'd have done it looking just as you do now and have done it in just the same precise way. It was always a puzzle to me how she hit the nail so straight. Women mostly fumble on the heads. I know now. Jael could kill Sisera precisely and methodically without turning a hair, and I daresay when she'd finished she cried her heart out for the job that was put upon her. I daresay she protected that poor chap's body from the jackals for the rest of that day."

"I am horrible," she said brokenly.

"And, oh, I would have you believe me I am sorry, sorry."

He looked at her again. It struck him of a sudden that there was something very childlike about her, very eternal and large.

"As for my honor, Miss Dale," he said to her in a low, concentrated tone that compelled her attention, "I have nothing to say at this moment. I hope I shall have soon. But if you could trust me now while it is dark, while the tide is all against me, you'd never regret it, never in God's world."

The last sentence was spoken quickly, passionately, the man's ordinarily calm voice quavering, never below the breaking point, dangerously near the edge of it at the close.

The wild jangling of the telephone bell broke the tension of their strained emotion. Anna, being nearest, took up the receiver.

"This is Esterbrook & Esterbrook," came an excited voice from the other end. "Get Mr. Temple to the phone at once without delay."

"Your attorneys," said Anna, handing Temple the receiver.

"Yes, it's I—Temple. What—indicted? You say I'm indicted?" He was trembling like an aspen leaf.

Rooted to the spot as in a dream the woman heard the agitated talk at Temple's end of the wire. She heard the particulars as he gathered them.

The grand jury, it appeared, had just returned an indictment against him for complicity in the matter of the wrecking of the Gotham Trust company and the overcertification of the check for \$700,000 drawn by Cornelius Brady. A warrant had been issued for his arrest. She heard him arranging with Esterbrook over the phone for bail.

Bail! That word brought her to her senses. That word broke the spell. He, the big financier, would get bail. He would not know a prisoner's cell. He wouldn't even have to go to court until the time came to face his charge, and then—money again, and more, more money!

CHAPTER VII

THE BURNED LETTER.

THE picture of Robert, her husband, came up before her vividly. Robert, the gentle little man who always failed; what a difference between his case and the case of this other, the man who had set him there behind bars! And she had been listening to this Temple! She had been stirred and moved by him! Oh, it was shameful—shameful!

But, thank God, that telephone bell had rung in time to save her. She could still be the tigress for duty's sake; she could spy upon him and watch a little longer.

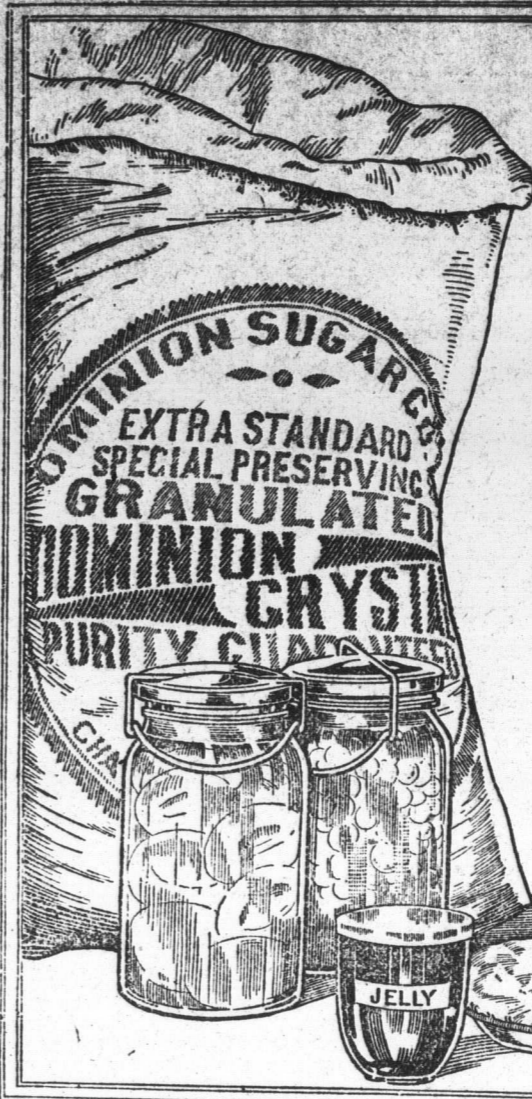
Temple's changed manner when he had hung up the receiver with a bang assisted her materially. It was no longer the prince that she saw. It was a fighter, bitter, determined. Every one who knew him knew what it meant when his lips met in that hard, straight line; when that red gleam lay level in his eyes.

"Well, Miss Dale," he said abruptly, "you'll have a chance to see now whether or not I am a thief. They're going to put me in the dock, confront me with that dirty little scoundrel Granger, set my record for honor and honesty in the balance against the word of a thief, make me face that liar Brady."

"When—when will they do this?" the woman asked. Her voice was strangely hard, metallic, but in his agitation Temple did not notice it.

"I don't know, but it can't be long delayed. And to think that's what she'll be coming home to, my blessed little mother!" His eyes involuntarily

(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.

Dominion Sugar Company

Limited
Wallaceburg Kitchener Chatham

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

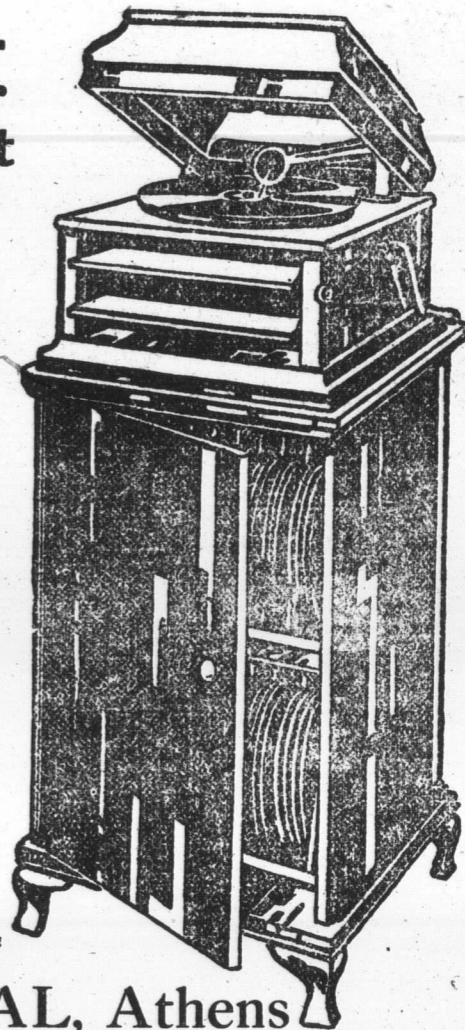
Case is simple and dignified in design, and may be had in either mahogany, golden or fumed oak. Size 16 1/2 x 16 1/2 at base. Closed in hinged top.

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.

Record cabinet has capacity for 80 records.

Fine chance to own a good Grafonola easily—Don't let it pass by unheeded.

W. B. PERCIVAL, Athens



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