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AUSTIN G. L. TRIBUTE, EDITOR AND PROP.

Sir. Thos. White and Mr. A. E. Donovan, M. P. P., have become members of the Charleston Lake Association. This association is rapidly becoming one of the liveliest organizations in this district.

JUNETOWN

Aug. 22

Miss Orma, Mulvaugh left on Tuesday for Toronto to attend the millinery opening.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Scott and Master Harold, Toronto, are visiting at Mr. J. A. Herbison's.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Latimer and daughter, Bernice, of Athens, were recent visitors at Mr. Jacob Warren's.

Mrs. Robert Tennant, Lyn, and Mrs. Ira Tennant, Caintown, spent Wednesday at Mrs. M. G. Herbison's.

Mrs. George Buell, Miss Jessie McCrea, Maxville, were guests of Mrs. Jacob Warren last week.

Mrs. J. B. Ferguson and Master Willie and Miss Myrtle Purvis, spent Wednesday with their aunt, Mrs. Chas. Truesdell, Mallorytown.

Mrs. E. McCrimmon, Alexandria, Mrs. Duncan McDonald and Miss Calbarine and Master Douglas, of Apple Hill, arrived on Tuesday to visit Mrs. (Rev.) W. W. Purvis.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Ferguson and little granddaughter, Bernice, of Dulcemaine, were recent visitors at Mr. W. H. Ferguson.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Hagerman and sons Donald and Stewart, of Peterboro, Mrs. Chas. Walker, Fairfield, visited relatives here last week.

Mrs. W. J. Purvis and Misses A. L. and Belia, spent one day last week at Mr. Allen Earl's, Warburton.

Miss Agnes Green has returned home from visiting friends in Brockville.

Misses Evelyn and Helen Purvis, Lyn, have returned home after spending the past two weeks with relatives.

Miss Jean Russell, Toronto, is the guest of Miss Kate Purvis.

Mr. Wm. Fortune, Athens, spent the week-end with his brother, Mr. Robert Fortune.

Mr. Claude Purvis and Misses Arley and Myrtle Purvis were visiting at Mr. L. B. Webster's, Warburton, on Sunday.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Plinton*

Friend of King Edward.

The late King Edward would have been delighted to have heard of the military distinction which has been won by Captain Wells, ex-Chief of the London Fire Brigade, for they were great friends. His Majesty, on more than one occasion when Prince of Wales, accompanied the Captain to great fires. Captain Wells invariably took his uniform to social functions, and more than once I have seen him change from a dress suit to brass helmet, long boots, and all the fireman's rig-out, by the light of a burning building.

Captain Wells has earned war honors for transport service in the Dardanelles. No doubt it was his reputation as an organizer that led to his employment in transport work—a reputation that he won in the navy. Forty years ago, as a lad of about seventeen, he was a middy in the Bellerophon. Then an officer in the Royal yacht, then a specialist in naval signalling and torpedo work, and finally commanded the battleship Benbow.

20 MINUTES

That's all. Twenty minutes after taking a ZUTOO tablet your headache will be gone.
One of these little tablets—safe, reliable and harmless as soda—will cure any headache in 20 minutes.
Or, better still, taken when you feel the headache coming on, a ZUTOO tablet will ward it off—nip it in the bud.

No Headache

FIGHTING IN BALKANS.

Enemy Trying to Anticipate the Big Allied Advance.

PARIS, Aug. 21.—Reports received here from Salonica show that the general engagement which began on Friday is continuing with intensity over an extended front, running from Florina, near Monastir, to the River Struma. This represents an irregular line measuring upwards of 150 miles.

Gen. Sarraill is directing the united operations of the Allies, with Gen. Cordonnier commanding the French troops. The operations have been long expected as a part of the co-ordinated offensive of the Allies on all fronts. Its opening follows the arrival of General Cordonnier after extended conferences with officials here.

The advances received in Paris indicate that the Germans and Bulgarians are seeking to anticipate the movement by taking the offensive on the left, where the Serbians had moved up to within 25 miles of Monastir, holding Florina as an observation post. Their orders were not to attempt to retain Florina if they were attacked. The Serbian War Office says the Bulgarians were repulsed and thrown back on their old positions, but that later the Serbians, following their instructions, evacuated Florina. Thereupon the town and the station of Florina were occupied by the Bulgarians.

The Serbians retired slowly, and later delivered a heavy counter-attack against a large Bulgarian force which was debouching from Florina toward Banica. Fighting continues in this region.

In the centre French and British forces near Lake Doiran followed an intense bombardment with infantry attacks, in which the British contingent occupied the strategic point of Doldzell. Further east the French right rushed a series of small villages in much the same manner as the French right carried the villages on the Somme front.

Reports in general show a condition of affairs along the whole line which is regarded here as satisfactory for the Allies. There is every indication that the preliminary operations are extending rapidly.

LIGHT CRUISERS SUNK.

Nottingham and Falmouth Come to Grief on Scouting Expedition.

LONDON, Aug. 21.—Two British light cruisers, the Nottingham and Falmouth, were sunk on Saturday in the North Sea by German submarines while the vessels were searching for the German high seas fleet, said to comprise fifteen warships, including large cruisers. One German submarine was destroyed by the British, while another was rammed and possibly sunk, according to the Admiralty statement, which follows:

"Reports from our lookout squadrons and other units showed that there was considerable activity on the part of the enemy in the North Sea Saturday, the 19th.

"The German high seas fleet came out, but learning from their scouts that the British forces were in considerable strength, the enemy avoided an engagement and returned to port.

"In searching for the enemy we lost two cruisers by submarine attacks—H.M.S. Nottingham, Captain C. B. Miller, and H.M.S. Falmouth, Captain John Edwards.

"All the officers of the former were saved, but 38 of the crew are missing. All the officers and men of the Falmouth were saved, but one leading stoker, Norman Fry, died of injuries.

"An enemy submarine was destroyed and another was rammed and possibly sunk.

"There is no truth in the German statement that a British destroyer was sunk and a British battleship damaged."

ALBANIA IN REVOLT.

Inhabitants Have Organized Bands Against the Austrians.

ROME, Aug. 21.—Information from Albania is to the effect that the whole country is in a state of revolt. Taking advantage of the weakness of the Austrian garrisons the Albanians have formed numerous bands, which overrun the country, robbing and killing and laying waste.

The Austrian garrisons are in a critical condition, all communication being broken, and help by sea being difficult on account of the watch kept by the allied fleets in the Adriatic. Sanguinary fighting is continually taking place between Austrians and Albanians. The Austrian commander in Albania has asked for reinforcements.

The situation is equally grave in Montenegro.

Rowboat Upset by Steamer.

SARNIA, Aug. 20.—Rowing across the lower end of Lake Huron just above the mouth of the river here early Sunday morning, three Detroit young men named Albert Falkner, James Shankland, and John Wilson, had a narrow escape from death when their boat was run down by an up-bound steamer. The men had just rowed out of the path of a boat coming into the river and did not notice the other boat until it was too late to get out of the way. The steamer stopped as soon as possible and put out a lifeboat, which picked up Wilson and Falkner, who were swimming feebly. Shouts from shoreward drew their attention, and there they found Shankland, who was a good swimmer. Wilson's home is in Strathroy, but he is working in Detroit. The boat was totally destroyed.

Will Withdraw Troops from Mexico.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 20.—President Wilson has taken the first steps towards withdrawing General Pershing's expeditionary force from Mexico. High army officials predicted Saturday that all American troops would be out of Mexico by September 15th.

Mr. Dingee's Dinner

Story of a Marriage Anniversary.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The day Silas Dingee married Maud Ball he declared that never before had he known real happiness. He swore that the anniversary of that blessed day which ended his bachelor loneliness would be more to him than all the holidays in the calendar together. A cynical friend at his farewell bachelor dinner the night before had said to him:

"Si, I'm sorry for you. Tomorrow you go to serve your life long term of regulation. Farewell independence. Farewell a jolly night at the club. Farewell cocktails; they'll taint your breath. Farewell cigars; they'll make the curtains smell. Goodby, Si. The matrimonial prison doors will soon close behind you."

"You dried up old bach," was Dingee's reply, "tomorrow will be the happiest day of my life. And let me tell you whenever the anniversary of my wedding comes round I'll have some delicate memento for the dear girl who is to furnish that happiness. I shall on that day remain at home from business and devote it to celebrating my escape from such crusty old bachelorhood as you represent."

When Mr. and Mrs. Dingee were driven away after the wedding festivities, followed by showers of rice and old shoes, it looked as if his promises would be kept. If ever there was a happy man it was Silas Dingee.

One year passed. Mr. Dingee had been made over by his wife from a bachelor to a married man. He had learned to live for some one besides himself. The first anniversary of his wedding had come round, the day that he had vowed he should celebrate above all others.

As Silas Dingee shrugged on his overcoat that morning preparatory to making a dash for the nearest subway station his pretty wife spoke from the dining room door.

"If I'm not at home when you come, dear—"

"Going out this afternoon?" interrupted Dingee peevishly.

"Just to Mrs. Wright's for bridge, honey," she soothed him. "If I'm not here the moment you arrive just get a bite to eat from the refrigerator and read your paper until I come. It won't take me fifteen minutes to get dinner after I arrive—steak and mushrooms, Silas—it's Hilda's afternoon out."

"Seems to be always Hilda's afternoon out and yours, too," grumbled Dingee as he kissed his wife farewell and departed.

As he opened his newspaper on the train he was still thinking of his dislike of being alone. It was one of his peculiarities that he was a restless mortal indeed when Maud was away from the apartment. Maud was an inveterate card player and belonged to two bridge clubs and a band of pinocchio enthusiasts. On the evenings when he knew Maud would be late in coming home Mr. Dingee usually went from his office to his club and remained there until his wife's frantic telephone messages assured him that she was home and that dinner was waiting.

On such occasions he usually called a taxi and sped home on the wings of love and rubber tired wheels.

Today everything went wrong. In the mail he found several misdirected letters, which had been returned to him. One of them was an important matter, which involved the loss of considerable money.

So he discharged the careless stenographer, scolded his chief clerk, scared the office boy into a state of humility and lunched at his club.

After luncheon things went better. He telephoned to Chicago and found that he wouldn't lose the money after all. When the tearful stenographer came for her money he gave her another trial, and the office boy was emboldened to ask for a raise in his pay.

Whether he received it or not is not part of this tale, but at 4:30, when Mr. Dingee closed his desk, he was feeling in high good humor with himself and the world.

He had quite forgotten all about the lonely apartment he must return to and stopped to buy some violets for Maud. While he stood there who should rush up to him with hearty greeting but Tom Finch, Maud's Boston cousin and a particular chum of Silas Dingee's.

"Just going up to your place," remarked Tom.

"Mighty glad to see you!" cried Dingee heartily. "Maud's out this afternoon at some whist bat or other, but she'll be home by 6:30. We can have a bite to eat as soon as we get there."

"Good! I'm hungry. Had a little accident coming down. The buffet car and one coach derailed. Nobody hurt. Haven't had a bite since 10 this morning."

"Man alive, hurry!" Dingee hustled Tom into a taxi, and they whirled uptown.

"It's 6 now. Maud will be home in a few minutes," said Dingee as he opened the door with his latchkey.

But the rooms were dark until he switched on the lights and revealed the warm coziness of the place.

"We'll have to forage a bit," said Dingee as they left hats and overcoats in the hall and entered the dining

room. "I'll make you a cup of coffee, hey?"

"Just the thing. I'm starved, old man."

They entered Hilda's spotless kitchen and investigated the refrigerator.

"Cold chicken! Not bad for a hand-out," commented Tom Finch as he pounced on the platter. "What's that, Silas—makin' of a salad?"

"Yes, and here's the mayonnaise. Take 'em along. Maud certainly has got some goodies put away for me. Let's try the pantry."

The pantry gave up a remarkably dainty loaf of bread and a huge round cake thickly iced with white.

When the men had set the table in the dining room there was a feast indeed.

"This is a regular birthday party," chuckled Tom as he carved the chicken. "Maud needn't bother about getting any dinner. This is good enough for me!"

"Suits me down to the ground," agreed Silas Dingee. "I suppose Maud will scold when she finds I've treated you to a picked up meal when she likes to put on company frills when you come down."

"Humph!" sniffed Tom Finch, who was more interested in the good things before him than he was in the elaborate preparations for any meal. "Seems to me you live pretty high. Didn't I see a steak and mushrooms and some kind of pudding in the icebox?"

"You did," said Silas cheerfully. "Those are for dinner."

"What is all this food for then?"

"Search me!" retorted Silas. "Have a piece of this perfectly 'splendid' birthday cake?"

Tom Finch looked rather startled and laid down knife and fork. "You are sure—sure it isn't anybody's birthday?" he faltered.

Silas meditated. "Not mine or Maud's. It may be Hilda's or the cat's birthday. They don't count, though. What's that?"

"That" proved to be the buzzer from the dumbwaiter, and Silas Dingee hastened into the kitchen and fussed around a bit. Presently he returned and sat down again.

"Ice cream," he explained. "Maud's evidently going to have it for dessert. Funny, though, she should have ordered such a quantity."

A feeling of apprehension settled over the two men as they consumed the delicious cake, which was rich with fruit.

"If ever I tasted a birthday cake"—Tom was beginning when Silas Dingee interrupted impatiently.

"Hang it all, man, can't you stop croaking? What if we have eaten every hanged thing in the house, eh? It's my house, isn't it? I'll eat the ice cream if I want to!" he ended recklessly.

"Let's save something for Maud," grinned Tom Finch as he pushed back his chair.

As he spoke the door opened hastily, and Maud Dingee, flushed and rather excited from her hurried trip home, came in, followed by a remarkably pretty girl with ermine furs snuggled around her neck.

"Tom Finch!" cried Maud, falling on her cousin's shoulder. And over his shoulder her eyes surveyed the remains of the feast.

Silas Dingee looked at his wife and saw horror in her gaze. She came forward and looked at the remains of the chicken, the evidences of salad, the bare half loaf of bread and finally the damaged cake.

The girl in the doorway looked on with friendly, amused eyes.

"Silas Dingee," shrieked Maud at last, "what have you done?"

"Had a bite to eat, as you told me to," retorted Silas defiantly.

"But—but—you've—her voice was close to tears now—"you've eaten all the refreshments!"

"Refreshments for what?"

"For my party."

"Your party? When?"

"Tonight, goose!" she sobbed angrily.

"Didn't you know that this is our wedding anniversary and it's Polly's birthday, and I was going to have the loveliest surprise for you? The Campbells are coming and the Lanes and the Trents."

Silas Dingee was pale, but he held his ground.

"How was I to know, Maud?" he explained.

"You might have remembered the day," she reproached him.

"I did," he prevaricated. "Didn't I bring you violets?" Triumphant he produced the box of flowers.

Still Maud eyed him suspiciously. "You often bring those on ordinary occasions," she said, but her husband's chagrined face quite melted her heart so that presently she smiled and said it didn't matter and remembered to introduce Tom to the pretty Polly in the doorway.

Everything turned out beautifully, after all. Dingee frantically telephoned to a caterer and a florist, and Maud and Polly dashed around and straightened up the rooms for the expected company.

They ate a hurried meal in the kitchen, Tom Finch skillfully making sandwiches for the two girls.

It was a most delightful party. Still, Dingee saw there was one tiny cloud which even the sight of Tom's devotion to Polly could not lift from his wife's heart.

Although he did not ask for an explanation, Silas Dingee is quite sure that Maud was more hurt because he had forgotten that it was their wedding anniversary than she was over the stolen dinner.

However, to be on the safe side, he has carefully noted on his desk calendar the important date for next year, and there isn't any likelihood that he will forget it, especially as Tom and Polly have selected the same date for their own wedding.

ADULTERATED FOODS.

Simple Tests by Which Impurities May Be Detected.

Some simple tests for adulterants in food are given by S. Leonard Bastin in the Scientific American. Here are a few of them:

Put a small bit of butter in a teaspoon and boil it over a gas flame. Ideal butter boils quietly, producing a quantity of small bubbles; margarine crackles and sputters.

Rub dry tea leaves in a clean white cloth. Pure tea will leave no mark; dyed tea will leave a stain.

Make an almost saturated solution of sugar in water; place this in a clear glass tube and stand it in front of some print. If the sugar is pure it should be possible to read easily through the solution.

Put a piece of bread in a saucer and pour a solution of carbonate of ammonia over it. If alum be present the bread will turn black. If the bread be pure no change will take place.

Dilute a sample of jam or jelly with an equal quantity of water. Put a bit of cotton batting into it and boil for half an hour. Now try to wash out the stain. This will be easy if the jam be pure, impossible if it has been dyed.

Add a few drops of methyl aniline violet to some vinegar. If this be pure it will not change color; if adulterated, it will turn blue or green.

Somewhat Confusing.

"And how is grannie, Brian?" asked the kind friend.

"Oh, she's better," replied Brian.

"The day before yesterday the doctor said that she might get up the day after tomorrow, and yesterday was tomorrow, and today is the day after tomorrow. So she's up today!"

Collapse of kind friend.—Exchange.

There are no chagrins so venomous as the chagrin of the idle; no pang so sickening as the satieties of pleasure.—Ruskin.

Good Match.

"You must be terribly thin," exclaimed sister's small brother to the visiting suitor.

"Why, what makes you think so?" he asked in astonishment.

"Because mother told sister you would make a good match."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A City of Corpses.

The city of Kum, in Persia, has long had a reputation as a city of corpses. There are said to be more illustrious dead buried in Kum than in any other Persian city except Meshad. One of the few women honored in the country of the shah has a magnificent shrine erected here—Fatima, sister of Imam Riza. Eleven hundred years ago she was laid to rest in Kum, and everybody who is anybody in Persia still desires sepulture beside her.—London Chronicle.

Derby's Market Stone.

In Derby, England, there is a curious relic of the great plague of 1665. It stands in the arboretum gardens and is commonly called "the market stone." To avoid infection the country folk from the surrounding villages would leave their orders for anything they must want with the watchman, who used to go into the town, make the necessary purchases and deposit them on "the market stone."

Addition.

"Now, Robert," said his teacher, "if your mother gave you two apples and your brother gave you three more how many would you have?"

"I'd have two good apples and three wormy ones," was Robert's prompt reply.

Connubial Repartee.

The Husband—I do not know just how I offended her, I'm sure. The Wife—No wonder, Charles; you have such a lot of ways!

Happiness is the ever retreating summit on the hill of ambition.—Chicago News.

Horrible Thought.

Burroughs—I know a man who looks so much like you that one could hardly tell you apart.

Lenders—You haven't paid him that five I lent you three months ago, have you?

Early Habit.

The manager claims to have discovered his star actress working in a laundry.

"That would account for the way she mangles her part."—Baltimore American.

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