



SERVICE.—Our
highly-developed
service is available at all
times for the benefit of our cus-
tomers. Every well-grounded
business man appreciates the
importance of the co-operation,
guidance and information on
financial matters of his Banker.

**THE
STANDARD BANK
OF CANADA**

ATHENS BRANCH

W. A. Johnson - - - Manager

Athens Reporter

ISSUED WEEKLY

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Yearly subscription 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
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subsequent insertion.

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per year.

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first insertion and 7 1/2 cents per line per
subsequent insertion.

Small Ads.—Condensed ads such as:
Lost, Found, Strayed, To Rent, For Sale,
etc., 1 cent per word per insertion, with
a minimum of 25 cents per insertion.

Auction Sales—30 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, JANUARY 15, 1920

Greenbush

Miss Mabel Smith, of the Ottawa
Normal School, is spending the holi-
days at her home here.

School opens to-day with Miss Mar-
jorie as teacher.

A light fall of snow helped to en-
hance the holidays.

Mrs. Percy Fretwell, of Prescott,
is spending the holiday season at her
parents' home.

Miss Ruby Johnston, of Brockville,
is a guest at the home of her father,
Mr. David Johnston.

Miss Pearl O'Neill has severed her
connection with the Greenbush store
and Mrs. E. Davis takes her place.

Mrs. Lewis Langdon met with quite
a serious accident on Friday last
when he fell from the scaffolding in
the barn to the floor.

Mr. Wesley McVeigh has purchased
a new Newcomb piano.

Mr. Thomas Ferguson has rented
a farm at Oak Leaf and will move
there on March 1st.

Miss Root and Mrs. Jack, of Lans-
downe, are visitors at the home of
their brother, Mr. Alba Root.

Mrs. W. Moore entertained her Sun-
day school class on Friday afternoon,
the 2nd inst.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H.
Connell, on Dec. 18th, a son.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Morris Lov-
erin, on January 3rd, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Burke and son,
accompanied by Mrs. H. Bevens, of
Brockville, spent Christmas with Mr.
Henry Patterson and his mother.

Miss Lizzie McFurk, of Russell, re-
newed old acquaintances here recently.

Mr. Jas. Davis and his bride, of
Brockville, were guests of Mr. and
Mrs. Lewis K. Blanchard last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Manford Davis and
son are home from Marquis, Sask.,
for a visit. They expect to return in
February.

Miss Pearl Brown, of New Bedford,
Mass., and Mrs. Geo. Marshall, of
Rochester, N.Y., are visiting their
sister, Mrs. Clifford Hall.

Rockspring News

Miss Helen Tackaberry has returned
from a two months' visit in Syra-
cuse and New York.

Mrs. Jas. Garvin, Almonte, is visit-
ing her brother, Mr. Wm. Richards,
who is still in a serious condition.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Gun-
ness, on Monday, Jan. 12th, a son.

Mr. Andrew Wallace left last week
to take a course in the dairy school,
Kingston.

Mrs. Delbert Connell and children,
Newbliss, have been visiting at the
former's parents for the past week.

Recent visitors at Mr. Wm. Rich-
ards were: Mr. and Will Spicer, Fair-
field; Mr. and Mrs. Jemuel Connell,
Greenbush; Mrs. Troop, North Au-
gusta; Messrs. Delbert Connell and
Edward Richards, Crystal.

THE FIGHTING HOPE—From Page 1

"You've just come in the nick of
time," said Anna, greeting her guest
warmly with a score of engaging pre-
tences. "Robert and I were in the
thick of a sanguinary encounter."

"Well," returned Miss Graham, smil-
ing, "you do your fighting artistically.
I see no signs of vulgar strife."

"We thought," explained Anna, "we'd
save our scalps for future use, since
Robert expects a guest this afternoon.
Now tell me about yourself, dear,"
added she, as her husband laughingly
stroled out upon the porch. "It was
most awfully nice to hear you had ac-
quired such a fine secretarial position—
somewhere up the Hudson, isn't it?
Must be nice and cool for this hot
weather."

"It's just a bit below Ossining.
Those horrid prison walls are the only
disturbing feature about the place, and
the people are all that one could wish.
Mr. Temple—he's just been made pre-
sident of the Gotham Trust company,
and I'm his first home secretary. I be-
lieve—although wholly businesslike

and reserved, is polite and considerate.
And his mother—oh, Anna, she's just
the dearest, sweetest patrician old lady
you ever saw! Then there's the
housekeeper; she's a queer old Puritan
article, plain as a Wesleyan chapel,
severe as an ancestor in oil, but so
kind and good. Yes, I'm very fortu-
nate in my new position. Oh, look at
your distinguished guest!" cried Miss
Graham. "Look at his smart little
trap; look at the antics of his brown
coat. Who is he? Robert is greeting
him as if he were the grand mogul."

"A Mr. Cornelius Brady, I believe,"
said Anna indifferently—"one of Robert's
innumerable 'fnds.' Do you
know, dear," added she impulsively,
leaning forward, "I wish Robert were
not so susceptible. He costs me more
sighs and watchfulness than both my
other children put together."

Miss Graham observed the "other"
and secretly nodded.

Mr. Cornelius Brady came smoothly
into the pretty little green and dun
drawing room. Suave, adroit, with the
contained manner of the man of the
world, he impressed one as having the
gift of moral construction, reconstruction
or destruction, as the case might be.

While the small talk went its rounds,
while the June air stirred the cur-
tains and stole in softly laden with
scent from the rosebushes, his eyes
rested on his young hostess' delicate
face with an admiration as genuine
as it was indiscreet. Her sweet, joy-
ous womanliness was enough to en-
chant even a man like him, jaded with
many enchantments.

But Granger was scarcely alive to
the indiscretions. Anything in the
shape of victory attracted him. If the
victor happened to be your own wife,
so much the better.

"Good heavens," he exclaimed sud-
denly, "there are those children squall-
ing like fiends! They're experts al-
ready in every ill timed interference.
Robert will be fit for nothing in life
but a minister. As for the other—"

But the woman to whom he had ad-
dressed these remarks had already
vanished and was making for the back
garden.

The shrill, importunate little voices
turned to a whimper as she appeared.

"My two dear red turkey cocks,
what's it all about?" cried she cheer-
fully, with a pretty gathering in sort
of gesture.

"B-bobbie he b-buried me wid a
s-s-to-one, he did," sobbed Harold,
burying his baby face in her skirts.

"Oh, muddle," explained Robert jun-
ior, "I was just throwin' stones at the
lazy roof, you know, an'-an' one of
'em hit Harold; that's all. Shut up,
Harold, will you? When you cry you
cry mud, an' it's most disgustin'. Peo-
ple ought to cry clean water, oughtn't
they, muddle?" he protested, looking
disdainfully at the coiled cherub peer-
ing helplessly upward from the folds
of his mother's skirts.

"Best plan would be not to cry at all.
Even clean crying makes ugly, red lit-
tle noses. Nurse, wash this sorry wee
face, please. If Harold's good he shall
have strawberries for tea."

"And, Robert," she added, with a
whimsical smile, "don't bother about
throwing stones at the lazy roof. There
are some things in life we must learn
to take as we find them. The lazy roof

is one. If you really must give vent to
your feelings you can put the good
supporting walls, my little son."

Presently, clean and fresh, the chil-
dren were brought into the drawing
room to greet Miss Graham before she
left. As she was receding down the
tree lined avenue Robert junior stood
one arm about his mother's waist and
waved to her. Robert senior seized
the other retreating atom and deposit-
ed him in Anna's arms. When he stood
back to enjoy the pathetic effect,

Anna drew her fingers across her
eyes as if a bit of lightning had blind-
ed them, that was all.

(Continued Next Week)

CHAPTER II

A Liar

MEMORY suddenly stabbed the
man sharply, and he flushed.

"So far as I can remember,"
he returned, "I lunched with
Brady."

"Nonsense," said she, still struggling
with the dimples. "Don't you know
there is the greatest difference in the
world between a man's bill of fare and
a woman's? Look at that," and head-
ing so that the tendrils of her hair
brushed his cheek she ran lightly over
the incriminating list. "Would two
men have ordered such a collection of
dreadful things—Martini cocktails, car-
lar, mousques, foie gras au truffes,
homard au diable? My dear, oh, my
dear, this is a most immoral bill of
fare. There was a woman here, I
tell you, a woman! And," she whis-
pered mysteriously, catching a reflec-
tion of her own bright presence in
the mirror, "probably a brunette."

"A woman nothing," protested Granger
hotly. He had missed the little
vein of light comedy in her mood. He
had taken her for a tragedy queen. "It
was Brady, I tell you—Brady."

Straightway the scene became
charged neither with comedy nor trag-
edy, but with very quiet, pitiful hu-
man drama.

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(Continued Next Week)

ch. Brady" quoth he. "If her chil-
dren don't go well with a woman you
may take your oath there's something
radically wrong with her."

"Physically or morally?" Brady asked,
laughing.

"Both," said Granger. "So far as the
female sex is concerned, they are con-
vertible terms. Have a cigar?"

"Since we've become mere pegs on
which to hang psychological discus-
sions, my boys, we'll return to our na-
tive heath," said Anna laughingly.

Brady watched with singular inter-
est the easy strength with which she
walked off with her sons. Hitherto
she had seemed to him altogether frag-
ile, Dresden china-ish.

"I saw a look on Mrs. Granger's face
awhile ago," he said half to himself.
"A look that surprised me. I believe
there are very few things she couldn't
do once she set her mind to action."

An uncomfortable, prickly sensation
ran down Robert's back; his smile of
satisfaction weakened. Then over their
cigars they began to talk of other
things. From the open door of the
library Anna could hear broken frag-
ments coming up:

"Money, the vital fluid, doesn't seem
to be flowing so easily through the
body of things." "The banks are lend-
ing less, securities seem less stable,
stocks are down," etc.

That night Granger enjoyed his din-
ner unreservedly, and there was a cer-
tain scintillating novelty about his
wife's looks that engaged his atten-
tion. His after dinner smoke was his
favorite one. It seemed vixenish to
interfere with it, so Anna waited, play-
ing idly with the almonds and raisins
on her plate. Robert, between his
puffs, noticed that they were delicate
and pretty hands, and that there were
only two rings—the wedding ring and
the engagement ring. He felt a vague
impression that most women wore
more than that. At least, one wo-
man whom he knew wore more. He
remembered her hands distinctly. He
had made her a birthday present of a
diamond ring only a few days before,
and when she thanked him for it later
he had noticed that her hand fairly
glowed with diamonds.

Presently Anna got up, and, leaning
lightly against the mantel shelf, watch-
ed him oddly. She might as well out
with it.

"Robert," said she, "you like Mr.
Brady through and through?"

"Like Brady? Why, yes, and he's
a decidedly useful man to know—in-
terested in all sorts of big concerns,
nothing of a snob, and—"

"I—I rather wanted to compare notes
with you. You're so quick and sensi-
tive. I wondered if you had noticed—
things." She flushed hotly.

"Nothing at all, except that he seems
to approve of my selection of a wife.
Would you prefer, then, not to be ad-
mired?"

"I like being admired, of course. I
like it most awfully. But it depends,
doesn't it, on the way it's done. Why,
even Mary Graham noticed—"

"You surely don't mean to imply
that my friend Brady means any
harm?"

With a vehement gesture Anna drew
her fingers across her eyes.

"No one except the stage villain ever
does mean any harm, I suppose," she
said. "The others do it from absence
of mind, perhaps. Oh, I dare say I'm
horrid," added she softly, seeing a hurt
look on Robert's face—"horrid and not
sufficiently grateful for my privileges.
Probably it's all vanity and self con-
sciousness. You'd have noticed all
these unpleasantnesses naturally, since
I belong to you?" She put out both
hands to him with friendly, irresistible
grace. At that moment the long-
ing to feel protected was very strong
within her.

"Of course I'd have noticed," reas-
ured Robert, looking at her in his
boyish, ingenuous fashion, and with a
brilliant, ready smile. It was this look
and this smile that had first won his
way into the sympathies of her heart.

Suddenly, under the spell of his car-
ress, Anna remembered something. The
dimples stirred in her cheeks as she
disengaged herself.

"Wait, Bobs, I'll be back in a sec-
ond," she said and ran lightly upstairs.

"Now, sir," standing before her liege
lord in mock accusing fashion and
handing him the French bill of fare,
"since you refuse to be jealous of me
I'm most mightily inclined to be jeal-
ous of you. Who did you lunch with
yesterday? Defend yourself!"

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(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 ex-
pert 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 house-
wives 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 Plan- ning 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 bet-
ter 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 out-
fits, 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

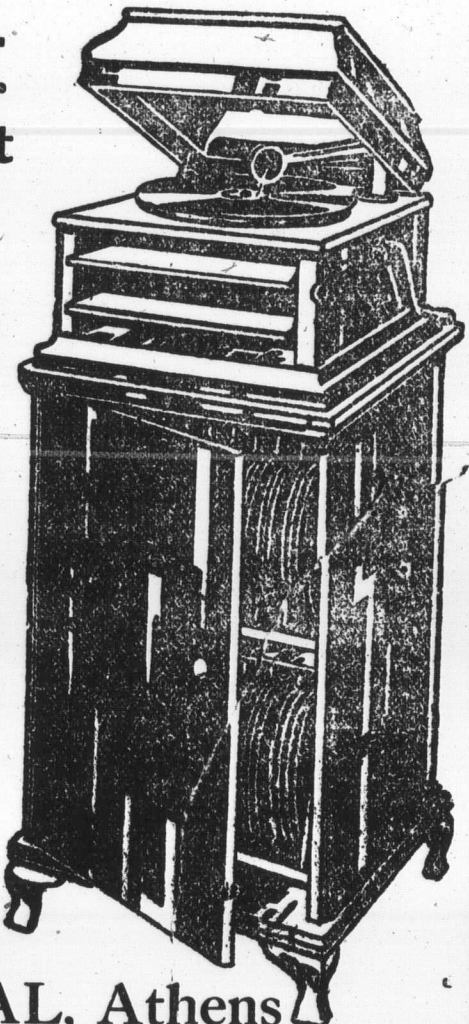
Case is simple and dignified in design, and
may be had in either mahogany, golden or
fumed oak. Size 16 1/2 x 16 1/2 at base. Closed
in hinged top.

Powerful motor, large sound chamber, tapering
tone arm, best Columbia reproducer, gradu-
ating 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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all kinds of Job Printing
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