

THE ATHENS REPORTER

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FRANKVILLE

Aug. 14

The Victor Club held their annual picnic at Charleston on Saturday.

Mrs. Geo. E. Loucks has been spending the week-end in Brockville with friends.

The hay crop is nearly all taken care of, and will be the largest in many years.

Mrs. W. S. Adams, of Lethbridge, is making her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Gallagher, an extended visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Chris. Richards, of Toronto, and Dr. and Mrs. Harmon, of Hammond, N.Y., have been recent visitors with Mrs. F. Richards.

Bandsman George G. Leverette of the 156th Battalion is spending a few days with his parents here.

Rev. Mr. Cantrell, of Bancroft, former rector of St. Thomas Church, occupied the pulpit of that church on Sunday morning.

Recent rains have improved conditions in respect to late grains, corn and vegetables.

Miss Maggie Baldwin, of Glencoe, is visiting friends in this section.

Mr. and Mrs. Ab Wright, of Brockville, are visiting at Mr. J. Coad's.

Miss Edith Montgomery has been successful in her Normal Entrance examination.

A great many from these parts took in the celebration at Brockville on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McCoy, who have resided here for some time, are leaving for Port Arthur, where they will reside in the future.

Rev. Mr. Hamilton and family, of George Street church, Brockville, have spent the past week at the parsonage here, guests of his brother-in-law, Rev. Mr. Cammerford.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Smith, on the 5th inst., a daughter.

CHANTRY

Aug. 7

The Misses Nellie and Geraldine Kelly spent a few days last week with Miss Doreen Davis.

Mr. Frank Seed and family spent Sunday at Elgin, the guest of Mr. L. Ripley.

A number of farmers are still engaged in their hay-fields.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Levi Kaikin, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. T. C. DeWell spent Sunday in Elgin, guests of Mr. G. Stanton.

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ITALIANS IN TOLMINO.

Cadorna's Forces Have Occupied Suburbs of Important Town.

LONDON, Aug. 14.—A Central News despatch from Rome quotes the Idea Nazionale to the effect that the Italians have occupied the outermost suburbs of Tolmino.

Ushering in the second phase of General Cadorna's great drive on the Isonzo, aimed at clearing the heights east and south-east of Gorizia of the defenders and pushing through to Trieste, and ultimately Laibach, the heaviest guns at the disposal of the Italian chief showered torrents of shells upon the coveted heights during the past two days.

Confronted by a stiffening resistance, punctuated with determined Austrian counter-attacks, the Italian offensive on the Isonzo front has lost much of its headway.

To the south near Monfalcone two heights have been carried, while east of Gorizia an advance is reported. The Italian drive has netted more than 15,000 prisoners since its inception.

On the Gorizia area, "the enemy, reinforced, continued to resist on the hills east of the town, supported by heavy artillery and fire from Nainsizza plateau."

Monte San Michele, complete possession of which is vital to a further advance by the Italians, is still partly held by the defenders, and intent upon reducing this strong position the Italians battered it with their big shells.

Fully recovered from the shock of the blow that netted the Italians Gorizia, the Austrians are rushing fresh reserves and new artillery to the Isonzo front to check the advance of Cadorna's troops.

Rome further reports officially the crossing of the Vallone and the capture of the western slopes of Mont Nablögen and the summit of Ormbrih ridge, as well as the occupation of Opachiazella, 270 Austrians being made prisoners.

These successes were scored on the western part of the front. A position on Monte Tofano also was taken.

Around Tolmino, to the north of Gorizia, a bitter battle is in progress. Rome despatches predict the early fall of the stronghold.

DEUTSCHLAND SUNK?

French Cruiser Reports Destruction of Big German Submersible.

PENSACOLA, Fla., Aug. 14.—The German merchant submarine Deutschland was sunk by a British patrol boat on the morning of August 8, according to a statement made here by an orderly of Captain Lique, commanding the French armored cruiser Admiral Aube, which put into port Saturday.

Captain Lique Saturday night refused to confirm or deny the report. The orderly said that the cruiser received a wireless message from a British patrol boat in the Atlantic last Tuesday, saying she had sunk the German merchant submarine that morning.

The French armored cruiser Admiral Aube came into this port Saturday, with supplies and coal exhausted. She dropped anchor near the Austrian steamship Leica, tied up here since the beginning of the war.

It is reported that Captain Lique has been keeping his cruiser near this port for the last two weeks, watching for the German submarine Bremen.

United States naval officers and customs officials boarded the cruiser. Under international law, she is entitled to supplies in limited quantities.

The Aube is the first entente warship to seek supplies in an American port.

DRIVING BACK TURKS.

British Army in Egypt is Still in Pursuit of Enemy at Suez.

LONDON, Aug. 14.—British forces in Egypt are still driving back the Turks who were defeated in the recent battle east of the Suez Canal. The following announcement in regard to this campaign was given out here Sunday:

"Our cavalry is still in pursuit of the Turkish rearguard, and yesterday evening had driven back the Turks to a position east of Birah-Ei-Manca. Although no materials or stores were found at Bir-Ei-Abd, there were large heaps of ashes in the vicinity of the abandoned Turkish position."

Projectiles Fell in Red Cross Zone.

SALONICA, Aug. 14.—The following statement Sunday was issued by the French commander-in-chief: "German aeroplanes four times bombarded the outskirts of Vertakopu. West the projectiles fell in the Red Cross zone. On the front there were some skirmishes and the usual cannonading, except in the region of Lake Doiran, where the artillery fire was heavy."

Anglo-Italian Agreement.

ROME, Aug. 14.—Premier Boselli and Walter Runciman will confer at Turin Tuesday. Great importance is attached to the meeting. The Anglo-Italian economic agreement is expected to be ratified and signed.

The late Hon. J. J. Foy left an estate valued at \$135,000.

A Family Secret

It Came Out Gradually and Satisfactorily

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

When I was old enough to desire a child to play with me I said to my mother:

"Mamma, why haven't you another little girl for me to play with?"

She kissed me and told me that I had a little brother whom I had never seen, but he was coming home soon and I would have a companion. I was too young to seek for a reason why this brother, whom she called Georgie, had never been at home since I had been born. I simply accepted the fact and rejoiced that I would have a playmate.

Georgie arrived a couple of days later. He was several years older than I. I asked him where he had been living all the while, and he said that he supposed he had been with his mother, but a few days before he came to us she had told him that she was not his mother and then was sent to us.

Whatever explanation of all these matters was made to us was called forth by our childish questions, and they were answered vaguely. We looked upon each other as brother and sister. We lived in a place in the country where we saw no other children and when we began to be educated were placed in charge of a young woman who taught us the rudiments and as we grew older had tutors.

When I was ten years old something occurred that troubled me. A lady visitor called on my mother. I was in an adjoining room reading a story book and as quiet as a mouse.

"Is Clara still ignorant of the fact that she is not a Clayton?" asked the visitor. My mother's name was Clayton.

"Yes, but she is getting to an age when we shall find it hard to keep the secret."

"How about Georgie?"

"He being older than Clara, we may expect still more difficulty in his case."

"I question it. Boys are not so curious about seeming trifles as girls. A boy's mind reaches out to discover what is going on without—how things are made and all that. A girl is curious about those things which immediately concern her."

I was thunderstruck. I could scarcely refrain from running into the other room and begging my mamma to explain what I had heard. But the presence of the visitor restrained me. I would wait till she had gone. I stole away and upstairs to my room, where I shut myself in and gave myself up to all kinds of (to me) terrible forebodings.

By this time Georgie had grown old enough to crave the society of boys of his own age and was out playing ball with some of his friends. Therefore I did not see him before I had had a conference with mamma. This was perhaps fortunate. As soon as the visitor had gone I went to her and almost with tears in my eyes asked her what the lady had meant by saying that I was not a Clayton.

Mother was evidently quite put out at first, but presently she took me up on to her lap and said:

"I will explain this if you will promise to ask me nothing more till you become eighteen years of age."

I gave a reluctant promise, and she continued:

"Papa is not your real father. Your real father died when you were a baby, and I married papa when you were too young to know anything about it."

This was a great shock to me. Remembering how it affected me, I have ever since condemned the bringing up of children in ignorance of their true parentage. After what my mother told me I was curious to know about Georgie. Forgetting my promise to ask no more questions, I begged mother to tell me about him. She considered for awhile, then said:

"Georgie must soon know about his case, but not now. I will tell you about him if you will promise to keep what I say a secret from him for the present."

I gave the promise, and she continued:

"Georgie is not your brother."

This was not the shock to me that the secret about my papa was. Possibly this was because of Georgie's introduction into the family at a time when I was old enough to take cognizance of his coming. Mother continued:

"Georgie's mother and I were very dear friends. She died when he was two years old, and Georgie was given in charge of a woman who took care of him till he came here. I would have taken him at the time of his mother's death, but it was then impossible. There had been an arrangement between me and her to that effect, and I carried it out as soon as I was able to do so."

Mother paused here for awhile in order, I presume, to give me time to get somewhat used to what she had told me, then concluded what she was saying.

"And now, my dear little girl, I wish you to be brave and strong and say nothing to papa or Georgie as to what you have learned, but leave it to me to make it all known whenever I

find that it will give the least shock. I made the promise sadly and kept it. This, for a child, great responsibility that was thrown upon me added several years to the few I had lived, and made a woman of me earlier than I would have been without it. I presume my papa, as I continued to call him, was told that I had stumbled on the family secrets, but he never mentioned the matter to me nor I to him. There was no change in our treatment of each other except that, having learned that he had treated me as his daughter who was not his daughter, my affection for him increased rather than diminished.

I have since been quite proud of myself for giving mother a free rein as to what course she should take with regard to giving Georgie his part of the family secret. From the day I gave her the promise to keep it I never mentioned it to her or asked her when she would tell him. This I think was more than was to be expected of a child. Month after month, year after year passed, and the matter was never mentioned.

But a time came when the relationship between Georgie and me became a matter of importance. When he was in his eighteenth year and I fifteen he was treating me as a sister, while I knew he was not my brother. The statement of the lady through whom I had learned the facts that a boy looks without rather than within the home circle was verified in this case. Georgie seemed to me to be very stupid about it. Nevertheless there were times when I wondered if he had not fallen upon the secret and was keeping his knowledge of it from me as I was keeping mine from him.

On his return from an absence when I was sixteen he took me in his arms and kissed me. Then, holding me off and looking at me, he saw a blush on my face.

"Look at the red!" he exclaimed, and drawing me to him again, he gave me another kiss. Naturally this served to deepen the blush. I playfully boxed his ears, which, instead of making the matter appear more brotherly and sisterly, had the reverse effect.

"The last ear box I got for a kiss was for another fellow's sister," he said and, giving me a second kiss, released me. I stood for a moment panting, not knowing what to do or say, then walked away in a dignified manner, followed by a laugh from Georgie, which made me feel that I had come very near a giveaway.

But a worse one followed. A friend of mine, Bess Lawrence, made me a visit, and Georgie seemed to me to be very much struck with her. This was the first revelation to me of the fact that I did not relish any other girl stepping in between Georgie and me. I tried not to show jealousy, but did not succeed. Bess ended her visit in a huff, and Georgie asked me what in the world was the matter with me. Since I could not explain, I walked out of the room, leaving him to put his own interpretation on my action.

There seemed to be plenty of funds in our family, and, since Georgie was not in a hurry to settle down to business, he concluded to spend a year in travel. He asked me to go with him; but, knowing what I did, of course I declined. He urged me for some time, insisting on my giving him a reason for my refusal. I gave him a number of them—all trumped up—and he laughed at me. When he started on his journey he called out:

"Sis, don't you pick up a fellow while I'm gone!"

"I won't promise!" I shouted. And he drove away, waving his handkerchief till I could see him no more.

He returned in six months, and after the first welcome, when he and I were alone together, he came to me and said:

"Sis, do you know the reason why I came home sooner than I intended?"

"No. Why?"

"Because I couldn't stay any longer away from my dear sister."

"You'll be saying that to some other fellow's sister pretty soon."

"Have you a brother?"

"What a question!"

"If you have I'm saying it to some other fellow's sister now."

I wondered if he could have got the secret.

"Sit down here," he added, drawing me to an easy chair big enough for us both. Then he continued:

"You and I were betrothed the day you were born. I have not known these things as long as you have, but I have known more than you. I have long known that papa and mamma are not my real parents. My real parents I never saw. My real mother arranged with my second mother that I should come into this family and be brought up with you, hoping that we would make a match. When it came time for me to come here mamma settled everything in her own way, and I consider it the right way. She is not to be blamed for anything, though some persons will say that she made a mistake. She certainly gave you a brother and me a sister. It now remains to be seen whether we shall be transformed from the grub brother and sister to the butterfly lover and lovers."

I was surprised at the relief and joy this declaration gave me. The secret between us having taken wings, left me very happy.

The rest would only sound pleasing if given in the terms of the novelist, who causes the hero lover to declare himself in terms that have been carefully written and duly worked over. I need only add that an understanding of the situation, as had been intended years before, and its termination were a relief and a matter of satisfaction to our dear papa and mamma as well as to ourselves.

READING THE HAND.

Most Murderers, It is Said, Show Their Characters in Their Palms.

A French savant contends that the murderer has a distinctive hand. His face may not be hideous, but the hands are and are self-condemnatory. Evidence on the latter characteristic is scanty and rests upon the investigations of the French criminologists; but, as to the former, it is a fact that some of the most brutal murders on record have been perpetrated by men whose countenances habitually wore a very mild expression.

Deeming was a pleasant man to speak to until crossed, but some of the authorities who examined his hands declare his broad thumb indicated the born murderer.

The true ball-headed thumb gives to the first phalange a round, bulbous appearance. It is short, and the nail is so abbreviated as to suggest that it has been gnawed. It is embedded in the flesh, which rises on either side and beyond it.

Dumollard, a wholesale murderer, had a hand remarkable for its thickness and length of palm in proportion to the fingers. He had a significant sign, common to most murderers—namely, almost entire absence of lines in the palm, save the three principal ones—the lines of life, head and heart. These lines were very strongly defined. The line of the head—the center line extending across the palm—was violently cut by the line of life running upward from the wrist. Chironomy interprets this to foretell a violent death. His fingers were knotty and uneven at the nail phalanges.

Smothered in Roses.

The Sybarites slept on beds stuffed with rose leaves; the tyrant Dionysus had his couch filled with them; Verus would travel with a garland on his head and around his neck, and over his litter he had a thin net, with rose leaves intertwined; Antiochus luxuriated upon a bed of blooms even in winter days and nights, and when Cleopatra entertained Antony she had roses covering the floor to the depth, it is said, of an ell.

We are told that Hellogabalus supplied so many at one of his banquets that several of his guests were suffocated in the endeavor to extricate themselves from the abundance—victims of a surfeit of sweet odors.

THE ART OF NORWAY.

It Reflects the Early Peasant and the National Character.

Long before the art of painting was practiced in Norway the Norwegian peasant, like his Magyar contemporary, had developed an art that was and still remains thoroughly national. The Norwegian peasant art, like that of other countries, is characterized by a primitive purity of color that anticipates the art of today and forms, so to speak, a connecting link that ties the present to the past. If we remember the crude vigor and bold color of this early peasant art we shall perhaps better understand contemporary Norwegian art.

Temperamentally they are the same. We find in both the same characteristic forthrightness of expression, the same bold, uncompromising design and color. Moreover, both are alike in that the aim of each is to fill a given space with a design that will form a decoration. Much of modern art is in this direction, and contemporary Norwegian art is no exception to this.

If this art appears somewhat rough and crude, more forceful and original than polished and ingratiating, it is the fault of the national character rather than of the art itself. We are not a suave people; we are somewhat blunt and direct, and these racial qualities are expressing themselves more and more in our art as it gradually emancipates itself from foreign influences and returns to its basic character.—J. Nilssen Laurvik in Century.

Light of the Firefly.

Probably as far back as 1733 it was known that the luminous parts of fireflies, glowworms, etc., could be dried and preserved out of contact with the air for considerable periods without losing their light giving power. In late years it has been possible to prove this permanence of the light giving power for at least eighteen months. Kastle and McDermitt were able, upon opening tubes containing the luminous organs of the common firefly preserved in hydrogen or a vacuum, to obtain quite a brilliant light by simply moistening with water. The light was increased when hydrogen peroxide replaced water. However, scientists have yet to discover the firefly's secret of producing light without heat.

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