

THE ATHENS REPORTER

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AUSTIN G. L. TRIBUTE,
Editor and Proprietor

Mr. Parish's old Bank Office on Main street will be open afternoon and evening this week. Drop in and give an order for Victory Bonds. It will help and besides prove an excellent investment.

You cannot buy a Victory Bond after December 1st. Improve the shining hour before it has sped.

HOGAN—PATIENCE

Bright and beautiful was the wedding in St. Patrick's Church, Lansdowne, on Wednesday, November 14, of Anna, youngest daughter of Mrs. Patience, Dulcemaine, and Mr. John Hogan, son of Mr. and Mrs. P. Hogan of Kingston Mills.

Promptly at 9.30 the bridal procession came up the aisle, the bride who was given away by her brother Philip, smartly dressed in a suit of nigger brown serge with maize silk crepe de chene waist and small velvet hat. She also wore grey fox furs, the gift of the groom. The bridesmaid, Mrs. Maggie Hyland, sister of the groom, looked very graceful, gowned in black silk and wearing a Hudson seal coat and picture hat.

Mr. Donald Patience, brother of the bride, very ably performed the duties of best man.

Rev. Father J. P. Kehoe conducted the ceremony and also celebrated the nuptial mass.

After the service the invited guests followed the wedding party to the bride's home where a wedding breakfast, which was all the most fastidious would desire, awaited them.

A few hours were spent with music and social intercourse, after which Mr. and Mrs. Hogan left for their future home, Mr. Hogan having a beautifully furnished home for his young bride.

The esteem in which the young couple were held was well testified by the beautiful array of presents they received.

The groom presented his groomsmen with a gold stick pin with pearl settings and to the bridesmaid a pearl crescent.

Previous to her marriage Miss Anna was tendered a miscellaneous shower by her cousins, the Misses Eula and Lizzie Patience. The feelings of her friends at her departure were well shown when about 25 of her girl friends gathered to say a last "good-bye" to their companion whom they will miss so much in their circle.

The very best wishes of a host of friends go forth to Mr. and Mrs. Hogan for a long and happy wedded life.

NEW WINNIPEG TRAINS

Travel between Eastern and Western Canada is always heavy in the winter months, particularly during December with its holiday season. To meet the requirements of the public, therefore, a special Daily Service between Toronto and Winnipeg, is announced by the Canadian Northern Railway; Westbound, December 3rd to January 2nd, 1918 only; Eastbound, December 1st to January 5th, 1918 only. Thereafter regular tri-weekly service will be resumed. A through Tourist Sleeping Car will also be operated daily between Toronto and Calgary as part of the above special, and connection will be made with regular daily trains between Winnipeg and Edmonton. Service between Toronto and Vancouver remains tri-weekly, leaving Toronto on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays as at present. For further particulars, see Local Time Table Folders, or apply to Station Agent.

Here's Proof That ZUTOO Cures Headache

Mr. E. F. Tomkins, Ex-Mayor of Coaticook, Que., proves it.
"Your Tablets are a safe and effective remedy for headache."
Mr. Geo. Legge, Editor of the "Granby Leader-Mail" proves it.
"Your Zutoo Tablets deserve to be widely known as a cure that will cure."
A. C. Hanson, B. A., K. C., Colonel of the Hussars, proves it.
"I use Zutoo Tablets and find them a very satisfactory cure for Headache."
25 cents per box—at all dealers.

OLD NEWSPAPERS

Old newspapers may be obtained at the Reporter Office at 10 a pound. We have some in 25 pound bundles.

OF ALL ASSETS.

Character it is That Wins the Great Battles of Life.

"God Almighty hates a quitter," said Tom Reed of Maine. The nation roared applause from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the lakes to the gulf for the virile vigor of this rough expression of manhood. The sentiment is one of perennial value.

But what makes the man who does not know when he is defeated and fights to the finish, be the finish his or his opponent's? Is it not character, and is not character at bottom only the moral equivalent of stalwart backbone?

The quitter fails, and fails because he lacks the force of character, the strength of will, which sees possibilities beyond capacities and regards obstacles as opportunities, discouragements as incentives. The fight which is worth attempting at all is the fight which deserves to be fought through. "It's dogged as does it," as when Heenan said to Sayers, "Now, Tummy, lad, 'tis thou or I," and he won the last round and the match.

There was character. It may not have been ideal character. It certainly was not character in its highest expression. But it was the sum of the man's whole personality. All the power of him, all the pith and punch of invincible determination, went into the winning of his fight. The bulldog shows the same strength of will when he lets himself be choked or cut to pieces rather than let go his grip on the other dog's jugular.

It is this readiness to be killed, if need be, if one cannot best one's adversary, which wins the battle of life for men and the wars of nations for their existence. Such a readiness is a form of character and the product, whether aware or unaware, of a fight to achieve character. It is the reaction of the spirit to the long working of life and circumstances upon the raw and plastic ore of human nature.

Make money, then, and do so honorably. Get understanding for the sake of social service as well as your own growth. Win power over men through right methods of approach and appeal. But with all your getting and gains achieve character above all.

Nothing can take the place of character. It knows of no substitute. Cleverness, cunning and shrewdness are paper money. Character is the gold which alone gives them value. Pierpont Morgan rated character above collateral as security for loans and credit. Character is the best of all assets.—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Hints to Milliners.

"No successful milliner can work alone," says a milliner in the American Magazine. "If she does her hats will come to have a sameness year after year that will lose her patrons. If she cannot go to Paris she must visit shops, such as mine is at present, and see as many smart people as possible. This is a fact generally recognized by all good shops. Those in the middle west and far west who cannot send their representatives abroad send them to New York instead, and the smaller milliner who cannot afford even this must keep up with the smartest people in her own town and the nearest large cities and even supplement this by the smart trade magazines."

Grow Rhubarb in Your Cellar.

To cultivate a fine specimen of rhubarb you do not need any garden at all, but just a corner of a cellar and an old barrel or deep box. Bore a dozen holes in the sides of your barrel for ventilation and a few in the bottom for drainage. Then place in it a layer of cinders about two inches deep and cover this with ordinary garden soil. Now, plant your roots side by side, and cover them with another layer of earth.

Water them occasionally and keep the top of the barrel covered with a piece of carpet.

"Is It Safe?"

The Great Western railway, as part of its "safety" movement for the prevention of accidents to its employees, has issued a token which it is hoped will remind railway servants to think before taking action. The token, which is of brass and the size of a penny, bears the words, "In every action ask yourself, 'Is it safe?' This will disclose unseen dangers, inspire forethought, induce care and prevent accidents." On the reverse side of the token is the inscription, "A charm against accidents. 'Is it safe?'"—London Times.

Save the Dollars.

Few exist who are unwilling to be handed a fortune. Few exist who are unwilling to work for it.

Many educate and train to become expert dollar getters, and they qualify. But they are willing money spenders and are a long way from dollar plies and money mastership.

Develop your dollar pile. The main chance is while dollar getting. Think!

Time to Go.

"Did you know that the Bentleys are moving?"
"Moving? Why, they've only been here a year. People are just beginning to get to know them."

"That's why they are going."

Could Sympathize.

He—I told your father frankly I couldn't support you. She—What did he say? He—He said that he had the same experience.

Be gentle, but like the nettle, which is not so gentle that it is trampled on.—Youth's Companion.

AN ARCTIC RESCUE

Tragedy of the Loss of the Kariuk Off Wrangell Island.

PERILS OF THE SURVIVORS.

The Hardships and Sufferings They Draved and the Scene When the Rescue Ship From Alaska Was Sighted by the Camp on the Desolate Beach.

When the Kariuk, the chief vessel of the Canadian arctic expedition which set out in June, 1913, became imprisoned by ice near Point Barrow, Alaska, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the commander of the party, went ashore with five companions to hunt caribou. He never saw his ship again, for soon after he left her a furious northeast gale sprang up and carried her westward.

Near Wrangell island, which lies north of Siberia, the ship succumbed to the tremendous pressure of the ice and sank. Eight of the Kariuk's company were lost in trying to reach land, but seventeen survivors under Captain Bartlett succeeded in reaching Wrangell island and on that uninhabited spot established a camp. From there Captain Bartlett, accompanied by one Eskimo, made the terribly difficult journey of eighty miles to the mainland of Siberia. He then went to Alaska and reported the fate of the Kariuk.

Meanwhile Burt M. McConnell, the meteorologist of the expedition, who had left the Kariuk with Stefansson, had made his way to Nome, Alaska. Here he joined Olaf Swenson, who had determined to go to the rescue in his little schooner King and Winge.

Almost eight months after the Kariuk sank they sailed from Nome and, after encountering the usual difficulties of arctic navigation, successfully drew within sight of the cliffs and beach of Wrangell island. Mr. McConnell tells the story of the rescue in Harper's Magazine:

The lookout in the crow's nest sighted a tent when we were within two miles of shore, and as we came nearer, under full speed, we could see a flagpole and a cross.

Suddenly a man emerged from the tent on his hands and knees. He did not show any signs of joy. He did not wave his arms and shout when he sighted the ship. He merely rose and stood rigidly beside the tent, gazing at us as if dazed. More than once he brushed his hands across his eyes, as if he could not believe that the King and Winge was a real ship come to rescue him.

Our first fear was that the entire party, with the exception of the one man we saw, had perished, but that gloomy possibility was dispelled presently by the appearance of two other men. None of the trio made any demonstration. Aboard ship even the Eskimos were intensely excited.

The umiak was launched, and when it was within a hundred yards of the beach the man whom we had first seen started toward us, taking a rifle from its case. Our natives became greatly frightened. They pointed to their foreheads and muttered: "That man long time not much eat! Him crazy—all same fox!"

We landed on the beach and advanced toward this strange individual. His shaggy, matted hair streamed down over his eyes in wild disorder. His grimy face was streaked and furrowed with lines and wrinkles. I recognized him only by his voice when he spoke to Swenson. It was Munro.

"I don't know who you are, but I'm mighty glad to see you all," were his first words.

An instant later he recognized me and asked in astonishment, "How did you get here?"

Other questions were rapidly asked and answered, and then, "Have you a doctor aboard?" Munro demanded.

"You don't need a doctor," Swenson assured him. "What you need is a cook. We will go aboard and have breakfast."

Munro then came up, weak and emaciated. I did not recognize him until Munro spoke his name. He smiled in recognition, but was so visibly affected that I refrained from questioning him. Templeman next appeared. He was gaunt and very pale and seemed on the verge of a nervous breakdown. So we talked of general topics and asked no questions about their experiences.

Aboard the schooner the rescued men had a sumptuous breakfast, but an hour afterward they were hungry again.

"Mr. Swenson, I want to ask a great favor of you," Munro finally gained courage to say. "For several months I have been dreaming of eating a whole can of condensed milk with a spoon."

Three cans were immediately brought forth, as both Munro and Templeman confessed to a similar craving, and they ate that condensed milk as if it were ice cream.

At another camp forty miles away the King and Winge rescued nine other survivors. Three had died after reaching the island.

Making Progress.

"Don't you sometimes have to reprove your boy Josh?"

"Not any more," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "To tell you the truth, he's got me sort of apologetic to him for the crude manner in which I was brought up."

Reason's whole pleasure lies in these words. Health, peace and competence.—Pope.

GREAT VALUE OF TIN.

It is Indispensable, and There is No Substitute For It.

Nickel and tin are the only important metals that have not been found in paying quantities among our mineral resources, although the fact that we are the largest consumers of tin plate in the world has stimulated the search. Tin ore in small quantities has been found in several places in the United States, but most of what we use comes from Cornwall, in England; Banca, in the East Indies, and Malacca, in southern Asia.

Tin is a metal that has played an important part in the history of the world. Combined with copper to make bronze, it was doubtless the first metal that man converted to his use. Weapons, tools and utensils made of bronze were used during a long period before iron and steel came into use. The United States now uses in the manufacture of tin cans as much tin plate as all other countries together use for all purposes.

There is no substitute for tin. Price has little effect on consumption, which is not true of other metals. If tin cost 15 cents a pound we should perhaps put a thicker coating on our plates and make better solder and babbit metal, but if it were a dollar a pound we should still have to use it for nearly every one of the purposes for which it is now employed.

The lack of tin is one of the few things that keep the United States from being self sufficient. If we were suddenly deprived of our supply of tin and solder we should soon have serious sanitary troubles.

EXPERTS IN THE WATER.

The Japanese Are Masters of Many Tricks of Swimming.

The Japanese are extremely fond of swimming, and among the younger generation of students and the coast population there are some splendid long distance swimmers. Schools of natation teach the art in a systematic manner, and, although the best racing records of Japan are not equal to the western, a Japanese expert can perform some truly wonderful feats. For example, he can jump into deep water and maintain his position with the water no higher than the loins, while he fires a gun, writes on a slate, paints a picture on a fan with a brush or moves freely in every direction as if he were walking on solid ground.

The expert, while he rarely emulates the graceful high dive of the American or the European, can leap from a great height and strike the surface of the water with his chest without sinking or wetting his face and head. In some mysterious way he contrives to escape the painful consequences which the impact would inevitably cause to the foreigner who should try this feat. It is said that the old time samurai frequently made use of this trick when crossing a river or stream. In such cases they carried their armor and weapons on their heads.

The famous "crawl" stroke, which occidental swimmers first acquired not very long ago, has been known and practiced in Japan for hundreds of years.

Superstitions of the Sea.

The persons who sail as passengers on a ship which does not regularly carry passengers are looked upon either with favor or disfavor by the crew. The presence of a child is thought to be a good omen, while women are believed to bring bad luck. Lawyers are looked upon with greatest dislike, for they are considered particularly unlucky. The name "sea lawyer" is the worst term one sailor can use toward another.

A cat on board ship is supposed to cause the vessel to meet with gales. The old saying is, "A cat carries a gale in her tail," and the average sailor believes that when a cat frisks about the deck she is raising a storm. Pigs also have a bad reputation on shipboard.

A Pathetic Benefit.

Perhaps one of the saddest of the many benefits which have been celebrated at Drury Lane was that given on June 27, 1828, for Grimaldi, the greatest clown the stage has known, when the heartbroken old man was wheeled on to the stage in an armchair and hopelessly broke down in his endeavor to sing his once famous ditty, "Hot Coddins."

The old man's memory had completely forsaken him. On that occasion a sum of £1,700 was realized, which for many years remained a record.

Pure Reason.

In his essay "Perpetual Peace," published in 1795, Immanuel Kant declared that we can never have universal peace until the world is politically organized, and it will never be possible to organize the world politically until the people, not the kings, rule. And he added that the peoples of the earth must cultivate and attain the spirit of hospitality and good will toward all races and nations.

Of Course It Can't Be Done.

Of course well informed people know better, but there are some ignorant folks who think it is possible to have a good time without spending more than they can afford.—Claude Allen in Fort Worth Star-Telegram.

Never Finished.

He (anxiously)—About how long, darling, will it take to complete your trouseau? She—All the rest of my married life.—Exchange.

Ignorance is the primary source of all misery and vice.

Chantry

Frank Seed and family spent Sunday in Elgin.

James Taylor has purchased the Carr farm from Thos. Moulton.

J. N. Davis is still confined to his bed with heart trouble.

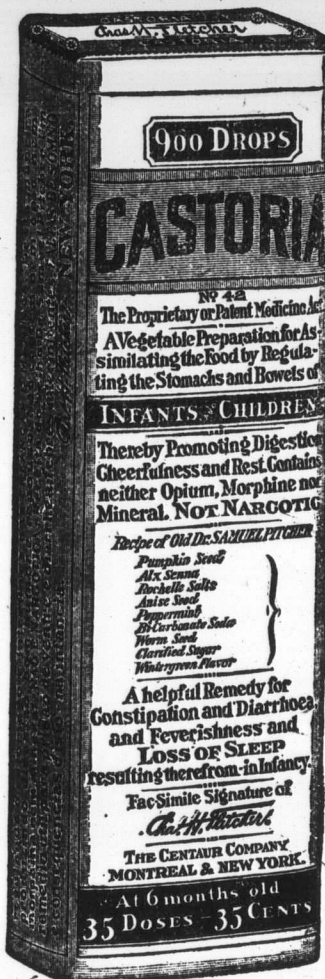
A Victory Loan meeting was held in our church Tuesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Sherwood, of Smith's Falls, having been spending a few days with friends here.

Mr. Fred Bedor has brought the Stratford farm.

The Peanut.

The peanut is a curious plant. It tastes like a nut. It belongs to the pea and bean family. It ripens in the ground like a potato. When peanuts are ripe, the earth is plowed away on each side. Then the plants are pulled out with a big fork. Next they are wound around poles in long rows to dry. When dry, the nuts are picked from the dried plants, and at present a large percentage of the crop is converted into peanut butter.



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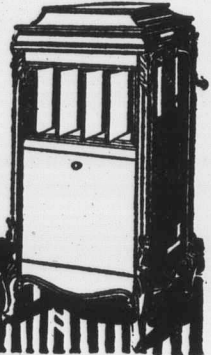
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