

The Athens Reporter

ISSUED WEEKLY

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\$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.

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Cards of Thanks and In Memoriam—50c Obituary Poetry—10 cents per line.

Commercial Display Advertising—Rate on application at Office of publication.

H. E. Ewwater, Editor and Proprietor

LOCAL POETS' CORNER

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF GASOLINE BILL

In Which He Writes of a Hockey Game.

(By L. Glenn Earl.)

Dear Ed:—
When all is said and done
'Bout games of chance and games of fun,
For sudden death and bloody strife,
For gory deeds and loss of life,
For making strong men weak and lame
Give me an old-time hockey game.

The Romans in their balmy days
Would ope their mouths in great amaze
To see a captive Saxon fall
In feat-of-arms with savage Gaul;
Old Nero took a great delight
In climbing up a rocky height
And fiddling to his heart's desire
To see a city all on fire.
But these old chaps of ancient fame
Knew not our noble Hockey Game.
They must have warred 'gainst foreign lands,
And brought their captives home in bands;
They may have burned the Christian men,
Or dumped them in the lion's den,
And all, according to report,
These things were done for gentle sport,
But ancient pastimes were quite tame
Compared unto a Hockey Game.

Last week, when I was all but 'broke,'
(My coat and watch were both in 'soak'),
A man who'd borrowed many a 'bone,'
Sent me his check to pay the loan;
At once the dull gray skies were blue
And life took on a rosier hue;
I hungered mightily for fun,
So, when the day was nobly done,
I stopped at Bill's and had a drink,
And dragged him over to the rink
To see the home town Hockey Team
Do battle 'neath the arc-lights gleam.

From up the line a speedy bunch,
For many days had nursed a 'hunch,'
That they could wallop any crew
That ever wore the hockey shoe.
And so with much ado they came
To play us just a friendly game.
And I, to aid my fun you know,
Placed all my coin where it would grow;
I covered bets both left and right,
'Till not a dime remained in sight.
(Those visiting fans were mighty blue
When our friendly Hockey Game was through.)

When eight o'clock had just been struck,
A sad-eyed chap 'faced off' the puck,
And with the passing of the time,
We watched a battle most sublime.
These warriors of modern dates
That do their slaughtering on skates,
Could show friend Caesar and his crew
Some fancy stunts he never knew.
The 'short rib poke' and the 'body check'
That leaves a man a howling wreck,
The 'ankle slash' and the wily 'trip,'
The work with elbow, knee and hip,
Must all be done in such a way,
To fool the watchful Judge of Play.

Dear Ed, I will not here relate
Each separate 'rush,' I hesitate
To tell of 'trips' and 'off-side' plays,
Of scores put in by divers ways,
Of cheers and groans and maidens fair,
Of faith and hope and Hank despair;
Suffice it is for me to say
Our boys were victors of the day.

And after I had gathered in
The 'buddle' that I chanced to win,
I wandered over to the shed
Where our glorious gladiators bled.
Our 'goal-man' had a flattened nose,
And both 'defence' had lost some toes.
The 'left-wing' nursed a broken thigh,
The 'right-wing man' had lost an eye;
And as I lingered in that room
Where language red, dispersed the gloom,
Two stalwarts with a baby sleigh
Dragged in our 'center' from the fray.
His towled head was crimson stained,
And both his ankles badly sprained.
They rapped him in a cotton sheet,
And called a doctor off the street.

That surgeon toiled with might and main
To make our hero whole again.
Those towled locks all gory red
Were shaven off his broken head,
And little stitches 'peered in view,

Where once his golden tresses grew,
His ears were grafted back in place,
And doctor plastered up his face.
He fixed the 'goal-man's' flattened nose
And welded on the severed toes.
Four twisted ribs, with quite some care,
He soon adjusted, then and there;
A collar-bone he plated, too,
'Till it was just as good as new.

There may be 'art' in writing verse,
'(Though 'twill not aid an empty purse),
The paintings that you idly scan,
May show the genius of the man,
And in the sculptured stone you read
A man's ambition to succeed,
But greater 'art' must surely stand
Behind the surgeon's skilful hand,
Else could he take a human wreck
Of broken bones and twisted neck,
And in his own artistic way,
Remould that human form of clay.
Ah me! but days of sport were o'er,
The 'hockey mill' would grind no more
Were not our players well and strong
To chase the illusive puck along.

Now as the doctor worked away,
Some grinning skeezics chanced to say,
'I think our 'centre's' coming round,'
And sure enough, there on the ground,
He moved his bandaged hands about,
Wiggled his toes and tried to shout.
I bent my head and faintly heard
Him say, "That game was sure a bird,"
Whereat that wrecked and broken crew,
Quite gay and very cheerful grew,
And noisily hasten to acclaim,
That Hockey is the ONLY game.

CORRESPONDENCE OF GASOLINE BILL

HE HAS A DAY AT HOME

(By L. Glenn Earl.)

Dear Ed:—
This afternoon my wife
Said she was getting tired of life
That kept her in the house all day;
So, as there was a high-class play
Appearing in our opera house
I said, "My dear, go change your blouse
Go put some powder on your nose
Hunt up those fancy silken hose
That Grandma sent a year ago,
And toddle out and see this show."

Thinks I, 'tis only half ways right
That I should stay at home one night,
The pleasure then will all be mine
To put the kids to bed at nine;
I'll wash the dishes, scrub the floor
And maybe fix the kitchen door,
So wifey, with a winsome smile,
Dolled up in all the latest style,

Wav'd me a kiss in her pleasant way
And went down town to spend the day
Ye bachelor friends, if you but knew,
The cruel hours that I passed through,
No matrimonial thought you'd hold.
The very word would turn you cold.

First Johnnie tried to get a drink,
And fell into the kitchen sink;
And when I ran to rescue him
The poodle dog bit little Jim;
And while I rocked his tears away,
Our Rosabell went out to play,
For several hours I quite forgot
About the darling little tot,
'Till neighbor Jones came running in
To say the kid should learn to swim
As he had fished her from the brook
Down on the farm of neighbor Shook.
I washed the dishes and can state
I never wrecked a blooming plate,
But as I scrubbed away content,
The air with divers shots was rent:
I rushed in through the parlor door
To find poor Mary on the floor
And wifey's curtains quite a wreck
Around that dear child's strangling neck.
A jardiniere was broke in twain,
Two plants will never bloom again;
The rug that was our pride and care
I'm 'fraid is now beyond repair.

And when I thought it time to eat,
The kitchen fire was out complete
Instead of using kerosene,
I got the can marked 'gasoline'
And now I have a stove to sell
And several other things as well,
The kitchen cabinet and two chairs
Have vanished down the cellar stairs;
The poodle dog is scorched and singed
And all the doors are quite unbinged;
The sink hangs from the chandeliers,
And baby Jim has lost an ear,

I tell you Ed, I fear the wife
When she comes home will start a strife;
I fear the safety of my neck
When she steps in and sees this wrack,
She'll read my history from the time
I earned my first illusive dime;
I'll promise her to fix the hall
And buy new paper for the wall;
A Grandad's clock for most a year,
She's hungered for, and now I fear
I'll have to buy the blooming toy
To fill her little heart with joy,
This afternoon has gone to show
Me several things I didn't know,
'Bout keeping kids just half way neat
And shoes and socks on their feet;

'Bout what a housewife has to do
To keep a cheerful home for you,
And as I write this little rhyme
I needs must wonder all the time
How wifey can endure the noise
Of our mischievous girls and boys,
And speed the dreary day along
With cheery word and happy song.

BACK TO AUNT HANNAH'S.

(Crawf. C. Slack.)

How I would like to be going, back
There where the sap is flowing,
To Aunt Hannah's little farm and
country home,
Oh, how much I did enjoy sugar mak-
ing when a boy,
How I used to long and wait for it to
come.

Oft I wonder if the maples, those sweet
producing staples,
Are just the same, as in the years
gone by;
I would like to spend a day riding on
the old sap sleigh,
Just to see if they have changed as
much as I?

When the radiant sun is slanting, and
the readbreasts start their chant-
ing,
It is then that Nature seems to beckon
me,
And I long to just go out through the
weeds to stroll about,
And be among the real things and be
free.

When the hillside brook starts leaping
and the wild-flowers buds are
peeping,
From their haunts beside the drifts of
melting snow,
When the spring bids Mother Wild to
awake each sleeping child,
Then I have a restless longing for to
go.

I would like to be there sipping,
through the day that nectar drip-
ping,
And at night go to the boiling place
and stay,
Have the grey owl come and stare me,
with his Hee-Hee-Hee to scare me
Thinking I might perhaps be some city
"Jay."

By the narrow bush-road winding I
would like to be there minding,
The precious nectar boiling in the pan,
Have these day dreams come to me, of
the great things I would be,
When I reach the stubble highway of
a man.

Yes, I'd like to be there toiling, gath-
ering sap, and wood, and boiling,
Have them sugar-off to make the whole
complete,
See Aunt Hannah smile and say, in

her motherly kind old way,
'Don't be afraid of it my lad, 'twas
made to eat."

There was nothing mean or narrow
there to-day or there to-morrow,
There was always lots in store, and
for all an open door,
There little failings ever had a charm.

So I wish I could be going back there
where the sap is flowing,
And sip the precious nectar at the
spile,
Ride upon the old sap-sleigh, be a boy
just for a day,
Meet again that saintly woman, share
her smile.

MUCH IMPRESSED

Editor Athens Reporter
I received the enclosed poem through
the mail and as I was much impressed
with the sentiment and directness of
the verses, I feel that they should be
given to the public, in the hope that
they may touch the heart of some
worthy brother man. I also wish to
thank the watchful party to whom I am
indebted for the thoughtful kindness in
sending me this delightful bit of poetry.
Thanking you for this space in your
valuable paper, I am,
AN OLD SUBSCRIBER

THE HELL BOUND TRAIN

Tom Gray lay down on the barren floor,
Having drank so much he could drink
no more
And fell asleep with a troubled brain
To dream that he rode on "The Hell-
bound train."

The engine with blood was red and damp
And brilliantly lit with a brimstone
lamp:
An imp for fuel was shovelling bones
As the furnace roared with a thousand
groans.

The boiler was filled with lager beer,
And the devil himself was the engineer,
The passengers made such a motley
crew
Church member, Atheist, Gentle, Jew,

Rich men in broadcloth, beggars in rags
Handsome young ladies and withered
old hags
Yellow and black men, brown, red and
white,
Chained altogether, a horrible sight!

Faster and faster the engine flew,
Wild and wilder the country grew,

Louder and louder the thunder crashed,
Brighter and brighter the lighting
flashed.

Hotter and hotter the air became
Till the clothes were burned from each
grievous frame,
And in the distance they heard such a
yell,
"Ha! Ha! cried the devil, "we're
nearing hell."

And O, how the passengers shrieked
with pain,
And begged the devil to stop the train!
But he capered about and danced with
glee
And laughed and joked at their agony.

"My faithful friend you've done my
work;
And the devil can never pay a day shirk
You've bullied the weak, you've robbed
the poor
And the starving brother turned from
your door.

You've gathered up gold where the
canker rusts
And given free vent to your fleshly lusts;
You've drank and rioted and murdered
and lied
And laughed at God in your hell-born
pride.

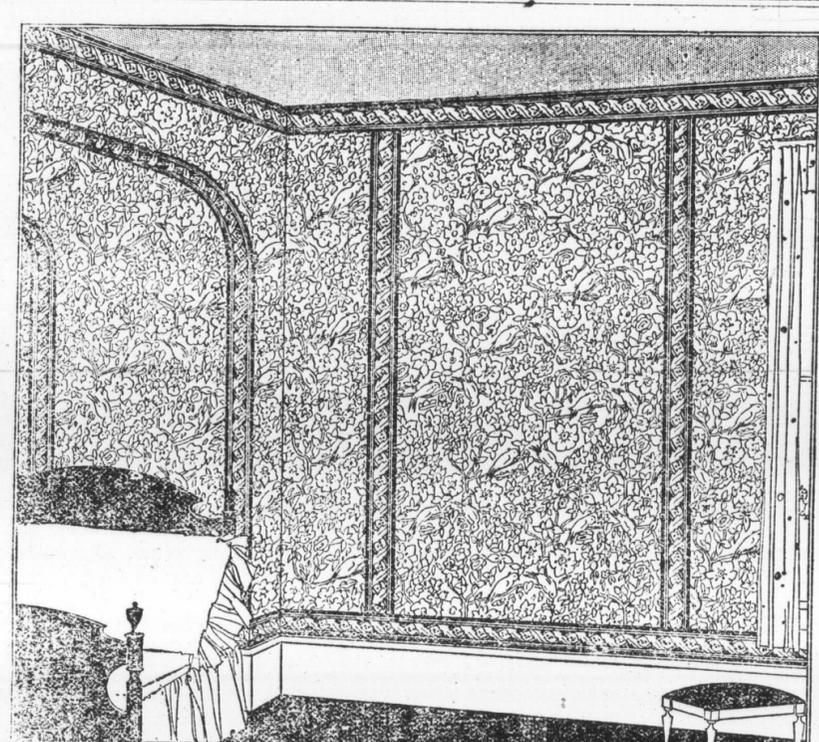
You've paid full fare so I'll carry you
through,
For its only right that you get your due;
For every laborer is worthy his hire,
So I'll land you safe in my lake of fire.

Where my fieryimps shall torment you
forever,
And all in vain will sigh for a Saviour,
Then Tom awoke with an awful cry,
His clothes soaking wet, and his hair
standing high.

And he prayed as he never had before,
That he might be saved from the devil's
power;
And his praying and crying were not
in vain,
For he never more rode on the hell-
bound train.

IMERSON—The Auctioneer
Write or Phone early for dates or call the
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H. WJ IMERSON, Auctioneer

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LOCAL TIME TABLE TO AND FROM BROCKVILLE		
Departure	Daily Except Sunday	Arrivals
8 A. M.	"	11:30 A. M.
3:15 P. M.	"	1:05 P. M.
5:30 P. M.	"	7:25 P. M.
SUNDAY SERVICE		
8 A. M.		7:25 P. M.

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