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THE FIGHTING HOPE

By Virginia L. Wants, from Wm. J. Hurlbut's Play



"I HAVEN'T BEEN PARDONED, ANNA; I ESCAPED!"

scandal? Go to court; testify all you like in Temple's behalf, and I'll swear you've been living here with him. D'ye think the jury will accept your word in his favor without proof, mind you, when it's your husband who is accusing him and you?"

"You scoundrel!" cried Temple, making a rush upon him. "You skulking, dirty little scoundrel!"

Half choking, Granger fought but he was as nothing in the hands of the enraged giant who held him. Then Craven touched his friend firmly on the arm.

"Let him go, Temple. Don't kill him. He isn't worth it."

Granger, released, still choking, managed to stammer: "I'll say it, I'll publish it. What'll you two look like then? I can block any testimony she can give. Pretty good story for the papers, eh? And they're on my side anyhow."

"He's right, Temple," whispered Craven aside. But Granger overheard and with a flash of triumph turned to his wife.

"Come along, I say. Come along—now, or I'll telephone my pretty story immediately. Once out, you know, it'll go like wildfire!"

And then, just outside the window, there sounded a low, shrill whistle.

That whistle caused Granger, the momentary cruel dictator, to collapse suddenly into Granger, the cringing thief.

"They're following me; they're on my track; they'll get me! Save me! Oh, save me! I haven't been pardoned, Anna; I escaped! Don't you understand? I was a trusty!"

But the woman only stared at him dully. Mrs. Mason furtively left the room at last.

"When Mrs. Mason told me what you were doing here I knew I must get you away; I feared you would discover my guilt. That's why I came; that's why I risked getting the pardon. I thought you'd help me to get away. Oh, for God's sake, hide me, Anna!"

"They're asking for him," said Craven, returning from the hall. "They are downstairs asking for him."

"Tell them he is here," replied Anna sternly. She was adamant now.

In desperation Granger rushed to the door through which Craven had passed out and again locked it. Temple stood passively by, letting Anna work her own will. The knob of the locked door turned twice, then rattled.

The convict crept, shuddering, to his wife's feet. Then from the deep springs of her woman's tenderness there came one last drop of pity. She walked to the window and opened it. He should have his last chance.

He comprehended and, with one last grateful look at her, darted through the window into the blackness of the night.

Anna dropped tremblingly into a chair and peered fixedly, strainedly, out into the darkness.

The sharp report of a pistol rang out, followed by a second and a third. The woman in the chair moaned.

In a few minutes Craven came to the door and rattled again. Temple unlocked it and met him on the threshold.

"It's all over with Granger," said Craven. "He's dead." Then at a look from Temple he retreated, leaving the two alone.

"You heard?" asked the man gravely. The woman bowed her head a little lower in a sort of requiem prayer. Then:

"Poor, poor Robert!" murmured she, the pity of her heart surging to her lips.

For an indefinite space there was silence, she praying, he, standing by the mantel, reverently guarding her.

But presently as she began to sob "My boys, oh, I want my boys," he crossed over to her. He laid his hand protectively on the bent, shining head. "We'll get them, dear," he said simply. She looked up, dazed for a second, pushing her way back to him through a blur of tears. He knelt beside her; he took her little cold hands in his and tried to warm them against his cheek, wet like her own. She seemed so frail now, so slight a thing, so helpless to battle against such great odds. He yearned to comfort her and gather her to him as he would a child.

But gently she fended him off. "Not yet, not quite yet, not tonight. But, oh, if you knew how the heavens were opening to me, beloved!" Her eyes shone upon him like stars. "I don't think that anything, anything, anything in the whole wide world can ever make me feel tired again. My fighting hope is at rest, and my boys will learn from a man how they shall be men."

THE JOKE PROVED FATAL.

It Was a Gray Bearded Old One That Got in Its Deadly Work.

"What became of Bill Richardson?" I asked of a quaint character I met in one of my travels on a western railroad.

"It came about in this way," said the commercial agent who tells the story. "The reply of my companion for a day was: 'He died from the effect of the joke that had been played on nearly everybody in that town. It may have been an old one when the morning stars shined together for aught I know, but it was new in our town and was sprung by a Maine Yankee who had been living in our burg for several years. His name was Charley Davenport, and he died many years ago. In his shuffling way he went from store to store and said that he had just heard that a well known citizen had got shot. Then the people who had listened asked where the man got shot. Davenport said in his drawing voice, 'He bought 'em.'"

"That very night, after everybody who had bit had got through cussin' Davenport, Bill Richardson, the old hotel keeper of the town, was shot. Every one knew Bill Richardson. As soon as the accident occurred a friend of Bill rushed to a nearby doctor. He was a member of one of the big churches and was as well known for his piety as he was for curing nearly everything that came his way. But he was a very sensitive man. Richardson's friend who called on the doctor was greatly excited.

"Doc was upstairs when he was summoned to the window by loud knocks. He raised the window and asked what was wanted. The man below replied that old Bill Richardson had got shot. Now it happened that Davenport had sold doc that day on the old gag, and he was as mad as a harried hornet about it. So when the man below told him that old Bill Richardson had got shot doc forgot about his religion and yelled back: 'You go to blazes. I know where he got 'em!'"

And with that he slammed down the window and went to bed. "Before the friend of old Bill Richardson could find another doctor old Bill had passed away. He might have died anyway, but if it hadn't been for that old joke he would have had a chance. The joke didn't stop with old Bill's death. It was soon noised about that doc had cussed from his window, and he was hailed before the church session and there was a smart scandal for several days, but when it was explained how doc had been sold he was declared not guilty. I lived in the town several years after that and as long as I did I never heard of anybody playing a joke of any sort."—New York Herald.

School Becky Sharp Attended. If one had to select a single Thackeray shrine in London for a pilgrimage it might well be Walpole House, or Chiswick hall. This was not only the house where Thackeray as a nervous, shortsighted boy was placed at school with Dr. Turner and was so miserable that he tried to run away. It possesses that other interest which makes the scenes of Mr. Pickwick's imaginary adventures more historic than those of Dickens' real life, for Walpole House is certainly Miss Pinkerton's academy, and here is the spot where Becky Sharp scandalously hurled back the dictionary. Lloyd Sanders, studying Old Chiswick, admits indeed that Thackeray borrowed some details for Miss Pinkerton from other houses. But Walpole House is the basis. Here, too, when it was a boarding house Daniel O'Connell ate his dinners, and here Charles II's Duchess of Cleveland probably ended her days.—London Chronicle.

Purely Personal

Baltimore Shipyard, Fresh Oysters at Mat Addison's Heavy street

Mr. Ben Brown, left on Tuesday morning for Tilston, Manitoba, on business relating to the death of his uncle there.

Charles Greenham has purchased from David Perry, Glen Elbe, the McE. Bratney property, Sarah St.

Clinton Stewart, Addison, has purchased the Scott property near the C.N.R. Station.

Mrs. Benjamin Livingston, Elgin St. has leased her farm near Guide-board Corners, to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bogart, Plum Hollow.

George Robinson and family moved last week to their new home, the Washburn property, corner of Elgin and Wiltse streets.

John Bigalow and family have leased the Norman Hawkins property Wiltse St.

A sale of the horses brought east from Moose Jaw took place on Saturday last in the yards of the Armstrong House.

On Saturday afternoon a sale of the household effects of the late Mrs. Mary A. Halladay, took place at her late residence, Main St. west.

The remains of the late Mrs. Lawrence Botsford were placed in the local vault on Thursday of last week. As the other members of the family were ill, a memorial service will be held later.

The remains of the late Mrs. Mary A. Kavanagh, Fairfield, arrived per 3.20 train Monday afternoon, and were conveyed to Christ church where a brief service was conducted by the Rev. George Code. Deceased was the mother of our local barber Abel Kavanagh.

A native of this place, Miss Lillian Blackburn, passed away last week at Philipville, where she has resided for some years with her uncle, Mr. Phelps. Mrs. James Ross, Church St., an aunt of the deceased, attended the obsequies.

Mr. and Mrs. George Churchill and son, Winston, Smith's Falls, left for home on Monday after spending the past week here attending the funeral of Mrs. Churchill's mother, Mrs. Halladay, and attending to details of business.

Last week George Bulford underwent a second operation at Brockville, and is now considered on a fair way to recovery. Mrs. Bulford spent a couple of days last week here with her husband.

Miss Gladys Johnston, Main St. came home from Brockville, where she is teaching, and spent last week attending her sister, Mrs. Frye, Sorption, who was very ill, and for whom a nurse could not be procured.

Miss Bertha Hollingsworth, teacher at Elmda, was invalided home last week by a severe cold.

Word has been received from Halifax of the birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Knowlton. The youthful father is a native Athenian.

Mr. and Mrs. Mort, Topping were at Charleston last week attending some sick friends.

Wm. Towriss spent a few days last week with relatives at Garretton.

Mrs. Eass, Newboro, returned to her home on Thursday, of last week. She had been called here by the death of her sister, Mrs. M. A. Halladay.

Mrs. Wm. Hawkins, Brockville is here this week looking after her property near the C.N.R. Station.

Miss Gertrude Vickery has recovered sufficiently from her recent accident in Ottawa to return on Monday to the Capital to resume her studies at the Normal School.

Miss Carrie Robinson spent a couple of days last week at Hard Island in her childhood home, now the property of Philip Yates. She was the guest of her friend, Miss Hazel Yates.

Miss Cora Grey arrived from Brockville on Wednesday evening of last week to spend another millinery season here.

Rev. J. B. Howe, Westport, is announced to occupy the Methodist pulpit next Sabbath.

The date of the Easter meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society has been fixed for April 1.

Mr. John Foster, who experienced a paralytic stroke a few weeks ago is improving.—Waterous Signal, Sask.

Membres of the Blue-bird mission circle are planning for a public meeting on the evening of March 31.

Mrs. F. A. Larke, Brockville, is to give and address a "missionary pageant entitled 'The Torch Bearers'" by local talent, is in course of preparation.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Rowsome, Athens, Ont., announce the engagement of their daughter, Francis Betty, to Dr. Garner Harrison Wright, only son of Dr. and Mrs. H. A. Wright of Seattle, Washington. The marriage to take place in early summer.

Dr. D. C. Brown, a graduate of the Athens High School and Toronto University and the Great Northwestern Medical College, of Chicago, only son of G. W. Brown, of Athens, is now a specialist on diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat, practising in the city of Bisbee, Arizona, where he has a wife and two boys, 9 and 7 years old. Dr. Brown graduated in Toronto University 28 years ago.

In Memoriam

In loving memory of the beloved wife of Roy Robinson who died March 8th, 1919. We miss thee, Oh no tongue can tell How much we loved thee, nor how well, God loved thee too, and He saw best, To take thee home with Him to rest. Mrs. G. W. Robinson and family

A. H. S. Reports

FOR JAN. AND FEB.

Junior Matriculation Class.—L. Curtis 80, M. Hollingsworth 77, R. Burchell 74, D. Kendrick 70, C. Brown 70, A. Taber 67, G. Percival 67, N. Young 65, A. Seymour 64, W. Bulgar 61, J. Shea 61, M. Godkin 60, A. Beale 60, A. Gray, 58, M. Taber 56, C. Miller 54, M. Alguire 53, M. Fleming 52, B. Davis 52, H. Fleming 51, E. Peterson 45, G. Robinson 30. (Partial) I. Code 59

Normal Entrance Class.—L. Curtis 92, D. Kendrick 83, C. Brown 81, G. Percival 76, M. Hollingsworth 76, A. Seymour 74, J. Shea 74, N. Young 74, A. Taber 73, M. Godkin 71, W. Bulgar 70, Mary Alguire, 69, C. Miller, 64, M. Seymour 64, M. Taber 64, A. Beale 64, M. Alguire 62, M. Fleming 61, A. Gray 60, M. Conlon, 59, H. Tackaberry 59, H. Fleming 58, M. Hollingsworth 56, B. Davis 54, N. Mulvena 53, W. Slack 53, A. Richards 52, E. Peterson 50, G. Robinson 30.

Jr. III.—E. Tait 94, C. Earl 89, F. Leggett 86, J. Bates 85, W. Brown 77, M. Kenny 76, G. Yates 75, C. Vickery 69, A. Scott 68, L. Guttridge 66, H. Beale 65, E. Kilborn 62, A. Comerford 61, R. Whitmore 59, L. Steacy 54, L. Taylor 53, J. Heffernan 51.

Form II.—L. Sheffield 82, J. Code 79, L. Phelps 78, A. Hazelton 77, H. Rabb 77, K. McAvoy 76, K. Heffernan 76, H. Roddick 75, H. Avery 74, M. Bulgar 71, A. McAvoy 71, E. Davis 71, M. Earl 69, M. Howe 68, H. Mains, 68, M. Brown 67, C. Heffernan 66, V. Dancy 65, R. Taylor 65, M. Lyons 64, B. Kelly, 64, S. Vickery 62, V. Topping 60, L. DeWolfe 60, R. Kirkland 60, E. Eaton, 59, I. Layng 58, K. Beale 56, W. Morris 55, M. Johnston 49, L. Coons 47.

Form I. B.—C. Townsend 78, S. Burchell 78, R. Steele 71, F. Wiltse 69, I. Alguire 68, C. Kidd 68, D. Peat 66, G. Conlon 65, Z. Topping 63, C. Yates 63, C. Layng 62, B. Gray 62, H. Rowsome 62, K. Hull 57, S. Tennant 56, G. Phelps 56, C. Wiltse 55, S. Hollingsworth 54, G. Barker, 54, B. Trotter 53, A. Code, 48, A. Scott 48, N. Baxter 47, Z. Leeder 47, A. Judson 45, H. Ferguson 40, H. Stevenson 39, V. Wiltse 39.

Form I. A.—B. Bates 83, M. Sheffield 76, A. Webster 71, J. Judd 68, B. Roddick 67, F. Kavanagh 66, B. Breese 65, G. Acheson 63, T. Watson 63, M. Jackson 62, G. Johnson 62, G. Gray 61, M. Charlard 60, C. Hudson 58, M. Gibson 58, V. Irwin 57, T. Stafford 56, N. Rathwell 56, F. Wing 56, E. Spence 55, L. Earl 55, M. Earl 54, E. Brown 54, C. Wiltse 53, A. Hudson 53, J. McAvoy, 52, J. Hutchings 50, C. McFadden 50, G. Hewitt 49, E. Kearney 49, M. Seymour 49, W. Mustard 48, E. Whitmore, 46, B. Leeder 43, B. Breese 43, B. Parish 36.

Obituary

Mrs. Elmer Halladay.

On Friday morning, Feb. 27, the citizens of this vicinity received a shock when they learned of the sudden demise of an esteemed resident in the person of Mrs. Elmer Halladay. The deceased was in her usual good health and had attended to her household duties on the day before her death.

Mrs. Halladay's maiden name was Mary A. Warren and she was a native of Elgin, Ontario. Deceased was in her seventieth year. Her husband predeceased her twelve years ago.

In religion she was a faithful member of the Methodist church and a life member of the W. M. S. To know her was to appreciate her good qualities, an her life can be summed up in these words: "Many daughters have done virtuously but thou excellest them all." She is survived by one daughter, Mrs. George Churchill, of Smith's

Falls and four grandchildren, and two give and address and a missionary pageant entitled 'The Torch Bearers'" by local talent, is in course of preparation.

Mrs. Lawrence Botsford.

A very sad death occurred on Thursday morning, March the 4th, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Botsford when Mrs. Lawrence Botsford passed away from pneumonia, following a severe attack of influenza. Deceased who was Miss Jennie Guy, of Vernon was a bride of only three months. She leaves besides her sorrowing young husband, her parents six brothers and three sisters. After a short service at the house on Thursday afternoon the remains were conveyed to Athens and placed in the

vault. Mr. and Mrs. Botsford, Sr. and two sons are very ill of influenza and they with the bereaved young husband have the sympathy of their many friends in their sorrow and affliction.

SHELDON'S CORNERS.

Mrs. W. Traister of Syracuse, N.Y. is here nursing her mother, Mrs. M. Hollingsworth, who is in very poor health at present. A. Mavety and M. Whitmore are recovering from flu attacks. Mr. and Mrs. D. Hayes were recent visitors at F. Hayes. H. Stewart spent a day at T. Cowle's last week. Miss Ruby Whitmore was a week end visitor at her home here.

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Athens Ontario