

THE FIGHTING HOPE

By Virginia L. Wentz, from Wm. J. Hurlburt's Play

Father had succeeded in escaping matrimony until close upon fifty-two. Temple smiled indulgently and began elaborating his new idea. "It has occurred to me that if we could establish that Granger has been spending or investing large sums of money lately it would help our cause. That's why I mentioned his wife."

Before he vouchsafed to reply the cynical old lawyer walked across the room and helped himself to a peg of brandy and soda.

"Your premise is all right, Temple," he sneered, "but your conclusion is sappy, asinine. We'll try to find out if he spent money, sure. But we won't waste time in trying to find out if he spent it on his wife. The great trouble with you is that you're romantic."

Temple nodded comprehensively, the odd, quizzical, boyish uplift coming to his eyebrows again notwithstanding.

"Dare say you're right," said he simply.

"Of course it was a noble and high minded supposition on your part," grinned the bachelor, "and, having the marriage germ in your system, it was to be expected. You haven't a wife, so you naturally fancy the money would be spent on one. Granger has a wife. He naturally spends it on somebody else. Each man turns to the thing he doesn't possess."

Temple nodded again. "Well, when you go into town on Monday, get the still hunt started for the woman, will you, old man?"

"Sure, you bet your life. But," he called back over his shoulder, as he was leaving the room, "we won't hunt for her in Westfield, N. J., where Granger's home is; we'll hunt for her in West Forty-third street, New York."

"And this wife of Granger's," murmured Temple, left to himself, "I suppose she has faith in him; they all have. I dare say it's she who's working behind this plan to get his pardon; doubtless she's somewhere now, praying for him, waiting for him to come back to her vindicated, an honest man. And I? Well, I'm fighting to prove his conviction just, and there you are! Queer little muddle it is, after all, this play of life. I wonder sometimes if the great Eye mustn't get tired of it and the great Ear wearied of it. I wonder—"

A light, firm knock at the door caused Temple to wake from his reverie. His new secretary entered, ready for work.

sum, nrm, deicate nans— no; no repudiated that. It was herself—her inimitable self.

And as he felt the excellencies and beauties of her nature more and more he felt the absorbing power of his own manhood to make them his own. She bloomed for him the flower of fancies, but the seeds lay in his own heart; she seemed an exhalation from his own hidden sources. His mother possessed the same ladyhood. At Anna's age his own mother must have been like her, he thought, the stirrer in a man of noble passions, the allyer of others. Life partnership with such women promised not gratifications merely, but satisfactions.

Life partnership and love! They were thoughts now neither for noon nor her presence. With a man like Burton Temple everything had its time and place. He must clear his good name first. That was the imperative duty on hand.

As the result of the gradual recognition of the state of his own feelings, there had come about increased activity in his work against Granger. The reward to Crane, should he succeed in securing some scrap of evidence from Brady, had been raised to \$25,000. The detective bureau had been offered a fabulous sum for proof that Granger had invested any large amount of money; that he had been a big purchaser of stock in any company, or that he was tangled up with some woman besides his wife. No means that a daring, shrewd fighter could use had been overlooked.

And so, all unconsciously—oh, the little pathetic game of human cross purposes at which fate, the flinty hearted, must smile—Anna Granger had become at once her husband's champion and foe. She, for tenderness toward him, was here in Temple's house, fighting desperately to find some evidence that would clear him. Temple, for the vindicated honor which he hoped to lay at his lady's feet, was fighting with equal desperation to keep in prison as a branded thief the man whom he had sent there.

But as yet, the fight had fetched nothing to either of them.

CHAPTER V.

"THE FATHER OF HER BOYS."

"MRS. MASON," sighed Anna wearily one day. "Here I've been for nearly a month and I've found out nothing. I don't believe I ever will find out anything of myself against Mr. Temple." The housekeeper started and eyed her curiously.

"Even if you don't find out anything, dearie," she said stolidly, "you may be pretty certain that your husband will be set free. Mr. Temple may be indicted now any day, and everybody, all the papers, say the circumstantial evidence is so strong that he must be convicted. He's surely guilty." Mrs. Mason, as all who knew her were aware, once having formed an opinion, held to it.

"I don't want Robert cleared on circumstantial evidence," protested Anna. "That's not what I'm making this fight for. I know what public opinion is. It's sickle; it cries 'Hosannah' on Palm Sunday; it cries 'Crucify' on Good Friday. I know the sway of the press can make or unmake a man. Just now it's making Robert and breaking Mr. Temple, but after the clamor will come doubt. I want the proof of Robert's innocence in my own hands. I don't want any sentimental vindication for the father of my boys."

The father of her boys! Yes, it had come to be just that. Unconsciously she had said it. To keep herself to her duty she had fallen back on that last reserve of a woman's strength, her mother love.

And how hungry she was growing for them, these boys of hers! "Oh, I need them," she exclaimed in a sudden outburst—"I need them! Do you know, without them even my prayers have come to be stricken and palsied things. Without them the great scheme of the universe seems to have got grotesquely mixed, irrationally jumbled. With a child in her arms a woman feels always less like a speck of sand under the eye of the Infinite, the incomprehensible. It's the unbreakable link of the Human Son binding us to the feet of God, I suppose." Anna leaned forward over her machine and buried her head in her arms.

A light was dawning upon Mrs. Mason—a light which she dreaded. She came over and stroked the buried head.

"What beautiful hair you have, child!" she said fatuously, not knowing what else to say.

"Uh-huh!" murmured the young woman whimsically. "It's pleasant to feel soft and smooth, isn't it, yet offering a slight resistance to stroking?"

(Continued on page 4)

Purely Personal

Baltimore Seal-Shipped, Fresh Oysters at Maud Addison's Henry street.

Live Poultry bought every Tuesday and Wednesday at C. H. Willson's Meat Market.

The Assembly held under the auspices of the Athens Amateur Athletic Association on Tuesday evening last was enjoyed by a good crowd and was financially a success.

The Social Club intend holding a "Valentine Assembly" on Thursday evening February 12th.

Come across with that subscription you know you should give to the Forward Movement Campaign and help Athens District go over the top.

Mr. A. Thomson, of Ottawa, has leased the vacant store in the Parish Block and will in the near future open up a tailor shop.

At the eleventh hour and the fiftyninth minute the party at Tully, N.Y. who sold Mr. Ford B. Wiltsie his farm, backed out of his agreement and forfeited his deposit of good faith and on Monday Mr. Wiltsie received cheque covering such forfeit in full.

Dr. and Mrs. R. R. Paul were in town in the ear' part of the week having their furniture placed in their new home on Reid St.

The Agricultural Class of the A. H. S. made their trip for observation purpose to Brockville on Saturday last.

The Rev. G. I. Campbell occupied the pulpit in the Methodist church on Sunday last in the interest of the Forward Movement Campaign. Rev. Campbell is an able speaker and was much appreciated by the large congregation.

On Sunday next there will no services in the church here. Rev. Nichols will be at Phillipsville in charge of their Anniversary service. Also no service at either Plum Hollow or Toledo.

Mr. James Ackland rendered a very fitting vocal number at the evening service of the Methodist church on Sunday last.

The Globe Clothing House, Brockville are selling their entire stock of merchandise at greatly reduced prices—see their advt. in this issue.

Auction sales are the order of the day and extremely high prices prevail.

The Seeley's Bay Dramatic Club are putting on a Comedy Drama on Friday, Feb. 13, entitled "A Prairie Rose."

The Council of Rear of Yongs and Escott will meet on Monday, Feb. 9 at one o'clock for the appointment of Road Overseers, etc.

The Women's Institute have started a subscription list for the Armenian Relief Fund and anyone wishing to donate can leave it with the President or Secretary-Treasurer of the Institute, Mrs. Yates or Mrs. Beach, held to it.

The Annual County meeting of the L.O.L. of North Leeds was held in Athens on Tuesday last. The different lodges were well represented. The County officers for the year were elected.

Grand Assembly in Montgomery's Hall, Frankville on Friday, Feb. 13.

Mrs. H. Murray, Brockville, and brother Mr. John Bellamy of Baltimore, were the guests of Mrs. G. F. Donnelley last week.

HOCKER—at Brockville, Wednesday Feb. 11th between "Warren's Butchers and His Majesties Postal Employees."

WANTED—A Competent woman for general housework, good wages and fare paid to Toronto. Address, Mrs. Donald Spaldal, 15 Montclair Ave. Toronto.

AUCTION SALES

On Monday, Feb. 16, Mr. Ed Wood will sell by Public Auction all his Farm Stock and Implements on his farm, Lot 12, Con. 8, Township of Bastard, 1½ miles from Chantry.

On Tuesday, Feb. 17, W. G. Earl and Son will sell by Public Auction, Valuable Farm Stock and Implements 2 miles from Morton, on Lots 9 and 10, Concession 9, Leeds. 1 o'clock sharp.

On Saturday, February 14, Mr. J. H. Bell will sell by Public Auction all his farm stock and implements, in the Township of Bastard, Con. 4, 2½ miles from Portland.

BACK TO PRE-WAR FESTIVITIES. Women's Institute Hold Social Evening.

In opening the social program of the Women's Institute Friday evening, the President, Mrs. C. F. Yates, said that as the war was now over,

more attention could be given to home affairs, and this January meeting would be devoted to social amenities. She mentioned briefly the work of the Athens branch of the Institute since hostilities began in 1914 the money raised for various patriotic purposes, and activities for the comfort of boys overseas. Since the armistice, money had been expended to beautify the town hall grounds, and the public library was continuing to receive consistent support.

Following this short address, Mrs. G. Judson played "The Maple Leaf," which was sung by the members and their friends who were present in considerable number.

The routine of the business was passed over hurriedly, only an urgent appeal in behalf of starving Armenia receiving attention. The Institute decided to start a subscription list with the sum of \$25.

On the program for the evening were a piano solo by Miss G. Robinson, a song by Miss V. Topping and a reading by Miss G. Yates. Mrs. Donnelley gave an interesting paper on Canadian authors, and recommended the public library to the attention of those present.

Miss Guest gave a piano solo, and Mrs. W. G. Towriss followed with a humorous recitation, "What a pal was Mary" sung by Miss Marian Robinson was much enjoyed.

An unexpected diversion occurred at this juncture for at least two men in the audience. Mr. Joseph Thompson and Mr. George Judson were called on for speeches, as it was the occasion of their wedding anniversary. They rose manfully to the occasion, reminiscently finding it a subject for more speech. They were warmly applauded.

Representing the Chautauqua Circle Miss Alger, of Toronto, spoke with the object of interesting the people of Athens in a four day Chautauq, which is being prepared for the smaller centers on much the same lines as the six day Chautauq of the towns and cities. With the idea of bringing the world to one's door, the best entertainers and speakers are engaged to give two performances a day. Last year Brockville had its Chautauq week, several members of the Institute attending it with much enjoyment it has now become so popular

in other parts of Ontario as it has been for years in the United States. Miss Alger spoke of the guarantee necessary—350 season tickets at \$2 each. Children's tickets were \$1. The Institute agreed to consider the project as well as the Lycum winter course. Chautauq week has never failed to be a success wherever it has been instituted, and Athens, being as it is, the center of a large rural district, may in the near future shelve its present conservative policy and present one worthy attraction in the year to hundreds of eagerly waiting people.

Before refreshments were served a peanut race was won in fine style by Mr. Morford Arnold, and the ludicrous donkey contest by Miss Chamberlain. The Institute is much elated by the success of its first social evening of the year.

Charleston

W. Halliday is visiting his daughters Mrs. C. T. Ross and Miss Katie Halliday in Toronto.

Miss Beatrice Hockey is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Leonard Halliday.

W. Brown, Brockville, was a visitor at R. Foster's over Sunday.

J. B. Ward made a business trip to Brockville on Monday.

The harvest of ice is still on. L. Slack is spending a few days in Kingston and attending the dance on Tuesday evening in the city hall given by the ladies' auxiliary of the Hotel Dieu hospital.

Rockspring News

Miss Verna Ellis, spent the week end with Miss Cannon.

Mr. Chas. Mills is a patient in the hospital in Brockville to undergo an operation for hernia.

On Wednesday, Jan. 28th, Miss Pearl O'Neill was united in marriage to Mr. Jas. Miller of Greenbush. Mr. and Mrs. Miller are spending a short honeymoon in Hamilton and on their return will reside at Greenbush.

Mr. Cecil Powell, Kemptville, was a week end visitor at Mr. H. Tackaberry's.

Mr. Wm. Richards is improving after his long illness.

Greenbush

Mrs. Morton Moore is on the sick list.

Miss Ellen Wallace of Cape Vincent, N.Y., is visiting old friends in this place and for the past few days is at the home of Mrs. Ford Earl Lyndhurst, in company with Mrs. Jas. Hewitt.

Mr. and Mrs. L. K. Blanchard are spending a few days at the home of Mr. H. Davis, New Dublin.

Following the marriage of Mrs. Harriet Bayens of Brockville, to Mr. Henry Patterson, of this place a reception was held at Monday, the 19th inst. The neighbors to the number of seventy-five gathered at Mr. Patterson's home to welcome him and his bride on their return from Ottawa and during the evening they were presented with a purse of twenty-five dollars, Mr. Ed. Smith in a happy speech expressing the good wishes of those present.

There was a small attendance at the quarterly service held in the church on account of the unfavorable condition of the roads following the storm of Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Johnston of Toledo have rented the Morris Lovrin farm and will take up residence shortly.

Sheldon's Corners

Mr. M. Kilborn of Delta, spent Sunday with his father, Mr. A. Burney.

Mrs. M. Hamblen was in Brockville on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Cowles and Master Victor Stewart were Sunday visitors at H. Cowles'.

Weather conditions are somewhat more favorable this week, resulting in a larger school attendance.

Mrs. M. A. Niblock, of Athens, is visiting her sister's, Mrs. J. Topping.

Mrs. J. Moore spent a few days with her mother Mrs. G. Cowles.

The Inspector paid a flying visit to our school Thursday.

The Misses Elva and Ruby Whitmore are suffering from attacks of sore throats.

Master Robbie Preston has purchased a fine Shetland pony.

THE

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I'm
The
Man

OWING to the serious illness of Mr. Vineberg of the Globe Clothing House he has assigned me to take charge of this Great Sale. I came here to sell and sell I will. Rapid-Fire Selling must be the rule right up to the last minute of this Great Commercial Massacre, so come expecting crowds, but best of all Bergains the like of which you never saw before.

C. W. HENDERSON, Expert Merc. Adj.