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THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

ATHENS BRANCH

W. A. Johnson . . . Manager

The Athens Reporter

ISSUED WEEKLY

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William H. Morris, Editor and Proprietor

THURSDAY, JANUARY 29, 1920

Sand Bay

The snow storm of Saturday surely left some bad drifts in the roads.

The union meetings that have been held here in the Presbyterian church by Revs. Mr. Beckstedt and Mr. Pulcher the Methodist minister of Lansdowne, was well attended and I am sure and those who came every night last week have surely been glad not to miss a night and they are going to continue them on this week here and then to Dulcemaine Methodist church.

Mr. Bruce Johnston was home from Kingston for the week end. Mr. and Mrs. Theron Patience have been visiting friends on the Dulcemaine road this last week. They will soon be leaving for their home in Dummer, Sask.

Last week was a week of bees. Some one had a bee every day drawing wood. This snow storm will make it some harder to get around in the woods.

Mr. E. Flood expects to move to his farm the other side of Gananoque the first of February. We are sorry to lose Mr. Flood as they are sure are great neighbors. They had a farewell gathering for them Saturday night when all the neighbors got there the house was full and they presented them with 2 chairs one for each Mr. and Mrs. Flood. Refreshments were served and all enjoyed their last visit.

We are all glad to know that Mr. Tom Wallace is on the mend, after his narrow escape from being killed when some 3 or 4 weeks ago the horses ran away and threw him off the sleigh hurting him pretty badly.

Mrs. Lola Johnston has been on the sick list all week and not able to attend any of the week night services but were glad to see her at church Sunday.

Raymond McDonald is very busy these days drawing wood to the new farm that he bought from Thomas Dier and expect to move in March. Our union missionary meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. B. McCrady a week from Tuesday after noon.

Miss Bada Eves, sister of Mrs. Rodgers is visiting here from Kingston. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Haskin, from Mitchellville, were week end visitors at Mrs. Johnston's.

WANTED

WORK WANTED by Mrs. Wm. Roberts. Either home or out.

WANTED—Good farm, capable of carrying 20 head of milkers. Apply to A. W. Johnston, Post Office Athens.

WANTED—One set of two-ton Bolster springs. Submit best offers to the Reporter Office.

THE FIGHTING HOPE—From Page 1
scheming and vicious, like all the rest. Being your another deal, Mrs. Mason. He's the man who has branded the father of my boys as a thief."

"Ssh!" cried Mrs. Mason warningly again. There were heavy strides coming down the corridor. The door of the library opened abruptly. Miss Granger had just time to collect herself as the president of the Gotham entered, followed by Cato, his huge mastiff.

"You'll have to jump right in and take up the work where my secretary left off, Miss Dale," said he after the few preliminaries of courtesy had been exchanged. "I shall give you," waving his hand vaguely, "the keys to the city. There are no limitations. You will receive my mail and open it." He paused for a second. "No; there is one source of communication I wish to remain private. Anything coming to me from the New York detective bureau you will kindly hand to me unopened."

"Precisely, Mr. Temple," agreed the new secretary without the quiver of an eyelash. The president of the Gotham Trust company continued: "From now on I shall have an unusual amount of exacting business in connection with this Granger case. You may have heard of it?"

"Yes," assented she, unbuttoning her glove.

"Another thing, Miss Dale—a large portion of the time I shall require you to be up here. There are some days, of course, when you will be free to go to your own home, but practically I shall want you to live in this house. My mother is abroad just now. I'm sorry. Mrs. Mason will make you comfortable in her absence, I trust, and now she will show you to your room. Come down again when you've settled yourself if you are not too tired. There's plenty of work waiting, I see."

He turned to his much littered desk as his housekeeper conducted Anna to her room, and Cato settled down before the fireplace.

CHAPTER IV.

THE OBSTINATE TEMPLE.

"S"EE here, Temple," said Craven, coming waddling into the library, waving a sheet of foolscap. "Here's a little statement I've just prepared. Listen."

Burton Temple's brows went together in never so slight a spasm of weariness, but he said cheerfully enough: "Fire ahead. I'll listen. Only, you see, you've got up so many 'little statements,' Craven."

"Hang it, man," exclaimed the lawyer. "One would think it was a matter of indifference to you whether you were proved innocent of this crime or not. That's one of the reasons public opinion is so against you. You're so apparently unconcerned about the whole affair. Why, you walk along, your head in the air, your chin out, saying to the world, 'Take a punch at it if you can,' and the next thing you'll know they'll beat you down and out."

In the whole ten years during which Craven had been Temple's friend and lawyer this Granger case had been the first matter over which they had differed. But, then, it was the first time that Temple had been personally attacked. He tried now to put this personal equation before his friend.

"You see, dear Craven," he said in explanation for his own apparent indifference, "I appreciate your statement which you wish to inflict on the long suffering public, but don't you think—don't you think it's just the little fact that your friend happens to be the victim of their suspicion which causes all this worry on your part? For example, presuming you were in my place, would you still endeavor to compromise, to explain?"

"Explain to 'em? I'd sooner see 'em!"

"Precisely," laughed Temple, leaning back in his chair—"precisely. You see, I'm right, old friend, and you're wrong. You admit you wouldn't do it yourself in your own case. Clearly and logically, what I must do is to wait till I get some tangible proof of my innocence. What's the use of trying to vindicate myself if the proof's lacking? This New York public is from Missouri, and I don't say a single word till I can make good. Somewhere among Brady's papers, I'll bet my life, there is a letter or a check strip or something. There always is something, and I'm counting on that young detective, Crane, whom I've got in Brady's office, to get it."

"Sure. That's all very well," agreed Craven. "But suppose Crane doesn't get any such proof, what then? Suppose you never do get proof? I tell you, Temple, your so-called friends are beginning to disbelieve in you. The papers are offended because you refuse to talk. Now, be reasonable. Here's this little statement which I've prepared to be sent out over your signature." He opened the copy.

"Fire ahead," said Temple indulgently, bending down to pat Cato.

"To the public," began Craven stoutly.

"Donkeyism No. 1," mentally commented the man opposite to him, slowly lighting a cigar.

"In view of the widespread feeling against me regarding the Gotham Trust company-Granger case I wish to make a statement of the facts."

"Favors of a Sunday school appeal for funds for a pink midsummer picnic—eh, Cato?" interposed Temple, adding mentally, "Donkeyism No. 2."

"Cornelius Brady and myself are co-trustees of an estate. Mr. Brady wrongfully made use of part of those trust funds, I by this act becoming equally responsible with him for making up the loss. At the time of the panic Mr. Brady asked the Gotham Trust company to certify a check to the amount of \$700,000. This I refused to do, not feeling justified in

making the trust company responsible for Brady's check. Thereupon Brady went to Robert Granger, the cashier, and prevailed upon him to certify the check."

"Flaky, flaky, flaky!" ejaculated Temple, puffing leisurely at his cigar. "Since the trial and conviction of Granger," pursued Craven unmovedly. "It has become known that Brady, my co-trustee, used that check to make good his unlawful appropriation of the fund of which he and I are trustees. Naturally it appeared that I profited equally with Brady in the use to which the check was put. It is because of my apparent profit that I am supposed to have given the order to Granger."

"Weak—weak as dishwater!" cried Temple, springing up. "Craven, it's no good, I tell you. Caught myself believing myself a thief while you read it. It's futile to explain—hopelessly futile—till we can present some proof that Granger did of his own volition certify that check. Oh, I'll trust in Crane a little longer."

There was silence in the room for a few moments, while Temple smoked. Craven tugged at his gray mustache in a quandary, and Cato slept.

"What did you say?" asked Craven anxiously, looking over his glasses.

"I did not say."

"I want you to. Confound it, you don't take life seriously enough."

"You have perhaps observed that I don't make the mistake of doing so. In some matters I hardly think I am grown up. I am, for example, quite content to remain a boy so far as the muddles of life are concerned, continuing with youthful cheerfulness to translate de profundis clamavi into 'Out of the depths I have clams,' eh, Craven?—just as I did when I held the fort at the foot of the lowest form in Latin."

"You're too pigheadedly brazen in your play with public opinion, that's what you are, my boy," cried Craven hotly. "Public opinion has already convicted you."

"So?" said Temple serenely, lifting his eyebrows in that quizzical way of his. "Public opinion is very absurd. I protest against it. Take one thoroughly ignorant man. Who regards his opinion or considers his judgments as vital? Put together all the thoroughly ignorant men in the republic, and we are told that the sum of their stupidity is to be revered, regarded with awe."

"The voice of the people," broke in Craven, "is—"

"Diabolical!" finished his client. "The public of today has gone mad with a muckrake in its hands; it's too irrationally ready to believe that those in high places—"

"Are ink dyed scoundrels—don't I know?" broke in Craven. "And that's what they're labeling you, one of the kid glove grafters, one of the mahogany table thieves."

Temple's eye had caught the portrait of his mother over the mantel. His mood suddenly veered to downright seriousness.

"Craven, I offered Crane \$10,000 to get some tangible proof from Brady's office. But I'd give a million. I'd give every cent I've got to stand clear and be recognized as honest. Why, I tell you, it's hell! I tell you I've worked, worked all my life, worked hard to build up my career on honest, clean lines. You know it. I've turned my back to crooked ways when they were easily accessible, and now—I'm accused of being a thief, the dirtiest sort of a thief, the man who shoulders his crime on another." The muscles of his mouth twitched a bit; he felt his

control slipping away, so he turned abruptly on his heel and averted his face.

The grim lawyer crossed over to lay his hand with almost a woman's tenderness on the big shoulder of his friend, and his voice broke with a suspicion of huskiness as he muttered:

"Steady, old man, steady. We'll kick clear of it all yet."

When Temple spoke again it was in his customary even tone:

"Craven, it seems to me that if Granger certified that check he didn't do it for mere love. Must have received something in return, eh?"

"Something in return?" said the lawyer dryly. "Sure, and a big something at that. It was worth it."

"What do you suppose he did it with, then?"

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders.

"The papers said he had a wife, I remember. Ever see her?"

"Never did," said Craven laconically.

"Suppose she's extravagant?"

"Superfluous question," grunted Craven. "They all are." Craven was sixty and a bachelor by instinct, one might even say by heredity, for his

(Continued Next Week)

WHO PROFITS MOST?

(Canadian Farm) "A bushel of wheat at the farm sells on the average today for \$2.00, made into 75 per cent flour, a bushel of wheat (45 pounds of flour) retails at the rate of \$6.75 per hundred or \$3.04. Made into 60 loaves of 10 cent bread, a bushel of wheat retails as bread for \$6.90. Made into breakfast food 205 packages weighing 4 ounces each at 15 cents each, a bushel of wheat (less 14 per cent for moisture, or 51.6 pounds net) retails at the grocery store at \$30.90. Wheat breakfast food served at 20 cents per individual dish (less 5 cents for cream) sells at a first class hotel or restaurant today at \$216.30 for a bushel of wheat. The farmer receives \$2.00 bushel.

Glen Morris

Mrs. C. B. Howard spent Wednesday and Thursday at Delta, visiting her parents.

The new school equipment was placed in the school house on Saturday.

Mr. Paul Heffernan attended the Winter Fair at Ottawa last week.

Master Hubert Heffernan, Charleston, was a recent guest of friends here.

We are pleased to report that Mrs. Fortune is improving in health.

Mrs. E. Covey made a business trip to Brockville on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Hudson entertained a few friends on Wednesday eve.

Mrs. B. Beale, Charleston, was a guest of Mrs. E. Foster, recently.

Mr. S. J. Morris and Roswell spent Saturday in Brockville.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Medicine.

Hall's Catarrh Medicine has been taken by catarrh sufferers for the past thirty-five years, and has become known as the most reliable remedy for Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure acts thru the Blood on the Mucous surfaces, expelling the Poisons from the Blood and healing the diseased portions.

After you have taken Hall's Catarrh Medicine for a short time you will see a great improvement in your general health. Start taking Hall's Catarrh Medicine at once and get rid of catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Are You Planning Indoor Entertainment For Your Family? and Your Guests?

In a little while—not so far away as you may think, perhaps—you'll have to seek your amusement indoors, and what better place than home when you can have the greatest entertainer in the world there at a small outlay?

Too Easy to Pay For to Hesitate About—Read How

We will accept orders to-morrow for a limited number of these Grafonola outfits, asking only that you pay us \$10 down to-morrow, and we will deliver the outfit to you at once, and you can pay balance afterwards in small weekly sums while you are getting your enjoyment from it.

Details of Construction

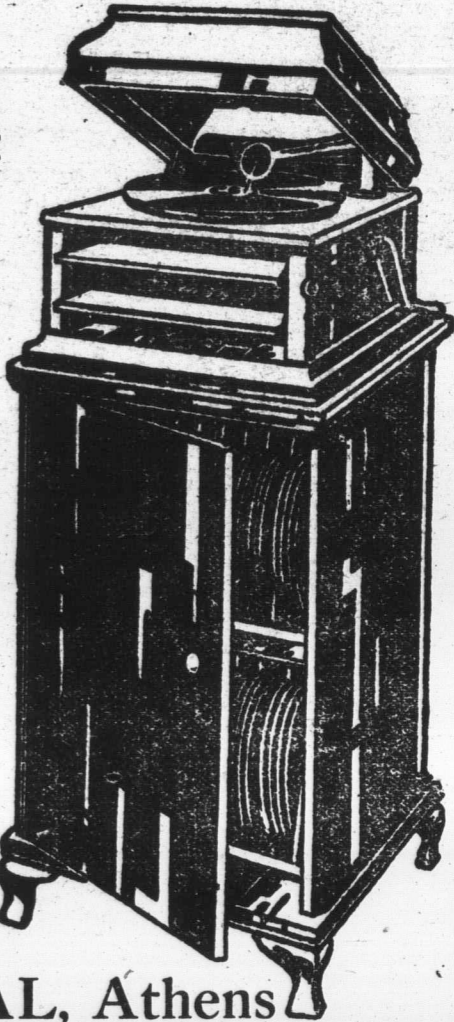
Case is simple and dignified in design, and may be had in either mahogany, golden or fumed oak. Size 16 1/2 x 16 1/2 at base. Closed in hinged top.

Powerful motor, large sound chamber, tapering tone arm, best Columbia reproducer, graduating speed regulator, tone control leaves, start and stop device. All exposed parts heavily nickel-plated.

Record cabinet has capacity for 80 records.

Fine chance to own a good Grafonola easily—Don't let it pass by unheeded.

W. B. PERCIVAL, Athens



"WEAK—WEAK AS DISHWATER!" CRIED TEMPLE.

Job Printing

We are equipped to handle all kinds of Job Printing to you order on short notice