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AUSTIN G. L. TRIBUTE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

ENLIST IN THE FOOD CAMPAIGN.

The campaign that is being carried on by the Women's Auxiliary, Organization of Resources Committee, in co-operation with Hon. W. J. Hanna, Food Controller, is one in which we can all take part. It is not a war campaign but it is a war time campaign, a campaign of publicity for the purpose of impressing upon every producer and consumer the urgent necessity of keeping up our food reserves. In this war, the food reserves are scarcely less important than our reserves of man-power. We can not all take personal part in the campaign that is being carried on on the Western front, but we can all do something to sustain that campaign by abstaining from wasteful or unnecessary consumption of the necessities of life. What we conserve is so much stored to feed our fighting men and our Allies for the remainder of the struggle. If we could, by mathematical demonstration or prophetic inspiration fix the term the war is to last we might feel less or perhaps more anxiety than we now feel in regard to the problem of provisioning the Entente Powers. But in that point we are in the dark. No man can say when this dreadful war will end. Therefore, no Canadian patriot can be reckless or even calculating in the matter of drawing upon the food supply. We can simply keep on practicing self-denial in regard to appetite. The publicity campaign we speak of ought to meet half way by all loyal Canadians. In recent issues we have inserted very telling advertisements laying before the public some striking facts as to the food situation. Every line of such matter ought to be read, marked, and digested by the Canadian public. Every illustration presented in these advertisements ought to be carefully pondered. The public know that there is great need for conserving the food supply, but knowing never amounts to much for some people unless it is accompanied by sensations of pain. The idea of food scarcity sinks deeply and correctly into some minds; into others it goes half way; in others, it hardly ripples the surface of their thoughts. In some way or other the need of conserving the food supply must be carried into the innermost recesses of the Canadian mind and move us all in the same way as the call for defence moved our gallant fighters at the front to volunteer for service.

Canada Well Covered By Newspapers.

Despite War, Canada's Reading Public Well Served.

Canada continues to be unusually well served by the press. This is brought out in the current issue of the Canadian Newspaper Directory compiled by A. McKim, Advertising Agency, of Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and London, England.

There are 1381 publications of all kinds now being issued in Canada, including 138 dailies, 4 tri-weeklies, 40 semi-weeklies, 921 weeklies, 222 monthlies, 1 bi-monthly, and 16 quarterlies. Reflecting the general prosperity which has obtained in Canada since war began, the publishing business is in a healthier condition. Since A. McKim Limited issued its first Canadian Newspaper Directory twenty-six years ago, the firm has seen the birth of many of the publications listed in its Directory and is in a position to have accurate knowledge of the field. The present day condition of the Canadian press enables the Dominion to continue to boast the largest reading public in the world in proportion to population.

As usual, McKim's Newspaper Directory contains a wealth of general information regarding every town and city in Canada where a newspaper or other publication is issued, giving population, transportation, telegraph, telephone, express, banking facilities and other accommodations. It is a veritable mine of pertinent, up-to-date information for business men at a time when such facts are in great demand by far-sighted industrial leaders. The book itself is well bound, durable, neat, and fit for a place on any office desk or in any library.

Former Resident Ill.

Word has been received here that Mrs. Sidney Moore, of Watford, Ont., is very ill, and small hope is held for her recovery. Mrs. Moore lived several years in Athens with her husband, who was in the baking business here.

NEWBOYNE FARMER
DIED OF INJURIES

Was Struck on Side of Head by Timber and Died Four Hours Afterwards.

(Brockville Recorder)

While engaged Friday afternoon in moving a threshing machine into the barn on his farm at New Boyne, William T. Rogers, aged 61, was struck on the head by a piece of timber and received such serious injuries that he died four hours afterwards. Mr. Rogers, a prosperous farmer at New Boyne, was about to commence threshing operations on his property. He was at work moving the threshing machine into the barn and had it tied to a timber resting under the sill of the barn. In some manner, the timber became loosened and struck him with great force on the side of the head.

It was not at first thought that Mr. Rogers' injuries were of a serious nature, and indeed he was able to walk from the barn to the house. After a short time, however, he collapsed, and although medical attention was summoned, he died at seven o'clock Friday evening.

Deceased was the son of the late George Rogers, of New Boyne. He is survived by his wife, formerly Miss Margaret Brownlee, of North Dakota, and two children, Stewart, at home, and Mrs. Joel Halliday, Elgin. Two brothers and five sisters also survive: George and Robert Rogers, Cereel, Alberta; Mrs. George Ruthertford, Grand Forks, N. Dak.; Mrs. Hugh Adams, Calgary; Mrs. H. E. Imerson, Alberta; Mrs. R. L. Blair, Perth, and Mrs. John Dalton, South Augusta. Mrs. W. J. Charlton Bowey, 11 Chislett street, Brockville, was a niece of the deceased.

DISTRICT CASUALTIES

Pte. Andrew Kish
Mrs. Margaret J. Kish, Westport, has received official notice that 833662 Pte. Andrew Kish, Canadian Mounted Rifles, had died of wounds on September 7. A memorial service will be held in Burridge Methodist church, on Sunday, September 30, service to be conducted by Rev. J. B. Howe.

Pte. George Leonard
Pte. George Leonard, formerly teller in the Union Bank at Newboro, was killed in action on September 7, according to advices which have been received in Newboro. He was a noted hockey player in his native city, Quebec.

Pte. J. W. Edgers
Private James William Edgers, 639824, of an Eastern Ontario Battalion has been wounded, according to official word received by his next of kin at Morton. Pte. Edgers enlisted in the counties battalion soon after its formation and after training at Barriefield and in England was drafted to the front last June.

COMPLETE TRIBUNALS
BY END OF THIS WEEK

Only Those Who Can Best Be Spared in National Interests Will be Drafted.

The formation of local tribunals created under the Military Service Act will be completed this week. Regulations governing applications to the tribunals are now under consideration by the Military Service Council, and will be published when the proclamation calling out the first class of men is issued.

While the terms of the applications have not yet been definitely declared, it is said there is little likelihood of the exemption of any industries. In Great Britain, the practice of exempting individual trades by name, and as a whole, was found to be unsatisfactory and led to abuse. The idea in Canada, therefore, will rather be that of consideration of the case, with, of course, full regard for the nature of occupation. An application for exemption by a farmer, for instance, would naturally receive great consideration, whereas, a man not engaged in any productive capacity, would not be entitled to exemption on account of this occupation. Correspondence has been received expressing the fear that men would be drafted wholesale into the army without consideration for business conditions. Such fears, it is pointed out, are absolutely groundless. The central idea governing the creation of the tribunals is that they shall select for military service only those who can best be spared in the national interests.

In Quebec and Ontario the deputy registrars have been appointed. Walter E. Wismore, London, Ont.; Major Henry E. Cook, Kingston, Ont.; Mr. Antoine Cobell, K.C., Quebec, and J. A. Labelle, Hull. The two provinces are thus divided into registration areas incorporating with the military districts.

Frankville

Sept. 24.—Mr. and Mrs. Jack Warren and family and Miss A. Norton, of North Augusta, spent Sunday at Mr. Wilfred Hewitt's, Lehigh's Corners.

Threshing has commenced, and a large yield of grain secured.

Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Hanton, Prescott, are spending their holidays at their old home here, guests of Mrs. Z. Eaton.

Ottawa fair was the best attraction of the season. A large number from this vicinity attended.

Word received here by his sister Mrs. Parker Richards, from her brother, Mortie Barber, who was wounded some time ago, says he is progressing favorably in an English hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Latham and children and Miss B. G. Leverette, Brockville, were guests on Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Leverette.

Cadet Clare Connor of the Royal Flying Corps at Deseronto, has been spending a few days here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Connor. He expects to leave with the corps for a point in Texas where they will spend the winter in training.

Tom Stacey is at Centreville this week as judge of horses.

Parker Richards is preparing to build a new home on the farm known as the Nyall farm.

Lloyd Hewitt, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Hewitt, while assisting in moving a threshing mill at his father's barn, had the misfortune to get his foot under one of the wheels, losing a portion of one of his toes.

A Big Sale.

The biggest sale in the district is A. Taylor & Son's annual auction on the 2nd day of October. For full information, read the big posters. The auctioning will take place at the farm on the Plum Hollow road west of Athens.

Thoughts While on the River
St. Lawrence.

By Jennie Vanderburg

I stood on the deck of the steamer As it throbbed ploughed its way From Gananoque's harbor To Alexandria Bay; And I thought of the numberless vessels Sailing out on the ocean of life That will enter the harbor of heaven When free from earth's care and strife

I gladly watched the bright river As it silently flowed along, And I viewed those numberless islands, The thousand islands of song. Some are still in their rustic beauty, And solemn and grand each seems; While others by man have been transformed To the beauty of poets' dreams.

Of the beauty and grace of those islands The half has never been told; They can not be equalled in beauty Though rivalled by diamonds or gold. I think that those isles may resemble Those bright, verdant islands above Where the sweet balmy breath of the flowers Floats upward to banners of love.

How then can we know but the mansions Prepared for the ransomed above Are built on islands that are dotted Along the bright river of love? God grant that as each of our party Is called to soar up as the dove We may find mansions awaiting Near the beautiful river of love.

Important Auction.

A. Taylor and Son's annual auction sale is to be held on October 2. Keep the date in mind and read the posters around the village. They have a new corn binder which they offer for immediate sale.

Sells Farm.

Mr. Jas. W. Wiltse through advertising in the columns of the Reporter, this week sold his farm to Mr. Robert Collins, Belleville.

The Reporter wants correspondents in a number of villages in the country where it is not now represented. Some of these are: Addison, Glen Buell, Glen Elbe, Toledo, Delta, Elgin, Lyndhurst, Oak Leaf. Write for further particulars.

British Officers Lead

Their Men Into Battle.

German Method Different

HE was twenty-six and a major, but he was three years old in the big war, and that is the only age which counts to-day in the British army. The little major was the only man I ever met who professed a genuine enthusiasm for war. It had found him a black sheep in the most remote region of a big British colony and had tossed him into command of himself and of others.

Utterly useless in the pursuits of peace, war had proved a sufficiently compelling schoolmaster to induce the study of many complicated mechanical problems, of subtler ones of psychology, not to mention two languages. It is true that his German was limited to "Throw up your hands" and "Come out or we'll bomb you," but he could carry on a friendly and fairly extensive conversation in French. The tuition fee was two pounds.

He was a fine, fair sample of the slinking, swanking British army which backs its boasts with battalions and makes its light words good with heavy guns. We rode together in a train for several hours, and when I told him I was a newspaper man he was eager to tell me something of what he had seen in the war. Later I became more convinced that British reticence, if indeed there is such a thing, stops short of the army. I have found no British soldier and no British officer in France or Flanders who is not willing and anxious to tell what the British army has done, is doing, and will do.

"If they'd cut out gas and trenches and machine guns and general stuff," said the little major, "we'd win in two months."

However, he was concerned for the most part with more concrete things than predictions, and I'd best let him wander on as he did that afternoon with no interruption save an occasional question. He was returning to the front after being wounded.

"You see," the little major explained, "I have been in all the shows from the beginning and I'd feel pretty rotten if they were to pull anything off without me. The C.O. wants me back. I have a letter here from him. He tells me to take all the time I need, but to get back as soon as I can."

"The C.O. and I have been together from the beginning. It isn't that the new fellow isn't all right. Quite likely he's a better officer than I am, but the C.O. wants the old fellows that he's seen in other shows and knows all about. That's why I want to get back. I want to see what the new fellow's doing with my men."

He limped a little still, and I pressed him to tell me about his wound. It seems he got it in "the April show."

"There was a bit of luck about that," he said. "I happened to take my Webley with me when we went over, as well as my cane. They've got a silly rule now that officers mustn't carry canes in an attack and that they must wear Tommies' tunics, so the Fritzies can't spot them. They say we lose too many officers because they expose themselves. Nobody pays much attention to that rule. "But there's sense to it. I've always said that I wouldn't ask my men to go any place I wasn't willing to go too, and to go first. "Come on!" that's what we say in the British army. The Germans drive their men from behind. Some of their officers are very brave, you know, but that's the system. I remember on one show we were stuck at the third line of barbed wire. The guns hadn't touched it, but it wasn't their fault. There was a German officer there, and he stood up on the parapet and directed the machine-gun fire. He'd point every place we were a little thick and then they'd let us have it. We got him, though. I got a machine gunner on him. Just peppered him. He was a mighty brave officer."

I reminded the little major that I wanted to hear about his wound. "We were coming through a German trench that had been pretty well cleaned out, but close up against the back there was a soldier hiding. When I came by he let me have it with his bayonet. He only got me in the fleshy part of my leg, and I turned and let him have it with my Webley. Blew the top of his head right off. Silly ass, wasn't he? Must have known he'd be killed."

"The first thing a wounded man wants to do," he explained, "is to get away. If he's been hit he gets a sudden crazy fear that he's going to get it again. Most wounds don't hurt much, and as soon as a man's out of fire and puts a cigarette in his mouth he cheers up. He's at his best if it's a Blighty hit."

Here I was forced to interrupt for information.

"A Blighty hit! Don't you know what that is? It's from the song they sing now, 'Carry Me Back to Blighty.' Blighty's England. I think it's a Hindustani word that means home, but I won't be sure about that. Anyhow, a Blighty hit's not bad enough to keep you in England. Those are the slow injuries that aren't so very dangerous."

"Next to getting to Blighty a fellow wants a cigarette. I never saw a man hit so bad he couldn't smoke. I saw a British plane coming down one day and the tail of it was red. The Germans fix up their machines like that, but I knew this wasn't paint on a British plane. He made a tiptop landing, and when he got out we saw part of his shoulder was shot away and he had a hole in the top of his head. That was a close call," he said, and he took out a cigarette, lighted it, and took two puffs. Then he keeled over."

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

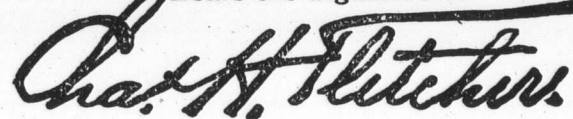
The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

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Our new Fall and Winter Styles are all in. Every man young or old, will find here clothes to please him. We've Suits and Overcoats from the best fabrics, made by skilled tailors in all the latest models.

Our new Fall Hats and Caps are the very latest.

The newest in Fall Shirts and Ties, the best of Underwear, Socks, Coat Sweaters, Gloves and Mitts. Our prices are very moderate as we bought mostly everything before the advance in prices.

OVERCOATS MADE-TO-MEASURE

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Brockville, Ontario

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E. C. TRIBUTE

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