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AUSTIN G. L. TRIBUTE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

What's In A Name?

Sometimes There Is a Lot of Trouble

By F. A. MITCHEL

Caspar Kneibltz's great-grandfather was a German. He was not a Prussian nor a warrior, but a Hanoverian and a professor. Indeed, the old fellow was a bookworm, who, if a fly had attacked the tip of his nose, would have been too absorbed in his studies to have defended himself. And if the fly had succeeded in arresting his attention he would not have injured the intruder for the world. He would have opened a window and put it out.

His son, Caspar, was called to the chair of a university in France. Thenceforth the family became French. The men, of course, kept the German surname, but by the time the fourth Caspar Kneibltz came this was all the German there was about them. Not one of them could speak a word of German, and the third Kneibltz had given his life for France in the war of 1870.

When Germany advanced into Belgium to seize Paris, Caspar Kneibltz of the fourth generation, the hero of this story—if the word hero is a proper appellation—was twenty-one years old. He was only deterred from joining the colors by being so desperately in love with Hortense Le Verrier that he was unable to tear himself away from her, though it must be admitted that if he had been able to master his own feelings sufficiently to leave her she would not have let him go.

For a Frenchman to have a German name accrued to his disadvantage as soon as the war broke out. Caspar Kneibltz was at last driven to part with his beloved Hortense on this account. When others had joined the colors and Caspar remained at home it was suspected that the reason he did not go to the war was because of German sympathies. When he came to know of this suspicion he was much pained. He told Hortense that he must not listen to the voice of love any longer and at once began to make preparations to go to the front.

Of course he met with great opposition. Hortense was sure that she would never see him again and that her life would be blighted. He tried to reassure her, but in vain. However, since the suspicions of his countrymen that he was loyal to a country he had never seen and of whose language he did not know a word had been aroused his resolution was taken.

In order to make the separation easier for his sweetheart he promised to write her a letter every day that it would be possible for him to write. Another thing she insisted on which would not likely be possible was that after every battle, if he came out alive, he telegraph her to that effect. Caspar fully realized the crowded conditions of the telegraph lines, especially immediately after a battle, and that they were under control of the government, but he had not the heart to make it known to the girl, thus denying her this crumb of comfort. However, not knowing what possibilities might arise, he drew up a cipher code by which he might add a few endearing words of information concerning himself.

It was decided by the lovers that they would be married before a separation that might last forever. The ceremony was performed privately with few persons present. Within a week after its conclusion Caspar departed for the front.

While Caspar's loyalty to France was not questioned by those who knew him personally, his name at once excited suspicion in strangers. He had scarcely broken away from the clinging Hortense and gained his regiment before he began to be looked upon as a possible German sympathizer, though why he should be in the French army if he was loyal to Germany was not explained. Truth is that many a man loyal to France or England who had German blood in his veins experienced a like suspicion.

Caspar joined the army as a private and would have been promoted had it not been for his German name. Several times he distinguished himself, and officers immediately above him having been killed off, there were vacancies. But when it came to a question of filling them and Caspar was proposed his name caused his rejection.

"What! Lieutenant Caspar Kneibltz to command Frenchmen? Impossible!" Of course Caspar knew nothing of this; he only knew that when vacancies occurred he was not promoted. It did not trouble him, for his heart was with his dear Hortense, and all he desired was that the war should be ended and he might return to her.

As luck would have it, Caspar found a friend, an operator in the military telegraph department. One day when he was feeling very homesick Caspar went to the office and asked his friend to send a dispatch for him. No fighting was going on at the time, and the telegraph was not very busy, so the friend told the lover that if he would leave his message with him he would endeavor to smuggle it through between messages for the government. Caspar left his message, which the operator put on file without looking at it, and when a convenient time for sending it arrived took it up for the purpose.

He was surprised to see that it was in cipher. Not feeling at liberty to send a cipher message, the operator laid it aside. When Caspar came again to inquire if it had been sent and was told that it was held because it was in cipher Caspar looked so disappointed and begged so hard that it be put over the wires that his friend promised to do so, though he feared trouble would result. Caspar assured him that there was nothing in the dispatch that would be of the slightest injury to France, and this turned the scale.

M. Larabee, deputed to examine telegrams received in Paris, was sitting at his desk when an operator handed him Caspar's dispatch. The moment he read the name of the person to whom it was addressed and noticed that the message was in cipher his face assumed the expression of one who had unearthed an announcement to German sympathizers that Paris was about to be attacked by a hundred Zeppelins.

"Mille tonnerres!" he exclaimed. "Has it come to this? Do the enemy send cipher messages to their spies in Paris over our telegraph lines? To Mme. Kneibltz, 21 Rue Pomponier. Could there be better evidence that this message is intended for one of the horde of German spies in our midst, who are watching our every act?"

Taking up a telephone receiver, he called up the officer in charge of the military telegraph and informed him of the message, stating that he did not doubt that it had been surreptitiously sent in the expectation that it would be delivered by some one in the telegraph department who was working secretly in the German interest. Colonel Bombardier, the officer telephoned, directed that the dispatch be sent to him and, after receiving and examining it, called a council of war to decide what to do in the premises.

When the council assembled experts in interpreting cipher telegrams were introduced and began the work of translating it. This was not easy to do, for it consisted in certain sentences which doubtless had a meaning for the receiver. However, the experts, not daring to acknowledge that they could make nothing of it, gave a possible translation, admitting that they could not vouch for its correctness. The meaning they placed upon it was that it announced a meeting of the German spies in Paris to receive one high in the German secret service.

Meanwhile Hortense was arrested and taken to Colonel Bombardier's office, where she was kept in an ante-room awaiting the result of the work of the experts. In time she was called in to face an array of men who looked ready to send her to the gallows.

"Frau Kneibltz," said the colonel, "do you speak French?"

"I don't speak any other language," was the meek reply.

"Do not try to deceive me. You are German, as your name indicates. A dispatch in cipher addressed to you has been intercepted. It is an announcement that an officer of high rank in the German secret service is coming to Paris to meet the spy corps in Paris."

This was said because if it were the true interpretation of the dispatch the young woman would likely collapse. She did no such thing. She simply looked at her accusers wonderingly.

"Who is Caspar?" asked the colonel severely.

"Monsieur, he is my husband. Has anything happened to him?" she asked, pining.

"You play your part well, but it will not serve."

"Have you a dispatch from him to me? Oh, give it to me!"

After a conference it was decided to read the dispatch aloud to her. The colonel began with the first sentence. "The weather is very fine," and asked her what it meant. She did not need the key to tell him; she knew it by heart.

"I am well," she replied.

The second sentence read was, "Yesterday it was hot."

Hortense, somewhat alarmed, replied, "Sweetheart, I love you."

The members of the council looked at one another incredulously.

Again, "We are expecting cooler weather tomorrow."

"That means a thousand kisses," replied the bride, dropping her eyes to the floor.

"This climate is trying."

"I shall never see you again till France is victorious."

"The mud is very deep."

"Goodby, sweetheart. I shall love you forever."

Several of the men who had been impressed with Hortense's gentleness, honesty and, above all, that she was essentially French smiled. Colonel Bombardier's countenance assumed a somewhat expression. He stood with the dispatch in his hand wondering what next to do.

"Colonel," said one of the council, "you've struck what they call in America a mare's nest."

"The case," said the colonel, maintaining an official tone, "will be better examined into by a woman. I shall send Mme. Kneibltz to Mme. Leblanc, head of our women's detective bureau, and if she reports favorably the prisoner will be discharged."

Mme. Leblanc, instead of assuming the pomposity of the officers, began by soothing the poor little bride and soon discerned that she was wrapped up in her husband and had no other concern. Hortense produced the cipher code, and Mme. Leblanc saw that every sentence in it was nothing more than a love message. Then she reported to Colonel Bombardier, who pigeonholed the matter.

When Hortense wrote an account of the affair Caspar Kneibltz applied to his superior to be entered on the army roster as Charles Nightingale.

CROSS STOKHOD RIVER

Russian Forces Are Now Nearing City of Kovel.

One Wave After Another of General Brusiloff's Armies Breaks on Teuton Defenders of Hungary—Austrians Admit Abandonment of Lines Along the Stry—Enemy Threatened on Two Sides by Crossing of River.

LONDON, July 10.—The Russian offensive on the lower Stokhod River is developing with a rapidity and strength which has almost paralyzed the German armies. Before the Teuton forces can recover from the shock of one assault General Brusiloff sweeps forward again with his forces intact. Saturday the Austro-German forces were compelled to abandon their lines along the Stry and to take up less easily defended positions on the Stokhod.

Admission of the withdrawal of the Austro-German lines along the Stry River was made in the official statement issued in Vienna Sunday. The Austrian forces were ordered to retreat, according to this statement, because their advanced lines were exposed to a double flanking movement from "hostile forces which have increased from threefold to fivefold superiority."

No less than eight important villages along both sides of the railway from Sarny to Kovel were captured by the swiftly-moving Russian armies, and more than 2,000 prisoners were bagged.

The fall of strategic positions north and south of the railway paved the way for a cavalry rush in the centre which swept everything before it and made the Russians masters of the whole triangle comprising Kolki, Rafalowa and Manevitchi.

Sunday the irresistible advance of the Russians forced them across the stream at one vital point and enveloped two more villages south of the Sarny-Kovel railway. The Teutons Sunday night were in disorderly flight along the whole front in this sector, and the Russians are moving forward from a point only 24 miles from Kovel.

The crossing by the Russians of the Stokhod River near Ugli and Janovka, which are reported in flames, seriously threatens the Austro-German forces from two sides. Ugli is about half-way between the two railways running into Kovel from Rovno and Sarny. The Teutonic salient eating its way into the front at the centre exposes both groups to a flank attack, and opens the way for the capture by the Muscovite armies of the life-lines of the enemy.

Two-days' fighting between the Stry and the Stokhod has resulted in the capture of 12,000 unwounded men.

Sunday night's Russian communication reports the enemy forces in this region retreating in great disorder, and adds that the Russians have occupied Hulevichi, which is about 24 miles to the east of Kovel, while apparently the Russians are already across the Stokhod River somewhere in the region of Janovka.

German possession of Baranovichi and Kovel are absolutely essential if she is to retain her hold over the invaded parts of Poland and Lithuania, but it is considered likely that it is only a matter of a few days before the Russians will be in possession of Kovel, which would compel von Linsingen's retirement from the Lufsk salient.

German official and unofficial despatches reflect anxiety over the Russian advances as being greater than over the Anglo-French offensive, which the German military critics contend will not interfere with the operations against Verdun. Major Morant and other German critics express surprise at the extent and persistence of the Russian offensive and the endless resources of ammunition.

It is reported from Rome that at a recent council of German and Austrian marshals, von Hindenburg declared that it would be impossible to attempt a new offensive on a large scale without reinforcements of at least a quarter of a million men.

Meanwhile the successes of the Russians in Galicia are preparing the way for a great victory in that sector. Saturday Gen. Lotchitzky captured the important railroad junction of Delatyn, west of Kolomea, and in the same stroke cut off Gen. von Bothmer from his principal base of supplies. A vast amount of booty fell into the Russians' hands with the capture of the city.

In Southern Bukovina the Austrians have rallied and pressed across the Moldava River, according to Vienna.

Germans Repulsed by New Zealanders

LONDON, July 10.—Sir Douglas Haig, in his report from headquarters, reports a brush between the Germans and New Zealanders. The report reads: "Near Givenchy we successfully sprang three mines. Further north, after heavy bombardment of a portion of the sector held by New Zealanders, a strong local attack succeeded in entering our trenches at one point. After half an hour's fighting the enemy was ejected by the New Zealanders, leaving many German dead in our trenches."

Aeroplane Raid on British Coast

LONDON, July 10.—Hostile aeroplanes have dropped bombs on the English coast, but so far as is known did no damage. "An official statement issued this morning says: 'Shortly before midnight Sunday enemy aeroplanes visited the south-east coast of England. From the information available, about five bombs were dropped. No damage is reported so far. Anti-aircraft guns engaged the raiding machines. No further details have been received.'

A Pint of Whisky The Maximum Sale

No more telephone orders for whisky.

The License Board has distributed to all dentists, physicians, druggists and veterinary surgeons in the Province of Ontario a blue book which will govern their conduct in the matter of requisitions for liquor. Hitherto a doctor or cloud phone up a drug store and tell the attendant to give a patient certain amount of liquor. Sometimes the druggist was deceived by this method, and the License Board is bound that such practices must cease. The blue book contains a form which must be filled out and signed by the physician and signed by the person to whom the liquor is delivered saying plainly how liquor is required and what the disease is.

Only six ounces may be prescribed for internal use, but a pint may be obtained if the patient is to be bathed. The prescription may be filled only once and must be filed for purposes of record.

The blue book also contains sections of Ontario Temperance Act for the convenience of the physicians and the druggists of the province, defining their powers and duties and the penalties for infractions of the law.

McAvoy—Dwyre

The marriage took place at the Roman Catholic Church at Elgin, on June 21st, of Miss Katherine Cecilia Dwyre, youngest daughter of John Dwyre, and Francis McAvoy, of Seeley's Bay. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Hanlan. Miss McAvoy was bridesmaid and Joseph Dwyre groomsmen. The bride who was given away by her father, was dressed in a suit of ivory satin with veil and carried a white prayer book. Her travelling suit was of blue silk with hat to match. Among the guests present were Dr. Dwyre, and sisters of Perth, Mr. and Mrs. McAvoy and Miss McAvoy of Seeley's Bay. The bride and groom left by automobile on a trip to Toronto and Detroit. They will reside at Seeley's Bay.

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Dyke McKenzie

A very pretty wedding took place on Wednesday evening last at 6.30 o'clock, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McKenzie, Jasper, when their youngest daughter Bertha Gertrude, became the wife of Ernest Victor Dyke, C. Q. M. S. in "A" Company of 114th Battalion Brock Rangers. Rev. Mr. McNab performed the wedding ceremony, which took place on the lawn. The bride who was given away by her father, was unattended. Miss Alma Connerty played the wedding march. After the ceremony, a supper was served on the lawn, and social hour or so spent. A number of beautiful gifts of silver and cut glass were received by the bride and cheque for \$600 was her father's gift. The young couple left that evening on a short honeymoon.

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