

**DR. PAUL**  
**PHYSICIAN & SURGEON**  
 Office & Residence: Reid St. Athens  
 Rural Phone

# The Athens Reporter

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## THE FIGHTING HOPE

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

sought the portrait over the mantel. "Can a man work, slave, struggle uprightly all his life long, for no other reward than this? Because a sneaking little thief lies about me must I go down to a prisoner's dock, for the time being disgraced, to fight, a felon in the public eye, for the honor I have never tarnished?"

Craven swept in like a veritable whirlwind. His eyes were scintillating, his teeth smiling.

"I've just been indicted, Craven," said Temple before the elder man could speak.

"Indicted!" The lawyer laughed a sneering laugh of triumph. "Humph! Much we care now for an indictment. Come on, old boy, come on! Craven's outside, and he's got the goods!"

"You don't mean?"

"Yes, exactly; that's what I mean. He's got 'em, boy; he's got 'em!" Clapping his arms gleefully about his friend's shoulder, together they left the room.

In a moment Craven came back. The ordinarily cool, collected lawyer was in a state of huge excitement. He paced up and down the room, muttering to himself, now and again rubbing his lean hands with joy unconfined.

Anna watched him furtively, puzzling, wondering, fearful. What had happened? She knew instinctively that something momentous was occurring outside between Temple and this newcomer, whoever he was, but just how it affected her and her work she couldn't even guess.

"Mr. Craven," said she abruptly, leaning forward over her desk, the better to hear his solution, "what does 'got the goods' mean?"

"A lot," snapped he. "In this case it's everything. It's the case itself! Eh, Cato?" He gave the mastiff, who was enjoying himself before the first grate fire of the season, an affectionate dig.

Then Temple came in. His face and his bearing told her more plainly than words that he had just won a great victory.

"Miss Dale, you won't mind, I'm sure? Mr. Craven and I have some important private business to discuss." When she had gone, Temple turned to Craven.

"It's all right, Craven; it's all right. It's Granger's own letter. See!" He held out a letter whose torn fragments had been neatly pieced and pasted together on another sheet of paper.

"By Jove!" ejaculated the old lawyer, tremblingly grabbing the letter.

"Well, wait a minute," cried Temple, boyishly clutching him by the shoulder. "Let me explain first what a narrow escape we've had. Crane came across it just this morning in an old file. He was looking over Brady's shoulder. Brady, reading it, with an oath, tore it up. Then Crane told him somebody wanted him on the phone outside!"

"Go on; go on," exclaimed Craven, grinning delightedly.

"—and when Brady went Crane grabbed the pieces, bless him, and hurried out of the office, never to return again, I dare say."

"Hang it all, as if I cared what he does now!" Craven read aloud from the letter, fiercely exultant.

"Dear Mr. Brady (Brady himself, you see, Temple)—Your letter in regard to certifying check for \$100,000 to be drawn on Gotham Trust company received; also your proposition to writer noted."

"Guess that's plain enough," laughed Temple.

Craven, with a nod, pursued: "If Temple refuses to certify an old friend's check I won't. I'll accept your proposition. I will certify the check. You are to make good with the funds by the 28th, and I am to receive for said services the sum of \$100,000. Send the check in the morning and it will go through O. K. in spite of Temple. Very truly yours, ROBERT GRANGER."

"Measly little villain! We've got him! We've got him!" cried Craven, with fierce gladness.

"What a fool, what a beastly little fool. He was to put that all down in writing," was Temple's only comment.

"Fuh?" said Craven reflectively.

"Oh, I don't know. Pretty slick, I think. That agreement covered in writing, you see, did the job, made him sure of getting his money. Well, he won't need that information about the New York Central stock now, will he, old boy? The woman in the case and all other such little things are superfluous now, eh?"

to his big safe, then paused. "Hang my memory!" he said. "If I haven't forgotten the combination, as usual! Call Miss Dale."

When Anna Granger entered, calm, businesslike as ever, neither of the men got a hint of the way in which her nerves were tingling nor of the volcano of emotion raging back of those quiet gray eyes.

"Awfully sorry to disturb you again, Miss Dale, but you see, once more that pesky combination's clean escaped me. We must look up this letter of vital import."

She bowed, not trusting herself to speak, and, walking over quietly, unlocked the safe. Temple put the letter in and locked the safe himself.

"We win, Miss Dale, we win!" he cried like a joyously excited boy. Then his voice became tender and grave. "I want to talk to you a little later," he said. "Will you mind waiting for me here? Come, Craven. Estersbrook's man is outside and we have to sign some papers to send down by him."

When the door had closed behind the men Anna stood for a second stock still, the pupils of her eyes blackening strangely. Of vital importance! Temple's words rang in her ears. It probably meant her husband's freedom, her children's inheritance. Should she? Could she? Wasn't this just what she had come for? "I'll get it for you, Robert," she said.

Throwing back her slender shoulders, as a strong swimmer to breast the waves, she dropped on her knees beside the safe and rapidly worked the combination. She drew out the letter. Still kneeling, she raised it so that the light from the window fell across it.

At first Robert's well known chirography danced so that she could not read his words, but all too soon the dancing stilled itself, and the words stared out in deadly lines of damning guilt.

Twice, thrice she read it, drawing her fingers sharply across her eyes as if to ward off the lightning. Then a gasping cry rent its way out from her very heart.

It was all so plain now! Her husband was not only a liar, but a thief.



"I'll save you, boys—save you in spite of your father, in spite of myself!"

And her children, her little innocent children, would be branded through life as the children of a thief—oh, God! Cato yawned. She looked toward the fireplace and started. An impulse came to her, a fierce, swift impulse such as red Indians have. The tigress was awake in her—the tigress fighting for her offspring.

And like a very tigress, stoop, agile, swift as an arrow, she glided to where the little flames beckoned and held the letter close down to them. The paper writhed and curled as the fire caught it adroitly.

"I'll save you, boys—save you in spite of your father, in spite of myself," she breathed, the breath coming hard through her open, dry lips.

It had a will of its own, this paper, and fought the nimble flames bravely as they encroached upon its territory. The woman, her fingers scorched brown, held it until it fell away in charred, glossy scraps, watching it with a sort of charmed, awful interest.

With an effort she raised herself to her feet. The gaping doors of the opened safe stared at her. Mechanically she crossed over, closed them and locked the combination.

Then, inevitably, her eyes sought the fireplace. The mocking, dancing flames stung her like so many scorpion tongues. Was it wild fancy or was Cato really watching her with that dumb, awful reproach in his eyes?

(Continued on page 4)

### Purely Personal

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

Live Poultry, bought every Tuesday and Wednesday at G. H. W. Meat Market.

Reserve Thursday, Feb. 26, and hear Harry Lauder the Second and also local talent, under the auspices of the Epworth League.

Plan at Lamb's Drug Store, 25c and 35c

Tea DeAlva British Entertainer, opened a week's engagement in the Town Hall here on Friday night. The program consists of Magic, Mirth, Music, song, Dancing, Comedy and Ventriloquism. Complete change of program each night—A BIG Double Show on Saturday night—Adults 25c and Children 10c.

Miss L. Allen of Smith Falls was a week end guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. L. King, Main St.

Mr. E. J. Sica and son Bernard have purchased the Jas. Ronan farm near Athens.

Mrs. (Rev.) W. J. Cross, of Mackinaw City, Mich., is visiting at the home of her sister, Mrs. T. S. Kendrick.

Mr. Lester Brown has, owing to illness, given up the position of janitor of the A.H.S., and Mr. George Robinson has been appointed to the position.

The Misses Ruby Cheer and Irina King returned to Brighton after spending a week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan King.

The heavy storms of the past few days have been the cause of the poor service on the local C. N. R. line.

Misses Nellie and Geraldine Kelly were visitors at the home of their parents over the week-end.

Mr. Frank Fortune, Junetown, received a severe wound in the head which required four stitches, when his cutter was upset in the heavy snow on Monday evening.

Wm. Hollingsworth has sold his Guide-board Corners property to Sheldon Lawson.

Mrs. Charles Cole (who has been occupying the Washburn house, recently sold to George Robinson), has leased George Scott's Elgin street house.

Yates Avery has leased from Mrs. Wm. Hawse the vacant lots on Prince street.

The household effects of Mrs. Sarah Clow were disposed of by auction at her Church street residence on Saturday last. Following the death of her mother, the late Mrs. E. Brown, Mrs. Clow is leaving Athens and will spend some time with relatives and friends in the vicinity before leaving for Watertown and Chicago, U.S.A.

Ford Wiltse and family, Addison road, are taking up residence in the Hayes' property, just vacated by Mrs. Clow.

The valentine dance on Thursday evening of last week received a liberal patronage, many from outside points being in attendance.

Mrs. J. J. Hone and two little daughters arrived from Winchester Tuesday evening to take up residence with Mr. Hone and young son, who had preceded the other members of the family.

The snow blockade of the present week serves as a reminder of pioneer conditions, when mails were not so frequent as in our day.

Owing to the illness of the High School janitor on Monday morning, students were granted a half-holiday.

Pupils of Form II at the public school had a holiday on Monday as their teacher, Miss Carl, was unable to make the trip from Plum Hollow.

Mr. and Mrs. Walton Sheffield were called to Junetown last week owing to the death of the latter's father, Mr. Jacob Warren.

Mrs. Benj. Brown has returned from Perth, following the obsequies of her mother, the late Mrs. James.

On Sabbath last, at 10.30 a.m. in the Methodist church, the pastor, Rev. T. J. Vickery, conducted the funeral services of Luella Kathleen, the six-months-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs.

Mansell Weatherhead, Hard Island. A number of relatives and friends from Toledo, where the youthful parents formerly resided, were in attendance.

Mrs. H. H. Arnold has been quite indisposed for a few days, but is reported better.

Wm. Hollingsworth, injured a few days ago by a falling tree, is able to go out again.

George Bulford has not been improving in health as rapidly as his friends could wish, and returned on Saturday to Brockville for further surgical attention.

Miss Mary Brown, a former resident, is critically ill in an hospital in Ottawa. About a year ago she went to the Capital to begin her work as a nurse-in-training, but became ill several weeks ago and has been a patient since that time.

At her home, Beale's Mills, on Monday, Mrs. Beale, mother of T. R. Beale, our local barrister, passed away. Funeral services were conducted on Wednesday at 10 a.m. at Trinity church, Oak Leaf.

Mrs. Gordon Purvis, called east from her western home near Swift Current, by the illness of her mother, Mrs. T. Percival, Plum Hollow, was in the village for a couple of days last week, a guest of her uncle, Wm. Percival.

Wm. Ackland, Calgary, east on a business trip to Montreal and Ottawa, was here on a brief visit last week at the home of his brother, Jas. Ackland.

Mrs. Wm. Karley, Brockville, was here last week on a visit to friends in the home town.

Mrs. Joseph Jones came over from Poole's Resort, where she is staying with her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Poole, and spent the week-end at her Victoria street home.

Mr. Dave Thompson, Toronto, is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joel Parish.

Mr. Geo. Flood is opening up business in the Mulvena Block and solicits your patronage.

### MISS LE GARD'S SUCCESS.

Parents Former Residents of Athens. Many of the people of the surrounding community will be pleased to know of the success of the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Le Gard, Chicago, former residents of this town.

Miss Edna recently made her appearance at the Metropolitan concert. The following is the criticism given her in the "Music News" of Chicago:

"Particularly pleasing was the work of Edna Le Gard, a young student with Mary Heselgren Vance.

"Miss Le Gard has a light lyric voice, probably tending to coloratura, and in "Mignonette" (Wekerlin) and "Bon Jour, Ma Belle" (Behrend) she was vivacious, facile and thoroughly musical. The "Aira," from the first act of "Tosca," did not suit her powers so well, but she sang it, nevertheless, in a very pleasing way and gave proof throughout that she is a fine student and that her energies are being directed into good channels."

### JOHN BARLEYCORN.

John Barleycorn, my jo, John, Since nations had their birth, You have, with beastly arrogance, Infested this old earth.

But now you see your finish, John, And many fits you throw, The bells are tolling knells for you, John Barleycorn, my jo.

This war has slain its millions, John, And many more must die, But you have slain far more than war, With your old gin and rye; The men who die on battlefields, Our prayers and blessings know, But those you kill must die in shame, John Barleycorn, my jo.

'Twill be a better world, John, When you've removed your sign, When you no longer poison men With whiskey, beer and wine; For every dime you handle?

Is the price of pain and woe, And that's a tainted sort of coin, John Barleycorn, my jo, You've wearied all the world, John, You've tired the souls of men, And when you've chased yourself away,

Don't ever come again; You're letting go by inches, John, But you will have to go, And so, "skidoo," and fare thee ill, John Barleycorn, my jo.

—Walt Mason.

### Muriel the White Mahatma

Who is Muriel?

Muriel the white Mahatma is a beautiful woman. She was the only sight performer who foretold the war's end in the day it ended—(newspaper clippings of February 18, 1918 prove this)

Muriel knows everything—She answers every question. She will find lost articles and tell you things you never dreamed of. Her act is far different from any other mind reader that ever lived. Her act is marvelous and mystifying.

She will be at the Athens Town Hall TONIGHT with DeAlva's Big Fun Show Ask her anything and she will answer.

### OBITUARY.

Jacob Warren. On Friday morning the death occurred at his home in Junetown of an old and highly respected resident of that locality in the person of Mr. Jacob Warren. The deceased was in his 87th year, having been born on July 29, 1833, on the farm adjoining the one on which he died.

The late Mr. Warren was twice married, his first wife, formerly Miss Isabella Purvis, having passed away in 1881. His second wife, who survives, together with four daughters and six sons, was before her marriage Miss Annie Tennant. The surviving daughters and sons are as follows: Mrs. Sommers, Lansdowne; Mrs. William Tennant, Saskatchewan; Mrs. W. Sheffield, Athens; Miss Fern Warren, at home; Messrs. Ira and Arden, at home; James, Rochester, N.Y.; George

in Winnipeg, Man.; Leland, Smiths Falls, and Joseph, Lyn. In religion the deceased was a Presbyterian and had been an elder of St. Paul's Presbyterian church for 40 years. He was a member of Macoy Lodge, A.F. & A.M., Mallorytown.

The funeral was held from the family residence on Monday afternoon to the Caintown Presbyterian church and thence to the vault at Yonge Mills cemetery.

### HOLINESS CONVENTION.

Feb. 25 to 29 Inclusive. In the Holiness Movement Church at Lyn, Ontario—5 days—Feb. 25 to 29, inclusive. Three services daily. Bishop A. T. Warren in charge. All are cordially invited.

### AUCTION SALES

On Tuesday, February 24th, at 12 o'clock, Mr. Archie Mulvena will sell by Public Auction all his Farm Stock and Implements, on the John Mulvena Farm, one mile west of Athens. H. W. IMERSON, Auctioneer.

On Wednesday, February 25, at 12 o'clock, Mr. Fred Scovil and Mr. Geo. A. Lee will hold a joint sale of Farm Stock and Implements on the farm of F. W. Scovil, Eloida. H. W. IMERSON, Auctioneer.

On Friday, February 27, at 10 o'clock, on the farm of W. C. Stevens, one mile east of Phillipsville, all his Farm Stock and Implements. H. W. IMERSON, Auctioneer.

On Tuesday, March 2nd, on the farm of A. W. Merriman, one mile northwest of Elgin, on the Newboro road, entire Farm Stock and Implements, at 12 o'clock sharp. H. W. IMERSON, Auctioneer.

### DR. PAUL

Physician and Surgeon Post-Graduate New York Hospitals. Office and Residence in the home formerly occupied by Mrs. Norman Brown, Reid St., Athens.

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

Reserve Saturday, February 28th  
 FOR THE BIG  
 Moving Picture Show  
 in the Town Hall, Athens  
 Admission—Adults 45c, Children under 15—30c

W. H. Smith's Ayrshire Dispersion Sale, Athens, March 11