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THE FIGHTING HOPE

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

"At first, you know," went on Anna. "I thought it best not to let him know about my having left home. I knew he would worry about the boys. But a few days ago I managed to get him word. I felt the time had come. And now, what does he say?"

Mrs. Mason still faltered. Her conscience would not permit her to tell less than the whole truth; nevertheless, she longed for some fashion in which to put it gently.

"Well, he said, dear—he turned white and said he didn't want you to remain in this house. Said it didn't look quite right; that he'd rather have you home with the children than here in Temple's house."

Anna smiled indulgently. "Poor boy! He's afraid the work will prove too hard for me. It won't. I'll fasten the crime yet, though it may break my heart." The final words were almost choked. She walked across to the window and stood staring out at the grim prison there. It was a little trick she had learned whenever she wished to steel herself in the fight she had undertaken. Presently she turned back—a dumb, pathetic perplexity in each gray eye.

"Oh, if I could get back to the condition in which I entered this house—the clear air where there are no obscurities, no mysteries—"

She spoke half to herself, but the words fell like little whips on Mrs. Mason's ears.

"What obscurities, what mysteries are you talking of?" she said sternly. "I don't understand."

"No more do I—no more do I!" Anna twisted and untwisted her hands in silence for a moment. "Only this I know," she said at last. "When I came here I could harden my heart against the man with whom I had come to wage war. I could continually remember his responsibility for Robert's imprisonment. Oh, I could fight fairly and squarely. But now—"

"It's strange," she went on reflectively—"strange. Now I always have to bring myself up with a deliberate effort. I have to think to hate him—I don't hate him intuitively any more. There's something about him—her voice softened oddly—"I can't describe it. He's strong, somehow. He's big and deep and earnest and illimitably strong. He draws one."

"A letter for you, sir, brought by messenger," said the butler, presenting an envelope to Burton Temple.

"From the detective bureau," commented he, tearing it open. And Craven



"SLICK PUP!"—\$80,000 IN NEW YORK CENTRAL.

ven, who had been pacing up and down the library excitedly, blurted out:

"Read it; read it. Nothing can come too soon now. I tell you. Your indictment is hanging over your head like the sword of Damocles suspended by a hair."

"We have discovered," read Temple hastily, the woman for whom party has spent large sums of money, dating from time party is supposed to have received funds. Her name is Rose Fanchon. Party spent a good deal of money on her, but large part invested in New York Central. Securities held in party's own name, but the dividend order makes the dividend payable to the woman. Are preparing other evidence and expect to have something of greater importance soon. Hoping our work has been satisfactory and that we shall speedily be in a position to give you everything you desire, very truly, etc.,"

"You know," commented Craven, rubbing his lean jaw with appreciation, "I'm beginning to like that fellow Granger. Slick pup—\$80,000 in New York Central and the dividend only to Rosie! Kept a big, stout rope on his benefaction, didn't he?"

"Looks good, eh?" said Temple cheerfully, tapping the letter.

"Looks good, yes, but you've got to have something that does more than 'look good,' old man. You've got to have a knockout piece of evidence. Brady's going to go on the stand and perjure himself; see if he doesn't."

"He'd perjure somebody else if he could invent the crime," agreed Temple bitterly.

A bitter mood, however, could never endure long with Burton Temple. The boy in him would never be downed. He crossed to his pipe rack, extracted his favorite meerschaum and was soon leaning back luxuriously in his chair while Craven scratched away with his goose quill.

"You know, Craven," he said, "there's no use crossing a bridge till you come to it, and, somehow, I think my luck's beginning to turn. I've an odd idea that my new secretary is responsible. She infuses me with that indomitable quality called 'hope.'"

"She's a capable woman," agreed Craven grudgingly. "You'll miss her common sense and sane, businesslike ways when Miss Graham returns."

"Eh?" asked Temple, coming back from his space staring with a start. Then he laughed infectiously. "Oh, yes, I shall miss her common sense and businesslike ways"—puff, puff, puff, from his pipe. "Never married, did you, Craven?"

"Still sane, thanks," contemptuously, while the goose quill ran a race with the pipe puffs and outdistanced them.

"Pair of old fools, you and I"—puff, puff. "You know, Craven, that girl has a delicious voice. If she sang it would be a mezzo."

Craven looked up over his glasses in disgust. "What in thunder are you driving at?" he cried.

"Driving at?" laughed Temple. "I hope I'm driving at happiness. Craven, there's one thing I'll tell you straight. If this case turns out right and my honor's vindicated I'm going to marry, provided, of course, she will have me," he added tenderly.

Some few weeks earlier the grim lawyer would have stared, eyes and mouth wide open, at such an announcement. Some few weeks earlier he would have scoffed at the notion of such a thing coming to pass, and he would have demonstrated, reasonably enough, that it was impossible for Burton Temple, with his keen knowledge of the world, of the in-

(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.

Miss Hazel Grenham and Miss E. Whaley were guests at the formers home this week for a couple of days.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Wiltse, after spending the winter at Fortiton, at the home of Mrs. Wiltse's, father Mr. Charles Hayes, leave on Saturday for their home at Jansen Saskatchewan.

BORN—To Col. and Mrs. E. L. Stone, of 233 Brock St. Kingston, on Wednesday morning, February 11, a daughter.

The Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening in the Methodist Church will be in charge of the W.C.T.U. It will be in the form of a memorial service in honor of the founder of the society, Francis Willard.

A program in keeping with the service will be given. The members of the union and the public are requested to attend the service at 7.30 p.m.

Word was received on Thursday by Rev. Vickery of an accident in which Miss Gertrude received serious injuries while getting off a street car.

At the annual meeting of the Library Association the following board of management was appointed: Mr. James E. Burchell, Mr. M. B. Holmes, Mr. C. C. Slack, A. L. Tribute, Norman Hagerman, Mrs. C. E. Yates, Mrs. Geo. E. Judson, Mrs. D. L. Johnson and Mrs. G. F. Donnelly.

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

James Hanna has been engaged as janitor at the town hall.

George Gifford, Mill street, has purchased from Horace Slack a building site on the west shore of Charleston Lake.

Thomas Howarth, Elgin street north, has purchased from Wm. Steacy, Henry street, a building site on the west shore of Charleston Lake.

J. J. Howe, who recently purchased the barbering business of Gershom Wing, has begun work in the Parish block. His household effects arrived Saturday night from Winchester, and his family will follow in the course of a few days. Temporary quarters have been secured in the Gamble house, until they can get possession of Mrs. Geo. Evans' Wellington street house, which they have leased.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Wing spent a couple of days in Brockville last week on business and while there purchased a property on Victoria avenue. They are this week storing their furniture which is to be moved to the county town later on.

Mr. and Mrs. Munsell Brown, Glen Elbe, who recently sold their farm to Mr. and Mrs. Fortune, Junetown, have leased the John Freeman house, Henry street.

D. Thompson has purchased the Charles Bonsteel house, Wellington street. The tenants, Mrs. M. Rappell and Miss Grace, have gone to Leeds to spend several weeks with the former's daughter, Mrs. Albert Brown.

Ford Wiltse, Addison road, who sold his farm a few months ago to Mr. Pattimore, has leased the Hayes property, next the Baptist church. It is reported that he has purchased the western end of the Central Block, Main street.

Rev. Mr. Nichols, who arrived some time ago to begin the pastorate of the local Baptist church, expects his family from Osgoode next week to take up residence in the fine Reid street property recently purchased by his members from G. C. Wing.

Mrs. A. L. Fisher has purchased from John Fortune his Central street residence.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Johnston, their daughter-in-law, Mrs. Marian Johnston, and young child, of Watson, Sask., who have been visiting D. L. Johnston, F. Johnston and Mrs. I. Soper, left last week to visit other relatives at Lyn and Frankville.

Sheldon Holmes, Toronto, was a week-end guest of his brother, Morley Holmes, Church street. This week Mr. and Mrs. Holmes are enjoying a visit from their daughter, Mrs. Fred. Pattimore, Perth.

Mrs. Roy Coon, Smiths Falls, is a guest at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Latimer.

Mr. and Mrs. Perley Cross, Edmonton, called east by the death of the latter's father, Joseph Knapp, left for home this week after spending a month or so guests of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cross.

Wm. Jacob spent the week-end in Kingston, a guest of his daughter, Mrs. Haffner.

An every-member-canvass is taking place this week in connection with the Forward Movement.

Members of the Methodist choir enjoyed a pleasant evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Everett Rowsome on the 6th inst. In games, contests and music the time quickly passed and at a late hour the company dispersed, carrying golden opinions of their host and hostess as ideal entertainers.

Mr. George N. Foley, Deseronto, spent the week-end with his parents here, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Foley.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Brown, Watertown, are spending a few days here in connection with the death of his mother, and also the disposal of the household effects.

On Monday of this week a telegram to H. H. Arnold conveyed the sad intelligence of the death of his second daughter, Jessie, wife of O. E. Robinson, Boston. Deceased was ill but a short time for pneumonia and leaves, beside her husband, two young children. Her parents, two brothers and a sister also survive.

Mrs. Brown, who has resided for some years with her daughter, Mrs. Sarah Clow, Church street, sustained a fall on Thursday morning, fracturing an arm near the shoulder. From the effects of this she never rallied and passed away late the following afternoon. The funeral services were conducted on Sabbath morning at 10.30 in the Methodist church by the pastor, Rev. T. J. Vickery in the presence of a large concourse of relatives and friends. The remains were placed in the vault. Deceased was about seventy-six years of age and was a native of Addison, where much of her life had been spent. Besides her daughter, Mrs. Clow, a son, Philander Brown, Watertown, N.Y., survives.

AUCTION SALES

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.

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 Wednesday, February 18, at 12.30, all his Farm Stock and Implements. One mile north of Addison. B. F. SCOTT, Auctioneer.

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, Elvida. H. W. IMERSON, Auctioneer.

On Friday, February 27, at 10 o'clock, on the farm of W. C. Stevens, one mile east of Philipsville, all his Farm Stock and Implements. 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 Spaidal, 15 Montclair Ave. Toronto.

PUBLIC NOTICE

Will the party who took Dishes from my residence first of last week—kindly replace same and avoid prosecution, as their identity is known.—M. RITTER, Athens.

NO EXAGGERATION But Just Hard Facts

People Rushing in Every Minute Since We
OPENED OUR DOORS

"Our Sale" is All that the Word "Sale" Means

Here is Where Both Sides of \$\$ Work

Ancient history:

Do you remember Dad and Grandad telling how he could have bought land here for \$10 an acre and when you asked why he didn't—The answer was we couldn't see it, what a chance you thought to miss My friend, the same thing is happening right now all around us, there are people today judged as sane who will pass up such a chance as this sale and the week it ends will cheerfully pay 50 to 100 per cent more for the same goods. Why? 90% of it is habit they got the habit, that's all. Perhaps the same person wouldn't loose a day's work under any circumstances, yet they will throw away good dollars daily because of habit—Break clean away from these old trading tradations, don't be a machine, back up your flivver here, Investigate, And when you see this is a square sale, dig in and Buy, Buy, enough for years—The difference will beat compound interest and then some. Come for miles to get your share of Bargains.

GLOBE CLOTHING HOUSE

BROCKVILLE ONTARIO

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