

THE ATHENS REPORTER

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AUSTIN G. L. TRIBUTE,
Editor and Proprietor

TELEGRAPH NEEDED

Is it not about time that a telegraph office were established in Athens? Is it not ridiculous that a town of this size should submit to the unhappy circumstances which deprived us of telegraphic connection with the outside world? A year ago, the telephone and telegraph exchange was destroyed by fire. The systems were temporarily adjusted, but eventually, the telegraph was left out of consideration as no arrangements could be made at the time in this regard.

Now, if a resident of this district wishes to telegraph, he must telephone the message to Brockville whence it will go out on the G.N.W. or C.P.R. This is a costly and inconvenient method, and in no way is satisfactory. A telegraph message sent from an outside point to a resident of this district will arrive at Brockville and from there must be transmitted by letter or by telephone.

We suggest that the Council of the Village undertake to supply the required connection. They will have the approval of every business man in town.

THE DRAFTES

After several months of preparation, the Military Service Act has gone into force, and men have been called to the mobilization centers. To the country at large the drafting of the first men has made no apparent difference. In the homes of the young men the loss is of course, felt keenly. In this district only a few lads have been called. There are a few men who have been granted temporary exemptions and who will not be drafted until June and July. The rural communities of the country will not feel the results of the military draft, for some time at least, as farmers and farmers' sons are being left in sufficient numbers to carry on the farm work.

The boys of the draftee army are treated with the same consideration the volunteers received. The fact that compulsion has been used to make soldiers of them puts no stigma on them. No thinking person craves for the hardships of a war such as we know it. The draftees realize that it is absolutely essential that they should be soldiers, for the government has commandeered their services, a thing which would not be done without great reason. Volunteering is practically the result of a state of mind, the result of enthusiasm, disappointment, or family tiffs. No one however, should forget that volunteering is a glorious thing, and Canada's effort in this regard will be the sweetest memory of the great war. But men are not all alike in temperament. To many their duty to their relatives and consideration of their feelings caused them to decide to await the time when the government would balance their worth as a civilian against their worth as a soldier. This balancing has now been done and every man of class one knows how he stands. Those who are not indispensable in a national way will be called up, as the necessity arises, to reinforce the Canadian Expeditionary Force.

The draftees at the mobilization centers are every bit as cheerful as the volunteers, just as amenable to discipline, and will be the same fierce foes that the Germans have dreaded since that fateful day at Ypres.

Talented Cow

Advertisement in a rural New England weekly: "Wanted—A steady, respectable young man to look after a garden and care for a cow who has a good voice and is accustomed to sing in the choir."

—Christian Register

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years, doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, it proved that it was a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only Constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for free literature and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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FATE OF THE TRAITOR.

The Story of a Mexican Chief and Two Brothers in His Army.

On one occasion a Mexican officer stole a sack of silver pesos. He fled into the state of Guerrero. Zapata sent for a young officer of his staff and said: "You will follow this traitor night and day and never rest until you find him. You must not kill him, but bring him back to me alive. I will hang him in the plaza before all the people as one who has been false to his trust."

Without remark the young officer left the headquarters and started the pursuit. For weeks he trailed the fugitive back and forth through hostile country. At last he captured him and brought him, bound hand and foot, into a room where Zapata was holding a conference. "Mi general," he said huskily, "you told me to capture him without injury and bring him before you. I have done so. Now I want to ask you a favor. Let me die in his place and set him free."

"What fool is this?" cried Zapata in amazement. "Why do you, an honorable soldier, want to die to set free this traitor?"

"He is my youngest brother," replied the officer. "I obeyed your order because you are my chief, but if my brother dies because of me I would not want to live."

For a moment Zapata gazed from the cringing prisoner to the pale faced officer standing rigidly at attention. "Listen to me!" he finally exclaimed, pointing his finger in the prisoner's face. "Your brother has proved that he is a man, so I will grant his request. This is my sentence: You will be stripped of your rank and you will work as your brother's mozo. You will do woman's work and cook for him and serve him as a slave. Nevermore will you carry a gun in the company of free men. Go!"

FIGHTING THE FIREBUGS.

How English Insurance Companies Keep Tab on the Swindlers.

There is a mutual understanding between all the first class insurance offices in England that they should warn each other of a customer whose conduct is suspicious, and such a warning is conveyed in a very simple yet effective way.

Each company has a number of cards printed. These are deeply edged in black, the center of the card bearing the name of the company which issues it. When a company has suspicions regarding a customer one of its officers takes a number of these cards, writes on the reverse side the name and address, or different names and addresses in some cases, of the suspected man and sends around the cards to the other offices.

These cards are regarded as absolutely confidential, and they are never sent around till the company which issues them has, through the staff of inquiry officers always kept for such purposes, found strong evidence against the men whose names they bear.

Each company keeps a book regularly posted with these cards in it, and the book is more frequently consulted than the general public would imagine. Many of these volumes of black edged warnings are bulky ones.

The aliases and changes of residence of each suspicious customer are carefully noted in the book, and it is computed that these cards save the companies thousands of pounds a year.

Salvage companies also issue these "insurance warnings." Whenever a salvage officer notes the slightest suspicious circumstance amid the ruins of a fire he duly reports it.

Cleaning Coat Collars.

When the collar of a coat looks shabby and greasy, though the coat is otherwise quite fresh, take a clean rag, dip it in spirits of turpentine and rub the collar all over with it.

Leave it for a few minutes, then repeat the process, afterward scraping it gently to remove any loose dirt. Then sponge it carefully with a little alcohol and keep wiping it with a clean cloth until it is nearly dry. Hang it up until it is quite dry.

If necessary press the collar with a hot iron, having a thin white cloth between it and the iron. After this treatment the collar will look almost new again.

Clipping With a Pin.

When you lose your knife or do not have a pair of scissors at hand for cutting the paper a common pin or needle of any kind serves the purpose admirably, says Popular Science Monthly. If it is a single sheet from which the clipping is to be removed lay the part on another paper, hold the pin slantwise so that the point will follow around the clipping, just as if tracing an outline. Pass back over the scratch with the point in the lead, and you will be surprised how smoothly the pin cuts the paper.

Obstacles.

Cooper—Why has the great American novel never been written? Webster—Because when an American possesses sufficient comprehension of American life and the necessary facility of expression to write such a novel he becomes a promoter or goes into politics.

Glean of Intelligence.

Woman—I wish to sue my husband for divorce on the grounds of insanity. Lawyer—Will he contest? Woman—Oh, no! He is not so crazy as that.

Depends on Circumstances.

"Do you believe in autohypnotism?" "That depends on whether you own one of the blamed things."—Baltimore American.

A ROYAL TRAGEDY

The Gloomy Paths That Led to the End of the Romanoffs.

PLOTS OF A MODERN BORGIA.

A Russian Writer's Picture of the Czarina of Alexander III., Maria Feodorovna, and Her Ruthless Efforts to Grasp the Reins of Power.

In her book, "Russia of Yesterday and Tomorrow," Baroness Soultz, widow of a Russian nobleman, gives the following behind the scenes glimpse of the tragedy of the last of the Romanoff dynasty:

Gaiety did not mark the reign of Alexander III. Shadows of pale fear followed the heavy czar and obscured his life and that of Maria Feodorovna, the Danish princess. Her whole hope was in the future, and with the atavism of queens who mixed poisons for their husbands she dreamed of her own autocracy.

With the terrible ambition of ruling Russia the czarina did not prevent her husband from heavy drinking. The giant's heart was weak.

Circumstances favored the hopes of Maria Feodorovna. Secretly she formed her party, the camarilla of Maria Feodorovna. Her sons were frail little boys with all kinds of inherited diseases. The czarevitch, the stubborn little Nicholas, was no obstacle to her. Her sons became men, and Alexander, notwithstanding his heart disease, lived longer than the physicians prophesied. Maria Feodorovna became restless.

All the czarina's schemes developed rapidly. Alexander's enormous body swelled and swelled. Day and night he sat in his big armchair, tortured by suffocation and worrying about Nicholas, who was so poor a czarevitch.

Maria Feodorovna smiled on the czarevitch's pseudo court. She let her camarilla nourish and support his idea of marrying a dancer. Then, she was sure, his light as czar would never burn, and Michael, who was sick and good natured, would be only too glad to leave the reins of the government in the hands of his mother.

The ministers revealed to the czar the dangerous ideas of the czarevitch and the machinations of Maria Feodorovna's camarilla. He was still the czar, though the dying czar. He summoned Nicholas and forced on him his marriage to the Princess Alix of Hesse.

Alexander III. expired. The pomp of the funeral was over. The czarina mother took up her residence at the Anitschkof palace, the residence of the widows of the czars.

The czarina's hope was in the child she was expecting. Her firstborn was a princess, and the poor czarina became timid before sinister fate. She saw herself and the czar drifting apart under the influence of the czarina-mother. Her second child, so anxiously longed for, came. Again a little girl.

The morning came when the sound of all the bells, followed by the twenty-one gun salute, announced to all Russia the birth of an heir.

The czarina mother, Maria Feodorovna, had to carry the child, the unwelcome grandson who annihilated all her efforts and her ambitions for her son Michael. She held the little bit of potential manhood in her arms, breathing on the babe wordless curses. Poor little boy so ardently longed for and then persecuted at his entrance into the world!

The czarina trembled for her new happiness. Her little treasure had to be watched, and even then she was never sure which of all the nurses or ladies in waiting, bought by the czarina mother, might betray her.

The camarilla never hesitated at assassination. Positively true is the story that one morning when the czarevitch was put into his bath the czarina, in a neighboring room, heard the child utter a terrible scream, followed by helpless whining. She rushed into his tub with a blue face and desperately struggling to get out of this death bringing danger. The czarina snatched her son out of ice water. The terrible mistake was attributed to the nurse.

All that was not plotted by the anarchists the cruel, fantastic camarilla invented. The little freedoms of the young sovereigns were under terrible espionage. For every theater party, for every entertainment, they provided cleverly arranged and dramatically discovered assassins.

The camarilla worked well. Terror crept through the palace, crept through the doors into the private rooms of the sovereigns. They fled from the capital to bury themselves in the solitude of Tsarsko Selo, nowhere sure that plots would not be forged in their closest entourage.

And so it was and so the grim tragedy was enacted until the revolution that sealed the fate of the luckless dynasty.

A Suggestive Hint.

A certain eminent lawyer was appointed head of a government department, and he was anxious that all the members of the staff should work together in unison. He summoned the leading officials and after delivering an address on the desirability of thorough co-operation concluded by saying: "Gentlemen, in my profession when a jury disagrees it is discharged. I think I need say no more."

Between the great things that we cannot do and the small things we will not do the danger is that we shall do nothing.

WAY BACK IN FARMERSVILLE

By Crawf. C. Slack

To my friend and schoolmate, A. E. Donovan, M.P.P.

To the old time friends my memory wends,
Way back in Farmersville,
To that sweet retreat with its shady street,

And the play-ground up on the hill,
To the village well and the old hotel,
With the elm standing nigh
Where we often sat in a merry chat
With the boys there, you and I.

The village school with its three R rule
And the old schoolmaster's ire,
When a very small chap I remember
his strap,

To my back was as good as a fire,
You remember, Ned the old back shed,
Where we used to play "Mother Gray"
Just back it stood and was used for wood
Our retreat on a stormy day.

The beechnut ridge and the old mill bridge
Where we used to carve our name
With our jack-knives cheap we would cut them deep

No doubt they remain the same,
There's the old mill pond and the marsh beyond,
When we went to hunt in the old board punt
The ducks when we were boys.

At summer's heat our quick retreat
Was the creek where we learned to swim.
Like ducks we'd thrive, splash, duck, and dive,

With Nate and Rube and Jim,
At December's snow, with sleds we'd go,
To slide down Campbell's hill,
When that grew tame we'd start a game,
Of shinny below the hill.

After years now fled my good friend Ned,
I would like to return with you,
To the dear old place to try to trace
The friends which once we knew,
To the burying lot that hallowed spot
Should we read the stones with care,
We'd with sadness find friends once so kind,
Have long been sleeping there.

Oh, the old time ways and the old time days
Of a happy care-free childhood,
Oh the old time joys and the old time boys,
The village tree and the wildwood,
To those worth while my memory clings

And I grieve for friends departed.
Through wood and dell where their footsteps fell
I often stroll sad-hearted.

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TIME TABLE

To and From Brockville

Daily except Sunday.

Departures

No. 560, for Ottawa, 5.50 a. m.

No. 568, for Ottawa, 2.30 p. m.—change at Smith's Falls.

No. 564, for Smith's Falls, 6.20 p. m.

Arrivals

No. 561, from Smith's Falls, 11.20 a. m.

No. 567, from Ottawa, 1.10 p. m., change at Smith's Falls.

No. 565, from Ottawa, 10.15 p. m.

For particulars, apply to Ticket Agents.

GEO. E. McGLADE

City Passenger Agent
Brockville City Ticket and Telegraph Office, 52 King St.

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Chas. H. Fletcher 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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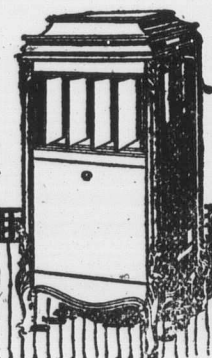
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