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William H. Morris, Editor and Proprietor

**Classy  
Job  
Printing  
of all  
Kinds**

**Our  
Prices  
are  
Right**

**Patronize  
Home  
Industry**

**THE  
ATHENS  
REPORTER  
JOB  
PRINTING  
DEPT.**

Athens, Ontario

**RURAL PHONE**

**DR. PAUL**  
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND  
OBSTETRICIAN  
Post Graduate New York Lying-in  
Hospital and other New York  
Hospitals.  
Office and Residence in the home for-  
merly occupied by Mrs. Norman  
Brown, Reid St., Athens.

**B. F. SCOTT** Licensed Auctioneer for  
Leeds and Grenville. Addison, Ont.  
Write or phone.

**EATON—The Auctioneer**  
Sales conducted any place in Leeds County  
at reasonable rates. Farmers' Sales and  
Real Estate a Specialty. Write or call on  
A. M. EATON ATHENS, ONT.

**IMERSON—The Auctioneer**  
Write or Phone early for dates or call the  
Reporter and arrange for your Sale.  
H. W. IMERSON, Auctioneer

## PROPAGANDA BY MOTION PICTURE

### GROWTH OF MOTION PICTURE BUREAU

#### Educational Campaign Being Carried Into Rural Districts and City Theatres.

The present can well be called the era of the motion picture. Since it first burst upon the world it has revolutionized the trend of daily existence. It can surely be termed the most potent factor at the present day in the lives of the thousands who witness films every week, and its powers of influence are unlimited. Its educational value has been proven along many lines and as an instrument of propaganda it has proved a most effective medium in many phases of endeavor. One can estimate, for instance, the value of the film when applied to advertising a country's natural resources or furthering education along agricultural lines.

The Ontario Motion Picture Bureau has developed rapidly since its organization and done much valuable work in advertising the province elsewhere, as well as carrying an energetic educational campaign into the rural districts within its confines. At the end of 1919, the bureau had 200 excellent films, covering 82 different subjects, which appeared daily to audiences throughout Ontario and in several foreign cities. Over 700,000 persons, mainly residents of rural districts, witnessed these projections during the past 12 months. This year, a prominent motion picture company employed by the Bureau has been releasing two films per month, and these films circulate in from 300 to 400 Canadian theatres.

Since the beginning of 1919 to the end of the year, seven films have been produced for the Department of Public Works, four for the Department of Lands, Forests and Mines, and four for the Department of Agriculture. This accounted for a total of 1,938 projections. The Department of Agriculture utilized its district representatives, numbering nearly fifty, in presenting pictures to audiences nearly two thousand times, each representative being furnished with a complete motion picture equipment.

#### Create Widespread Interest.

The motion picture enterprise of the Ontario Government has proved an unqualified success, even though yet in a stage of initial development. Demand for films comes from all quarters, distant provinces and the United States. Its films were used in United States military camps and in the Canadian Khaki University overseas. Five portable machines, with 28 reels, were employed in the Khaki University in England after the armistice. Valuable use of films was made at the various provincial fairs and exhibitions where huge audiences were, by their means, brought closely into contact with the most modern phases of agriculture, and demonstrations of helpful farm appliances were pictured. In addition, films were shown to more than 200 organizations, farmers' clubs, women's institutes, dairy and horticultural associations, motor leagues, teachers' conventions, etc.

Ontario, in this respect, has shown energy and enterprise and with results that have caused her to continue and extend the propaganda.

#### "No Surrender!"

The divine power within us is more than a match for any handicap or obstacle. It is because they realized this that thousands and thousands of people who were blind or deaf, crippled, or suffering from some other fearful handicap, succeeded in doing the seemingly "impossible" and rising to great heights of power and usefulness in the service of mankind. In their extremity they were turned in on themselves and forced to seek within the help which most of us seek only without. There they found limitless resources, divine strength—the real man, the real woman, that God made for success, not for failure.

Every time you surrender to an obstacle you lose an opportunity for growth, for the development of greater power, a sturdier, more virile character. Instead of calling out and using the divine strength implanted in you by the Creator for the very purpose of overcoming obstacles, you undermine and weaken it. By your cowardice you actually defeat God's purpose in creating you—the making of an ideal man or woman.

We do not dream of the extent of our divine resources until we are compelled to grapple with unusual difficulties.

"No surrender!" must ever be the slogan of the man or woman who would overcome the obstacles that block the road to success.

#### A New Way.

Little Mary, who was just three years old, came home all excited. "Mother," she said, "the new people moving next door wash their clothes in a stove."

"Why, my child, who ever told you that?" replied the mother.

"The moving man said so. He was taking a funny looking stove in the house and I asked him what was it. He said it was a laundry stove."

AGAIN THE OLD PROBLEM OF SUPPLY AND DEMAND.



#### The Corporal's Prayer.

The Y.M.C.A., but of a large base camp in France was packed to the doors to hear the new chaplain who had arrived from England only a few hours before.

How heartily the men sang the old songs, Jesus, Lover of my Soul, Rock of Ages, and Lead, Kindly Light, and how reverently quiet they were during the reading and the prayer. The chaplain had just started his address when suddenly a corporal—absolutely drunk—pushed his way into the hut, bawling at the top of his voice a comic song.

"Shut up!" cried several of the men. "Pitch him out!" cried others wrathfully.

"Leave him alone, men!" cried the chaplain. "Let's see what he'll do!"

The drunken fellow stumbled up a narrow lane between the men to the platform, saying in a thick voice, "I can sing as well as any of you, I know! And preach, too, gov'nor!" he added as he caught sight of the chaplain. "Lemme try!"

"Come on," said the chaplain, to the astonishment of the men. "Let's see what you can do, mate."

With a broad grin the fellow climbed upon the platform. When he at last stood before the crowd he said with a drunken laugh, "Now, chaplain, what'll it be, a song, a sermon, or a prayer?"

Under a strong sense of inspiration, and fighting down his natural repulsion at the idea, the chaplain replied, "You'd better pray, my son."

The man looked sobered for an instant, and then he shut his eyes.

"Let us pray," said the chaplain, and a hush fell over all the men.

The corporal controlling his speech with difficulty, began, "Oh, God!" There was a long silence. "Oh, God!" he started again. Then another long spell of silence.

Then came a sob that rent the hearts of all. The fellow's head sank upon his hands; he half turned to the chaplain, whose arms were round him in an instant. In broken tones the man sobbed out, "I had a good mother, sir—once—she taught me—" He could get no further.

"Let us pray," said the chaplain again, and in strong but tender tones he commended the man and his comrades to the God of Mercy who understands and who, in Christ, "was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." The chaplain thanked God for the old home, for sainted mothers and for honest fathers. There was no sermon that night—but the corporal's soul was given to Christ, and many another man's, too.

The corporal was never drunk again, and during his stay with the battalion the chaplain had no truer friend or more willing helper in all his work than he.

#### The Human-Seeming Baboon.

They had stalked a huge elephant, but before they could bring the camera into play a baboon, perched upon a nearby tree-top, barked out a signal of alarm, and the elephant rapidly disappeared.

Writing about these baboons of the jungle, Maj. James Barnes, in his book *Through Central Africa*, says: They had regular games and impromptu sports, and comported themselves as if they were at a huge picnic. The young ones played king of the mound on a great, smooth rock; the mothers, with their infants on their backs, would come down and deposit them by the water and then sit about and gossip, keeping a watchful eye on their offspring all the time. The old men sat in a group apart with hands on their knees, just as you see old grandfathers sitting on the bench after the day's work is done. The loving couples found secluded corners and sat shoulder to shoulder. Never shall we forget one old fellow, a great-grandfather he must have been, sitting by a water hole. Every now and then he scratched himself in the neighborhood of the lower ribs.

"He's looking for a match," said a fellow explorer in a whisper. "He'll light his pipe presently."

Wives of officers on merchant marine steamers are now allowed to accompany their husbands on voyages.

A full-sized model of Westminster Abbey was specially erected near Berlin recently for film purposes.

#### Viva-Voce Newspapers.

The "spoken" or street-corner newspaper was commonest in France. There the circulation of written "news-letters" in the early days of printing grew more slowly than in England and on the Continent outside France, especially in Germany and in Venice. But France led all other countries in the "journals" published in the streets. To learn the talk of the town in Paris it was necessary only to stroll out to some busy spot and listen to an oral newspaper. No doubt some of the "stories" were strange and wonderful; but some of them were authentic, and they included matters of official and business importance.

No capital was required to establish a street-corner publishing house, and no equipment except leatheren lungs, an enduring throat, a stool on which the "publisher" could stand while disseminating the news or sit to rest when business was dull, and a hat in which the holes were not big enough to let coins fall through when the editor became business manager and passed it among the crowd. There were no taxes, no occupation licenses and no traffic regulations to interfere with business. The journalist and publicist could ply his vocation as freely as any mendicant.

The street-corner newspaper was merely one of the many organized and systemized begging industries, or, as we should term them now, "grifts." The publishers met every night in some disreputable drinking den or tavern and compared notes and exchanged news. They got news of governmental and public affairs partly from official announcements, partly through that contact with authority which the underworld always in some mysterious manner maintains. In the course of a day among the street crowds, too, each would accumulate interesting and sometimes accurate information about persons and things. But their main source of supply undoubtedly was the beggars, waiters, students, waiters, adventurers, thieves and outlaws who were their natural associates. From such informants they would pick up legitimate information about prominent men, trade, business, travel and foreign events, to say nothing of the gossip of the town and of criminal circles. All this they would retail in any guise that promised to amuse or astound their gaping audience, and just before telling some exciting "news" artfully led up to but not yet disclosed they would pass the hat for a groat or a penny. Nor is it unlikely that, while the "journalist" worked upon his glib audience, some of his nimble-fingered comrades picked their pockets, and that the two departed together to divide the proceeds.

Such irresponsible journalism could not, of course, continue. It came to an end when printing processes at last became cheap and rapid enough to permit a profit from printing news sheets and news books, the forerunners of the modern newspapers.

A more reputable street-corner newspaper was the municipal or town crier. He sometimes turned an honest penny by adding to the official notices that he was employed to proclaim announcements of wars wanted or for sale, of births, marriages and deaths, and of other matters that any progressive citizen wished to advertise.

#### A Jest on India.

At a school examination the examiner asked one child:

"What are the products of India?" The wretched infant began at once to reel off the list she had learnt by heart.

"Please, sir, India produces curries, and pepper, and rice, and citron, and chillies, and chutney, and—and—"

"Yes, yes!" said the examiner impatiently. "What comes after all that?" What is the most important of all?

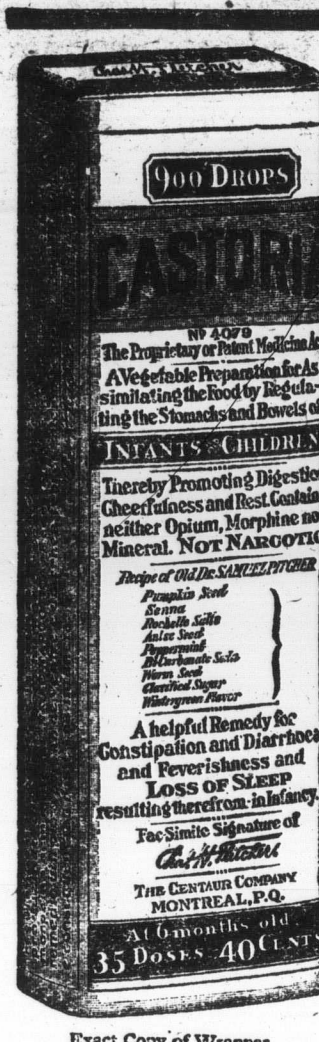
Another infant's hand was raised. "Well, you tell her!"

"Please, sir, India—gestion!"

#### Breaking It Gently.

Father-in-law was advising young hubby, saying: "Now, if it's a boy, you'll telegraph; but if it's a girl a letter is sufficient."

It so happened that twins came—one of each kind. So son-in-law wires: "Hurray! a boy. A letter to follow!"



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

**Mothers Know That  
Genuine Castoria**

Always  
Bears the  
Signature  
of

*Dr. J. C. Watson*  
In  
Use  
For Over  
Thirty Years  
**CASTORIA**  
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

*Your subscription to  
The Reporter will be  
appreciated.*

#### White Lies.

They were discussing the probable veracity of an important witness in a case on trial that day, and the leisurely evening conversation drifted to the mooted question of justifiable falsehood. A young lawyer had just expressed himself strongly. In his opinion, the "amenities of life" could be observed only by an occasional resort to white lies.

"Five years ago," began the white-haired judge after a thoughtful pause, "an item of professional business necessitated my visiting a prison convict in the Middle West. I knew who the man was before I went, but happily he did not recognize me, and I felt that it would be a needless humiliation to remind him that he and his father and mother had spent a week at our house when I was in my teens. He was then hardly half my age. He told me that he was in for an alleged forgery that he had never committed, though he confessed that he was serving his third sentence for dishonest dealings in money matters."

"At the time of which I spoke he was a pretty, curly-haired boy, one of those cute, clever urchins that fond but thoughtless parents put on exhibition whenever occasion offers. One of his stunts was to 'act out' how his mother received callers. There comes that Mrs. Brown, he would flute out in his thin, childish treble. 'I don't know what she's coming here for! I do wish some women knew enough to stay at home!' Then followed the effusively cordial greeting at the door. 'So glad to see you!' with smiles as exaggerated as the frown had been a moment before. I have no doubt the boy was repeating what he had often seen and heard, though the mother laughingly denied it."

"In time, the growing lad must have come to class his mother's performance with what the world outside called lying and deceit. He must have come to see the dearest face to him on earth wearing the mask of the hypocrite. Perhaps that sounds unduly harsh, but it is none too harsh for the bitter facts. He saw his mother, whom he loved and trusted, his ideal of all that was best and purest in character, acting a part, with intent to deceive. He heard her lips speak repeatedly what he knew was not in her heart."

"I admit that I can't offer any evidence that would stand in court." A whimsical smile lighted up the elderly face. "It is difficult to trace moral cause and effect, and I never knew the details of Philip Dunn's downward career. One thing I have learned, though, since I saw the man in his prison garb: The young fellow's first moral lapse was untruthfulness."

"Philip was bright and active; in some ways he was one of the best clerks I ever had," a former employer told me. "But I soon discovered that you couldn't believe a word he said. It was rather a queer case, too. He never seemed ashamed to be caught in a lie. One might think he didn't

see much difference between the plain truth and the plain other thing."

The judge sat silent a moment, stroking his gray beard, as he often did over a knotty point of law. "I've always had the feeling that truth is a sacred thing—no matter if it concerns a trivial matter. It's something like the ark of God in Old Testament times. It can't be handled profanely, even when there seems to be a good reason for it. It's a case where God sternly commands, 'Hands off!'"

#### Wedding Gifts.

A man of wealth and position recently gained prominence in the newspaper headlines by giving a pig as a wedding present. It was a good pig—young and wealthy, well-born, and showing even in youth a pleasant disposition toward adiposity. Doubtless the bride was pleased, and not impossibly she expressed the pleasure with which she and her husband looked forward to having so dependable a source of breakfast bacon always at hand. It was really an excellent choice.

The passing surprise that it occasioned shows the change in modern life and customs. Anyone who has the curiosity to study the history of the custom of giving wedding presents will find himself carried back to simple conditions and first principles: the desire of parents to set a son or a daughter not empty-handed on the road to life. The wedding gifts were the material things with which the young couple could begin their house-keeping. Laban gave a maidservant both to Rachel and to Leah when each was married to Jacob; and in the life of that day a maidservant was a very "useful" present to girls in their position. Doubtless Laban would have done more if it had not been that Jacob, as the schoolboy said of Hawthorne in Concord, was living "at the old man's." At any rate, when they left, neither Jacob nor his wives felt any compunction in helping themselves generously to Laban's flocks and herds.

It is not so long ago, either in this country or in England, that families even in comfortable circumstances thought it quite fitting to give to a daughter a cow, a calf, a colt, a ewe or a pig; and feather beds, pillows and cooking utensils were among the most usual and universally approved gifts. But gradually the fashion has inclined more toward the beautiful—or rather the ornamental—than to the useful silverware and bric-a-brac, and pictures have taken the place of the calm-eyed cow, and the nickel-plated perculator looks down upon the homely skillet. The change is owing to the very human desire of donors to give something durable; something that will associate them permanently with their gift; but unless they are blessed with good taste the result is not always so satisfactory as they suppose.

About 200 rivers flow into the Baltic Sea.