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AUSTIN G. L. TRIBUTE, EDITOR AND PROP.

KISMET

A noble sacrifice was made recently by a young man at the front. He had been in France for about fifteen months and was expected home on leave, when his mother got this letter from him:
"Mother I found a man just close by me who was very sad. I said to him 'What's the matter Billy?' He said he had just heard his little girl was very ill and he could not get leave. Mother, I know it will be a great disappointment, to you, but I went to my officer and asked him whether Bill could not have leave instead of me. So Bill is on leave I am staying behind." A few days later the mother received a telegram saying that her lad had been killed while staying behind in the other man's place.

IRON DISCIPLINE, YET—

In the Canadian army there is only one social class. Precocious youth in lieutenants' uniforms find no support in snobbery. The results obtained by the Canadian forces prove that their discipline is perfect; yet every day we hear incidents of young officers with mistaken notions of the purpose of discipline, getting snubbed by men and officers alike. They learn in time—at least most of them. An incident which occurred in Halifax created a flurry of excitement. A number of soldiers were standing in a group—a bronzed and stalwart chap had his back to the building, his arms behind him. A young lieutenant passed by and the "chap" failed to salute him. This annoyed the lieutenant and after he had proceeded a few yards he wheeled again and passed the soldier and again he failed to salute. The indignant lieutenant sharply rebuked the soldier, who still stood with his arms behind him. "Don't you know you must salute an officer," said the officer. Then came the arms from behind the soldier's back. They were handless arms, and as he held them to the callous youth with the commission he said: "Run home and tell your mother you have seen a real soldier."

PARTNER, NOT EMPLOYEE

(The Wall Street Journal)
The British subject is different to other subjects in the important fact that he is a partner in the business. He is not an employee like the German. He is not only a partner, but he is the partner who signs the checks. All the rest follows, for an American citizen is no less. Indeed it may be doubted if our House of Representatives possesses anything like that power of the purse enjoyed by the British House of Commons. The British Upper House tried to amend a money bill some years ago as our Senate would not hesitate to do, and it is not likely to repeat the experiment. Indeed, if the House of Lords assumed a fraction of the power of our Senate, the Commons would go up in the air and stay up till the Lords climbed down. The British people are at war and they are willingly paying the tremendous bill because what they are fighting for is something they themselves have evolved out of their strenuous history. That thing is our common democracy, our own most priceless heritage.

AMERICAN TROOPS TO FRANCE

(Youth's Companion)
With the registration of the ten million young men from whom the new national army is to be drawn, the mobilization of the entire National Guard and the designation of a division of regular troops for immediate service in France, the United States has given earnest that it does not mean to enter the war merely as banker or commissioner for its allies, but as a real belligerent. Its man power, if fully called upon, must in the end exert a tremendous, perhaps a decisive, influence upon the actual fighting, but that power cannot be very extensive-

ly employed this year, since the necessary process of training and equipment will occupy most of the months that are suitable for campaign in the field.

But the flag is to go to the front at once. One army division, and very likely more as the summer goes on, will be dispatched to take a place in the battle line. We shall have our share, even if it be a small one, in the great war in behalf of freedom and the rights of man. How much material assistance we shall give to our allies is not clear—some at least, although perhaps not much. But it will cheer and hearten them to see our soldiers fighting at last beside their own; especially it will encourage our sister republic, France, which has so spent itself materially and spiritually in the struggle. The sight of the Stars and Stripes floating beside the Tricolor in the trenches will double the value of the small expedition we shall send.

It will be a wonderful experience for the men of Gen. Pershing's division. They will be welcomed as almost no other band of soldiers was ever welcomed, for their presence in France will have a significance that it is impossible to exaggerate. They carry with them America, a world power at last, forced out of its comfortable isolation by the peril of its sister nations; they carry with them the pledge of the oneness of the New World with the Old, and of its determination to do its part in defending civilization and democracy. It will be a historic moment when they disembark on the shores of France, and every American's heart will beat more proudly when that moment comes.

THE LITTLE SPELL

"I don't know who wrote it or where it appeared, but the following few lines are very true to life just now:

Twinkle, twinkle little spud,
As up among the clouds you scud,
You are doubtless feeling gay,
Chasing round the milky way.
You have reached to such a height
You are surely out of sight—
Like a diamond now you seem
In your price and that's no dream.
Twinkle on another twink;
As we chase for needful chink
You are sailing rather high,
As you wink your shrivelled eye,
Up there somewhere in the sky,
Tuber, since the coop you flew,
We have only longed for you;
That our freside you forsook,
Broke our heart and pocketbook,
Never felt how we could love,
Till you left and went above,
Never felt how dear you were,
Till we paid four dollars per.
Small potato, please come back,
In our lives, there's such a lack;
For your presence we so pine
That our stomach hits our spine,
We are tired of eating greens,
Stewed prunes, sauerkraut and beans.
'Tis for you alone we yearn;
Darling tater, please return."

A PROPHECY.

"Have you noticed," writes a correspondent, "that James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, showed himself almost as true a prophet of things to come as the author of 'The Battle of Dorking'?"

Our correspondent's reference is to "Kilkenny," and we think our readers will like to refresh their memories with the actual lines from Kilkenny's vision of the fight between the lion and the eagle. Hogg was of course referring to the Napoleonic eagle, but his words may be fitly applied to Germany to-day. "She saw before her fair unfurled One half of all the glowing world, Where oceans rolled and rivers ran, To bound the aims of sinful man. She saw a people, fierce and fell, Burst frae their bounds like fiends of hell; There lillies grew, and the eagle flew, And she herked on her ravening crew. Till the cities and towers were wrapt in ablaze, And the thunder it roared o'er the lands and the seas. The widows wailed, and the red blood ran, And she threatened an end to the race of man; She never lened nor stood in awe, Till caught by the lions deadly paw. Oh! then the eagle swinked for life And brainzelled up a mortal strife; But flew she north, or flew she south, She met wi' the gowl of the lion's mouth. With a mooted wing and waeiful maen, The eagle sought her eiry again; But lang may she cower in her bloody nest, And lang, lang sleek her wounded breast, Before she sey another flight To pay wi' the norland lion's might."
—Public Opinion, London.

MY AUTO 'TIS OF THEE

My auto 'tis of thee, short cut to poverty—of thee I chant. I blew a pile of dough on you two years ago, and now you refuse to go, won't or can't. Through town and countryside, you were my joy and pride; a happy day. I loved the gaudy hue, thy nice white tire so new, but now you're down and through in every way. To thee, old rattle box, came many bumps and knocks; for thee I grieve. Badly thy top is torn, frayed are thy seats and worn; a whooping cough affects thy horn, I do believe.

Thy perfume swells the breeze while good folks choke and wheeze as we pass by. I paid for thee a price 'twould buy a mansion twice now all are peddling "ice"—I wonder why? Thy motor has the grip, thy spark plug has the pip, and woe is thine, I too have suffered chills, ague and kindred ills, endeavoring to my bills since thou wert mine. Gone is my bank roll now, no more 'twould choke the mon, so help me John—amen, I'd buy a car again, and spend some more.—Ex.

PLANTING TO-NIGHT

(Winchester Press)
Many are the backs that are weary to-night,
From using the spade and the hoe
Many are the men who are straining their sight,
Watching for the stuff to grow.
Planting to-night,
Planting to-night
Planting in the old back yard.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Smith last week attended the funeral of the two daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Smith, Brantford. The deaths occurred within a week of each other. Athens friends of the bereaved family unite in extending sympathy.

Mr. Jerry Campo, who has spent a couple of months with his brother here, returned to-day to Chicago.

BELGIUM RELIEF WORK

In view of the recent statement issued by Mr. Hoover, Chairman of the Commission for Relief in Belgium which points out the impossibility at present of obtaining the necessary shipping tonnage to forward to Belgium the food supplies in the same quantities as in the past, also draws attention to the fact that the United States Government have made arrangements to loan to the Belgium Government the sum of \$45,000,000 payable to the Commission for Relief in Belgium in six monthly instalments which sum will cover the cost of such food supplies as can be shipped in that time by the limited number of ships available to the Commission, the Central Executive Committee of the Belgium Relief Fund in Canada finds it unnecessary for he present, to make appeal to the generously disposed people of Canada on the plea of the urgency of support in order to stave off starvation.

The needs of Belgium continue however as pressing as in the past and the situation may be considered as being even more pitiable as, through the forced decrease in imports, Belgium will be compelled to fall back on her last native resources already so denuded. In order to maintain that so limited ration that has been doled out in the past it will be necessary to encroach upon the Country's stock of Milk Cattle which has been reserved to maintain a supply of fresh milk for the children.

In the hope, however, that the recent swiftly developed shortage in the World's shipping—the cause of this new departure of the Relief Work—may not permanently endure; in the hope that the necessary funds may be available should any emergency or special occasion arise and in view of the fact that in any event relief in many forms will be required after the war, the Committee hope that all the generous supporters of the fund in the past and all those who have pledged themselves for future payments will continue to support the Fund and thus continue to show their sympathy with the people who gave their all for the cause of Humanity.

All such donations received after the 15th of June will be disposed of to the best advantage of this stricken people, according to the wish that may be expressed by any donor or according to the actual or more pressing needs of any of the already organized channels of Relief Work such as:

- "Help to the Children removed from Belgium Front"
- "Queen's Fund for the Wounded Soldiers"
- "Home for the Belgian Soldiers"
- "Relief for Belgium Prisoners in Germany"
- "Relief for Belgian Committee of the Belgian Red Cross"
- "Relief for Belgian Children suffering from tuberculosis and rickets"
- "Belgium Orphan Fund"
- "Belgian National Relief Fund for War Orphans, etc."

SLEPT ON THE MARCH.

Fired Soldiers Who Actually Walked While They Slumbered.

In an article, "Sleep For the Sleepless," in the World's Work the author quotes an eminent surgeon who made a study of sleep in the French army as follows:

"In the retreat from Mons to the Marne we had an extraordinary human experiment in which several hundred thousand men secured little sleep during nine days and in addition made forced marches and fought one of the greatest battles in history.

"How, then, did these men survive nine days apparently without opportunity for sleep? They did an extraordinary thing—they slept while they marched! Sheer fatigue slowed down their pace to a rate that would permit them to sleep while walking. When they halted they fell asleep. They slept in water and on rough grounds when suffering the pangs of hunger and thirst and even when severely wounded. They cared not for capture, not even for death, if only they could sleep.

"The unvaried testimony of the soldiers was that every one at times slept on the march. They passed through villages asleep. When sleep deepened they were awakened by comrades. They slept in water, on stones, in brush or in the middle of the road as if they had suddenly fallen in death. With the ever oncoming lines of the enemy no man was safe who dropped out of the ranks, for no matter on what pretext he fell out sleep conquered him. Asleep many were captured. That the artillery men slept on horseback was evidenced by the fact that every man lost his cap."

LOOK OUT OF YOUR WINDOW.

Mayhap You Are Missing a Wonderful Moving Picture Show.

Houses are so common, people are so common, and windows are so common! How rare it is for any one to realize how important it is to stand up and look out of a window! Have you, for example, ever looked out of every window in your house? If not try it and see what a new idea you will get of the universe.

Just looking out of one window is a wonderful thing to do. We do it sometimes when there is a big storm raging, and what a sensation we get! Clouds burst, the rain washes down in torrents. We think maybe the world is coming to an end. Out of the window, even in placid weather, there is always a great sight. We have a reserved seat to the greatest show now going on. About everything is happening out there that there is! Streams of universal knowledge flow in upon us through that window. All our senses become revitalized.

Out of every window there is almost always a tree in sight somewhere, even in the city. Take note of that tree, with its roots deep in the soil and its branches spreading out into the air. That tree will connect you up with Mother Earth. Then there is always the sky, leading you into unknown depths of thought and feeling, and there are always people passing—world comrades! It is the greatest moving picture show in the world.—Life.

Teamwork on a Battleship.

The problem of naval expansion would not be so hard were it not for the fact that every ship needs such a great number in its crew, because the greater the number of men that must work together as "a team" the greater the difficulty of accomplishing the "teamwork" and the longer the time required. In a ship, especially in a large ship like a battleship or battle cruiser, most of the men work together in large groups, such as turret crews, 100 men sometimes composing a turret crew. Nevertheless the ship and all the men it floats are bound together by invisible cords that make a ship a unit, and the major effect of the training and of the drills of all kinds is to make the whole a living organism.—Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske in World's Work.

Waterloo.

Sir Walter Scott once said that the loss of the battle of Waterloo threw half Britain into mourning, yet the casualties of England and her allies were only 22,423, which included the wounded and missing. The French are supposed to have lost 31,000 or 32,000, as many of the exhausted men were trampled on by the troops of Blucher, but owing to Napoleon's exile to St. Helena no accurate record could be made.

Theatrical Note.

"There's no demand for tragedians any more."
"Then why not go with the tide and be a comedian, old top?"
"Oh, I couldn't be funny if I tried!"
"That isn't necessary."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Arthur's Seat.

What is known as Arthur's Seat is a hill east of Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland. It is a strange formation in the shape of a lion and is 222 feet high, yet the ascent is an easy one, and from the summit a glorious view is gained.

Her Sort.

Alice—What kind of girl has Jack engaged himself to? Rose—Oh, she's the sort of woman you never dare ask to luncheon for fear she'll stay to dinner.—Exchange.

Grief can take care of itself, but to get the full value of a joy you must have somebody to divide it with.—Mark Twain.

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