

THE LEGEND OF THE WHITE EAGLE

By L. Glenn Earl

Readers of The Reporter will remember Mr. Earl's "Legend of Rock House Cave" and will welcome this new epic poem breathing of Charleston Lake's piney scents.—Ed.

High on the mountain's bluish top,
Where calm begins, and the wild
winds stop;
Where the sunset lingers in its glow
While the shadows lengthen down
below;
Where the wild crags by some an-
cient storm
Were smashed in their fantastic
form;
Where the whispers from the stunt-
ed trees
Come murmuring on the scented
breeze
An Eagle, white as the fluffy snow,
Awaits the sunset's golden glow,
And in the last rays wing away
To westward with the dying day,
And every night you can see it go
Out beyond the sunset's glow.

The Indians long since have gone
From where the stag and gentle
fawn
Roved o'er Charleston's flowery
hills
And drank at the evening from the
rills,
But left to us in tale and song
Stories of the days now gone.
Legendary songs they sung
Handed down from sire to son,
And the legend of this snow-white
bird
Around the campfire oft was heard.

Omeme was an Indian maid,
A chieftain's daughter, and arrayed
In dainty dress of her own make
And trimmed with white shells from
the lake,
And stained quills of the porcupine
Were interwoven in design.
Bare arms and throat were softly
tanned
By the drowsy south wind's gentle
hand,
And luxuriant hair in wayward
strands
Stole from the encircling bands
That sparkled on her shapely head
In beads of gold and pink and red,
And riot played in the gentle breeze
That tarried 'mong the shady trees.

Omeme was loved both near and far
By braves who'd won their fame in
war,
And oft they came with riches rare
To lay before the maiden fair.
And though her hospitality showed
In welcome to her father's abode,
Her love was not for bloodstained
hands
Though chieftains of their fiery
bands.

Among her father's tribe was one
Versed in legend tales they sung;
A dreamer and whose dreamy days
Knew not at all of battle wars.
No pride felt he when his rock-tip-
ped dart
Pierced the fleeing stag's wild heart.
No tales he told of foemen slain,
Or travels westward to the plain,
He fished and hunted like his race
But not for glory in the chase.
'Twas his desire that peace should
bloom

Goodwill should blossom from the
gloom
That east to west the fair land mars
With countless raids and ceaseless
wars.
His love for Omeme daily grew
Though nought of his love the maid-
en knew.
He worshipped her as one above,
The rude standard of his love,
Nor paid he homage to her hand
As did the others of the band.

The summer went and winter came,
The snowbound hills were scarce in
game.
The god of Hunger, cruel and dread,
Laughed at the moaning and the
dead,
For not a rabbit, not a bird,
Not even the wolf's wild cry was
heard.
As the hunters roamed the great
white land
Held in winter's icy hand,
The camp gave over to despair,
Called on the gods in curse and
prayer
Till the strong at last, too weak to
cry
Wrapped in their robes, laid down
to die.

But the one who dreamed regretted
not
That hungry death was to be his
lot;
He cared not when nor how he died,
On an after life had he relied.
Although his tribe in its prosperous
days
Had scorned his teachings and his
ways.
But his heart was chilled that Om-
eme should know
Hunger and want from the cold and
snow;
And he called on his wonderful god

of Love,
Who blessed the earth and the sky
above,
To care for the maid he loved so
well,
To carry her far o'er hill and dell
To a fairy land where a balmy sun
Blesses the earth when night is
done,
Where cold nor hunger nor warlike
band,
Lays waste the bounteous, smiling
land.

And the god of Love sent an Eagle,
white,
To carry the maid away that night,
And the dreamer died with a smiling
face
Among the frozen forms of his race,
For his dreams had showed an after
life
Free from the daily cares and strife;
Flowery vales and wooded hills
Shaded the sparkling, murmuring
rills
And with his maiden hand in hand,
Would wander through this garden
land;
And he knew that he would never
tire
Of life in this land, with his heart's
desire.

And oft if you watch in the evening
light,
You'll see an eagle snowy white,
Float from the mountain top away,
To the glorious land beyond to-day
Where the god of Love has his
domain,
And lover and loved shall meet
again.

DEATH OF ALBERT FORSYTHE

On May 4, an old and respected
resident of Greenbush passed away
in the person of Mr. Albert Forsythe,
senior. He was in his 79th year,
and had been a resident of that
place all his life. His father, James
Forsythe, came to this country from
Scotland, and his mother, Aurilla
Huntley came from Vermont. He
leaves to mourn his loss a wife,
whose maiden name was Miss Nancy
Wilson; two sons, Alexander, of
North Augusta, and Albert, on the
homestead, and one daughter, Mrs.
H. Carter, of Greenbush.

The funeral service was held in
Greenbush church, and was largely
attended. Rev. C. Baldwin offici-
ated. Interment was made in Brock-
ville Cemetery. Those from a dis-
tance attending the funeral were:
Mrs. Wm. Estus, of Alexandria Bay,
N.Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Collier, Brock-
ville; Mrs. Gordon Bouck and Mr.
Roy Forsythe, of Gouverneur, N.Y.;
Mrs. Campbell and sons, of Delta.

DEATH OF MRS. R. FERGUSON

On Friday, May 4, there passed
away at her home, two miles east of
Athens, Mrs. Richard Ferguson. De-
ceased was only thirty-six years of
age, and had been ill only a few
weeks. Her maiden name was Miss
Jennie Barrington, daughter of Mr.
and Mrs. Bennett Barrington, of
Athens. Mrs. Ferguson was a high-
ly esteemed resident, a kind neigh-
bor, and a beloved mother.

Besides her husband, she is sur-
vived by her father, and mother;
four brothers, William, 238th Batt.,
France; Thomas B., Morrin, Alta.;
John and James, of Athens; and
one sister, Mrs. J. M. Wing, Athens.
She also leaves four children, the
youngest being eight years of age.

Deceased was a member of the
Church of England. The funeral
took place at the family residence,
on Sunday afternoon. Service was
conducted by the Rev. J. Lyons, of
Addison, after which interment was
made at Oak Leaf.

DEATH OF MRS. WALTER OLDS

The death occurred at Greenbush
on May 2, of Mrs. Walter Olds after
a lingering illness. Deceased, when
in health, took an active and intel-
ligent interest in all efforts to spread
the influence of the church she loved
and for the betterment of the com-
munity; she was a devoted member
of the Methodist church. Her per-
sonality will be much missed by all
who knew her.

Mrs. Olds was before her marriage
Miss Lou Stevens, a daughter of the
late Levi Stevens, and was born at
Plum Hollow. Besides her husband,
she leaves to mourn her loss, one
son and two daughters.

The funeral service was conduct-
ed at the residence on Thursday,
May 3 by Rev. C. Baldwin, of Addi-
son. Interment was made at Brock-
ville. The pall-bearers were: Fred
Kerr, Clifford Hall, Lewis Langdon,
Wm. Spence, Norris Loverin, Wes-
ley McVeigh.

Among relatives from a distance
were: Dr. Wesley Stevens (brother)
of Westport; Mrs. Cameron Stuart,
of Ottawa (sister); Mr. and Mrs. Hu-
bert Stevens, of Plum Hollow.

DR. BELAND'S CAPTIVITY.

Prominent Canadian Is Confined in
Narrow German Cell.

C. H. Mellor, an Englishman, has
just returned to London from Ger-
many, where he was confined in the
next cell to that of Hon. Dr. Beland,
former P.M.C. of Canada. He re-
ports the Canadian doctor well and
regularly receiving parcels sent, but
is depressed by his long confinement.
The doctor's cell is about eight by
ten feet, and the only furniture is a
wire mattress, bed and bedding, and
a wooden stool. He is shut in here
every night from 7 p.m. till 9 next
morning. He is allowed to exercise
in the day in a seventy foot corridor
and a small prison yard, where a
number of criminals are exercising.
The cell is clean and comfortably
heated, and is well lighted. The
prison commandant is kind and con-
siderate. Nevertheless the confine-
ment of the ordinary prison is de-
clared by the returned man to be
much harder than in an internment
camp, where the latter was previous-
ly, and a very harsh measure.

Sir George Perley is informed, and
it is hoped by Canadians in London
that Premier Borden will make fresh
efforts to ameliorate the condition
of the doctor's imprisonment, which
has been such for over two years.
The returned prisoner states that
the food situation in Germany is
very bad. A German soldier from
the front was astonished to behold
sandwiches, white bread and meat,
which were in an Englishman's par-
cel from home, and was delighted to
accept one. He thought England was
starving. The same soldier declared
the Germans in the trenches had
meat only twice weekly. They went
into battle on a small ration of coffee
and black bread and came out again
on such ration.

Our Nation's Destiny.

"Canada's Place in World Politics
After the War" was the subject of an
address by Rev. Dr. Eaton of Madis-
on Avenue Baptist Church, New
York, and President of the Cana-
dian Association in the city, at the
Empire Club of Toronto recently.
The war had revealed three great
facts in relation to the history of
mankind. The first was the tendency
towards democracy—the spiritual
unity and equality of men, which he
was glad to see had been recognized
in Ontario by the extension of equal
rights to women. The second was,
that freedom was worth all it cost
in blood and treasure. The great
majority of the people of British
breed would rather die than live
slaves. The third great principle is
that the soul is the man, and the soul
is the nation. These are the great
mountain peaks of human conscious-
ness revealed by the war. Canada is
on the wild and stormy sea of uni-
versal relationships. The Dominion
has become a world power, and must
order its future domestic institutions
in the light of these international
relations. Henceforth Canadians
must be world-citizens, and exert
their utmost force to advance the
principles of justice, truth, and
right. Canada will exert tremen-
dous influence on world politics by
means of her connection with the
British Empire. You cannot have a
nation except through the travel
and pain of sacrifice. The pacifist is
at fault in believing that power in
life can be had without sacrifice.
That is where he is at fault.

The speaker believed that Canada
was as fine a specimen of democracy
as the world contains, and the most
successful experiment in the federal
idea; and her destiny as a world ser-
vant in world politics will be along
the line of applying the federal prin-
ciple which she has worked out suc-
cessfully under the most difficult
circumstances for fifty years. Cana-
da must profit by the mistakes of
the neighboring republics. It would
be an unmitigated calamity to all
this country after the war with
alien immigrants. The speaker hoped
Canada would have no one but Cana-
dians in it; hence no one but men
attuned with the soul of all Canada
should be allowed to become part of
this nation. Otherwise, when the
people think they are a nation they
will discover they are a house divid-
ed against itself, which cannot
stand.

Canada and the Cost of Living.

Figures compiled by the Depart-
ment of Labor show that Canada is
faring better than most nations in
the matter of the cost of living.
Since the war began the price of
food in the Dominion has gone up
about 75 per cent. In Britain, how-
ever, prices have risen about 87 per
cent.; in Germany about 250 per
cent.; in Austria, 300 per cent.; in
Norway, Denmark, and Sweden about
200 per cent.; in the United States
about 90 per cent. According to fig-
ures just issued by the United States
Labor Bureau, the cost of table
necessities in the Republic to the south
has increased nearly 50 per cent.
within the past six months, which
advance is considerably greater than
in Canada. Foodstuffs such as meats,
potatoes, and other vegetables of
common use are higher in price in
most American cities to-day than in
either Montreal, Winnipeg, or Tor-
onto. The advance in potatoes
alone in New York City has been
nearly 300 per cent. since the begin-
ning of the year. Lack of production
and huge shipments to belligerent
countries are given as the causes.
Production and still more production
would seem to be the only solution
of the situation.

Society Women Gardeners.

The wives of four Cabinet Minis-
ters have offered to cultivate garden
lots in Ottawa this summer. They
are Mrs. Crothers, Mrs. Martin Bur-
rell, Mrs. Roche, and Mrs. Arthur
Meighen. Vacant lots have been of-
fered to the Women's Canadian Club
and a roll has been opened of women
who will be ready to help cultivate
the lots. Thirty well-known society
women, headed by the wives of these
four Cabinet Ministers, have already
signed the list.

Junetown

Mr. and Mrs. Walton Sheffield, of
Athens, and Mrs. Theo Summers
and Miss Myrtle Summers, spent
Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Jacob
Warren.

Mr. and Mrs. Frances Fortune
and Miss Orma and Mr. Harold For-
tune were in Athens on Sunday, at-
tending the funeral of the late Mrs.
Richard Ferguson.

Master Grant MacDonald, King-
ston, arrived on Monday to spend the
summer at Mr. Will Purvis.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Warren were
visiting relatives in Brockville last
week.

Mrs. Eli Tennant and Misses
Phyllis and Doris, spent the week-
end with relatives in Gananoque.

Mrs. John A. Herbison was in Ot-
tawa last week visiting her brother,
Sergt. John Summers, who is leav-
ing shortly for overseas.

Mrs. M. J. Connelly, Brockville,
and Mrs. Ettie Hogaboom, Caintown,
were guests of Mr. and Mrs. James
Purvis on Saturday.

Miss Cassie Tennant spent a
couple of days recently in Brockville
with her sister, Mrs. Sandy Fergu-
son.

Miss Arley Purvis spent Thursday
with friends in Brockville.

A number from here attended the
funeral of the late Mrs. Benj. War-
ren at Rockfield on Thursday.

Mrs. W. B. Foley, Lansdowne, and
Miss Maggie Ferguson, spent one
day last week in Athens.

Mr. and Mrs. Delbert Ferguson,
Mitchellville, were visitors at Mr.
W. H. Fergusons on Sunday.

Miss Eveena Price, Mallorytown,
spent Sunday with Mrs. Harry
Franklin.

Miss Mina Pritchard spent the
week-end at her home in Athens.

Mrs. W. B. Lanigan, of Winnipeg,
arrived here on Monday to visit her
brothers, Alvin and Egbert Avery.

Mr. Norman Hagerman, Athens,
was a recent visitor at Mr. J. B.
Fergusons.

GASTRIC REBELLION.

Some of the Mistakes in Eating That
Incite Poor Digestion.

Indigestion is often attributed to
hasty eating, and people are reproved,
and rightly so, for bolting their food,
but it is interesting to observe that,
while the bolting of meat is always se-
verely censured, one never hears any
blame attached to those who swallow
fruit by the mouthful and devour un-
cooked vegetables without any at-
tempt at mastication. Nevertheless it
is the hasty swallower of vegetable
fiber who is really the inciter of gastric
rebellion. Vegetables are at all times
very imperfectly digested by the stom-
ach and require their tough fibers to
be thoroughly broken up by the teeth
if they are to be dissolved even in the
bowel.

There is a well known saying which
avers that digestion waits upon appe-
tite, and there is no doubt that of all
the adjuncts to digestion a keen de-
sire for food is the most powerful and
important. But appetite itself often
depends upon conditions which are in-
dependent of the body's absolute neces-
sities. Thus the aspect of the food, its
smell, taste and even the manner in
which it is served all help either to
stimulate a desire for it or to induce a
sense of aversion, while the environ-
ment of the diner often exercises im-
portant influence, beneficial or other-
wise.

Brain work of any kind interferes
with the rapid digestion of food, and
even the habit of reading during meal-
times, practiced by so many, is con-
ducive neither to appetite nor diges-
tion. A well lighted room, music and
frivolous conversation will often per-
mit a chronic dyspeptic to enjoy with-
out remorse the pleasures of the table,
while a depressing atmosphere, uncon-
genial company and unappetizing
dishes may induce a fit of indigestion
in the most healthy individual.

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by local applications, as they cannot reach the
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tutional remedy. Deafness is caused by an
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the result, and unless the inflammation can be
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Many cases of deafness are caused by Catarrh,
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