

Supplement to the Durham Chronicle.

DURHAM, ONT. MAY 12th, 1898.

CORNER CONCERNS.

Mr. Jas. Baird is going to begin seeding on Tuesday with a rush, as he is going to have all his neighbors helping him.

Only two reports from health officer this week,—Messrs. Willie Black and Bob Mead,—boils and carbuncles respectively, but between them they are able to keep a team going full time.

Arbor day was duly observed at the school, where the children, supervised by the teacher planted trees, cleaned the yard and made a number of flower beds as thoroughly as if they expected to grow a crop of strawberries.

Mrs. Tucker is spending a few

lectures on missionary work, probably accompanied with views, in the School house on Tuesday, 17th, at 8 o'clock.

Miss Mary Allan has returned from Guelph, where she has been spending the winter pleasantly and profitably.

The western fever, which this spring has carried off so many of our stalwart young men and handsome maidens, found its last victim in the person of Miss Aggie Sirrs, who left last Tuesday for B. C. to examine into the veracity of those glowing reports.

Mrs. Bella Grierson, of Bentinck, paid a short visit to this burg last week and took to herself a helpmate, Miss Rachael Hillis, for the summer months.

SACKETT'S CORNERS.

The weather is fine and most of the farmers are through with their spring seeding.

Mr. H. Atchison has a sore toe, the result of a frost bite. Under the skilful care of Dr. Sneith, of Dromore, we hope it will soon be well.

We understand that Malcolm McCannell is preparing to put a stone foundation under his barn. Success Malcolm.

We are sorry to hear that Mrs. J. Smidt, who left this neighborhood to visit New England, is not much better. We hope with the return of warm weather she will improve.

Miss Annie McFadden has gone to the Queen City for the summer.

A pleasant evening was spent at the house of George Sackett in the

way of a musical treat. Mr. E. Corbin, of New England, humorist and singer, with a few friends and neighbors spent an entertaining evening with some choice selections both comic and sentimental accompanied with guitar and violin.

We'd like to know why Pat did not get his nursery stock according to order? If the wedding on the North line is soon coming off?

TOP CLIFF.

The most of the farmers around here are through seeding, except a few who neglected their fall plowing. Some say they're through when not three-fourths done like the woman who blew the dinner horn in the morning to make her neighbors jealous.

The farmers are busy at Mr. Hinks' barn and the weather is set for a fine day.

We see there are some honorable references made towards some of your leading correspondents, and as you extended the same courtesy to all correspondents, we may say that as far as "Top Cliff" is concerned we do not want to be made conspicuously known to the public. Our sins will find us out soon enough without publishing our name.

Old Mr. Wait, of Priceville, had another paralytic stroke a couple of weeks ago. By all appearances it will end his life in a short time as he is almost totally disabled. The old gentleman has passed the four score years and in the natural course of life the end of his journey cannot be far off.

Rev. Mr. Mathewson will hold prayer meeting at our school on Wednesday of this week. He delivered an interesting discourse on mission work in the North-West last Sunday evening in his church, Priceville. Mr. Mathewson was a missionary in the N. W. for six years.

A Family Practically Wiped Out.

One of the saddest examples of the dreadful havoc wrought by that scourge of humanity, consumption, has to be recorded this week in the case of an Owen Sound family that has been almost wiped out of existence within the short period of three weeks. The wife of Mr. Jacob Meddaugh, an employee at the chair factory, residing on West street, has been suffering from pulmonary disease for several months—her case being hopeless. The young children, having been in almost daily contact with the diseased mother during her illness, contracted the deadly malady. On April 18th, Herbert, a little child of eight months died of the trouble, and on Tuesday the mother succumbed. The funeral of the latter

took place on Wednesday afternoon, and the hearse had scarcely left the house, when another child, Pearl, a girl of about four years passed away from the same cause. The father and one little boy are now the sole survivors of a family of five. This, we believe, is one of the saddest cases of the kind in the history of the town.—O. S. Sun.

Write Them a Letter To-night.

Don't go to the theater, concert or ball,
But stay in your room to-night;
Deny yourself to the friends that call,
And a good long letter write.
Write to the sad old folk at home,
Who sit when the day is done,
With folded hands and downcast eyes,
And think of the absent one.
Don't selfishly scribble, "Excuse my haste,
I'm busy, I'm busy, I'm busy,"
But write, and let them believe
You never forgot them quite—
That you deem it a pleasure when far away
Long letters home to write.
Don't think that the young an' giddy friends
Who make your pastime gay
Have half the anxious thoughts for you
That the old folks have to day.
The duty of writing do not put off;
Let sleep or pleasure wait,
Lest the letter for which they looked and
longed
Be a day or an hour too late.
For the sad old folks at home,
With locks fast turning white,
Are longing to hear from the absent one—
Write them a letter to-night.

The ninth anniversary of the Epworth League will be celebrated in the Methodist Church on Monday evening, May 16th. Topics for conversation furnished with refreshments, music, club swinging etc. Admission 10c. Come and enjoy a social evening.

Mr. David Leith, of Normanby, wishes to thank his new friends, and a number of his old ones for their kind assistance in helping him with his plowing. M. L. moved to his new farm during the winter, and as no plowing had been done the timely help was much appreciated. Seventeen teams rendered good service, and there are more to follow.

Here is a good story about Dumas which will bear repeating: In the days of his affluence, someone went to Dumas for 50 sous to help bury a friend. "What was he?" Dumas asked. "A bailiff, sir," replied the borrower. Dumas' eyes lit with memories. He ran to his desk and returned with a note which he thrust into the man's hand. "You say it costs fifty sous? Here are one hundred. Bury two of 'em."