

WAS IT A NIGHTMARE?

In Tuesday's Globe, citizens of Durham were surprised to find about a column of space devoted to the Durham cement works. It appeared on page 12, and was the result of an interview between the Industrial Editor of The Globe, and Messrs. Allan Grauel and Wm. Calder, of the Durham Cement Works. The working and success of the mill was roseate on paper, and interesting to read, had it not been lacking in the important element of truth.

"Cement Plant Producing 15 Tons of Potash Daily" was the glaring headline, of which we have been unable to find confirmation. We hope it is true, but, alas, it is only a dream. A sentence from the first paragraph says: "After three years of diligent toil, and the expenditure of many thousands of dollars, Allan Grauel, a Pennsylvania Dutchman, who came to Canada in 1914 from the United States has succeeded, through his persistent experimenting with feldspar in the cement plant at Durham, in solving the Potash problem, not only for this country, but for the whole of America." We hope this is true, and that dreams in Tuesday's Globe may soon materialize into a reality.

We learn, too, from the same article that potash before the war could easily be bought on this side of the Atlantic at prices ranging from \$36 to \$50 a ton, and that German interests then controlled the world's output of that product. Later on, it is stated, that "the present war prices for ordinary commercial potash, ranging from \$250 to \$600 per ton, according to grade, are bound to decline. But for some time after the war, it is expected that the potash market will hold steady at \$100 per ton.

The William Calder referred to is spoken of as "William Calder, President of the National Portland Cement Co., of Durham," hence there can be little doubt as to the identity of the man referred to. The following paragraph will put Durham in the limelight once more:

"Mr. Calder informed The Globe that his plant contains eight kilns, which are now turning out 2,000 barrels of cement per day. On that basis the daily output of the potash by-product amounts to 15 tons. In addition to this, by means of trapping dust and gases, in which a 5 per cent. proportion of potash has been found to exist, some 40 tons of valuable fertilizer is being produced every day. With a few minor additions to the equipment of the Durham plant, and completion of the new installations, the present production of potash will be easily increased to twenty tons per day."

There seems an error somewhere, but who is at fault? Is it The Globe, or is it The Globe's informants. As a matter of fact, we are not aware of a pound of cement being made for some months, and as to the output of potash, we have never heard of more than enough to show its existence in the material used.

THE RED CROSS CARNIVAL

The ice carnival in the rink on Friday evening was, without exception, the best ever put on in Durham, and a crowd of about \$175 worth paid their way in to witness the contests in the various events. Sleigh-loads from the country also helped swell the receipts, which, we are told, totalled about \$225. There will be considerable clear money in this, as the prize money is to be divided among the skaters. After the game, everyone in the crowd was fully convinced that they had lived up to the first rule, though in the latter, there were some stunts pulled off that would have troubled a professional to duplicate. The score ended 2-2, and it is more than likely another match will be arranged in the near future to break the tie. The following is the line-up: Professionals—Joe Firth, Ed. McClocklin, Frank Irwin, Bill McGowan, Bill Rabb, Doc. Pickering and Joe Brown.

Tradesmen—Doc. Grant, Ed. Hay, Jack Joyn, Harry Harding, Bill Lauder, Art. Jackson, and Cliff Elvidge. In the competition for prizes, the following are the winners: Fancy Dress: Ladies—Minnie Lamin, Maud Kress. Girls—Ettie Lavine, Annie Brooks. Gentlemen—Ian Campbell, Joe Whitchurch. Historical: Ladies—Ottile Limin, Mrs. Lindsay. Girls—Grace Vollett, Ada Allan. Gentlemen—Ralph Catton. Boys—Harry Kress, Lawrence Chapman.

Comic: Couple—Misses A. Kelly and G. Hunter, Mrs. Lauder and F. Morlock. Lady—Nellie Levine, Mrs. W. Lauder. Gentlemen—Frank Morlock, Russell Currie. Boys—Martin Lauder, Erben Schutz.

Allied Countries: Lady—Meryl Livingston, Myrtle Allan. Gentlemen—

—Albert Kress, Royden Burnett.

Married Couple: Mr. and Mrs. W. Buchan.

Smallest Boy on Skates: Wallace McGowan. Smallest Girl—Annie Brooks.

Races: Wheelbarrow—Will Lauder. Boys—Hilton Rowe, Harry Kress. Girls—Evelyn Search, Grace Vollett, Annie Brooks. Soldiers—N. Zimmer.

KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES

Jim Brown was a discouraged man, He worried day by day, His wife was ever wanting things That were beyond his pay.

She did not like their house of frame, She wanted one of brick, With furniture like Mrs. Jones, And rugs so soft and thick.

"I'm just as good as she is, And deserve a better house, Why can't I have nice things like her?" She said unto her spouse.

"While she can wear her rustling silk I have to dress in print, And when she drives around the town,

"I have to slave and stint, I do not think you love me more!" She cried in tearful tones,

"Or else you'd like to see me dress in 'As nice as Mrs. Jones.' Poor Brown could stand no more of this,

He grabbed his hat and coat And hurried out into the street To have a think, and smoke. He did not covet others' wealth— Was with his lot content, And as he earned his weekly wage, Why just so much he spent.

As onward, up the street he plod, His neighbor, Jones, was met, Who asked him why the gloomy brow Why he had cause to fret?

So then Brown blurted out the truth, And told his tale of woe. "My wife wants things like your wife has;

"I haven't got the dough, I do the very best I can, But never get ahead, Sometimes when she starts 'crabbing me,

"I curse the day I wed." Then Jones's face broke in a smile; He slapped Brown on the back, "Old top, you're not the only one With trouble in your shack.

"My wife is just the same as yours— She doesn't use her brain, She wants to live like Mrs. Smith— I can't stand the strain.

"For though I draw more pay than you He draws more pay than I, So I can't keep the pace he sets No matter how I try.

"You should not worry, Neighbor Brown, You should not fret or fuss When your dear wife informeth you She wants to dress like us,

"For there are many men who slave, And many broken homes Caused by the women who have tried To live like 'Mrs. Jones.'"

SEED GRAIN IS ASSURED

Last fall owing to the large amount of rust in the west there threatened to be a serious shortage of good seed grain for this year. The situation was worse even in the United States. American buyers were invading Western Canada and the outlook was serious. The Government decided to take action and a commission was appointed to buy up seed grain. No publicity was given to the commission; publicity would have killed the project. Working quietly and co-operating with the municipalities the commission purchased large quantities of good seed grain. Today they have stored in the Government elevators in the west a quantity which it is estimated is sufficient to meet all the requirements this spring of the Prairie Provinces. The Government advanced the money for the purchase and the grain will be sold at cost. The prompt action of the Government has meant millions of dollars to the country, for if the action had not been taken Western Canada might have been without seed or else have had poor seed for this year's crop, so vitally needed for the Empire and the Allies. This is only one example of the many ways in which the Government is acting in the public interest at the present time, publicity to which is not given.

HARD WORK

It's hard to view the battered gent, by years and tribulations bent, all seedy, frayed, and down at heel, without looking upon this bo, and realize that long ago, when lying in his little crib, toggled out in tucker and in bib, some parents viewed him, cheerful-eyed, and fairly chortled in their pride. And yet his dad, upon a day, thought life was beautiful and gay; and while he passed around cigars, he stepped so high he brushed the stars.

It's hard to view a man so fat you cannot touch his nearest slat, and think that once he was as trim as young Apollo, and as slim. Yet once he climbed the highest trees, and scampered after bumble bees, and maidens said, as he went by, "He surely is a handsome guy!" You can't believe that sort of tale; you can't believe that he was frail, who now looks like a ton of wurst you have to see the blue prints first.

It's hard to look upon a bard, who likes his victuals fried in lard, who eats great stacks of pies and cakes, and does away with countless steaks—it always takes away your goat to

The Time Lock

been there since last Tuesday. He promptly called up the Kenmore and got Barnicle on the wire. His mystification deepened at the bald information that "Mr. Rudolph was out of the city."

"Out of the city!" Tom bawled into the mouthpiece. "What the devil do you mean? Where out of the city?"

But Barnicle had hung up. "Oh, well," he reflected by and by, "he's learned something about Miss Carew and is off to see about it. I'll just knock around town a while, then catch a Central train and go back. It's perhaps just as well that he don't see me."

Then with a vivid memory of the delectable burden he had borne the night before, of the smile of the unaffected request that he carry her, of his name whispered by her pretty lips—he grinned broadly and happily.

The grin, however, was cut short by a sudden realization that Mr. Phineas Flint was standing off at a little distance, scrutinizing him curiously.

Flint advanced to where he was sitting in the lounge and helped himself to an adjacent chair. Tom was not noticeably overjoyed at the encounter.

ook upon this stall-fed pote, and then believe he smites the lyre with inspiration on his finest fire. Yet things like this you must admit, as through this queer old world you fill.

It's hard to look upon the dame who plays the politician's game, and rants for hours, with other frights, about her sacred wrongs and rights—it's hard, it cannot be denied, to think that once she was a bride, with smiling eyes and pearly teeth, and blooming in her orange wreath. Yet things like this you must believe, as sadly to the tomb you weave.

It's hard to view the lawyer learned, and have your recollection turned to a bright time, far, far away, when he was honest as the day. Yet things like this you must allow, I must insist; I also trow.

HORSE KICKED TEETH OUT

Mr. James McNaughton, 9th line, met with a very painful accident on Friday evening about six o'clock, while leading home a colt which he had purchased during the day. While going over Hamilton's hill, the horse became frightened by a rig or the fur coat which he was wearing, and shield. In a minute the animal controlled sufficient of the tether to bolt in front of Mr. McNaughton when it kicked him in the mouth, completely severing four or five of his lower teeth and gums, as well as removing a number of his upper ones. The impact did not cause Mr. McNaughton to lose his feet, but the horse was given his liberty and was captured some time later at one of the blacksmith shops in town. Mr. Robert Dunlop and Mr. Wm. Kelly, who live nearby, rendered assistance and had the injured man removed to Dr. Bennett's office where his wounds were dressed. Although suffering much pain, the patient is progressing as well as can be expected.

Address and Presentation

The Aberdeen Correspondent gives an account of a meeting in honor of Mr. Fletcher McLean who recently enlisted. The following is the address referred to:— Dear Fletcher,

A thrill of joy and pride filled our hearts, when the news came that you had enlisted with the 253rd. Queen's Own Highlanders, determined to do your part in defence of your country and nation. We, your friends and neighbours, are proud of you, knowing that you fully realize all that your enlisting means. None but the brave and true, can don the King's uniform to-day in the light and knowledge of present circumstances, as they are related to the war. We trust that God will take care of you in the coming days. We wish you every success in your military career. We know that you will be, as you have always been, a worthy son of worthy parents—a true MacLean. We ask you to accept this beautiful wrist watch, signet ring and this purse, as a small token of the esteem in which you are held by us. We cannot wish you anything better than we have wished. However, we shall not forget you, though you be far away, and we pray the future may make us prouder than ever of you in the truest sense of the word.

Yours very sincerely in behalf of friends and neighbours, Dan McLean and Duncan Clark.

THE IRISH TONGUE

Many persons seem to see, or to hear, rather something to be amused at in the soft Irish brogue. As a matter of fact, most of the words of the Irish "dialect" are not Irish at all, but the purest of English—English a trifle antiquated, it is true, but nevertheless the real thing. The ears of Milton, Dryden, Spenser and Chaucer would not have been surprised to hear an Irishman speak of "a rough say" or "a clane shirt." At the court of good Queen Bess the cultured Englishman carefully garished his conversation with "goolde" rings and brave "swoordes" and bored his friends with accounts of the smart sayings of the "chilidre" at "boom." This was the English originally imported into Ireland by the cultured Irish, and the Irish have found it good enough to preserve.—Chicago Tribune.

WOULD TAX CATS TO PROTECT BIRDS

The Woodstock Association for the Protection of Birds has addressed to the city council a petition asking that a tax of \$1 be levied on every cat in the city, and that the owners of cats be compelled to keep the animals tied up at night. The petition sets out that, next to man, cats are the greatest offenders as destroyers of birds, and

FLESHERTON.

Mr. W. H. Bunt again has the furniture and undertaking business here, having bought the stock of Mr. J. Chapman, who has moved to Toronto.

The Presbyterian Guild visited the Guild at Proton Station on Tuesday evening, last week, and had an enjoyable outing.

The hockey boys played a return match at Dundalk last week, in which the Dundalk team evened up on the match here, but the score was smaller being 5-3. A number of fans accompanied the players from here.

Rev. Chas. Perry, who was pastor of the Methodist church here from 1870 to 1873, died in Toronto last week in his 81st year. Mr. Perry was also stationed at Walter's Falls. He was a prominent Orangeman, and was frequently in this district in the interests of the Order. His widow and one daughter survive him.

Mrs. A. S. VanDusen received word last week of the death of her sister, Mrs. Margaret Webb, widow of the late Capt. George Webb, who died at the home of her daughter at Cleveland. The remains were brought to Owen Sound for burial. The deceased formerly lived at Owen Sound, and at times visited here.

Mr. J. J. Brown, of the east back line, who underwent an operation in the hospital at Fergus three weeks ago, has been home for some days, and is making satisfactory recovery.

Mrs. Carter met with a severe fall on the icy sidewalk over two weeks ago, and sustained injury which has since confined her to her room. Mrs. Carter's friends sympathize with her in her affliction, and hope for her recovery soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson Cullen, and Mr. Isaac Sinclair, who have been very ill lately, are improving.

There was a pleasing event at the high school on Friday afternoon last, when Maurice Wright, a former pupil, was presented by the staff and students with a wrist watch, and an appropriate address, read by Miss Shirley Murray. Ralph Williamson made the presentation. Maurice acknowledged the appreciated gift in a manly manner. His name has been added to the Honor Roll of the school. Principal White read an interesting letter from Pte. W. Buchanan, a former student, now overseas.

The three forms in the high school argues that, in the interests of agricultural production, the little feathered destroyers of the pests which prey on fruit, field crops and timber, must be preserved.

HOMESTEAD INCREASED WHEAT 50 PER CENT.

G. E. MEADD, Park Hill, Ontario, says: "I used Homestead Bone Black Fertilizer on my wheat. I got one half more wheat where I fertilized than where I did not."

GOOD RESULTS ON GRAIN AND SUGAR BEETS.

"Last spring I bought and used Homestead Fertilizers on grain and sugar beets. In both instances I can safely say I met with very good results."

EQUALS BARNYARD MANURE.

F. N. LOW, Park Hill, Ontario, says: "I used Homestead Bone Black Fertilizer on my fall wheat and I find that I can grow as good a crop with it as I can with barnyard manure, as I tried them side by side."

IT PAYS TO USE IT.

CALVERT BROTHERS, Telfer, Ontario, say: "We used Homestead Bone Black Fertilizer on our wheat and meadow this fall. We sowed a strip across the field without fertilizer and the difference between the fertilized and the unfertilized is so great that we surely think it pays to sow fertilizer. We intend using more on the spring crop."

Write Michigan Carbon Works, Detroit, for free book and particulars about their Homestead Bone Black Fertilizer.

had a competition in collecting old papers and magazines, in which the first form were the winners, and got the ice cream treat which was promised. About two and a quarter tons were shipped to Toronto, the proceeds to be given to the Red Cross.

The Spring Hill Red Cross meeting at Mr. Guy Orr's on Friday evening was very successful, the proceeds amounting to \$17.

Mr. John Blackburn has sold his farm on the east back line to his son, George, on a farm nearby. Mr. Blackburn has bought Mr. W. M. Burnett's residence here, and will retire from the farm.

Mr. Geo. Best has sold his farm, 199 acres, south of Saugeen Junction, to Mr. Jas. Vause. Mr. Best will likely locate nearer this village.

Mr. Jas. Orr has returned to his home in Toronto, after an extended holiday with his brothers-in-law, Mr. W. Morton, centre line, and Mr. W.J. Henderson, here.

Miss Celia VanDusen returned to the city on Monday, after two weeks' holiday with her mother here.

Mr. M. K. Richardson, who is spending part of the winter in Toronto, visited over the week-end with old friends here.

Mr. Harry Lowick, of Rosary, Sask., has joined his wife and children on their visit here with Mrs. Lowick's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson.

Mr. W. J. Boyd was at Mt. Forest on Monday attending the funeral of his mother, who passed away on Saturday.

Mrs. W. L. Wright and Miss Clara Duncan, are attending the millinery openings in Toronto this week.

Two horse buyers were here on Monday, and a good bunch of horses were brought out, from which thirteen sales were made.

We were pleased to learn by The Chronicle last week that the alarming rumor respecting Hon. Dr. Jamieson's health, was groundless. The hon. gentleman's friends here wish him many years of enjoyable health.

JOSEPH HAIST, Crediton East, Ontario, says: "Last spring I bought and used Homestead Fertilizers on grain and sugar beets. In both instances I can safely say I met with very good results."

EQUALS BARNYARD MANURE.

F. N. LOW, Park Hill, Ontario, says: "I used Homestead Bone Black Fertilizer on my fall wheat and I find that I can grow as good a crop with it as I can with barnyard manure, as I tried them side by side."

IT PAYS TO USE IT.

CALVERT BROTHERS, Telfer, Ontario, say: "We used Homestead Bone Black Fertilizer on our wheat and meadow this fall. We sowed a strip across the field without fertilizer and the difference between the fertilized and the unfertilized is so great that we surely think it pays to sow fertilizer. We intend using more on the spring crop."

Write Michigan Carbon Works, Detroit, for free book and particulars about their Homestead Bone Black Fertilizer.

Large Sales Small Profits McKECHNIES' WEEKLY NEWS RUGS We have a number of Rugs left, in the newest designs, in the neatest patterns, and in the nicest Oriental shades, having all the appearance of the Eastern Rugs, but a great deal cheaper. 3 x 3 yds. \$14.00 3 x 3 1/2 yds. 15.50 3 x 4 yds 17.50 Buy before the advance in price, which is sure to come Boots and Shoes Our stock is very large and our prices are right, as we bought before the advance. Women's Dongola Blucher \$3.10 Men's 14-inch Top Blucher \$5.00 Women's Chrome Tan 2.50 Men's Blucher 3.00 See our new Wallpaper. We have the newest designs in the neatest patterns. Fresh Groceries Arriving Every Week The highest Prices Paid for Produce G. & J. McKechnie Departmental Store, Durham

CHAPPED HANDS AND COLD SORES

Are your hands chapped, cracked, or sore? Have you "cold cracks" which open and bleed when the skin is drawn tight? Have you a cold sore, frost bite, or chilblains, which at times makes it agony for you to go about your duties? If so, Zam-Buk will give you relief, and will heal the frost-damaged skin.

Miss B. Stroja, of East Hansford, N.S., writes: "My hands were so badly chapped I was unable to put them in water. All remedies failed to heal until I tried Zam-Buk. Perseverance with this balm completely healed the sores."

Zam-Buk heals cuts, burns, bruises, cures eczema, piles, chapped hands, cold sores, frost bites, and all skin diseases and injuries. Refuse substitutes. At all druggists and stores, 50c box.

ZAM-BUK GIVES QUICK RELIEF

JOSEPH HAIST, Crediton East, Ontario, says: "Last spring I bought and used Homestead Fertilizers on grain and sugar beets. In both instances I can safely say I met with very good results."

EQUALS BARNYARD MANURE.

F. N. LOW, Park Hill, Ontario, says: "I used Homestead Bone Black Fertilizer on my fall wheat and I find that I can grow as good a crop with it as I can with barnyard manure, as I tried them side by side."

IT PAYS TO USE IT.

CALVERT BROTHERS, Telfer, Ontario, say: "We used Homestead Bone Black Fertilizer on our wheat and meadow this fall. We sowed a strip across the field without fertilizer and the difference between the fertilized and the unfertilized is so great that we surely think it pays to sow fertilizer. We intend using more on the spring crop."

Write Michigan Carbon Works, Detroit, for free book and particulars about their Homestead Bone Black Fertilizer.

T H VOL. 50—NO. 26 NEWS Mr. R. J. Ball of Hanover town Saturday. Dr Jamieson was home onto over Sunday. The Rodney Mercury news office was destroyed by fire. We had a brief call Saturday. Lieut. Young and Mr. Hart of Hanover. Durham Junior hockey defeated on Friday night. The score being 7-3. Mr. and Mrs. David Smith have been in town since Christmas, will leave Saturday their home at Saskatchewan. For sale—One first-class yearling old, giving milk, one nearly new, and one set of harness. Apply to Wm. Larr. Prof. E. Katz, the well-known sight specialist, of Listowel, the Middaugh House, Durham, Saturday, March 10. Mr. Theodore Fallaise in a position as teacher in the will leave next week to duties. Mr. Archie McLellan, of Massey-Harris, has moved Middaugh House barn to House barn, and will use the warehouse and feed barn. Mrs. Bradshaw, Mrs. G. G. son's mother, fell down Friday morning in her home, and it is feared she is seriously injured. She is 92 years old. Mr. Arthur J. Greenwood decided to give up the milk take effect the 1st of April. He tells us, is good to get to discontinue it, but do so on account of scarring. Mr. J. J. Tilley, a former school inspector, well-known his official capacity, died last night at Exeter, and will be placed to-day in Mt. Pleasant Toronto. He was 77 years old. Lieut. Jack McCorkindale listed with the machine gun, and who is a native of Sudbury, this county, and an Owen Sound Collegiate. He been awarded the Military Cross. Mr. Jas. Smith returned from Toronto, where he was in a munition factory for months. His time for the will be devoted to the Police. W. G. Hastie, treasurer of Red Cross organization, a receipt of moneys as follows: B. and B. (Habermehl) No. 6, Bentinek (Mulock) No. 10, Bentinek (Aberdeen) total of \$250.70. At the annual meeting of the company held last week, the following board was chosen for 1917: Wm. Jamieson, Gilbert McKechnie, Durham; Dr. Colville, Hamilton, Grand Valley; E. Ferguson; E. A. Smith. The Directors of South Durham Cultural Society met on Monday, and revised the prize list for 1917, and also decided to have a demonstration largely of nature on Dominion Day, a concert at night, and proceeds to go for patriotic purposes. On the 12th of January Mrs. Thos. Watson, of Toronto, celebrated the 71st anniversary of their marriage. They are 67 years of age, respectively, and in excellent health. Golden wedding, diamond wedding, less frequently, and we recall another case of over. The box social at Vauxhall was a great success, notwithstanding the blizzard that prevailed at the time. People should be starting no doubt kept many away from the dance. The proceeds of the dance, \$200. Mr. John A. Grauel, chairman, and Dan McKechnie, acted as auctioneers. The program was provided by Mead and Cecil Barber of the 248th Battalion.