

**THE CHILDREN'S CORNER**

(By Mary Louise Wilmer.)

One bright, still day in spring, Christopher finished painting his martin house. He gave the neat little building a last stroke of the brush and drew a long breath. "There," he said to Lila, who with her doll stood looking on, "I'll leave it in the sun to dry; and then father is going to help me put it up on the pole. If the martins don't like a house like this, they must be hard to please!"

Lila came closer and peered admiringly at the gay little cottage, with its glistening roof and green shutters. "How would you like to have a house like that to live in?" she asked Elizabeth, her doll. Elizabeth did not answer. She looked proud and pleased, just as she had looked ever since Lila had given her a necklace of blue beads. The beads were becoming to her flaxen hair and blue eyes. It was not an ordinary necklace; the beads had once been part of a string that had belonged to Lila's grandmother. Bead after bead had disappeared until the necklace had become much shortened, but to Lila's joy there were beads enough left to make a necklace for a doll.

"As soon as the paint is dry," Lila said, "you shall peep inside, Elizabeth, and see what the house is like." The bird house dried in the sun all that afternoon and the next day Lila pushed Elizabeth's head through the tight little door and reported that the doll was much pleased with what she saw. Then on the third afternoon father and Christopher put the house in place. Before a week was over a happy pair of martins had begun to build there, Christopher watched them nearly all day long. But Lila was too much troubled to take any interest for in some way Elizabeth had lost her lovely blue beads. Lila had missed them one night when she was putting the doll to bed, and though she had searched for them she had not found them.

Poor Lila was downcast. No doll in the neighborhood had ever owned such a treasure, and now it was gone!

"Look, Lila!" Christopher said one day; "those two martins act just as if they had always owned that house don't they?"

Lila looked mournfully at the gay little cottage, where the birds were fluttering in and out at door and window. She nodded and then went on thinking about the lost blue beads. "The string must have broken," she thought, "while I was walking in the woods or wading in the brook. Where can that necklace be?" she said for the fortieth time.

The summer came and went. Several pairs of martins built happily in the gay little house and raised their families and flew away. Lila still grieved over the lost beads, but she had long ago given up looking for them.

Autumn and winter, too, went by, and in early March Christopher set the ladder against the pole in the back yard.

"We'll have a housecleaning for the martins," he said. "Do you want to help?"

Lila was willing. While Christopher went for the paint, she mounted the ladder with Elizabeth under one arm and with a long-handled brush under the other. "We'll do a little dusting," she told the doll.

In a few minutes she was busily brushing trash from the bird house. Twigs and leaves came tumbling out, and a good deal of dust went flying.

"Why, here comes a whole nest," Lila said to herself. "Here, Elizabeth, reach inside and see if you can pull it out." She pushed the doll's hand through the little door and scraped the nest forward. As it came out she lifted it up on Elizabeth's hand. When she did, she suddenly cried, "O-o-oh!" and almost dropped the doll; for there, shining in the sunlight, woven in and out among the strings and twigs of the scrubby little nest, were the lost blue beads!

"Christopher! Christopher!" Lila called. "Come here and see what your funny birds left behind for Elizabeth and me!"

Christopher came running. When he saw the little brown nest with its queer lacing of blue he gave a whistle of astonishment.

"How did they get hold of your beads?" he said.

Lila was thoughtfully fingering the nest.

"I think I know," she answered. "I remember now. Last spring when you painted the bird house I pushed Elizabeth half way through the door so that she could look in. The necklace must have come unclasped and fallen inside."

Christopher laughed. "And the sly martins just picked it up and made it into their nest," he said. "It seems a pity to pull it out; see how cunningly it is woven in."

But Lila was sure that the martins would not care, and besides they

surely would build a new nest anyway when they came back.

**THE CHANGEABLE MOON**  
(By Barbara Carew.)

Sometimes the moon's a slender boat  
Of polished pearl, slow drifting;  
Sometimes it is a rim of fire  
Above the forest lifting.

Sometimes it is a shining wheel,  
All smooth and undivided;  
Then half a round of yellow cheese  
With curds and whey beside it.

To-night, a silver ball, it rolls  
Straight toward my window bars;  
I want to catch and toss it back  
Among the little stars.

**THE FAITHFUL WOOD FAIRY**

In a balm-of-Gilead tree that grew beside a forest lake a wood fairy lived. Her gray-green hair was soft and long, her skin was as fresh as the leaves of the tree, and her voice as sweet as the voice of the tree when it answered the wind.

In still, gray weather, when the tree stood quietly looking at itself in the mirror of the clear lake, the wood fairy, too, was silent. But on wild, bright days when clouds hurried across the sky and the wind was so talkative that all the trees murmured polite replies the wood fairy came out to dance among the leaves of her tree. Her feet twinkled in and out among the silvery, fluttering surfaces, and her smile came and went as the tree swayed slowly in the sunlight.

In autumn she stayed on until the last yellow leaf had fluttered to the frozen ground, and in winter she slept deep down among the roots until the rich sap began to rise again and to draw her with it.

In the same wood lived a woodsman and his son. One day the father gave the boy a bright new axe and said to him, "Come into the wood with me and I will teach you what I know about trees. When you have learned enough you can help me with my work."

As they went into the wood the father pointed out the birch trees and the beech trees. "These make good firewood and charcoal," he told him.

Then he showed the boy the oaks and the pines and said, "Builders of houses like to use these kinds of wood; the pine yields to their tools, and the oak is hard enough to endure a long time. Carvers, too, use oak."

And when he showed him maple trees he said, "Handsome furniture is made from this wood. The grain is fine, and some of it is beautifully marked; and the wood polishes well."

They came at last to where the balm-of-Gilead stood.

"See, father!" cried the son. "What is the use of this fine tree?"

The woodsman looked up at the tree, and the wood fairy, who had heard the question and was much disturbed by it, looked down.

"This tree has its use," the woodsman said. "It is not good for carving, or for firewood, or for furniture, or for building houses; but it is a tree that even in the hot nights is always whispering of cool breezes. It gives shade and coolness and beauty as long as it lives, and in the sheaths that fall from its buds in the spring is healing for cuts and bruises."

The father and son went on their way, but the boy, who thought he knew better than the man, said to himself, "Just the same, I shall come back here to-morrow and chop down that tree. I think it is a good kind of wood to use for making a rabbit hutch." And he twirled his sharp axe.

The wood fairy heard his thought and trembled with fear.

"Now my tree and I must die," she whispered. "I am not like the other tree fairies and my tree is not like the other trees. Before the beeches and the birches are changed into firewood the fairies that live in them put on red and yellow dresses and dance with joy—for all the world like flames—because they know that their trees are going to be put to the use for which they were intended. And the maple wood fairies when their trees have been made into furniture peep out smiling from cabinet doors and curl up cozily in comfortable chairs. But this tree and I were meant to go on living here in the forest to make people happy and to heal the sick, and we are good for nothing else."

The wood fairy curled herself up in the highest branches where she could weep in peace; her sobs shook the tree softly, so that it quivered gently from root to tip.

After a while the Spirit of the Wood passed quietly that way. The wood fairy called out and told him what was about to happen; and the Spirit of the Wood sighed, so that the smooth surface of the lake was ruffled, and he leaned over the tree and spoke into its drooping branches.

"If they wish to take the tree, it must go," he murmured, "for I have no power to prevent them. But you, O wood fairy, I can save. You shall

leave this tree and go on living in some other place. You cannot again be part of the life of a tree, but perhaps you can help me with the mosses and the lichens, or you may live among the rushes. They need some one to help them, for they are, always having words with the frogs, and they tell me that the lily pads are crowding them more and more. Shall I send you to the rushes?"

The wood fairy was silent a moment. Then she murmured, "Let me think it over."

Again she curled herself up in the topmost branches of the tree, and there she thought and thought of what she should do.

"It would be pleasant to go on living near the lake," she thought. "If I make my home among the rushes I shall see what the wind has so often told me of—the purple irises growing and coming to flower, the bulrushes nodding their fuzzy brown heads to the breeze. And yet—"

Then she thought of the balm of Gilead; for many years it had drawn down fresh rains to quench the thirsty earth, had given kindly shade and the healing of its buds to every creature that sought it out and had withstood with its beautiful body the shocks of winter sleet and wind. Last of all she thought of its gentleness to her—of its greenness and its fragrance and the cool, quick glitter of its leaves and the homely comfort of its uplifted arms.

"I have lived with this good friend for more years than I can count," thought the wood fairy. "We have shared together heat and cold, rain and drought, sun and shadow. Shall I run away now when misfortune is about to come to it?"

And when the Spirit of the Wood passed overhead again she called to him, "I will not leave my tree."

The balm of Gilead, which had stood silent all the time, suddenly smiled a cool, silvery smile and murmured its thanks with every leaf.

The next morning the woodsman's son came into the forest a little after dawn. He was cross, for he had come off without his breakfast and had run all the way. He threw off his leather jacket, rolled up his sleeves and tested the edge of his shining axe.

And the wood fairy and the tree whispered sorrowfully to each other, "Good-by, good-by!"

The woodsman's son heard the whisper, though he did not understand the words. He looked up and as he stood gazing into the silvery branches he felt his hot face grow cool; slowly his bad temper seemed to melt away, and he began to feel glad of the shadowy beauty and the shining coolness of the tree.

He leaned thoughtfully on his axe. "What my father told me yesterday is true," he mused. "I will not cut down this tree."

At that the wood fairy laughed aloud, so that her laughter shook the leaves of the tree; and the tree bent its head in thanksgiving.

"Oh, I am glad!" cried the wood fairy, fluttering here and there. "Glad of what?" croaked a cross old frog who lived by the lake, and who had always thought—and had never hesitated to say so—that the wood fairy talked too much.

"Glad that I didn't leave my tree," sang the wood fairy; "glad that I didn't leave my tree!"

"What nonsense!" scolded the frog. "What do you mean?"

But the wood fairy went on singing. (By Elizabeth Putnam Huntington.)

**Flimsy Excuse.**  
A woman asked a jeweler to estimate the cost of repairing a lavalier. "All right," she said after the price had been named, "I'll bring it back when it gets warmer. I'd take cold if I took it off now."

**The Worst 5 Years**

that I remember," writes Mrs. R. Terrell, of 169, Dorian St., Montreal. "was the time I was crippled with a bad leg. The trouble all started in an ordinary bruise, but in a day or two the injured part became worse, and soon it had developed into a painful open sore. I suffered intense pain, and walking about became so difficult that I had to give it up. "I tried many different treatments—some proved no use at all, others did no more than temporary good. Then one day a friend strongly recommended Zam-Buk. This remarkable healer gave great ease and speedily brought about a marked improvement in the condition of my leg. I steadily persevered with the Zam-Buk treatment and within two months, the five-year-old sore was thoroughly and permanently healed." Zam-Buk is a pure balm scientifically prepared from rich herbal oils and extracts. Its swift healing action is only equalled by its unique soothing and antiseptic properties and its capacity for growing new healthy skin. Zam-Buk with its unlimited range of usefulness for skin diseases and injuries is a household necessity. Prepare for emergencies! Get a 50c. box from your druggist or store to-day!

**20 YEARS AGO**

From The Chronicle File of May 1, 1902.

Rev. J. C. Farthing of Woodstock will be in town Sunday week, when he will address the Masons.

Miss Nettie Brown met with an accident a few days ago, when she fell downstairs, causing injuries about her head and face.

Mr. Curtis Pickering passed his examination last week in the Toronto Dental College, having taken a high percentage on all subjects.

We regret to chronicle the death on Friday of Janet Waddell, relict of the late Allan McKechnie. She was 77 years of age, and a resident of Canada for 57 years, and lived in Bentinck and Durham for the past 55 years. She leaves six children, one daughter, Mrs. Henry Firth, and five sons, Donald in Taunton, Mass., James in St. Thomas, Ont., Guy in Minnesota, George in Durham, and John in Bentinck. Interment took place on Sunday at the Rocky.

Thomas Livingston, agent for DeLaval separators, has moved here from Mount Forest, and will make Durham his headquarters.

Mr. George Morrison of Varney left Tuesday for the West. If suited, he will take his family later.

Mr. and Mrs. William Cuff of Aberdeen mourn the loss of a seven-year-old daughter, who died on Sunday of diphtheria.

Mrs. J. J. Haslett of Toronto is recovering from a severe attack of influenza. Her illness prevented her attendance last week at the burial of her sister, the late Mrs. Davidson.

Mr. J. A. Hunter left Saturday for Minneapolis to attend the wedding of his sister, Blanche, on the 30th ult., to Mr. Lorne Somerville.

Mr. Thomas Reid, while driving Mr. A. S. Hunter's horse, was thrown to the ground and sustained injuries to the head and shoulder.

Mr. Binnie and Dr. Jamieson have arranged for joint political meetings in Glenelg and Bentinck.

Thomas Caldwell has purchased a farm out West and intends going there shortly with a car load of horses and other effects.

Joseph Dawson of Egremont, who was out West, died recently, and his remains were brought home for interment.

**CAR STOLEN IN OWEN SOUND**

A Chevrolet baby grand car was stolen from in front of the Baptist Church, Owen Sound, on Sunday night. After a fruitless search, the car was not found, and that it was stolen was a natural conclusion. On Tuesday morning, however, it was discovered along the side of the road not far from town. The thieves had tire trouble. One of the tires had blown out and they were unsuccessful in putting on the spare. The car was ditched, and some of the tools and a couple of robes were stolen, as well as one of the tires. The car had been standing by the roadside Sunday night, Monday and Monday night. It had apparently been run only a short distance when the trouble occurred.

**Keep the Home Wires Buzzing.**  
"There's one good thing about that radio outfit."  
"What?"  
"It certainly keeps father and the boys' home nights."—Detroit Free Press.  
There seems to be a close affinity between a peal of laughter and a banana peel.

**IT'S HEALTH**  
HEALTH AND STRENGTH IN EVERY LOAF  
TO HEALTH

**The Worst 5 Years**  
If you're on your way to Healthland, stop at the store and buy a loaf of our bread. It will speed your journey. When you order bread, don't just say "bread"—mention the name of our bread. You'll be rewarded.  
SPRING is here again, and your boy will possibly need a new suit. You can get it from us—the right fit at the right price.  
**E.A. Rowe**  
DURHAM

**PUT NOTE IN OAT BAG**

James Crerar, who lives in the Township of Elderslie, near Chesley, in 1916 contributed several bags of oats as part of a gift to the township for the British army. In one of the bags he put a note asking the receiver to write him under what circumstances the bag came into his hands. In December, 1917, he received a letter from Pte. W.E. Pattie, who saw a camel corp ins Mesopotamia that, following the engagement with the Turks he opened the bag to feed his camel, and there, like Joseph's cup was found in days of old, he found the note.

Some correspondence passed between Mr. Crerar and Mr. Pattie since then, and it has resulted in Pattie coming with his wife to Canada. He will likely become a resident of Chesley.

**THE MAIL-ORDER SHIP**

The mail-order ship is different from any other kind of vessel that floats. It comes in small pieces to the inland sea or the remote lake where it is to be launched and is set up while you wait. That explains why there are two-hundred-foot steamers in such desolate places as Lake Nyanza in the heart of Africa and Lake Baikal in the centre of Siberia, thousands of miles from a steel mill or a shipyard. Certain well-known shipyards in America specialize in mail-order steamers. At the home factory the vessels are always put together in order to test them. Then they are taken apart again and split into a thousand pieces. Every individual piece—every separate parcel—post package, so to speak—is numbered and indexed to indicate the precise position of it in the hull when the time comes for putting the vessel together again.

The most difficult part is to get the vessels to the shores of the remote places where they are needed. For boilers and turbines are rather large packages for the parcel post. For example, take the case of the William MacKinnon, the first steamer to float on Lake Nyanza; between the lake and Mombasa on the east coast of Africa was a distance of five hundred miles and there was no railway. The MacKinnon reached Mombasa by parcel post from England, and except for the boilers, which were dragged by ox-carts, the ship was literally transported the five hundred miles overland on the heads of more than five thousand Kaffirs.

Then there is the case of the two small gun-boats that were built in England for service in China. To the marine engineer they represented a couple of bricks of ice cream. He sliced them each into five separate pieces, and a derrick slung them aboard a cargo boat. They were eventually bolted together again as a whole ship on the upper reaches of the Mekong River fifteen hundred

miles from the sea in the heart of lower China!

Give a marine engineer enough water and he will set up a mail-order ship anywhere in the world and get it afloat for you. It seems easy but it is not; for in assembling the vessel on the shore of a distant lake, you have problems that never arise in the shipyards—problems of unskilled labor and of imperfect facilities. Fortunately, the marine engineer does not try to cross bridges until he comes to them; if he did he would die of nervous prostration before the mail-order ship was half set up.

**TEA GROWING VERY EXPENSIVE**

The very high wages that have to be paid to workers on the tea plantations in India and Ceylon, due to social and political unrest, has caused the price of tea to rise consistently in the primary markets and in London. This influence is now being felt farther along the line and it is to be expected that the price of tea will increase to the consumer in the near future.

**HOUSE FOR SALE**

The J. P. Hunter property in Upper Town, Durham, solid brick house, 11 rooms; one and a half acres of land; good bearing orchard, all kinds of fruit; good frame barn; across street from property are three park lots of three acres each; will sell separately or en bloc, at reasonable price. Have moved to farm east of town and am anxious to dispose of property. Immediate possession can be given. Apply to C. S. Duns-moor, R.R. 4, Durham. 427 4pd

**FARM FOR SALE**

"Bonnie Brae" Farm, property of the late Thomas Brown, just south of Durham; 70 acres, more or less; two comfortable frame dwellings; good barn, good henhouse, good pigpen; well watered by never-failing spring creeks; must sell inside of two weeks. Apply at Chronicle Office, Durham, Ont. 2

**GRAND TRUNK**  
TRAIN SERVICE BETWEEN DURHAM AND TORONTO  
Lve. Durham 7.05 A.M. 4.25 P.M.  
Arr. Toronto 11.10 A.M. 9.40 P.M.  
Lve. Toronto 6.50 A.M. 5.02 P.M.  
Arr. Durham 11.45 A.M. 9.05 P.M.  
Daily except Sunday.  
First-class Coaches.  
Parlor Buffet service from Palmerston to Toronto on morning train, and Toronto to Palmerston on evening train.  
For full particulars as to tickets, etc., apply to Grand Trunk Ticket Agents.  
Census figures show that blindness is decreasing. Among men perhaps, but not among pigs.—Chicago News.

**TRUE ECONOMY**  
Is to purchase your needs at this store as we are meeting the lowest market prices.  
**EXTRA SPECIALS FOR SATURDAY**

**We Sell NEPONSET SHINGLES ROOFINGS**

**ROOFING**  
Made from selected materials and guaranteed pure.  
1-ply, per 108 sq. ft. \$1.95  
2-ply, per 108 sq. ft. \$2.75  
3-ply, per 108 sq. ft. \$3.25  
Asphalt Shingles and Crystal Surfaced Roofings.

**Plow Harness (as shown)**  
Traces, each..... \$1.19  
Back Bands..... \$1.39

**Seeds (Government Standard)**  
Red Clover, No. 1, bus. \$16.80  
Red Clover, No. 2, bus. \$15.00  
Mam. Clover, No. 1, bus. \$18.60  
Alsike Clover, No. 1, bus. \$12.00  
Alfalfa, No. 1, bus. \$15.00  
Timothy, No. 2 (No 1 Purity), per bus. \$ 4.50

**Selected Seed Corn**  
Whitecap, Leaming, Golden Glow, Wisconsin No. 7, per bus. \$1.25

**Fencing.**  
No. 9 Galvanized Wires throughout:  
5-strand, 40 inches high, per rod..... 28c.  
7-strand, 48 inches high, per rod..... 38c.  
8-strand, 47 inches high, per rod..... 42c.  
9-strand, 48 inches high, per rod..... 47c.

**Martin-Senour 100% Pure Paint.** A few shades we are clearing at 98c. per qt.

**A. S. HUNTER & SON**