

DURHAM CHRONICLE

W IRWIN, Editor and Proprietor

Thursday, October 26, 1922.

Other Papers' Opinions

Raising Wages and Prices. (Youth's Companion.)

It is natural enough for every man to desire an increased return for the commodities he produces or for the service he renders. Whoever has anything to sell gets the best price he can for it.

The fact that wages are high or that the prices of commodities are high does not in itself mean much. If every income in the country were cut in half tomorrow, and if at the same time the price of every article were cut in half, everyone would be in precisely the same situation as before the general reduction.

Raising a man's wages does not in the long run improve his position unless the wages of other men remain low. If a shoemaker, for example, gets an increase in wages amounting to a dollar a day, he is proportionately better off, so long as he can buy clothing or meat or bread or automobile tires or coal or sewing machines at the old price.

We go round and round a constantly ascending spiral. Everyone tries to get a little more in order to improve his economic position. Some get it; the prices of their products go up, and everyone else tries to get a little more himself in order to pay for the things that have increased in price.

There is only one way to get the better of the game. That way is to increase production without increasing the time spent in production. If by better machinery or by more efficient labor the worker can turn out a larger number of articles in a given time, and if by better fertilization or by improved machinery the farmer can produce more food-stuffs with the same amount of labor, the tendency of prices will be downward and the money return to the laborer or the farmer tend to increase.

FIFTY-THREE YEARS AGO (Mildmay Gazette.) Last Thursday when we had our first fall of snow, Mr. Joseph Schuett, Sr., called in to inform us that fifty-three years ago winter set in on the 12th of October and the snow remained until the middle of April the following spring.

Mr. A. A. Neil, teacher in the Continuation school at Drayton, reports finding a rock in the Conestoga River which, when split, released some sixty or seventy scarlet rubies, with apparently several times that number of gems still remaining in the unbroken portions.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

THE SHABBY STRANGER

(By Nancy Byrd Turner.)

Old Mr. Bruin found Woody School very hard to teach; he said so outright. Some of his pupils were well behaved and studious, but the most of them were nothing to be proud of. The Bear children (all young nephews or cousins of Mr. Bruin's) were slow-witted and often sulky, the Rabbit children restless and the Fox boys mischievous.

One warm June day the teacher drew a long, long sigh that shook his rough brown sides. "I think I shall give up this school," he said, "and go to teaching turtles and bullfrogs. They are poky, but at least they behave well."

At that speech some of the pupils had the grace to look ashamed, but Skippy Squirrel spoke up pertly. "I know how to behave," he said. "Then sit on the three-legged stool," said Mr. Bruin, "and prove it. As for you, Flippity Fox, for giggling at Skippy you are to come and stand with your face to the blackboard."

An hour went by, and still things were no better. Flippity would not keep his face turned to the blackboard, and Skippy jumped up and down on the three-legged stool. Down among the desks the behavior was so bad that Mr. Bruin thought seriously of expelling the whole school.

Not a single question could the class in geography answer. One of the Chipmunk children said that an isthmus is entirely surrounded by water, and Grayfluff Rabbit declared he had never heard of the equator. At last, when Rob Coon insisted that the North Pole is in the Indian Ocean, Mr. Bruin's patience gave entirely out. He rolled up a piece of paper and stuck it on Skippy Squirrel's bobbing head.

"There," he said. "Look at that. This afternoon every single one of you shall have on a foolscap just like it. What's more, you shall wear them home."

Even that did not quiet the school, and so Mr. Bruin went on: "At four o'clock I am going over to the other woods and see if I can find one well-behaved pupil for this outrageous Woody School."

But he did not have to wait until four o'clock for a new pupil, for just then a shadow fell across the floor, and there in the doorway stood a queer shaggy figure, stout and shabby.

The pupils all began to giggle, but Mr. Bruin drew a sigh of relief. "Are you coming to school to me?" he asked. The figure nodded its head, and the teacher added, "Then come in and welcome. You can't be any worse than what I already have."

As the newcomer came shuffling up the aisle some of the pupils went on snickering, but most of them stared in silence.

"You are one of the Porcupine family, I take it," the teacher said when the stranger paused on his way to the desk.

"The stranger admitted in a gruff bashful voice that he was. "Peter Porcupine," he said, "from over in Porcupine Hollow."

It so happened that no Porcupine had ever lived in the Woody neighborhood, and so the new pupil was a strange sight indeed to the school. They continued to stare at him.

"Come up here, Pete, and join this class in geography," the teacher said.

Without a word Pete obeyed. He looked so shabby and so clumsy as he came stumping up the aisle that the whole school tittered.

But the tittering stopped after a while. Pete Porcupine may have been odd-looking, but he was not stupid. He answered all the teacher's questions so glibly that before long he was at the head of the geography class. At length the rest of the pupils became so provoked with him that they pretended not to listen to his answers.

"Smart-Alec!" they said and began to cut worse capers than ever.

Matters came to a climax after the fourth-grade spelling class was called. In that class were Ringtail Coon, Sally Rabbit, Brown Bear and Clippity Fox.

"You may begin at the foot of the class, Pete," said Mr. Bruin.

"Where he belongs," remarked Clippity Fox in a loud whisper.

But whether or not Pete belonged at the foot he did not stay there.

Word after word that the others missed he spelled correctly, until at length he passed to the head. That was too much for Clippity Fox, who now stood next to him.

"Hey, Smarty!" cried Clippity. "You know everything, don't you? Take that!"

a yell, threw out his left hand and clutched Sally Rabbit by one of her extraordinarily long ears; Sally, surprised and squeaking with pain, hopped a yard high and stuck her sharp little toenails plumb into Brown-Bear's eye. Brown Bear gave a growl of rage and grabbed the thing nearest to him, which happened to be Ringtail Coon, and squeezed with might and main. He nearly squeezed the breath out of Ringtail, who could only dance up and down, choking "gr-grr," and paw the air in his fright. But with Ringtail's bouncing and spluttering, Brown Bear's growling, Sally Rabbit's squeaks and Clippity Fox's yells there was such an uproar that the rest of the school was dumb with astonishment.

Ringtail's brother, who had been dancing the Highland fling on a desk, flopped into a heap; Waggy Woodchuck turned over a bottle of ink; and Flippity Fox stopped drawing pictures on the blackboard and stood with his mouth wide open.

Mr. Bruin gazed straight at the shabby stranger, and the shabby stranger gazed back at Mr. Bruin.

When the school grew quieter, "Pete Porcupine," said Mr. Bruin, "what did you do to Clippity-Fox?"

Pete Porcupine did not move an eyelash. "Nothing, sir," he said.

"Clippity Fox," said Mr. Bruin, "why did you yell?"

Clippity rubbed his right arm and sobbed angrily. "He stuck me. Just because I nudged him he ran needles into me."

"Take Pete's needles away from him, Clippity Fox," said Mr. Bruin solemnly.

Clippity hopped with delight as he turned on Pete, but the next instant he hopped again, and this time not with delight.

"He's covered with needles!" was his shrill cry. "He's all needles. Ow! Wow!"

When the teacher had restored order at last he told Pete Porcupine that he might go home; then he sent the rest of the class to their seats.

After Pete had shambled down the aisle and disappeared through the doorway Mr. Bruin looked sternly round the room.

"Pete belongs to a prickly family," he said. "His needles, as Clippity calls them, grow on him, and you can't press against them without getting hurt. But Pete himself is a good and wise boy. When he comes back to school tomorrow he is to be treated with politeness, prickles or no prickles. And now, who is sorry for this day's doings and ready to be better tomorrow?"

When he said that, Mr. Bruin looked so kind and so grieved that all at once every single mischievous, uproarious pupil began to feel ashamed, even down to Skippy Squirrel, bobbing under his silly foolscap on his three-legged stool. They remembered tardily all Mr. Bruin's years of kindness and patience.

"We will all do better," they promised in chorus.

"We will try to be as good and as wise as Pete Porcupine," added Clippity Fox, though it was a hard thing to say; and the rest joined in: "As good and as wise as Pete Porcupine!"

"And almost as good and as wise as Teacher Bruin," piped up a little voice that turned out to be the voice of Skippy Squirrel. Then the whole school joined in with a cheer that rattled the desks:

"And almost as good and wise as Teacher Bruin!"

CHIP-CHATTER'S MISTAKE

"Oh, hide me! Oh, hide me!" cried little Chip-Chatter.

"The chipmunks are hunting for me!"

"Here, hide in my hat! Why what is the matter?"

"Well, I was umpire, you see, and Frisky and Dimp and Batter-weep-imp,

And Pitch-Me and Catch And Dell, Dan and Tatch, They're all of them looking for me!"

"But tell me," I said, "was it baseball you played?"

"Yes, yes, with the twig of a tree! The ball was a nut, a hazelnut, but I ate the ball up!" chattered he.

"Now Bess, Brown and Blackie, and Firstbaseman Hackee, Tim Tamias, Teasum, And Sally and Seazum— Both nines are out after me!"

Then home in my hat I took the poor pet, Chip-Chatter is grateful; he lives with me yet.

THE TEA-PARTY SWING (By L. Dean-Hatch.)

"Elsie! Elsie!" called her mother. Elsie was giving her two dolls a music-lesson on the veranda, but she put down her music book at once and ran in to her mother, who was standing on the step-ladder in the

living room hanging curtains.

"I wish you would hold the lower end of this curtain just even with the window sill," said her mother. I want to find out how much I must lengthen it by piecing."

Elsie did as she was asked, but she said, "I thought you said that you were going to have new curtains, mother."

"So I did, but it cost so much more to buy the house than we expected that I am going to do the best I can with what I have."

When Elsie got through holding the curtain she went out to the side lot where her father was preparing to build a garage. "Why, daddy, I thought you were going to put it farther back. You said people couldn't see so well along the street when the garages were out near the sidewalk."

"So I did, daughter," replied father, "but I didn't expect at that time to get a rocky lot. It would cost hundreds of dollars to blast through all that stone to reach the rear of the lot, so I must be content with setting the garage just behind the line of that ornamental tree. I am doing the best I can with what I have, don't you see?"

"Yes, sir, I see," said Elsie. Then she recollected that Theodora and Janice, her two dolls, were waiting all this time for their music lesson. "You poor dears," she said, tucking one under each arm, "you must have a treat to pay for my neglect. But what shall it be?"

She sat down on the steps to think about it. Although she had been in this new house only about a week, she had already made up her mind that she had never before seen a back yard that offered so little chance for having fun. There was a high board fence around it and a cherry tree and a pear tree in two of the corners. The rest was merely a plot of grass, flower borders and vegetables. At the house where Elsie had always lived before, there had been many trees, an orchard and a lane, with always at least a calf and a pet hen to play with.

"If there were only a big tree, I would make a swing and swing you, Theodora and Janice, but fruit trees must not be used for swings; and anyway, the limbs of these trees are mere switches—"

Suddenly Elsie noticed an opening in the high board fence and thought of something. She ran to the basement, got one of the short ropes that had been removed from a packing case and began to tie the ends round the rail at the top of the gap in the fence, to which the lost boards had once been nailed.

"Why, what are you doing?" asked her mother from a window.

"Making a swing," said Elsie. "I'm doing the best I can with what I have, don't you see, like you and daddy."

"See that child!" exclaimed mother to father, who had come in for the hammer.

That night there began a sound of sawing in the basement. But Elsie did not hear it, for she always went to bed very early and so was asleep. But on the morning of her birthday her mother called her to hurry and dress and go to see what was in the back yard. Elsie was so surprised that she could hardly speak when she saw a two-seated swing standing on the grassplot—the kind of swing that does not have to hang from a tree.

"It's just like those they have in the parks. It's painted, and the big tree in Mr. Miller's yard shades it; and it's big enough inside for a little tea party with a table!" she cried when she had found her breath.

That afternoon she held her first party in the swing. "You are invited today," she told Theodora and Janice, "propping them against a cushion. But next time I am to have little girls. Now Theo and Jane," she solemnly warned them. "I don't wish ever to hear you complain again. Mother says her curtains never looked so well as they do this time, when she had to study how to make them fit; and daddy never thought before of planting hollyhocks like a flower screen all about a garage. And I never in my whole past life dreamed of such a thing as a tea-party swing!"

"It's very strange, but it seems that when you don't have much, and make the most of it, it somehow turns out to be more than if you have a lot and make little of it. Do you understand?"

MISS McPHAIL AT FLESHERTON

There was a large audience in the Flesherton Town Hall on Friday evening last to hear Miss Agnes McPhail, M.P. for South-East Grey, and Mr. J. J. Morrison of Toronto, secretary of the U.F.O. Both speakers were listened to with deep interest and Miss McPhail was quite at home among her own constituents. She spoke mostly on her impressions at Ottawa, and Mr. Morrison dealt mostly with the suffering, loss and need of the people in the fire-swept district of Northern Ontario which he had visited.

FATHER CLOCHEY'S MURDERER IS ADJUDGED INSANE

John Cosgrove, the deaf mute charged with the murder of the Rev. Father Clochey at the door of St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Church, Proton, was found insane by the jury at the Assizes at Owen Sound Monday afternoon and ordered by Mr. Justice Riddell to be confined to jail at the pleasure of the Lieutenant Governor in Council.

Rev. Father Clochey was murdered on the evening of August 18, when through a partly open door he was shot by a .25 calibre rifle, the bullet piercing the priest's body. He lingered on till the 23rd when he expired at the home of Michael Connolly. Cosgrove was arrested and committed for trial.

On Monday afternoon the grand jury brought in a true bill and the case came up for trial before the petit jury. Mr. W. H. Wright, acting as counsel for the prisoner, put in a plea of insanity. A jury was empaneled and a number of witnesses were called, including John Cosgrove, the prisoner's father, and William Rice, an uncle, both of whom testified that two aunts of the prisoner had died insane and another aunt was now in the asylum.

W. J. Campbell, of the Belleville Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, said the prisoner showed no emotion when told of the priest's death, nor did he seem to realize the gravity of his position; he did not even seem to know he was on trial for his life. Dr. William English, superintendent of the Ontario Hospital for the Insane at Hamilton, said the prisoner was below par mentally, owing to an accident that befell him when two years old.

The jury agreed without a dissenting voice and without retiring that the prisoner was insane and Mr. Justice Riddell ordered him confined.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Barrister and Mrs. Currey were in Newmarket last week attending the wedding of his sister, Edwina Currey, to Mr. Charles M. Week, assistant agricultural representative of the County of Bruce.

Mr. and Mrs. John McGowan announce the engagement of their daughter, Jean May (Bea) to Mr. William George Breen, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Breen of Wingham, the marriage to take place at an early date.

The engagement is announced of Miss Elizabeth Kathryn Lauder of Toronto to Mr. Frank Albert Livingston of Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Harding and family spent Sunday in Hillsburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey of Arthur spent a few days the first of the week with their daughter, Mrs. W. A. McGowan.

Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Kearney and Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Robbins spent Sunday at Grand Valley.

Mrs. S. MacBeth and Mrs. Robbins are spending a few days in Buffalo.

Mrs. Albert Livingstone of Holland Centre is spending a week with her mother, Mrs. Marshall.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lauder, daughter Betty, Miss Cross and Mr. Wiggins, of Owen Sound, spent Sunday with the former's parents here.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Douglas and daughter Dorothy of Listowel, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Pearce and daughter Otilie of Stratford, and Mr. and Mrs. N. T. Harding, also of Stratford, were guests at Mrs. E. W. Limin's for the week-end and remained for the euchre and shower given Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Ainsworth, Miss Blake and Mr. W. H. Lauder of Toronto visited over the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Lauder.

Miss E. McDonald of Acton is visiting with her sister, Mrs. S. D. Croft, in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant McComb visited friends at Hanover the first of the week.

Mrs. Howard McDonald and children visited in Toronto for a few days.

Miss Belle Lauder is spending a few weeks in Toronto.

Mrs. McKinnon, Mr. and Mrs. J.M. Burgess, were guests at the home of Barrister William Burgess at Port Elgin the first of the week.

Mrs. T. G. Lauder visited her son in Owen Sound Tuesday.

WHAT CAUSES HEADACHES?

"Fruit-a-tives" Prevents Auto-intoxication

Auto-intoxication means self-poisoning. Many people suffer from partial constipation or insufficient action of the bowels. Waste matter which should pass out of the body every day, remains and poisons the blood.

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50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Darkies' Corners.

(Our own correspondent.)

Mr. Walter Nichol is in Owen Sound this week serving as jurymen.

Mrs. Thomas McGirr of town spent Sunday with her son John, and attended the Sunday school here. We are always glad to have our former teachers with us. Next Sunday is the last day of Sunday school, and everyone should be present.

Mr. Clarence Ingham of Stratford has been visiting his uncle, Mr. William Jacques.

Mr. Samuel Patterson, Egremont, spent a day recently with Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Patterson.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McFadden spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lawrence and attended Amos anniversary.

Miss Eliza Patterson spent the week-end with Egremont friends and attended Amos anniversary services on Sunday and Monday.

There is one thing of which we can be certain: we are always punished by the wrong we do as well as because of it.

FOR SALE

One used Cream Separator, three Aladdin lamps; cheap for quick sale.—Durham Machine Shop. 10 26 tf

DURHAM MARKET

Corrected October 26, 1922

Table with market prices for Hogs, Wheat, Oats, Barley, Buckwheat, Peas, Hay, Butter, Eggs, Potatoes, Hides, Sheepskins.

VETERAN STAR THEATRE

TWO SHOWS: 8 and 9 P.M.

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