

THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

Published every Thursday morning at the office, Garrafraxa Street, Durham, Ontario, by W. Irwin, Editor and Proprietor. The Chronicle is mailed to any address in Canada at the rate of \$2.00 per year, \$1.00 for six months, 50 cents for three months. To any address in the United States of America, \$2.50 per year, \$1.25 for six months, 65 cents for three months. Foreign subscription rates on application. Member Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association

Whosoever is afraid of submitting any question, civil, or religious, to the test of free discussion, is more in love with his own opinion than with truth. -WATSON.

Thursday, December 11, 1924.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE

"The Great Adventure—The Change Called Death!" On this Christmas season we present to our readers this priceless gift—the last written words of Dr. Orison Swett Marden—a remarkable document in which the great philosopher described the vision before him.

Dr. Marden, who died some three or four months ago, was one of the best-known editorial writers and philosophers on the North American Continent. In 1898 he founded Success, a publication known as the Human Magazine, and edited by him up till the time of his death. The Great Adventure was written by him on a bed of sickness and at a time when he knew his earthly hours were numbered.

Once upon a time, a butterfly, just emerged from the chrysalis state, was bitterly disappointed with the sudden change which had come over it. It could not bear to leave the old house in which it had grown to maturity.

Filled with regrets, for a long, long time, it hovered around its outgrown shell. Instead of using its wings to fly out into the beautiful world in which it had been born to a new and fuller life, it shrank from what was new and strange. It longed to be a chrysalis again.

The butterfly was infinitely more beautiful than the chrysalis. Its power of self-expression was many times enlarged. It could get around infinitely better; everybody admired it more, but still it mourned its old self, its old apparel to which it had become so accustomed. It didn't feel at home in its gorgeous new suit, the glorious colors in which it had been arrayed.

We are like the butterfly. We grieve when we have to leave our old house—the body. We fear leaving it. We shrink from the new, unknown life that lies beyond the chrysalis stage—our existence here.

But why should we fear? We have had to trust a higher power than our own every moment of our lives. Not for one instant have we been able to take care of ourselves without this Infinite Power, this Inscrutable Wisdom, which keeps all of our life processes going, which gives and recalls life to itself.

Now, since this Divine Power, this Infinite Wisdom takes care of us so wonderfully up to the very point of the change we call Death, why should we then distrust it? Why should we shrink from taking the leap in the dark when the Father-Mother-God calls us to leap into His Everlasting Arms?

If your child stood frightened in the dark, and you called to it to leap into your arms, it would not fear to do so. Even though it could not see your face, it knows your voice and would not hesitate to jump when you called to it.

I have trusted the Infinite Power all through the seventy odd years of my life. I will not distrust it now. Everything that has happened to me so far has come from this Infinite Power—the Divine Providence—and has been for my good.

Why should I begin to distrust It at this very critical period of my life?

Why should I shrink from taking the leap in the dark when the Father calls to me?

Why should I hesitate to change this old suit I have worn so long for a new one better adapted to my new needs?

My Father knows what is best for me.

I TRUST HIM!

THE PRICE OF SHOES

During the war, when hides went up in price, shoe manufacturers advanced the price of their wares in order to keep up with the increased cost. Afterwards, wages commenced to soar, and prices went still higher. The war over, the price of raw hides dropped to an even lower level than pre-war prices, and later, wages dropped some twenty per cent. Ever since, the general public has demanded a corresponding reduction in the price of shoes and has long wondered why it was not forthcoming.

The recent meeting of the shoe manufacturers in convention at Montreal and their statement that the shoe industry, despite high prices, was in rather hard straits, complicated matters in our mind quite a little, and we were loath to express an opinion on the subject. Too many people jump to conclusions. In almost any industry the big bugaboo against lowering prices has been the "overhead" that has crept in, and that increased wages as compared with ten years ago. The increased cost of doing business has more than offset any reductions in raw material, and wages during the past three or four years. This condition has made itself felt in every line of business, from the small grocer to the large manufacturer, and it is impossible for anyone to glibly explain away the reasons for high prices of today. Last week's issue of The Youth's Companion, published at Boston, Mass., gives about the best explanation we have yet seen. This opinion, of course, is based on conditions in the United States, but we think, perhaps, the argument will fit in well here. The Companion says:

"The person who now buys well-made shoes of good calfskin has to pay almost twice as much for them as he used to pay ten years ago. At the same time, the farmer or stockman who has a hide to sell can get no more for it than he got in 1914. What is the reason?"

"Whenever the price of an article is high, it is the manufacturer or the retailer that is first suspected of making an undue profit. But anyone who knows anything about the shoe industry knows that just now profits are not excessive. One of the

largest and most prosperous manufacturing concerns in the country, and one of the few that publish a statement of their earnings, made last year a profit of little more than six per cent on sales, or between nine and ten per cent on its invested capital and surplus. Few manufacturers do so well as that. Many of the smaller concerns make no profit at all, and, if the corporation mentioned above should sell its shoes at a price that would yield it no profit whatever, it would reduce the wholesale price of a pair of six-dollar shoes by only a little more than thirty cents.

"Although a calfskin still sells at less than the price of a single pair of good shoes, tanned leather is considerably more expensive than it used to be. That is owing to the higher wages paid in the tanneries. Even so it is less than half as expensive as it was in 1920, though the price of finished shoes is about three-quarters of what it was in that year. For three years few tanners have been able to show a profit on their books. Wages in the shoe factories are more than twice as high as they were ten years ago, and not much below the peak of 1920. On the average they were fifty-two cents an hour then, and they are forty-eight cents an hour now.

"The cost of retailing is said to be much higher than it used to be. Precise figures are not easy to get, but everyone who really knows the business agrees that it costs more than it should to market shoes. The retailers blame the public for wanting too many styles in shoes and the ladies in particular for demanding frequent and whimsical changes in fashions, which frequently make a good part of their stocks unsalable.

"Obviously the man who has hides to sell is not getting one cent too much for them. Obviously the tanners are not guilty of making an excessive profit, and the manufacturers could not reduce their prices enough to affect the retail price of shoes without having to go out of business. The retailer might save something in the cost of distribution, but he will not be able to reduce it much until people are willing to be satisfied with a smaller choice in styles and a less whimsical taste in fashions.

"The final reason for the comparatively high price of shoes is to be found in the wages of the workmen, which are more than twice what they used to be. That is not to say that the workers in shoe factories and tanneries are paid too much. Like other commodities, shoes can be too low in price as well as too high, and the workers are entitled to wages as generous as the industry can support. But those who grumble at the wide difference between the value of a skin and the price of a pair of shoes should understand that it represents higher pay for human workers."

DON'T GET TOO GOOD

There is a lesson in the following article for all of us if we but take the time to carefully peruse it:

Whatever you do brother, don't get too good. There is a piety that depresses and which immediately breeds suspicion and distrust. Almost every man has his faults, and if our secret acts and thoughts or even those things people know about us but which we think they don't know about us were held up to the public, we would shrink, cut to the quick and flee to hide our mortal and spiritual nakedness.

Some of us get drunk, and that's bad; some of us lie like dogs, and that's worse; and some of us love money more than we do truth, honor and goodness, and that's worse; some of us cheat, steal and dodge our taxes, and that's worse still, though among the elect it is sometimes considered a virtue. But the crowning sin of all is a hard, unloving heart and a soul without charity for the frailties of others which rejoices when others are crucified and which attempts to hide its secret joy with sniffing and pious depreciation.

No, whatever you do, don't get too good. Heaven is going to be a big surprise party to most of us.

CRISP COMMENT

Even people who tell the truth are saying business is getting better.—Peterboro Examiner.

The ten commandments do not need to be rewritten so much as they need to be reread.—Kitchener Record.

In the matter of weather, November could not beat October, but it was a good runner-up.—Hamilton Herald.

The Brantford Expositor wants us to eat home grown apples. Have you an apple tree in your home?—Border Cities Star.

Up to the hour of going to press, wolves of Sault Ste. Marie district had not carried off any bootleggers.—Toronto Telegram.

Some day in the far distant future, one of those mountain murders in Hamilton may be cleared up.—St. Catharines Standard.

Christiana, Norway, has changed its name to Oslo. It should have made it Solo for the sake of euphony.—Buffalo Commercial.

If you've still got the neighbor's lawn mower in the cellar, it would be a good time to return it and borrow his snow shovel.—Hamilton Herald.

The civilized peoples are those that pay the highest prices for beads.—Key West (Fla.) Citizen.

There isn't much to success except that you lie abed an hour longer.—New York Telegram and Mail.

This will go down in automobile history, we suppose, as the Elizabethan Age.—Columbia Record.

It isn't too much talk about religion that keeps people from church, but too little.—New York Telegram and Mail.

It is easy to recognize Sunday. People have the tank filled instead of asking for five gallons.—Vancouver Sun.

It may be better to be happy than rich, but no poor man ever derived any satisfaction from the thought.—Chicago News.

"Oh, this parting is bitter—bitter," she moaned as the quinine capsule came apart as she swallowed it.—San Francisco Bulletin.

There are now 5,000 bootleggers listed in Washington. Almost time for the annual convention, isn't it?—New York Herald-Tribune.

Glance in the general direction of Egypt seems to indicate that this is not exactly an ideal time to twist the British lion's tail.—Toronto Telegram.

'Cause You Must Go Down For Gas!



SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Mrs. E. K. Jackson, who left here a month ago on a visit with Hamilton friends, left ten days ago on a visit with relatives in Yorkshire, England.

Mrs. W. J. Bailey of Winnipeg, who has been East for the past six weeks visiting friends at Hanover, is in town this week, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Kinnee and other friends.

Miss Marjorie Brown, who for the fall season has been in Mount Forest, has returned and is again with Misses Truax.

Miss Jean Baird returned from Hamilton last week where she went to enter training as a nurse in a hospital in that city. Miss Baird was under age, but will return next year to enter training.

Captain J. F. Wright returned to his home here last week after a successful season on the lakes.

Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Alderson of New York visited over the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Harron.

Miss Davidson, principal of Holstein public school, spent the week-end with her friend, Miss Florence Kerr of Varney.

SHAKESPEARE A SCOTSMAN? The Scots are as intellectual and capable a race as exists on earth—and they are ready, if pressed, to admit as much. The Sphere tells of a Scottish boy in an English school who, when he was asked where Shakespeare was born, promptly replied, "In Scotland, sir."

DURHAM MARKET

Corrected December 14, 1924. Live Hogs 1.30 @ 1.35, Wheat .45 @ .50, Oats .70 @ .75, Barley .70 @ .80, Buckwheat 1.20 @ 1.25, Peas 10.00 @ 12.00, Hay .40 @ .50, Eggs .30 @ .35, Butter .50, Potatoes, per bag .05, Hides 1.50, Sheepskins 1.50. Dressed Fowl: Ducks .16 @ .18, Geese .16, Chickens, milk fed, 5-lb or over .25, Chickens .15 @ .22, Hens .10 @ .17, Turkeys .25 @ .30.

Veteran Star Theatre

TWO SHOWS: 8 and 9.15 P.M. FRIDAY--SATURDAY December 12-13 LEATRICE JOY

"The Silent Partner"

also Mack Sennett Comedy "Friend Husband"

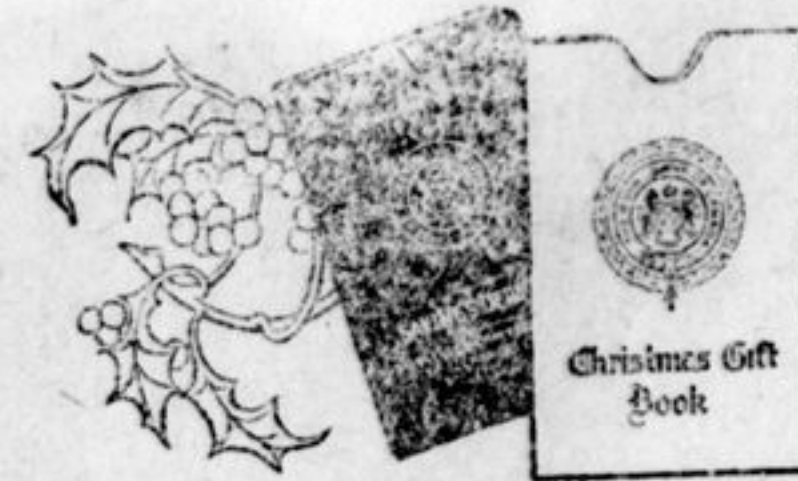
plied, "In Scotland, sir." "What makes you think Shakespeare was a Scotsman?" said the schoolmaster. "Because of his abeility, sir!" was the reply.

There are compensations. If you are too unimportant to afford good clothes, nobody notices your clothes. All of us may be stockholders in

the government, but usually we simply hold the bag.

Working hard may not make success of life, but it diverts suspicion. Common sense is that indefinite quality possessed by people who agree with you.

You can judge a man by the company he keeps, or you can judge him by the wife that keeps him.



A Gift that Increases in Value

WHAT DID YOU GIVE LAST CHRISTMAS? Toys for the kiddies—most of them broken by now. "Something useful" for the grown-ups—now worn out or forgotten. Cash to your employees—appreciated but soon spent. Other presents—hurriedly bought and perhaps ill-chosen. Are they remembered now?

Suppose this year you give them each a Bank Book containing an initial deposit, and urge them to add to it regularly. Could anything be more suitable?

Add "Royal Bank Pass Books" to your list of Christmas Gifts.

The Royal Bank of Canada

Total Assets \$560,000,000.

Every Day Is Bargain Day

AT THE PEOPLE'S MILLS

Sovereign Flour Eclipse Flour White Lily Pastry Flour

Wheat Cereal and Rolled Oats

Bran Shorts Feed Flour Oat Chop

Crimped Oats Mixed Chop

Mixed Grain for Poultry Food

Blatchford's Calf Meal

Pig Meal and Poultry Feed

Our Feeds are of the Best Quality, and our Flour is Guaranteed. Prices right for Cash

Highest Price Paid for Wheat delivered at the Mill

Goods Delivered in Town Every Afternoon

Phone 8, Night or Day.

JOHN MCGOWAN

The People's Mill Durham, Ont.