

WESTERN ONTARIO NEWS IN BRIEF

Western Province of Canada's... contract for the soldiers' me- hospital at Tillsonburg was... on Saturday and work will... at once. The tender is... \$1,195.

BORN

son.—In Glenelg, Tuesday, to Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Atkin- son (Charles Joseph).

son.—In Normanby, May 20, to Mrs. William Finnigan, a...

son.—In Durham Red Cross... on May 14, 1925, to Mr. E. Greenwood, Glenelg, a...

son.—In Holland, May 19, to Mrs. Christopher Lipski, a...

son.—In Bentick, May 23, to Mrs. Percious Sherck, a...

IN MEMORIAM

son.—In loving memory of R. Everett, who departed this...

son.—In evening shades are falling, an evening all alone, heart there comes a longing— husband only could come...

son.—In loving memory of our dear, Grace (Mrs. Hugh Mc- who departed this life May...

son.—In Jesus, blessed sleep, high none ever wake to weep, and undisturbed repose in by the last of fess. Mother, Sisters and Brother.

DURHAM MARKET

Table with market prices for various goods like flour, sugar, and other commodities.

Car

Cars'... duty—... first in... e two... A... ssible... body... at the... laughlin... Ontario



Cross-Canada Happenings As Told By Wire

News From Halifax to Vancouver Boiled Down and Tersely Told

Thursday being Ascension Day, there was a cessation of Parliamen- tary activities. Neither the House nor the Senate sat.

Announcement has been made that the Bishop of Montreal has appointed William Langley Bond, K.C., to be chancellor of the diocese in suc- cession to the late Dr. Leo H. Davi- dson, K.C., L.L.D., who died some weeks ago.

Their appeal to Ottawa having failed to admit them to Canada, the eight stowaways who arrived at Quebec on Board the Anchor-Don- aldson liner, Saturnia, recently, have been deported and are now well on their way home.

After having given away more than half a million dollars before his death, John Cameron Edwards, brother of the late Senator W. C. Edwards, and well-known Ottawa gentleman, who died on September 18, 1924, left an estate of \$239,222 according to his will, which was filed Thursday for probate.

Captain L. E. Demers, Ottawa, Dominion Wreck Commissioner, who held an inquiry on May 8 and 9 into the collision between the coal laden steamer Clackamas and the stern schooner, Cape d'Or, off Cape Lahave, N.S., on April 30, when the latter sunk with the loss of five lives, has, according to his report made public Thursday, exonerated the master of the Cape d'Or, Cap- tain G. M. Wilkie, and the master of the Clackamas, Captain C. O. Ma- guire, and has found the second of- ficer of the Clackamas, James Fra- ser, to have incurred censure and has given him a warning to exercise better judgment in the future. The certificates of the masters and the

second officer are not withheld. Hon. Ernest Lapointe, Minister of Justice, has given notice in the House of a bill providing for the single alternative vote.

H. B. Lyall, chairman, and G. E. Carpenter, secretary, were re-elected to office at the annual meeting of the prairie division of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association at Win- nipeg on Friday night.

Hon. P. J. Cardin, Minister of Mar- ine and Fisheries, has given notice of a motion in the House for the advance of \$5,000,000 to the Quebec Harbor Commission in addition to advances already authorized by ex- isting legislation.

Notice is given in the Federal Par- liament of an amendment to the Railway Act which, it is understood, is designed to prohibit the smug- gling of liquor across the line in railway cars. The notice stands in the name of Hon. G. P. Graham, Minister of Railways and Canals.

Hon. J. A. Robb, Acting Minister of Finance, intends to bring down legislation to authorize the raising of a loan not exceeding \$164,000,000. The purpose of the loan is "for pay- ing or redeeming or otherwise re- taining the whole or any portion of loans or obligations of Canada and for public works and general pur- poses.

Mrs. Louis Philippe Pelletier, widow of the late Judge Pelletier, in his lifetime a prominent member of the Court of King's Bench, some time Attorney-General for the Province of Quebec and Postmaster-General in the Meighen Cabinet, died at her home at Quebec on Saturday morn- ing at the age of 74 years. Mrs. Pelletier was formerly Miss Adele Lelivre.

THE FRESH AIR CURE

(Mina Moore Jamieson)

Last Sunday was a quietly happy day for me. I think I got more good of it than I can well estimate. There comes a time with most of us when we need something—and we haven't an idea in the world what it is. We are unbearably irritable, so that it is a wonder our families do not turn and rend us! Instead of that, they give us a wide berth where possible, and when we snap at them, their wide-eyed silence fills us with crimson shame. They cannot under- stand what has gone wrong with us. We are cross enough to bite a tack in two, and for no earthly reason. Perhaps we have an excess of acid in the blood—perhaps we are wor- ried—perhaps we are realizing our- selves to be failures where we have prided most on our success—what- ever it is, it has upset our self-con- trol, and we are equally to be pitied and blamed while in such a condi- tion.

Sometimes it comes simply from the inescapable people around us, morning, noon and night. Loneli- ness is a desperate thing, but it is not so fraying to the nerves as the feeling that other lives are forever overlapping ours—treading on our toes, breathing in our faces, eating up our individuality! Even those who are nearest and dearest to us can oppress us in this way, if our nervous system is in the receptive mood which lets them! So I take unto myself occasional doses of com- plete solitude—a few hours to re- cover the poise which is never very surely mine at the best of times. I do not yearn so much for my own society as for no society at all.

I heard a man expounding the theory that impoverished land would enrich itself again in time, if left to the ministrations of the kindly weather, and the sun and nature's simple remedies. Might not the same be true of ourselves also? I at least have never failed to find a mental healing in submitting to the chastening of wind and sky. One finds strength not only to be ashamed of faults, but to fight them.

Sunday was a peaceful day. We had no visitors. The sunshine was a gay and lovely thing, brightening all our springtime world. The chil- dren, as soon as their little morning chores were done, went merrily to the bush to get me some wild flow- ers. The boy made a great cere- mony of his bath out in the sum- mer kitchen. Putting on the fire, warming the water, and finally scouring himself, occupied several hours. He had a good time!

By the time I had washed the dishes and made the beds and swept the floor and peeled the potatoes and sliced the meat and put it to soak for dinner, and had washed and scalded milk cloths and pails, and scalded the lost track of the fact that it was Sunday. There is not that much difference in the early part of the day—it might be Saturday, as far as the work goes. We get up just as early; cows have to be milked; the milk truck comes on Sunday just as on other days; ani- mals have to be fed, watered, bedded and cared for no matter what the calendar says. But when I went out to the clothes line to hang out the cloths we use for straining the milk, there did seem to be an extra peace and stiness in the air.

Often, quite early, you might hear the many little engines of the neigh- borhood chugging to fill aerators for their daily pumping and puffing at the fresh cold water which is essential to the proper cooling of the milk, but that had all died away. The wind was soft and gentle, and carried on its wings messages of growth and wholesomeness. Some- where, far away, a dog's voice spoke and another answered.

Already I could feel the relaxing of strain. Saturday had been so

busy! I had a dress to make for Betty, and it would not come out as I planned. Her music lesson was not as well prepared as it should have been—not her fault altogether, as I should see that she practises. Madge was in a wanting state of mind—wanting to write letters with my fountain pen, wanting to bake a cake after the fire was down for me to clean the stove, wanting to wash her hair, though that is rather beyond her, wanting to go and spend the afternoon with her part- ular friends down the road, want- ing to read the book that Betty had started, wanting to telephone while the music lesson was on—and all the rest of it. Harmless desires all of them, but mighty inconvenient as she happened to express them.

My dark cake went flat. I had doubts of my pie, and even the baked potatoes at dinner time played traitor, and showed a bone in their hearts. So Saturday was full of exasperations and John's absence in town did not soothe matters. It's almost funny how we grudge any- body else a peaceful time when our own pond is ruffled! John had obligingly gone to get me the seeds for the garden, and the screw nails for the screen doors, which must soon go on and are always needing more screw nails than we have. He had brought home two new brooms for the house, taking my old ones for the stable—a system which serves to keep me nicely in brooms, while it also lets the broom serve its full term of usefulness. One that is not good enough for the house is still quite serviceable on the cow- stable floor.

But I did not waste Sunday in brewing over Saturday. I never think there is much use in stirring cold porridge, and that is what it would amount to.

When everyone else had gone off to Sunday school and church, I drew a long breath of relief. Of course, I should have gone with them, but it is never possible for me to straighten out my personal problems under the eyes of others. When the minister is talking, it seems rude to be inattentive. It seems more than rude—even deceitful—to turn one's eyes steadfastly on him, and to turn one's thoughts at the same knobby bunches that would soon be blossoms. The soft maple was as red as the sunset, hazy with the sudden fluff of growth on its many fine, little branches. Brave, little dandelions winked their yellow eyes gallantly from the safety of the grass, and that grass itself was rich and wonderful beyond any mortal deserving. Two things in common life I have always loved greatly—the rare rainbow, and the common grass. There is no use trying to ex- plain why one loves a certain thing. The feeling is there without explanation.

These two are quite opposite to each other—one in the sky, the other on the ground; one frail, inexplic- able, swiftly gone—the other sturdy, enduring, commonplace; one of a strange beauty, but utterly without practical use—the other quite as lovely, and serving mankind hourly. But did I say that grass was with- out value to us? That is not so! There are times when we need the rainbow—times when our sick souls cling to its assurance that there must be a God—how else could there be a rainbow?

But the grass—the kindly grass that bears our feet softly on its vel- vet and springs again to place when we have gone on! With what cour- age it shines forth long before buds dare appear on the trees, or birds go nesting in the shrubs! And when the heat and drought of summer smite the land, the grass reaches strongly into its reserve of power, and with enduring greenness, holds its place until utterly overpowered, its coolness of night comes to its aid. The dews comfort it, and the night winds help.

Back at the bush, frogs piped end- lessly beside the pond. A splash

ruffled the surface as the dog sprang joyfully in for a bath. He had no fear of the mud-turtles that live in it, but wanted a stick thrown to him as an excuse for play. Out he came, and rushed madly across the newly sown fields, in utter disregard of Sabbath observances, for many a mature dog is still a playful pup at heart when he gets away from his responsibilities.

I sat down on a stump and listened to the myriad little noises that go to the making of nature's beautiful silences. Dry leaves rustled in the fine breeze. A slight stirring in the tree tops showed that the air was not altogether still. As I sat watch- ing, birds flitted from branch to branch, reassured by my quietude. The dog came back and sat soberly down to pant and recover from his outbreak.

All the fizzle was gone from my nerves. I felt quite equal to dealing again with little girls even when a too anxious mother would have had them with old heads on their young shoulders. The flatness of my dark cake became suddenly a thing of no account. One could live long and die happy without ever tasting dark or any other cake—but the sun and the good clean air—these were things that mattered.

I did not moralize—I did not even think, particularly. I just soaked in the quiet beauty of the day, the peace and serenity that were for my taking, and the sweet springtime promise that filled the earth. Soon the grain would show its tender sprouts across the fields. The groundhogs that sat and meditated at the doors of their dwellings would have a fresh bite for dinner. Frogs in the pond would come forth to snap at flies, and blackbirds would mark with knowing eye the passing of the corn platter. Everywhere life was springing strongly under the wooing of the sun, and the year was showing its power.

I turned home, utterly thankful for the chance that so many long for, and so few may have. I knew that I am greatly favored in having an opportunity to get off by myself and get the cramps out of my dis- position. The disappointing part of it is, that I still retain the full aver- age of human failings—I wonder why that is? Under the beauty of sun and sky, I should shed them as a snake sheds its skin—but some- how, they stick!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Government Meddling in Trade

From time to time, some enthu- siast proposes that there would be a high public advantage through gov- ernment interference with the ordi- nary process of trade. Jus nowt, in certain quarters, the favorite idea is a legislative embargo upon the export of pulpwood. It appears not to be enough that in those provinces where the pulpwood business an- tounts to any thing substantial, eighty-five per cent of the supply is not owned by governments and already under prohibition as to ex- port. What is suggested is that the private owners of the remaining fif- teen percent should be required to sell their products to buyers on their own soil and to no one else.

This change is recommended in the name of "conservation of natu- ral resources." But in the next breath, we are assured that it would bring American companies in great numbers to establish mills in Canada. Surely this would exhaust those same natural resources just as fast as if the cut were made by Canadian woodmen for export across the line? We believe that under such circumstances, the process of exhaustion would be accelerated. For those who expended vast sums on establishing mills would have to compensate themselves for the out- lay as fast as possible, and the sur- est way to do this is by cutting without regard to the future of the forest.

The great fault of such proposed State interference is that no man can draw a lien beyond which it may not go. Private owners of woodland have bought those wood lots as they might have bought anything else, assuming that they would have the usual chance to carry on trade free- ly with customers at home and abroad. It is now suggested that by legislation, the value of these lots should be suddenly reduced, but it is not suggested at the same time that there should be any compensa- tion to those who have sunk their money in the purchase and their labor in the development. What will become of the "good faith" that is essential to business? American companies, we hear, will be attract- ed to establish mills. Their coun- trymen, some of whom have bought these woodlands, will be likely to bid these American capitalists think twice before they run such risk in a country that may legislate mills—no less than woodlands—out of business.

For why not interfere with the mills too? Why not, under the rap- turous vision of some "public ad- vantage," propose a new law to com- pel the mills to grind raw material on a custom basis at a fixed maxi- mum profit, making the possible profit very low indeed? There would be an outcry against govern- ment spoliation of private enter- prise, no doubt, and very natu- rally. But those who would shriek most loudly over such spoliation are just those who want an embargo to perpetrate a like spoliation upon others. It is a steep and slippery road upon which we should have en- tered once we begin setting limits to the market within which any sin- gle class may carry on business. You cannot make fish of one and flesh of another.

Economist.

It is hard to tell the saints from the sinners when you know both of them pretty well.

WITH THE BOYSCOUTS



Camp

It has at last been decided that as many of the Troop as can will go to White Cloud Camp this year instead of the Troop having a local camp.

Preparations are being made for a bigger camp this year on the Island. It is planned to have a number of boats and to let the boys go on over- night trips to the surrounding is- lands and the mainland in them.

Camp opens on the 4th of July and continues for two weeks. It will be in charge of Col. McIntyre—District Commissioner—and Dr. Marshall of Owen Sound.

The S.M. of the Durhams will not be able to be present as he leaves on the 7th of July for Ebor Park Camp, Brantford, for a two-weeks' course. The Durhams will go up in charge of Troop Leader Ted Clark. Already about ten fellows have signified their intention of being amongst those present when the boat pulls out of Owen Sound.

Cubs

Under the capable leadership of the Rev. Mr. Whealen, a Cub pack has been organized in Durham. For the benefit of the uninitiated, we would say that a Cub Pack is a junior scouting organization com- posed of boys from eight to twelve years old and covers the rudiments of scouting.

The Durham Cub Pack meet every Tuesday night in the A. Y. P. A. rooms. The Cubmaster is being as- sisted by several of the First Dur- hams in getting the show under way and in explaining the rudiments of Cubbing. At the Tuesday night meeting this week, there were about twenty present, and it looks as if there are going to be more apply- for membership than there will be room for.

Weekly Meeting

In the absence of the S.M., who was in Toronto, the meeting last Wednesday night was in charge of Rev. Mr. Whealen and Ted Clark—troop leader. The Wolves were top- notchers in the competition, having a perfect night.

Troop Notes

The S.M. and T.L. are figuring on going up to Owen Sound on Satur- day evening for the close of the Dis- trict Conference.

Assistant Provincial Commissioner Frank Irwin of Toronto will be the Leader of the Conference which will

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occupy Saturday and Sunday, May 30th and 31st. The local scouters are figuring on taking a "pup" tent along and spending Saturday night in the open. Let's all hope the weather becomes a trifle warmer.

HYMENEAL

TUCK-BEATON

A wedding of much interest to residents of Durham and Glenelg was solemnized in Toronto Tuesday evening when Miss Jennie Bell Bea- ton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Beaton, was married to Mr. Homer C. Tuck of Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. Beaton went down Tuesday and were present at the ceremony at 7.30 that same evening.

The bride, who is well known in her home vicinity, has been a resi- dent of Toronto for some time, and the groom, a resident of the Queen City, is a member of the teaching staff. Following the ceremony, the young couple left that same evening on a honeymoon trip to Ottawa, Montreal and other Eastern points and on their return will take up their residence in Toronto.

The Chronicle joins in wishing them a happy married life.

RED CROSS HOSPITAL TO GET PROCEEDS

Mr. A. J. Lloyd of Veterans' Star Theatre Donates Proceeds of Big Super-special Picture to Red Cross Hospital.

Durham and vicinity citizens should do their best on Monday and Tuesday, June 8 and 9, when the

big super-special picture, "Sporting Youth," comes to town. This picture, a Universal produc- tion starring Reginald Denny, is being donated to the local Red Cross by Mr. Lloyd, proprietor of the local theatre.

CLASSIFIED ADS.

(Too Late for Classification.)

FOR SALE

FIRST-CLASS HEINTZMAN PIANO and Cecilia Player; Stoves—Que- bec Heater (new), Range and 2 small Heaters; Furniture—Cupboards and other household articles. Apply W. A. McGowan, Box 19, Phone 81, Durham. 5 28 tf

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SAT., JUNE 6, at 2 p.m.

consisting of the following:

- 2 BEDROOM SUITES (1 SOLID OAK), SPRINGS AND MATTRESSES SEPARATE BEDSTEAD SIDEBOARD WRITING DESK DINING-ROOM EXTENSION TABLE KITCHEN TABLE GURNEY - OXFORD COOK STOVE DROP-HEAD SINGER SEWING MACHINE JARDINIERE TABLE 10 DINING-ROOM CHAIRS 6 KITCHEN CHAIRS 2 ROCKING CHAIRS LINOLEUM CARPETS FRUIT SEALERS ELECTRIC READING LAMP MANTEL CLOCK ALARM CLOCK 2 ELECTRIC IRONS GARDEN TOOLS, CROWBAR AND OTHER ARTICLES TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION

TERMS CASH

R. C. WATSON, Auctioneer

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Have You Got Your Spring Coat?

We have a few left that we are offering at

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES

The garments are all made of the finest materials and are the latest models. Come early and make your choice.

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