

A CHERRY-COLORED CAT

It is said that the late P. T. Barnum, the famous showman, once announced that he would exhibit publicly at a certain hour on a certain day a cherry-colored cat. At the specified time a large gathering appeared. Mr. Barnum appeared on a stage with his usual bland manner, holding a bunch of ripe red cherries in his hand, and talked for about five minutes about cherries. Then he said, "I have been at great trouble and much time to procure a perfect specimen of a cherry-colored cat." On opening a bag, out stepped a large black cat, while Mr. Barnum held up a bunch of black cherries.

THE CAUSE AND CURE OF CRIME

Among the many problems of life that cry for solution today, the greatest is that of the Cause and Cure of Crime, says Rev. J. Phillips Jones, M.A., B.D., Social Service Council of Canada. What are some of the Causes of Crime? In a short series of articles, it is proposed to discuss this question. In a very fine article in the "Atlantic Monthly," Francis Hall tells us that when he was a magistrate in India, during the great wave of unrest which passed over some of the provinces, there was an outbreak of lawlessness and crime. In a time of famine for instance, thefts are doubled and crime increased. Half the thieves would have been honest men, but for the famine, and the conclusion he draws is that local conditions are sometimes the cause of crime.

One of the causes of crime, is undoubtedly, poverty. In one of our western cities, less than a year ago, a carpenter who was out of work, in desperation, which had been brought on by poverty, smashed the window of a jeweller's store. He did not run away, but quietly submitted to capture, and when his home was investigated, it was found there was no bread nor butter, no tea, only a little sugar, and his wife and three children hovered over a stove with the fire out. Was the man a criminal? No. With him it was, "Anything to help his loved ones." When the case was known, it stirred the whole city.

One of the results of poverty is, undoubtedly, our slums. Booth's "Darkest England," Riis' "How the Other Half Lives," Spargo's "The Cry of the Children," Stead's "If Christ Came to Chicago," all show the menace of the slums on our social life. Huxley tells us that during a trip around the world, having seen many miseries of barbaric life, he saw nothing so hopeless, so intolerably dull and miserable as what he saw of life in the East End of London, and if he had to choose between that and the life of a savage, he would have chosen the latter. Lord Byng in speaking before the Canadian Club in an eastern city of the Dominion, said, "Canada should have no slums, and yet I find in your city, slums where homes have been built from old stables and the manure smell comes up through the floor. This gives a twinge to my conscience."

What shall we say to our Shacks-towns? Someone has described these as "that aggregation of wooden walled, tarpaper-covered, tin-tack-studded shacks and sheds." There's a description of an Italian colony in one of our midwestern cities. "A lot of miserable shacks, filthy inside and outside, closets above the surface of the ground, no drainage, filthy beyond description." A description, too, which fits towns in some of our coal-mining areas. Think of the children who live in such conditions, "born in little boxes, they live in little boxes, and when they die, they are put in smaller boxes in layers beneath the ground."

Do our slums breed criminals? Let Harriet Fulmer, superintendent of the Visiting Nurses' Association of Chicago tell you that "two-thirds of delinquent children come from dirty, ill-ventilated rooms, two-thirds of the physically ill children from the same, one-third of shiftless mothers and two-thirds of shiftless fathers." Mrs. Holmes, in "London's Underworld," tells us how hoodlums are made. "Young men, full of energy, long for the struggle of the football field and the hockey match, and they cannot get it. They have no playground but the streets, and no outlet but hoodlomanism."

A youth, "Happy Jack," who died some years ago in Sing Sing, told the story of his life to Madeline Doty. "My people were very poor, many a time I went hungry to bed. My shoes were torn, often I had no shoes. I often ate bread given me by another boy. From the time I was ten, I was at home very little. I lived in the streets. Eddie and I, one day stole a pair of pigeons. That's the first thing I ever stole. After that I stole regularly to eat. I remember stealing all through my life. I had to live. My present trouble came through lack of food. Many a time I was hungry and wet and cold, and it is then that you are made to steal, to cheat, to curse, and curse you can. You lose respect for everyone. You lose God. You lose conscience. Conscience is dead. You take revenge on Society because Society has taken its revenge on you."

A NOVEL DINNER GOWN

The tropics have a fascination all their own. They would be irresistible were it not that the hum of the mosquito, like the trail of the serpent, is over it all. At the first dinner party that Dorothy Dix attended in Singapore, she tells us in "My Trip Around the World," a servant handed her a white pillow-case looking affair. I had no idea, she says, what it was for, and I waited for my hostess' lead. She proceeded calmly to slip her feet into it and draw the strings about her knees. It was to protect her feet and ankles from the mosquitoes, and she said that later in the season, mosquito bags were just as much provided for guests as napkins, unless one furnished each guest with a lamp which was set before his or her feet as they sat on the veranda or at the table. For mosquitoes prefer darkness to light.

And at that, the mosquitoes of Singapore are no worse than they are in many parts of America; so I pass this tip on to my fellow countrymen and women.

FROM LAKE TO SEA

The public of Canada and the United States will soon be in possession of reports showing the comparative cost of constructing the St. Lawrence seaway route and the project that is offered as a substitute for it by its opponents in the Eastern United States, the Oswego-Hudson River Ship Canal. New York which sees in the St. Lawrence project a danger to its commerce, has presented the strongest opposition to the Canadian water route, and has magnified the merits of the scheme by way of the Hudson.

It was contended before Congress that the cost of this project would be less than that of the St. Lawrence waterway, and much was sought to be made of the fact that the undertaking, if completed, would lie wholly within United States territory. That is, patriotism and economy were equally enlisted in support of the proposal. As a result of the pressure brought to bear, Congress appointed a Board of Engineers to study the whole question and place findings before it as speedily as possible. It now seems likely that this report of the Board of Engineers will be ready for submission in the spring, at the same time as the St. Lawrence survey report is made public.

The findings of the engineers, however, are unlikely to be in accord with the hopes of the promoters of the Oswego-Hudson project. The work of investigation, while not completed, has been carried far enough to enable the Board to say that the expense involved in building this canal will be at least double, if not treble, the estimate of \$200,000 which was placed before Congress. That would be from one hundred million dollars to one hundred and fifty million dollars more than the cost of the St. Lawrence route.

Another advantage, too, which the St. Lawrence waterway would possess over this proposed Oswego-Hudson canal is the immense power which it would develop—enough, it is estimated to pay almost all of the capital cost of the project. It is, indeed, claimed for the Oswego-Hudson proposal that much electrical energy could be developed as a by-product of the navigation enterprise, but no details of how this is to be accomplished have so far been given.

The more the St. Lawrence route is investigated, the more clear it becomes that it is the only feasible proposal for lake-sea navigation, and that all attempted rivalry eventually must disappear. Nor will it be possible for opposing capitalistic interests to succeed in preventing this boon to the trade of half a continent ultimately being assured. Finally may result, but opposition finally must give way before the demands of the rich and expanding West.—Toronto Globe.

A CALENDAR ROMANCE

Our hero was the common sort, when all is said and done; He worked his head off daily and was out to get the MON.

The reason for this diligence was commonplace, 'tis true— He tried to swell his salary so it would suffice for TUE.

And maybe that's the reason why one day he lost his head, And falling on his knees, he cried, "Oh, maiden, wilt thou WED?"

He may have thought it sudden, but it seemed not so to her; She lisped a quick acceptance and said forcibly, "Yeth, THUR."

But when they went to keeping house he feared that he would die; For, oh, that modern maiden could neither bake nor FRI.

She could not run a bungalow, or even run a flat, So on many sad occasions, in a restaurant they SAT.

But he forgave here everything—as man has always done, When she presented him one day a bouncing baby SUN.

AS TO INDIAN SUMMER

A period of mild weather or a hot spell in late September, October or November is bound to be labelled "Indian Summer" by the amateur weather prophets, and every mortal practises to some degree this sort of prognostication. And just as often as Indian summer is identified, somebody wonders where the name came from, and if there is any fixed date for the arrival of this summer postscript.

Indian summer is also known as St. Martin's summer. St. Martin's festival falls on November 11, and Indian summer is due about the same date, perhaps a little earlier or later, as it may happen, or even as late as early December. Late summer weather of September and the autumn days of October are not to be mistaken for Indian summer. A succession of hazy days of delicious mildness, following a spell of cold, stormy weather, constitutes the true Indian summer.

But why is this return of summer-like weather called Indian summer? A plausible derivation is seen in the old Indian custom of harvesting corn in this season. Another theory is that the Pilgrims gave it its name when they were told by the Indians that summer would return after the first spell of winter.

An interesting explanation is given in the "Notes" of Dr. Doddridge, born in 1763, a student of the folklore, traditions and history of the Indians and early settlers. He traces the origin of the name to the fact that the neursions of the savages against the white settlers' ages were interrupted by the arrival of winter, were resumed during the period of warmer weather usually experienced in New England in late autumn.—Montreal Herald.

FIVE WISE COONS

Some of the stories about wild animals printed recently in The Companion have reminded a reader of an experience that he had with a family of raccoons a number of years ago, while he was living on a ranch in the Oklahoma Panhandle. The summer, he writes, the raccoons made frequent raids on my corn. They were particularly destructive in one large field near the ranch buildings, where they ruined many bushels of the best roasting ears.

More than once, my dog, Laddie, treed some of the coons in a large cottonwood that stood near one end of the big hay barn. The cunning animals always managed to escape before I could arrive to take a hand in the affair. But one moonlight night about the middle of August, I was awakened by Laddie's baying. He was down by the cottonwood again in a state of excitement; so I armed myself with a twenty-two and, picking up a flashlight, hastened out to his assistance.

The cottonwood was taller than the barn and stood far enough away so that the tip of the longest branch was about nine feet above and nearly four feet out from the comb of the roof. I threw a beam of light up into the tree, and at once caught sight of a big coon far out on the long limb toward the barn. I raised my rifle to my shoulder, and took aim. Then the animal vanished, and an instant later, I heard several soft thuds on the roof of the tree. Then I stood still in amazement as I beheld a procession of five coons hurrying along the comb of the roof toward the other end of the barn.

A thirty-foot section of twelve-inch iron pipe, set firmly in concrete, stood upright, ten feet out from that end of the barn. The top of the pipe was eight inches lower than the comb of the roof and supported one end of a steel track, four inches in width, that carried the big hay-fork used inside the building. When the coon at the head of the procession reached the end of the roof, he never slackened his pace, but walked fearlessly out on the narrow, steel track, and in the twinkling of an eye, was hugging the pipe with his front legs and sliding rapidly earthward. As he slid, he had reached the ground and was hurrying away.

One after the other, in rapid succession, the other coons slid down the pipe and hastened away after their leader. In less than a minute, the last coon had vanished over the creek bank. Then I awoke to the realization that I had stood, rifle in hand, throughout the entire performance, too much interested to think of interfering with the escape of these clever creatures. Considerably chagrined, I returned to my interrupted slumber.—Youth's Companion.

No Surprise Party

Eloquents are not always an unwelcome surprise to the parents of the bride. That at least is the view of the humorist. We find "Good Hardware" adopting this view of the case in the following conversation.

He: "Then it is settled; we are to elope at midnight!" She: "Yes, darling!"

And are you sure you can get your trunk packed in time?" "Oh, yes! Papa and mama have both promised to help me."

Appropriate Adhesive

"I don't see how I'm going to stick to this seafood diet the doctor prescribes." "Fish-glue might help."

Scenery is that great haze that rushes by.

TOM SAYS

Trying his best to marry has kept many a man single. Kissing when you don't get a kick out of it is wrong.

A highbrow is one who wants perfume on his onions. Half the divorces are obtained by couples who failed to keep each other busy enough.

Too many troubles are almost as bad as not enough. The honeymoon ends where the crying begins.

Those not on the level are undermining society. The kitchen is a bad place to go for a honeymoon.

All the people hunting trouble are not policemen. Some marry for better or worse. Some just to kill time.

While speaking your mind, you must mind your speaking or you will be spoken to about it. Many a heartless girl has a dozen or so of them.

You can't make a clear profit out of a shady business. About the most expensive thing on the earth is money.

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY

The farmer's wife must darn and sew And cook three meals a day. She seldom sees a movie show; She never sees a play.

The work she does can never wait; She needs must make it snappy. She toils from dawn till after eight, And yet she isn't happy!

She feeds the cows and milks and churns, And, done with this pursuit And other trivial tasks, she turns To canning surplus fruit. She doesn't know the radio. Has ever been invented; She sleeps about six hours or so, And yet she's discontented.

She must be taught, the farmer's wife, How glad and joyful rural life If lived aright could be. She must not sit and growler and croak.

But give, instead, her pity To the poor, half-mad, jazzing folk Abiding in the city.

And though suspicion still may lurk Within her foolish head That it is somewhat hard to work All day to earn one's bread, In time she'll learn that it is not Recovery from her folly And come to understand her lot Is really rather jolly.

—James J. Montague.

NEWSPAPER MERGER

The Oshawa Reformer has bought out the Oshawa Telegram, merging the two papers into a daily to be known as the Oshawa Daily Reformer. The new proprietors are Charles M. Mundy and A. R. Alloway, who were owners of the Mundy Printing Company. Their many friends will wish them success in their new venture.

The Reporters Took It Down

The Hanover Post tells this one: It was an election meeting, and the candidate had worked himself up into a frenzy over the so-called misdoings of the government, and he wound up by shouting: "Are all you hard-headed electors going to take all this lying down?" And then a voice from the back of the hall said: "No, the reporters have done that."

Always park beside a new and shiny car. It will back out without scraping yours.

Advertisement for Cecil B. De Mille's 'The Ten Commandments' at the Veterans' Star Theatre. Includes a picture of the Sphinx and the title 'Cecil B. De Mille's Cinemasterpiece'. Text: 'STORY BY JEANIE MACPHERSON A Paramount Picture', 'VETERANS' STAR THEATRE Oct. 29-30-31', 'THE TEN COMMANDMENTS', 'There Will Be Special Music at Each Show.', 'ADMISSION 55c (Tax Included) CHILDREN 27c'.

BORN Campbell.—In Bentinck, Friday, October 23, 1925, to Mr. and Mrs. William Campbell, Welbeck, a son. Hay.—In Durham, on Sunday, October 25, 1925, to Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hay, a son, (William Hubert). Jackson.—In Holland, Monday, October 26, 1925, to Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Jackson, twin daughters. Schenk.—In Durham, on Saturday, October 24, 1925, to Mr. and Mrs. E. Schenk, a son.

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