

Holstein

Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Nicholson and sons of Weston spent part of last Monday in the village and called on a few friends.

Mrs. E. J. Thorne is spending a few days with friends in Toronto and St. George.

Mrs. O. M. Seim and two children of Bradford are spending a couple of weeks with her brothers and sister in this vicinity.

On account of the inclement weather on Tuesday last, the annual ploughing match of the Egremont Association had to be postponed until a future date.

This week we record the death of one of the early residents of this village in the person of Mrs. George Ellis who passed away on Friday evening of last week at the age of 71 years.

Her maiden name was Jane Stewart, daughter of the late George Stewart of Normanby in December, 1854, and was married to Robert Marshall, who was killed in a threshing machine accident. To them were born a son and daughter, both deceased.

She afterwards married George Ellis who died in 1894 from typhoid fever. The deceased then removed to Holstein where she has since resided.

The late Mrs. Ellis leaves to mourn their loss, three brothers, Robert in Saskatchewan, Andrew in Normanby and Thomas in California; also one sister, Mrs. Marshall (Elizabeth), of Holston, Muskoka. The funeral service took place Monday last at the Presbyterian church and was conducted by her pastor, Rev. Wallace Johnston, interment taking place at Maplewood cemetery. The pall bearers were Messrs. George Pyle, James W. Reid, Edward Haas, James Peters, Bert Eccles and Thomas Steinhilber. We will all miss Mrs. Ellis' cheery smile and ready kindness.

The annual meeting of the beef ring was held in the home of Mr. Arthur Irvin on the evening of the 21st inst. The home was filled to capacity and an excellent program was rendered. Mr. J. A. Ferguson occupied the chair.

Dr. McLellan was home over the week-end.

The Community Circle held a very interesting and instructive meeting in the basement of the Presbyterian church last Tuesday evening. Many benefits are being derived from these weekly gatherings.

Glenroadin

Mr. E. Greenwood cut a big pile of wood one day last week for Mr. Michael Kenney.

Mr. and Mrs. George Braun entertained quite a number of the neighbors to a dance Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. John Langtlin and Glennie visited with Mr. and Mrs. Boyd recently.

Mr. and Mrs. John McKechnie and daughters attended the golden wedding of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Vessie on Monday. All members of the family were to be present.

We hope Mr. and Mrs. Vessie may live to see their diamond wedding.

Messrs. Hugh and John Boyd are digging a ditch on Mr. John McEgork's farm. It is to connect two springs and is to be tiled.

Mr. Campbell Dunsmoor is finishing threshing several of the barns that were not ready when he was here in September.

Traverston

Mrs. Turner of La Salle, N. Y., spent the past fortnight with Mr. and Mrs. Albert Kleist, and this week the parties mentioned are in attendance at a wedding of a relative near Walkerton.

Messrs. Robert G. Peart and W. G. Ritchie left on Saturday for Detroit.

The Cook and McArthur families attended the auction sale of Mr. Samuel Petherborough on Tuesday.

Mr. Robert Allan is seriously ill at the home of his son, Mr. George Allan.

Mr. Oren Pearl's threshing outfit has returned to the burg and is now at work on Concession 4.

Congratulations are extended to Mr. and Mrs. William Campbell of Welbeck on the arrival of a son on October 23.

Mrs. Michael Quillinan spent over the week-end with kindred in the Queen City.

Mr. George Furneaux, who has been visiting with the Part families, left this week for St. Catharines.

Miss Mayme Haley returned home recently after spending a month with Dundas and Toronto friends.

Priceville

The weather is anything but good this past week. Work generally is at a standstill. Root crops are practically all to be gotten in yet. We hope for everybody's sake that the weather clears up for a good while yet.

We are sorry to learn of the death of the late Mrs. Catherine McMillan at the home of her daughter, Mrs. A. D. McKinnon. The deceased was a highly respected citizen of our community, having been a resident on the South Line, Artemesia, for practically her whole lifetime.

Being always open-handed, a wonderful neighbor and friend and a sincere Christian woman, her loss will be felt deeply by all who were privileged to know her. During the

past few years, the late Mr. McMillan has been in very poor health, finally succumbing to the effects of a stroke. We join with the family in their bereavement. We are unable to get details at this time, but trust that someone better informed may do so.

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Youngs, St. Thomas, were in town last week to attend the wedding of their son, Mr. Stanley F. Youngs, to Miss Myrtle Spaulding. Miss A. Collins and Miss Molly Wilson of Stratford were also in attendance.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Cation and Mrs. S. Ritchie of Toronto visited with Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Cation over the week-end.

Hutton Hill

The weather we are having is very disagreeable and unpleasant. All hope for some nice weather yet so the potatoes and roots may be taken up out of the ground. There are very few who have already lifted the potatoes as yet.

Miss Pauline Noble spent an afternoon last week with Miss May Hopkins.

Quite a few from here attended the supper and concert at Varney Monday night.

Mrs. Alex. Hopkins returned home Monday after an extended visit with relatives in Detroit, Mich., and Sarnia, Ontario.

The election is an everyday topic with almost everyone.

Dromore

The Thankoffering service of the Women's Missionary Society will be held in Amos church, Dromore, on Sunday morning, November 1, at 11 o'clock. Miss Reid, a mission worker from South China, will take the service, and it is hoped there will be a good turn-out to this meeting.

The Egremont ploughing match has been postponed on account of unfavorable weather.

REMARKABLE REGENERATION
Senator Robinson, of the United States, who has been on a visit to Ireland, declares that there has been nothing more remarkable in modern history than the regeneration of the Free State. As an indication of the wonderful change that has been brought about, Senator Robinson points to the fact that during the last two years, Ireland has almost disappeared from the news columns.

Political agitation has almost ceased. Nothing sensational is happening. The people are devoting themselves quietly and steadily to their task of making a new Ireland. And they are succeeding.

But a couple of years or so ago, the whole of southern Ireland was in a state of turmoil. The country was cursed by guerrilla warfare; assassinations were common, and the torch was in frequent use. Now, according to Senator Robinson, there are few crimes of violence as compared with any equal area of continental territory in the United States. Taxes are still oppressive, but they are being reduced, and the efficiency of the Free State Government is demonstrated by an example of economy in public expenditures which might be followed by many of our states, as well as by the government at Washington.

The news which Senator Robinson has brought from Ireland is good news, and will be so regarded by most people everywhere. If there are exceptions anywhere, they are probably to be found among some of the irreconcilables in the senator's own country. But these irreconcilables are few in number, although they are sometimes noisy in action.—Stratford Beacon-Herald.

STOCKING BANKS

An investigation has been conducted to ascertain to what extent people keep in hiding sums of money. It was found that a large number, amounting to an appreciable amount on the whole, kept sums ranging from \$100 to \$10,000 hidden about the premises. It is not hard to understand how one might need to keep temporarily as much as \$100 about the house, but to have \$10,000 or any amount approaching that sum would be extra hazardous. Those who live at a distance from a bank naturally might need to keep much more currency on hand than others who could step into a bank whenever necessary, but to have about the person or on the premises any considerable amount is to invite someone to come in and take it. Frequently robberies are reported where by violence directed against the possessor, information as to the hiding place of the money is extorted. It is hard enough to keep money under any circumstances, but to invite robbery by hiding it about the house should be unnecessary in these days of many banks. The money that is hidden away does nothing for the owner, while if it were deposited in a bank, it would work for the possessor and for others also. No doubt the sums hoarded and not working total vast figures. Were all of this secreted capital put where it would be of use, it would assist greatly in the restoration of industry.—Kincairdine Review-Reporter.

NEVER SAY DIE

A cow owned by John Keyes, a Brant farmer residing just south of Carell, became separated from the rest of the herd during the blinding snow storm of Monday afternoon and fell into an unused well near the centre of the farm. The well, which is forty feet deep, had ten feet of water in it, and when Mr. Keyes discovered the animal, its head was all that was above the water. With the assistance of about fifty men, who worked the greater part of the night, the bovine was safely rescued with block and tackle.

Read the Classified Ads. on Page 9.

PARENTS TO BLAME FOR THE SELFISHNESS OF YOUNG FOLKS

Not long ago a young woman who came from a home of moderately good circumstances, honestly confessed that she had never made a bed in her life. "I attempted to do it, but they were so frightened looking that mother had to make them over, so I never bothered any more."

Which calls to mind another business girl who had left a comfortable home to make her own way. She had a complaint, a complaint which was mostly a wish, that her father had never taught her the value of the money she earned.

At home, she would take no board money and my dad backed my credit in the shops of the town, so I spent my earnings on entertainment, and when, then all of a sudden, our home was broken up, and I found that not only must I pay for my clothes but also for my room and board. My lesson in personal economy was a bitter one.

No more eloquent argument than this could be advanced to strengthen the statement that the modern generation is not woeing to blame for the many shortcomings found in it. There are many parents who fail to realize that their responsibility is a life-long one and does not end when a fair academic education is given. The home should also be a school of practical education where the children are given a sane and wholesome outlook on life.

One international figure recently declared that it was the parents of the modern young person who was to blame for their much discussed selfishness. "Ever after time I have found," he declared, "that those persons who chafed under restrictions in their youth, swing to the other extreme with their children and allow them too much freedom of activity and freedom from worry."

Far more important than academic knowledge is an understanding of values in friendship, character and morals. The home life and relations between parent and child should form a training school for the battle with life. The child, therefore, should not be pampered, but taught to look out for itself, for it is only through things conquered that life takes on its finer meaning. Parents are too inactive!

A case is cited of a young woman who had graduated from college with honors and knows all about the conduct of an office and the financing of such. Yet the other day, when she had to purchase some groceries for the family, she was flabbergasted at the price. "Why, I never thought household things were so expensive!" she exclaimed, while an old friend of the family remarked "You should have asked your dad—he probably knows!"

ARE YOU SUPERSTITIOUS?
They say that everyone has one pet superstition, even when denying that very fact. How often have you heard a person say, "I'm not superstitious, but I must admit that when I speak of any good luck of mine, I like to touch wood!"

Another who hasn't a bit of superstition in her nature confesses to a dislike of sitting down at the table with thirteen; still another will not wear an opal for love or money, and as for the unsuperstitious folk who don't mind anything but breaking a mirror or walking under a ladder, their name is legion.

Now superstition is nothing in the world but fear, and fear is admission of weakness. Not only that, but it brings on an unhealthy state of mind that is apt to result in some sort of disturbance, even if the one feared does not come about. Home women especially, with their sense of responsibility about their families, and their comparatively restricted outlook, are apt to lay far too great stress on these meaningless happenings, and let "premonitions" take possession of them. I know a little woman who broke a looking-glass while house-cleaning last fall, as just as she turned in dismay, she saw her creeping baby reaching under the step-ladder for his ball. She went into hysterics and to bed for the rest of the day!

Oh, don't let's be so foolish, women dear. If you could only talk with enough sensible persons, thousands would tell you of broken mirrors and tables of thirteen guests, and a hundred other superstitions invited when nothing whatever happened as a result. Clear your mind of the dread, the ignorance, the silly faith in such things. Think of the sad events that have occurred in your own circle that were not heralded by a bird or a raven, or a falling window pane, or a failure to "touch wood."

A wholesome, sweet faith in good luck, good happenings, good fortune and good health, is a million times more potent to bring results than a foolish belief in some unimportant and accidental happening. Cut out these "pet" superstitions which you are coddling and be free.

APPLE TREE FERTILIZING
An experiment has been tried extending over three years at Sidney, B.C., Dominion Experimental Station, to determine the effect of various fertilizers upon the growth of apple trees. The following fertilizers were used separately: nitrate of soda, two pounds per tree; nitrate of potash, 2 pounds per tree; acid phosphate, 4 pounds per tree; the whole mixed and used at the rate of four pounds per tree.

Nitrate of soda gave the greatest amount of growth, but nitrate of potash and acid phosphate gave the highest yield of fruit, particularly the latter, although both showed a tendency to check the growth. The varieties of apples used in the test were: King of Tompkins Co., Gravenstein, Red Astrachan, Lowland Raspberry, Grimes Golden, Orange Pippin and Wagener.

HAS CANADA WORLD'S MOST TERRIBLE COOKS?

Race of Dyspeptics Because of Indigestible Food—Quebec Women Best Ontario Cooking.

Gertrude E. S. Pringle in an article in the Toronto Star Weekly says: "It's the worst in the whole world—the cooking on the Canadian farms," announced the professor, as, after a good dinner, he lighted his pipe and settled himself comfortably in his favorite chair.

Seeing he was ready to unfold some experiences, everyone waited for more. After a few puffs, he continued: "Sir William Van Horne once remarked to me, 'Ontario is doomed unless its women learn to cook.' He was right."

"What about all the wonderful cakes and pies you see at country fairs?" asked the lady who motors.

"Nothing but white flour, and too much is used altogether. If they gave the same attention to cooking vegetables and stews and roasts that they bestow on layer cakes and jelly rolls, it would be better for Canada," argued the professor. "Do you know the food the average farmer's laborer in Ontario lives on?" I'll tell you. For breakfast, salt pork, greasy fried potatoes, pie, doughnuts and bread. The midday dinner is practically the same. Supper will be fried potatoes again, canned fruit, cake and cheese. At every meal, strong green tea is consumed. What is the result? The women lack stamina. The men are dyspeptic. After a while, these ill-nourished men lose their grip and become useless on a farm. Complete apathy and indifference to everything then develops as the result of chronic indigestion."

"Don't you think such cases may be exceptional, professor?" asked someone.

"I'm sorry to say they're not. I've stayed on too many Ontario farms not to know the kind of meals they serve to my sorrow. Just now I have in mind a strong, vigorous young farm laborer, an excellent worker, who is going to marry a girl who has never cooked a thing in her life, or learned to do anything useful. The inevitable result will be that he will gradually become indifferent about his work and end by being dismissed."

"Don't you suppose she'll learn to cook?" asked his hostess, adding "Anyway, it is not only in the country that women are ignorant about food. In all our cities children are found in the public schools suffering from malnutrition, and they are not of the poorer class—in fact the schools in the most expensive residential districts had the greatest number of ill-nourished children—which means that their mother's don't know enough to give the right food."

Here the professor relighted his pipe, which had gone out, and resumed: "I'll give you an instance of what happens when the wife is unable to cook proper meals. Before the war, my brother Bob was farming very successfully out West. His assistant, a strong young Scotchman, never wearied of work and was a jute mill merry. He had a girl in a wife who should come out to marry him when the war broke out. Soon my brother enlisted leaving the Scotchman to run the place, with his new wife to look after him.

After three years overseas, Bob got word that his farm and live stock were suffering from neglect, and was advised to get leave and come home to look after them. He did so, and found to his surprise that the former lively, jolly Scotchman had completely changed. He had become indifferent, gloomy and inert. At first Bob could not understand it, but after experiencing three weeks of the wife's cooking, he began to be wretched himself and felt that soon he would not care what happened to the farm. In fact, his miserable table set had given her husband chronic indigestion, so that he was quite unable to do his work properly."

"I must say I've found the standard of cooking in the country very low," declared the lady who motors. The meals in small hotels are absolutely stodge and show no imagination. They are all alike—hopelessly monotonous."

"It's my belief that the reason farm meals are so poor is the majority of cases is because the farmers sell their cream, eggs and butter and poultry, and the family has to take what's left," averred the hostess.

"It's not the farmers so much as the ignorant housewives," responded the lady who motors. "Let me tell what once befell me. It was well, never mind how many years ago, but I was then a girl in my teens, going to board on a western farm for the sake of riding and prairie air."

"At Calgary, I had to catch a north bound train at the early hour of 4 a. m., and it was impossible to eat then. Lunch was served on the train at noon. You can imagine the line-up. I did not succeed in getting a seat in the diner until two o'clock, and then the hungry crowd had gobbled up everything, leaving

only bread and butter for me. On arriving at the little flag station at six that evening, I was met by the farmer and his wife, and asked to wait until they did a little errand or two in the general store and post office. This occupied them a good hour. In short, we did not reach the farm house until after nine. All this time, I had tried to assuage my misery by picturing the meal that would be ready for me—fried chicken, corn fritters, French fried potatoes, a salad and perhaps deep apple pie with cream too thick to pour.

"When at last I was conducted to their dining-room, thinking my sufferings were about to end—it was August—a horrible sight greeted my hungry eyes—no less than twenty different kinds of cake, a bowl of sliced oranges drowned in cream, a pot of tea, bread and butter—and a million flies. In a weak voice, I asked for a couple of boiled eggs, and refused every one of the twenty varieties which I afterwards learned had been specially cooked for me in honor. This experience has made me quite prepared to agree with the professor in his criticism of Canadian country cooking."

"I had a country maid once, and I don't know she had never cooked asparagus until I showed her how," contributed the hostess."

"Do you realize?" asked the professor, "that the women of Quebec are far ahead of our women in the matter of cooking. So for that matter are our foreign population. Take the Italian families who live in the country, and you'll find when they go to work in the fields—which they all do together—that they will take with them stewed beans and fresh

fruit. And on returning at sunset, they will enjoy a stew of meat, olives, tomato and macaroni.

"But we eat refined bread and drink tea, and most of us are pale, colorless, nervous and lack the stamina that characterized our ancestors in merry England."

SONG OF THE CLOUDS
(A. LeRoy Kaser)
From the north we come laden with snow; from the south we are pregnant with fragrance fresh blown from her mouth; we visit the east which the fancy has dressed. And oh, we come weeping away from the west.

We laugh at the simoon, we dance in the storm; with every zephyr we're changing our form; we are fleecy white islands surrounded with gold; we are fleets we are armies, and castles of old.

We are trees, we are gardens—a mountain, a plain; a wreck on the shore, a surf-crested main. A child of the ocean, the forest's fierce king. A seed in a desert, and birds on the wing.

We cradle the rainbow, the heavens we span; we mantled Jehovah, communing with man; we unite, we dissolve, we descend and arise; we kiss the green hills, we expand to the skies!

Yet a rolling stone gathers much experience.

The Chronicle
to Dec. 31, 1926
\$2.00

WATER
Iron Pumps of All Kinds
Rantrow Ranges and Separators
Brantford Windmills
Gould, Shapley and Muir
Gas Engines
Schutz Pump & Tile Co.
Phone 15 Durham, Ont.

JUST 8 WEEKS TO XMAS
Specials for This Week
Men's Sweater Coats for \$2.00
Men's Khaki Flannel Shirts for \$1.50
Men's Ribbed Wool Underwear, Penman's, per garment \$1.50
Men's Fleece Lined Underwear, Penman's, per garment \$1.00
Men's Grey Wool Sox, per pair 25c
Men's Heather Wool Sox, per pair 50c
Men's Silk and Wool Sox, per pair 59c
Men's Unlined and Lined Gloves, all kinds and at reasonable prices
A new shipment of Men's and Boys' Overcoats just in. Give us a call, and we can save you money.
D. M. SAUNDERS
Gent's Furnisher Durham, Ontario

TANKAGE
A large shipment of Tankage for Hogs and Poultry just arrived. While it lasts, per cwt.
\$3.00
Greenfield's
CHAMPION POULTRY TONIC
A body builder for the moulting period. A large package sufficient for 100 birds for 150 days for
\$1.00
A full line of PRATT'S Animal Regulator, Egg Producer, Hog Tonic, Disinfectants, etc.
Oyster Shell, per cwt. \$1.75
Salts and Sulphur, per lb. 5c
Cross & Sutherland Hardware Co., Limited
Durham, Ont.

VOL. 58.—NO. 3045.

BENTINCK COUPLE
50 YEARS MARRIED

Mr. and Mrs. John Vessie and family of the Rocky Saugeen Celebration of Joyous Event Last Monday

Last Monday was an eventful day in the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Vessie and family of the Rocky Saugeen celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of this venerable couple, of whom still enjoy the best health and are still able at the advanced age to enjoy the company of their many friends.

It is a long time back to Oct. 26, 1875, but on that date were married John Vessie, then of Glenelg and Miss Mary E. Kerr of Dundas, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Mr. Hudson, pastor of Methodist church. Ever since that time the couple have been enjoying the respect and esteem of their neighbors, friends and acquaintances.

Mrs. Vessie was born in New York in 1847, and came to Canada with her parents when she was only a young woman. Mr. Vessie is five of Penicook, Scotland, and came to Canada with his parents when he was only a young man. Mr. Vessie is five of Penicook, Scotland, and came to Canada with his parents when he was only a young man.

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ETHEL HLENE
of Radcliffe, Alberta, Canadian babies to be beneficiaries of Merit as babies of the Empire Exhibition, Wembley