

The Days Of Long Ago

Taken From Chronicle Files of Twenty and Twelve Years Ago.

February 22, 1906

We regret to learn that Mrs. James Carson, who has been in Fergus hospital for the past six weeks, is not regaining her health. In fact, there are grave apprehensions in the family that she cannot last much longer.

Acquaintances of Mr. Kenneth MacKenzie, Port Huron, now in his 87th year, will be pleased to know he is well. He is in the home of his son-in-law, Mr. C. M. McLachlan and takes a trip on the lakes every summer.

We regret to learn that Mr. D. K. McArthur of Hopeville had the misfortune to have his store burned with all its contents.

Mr. Robert Twamley of Bentinck had the misfortune last week of having his house burned while attending church. The loss was almost \$4,000.

Mr. Thomas Harris retires from the position of license inspector on the 1st of March. His successor is Mr. T. Davis of Glenelg. Mr. Harris will have completed 30 years at date of retirement.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant Whittaker are mourning the loss of their little year and a half old son, who died Sunday night after an illness of five days.

The largest re-organization lacrosse meeting ever held in Durham was pulled off in Darling's Drug store annex on Thursday evening last. No business was done, but a meeting for the election of officers and transaction of business is called for this Thursday evening.

Mr. James Sullivan of Glenelg died at his home near Pomona on Saturday and the remains were interred at St. John's R. C. cemetery on Monday. He was over 70 years of age.

The snow is nearly all gone, and people talk of starting to plough shortly.

The home of Mr. Charles Boyle was the scene of a very happy gathering on February 14 when his daughter, Mary Wray, was united in marriage to Mr. Walter Ledingham of Weyburn, Sask. The young people were supported by Mr. A. M. Ledingham of Williamsford and Miss Hannah Boyle, the bride's sister.

The ceremony was performed by the groom's brother, Rev. R. B. Ledingham of Waldemar, assisted by Rev. W. McDonald of Donnoch. Miss Margaret G. Gun of Durham played the wedding march.

Mrs. John A. Bradley and child left Tuesday for Calgary, where she will join her husband who intends to make his home there.

Mrs. Thomas McNulty received the sad news of the death of her sister-in-law, Mrs. James Braithwaite, Indian Head, Sask., on the 13th inst.

Mr. Robert Bell is busy hauling lumber from Durham for the new barn he intends erecting during the coming summer.—Darkies' Corners correspondence.

Sorry to chronicle the death of Mrs. Henry Bartman who died on Friday, February 16, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. T. G. Hutton. She was 70 years of age and leaves a husband, one brother, two daughters and one son. Interment was made in Hutton Hill cemetery.—Vicker's correspondence.

Last Wednesday the comfortable home of Mr. W. McFadden was put in gala dress to do honor to the marriage of his youngest daughter, Henrietta, to Mr. John Wilkinson of Boothville.—Corner Concerns correspondence.

February 19, 1914.

Mr. Harry Moffat of Murillo, in renewing his subscription, expresses his regret for the death of Mrs. Torry and wishes to be kindly remembered to the sorrowing husband.

On Monday last, Mrs. Neil McEachnie, mother of Mrs. Hamilton Allen of this town, died at her home near Hopeville. She was 95 years of age and had been seriously ill the greater part of the winter. She is survived by her husband, an invalid for the past ten or twelve years.

Mr. E. H. Vickers and family leave here on Monday next for Sussex, N. B., where he will represent the Renfrew Machinery Company.

Through a feed pipe in the furnace of the Registry office being frozen, an explosion occurred one morning last week after the fire got going and a good head of steam formed. The furnace was considerably damaged.

Miss Bertha Allen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Allen, left on Monday for Port Arthur where yesterday she was married to Mr. A. W. Davis, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Davis of Glenelg, a bridge builder and contractor with the C. P. R.

It was a sad surprise to the citizens of this town to learn on Thursday last of the death of Mrs. B. F. Warner at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Harry Burnett, Detroit. The remains reached here on Friday, and interment was made in Durham cemetery on Sunday.

A very pleasant evening in the home of Mr. James Matthews was spent Friday when a large circle of friends of the surrounding neighborhood met and presented Mr. and Mrs. Matthews with a fancy chair each, ere their departure to take up residence in Durham.—Corner Concerns correspondence.

A man who was afraid of thunder crawled into a hollow log as a place of safety during a thunder storm. The thunder rolled, and the rain poured down in torrents, and the log began to swell till the poor fellow was weighed in so tight that he could not get out. All his past sins began passing before him. Suddenly he remembered he hadn't paid his newspaper subscription, and he felt so small that he was able to back right out.

BIG PUNCH SCENE IN "SACKCLOTH AND SCARLET"

Orville Caldwell, leading man in the Paramount picture, "Sackcloth and Scarlet," at the Veterans' Star Theatre, Friday and Saturday, February 19 and 20, changed his opinion of his horsemanship during the making of the rescue scene in the production which was produced by Henry King from the novel by George Gibbs.

The spot selected by Director King for the "rescue" was an uncertain mountainside trail. Caldwell was to gallop at neck-risking speed down the incline, come alongside Dorothy Sebastian's runaway mount on a path none too ample for one horse, and lift her to safety.

A downhill ride on a narrow path—and not much of a path inasmuch as the ground was loose and covered with pebbles would have been bad enough. But to make the rescue made it even more difficult. Caldwell says that even when he practised stunt riding while he was punching cattle six years ago in Yuba County, he never had attempted anything like this.

As a matter of fact, the situation was none too pleasant for Miss Sebastian. However, the scene was filmed, not only once, but three times, and while it proved spectacular, none of the participants, including the horses, were scratched.

Miss Sebastian and Caldwell head the cast of the production which features Alice Terry. Others include Otto Matiesen, Kathleen Kirkham, John Miljan, Clarissa Selwynne and Jack Huff.

PLAN NOW FOR THAT PACIFIC COAST AND ALASKA TRIP YOU INTEND TO TAKE NEXT SUMMER

Next summer forget the cares of business or profession and take a trip to Western Canada, the Pacific Coast or Alaska. There's satisfaction in this kind of a vacation—a swift journey through never-before-seen country, restful stops at splendid resort-hotels, and when you reach the Canadian Rockies, gorgeous vistas of lake, forest and towering mountain peaks.

There is never an idle moment if you travel the Canadian National route on radio equipped trains. Crossing the vast prairie country, the granary of the empire is always interesting. Then there is Jasper National Park and Jasper Park Lodge of continent-wide fame. There are mountains on all sides, sky piercing giants, snow-capped, massive, many of which have never been scaled.

From Jasper National Park is a never-ending succession of mountains—and more mountains—lovely valleys, turbulent rivers and dashing waterfalls, until you reach the Coast at Vancouver or Prince Rupert.

To make the most of your trip, the voyage through the Sheltered Scenic Seas of the North Pacific should be taken from Vancouver to Prince Rupert or Alaska. On the voyage, you will see the splendid sea-going steamers, alluring inlets, towering headlands and tumbling ice streams and glaciers. On the return journey, see Kitwanga and its totem poles, Mount Robson, the highest peak in the Canadian Rockies, and again to Jasper National Park.

These trips, as mapped out by Canadian National Railways, are not surpassed anywhere and furnish a liberal education on Canada to our Canadian people.

Summer tourist fares are effective between May 15 and September 30, with return limit on October 31, at a minimum of cost.

Make sure of your Western trip this summer by planning ahead. Any Canadian National Agent will give you full information and illustrated booklets. 2 18 2

REMEMBER JONAH

If you have a thing to sell, Let the public know it! If its merits will compel, Advertise, and show it! People do not often buy Things they cannot see or try. Tell 'em, or they'll pass it by, Let the people know it.

If you have a crop to raise, First you have to sow it. If you want your trade to grow, Grab your horn and blow it! Buyers don't have second sight. The unknown never wins them—quite. But you can rouse an appetite, If you let them know it.

When your lamp is trimmed and bright, It shouldn't be concealed. What profit can you hope to make From virtues unrevealed. No matter how you may despair it, If your goods have any merit, Men will buy if you declare it. For knowledge makes 'em yield.

Speaking of war songs, how about "Here Comes the Bride."

DURHAM HIGH SCHOOL

The School is thoroughly equipped to take up the following courses: (1) Junior Matriculation. (2) Entrance to Normal School.

Each member of the Staff is a University Graduate and experienced Teacher.

Intending pupils should prepare to enter at beginning of term. Information as to Courses may be obtained from the Principal.

The School has a creditable record in the past which it hopes to maintain in the future.

Durham is an attractive and healthy town, and good accommodation can be obtained at reasonable rates.

J. A. M. ROBB, B.A., Principal JOHN MORRISON, Chairman.

WAS HOSTESS AT TEA

The Toronto Globe of Friday last contains the following: "Mrs. David Jamieson, who has taken a house in Roxborough street for the season, entertained at a charmingly arranged Valentine bridge and tea yesterday in honor of Mrs. Howard Ferguson and Lady Hearst. The hostess, handsomely dressed in blue cut velvet with crystal beads and pearl ornaments, received her guests in the drawing room, which was a bower of spring flowers and roses. Mrs. Ferguson was smartly frocked in brown with small hat en suite. Lady Hearst wore a very becoming reseda green dress with black hat. The tea table, attractively done in Valentine favors, spring flowers, fillet lace and high red candles, was presided over by Mrs. William Dobbie and Mrs. W. H. Price, assisted by Mrs. A. Martin, Mrs. Ross Jamieson, Mrs. Wilton Morse and Miss Bradshaw. Among the guests were: Mrs. Ferguson Burke, Miss Cumming of Buckingham, Mrs. Joseph Thompson, Mrs. Victor Sinclair, Mrs. Manning Doherty, Mrs. Forbes Godfrey, Mrs. McGarry, Mrs. Hogaboom, Mrs. Irving Hall, Mrs. Swallow, Mrs. P. Stephens, Mrs. James Spence, Mrs. I. B. Lucas, Mrs. Goldman, Mrs. Clifford Rolph, Mrs. Sprout, Mrs. I. D. Bradshaw, Mrs. Cowan, Miss Michie, Mrs. McVillie White, Mrs. Trees and Mrs. Charles McGree. Dr. David Jamieson came in later in the afternoon."

Saturday's London Free Press also contained an excellent likeness of Mrs. Jamieson on its social page.

Lowering Feed Costs Feed costs are not determined wholly by the amount of the different food materials consumed, says G. P. McTostie, Dominion Agrostologist. The initial cost of such materials is probably of equal importance.

In endeavors to lower the cost of feeding, one source of saving too frequently lost sight of is the wise use of annual hay crops. Such crops are not for seasons when the regular meadows promise to yield abundantly, but can be used with considerable financial advantage where either hay or grain crops fall below the mark in the spring or early summer months.

During the past five years, a large number of grasses and clovers, suitable for annual hays, have been planted, both alone and in combination, at the Central Experimental Farm at Ottawa. Some valuable data have been secured as to the possibility of using such crops to safeguard against winter shortage of feed.

On the whole, mixtures of grasses and legumes have been more satisfactory than either seeded alone. The largest average amount of feed per acre has been secured from a mixture of the Japanese Foxtail millet and either the white or yellow blossomed sweet clover. The rate for this mixture was 15 pounds of sweet clover and 20 pounds of the millet seed per acre. Three and a half tons of cured hay per acre has been the lowest yield secured, and six and a half tons the highest yield. The sweet clover is quite fine when grown in such a mixture, consequently the usual difficulty of curing this crop is not experienced. The quality of hay secured is also quite good.

The lowering of feeding costs by feeding hay produced at the rate of three and a half to six and a half tons per acre instead of often a poorer quality of hay, produced at the rate of one-half to three-quarters of a ton to the acre in poor hay years should be quite apparent. This experiment is worth a thorough trial on the part of any feeder threatened with feed shortage.

Just a Little Blarney "Will you give a quarter to a blind man, beautiful lady?" Lady: "If you are blind, how do you know that I am beautiful?" Beggar: "To tell the truth, I'm not blind."

Lady: "Here's a dollar."

Announcing the Arrival of the Newest Samples of DRESS SWELL BRAND Smart Hand-Tailored To-Measure Clothes

You ought to see these samples NOW, while they are new and fresh—while the assortment is full and complete. We have never seen a greater profusion of beautiful fabrics in all colors, shades, patterns and weaves.

"Just the cloth" you want is here. You can have it hand tailored to your measure and to your taste, with that wonderful DresSwell quality tailoring.

\$25.00 to \$50.00 To Your Measure D. M. Saunders Gent's Furnisher Durham, Ont.

Forgiving One Another

In the life of "The Marchale" (Mrs. Booth Clibborn), for so long in command of the Salvation Army in France, there is a wonderful story of forgiveness and peace. It is as follows: "One night a little card was placed on the table d'hote of the Hotel Maurice, intimating to the guests that the Marchale would speak in the salon after dinner. Among those who came to see and hear was a little Russian lady, with deep and thoughtful hazel eyes. She was the celebrated Princess Nancy (Anastasia) Malzoff of the Russian Court. She was well advanced in life, and thought she had known everybody worth knowing and seen everything worth seeing in the world. But that evening was the beginning of a new life of peace and joy such as she had never dreamed of. Next morning she came to see the Marchale, who was scarcely well enough to receive her, but she would not take a 'No.' When she entered the room, she threw herself by the bedside and exclaimed: 'Oh, tell me, how did you get to know him?'"

"This was the beginning of a seven years' friendship, and during all that time, she was never out of reach without writing to the Marchale every second day."

"The Princess was a member of the Orthodox Greek church. Her mother had married her off at 16, and she had eleven children by the time she was 28. When she found that her husband had become unfaithful to her, she dismissed him with an emphatic 'It is finished,' and for more than a quarter of a century, she had never seen him."

"The Marchale listened with deep sympathy to the story of her life, and then said, 'You must forgive him, if you would be forgiven.'"

"Yes, if you want Christ, forgive him. Never mind what he has done. You must forgive him."

"The Princess could not. A struggle went on in her mind for six weeks. She began to come to the meetings at headquarters, but she had no peace. The Marchale opened the question again.

"Come now, I want you to write and invite him to meet you at your hotel to dine with him and to forgive him."

"A terrible inner controversy ensued, and the Princess became ill over it. One can scarcely imagine what it all meant to her, and yet thousands have to go through the same. Calling one day, the Marchale found her in a cloud of cigarette smoke.

"Princess, how dare you smoke like this?" "Well, I am surrounded by a thousand devils, blue, black and yellow. You have been neglecting me."

"A ceaseless conflict was raging in her breast, and ere they parted that day she wrote a letter and said she would send it."

"The Marchale called again and found that the letter had not been sent. Then the crisis came.

"Princess, you are lost. If you do not forgive, your Heavenly Father will not forgive you."

"She was in agony of soul."

"Princess, said the Marchale, 'are you perfect? From the little I know of you, I should think you have a very bad temper.'"

"It is true, it is true."

"Your sins have not been his, but they are sins before God, and you want God to forgive you, you must forgive him."

"The Marchale prayed, and bade her look to the cross to see how Christ forgave. Then she told her again what to do.

"Darling, you are to invite him to your apartments; you are to have a sweet little dinner for him and flowers on the table, and when he comes, you are to kiss him."

"But I cannot."

"Yes, you will; and remember it is no forgiveness unless you kiss him. Forgiveness means kissing."

Forgive him, and I know peace will come. "Very well, I will, I will." "The Marchale was leaving Paris for a time, and said, 'You will send me a wire when you have done it.'"

"The Princess invited her husband. He made a long night journey. She kissed him and forgave him. Next day the Marchale received a wire which made her dance for joy. It ran, 'All is done as you said, and the peace of Christ floods my soul.'"

"The husband died after a few months, and her thankfulness for what she had done was profound."

The Lass For Him A Scotsman, wishing to know his fate at once, telegraphed a proposal of marriage to the lady of his heart. After spending the entire day at the telegraph, he was finally rewarded late in the evening by an affirmative answer.

"If I were you," suggested the operator, when he delivered the message, "I'd think twice before I'd marry a girl that kept me waiting all day for an answer."

"Na, na," said the Scot. "The lass who waits for the night rates is the lass for me."

ADVERTISE PRICES A country man writing to the Beaverton Express, says there would be less buying from catalogues if local merchants would advertise their goods, and add: "One thing I would like to see all the local merchants do—and there are more who think the same—and that is for them to print the prices as much as they can in their advertising. And I also think that if prices are going up, they should say so and tell why, if they know. I am not an advertising expert, but I know what I would like to see in my local paper, and that is a lot of genuine information about goods and prices every week. I hear this talked about a lot, so thought I would write you."

The Bracebridge Gazette adds to the above the following comment: "And he is quite right. Some merchants have the idea they must keep their prices secret; that if the other fellows see their prices, they will make theirs the same or lower. The strange thing is that, after years of loss of their best trade to catalogue houses, local merchants cling to the idea that the men across the street are their main opposition. The opposition comes not from their fellow merchants but from city stores that say exactly what their goods are like and what they cost."

The Way of the West As in the Western novels, the cow-puncher married the beautiful school-teacher who came from England, and after a great celebration in Iron Spike, they lit out for their ranch thirty miles away.

Some two months later, one of the guests at the wedding celebration happened to meet the bridegroom riding into Iron Spike.

"Howdy, Bud?" he cried. "How's the wife?" "Ain't you heered?" inquired Bud, rather surprisedly. "Why, as we were ridin' out, the wife's horse shied, pitching her off, and she broke a leg. We were more'n twenty miles from the doc, too."

"My," exclaimed the other, "ain't that terrible! What did you do, Bud?" "Do?" echoed Bud. "Do? What could I do? Why, I shot her, o' course."

Read the Classified Ads. on Page 7.

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