

DURHAM CHRONICLE

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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 the truth.—WATSON.

Thursday, July 15, 1926.

SIX HUNDRED MARCHED IN MONDAY'S PARADE

(Continued from page 1)

as far as George street and back to the Town Hall where the speaking was to take place from a platform erected in the grove at the rear of that building.

Immediately following the Marshal was the Durham Citizens Band and following in order the following Lodges:

- Deshoro, No. 101. Chatsworth, No. 891. Berkeley, No. 176. Holland Centre, No. 746. Massie, No. 1261. Proton, No. 244. Proton, No. 737. Orange Valley, No. 590. Vandeleur, No. 1383. Markdale, No. 1045. Dundalk Lady Orange No. 631. Dundalk, No. 797. Holstein, No. 2296. Normanby, No. 607. Swinton Park, No. 1136. Owen Sound, No. 2850. Kilsyth, Goring, No. 1295. Allan Park, No. 698. and worth Orange No. 861. Louise, No. 2772. Varney, No. 689. Glenelg, No. 1192. Durham, No. 632.

Besides the Durham Citizens' Band, the Swinton Park Pipe Band, Durham Fife and Drum Band and the Markdale Pipe Band were in the procession and, with the various Fife and Drum Bands of the lodges there was plenty of good music. The parade went off without a hitch, was admirably handled and from the first to last was almost military in its precision of movement.

Good Addresses Given

The addresses of the afternoon were among the best we have ever heard from an Orange platform, and while the Oranges are in too well known in this part of Ontario to need any reference, there was nothing said to which anyone could take the least exception. The Orange principle of "Equal rights to all and special privileges to none" was well exemplified on this occasion in practice as well as in principle.

At the commencement of the speaking, His Worship Mayor Murdoch extended the freedom of the town to the Orangemen and their friends. He hoped they would have a good time, and in welcoming them to Durham told them the town was theirs for the day—do what they liked with it. He could give them this privilege because he knew they would not abuse it. Reeve A. Bell, also an Orangeman, was the chairman, and in a few short introductory remarks, outlined the principles of Orangeism and stated that he was very pleased he was a member of this great order.

The first and principal speaker of the afternoon was T. W. Thomson of Owen Sound, who took for the subject of his address, "Canada." It was a masterpiece. Mr. Thomson said he was pleased to be present with the gathering and to help in celebrating the 230th anniversary of the glorious 12th and to renew the memories of the glorious achievements of their brothers at the Battle of the Boyne. On previous occasions, Orangemen had been told and were well versed in the principles of Orangeism, and he felt it would be a presumption on his part to attempt to tell them something of which they were probably better acquainted than he. He was therefore going to occupy their time for a few minutes on an address on Canada, or more correctly, "This Canada of Ours."

How many of us know our country, Canada? He resented any remarks derogatory to Canada, but asked what were we doing to familiarize ourselves with our native country—our wonderful wealth, our resources and the wonderful possibilities for the future. Canada has the second largest area of any country in the whole world, being second only to China. With a population of 325 millions, China had a population of 83 to the square mile. The United States with 140 millions had 65 to the square mile, and Canada, with only 10 millions, had only 2 1/2 people to each square mile of territory.

By these figures it could be readily seen that Canada had not yet touched the fringe of her possible development, and it will not be long before the crowded countries will be looking for relief, which will be found in Canada, a country just beginning to develop. Canada's enormous area might be better understood when it was known that you could take the British Isles—England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales—Denmark, Holland and Italy and place them all in the one province of British Columbia and still have room to spare.

Diversified Industry The immense area of Canada makes for a diversified occupation and industry. The Atlantic region section, or Eastern Canada, known as the Acadian Low Land and comprising Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, has for its principal occupation or industry, the pulpwood, fisheries, saw timber, abundant deposits of coal, and harbors of exceptional commercial importance. The trade for the people of this section is largely foreign, they finding a ready market for their products in the United States and abroad. They are not yet linked up with our section to as great an extent as it is hoped to develop.

The Central or Eastern section consists of Ontario and Quebec. Here there is immense waterpower development, mining, pulpwood, fisheries, large manufactures, dairy products, fruit growing and agriculture. This section is also noted for its exceptional educational facilities, wonderful universities and colleges, and, in fact, every known industry in operation.

The Western section, consisting of the provinces specially adapted to the growing of wheat, and farther West, British Columbia, with her wood forests, fruits and fisheries. It is indeed difficult to arrange a form of government entirely satisfactory to every section. The West is being gradually settled with people from the United States, mostly farmers, the latter class, wishing to improve its situation, seeks Canada's wider fields, and, quite naturally, would like to have free trade with the Star Spangled Banner as the only flag, and it will take some time to develop them into true British subjects.

The East, finding their markets to a large extent abroad, are not so much concerned about us or our development, hence a tariff to them personally is not of any account.

Central Canada's dependence to a large extent on what it produces, and the finding of a profitable market, so we must look for a way whereby we can have an exchange of commodities, something that will link us together and make us all feel that we are an important unit in the development of our wonderful country.

and it is with no reflection on the part of the company that we say there were many at the concert Monday evening who were there to hear Miss Buschlen, and while delighted with the whole program, are as much enamored of this popular violinist as ever. The concert was a huge success, both as regards the quality of the program, and the crowd in attendance. Hon. Dr. Chairman of town made an excellent chairman.

HEARD ON THE STREET

Durham's veteran "handy man about town," Mr. James Burt, was a hard worker for days before the 12th, all during the day, and in the clean-up after all was over. His services were indispensable, and the Red Cross ladies feel very grateful for the interest he took in seeing that everything was in shipshape order for the entertainment of the visitors.

When the parade was over and those 23 life and drum bands, the pipe bands and the Durham City Band, all commenced playing at once in the park at the rear of the town hall, it reminded one of the old story of the Scotchman's heaven, with the "fifteen pipers in one room an' a' them playin' different tunes at the same time."

Durham streets were fittingly decorated for the occasion, but with a little more co-operation, some improvements could have been made. The twelfth is a big day to look after, and a small matter like extensive street decorations would make no difference to the Orangemen in the celebration of their anniversary.

Glenelg Lodge No. 1192 captured the prize for the best lodge in the parade. They looked real nifty in their white uniforms, and with the Boys' Fife and Drum Band of about twelve pieces at their head, presented a good appearance.

And now it's over, preparations are in order for the 1927 celebration. Owen Sound, Fisherton and other places have the day selected, but it is too far distant to tell where Durham District Lodges will go. Owen Sound will likely be the choice.

Inspector Beckett was around town too, and helped out by firing a few times and also doing a bit of drumming at the park. It is 32 years since Matt, first, played in Durham, when he was known as a fifer of considerable ability.

POPULAR BRIDE GIVEN MISCELLANEOUS SHOWER

Over one hundred and fifty friends and neighbors gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Moran, Townline, Glenelg and Holland, on Tuesday evening, July 6, when a miscellaneous shower was held for their only daughter, Kathleen, who was united in marriage to Mr. Leonard J. McKeown of the Durham Road on Wednesday, June 30.

A very appropriate address was read by Miss Marie Walsh on behalf of the bride's friends. Two clothes baskets, containing the numerous gifts, were carried in by the Misses Stella and Rose Moran. The bride and groom thanked their many friends for their generosity, and expressed the desire of having the same cheering when they start in their new home. Everyone present enjoyed an evening of dancing, there being several step dances and violin selections.

DIED

Jopp.—At Moosomin, Sask., Friday, July 9, J. C. Jopp, aged 78 years, 6 months.

DURHAM MARKET

Table with market prices for various goods like Live Hogs, Wheat, Oats, Barley, Buckwheat, Peas, Mixed Grain, Hay, Eggs, Butter, and Potatoes.

Detroit during the war he witnessed a wonderful demonstration when the United States first entered the conflict, and when battalions of troops paraded past the city hall in review. Their reception was a tremendous one. He was a little disappointed that so much enthusiasm should be shown at such a late hour, and was feeling quite lonely and grieved. Towards the end of the procession, however, a regiment of "Red Coats" appeared headed by a band playing the British Grenadiers, the good old Union Jack at the head. The reception given to this small part of the procession, to use the speaker's own words, was "simply wonderful." The Americans knew the value of the Union Jack and what it stood for. "Do not be backward about displaying the Union Jack at all times," said the speaker. "Tell your children what it stands for. Teach them to honor it, so that when they grow up the flag will be ever before them as the emblem that has for years and years floated over the free."

When talking of countries, always place Canada first. Do not refer always to the wonderful success that some one who has gone to California or some other place has achieved. Do not forget that we have men who have stayed in our own country who have been successful, notably President Beattie of the C. P. R. and Sir Edmund Walker, president of the Canadian Bank of Commerce. The splendid foresight exemplified by them should be a beacon for the rising generation.

The Canadian climate is second to none in the world. We have our four seasons: The winter with the snow and ice and clear, sparkling air, the spring, summer and fall—an ideal climate for health and the development of a vigorous people who should be full of pep and ready to go.

The speaker closed his address with a hearty invitation for all the lodges present to attend the celebration at Owen Sound on July 12, 1927.

Other Speakers Present

Warden Miller of Rockton, Rev. J. E. Peters of Durham and Rev. B. Thomas of Owen Sound, all of whom made fitting reference to what the day stood for and calling upon those present to stand by the principles of the Orange Order in the development of the Canadian world and a country whose possibilities were as yet an unknown quantity.

Following the speaking, the crowd was dispersed with the singing of the National Anthem.

The Sports

During the afternoon a sports program was put on at the agricultural grounds consisting of a juvenile lacrosse match between Walkerton and Durham, the latter winning 10 to 2. A baseball match between Harriston and Durham had also been arranged for, but the Harriston players failed to turn up, so the local High school played a team of players picked from the town, the High school winning 8 to 6.

The quilting tournament at the interesting event, the first prize of \$5.00 going to George Fenton of Holstein and Hugh Rose of Durham. Second prize to Messrs. Thomas Moffat and William Bonnie, and third prize to Charles Moffat and B. Hauck.

A Good Concert

The concert in the evening put on under the combined auspices of the Red Cross and the Orangemen drew a bumper crowd and was one of the best seen here for some time. Bob Wilson, the comedian, was in his best form and, with the accompanist, Miss Grace Bontek, made a real hit with the crowd.

George Neil, the famous Scottish tenor, was also at his best and pleased his hearers with every number, giving a varied offering of Scottish and other songs in a manner that left nothing to be desired, while little Miss Margaret Thompson, the famed little 12-year-old dancing delight, all with her Scottish dances, hornpipes and other terpsichorean offerings.

Miss Maud Buschlen, violinist, is too well known to Durham audiences to need mention here. It is some years since she first appeared before a local audience, but with each appearance seems to grow better.

SOFTBALL RESULTS AND STANDING

Last Thursday the Stone Plant defeated the Furniture Company 25 to 16. Friday night's game between the Militia and the Public School was postponed owing to wet grounds and played off on Monday night, the score being 16 to 3 in favor of the Militia. On Tuesday evening, the Odd Fellows trimmed the Merchants 18 to 16.

STANDING OF CLUBS

Table showing standings for No. 1 District and No. 2 District.

SOFTBALL SCHEDULE

Table showing softball schedules for No. 1 District and No. 2 District.

ENGAGEMENT

Mr. and Mrs. James Wilson, Holstein, Ontario, announce the engagement of their daughter, Annie, to Mr. William John Watson, son of Mrs. Watson and the late Mr. Robert Watson, Woodbridge, Ontario, wedding to take place latter part of July.

Sure Thing

Sweet Young Thing (coming in with attentive partner from their whist drive): "Oh, mother, I've just captured the booty!" "Well, well! Come here and kiss me both of you." Husband: Some woman's shattered dream.

FAMILY COMPLIMENTS

Say, what have you done with my shoes? You don't mean to tell me you paid money for a thing like that? Why, isn't that the same umbrella you gave me this morning? What's the difference? What, he didn't have my collars finished? You're a bright one! Well, why the dickens don't you keep that ash-tray handy? Why, I tell you, that suit you gave away is a darn sight better than this one I'm wearing. I don't care whether it is mended or not—I've got to wear it. How should I know you wouldn't want me to mention it? Now, don't go to any fuss! Just cook up something easy! I wish you'd keep those kids quiet. Good-night! What have you got to be tired about?

Safety First

Oscar, sitting with Isabelle in the moonlight, was in one of his most ecstatic moods. "Just to be near you sets my throbbing heart aflame," Isabelle gave a start. "Oh, Oscar, how imprudent!" she said, nervously. "Do be careful, I'm wearing a celluloid hair comb." An astonishing number of wives kill their husbands, but perhaps they know best.

Glassware and China Bargains

- 21-Piece China Tea Sets \$2.98. Fancy China Cups and Saucers, 2 for... 39c. Cut Glass Tumblers, Special each... 10c. Cut Glass Water Sets, 6 tumblers and jug, special \$1.49. Cut Glass Sugar and Cream Sets, special per set... 69c. Special China Cream Jugs, about one pint size, each 19c.

The Variety Store

R. L. SAUNDERS

SPECIAL FOR MEN

We have several broken lines of MEN'S OXFORDS in Black and Brown which we are anxious to clear out and make room for new goods. To do this, we propose to offer them to you at a VERY LOW PRICE. Remember these are not shoes that have gone out of style but are some of the newer lines which we cannot replace. Values up to \$6.50. Come Only \$3.75 in and take your choice REPAIRING AS USUAL

J. S. McIlraith The Cash Shoe Store Durham, Ont.

The Traffic "Cop" is Your Protector

Ontario highways are policed for your protection. The traffic "cop" is your friend. The traffic patrol is not to inconvenience the motorist, and not for the purpose of collecting fines. Its aim is to protect life and limb, and the public investment in the roads. Its work makes for the safety of yourself and your family. Won't you do your part in this movement to reduce accident on the highways, and encourage your friends to do the same? Do not fall into the temptation of speeding, because the road ahead is clear. Remember that excessive speed is one of the greatest agents of destruction of some roads. While reminding motorists that the traffic patrol will do its full duty in enforcing the law, the Government urges the co-operation of motorists in refraining from excessive speed. Each motorist is interested in road protection because each must contribute to road maintenance.

THE HON. GEO. S. HENRY, Minister of Highways. S. L. SQUIRE, Deputy Minister.

Issued by the Ontario Department of Highways to secure the co-operation of motorists in abating the abuse of the roads of the Province.

SO'S YOU

Editor's Note.—The story given low, written by Samuel A. Dorr for The Youth's Commission, has lesson for a good many grown boys, the men of tomorrow. I often you hear a father spoken as "the old man." The term is applied thoughtlessly, it is true, somehow or other, the expression is always hurtful. A boy's father is his father, not "the old man." It is quite possible that after reading this story, a lot of the boys think so, too.

Joe Staples whistled and threw a letter he had just received to room-mate, Trowbridge. "That's a bit of news," he said. "My man's coming to pay me a visit." "Such visits are often embarrassing," said Trowbridge. "There's a lot of fellows here who'd be as pleased if their fathers were here." "Oh, my old man's all right," said Staples quickly. "He's not very tentative to the styles,"—the boy flushed—"but he's no rube, either. Only we ought to make some changes."

He pointed to a picture on the wall. "These must come down. And we can make up the way of reading matter is arranged, but the Sunday School Quarterly is the pile—or what about a Latin dictionary?" Staples and Trowbridge were freshmen—"rats," as the upper classes called them. "I've got to be a man pretty straight away," asked Trowbridge. "Some people would say so. He's been living in the sticks all his life." "So's my old man," grinned room-mate, looking across the room at Sam Clark. Clark was the kid of the college, the All-American football star. Although a senior, he had honored three cats with a visit. To Trowbridge had shown Clark was in a class football game, Clark was a powerful fellow, with a bronzed face and crisp yellow hair.

"You seem to be asking my opinion," he said. "Well, I think a cheap phrase like 'so's you' is a pretty dangerous thing to say. I used to read my own father 'old man,' but I quit short of it. I was like you, I used to take little counts of money spent on Sunday school entertainments and send them to him; I took a girl's picture of the wall before he visited me. I quit that, too. I don't feel the same way about him any more."

He swung his feet down to the floor and sat up straight in the chair. His big, square jaw seemed to strain out more than it had. "If you chaps would like to know why I suffered a change of heart, here goes." It happened on a visit home at Christmas time, said Clark, and my home is little better than a cabin in the pines on the edge of the Santee Swamp. There was a time when I tried to fly high, and keep the fact hid. But because a man's a fool once is no reason why he should be a fool all the time.

Father was at the station to meet me, in a ratty buggy pulled by a mule. He wasn't dressed any too well. His whiskers weren't trimmed after the latest, and he'd forgotten to put on a cravat and scarfpin. But his eyes were beaming welcome. You couldn't see the rest of his face for his whiskers.

"But mother!" she was standing on the porch, and Clark knew how thought that an angel was coming. You know how it is. My kid brother looked at me as if I were the greatest man in the world, and even the hound seemed to tuck in his tail in the presence of so much manliness. I never had anything that tasted so good as supper that night. But I guess I hadn't realized before how plain things were at home. You see, I had traveled north to play Yaw and stayed in the Waldorf—torture the night after the game, and I had been in other handsome dining-rooms. Back home our room isn't finished in mahogany and gold leaf. That night they gave me the company room with grandma's crazy quilt on the bed, and they didn't call me till breakfast was ready. Mother's our cook, and father's her assistant. He brings in the wood, stirs the hominy, cuts the side meat and gets in the way.

After breakfast I walked about the lot with him. It was cloudy, with low-flying mist. Father kept casting an eye at the sky, and he asked me if it had been raining when I came from. I noticed that the chicken yard was deserted. When I had left home, they had two hundred chickens. Now there were only a few aged hens and a disappointed rooster. "Where are the chickens?" I asked. "Sold," he said. "Had to," and he looked at me, embarrassed. I knew what that meant; those chickens had gone for money I had spent on billiards and flowers. Follows my conscience tackled me right there and threw me harder than I ever was thrown before.

It was the same way everywhere. A heifer was gone. There were only two hogs in the pen, and only one bale of cotton in the shed. The rest had been sold as soon as it had been picked. Father explained all these things as if he had to give account to me. I didn't have such a keen appetite for dinner.

That afternoon it set in raining hard, and sometime when I wasn't looking father slipped away. I found out from mother that he had taken the job of taking care of Major Barker's cattle in the swamp. Father was paid twelve dollars a month, mother said, and I remember how proudly she said it. "Twelve dollars a month, and that's a great help, Sam!"

It was nearly dark when he came in, soaking wet. He said he was

The Royal Bank of Canada advertisement featuring logos for various international branches like New York, London, Toronto, and Havana, along with text describing the bank's global reach and services.

The Traffic "Cop" is Your Protector advertisement featuring a large illustration of a traffic cop and text explaining the benefits of the traffic patrol and encouraging motorists to cooperate.