

Lending a Hand to Mother Nature



1. Stripping the male Cut-throat Trout. 2. Over 2000 potential cut-throats. Measuring the eggs into the open mesh baskets in the floating pontoon hatchery units.

Unfortunately Mother Nature made no provision for the growing army of Isak Walton's in her scheme of things. Man supplements nature in re-stocking the trout streams of the Canadian Pacific Rockies, through the agency of the Department of Marine and Fisheries, which conducts artificial Cut-throat spawning and hatching operation in the Rockies each spring.

Authorities have estimated that only about three percent of all Cut-throat trout, eggs naturally spawned, hatch. The reason given is the desire of fish spawning at other times to feed on the newly laid eggs with the result that the male Cut-throat, after driving off the enemies fertilizes the eggs too late, when they have absorbed so much water that they cannot absorb the fertilizing fluid.

From 87 to 90 percent of eggs artificially spawned at Banff and Spray Lakes, hatch under artificial methods. This is how it is done: Towards the end of March just

before spawning time the trout are caught in nets, stripped, and returned to the streams, while the eggs from the female are fertilized and laid from the male Cut-throat are mixed. In ten weeks the young fry is ready for its new home in the trout stream where it reaches the length of over eight inches in about four years. The annual spring harvest of Cut-throat eggs at Spray Lakes—each female giving from 800 to 1,800 eggs—is about three-quarters of a million. At present 524,824 Lake Leven trout eggs, 172,918 Lake Superior Salmon Trout, 515,906 Rainbow, and 5,000,000 Pickered eggs are hatched in the Banff Hatchery. The

band played upon instruments formed of hollowed out logs, of various lengths and sizes, each of which gave forth a different sound so that it was possible to make a harmony of these crude xylophones. It gave him an idea for his own show and summoning his own musicians, some metal workers and other mechanics, he speedily devised several hollow logs that could be played upon. He had the bandsmen in readiness. They were negroes who had never been farther south than New York and who were circus roustabouts and tent men. But he shaved portions of their heads, put a ring in the nose of each, took away their ordinary clothing and provided them with skins. Then he advertised that this band had been brought to England by Henry M. Stanley, by permission of King Marimba, and engaged by Barnum's Asiatic Caravan and Museum of Wonders at enormous cost. Nobody took the trouble to deny his claims and the band became a great hit.

Circus Humor

Tody Hamilton was Barnum's right hand man and was permitted liberties that would have been resented in one not so indispensable. On one occasion, Barnum, who was a life-long abstainer and very proud of it, was dining with some friends in Delmonico's, and when the wine was passed placed his hand over his glass and said: "No, thanks, I never touch it."

"I wish I could say that," said Captain Salisbury. "Well," said Tody Hamilton, "Why don't you? P. T. said it." This just rankled and some time later Mr. Barnum had a chance of sending a barbed shaft into Hamilton's pride. It was his hope and ambition to discover a singer who would be as great as Jenny Lind, and he searched untiringly for her. Hamilton was also keen on the quest and one day rushed into Barnum's office with the announcement that he had discovered the hidden genius. She was, it appeared, performing in "The Black Crook," so that evening Barnum, Hamilton and some musical critics occupied a box to listen. The singer performed but received scanty applause. Barnum was disappointed but Hamilton was enthusiastic. "Didn't I say she sang like a nightingale?" he demanded. "Yes," replied Barnum. "She sang like a knight-in-jail."

A Fine Faker

Mr. Sherwood disposes of the legend that it was Barnum who said "There's a sucker born every minute." The word "sucker" in the slang sense had not then been coined. His favorite saying was that the American people liked to be humbugged, and he made a fortune out of acting on the precept. His grossest fakes were never resented, and he had the curious idea that he could lie and exaggerate as much as he liked about his business in his advertising and put over any kind of a game to him. Personally he was the soul of honor. He was also a devoted family man, though the story was put about that he was a libertine. The comfort and care of his family were his first consideration.

An Impromptu Fake

He relates as an illustration of Barnum's resourcefulness as a showman the incident of King Marimba's bandsmen. At the time of the London engagement in question Henry M. Stanley had returned from Africa and was lecturing upon his adventures there. Barnum had heard him, and was particularly interested in his account of King Marimba whose royal African

BILL NYE'S HUMOR AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY

There are three or four American jokes of the past forty years which all English-speaking people have heard and which no doubt have been translated into most other languages, including the Scandinavian. The most recent is Irvin Cobb's wheeze about a man having as much privacy as a gold fish. Another was Mark Twain's remark about the report of his death having been greatly exaggerated, and his complaint that while everybody talked about the weather nobody ever did anything about it. There is also Bill Nye's story of the landlord who made an outrageous overcharge, and when taxed with it defended himself on the ground that he needed the money. Perhaps we might add another of Bill Nye's "I paid a lot of New York calls yesterday—I am told," since we are about to make a few remarks about this humorist. He is now merely a name to the younger generation and no doubt much of his stuff would seem crude and labored. Nothing goes more quickly out of style than contemporary humor. Nowadays we would be inclined to weep rather than laugh when reading Artemus Ward and Max Adeler. But in their time they seemed as uproariously funny as Ring Lardner seems to-day.

Wise Cracks

The reason they fade so quickly is because their humor does not well up in a character but consists of wretched little jocosities, founded on exaggerations. These witticisms become repellent because when taken from their immediate context they seem forced or pompous. It is not so with much of Ring Lardner's humor because it is used as a revelation of character, which is something different from mere wise crackery. We have now before us a page of Bill Nye's selected jokes, the selection having been made by his son who has prepared his biography, and this has given rise to the preceding reflections. In judging Bill Nye's humor as in judging the humor of "Pickwick Papers," one should remember the circumstances in which the work was produced. Bill Nye was a newspaper humorist, working in a hurry and working with a broad brush. If he had published about a tenth of what he did publish the average would necessarily be much higher and perhaps he would stand next to Mark Twain, although, unlike Mark Twain he was not a novelist, and so far as his work reveals had no sense of the dramatic. But taking him just as a newspaper humorist his counterpart is not to be found among the cartoonists of to-day, but among the columnists.

Spontaneous Jokes

Some of the good things remembered of Nye were not his imagined jokes, but some he produced on the spur of the moment. There is a story of his meeting with Herman, the magician, in an Ohio town. They were staying at the same hotel, and in the dining-room one day the magician invited the humorist to sit at his table. He did so, but asked that no tricks be played on him, to which Herman agreed. The meal had not gone very far when Herman called Nye's attention to the fact that there was some foreign substance in his lettuce. Nye said that there always was something of the kind, but he started when he saw a diamond ring lying under a leaf. He recovered himself quickly, and summoning the waitress asked her to accept it as a gift from him. The story goes that the lavish magician had some trouble in re-entering into posses-

OLD-TIME THAW IS WITH US THIS WEEK

Recent Snows Tied Up Motor Traffic But This Week's Mild Weather is Opening Roads Again.

While the odd automobile makes its way into town, generally speaking the motoring season is closed until spring. The storms of last week decided this when the snow heaped up on the roads and, with the exception of the Provincial Highway, there are few places to go by motor car.

Last week-end was the coldest yet experienced locally this winter, and the mercury sank to between 15 and 20 below zero Saturday night. All day Sunday there was a cold south wind, and though the air was enough to convince one that a thaw was not far off, it was bitterly cold and anything but pleasant.

By Monday morning the cold snap had moderated, by Tuesday night it was quite soft with a suspicion of rain, and on Wednesday morning a real old-timer January thaw was in progress, for two or three hours the rain came down quite heavy. At time of writing this Wednesday evening the wind has veered around to the west and it is getting cold again. Jack Frost is, in all probability, to be allowed a free hand for a few days more—and then what?

Changeable weather like we have been having for the past few months has often reminded us of Bill Nye, the American humorist. Nye's home was down in the Carolinas and one year he made a tour of Canada. He visited this country on some such a year as the one we have just passed through. On returning home he wrote of his impressions and among other things said: "Up in Canada they have two seasons each year—nine months winter, while during the other three it gets damn late in the fall." Sometimes we think that Bill was right, though on the whole the Canadian climate anywhere beats that of North or South Carolina, with their fevers, their aches and their agues.

On another occasion he was making a joint lecture tour with James Whitcomb Riley—if we mistake not, the team appeared in Toronto—and one night Riley, looking through the peep-hole of the theatre curtain, said: "Bill, the house is just about empty." "I don't see why," replied Nye "we've never been here before."

A True Story

The following story is also authentic:— I once asked for a certificate of deposit for \$2,000, but was told I had to be identified. "Why," I said to the receiving teller, "surely you don't require a man to be identified when he deposits money, do you?" "Yes, that's the idea. Hurry up, please! Don't keep men waiting who have money and know how to do business."

"Well, suppose I get myself identified by a man I know and a man you know and a man who can leave his business and come here for the delicious joy of identifying me. How would it be about your ability to identify yourself as the man you claim to be?"

"Oh, we don't care especially whether you trade here or not. Our rules are that a man who makes a deposit here must be identified."

"All right. Do you know Queen Victoria?"

"No, I do not."

"Well, then there is no use disturbing her. Do you know any of the other crowned heads?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then, do you know President Cleveland, or any of the Cabinet, or the Senate or members of the House?"

"That's it, you see. I move in one set and you in another."

I then drew from my pocket a picture of the Sunday "World" which contained a voluptuous portrait of myself. Removing my hat and making a court salam by letting out four additional joints in my little and versatile limbs. I asked if any further identification would be necessary. Hastily closing the door to the vault and turning the combination, he said that would be satisfactory. I was then permitted to deposit in the bank.

It Once Seemed Excruciating We conclude with a specimen of Nye's newspaper humor:— I lost a roll of \$100 one Spring, and hunted for it in vain. I went over the road twenty times, but it was useless. I then advertised the loss of the money, giving the different denominations of the bills and stating, as was the case, that there was an elastic band around the roll when lost.

The paper had not been issued more than an hour before I got my money, every dollar of it. It was in the pocket of my other vest! This should teach us, first, the value of advertising, and, secondly, the utter folly of two vests at the same time.

The Melody Boys' Orchestra MUSIC FOR ALL OCCASIONS Let Us Furnish the Talent for YOUR GARDEN PARTY H. E. PHIPPS, Manager Phone 119 Durham, Ont.

ACCIDENTAL DEATH IS VERDICT OF JURY

(Continued from page 1)

G. Noble, A. Noble, H. J. Snell, G. M. Steinacher, and G. McKechnie. The inquest was the result of an accident on October 25 last at Mr. T. J. Moore's crossing, a few yards east of McWilliams station. Mr. and Mrs. Highley had come up from Toronto to visit her brother, Mr. Moore, and other relatives, and were coming to Durham in their car. When crossing the C. P. R. tracks in front of Mr. Moore's property, their car was hit by the westbound freight and Mr. Highley so badly injured that he passed away next day. Mrs. Highley was not badly injured, but the shock affected her heart and she has been a patient at the local hospital ever since.

The evidence given at the inquest was pretty much the same as reported in The Chronicle at the time. Neither Mr. or Mrs. Highley heard or saw the train approaching, and from the time of the accident the C. P. R. was exonerated by Mrs. Highley. It was an unfortunate accident in which no one can be blamed. At the inquest yesterday evidence was given by Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Moore, Miss Esther Moore, Mrs. Highley, Dr. D. B. Jamieson, and the train crew.

AUCTION SALE

FARM STOCK AND IMPLEMENTS, Friday, February 4, 1927, at Lots 1 and 2 of 8, Con. 1, Egremont. Wm. Keller, Proprietor.

COW FOR SALE SEVEN YEARS OLD; DUE FIRST week in February.—John Schutz, Durham. tpd

HORSE FOR SALE BAY DRIVING MARE IN GOOD condition; clean trotter; sound; works well either double or single; splendid driver. Apply to A. Mac-Gung, R.R. 1, Priceville. tpd

Read the Classified Ads. on Page 7.

Annual SPIRELLA SALE NOW ON Everything at Reduced Prices Phone 119, Mrs. Nichol, Spirella Co.'s Representative

Crusoe Knew What He Wanted And He Got It One of the most persistent advertisers in the history of success was Robinson Crusoe. He knew what he wanted—a ship—so he put up an ad. for one. He flung up a shirt on a pole, at the top of his island. That, in the language of the sea, was plain to every seafaring man. The circulation was small, there was no other medium but Crusoe kept at it despite the fact that he got no enquirers for a long time. He changed his copy as one garment after another was frayed out, and in the end got what he wanted. Crusoe used the best medium at his disposal. The best medium in Durham, Mr. Advertiser, is The Chronicle. It goes direct to the people to whom you wish to tell your story. Use these columns persistently and you are bound to obtain results. THE CHRONICLE Garafraxa St., Durham Phone 37

The Job Department Our Job Department is equipped for your every need. If you want Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Financial Statements, Office Forms of all kinds, Visiting Cards, Wedding Stationery, Pamphlets, Posters, etc., see us and we will assist you in making your selection from our large stock of papers and various type faces. It will be a pleasure to estimate on any Job Printing you may have. Call and see us of phone and we will call and see you. January Special Underwear and Hosiery Men's Heavy Ribbed, Woollen Underwear: All sizes, reg. \$1.50 to \$2.00 for \$1.25 Fleece Lined, extra heavy: Men's 34 to 44, reg. \$1.00 for 79c. Boys' 22 to 34, reg. 75c. for 59c. Ladies' Silk and Wool Hose, popular colors, reg. \$1.00 for 79c. J. & J. Hunter Durham Ontario

gy only for a short time during the afternoon. They dealt with matters pertaining to the conduct of ministers. This is a regular proceeding at all meetings of Presbytery. Rev. Ernest Thomas was asked to make arrangements for a three days' retreat for the clergy of Presbytery some time during May or June. The next meeting will be held in Erskine United Church, Meaford, on the fourth Tuesday in April.

It was Children's Day in a small country community in Oregon. The very young and inexperienced minister seemed to be somewhat disconcerted by the row of little boys and girls in their starched best who sat in front of him. After several starts, which seemed to get him nowhere, he suddenly stopped, clasped his hands, raised his eyes to heaven, and with a beatific smile said: "And what is so sweet as the face of a little upturned child?"—Life.

BORN Grant.—In Normanby, on Friday, January 14, 1927, to Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Grant, a daughter.

DURHAM MARKET Corrected January 19, 1927

Hogs	10.50
Wheat	1.26 @ 1.25
Oats	.50 @ .45
Barley	.55 @ .50
Rockhead	.50 @ .55
Peas	1.10 @ 1.15
Mixed Grain, per cwt.	1.15 @ 1.25
Hay	14.00
Potatoes, per bag	1.25
Butter	.33
Eggs	.50
Chickens	18 to 25
Ducks	18 to 22
Geese	.20
Turkeys	.40

Hosiery Sale 129 Pairs Ladies' Silk & Wool Hose Guaranteed first quality. All shades & sizes Regular Price \$1.00 Sale Price 59c. Don't miss getting a supply of these Hosiery at this Reduced Price. The Variety Store R. L. SAUNDERS, Prop.

SPECIALS rubbers, red sole, sizes \$4.85 rs, sizes 11; 12; 13; 1; 1.00 a mixed lot, to clear \$1.75 rs all sizes to clear .90 Women's Hosiery Specialty ash Durham, Ont.

THE MILLS Quality d FEEDS Flour Prices 4.50 4.50 4.35 4.00 4.10 3.50 22.00 Oil Cake, Ground Flax, Whole Wheat Flour, Scrap coarse and Shipping Every Day Price for all kinds of before you sell. & Son Durham, Ontario