

DURHAM CHRONICLE

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Whoever 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 April 7, 1927

THE STREET PROGRAM

We noticed yesterday when coming down the street that the annual spring street work had commenced, just the same as it commenced last year and for a good many years previously, and no doubt will continue for a good many years hence if the citizens do not wake up to the fact that they are losing money when they persist in doing their road-work in the manner usually in vogue here.

We do not offer this criticism against the Town Council or their methods. To be quite fair, the Council is doing all that it could be expected to do under present conditions, but they are losing money, just the same.

Durham's streets do not need to be gravelled this year. They have not needed it for many years, but they got their annual coating just the same. What the streets of the town need are lowering. Both Garafraza and Lambton streets are easily four to five inches higher than they should be and the result has been every spring that we have had a great deal more sloop and slush around than was pleasant.

Our street repairing program cannot be changed by the Council alone. There should be a vote of the people taken to see if we are to continue in the same old way and pile gravel on an already too high street and expect to have satisfactory results. Surely this thing of sloop and wet cobbles is not going to continue forever! Surely the merchants along the front streets of the town are not going to be called upon to put up with water-filled cellars and slush-covered sidewalks.

We would like to see some action taken toward the permanent improvement of our streets and sidewalks, as we know from experience of others that we are but wasting our taxes when we continue pouring gravel on our two main roadways that are already much higher than they should be.

CLEAN UP, PAINT UP.

This slogan of the paint manufacturers is a good one from the standpoint of the paint manufacturing industry, and also holds good from the standpoint of a town or a citizen.

Now that the winter season is about over and the snow all gone it would be a nice thing if all the citizens of the town would take an interest in their property and see that it is cleared of the debris that has collected since last fall.

Clean store fronts, clean streets and clean back yards are pretty sure things by which to judge a town. The town with the clean streets and the dirty back yards is like unto the woman whose front rooms are immaculate, but the dirt of whose kitchen is swept up into a corner rather than into the dust pan and taken away.

There will be a request shortly from the M. O. H. and the sanitary inspector to clean up the back yards, but why wait to be told?

MILD MANNERED MARCH

The season of 1927 has taken the tang out of the month of March, and instead of being known as the blustery month it was this year one of extremely mild manners. While there were a couple of good storms, they did not last long, and the age-old prediction that "if March comes in like a lion it will go out like a lamb" was knocked out of the statutes. March came in like a lamb, and while she growled like a lion a couple of times about the middle of the month, she departed this life as she came in, mild mannered and lamb-like.

READ IT AND ACT

With this issue The Chronicle publishes the second instalment of a series of ten entitled, "The Canadian Gardener." These are well worth reading, and are exclusive to The Chronicle. Written by a gardener who has had his experience in our own latitude they are of benefit to all of us who garden and contain a good many hints that will save a lot of work and worry. Read "The Canadian Gardener" series anyway. You may find something in them that will save you money.

There lives an old colored truck farmer in Alabama who has frequent occasion to reprove his children for their lack of industry. "Yo' settlin' is a wuthless son," he declared one day to his oldest. "It's a doggone good thing fo' yo' I ain't rich."

"What yo' talkin' bout, pap?" asked the youth. "What yo' think yo' do of yo' wath?" "Ah'd disinherit yo'—dat's what Ah'd do!"

It Will Pay You to Advertise in The Chronicle.

STILL AGITATING FOR IRISH INDEPENDENCE

Eamon De Valera is a visitor in the United States where he will appear as a witness in a struggle between the Irish Free State and the republicans whom he represents for the custody of \$2,500,000 funds raised some years ago in that country to achieve Irish independence. We thought at the time that the people who subscribed this money were likely to lose it all, and yet we refrained from rendering the heavens with our lamentations. In fact, we contemplate the prospect with satisfaction. But it appears that the Irish Free State is willing to assume responsibility in return for the cash. It takes the view that virtual independence has been established and that the Cosgrave Government is the agent which accomplished it. But Valera says no. The money, he says, was subscribed to establish a republic, which job remains uncompleted, and the Free State has no more right to the money than the Government of Nicaragua. The United States Supreme Court will decide the issue, and would be reluctant, we think, to award it to a gang whose avowed purpose is to detach Ireland from the British Empire.

What Americans Think

It is suspected that De Valera may seek this opportunity of testing the sentiment in the United States concerning an independent Ireland. The old die-hards, we presume, whose chief motive has always been hatred of Britain rather than love of Ireland, have not changed. They will still be for absolute independence. But the great bulk of Americans who may have viewed Ireland's struggles with sympathy are not further interested. Ireland has a stable Government, and as much independence as Canada. They will certainly not pay to help her to more independence at the cost of blood. In Ireland, according to Valera, republican sentiment is not dead. He says, "We aroused it once and we can do it again." But he speaks now of achieving his ends by political means, and believes that in the next general election, to be held in June, the Republicans may be in a majority in the Dail Eireann. It is true that of the 153 members of the Irish Parliament, forty-eight were elected as Republicans. But their election has proved no more effective than the election of negro delegates to a Democratic convention in Texas. The members have not seated themselves, and according to their principle they cannot do so.

Irish Comedy

The situation presents the typical Irish low comedy. The Irish Republicans, elected as members of the Dail have solemnly sworn that they will not take the oath of allegiance to King George, which the Irish constitution calls for. But until they take this oath they cannot take their seats. So they do not take their seats and have no part in the government. Only one of them, Dan Breen, changed his mind after election and came to the conclusion that he could best help the republican cause by swearing fealty to King George and taking part in the Dail deliberations. But De Valera says that when Ireland elects an overwhelming majority of Republicans, it will be simple enough for them to refuse to take the oath. We do not see where it will be equally simple for them to take their seats, unless this part of the treaty between Great Britain and Ireland is struck out, and it can be struck out only with the consent of the British Government. De Valera believes, however, that once England sees the Irish determination to have a republic expressed in the election of Dail members she will have to accept the situation. He is an optimist.

Rebel Sentiment Declines

But he tells the truth. For example, he admitted to Robert B. Peck, who interviewed him for the New York Herald-Tribune magazine, that the economic situation in Ireland is discouraging and that the Republican sentiment is being weakened because a large percentage of the younger men who make up the Republican armies. He complains that Ireland is forced to support two governments, whose heads together draw more salary than the President of the United States. It would no doubt be cheaper if there were only one government in Ireland, but there is nothing like unanimity as to whether it should be the Ulster or the Free State Government. De Valera dislikes them both, but seems to disregard the fact that nothing but a civil war would establish a single Irish government. The immediate past he forgets, but turns with relish to 1880. He asks if, after the American Revolution, Jefferson, Washington, Franklin and Adams would have accepted anything less than complete independence and answers in the negative. It was pointed out that America was very far from the British Isles and that the country offered excellent opportunities for the indefinite carrying on of guerrilla warfare, whereas Ireland is not in the same position.

An Irishman's Dream

That, he said, was not the point at all. It was the very fact that Ireland and England were so near that made it necessary for Ireland to demand complete independence. He said: "Canada and other English possessions are far enough away

so that the hand of England rests lightly upon them. England adopted a ruthless policy toward Canada which alienated that dominion, Canada, being at a distance, could, very easily, take retaliatory measures even to severance of every connection with the Empire. But Ireland is differently situated. Ireland must be completely free to be free at all. Ireland is capable of sustaining itself economically. It did so once and could do so again. It could be a nation well balanced economically. It could produce not only agricultural but industrial products. Ireland could grow and mill its own wheat, and the time is coming when it will. It has water power and also it has peat." But the first step to all this happy economical condition is to abolish the oath of allegiance to King George. To the average man it will not be plain that there is any connection between the milling of flour in Ireland and a form of words prescribed for members of the Dail Eireann.

HYMENEAL

INGLIS-MILLS

The marriage of Miss Ruby Mills, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William D. Mills, to Mr. Arthur Milne Inglis, youngest son of Mrs. Inglis and the late Robert Inglis of Toronto, took place in St. Thomas Church at five o'clock on Saturday afternoon, April 2, 1927. The pastor, Canon H. A. Howitt, officiated, and the organist, Mr. D. J. Williams, played the wedding music. The church was beautifully decorated with a profusion of ferns and Easter lilies, and the guest pews were marked with flowers and white ribbon. The lovely bride, who was given away by her father, wore a wedding robe of ivory kasha satin, the bloused bodice was lined with handrun Brussels lace and the full skirt with its frills of lace was veiled with Brussels tulle. The long court train was of kasha satin lined with bridal pinkorgette with over-train of tulle bordered with the Brussels lace studded with rhinestones and caught at the foot with knots of lily-of-the-valley. Her veil fell from a coronet of pleated tulle banded with orange blossoms. She wore the groom's gift, a string of pearls and carried a shower of bouquets of orchids, lily-of-the-valley and maidenhair fern. Mrs. W. Milton Mills, as matron of honor, wore an effective frock of apple green taffeta, with tulle of the same shade, fashioned with tight bodice and full skirt. Her picture hat was of black tulle and moirai and she carried a basket of marguerites. Mr. Grauford Martin of Toronto, acted as groomsmen and the ushers were Mr. Robert Inglis and Mr. Henry Inglis of Toronto. Following the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents in Park Place. Mr. and Mrs. Mills and Mrs. Inglis received with the bride and groom. Mrs. Mills wore black green velvet with small black hat composed of straw and French flowers and corsage of variegated sweet-peas. Mrs. Inglis wore black satin with touches of white, a black hat and neckpiece of black and white ostrich. The bride's going away gown was of satin over which she wore a grey and white checked coat with facings of natural kasha and collar and cuffs of silver lynx. Her hat was cherry red with trimming of natural lace and she carried a red leather bag. A pretty innovation occurred when the bride, just before she left presented her bouquet to her mother. On their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Inglis will reside on Trafalgar street—St. Catharines Standard.

Don't Spit

Perfect little gentleman: "Hi! Don't spit on the floor." Second of the same sort: "What's wrong? Floor leak?"

BORN

Lawrence—In Glenelg, Sunday, April 3, 1927, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lawrence, a daughter.

Harrison—In Egremont, Sunday, April 3, to Mr. and Mrs. Carl Harrison, a son.

McNally—In Glenelg, Sunday, April 3, 1927, to Mr. and Mrs. Albert McNally, a son.

Moffat—In Durham Hospital, Thursday, March 31, 1927, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Moffat, a son.

IN MEMORIAM

Burnett—In loving memory of our dear wife and mother, who died, April 7th, 1926.

We saw not the rise of the curtain We heard not the invisible door As they passed where life's problems lie uncertain

Will follow and vex them no more. We lingered, and wept on the threshold, The threshold each mortal must upon it

Then we laid a new wreath down To mark a new sorrow and loss.

—Husband, sons and daughter

Hopkins—In loving memory of our dear husband and father, James Hopkins, who died April 4th, 1922.

We often think of days gone by, When we were all together. The shadow o'er our life is cast, Our loved one gone to rest.

—Wife and Family

Hudson—In ever loving memory of our dear daddy and husband, John Hudson, who departed this life April 8, 1926.

One year has gone, no one can tell The loss of a daddy we all loved so well

And the happy days we once enjoyed When we were all together.

Our lips cannot speak how we loved him, Our hearts cannot tell what to say God only knows how we miss him

In a home that is lonesome today, Some day we hope to meet him, Some day, we know not when, To clasp his hand, in a better land Never to part again.

Sadly missed by wife and family

Hudson—In loving memory of my dear granddaddy, John Hudson, who left us to be with Jesus, April 8, 1926.

One year today a message came From God, who thought it best To take dear granddaddy from this world.

And give him sweet peace and rest His little granddaughter, Margaret Jones, 122 Malvern Ave., Toronto.

McCaslin—In loving memory of our dear mother, Mary Ann McCaslin, who died April 8, 1925.

What would I give to clasp her hand Her happy face to see, To hear her voice, to see her smile That meant so much to me.

I think of her in silence, Her flame I oft recall, But there is nothing left to answer But her picture on the wall.

When the days are dark and friends are few, Dear mother, how I long for you; Friends are friends if they are true, But I lost my best friend when I lost you.

—Sadly missed by Family

DURHAM MARKET

Corrected April 7, 1927

Table with market prices for Live hogs, Wheat, Oats, Barley, Buckwheat, Peas, Mixed Grain, Hay, Potatoes, Butter, Eggs, Chickens.

Coal, Lumber, Shingles

D. & H. Lackawanna D.L. & W. Scranton

Blacksmith Steam Coke

These Coals are always in stock. Let us quote you our new low Cash price per ton for Spring delivery

Leave Your Orders for:

NEW BRUNSWICK OR BRITISH COLUMBIA

SHINGLES

WE HANDLE THEM IN ALL GRADES

V-Joint, Flooring and Rough Lumber

J. N. MURDOCK

Phone 85 Durham, Ont.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Mrs. Neil Livingstone of Glasgocott is visiting her son, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Livingstone, in town.

Mrs. G. S. Kearney and Mrs. R. J. Moorhead left Tuesday for Hamilton as delegates to the Provincial convention from the local Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire.

Mrs. Charles Ogg of Guelph is visiting her mother, Mrs. H. Gross.

Miss Eula Burnett of Western University, London, visited her home here over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. McIntyre and family returned Friday from spending the winter at Victoria, B. C.

Mrs. N. Carey of Vancouver, B. C., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Sparling for a few days.

Mrs. Murray Miller of Orillia spent a few days in town with her niece, Miss Marjory Brown, who is seriously ill at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. Storrey.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Musgrove of Meaford are visiting for a couple of weeks with Mr. and Mrs. George Juckesch.

Mr. J. B. Tinning, travelling passenger agent for the Canadian Pacific Railway, was in town Tuesday on business. The genial "Jack" never fails to call at The Chronicle

office when in town, and we enjoy his visits very much.

Mrs. D. B. Jamieson is visiting with relatives and friends in Buffalo Pittsburg and New York City.

MISTAKEN IN MAN

We were mistaken in the man recently when we said that the John Lunney of Saskatchewan curling fame was Mr. J. W. Lunney of Mildon, Sask., an old subscriber to The Chronicle. The Mr. Lunney referred to is J. F. Lunney, formerly of Aberdeen, and a member of the firm of Anderson-Lunney Company. He has been a resident of Regina for the past twenty-five years, and his company are the donors of one of the best trophies offered at the bonspiel for many years.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to extend sincere thanks to our many friends for the kindnesses extended in our recent bereavement by the death of our husband and father. We also wish to thank the members of the Orange Order, who had charge of the funeral and all who contributed flowers or expressed sympathy. Mrs. Anthony Lawrence and family

Warning! to truck owners and drivers. Ontario Department of Highways. The Hon. GEO. S. HENRY, Minister. Includes text about road conditions and safety warnings.

Fresh Groceries. J. & W. McLachlan. The Quality Grocers. Includes an illustration of a man and woman in a grocery store and a list of special products.

SCHOOL HONOR FOR

Durham Public School... Lists names of students and their achievements in various subjects.