

DURHAM CHRONICLE

Published every Thursday morning at the office, Garafraza Street, Durham, Ontario, by Frank Irwin, Editor and Proprietor. The Chronicle is mailed to any address in Canada at the rate of \$2.00 per year, \$1.00 for six months, 50 cents for three months, 25 cents for one month. To any address in the United States of America, \$2.50 per year, \$1.25 for six months, 65 cents for three months. Foreign subscription rates on application. Member Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association.

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, October 20, 1927

Editorials

SANE LAW ENFORCEMENT

If there is one thing more than any other that requires a sense of humor coupled with intelligence it is the enforcement of the laws of the land. The law as it is written is intended to guide the citizens, punish those who persist in disobedience, but at the same time show mercy and leniency to those who may inadvertently run foul of the law. The saying, "ignorance of the law is no excuse," is all very well and good, but if all the laws on our statute books are to be enforced to the letter, then the sooner the most of us are shuffled off this old terrestrial sphere the better for ourselves.

In framing the law it is a necessity to make it appear very strict on paper; but it is never intended that any law shall become a magisterial tool of the police or a straitjacket for the purpose of collecting revenue. The lawmakers place the various laws on our statutes in a manner that admits of little argument, but at the same time, law-enforcing officials are intended to use their heads. A city policeman has no rule of thumb to go by, and despite the assertion that everyone should be dealt with equitably, we think no one will dispute us when we say that a man who disobeys the law intentionally is not entitled to the same consideration as the man who does not comply with the simple regulation that he may be ignorant of its existence.

A week or two ago we reported the fact that Chief Allan had been forced to pay a fine because he inadvertently crossed over a through street without stopping. A few days later Magistrate Laidlaw was said to have done the same thing. While we are not making excuses for either of these officials, as they certainly should have known better, we cannot say we are entirely in sympathy with their prosecution. Neither are we in sympathy with the prosecution of any other citizen for a similar offense. In a conversation with Chief Allen the other day we were rather pleased when he informed us that he had never laid an information against anyone who gave no sign that he had observed the "Stop" signs. He had ample opportunity for the laying of informations against motorists who had failed to come to the full stop, but as these had slowed their cars down to a couple of miles an hour and entered the through highway cautiously, he thought they had complied with the spirit of the law and let them go. Others, however, who to all appearances paid no attention to the signs and entered the through highway at what he considered too great a speed for caution, were prosecuted.

The object of the latest order-in-council as to stop signs on entering through streets is to curtail accidents, not to collect fines, and it is to be hoped that the police authorities of the province will be so guided when in the discharge of their duties. There is plenty of available evidence to show that the stop street regulations are not something fanciful, as all who read may easily learn from the fully ninety per cent of the automobile accidents occur at busy intersections.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

There must be something phoney about business when a man is encouraged to buy a pleasure car on credit and told that his bread or groceries must be cash with order or he cannot have them.

The reckless driver is by no means the wreckless driver.

Henri Bourassa, in a speech at Vancouver, makes a plea for a United Canada. We are glad to recognize Henri's change of heart. Usually this fiery French-Canadian judging from the past, seems more bent on causing disruptions than cementing friendships.

Farming As It Isn't

The girl who expressed so much sympathy for the poor farmer because of his cold job in harvesting his winter wheat, is equal in agricultural knowledge to the one who expressed a desire to see a field of tobacco plugging out. But the girl who asked which cow gave the buttermilk is entitled to the whole bakery. And one damsel on her return from a visit to the country was asked if she ever saw any one milk a cow replied: "Oh, yes, indeed I have; it just tickled me to see uncle jerk two of the cow's faucets at the same time."

HUMAN FLY'S JOB NOT SO PERILOUS

It might seem to the average man that the business of shinning up the steeple of St. James' or washing the face of the City Hall clock was an occupation involving a considerable amount of risk. Indeed, the high wages paid to the human flies who perform these and kindred duties would give color to the impression that it is a job that few men have the hardihood to tackle. But, according to one of the best-known steeplejacks on the continent, Alfred H. Dow, it looks a great deal more dangerous than it is. So long as a man has iron nerves, a hair-trigger brain, and an utter absence of fear of the work of a steeplejack is not particularly onerous, nor is it as thrilling, perhaps, as diving into the middle of the ocean in an airplane intended for land purposes only. Mr. Dow, in an interview with a New York World reporter, says that his job does not seem unduly hazardous to him. If it were really dangerous would it have been possible for him to have carried on for 29 years, in the course of which time he has climbed more than 14,200 steeples, stacks, chimneys and flagpoles in all kinds of weather?

The High Lights

He points out philosophically that the steeplejack does not really take chances. When a horror-stricken crowd below sees one of the steeplejacks make a leap from his platform and grab at a projection upon the building upon which he is working it may appear that a chance is being taken. This is a misapprehension; it is merely the steeplejack doing what he can to save himself from instant death. As Mr. Dow says: "But these instances are just high lights of the way a steeplejack beats that old bogey—sudden accidental death. I've had lightning strike tools from my hand as I worked on the top of a steeple. Once fumes from a supposedly dead fire slowly and without my quite realizing what was taking place, made me unconscious on top of a 100-foot stack—and I lay down on the narrow top just as everything went black. Another time a maniac out the ropes that held my chair to the side of a steeple, and I managed to catch hold of the little rusted spikes they put on every steeple for the benefit of the jacks, and by the same means to climb down to a window. So it's no wonder I look upon this sudden death bogey as a wily old galeot with a bagful of tricks—tricks any good man can beat, if he will!"

A Steeple Jack's Philosophy

Mr. Dow's interesting theory is that sudden, accidental death is just like a dog—let it know you are not afraid of it and it never will hurt you. It may be so with death, but it is not so with dogs, as fearless people know who have been bitten by cowardly curs. Mr. Dow takes his chances, but he takes them straight and without sitting down to calculate how dangerous they may be, for, as pointed out earlier, it is by the taking of such chances that death is avoided, not invited. Luck, however, does enter into the business now and then, and this is illustrated by what Mr. Dow admits was his closest call. He was working on a structural iron job at the Jersey Sinc Works in Palmyton, Pa., and several six-inch beams were delivered which were found to be a foot longer than the specifications required. It was decided to hoist them into place and shorten them there, 150 feet above ground. Dow got them up and spent the morning cutting them. Then he arose and proceeded to walk along the six-inch beam to the temporary platform and ladders to descend for his lunch.

A Steel Spray

He was half way across when a gust of wind drove a shower of the steel fillings in his face and eyes. The sudden pain was excruciating, blinding. It was as though acid had been poured into his eyes. There he stood, swaying with the pain on the narrow steel beam, afraid to move and yet feeling that in a moment he would lose consciousness. He began to kneel down, though not to pray, conscious that the slightest miscalculation would send him hurtling to the ground. Finally he felt the cold edge of the beam with his knee. Then he threw his arms about it and made an outcry. Loyal comrades saw his plight and brought him to earth. He was weeks in the hospital before he completely recovered. One of the most terrible things a steeple jack has to contend with is cramps. More steeplejacks have met their death as a result of the temporary paralysis brought about by cramps than by any other cause. They must work in a more or less awkward position, their legs and arms at an involuntary tension, and sometimes when they try to change their position they find themselves powerless to move. There is an especial danger of cramps when the steeple jack is working with water, as he is when cleaning the front of tall buildings.

Two Close Calls

Once when working with another man on the twenty-fourth story of a Broadway building his partner became powerless because of cramps. He stood helpless on his platform, unable to move his arms or close his fingers. Then one rope of his platform began to run. Dow made up his mind instantly and took a seven foot leap from his own platform, landed on the platform



A TASTE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE (France has put a tariff on imports, which is troubling the United States very much.)—Talbot in the Washington News.

beside the helpless man and seized the rope before the end of the platform which it was supporting had fallen to a dangerous angle. One curious adventure he had when repairing the coping stones of the steeple of old St. Augustine's Church, in Brooklyn. The stones were very heavy, as was later found out, and before they were loosened they had to be tied with ropes to prevent them from falling into the street. Dow swung his boatswain's chair over the edge and began work. Suddenly, to his horror, he saw a high stone slip from the noose of his partner was putting round it and come sliding down the roof toward him. Had it crashed over it would have carried Dow and his chair to the ground with it. Acting on the spur of the moment he stood up, and went to meet that stone. As it reached the edge of the roof he put his shoulder under it, and held it until comrades came to his rescue. The stone weighed 450 pounds.

BENTINCK RESIDENTS 50 YRS. MARRIED

Mr. and Mrs. William Willis Honored by Members of Women's Institute on Occasion of Their Wedding Anniversary.

The members and their families of the Women's Institute of Allan Park gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Willis, Sr., on Monday last to bring back the memory of fifty years ago, it being their golden wedding anniversary. They were married in Hanover by Rev. Mr. Gunn and took up home-making on their farm in Bentinck, where they have lived ever since. They have shared joys and sorrows in their long life together, one sorrow being the loss of a son, who was killed in action. There are two sons and one daughter remaining.

During the evening, Mr. M. Byers called the assemblage to order and asked Mr. and Mrs. Willis to come forward, when Mrs. M. Byers read a very appropriate address, and, at the suitable time, Mrs. Ed. Bailey presented Mr. Willis with a gold-headed cane and pipe, while Mrs. J. Sharp presented Mrs. Willis with a gold brooch and purse. Mr. Willis made a very suitable reply, thanking them all and wished them to have a pleasant evening in their home. The remainder of the evening was spent in singing and dancing. Many friends will join in the hope that this estimable couple be spared to enjoy many more years together. Following is the address: Dear Mr. and Mrs. Willis:

It gives us great pleasure to gather here together to celebrate this, the fiftieth anniversary of your wedding. It has pleased God to spare you and prosper you all these years, and has permitted us to be with you on this occasion. Although not near relatives, your friends and neighbors are with you. Doubtless the labor and troubles you have had were often hard to bear, but you bore them and now you have the satisfaction of seeing the results. We would indeed be ungrateful neighbors if we allowed such an occasion as this to pass without in some way showing our appreciation of your fellowship.

We would ask you to accept these gifts, and we trust you may long be spared to enjoy them, and may your remaining years be golden bright like the pleasant tints of autumn. —Signed on behalf of the Allan Park Women's Institute.

CARD OF THANKS

Miss McAnulty and family wish to thank their many friends for kindness during their late bereavement.

Many a girl with a voice like a guinea hen has been kidded into believing she was a nightingale.

SOCIETY

Mrs. Robert Vollet returned last week after spending three weeks with Timmins friends. She motored with Mr. and Mrs. Blodgett who have been spending a month here.

Miss Edith Torry of Toronto is visiting her aunt, Mrs. F. Reay.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Groves of Toronto were recent visitors with Rev. and Mrs. Fiddes at the Queen Street parsonage.

Mrs. Neil McKinnon and son, Mr. Bobs McKinnon, and Dr. and Mrs. Lane, all of Toronto, but formerly of Priceville, visited Saturday with Mrs. Adam Weir and family, the two latter going on to Port Elgin where they spent the week-end with friends. Recently Dr. Elgin has been rather seriously ill with a blood poisoning and had to submit to the amputation of one finger.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Smith of Guelph visited the first of the week with the former's mother, Mrs. A. Weir, and family.

Mrs. Will Loughran and daughter, Miss Mary, of Moorefield, and Miss Helen Christie, and Miss Oliver of Boothville, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Burgess.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gray of Hamilton spent Sunday in town, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. McGowan.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Martin of Swinton Park visited Mrs. M. J. Martin and daughter Minnie, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Brown here, before Mrs. Martin and daughter, who left on Tuesday of this week, left for their homes in Seattle, Washington.

Mrs. Thomas Brown and Mrs. A. Henry spent a couple of days in Toronto this week.

Mr. and Mrs. M. K. Hedde of Hamilton visited with friends in town last week and were accompanied home by the Misses McLean, who will spend the winter in Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. MacNicholl, the former recently returned from Winnipeg, where he took a prominent part in the Conservative convention, were guests of the Misses Calder on Sunday. Mr. MacNicholl is President of the Conservative party in Ontario and is one of the outstanding politicians of the province. We were pleased to meet him Sunday evening at the residence of Hon. Dr. Jamieson and learned with pleasure that he regards the choice of R. B. Bennett of Calgary for the leadership of the

Dominion Conservative party as the best that could possibly be made.

Miss Nellie Mervyn, nurse-in-training in the Hanover Hospital is spending two weeks' holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Mervyn, in town.

ISN'T IT THE TRUTH?

It is easier to be critical than correct. A lot of men keep their ideals high by putting them on the shelf. A good husband closes at least one eye to the charms of other women. The modern Romeo usually has an empty purse because of what Juliet.

A barber's shop is a place for a close shave—not a railway crossing. A lot of people go suddenly blind when opportunity stares them in the face.

A true friend is a man who knows you're no good, and knows enough to forget it.

"Gawsh," said the sparrow as a 14-inch shell just missed it, "they must be hard up for meat."

Friend (to sailor on shore leave)—"How did you get all the scratches on your face?"

Sailor—"The wife's teaching me to eat with a fork."

The luxury of yesterday is the necessity of today. The truth hurts, and so would you if you were stretched so much. It is hard to believe that self-preservation is the first law when one sees so many physical wrecks.

Doctor—"And remember, you can't eat too much fruit for your health."

Patient—"But, er—er—Adam did."

Specialist—"I'll examine you for ten dollars."

Scotchman—"That's a go—and if you find it we'll split fifty-fifty."

Wife—"Was Mrs. D. Style in her new gown when you saw her?"

Husband—"Partly."

Markets

Corrected Oct. 13, 1927

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

Advertisement for ED. KRESS & SON, Household Furnishings, featuring Kitchen Cabinets and a special offer on Ruddy's Kitchen Cabinet.

Advertisement for D. M. Saunders, Men's and Boys' Ready-to-Wear, featuring Fleece Underwear and various clothing items.

Advertisement for Pratt's Animal Regulator, a product for healthy horses, cows, and hogs, guaranteed to improve health and productivity.

Large advertisement for Famous Indian, featuring a portrait of a man and text about a Chief Duck Head and a successful meeting of South Grey Teachers.