

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, February 23, 1928

FEBRUARY

Calendar table for February 1928 showing days of the week and dates from 5 to 29.

Editorials

KEEP TO THE LEFT

There has been considerable agitation for a law that would require all pedestrians to walk on the left side of the road instead of the right. This would have its advantage in that the pedestrian could see the approaching cars and step out of their way, while if he remains on the right side of the roadway as the law reads at present he is liable to be overtaken and run down by the car overtaking him from the rear.

We have no comments to make on this law, but we do wish that if anything is done in the matter it will be done soon. At the present time there are a good number of pedestrians who keep the left side of the road, no doubt these doing so in response to the opinion expressed by Hon. G. S. Henry, Minister of Highways, who regards it as the safest side. There are also a good many who still adhere to the law and keep to the right.

With these two classes on the highway, a motorist is somewhat puzzled as to what to do, with the chance that whatever he does will be the wrong thing and some pedestrian injured as a result.

The other day we were coming over from the C. N. R. station about the time the furniture factory employees were going home for their noon-day lunch. We overtook two of them at the one spot. Both were using the middle of the road, and when we sounded the horn, one turned to the right side of the road and the other pulled over to the left. We ran in between the two of them. A little farther on we overtook another pedestrian. In obedience to the law which says all faster moving vehicles shall pass the slower ones on the left hand side, we turned to the left after blowing the horn, and the pedestrian turned out directly in front of us.

There was no accident, and could not have been, for we had the car under full control, but the thought ran through our head that had an accident occurred, who would have been responsible? The law says in referring to traffic, pedestrians included, "keep to the right." Hon. G. S. Henry and many others, including Motor League officials, advocate pedestrians to "keep to the left."

There are many people driving motor cars and horse-drawn vehicles today who do not know the rules of the road, but we have an idea that there would be a good many more mix-ups if the law is ever passed that vehicles must keep to the right and pedestrians to the left. If the public cannot apparently get the traffic rules into its head when all traffic is supposed to keep to the right, we can imagine the manner in which a good many will become confused when one kind of traffic uses one side of the road and another kind the other. The best thing, in our mind, is to have walks for pedestrians constructed and make them keep to them.

We can recognize that this latter is too expensive a system to adopt; and we likewise cannot see that the "pedestrians keep to the left" idea will be in the interests of safety. It will work all right so long as the pedestrian and the oncoming motorist know what they are to do, but we are of the opinion that the pedestrian will be in greater danger if, on meeting an approaching vehicle, he turns out to the right in the path of an oncoming car going in the same direction as himself. If he is supposed to step off the highway to the left when meeting the approaching car, he will then be

down in the ditch, or very close to it, and if there is heavy traffic on the highway he is using, he may as well make up his mind to complete his journey either close to the ditch or over near the fence where no provision is made for a pathway.

RINK FINANCING

We have often wondered just where some of these nice new rinks in some of the smaller towns, costing from \$15,000 to \$20,000, would come out financially. We do this in the face of what we know of the operation of the Durham rink, which was erected twenty years ago when building was not so expensive, and which was acquired by the present Durham Amusement Company at a fraction of what it would have cost to have erected it. With an overhead of around \$5,000, it is a hard matter to finance it. How much harder would it be if the overhead was close to the \$20,000 mark?

Durham's rink, like the old car, is perhaps not so up-to-date as those that have been built around this part of the country in the past four or five years, but it can still be reckoned as among the best in the country. When erected twenty years ago it was the last word in rink building from the standpoint of the smaller towns. The ice surface is 170x60 as compared with 185x80 in the newer structures, but it is still a pretty good sort of a rink, at that. From some of the outsiders who attend our hockey matches from time to time, we learn that the crowds in the Durham arena are larger than in the most of the towns, taking the season as a whole, but even with this, and a lot of free labor around the rink as well, it seems impossible to make any money.

As we said at the beginning, we oftentimes wonder how some of these more expensive rinks expect to make it go when we in Durham, with considerably less money invested have to do some tall hustling to break even on the winter's operations.

REGULATION SEVENTEEN

J. J. Hunter, Grand Master of the Grand Orange Lodge of Ontario, has been much in the limelight recently in his attacks on the Ferguson Government for the abolishment of Regulation 17, and calls, by insinuation, of course, upon all good Orangemen to rise in their might and strike the Conservative Government a blow in the solar plexus at the next election. Not all Orangemen, however, are following in the footsteps of their leader, whose exhortations savor too much of Liberal propaganda and are made, not that Mr. Hunter particularly believes in Regulation 17, but rather that he sees in its abolishment a good chance to swing the Orange Tories against the Conservatives.

Mr. Hunter, who is the editor of the Kincardine Review-Reporter, is a Liberal first, last and all the time. Not that we fault him for this, for it is his privilege, but we really did give him credit for knowing better than attempt to camouflage his Liberalism under the creed cry of Regulation 17, which for years has been looked upon as a piece of useless legislation.

Dr. James L. Hughes, a member of King William Lodge No. 140, and its oldest living past master, is only one of many prominent Or-

angemen to take a stand against Grand Master Hunter, and says, in a letter to Mr. Hunter, after reading his recent Sarnia address that he "read it with shame."

In his letter Dr. Hughes further says: "I have read instances of audacity occasionally, but I have never read or heard of any other man who had such arrogant audacity as you have shown in this case. The Orangemen who would take your advice in regard to Regulation 17 would be strange types if they knew that one of the greatest Orange leaders in Canada, and the Superintendent of schools for Ontario advised Hon. Mr. Ferguson to cancel the evil regulation which you have made the basis of your slogan."

Dr. Hughes further says in his letter: "Thoughtful Orangemen of Ontario are smiling at your presumption in claiming to know what should be done to make our educational system wiser and juster, better than one of the greatest Orangemen in Canada.—Hon. Judge Scott. One of the three members of the committee Dr. Merchant, has been for years Superintendent of the schools of all Ontario. He is an educator of high standing, and he is as good a Protestant as you are, yet you have the shameless assurance to assume that you are better qualified to advise the Orangemen of Ontario than Dr. Merchant and Hon. Judge Scott."

When a man of the standing of Dr. Hughes in the Orange Order comes out so forcibly against the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Ontario, it is up to the rank and file to consider well before they follow in his footsteps and do something for which they may be sorry later.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

A chemist says that the first alcohol distilled was Arabian, which leads the Stratford Beacon Herald to remark that this may explain some of those nights. It might have added also, "and some of those awful mornings."

That old-time song of Mary's lamb, it oftentimes makes us laugh; who cares a damn for Mary's lamb—just look at Mary's calf. And sometimes it doesn't amount to much, either.

On top of the movement to have Doris Palmer McDonald and her husband, George McDonald, the Valleyfield murderers, sentenced to life imprisonment instead of hanging, comes the information that both are wanted in Pittsburg, Penna. for counterfeiting. They are evidently had eggs. The Canadian authorities will likely let the Pittsburgers have them after Ellis gets through with them on the 23rd of March. Or, possibly, after their life sentence is served.

A soft tire doesn't always turn away wrath, says the Brockville Recorder.

An unusual ceremony was held recently at Trafalgar Square, London, England, in commemoration of the 279th anniversary of the death of Charles I., "The Martyred King." Well, now, we'll have to look up our English history and see just what happened.

HOSPITAL NOTES

Thomas Irwin, of Arlemesia, underwent an operation for hernia in Durham hospital on Monday of last week. Drs. Jamieson of Durham and Milne of Preeceville, were the surgeons in attendance.

William Cullen of near Flesher-ton was brought to Durham hospital Monday of this week suffering from a broken leg, the result of being kicked by a horse. We understand that the x-rays revealed a clear break, and while Mr. Cullen will be confined to his bed for the next couple of months, there is

MARVELLOUS BEAVER HOMES

The wonderful home which the beaver builds for himself forms the theme of the following article which appeared in the Boys' Own Paper was written by Rev. G. S. Smithinter, at one time Archdeacon of York Factory Mooseonee.

When I first went out to the Mission Field, he writes, I was the only missionary on the Northwest-shores of Hudson Bay, and had charge of four distinct classes of people, Eskimo, Cree, Chipewayan and Ojibway; and the parish had an area of about 400,000 square miles. The languages of the first three were totally distinct. I encountered many interesting episodes, and beautiful scenes, especially on the very long canoe journey of 800 miles from York Factory to Trout Lake, which occupied 24 days; but there was nothing so fascinating to me as the subject of this brief story. It was during this 800 miles journey that I frequently came across beaver dams and houses or huts, and I was able to make a close study of them from personal observation, together with the information of my Indian guides. In a very short time I felt I must change the word instinct—or reason—for that of wisdom on the part of this clever fur-bearing animal.

First, I will describe the method of making the dam and rendering it solid. As a rule there are two who work together, a male and a female. They select a part of the stream or river from 10 to 20 yards wide, and not very deep. They appear also to have chosen a spot, where with a certain amount of ease they would be able to build their hut, and make a channel leading to it. Having selected a suitable part of the river, the first thing they do is to scoop up with their paws the mud and sand, gradually raising it until it attains the height of the water, or nearly so. This must of necessity involve a tremendous amount of labor, and take a long time. It is no exaggeration to state that in some places the beavers must have heaped up many tons of soil in making a dam. Sometimes out of curiosity, but more especially to add to our knowledge, we fathomed those parts above the dam, and found a depth of between four and eight feet, and rather deeper at the end where they were going to build their hut.

When the level of the water has been reached, the little creatures go up the river, walk up on the bank and begin to cut down with their teeth small trees, and then proceed to bite off the branches. They also cut down willows of various sizes. The wood is then brought to the water, and in some cases the beavers guide it to a particular part of the dam, and place it in position. Some pieces are put in the river to find their own way to the mud bar, where further progress is checked. It should be noticed that the beavers never go down the river and tow the wood up stream. They have wisdom enough to understand that the task would become most difficult, if not impossible, when

every hope that he will recover quickly from his mishap.

RECOVERING FROM ILLNESS

We are pleased to learn that Mr. Arch. MacCuaig of Genelg, who has been ill for some time at his home on the South Line, and who has been slowly recovering, has made additional advancement, and shows continued improvement.

If skirts continue to shrink, it won't be long before there will be scarcely enough to make a decent hem.—Kitchener Record.

the riven is running very swiftly. When a certain amount of branches, twigs and willows have been fixed against the dam the builders commence to gather mud and clay in their mouths, and fill in the open spaces. They then fetch more wood and continue the same process until the barrier is high enough for their requirements. The latter part of the work must be exceedingly laborious as they cover almost the whole with mud and clay from end to end. This forms a kind of concrete wall, and becomes so hard that it is sometimes difficult to break down a portion when it was necessary to make a water-way for our canoe to pass through. I always felt grieved to have to destroy such a splendid structure.

Now let us proceed to examine the beaver's hut. This is erected one, two or three yards from the dam by the side of the river, and a foot or two above the water. In appearance it bears a remarkable likeness to an Eskimo igloo, or snow house, though much smaller and of a different color. It is made with mud, slime and sand, conveyed in their mouths, as in the case of building the dam, from the places where these substances are to be found. The foundation is laid in a circular shape to a thickness of about six inches, and in a most wonderful way it increases bit by bit, and is formed to resemble a miniature dome. Its shape is most symmetrical. Both exterior and interior are very smooth, and the work has the appearance of having been executed by a man with a trowel.

I conclude by giving a description of the method by which these ingenious creatures build their dam and hut. The beaver is furnished with a smooth, flat tail, varying in size according to age. Some people imagine this tail is used as a trowel, but from the evidence of my red Indians this is not correct. Watched from a distance the beavers can be distinctly seen using their front paws to place the mud and slime in the crevices, then arrange the several layers and smooth all the parts in the same way. There is a suspicion, but of this we are not quite certain, that the clever little creatures use their claws also in the process of rendering all the parts of the dam and hut perfectly even and smooth.

BORN

Greenwood—In Durham Hospital, February 10, to Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Greenwood, a daughter. Ripley—At 1614 Lorne avenue, Saskatoon, Sask., Sunday, January 29, 1928, to Mr. and Mrs. James H. Ripley (nee Gertrude Corbett), a daughter. Wepler—In Durham, February 19, 1928, to Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Wepler, a son (stillborn).

Over two feet of snow on the level! That may not help threshing, but it gives promise for next year.—Lethbridge Herald.

IN MEMORIAM

Henderson—In loving remembrance of our dear husband and daddy, J. Clarence Henderson, M. A., who passed away at Durham, February 25, 1922.

Remembrance is a golden chain Death tries to break, but all in vain. Memories drift to scenes long past. Time rolls on, but memory lasts. Wife and Sons.

Dornoch, Ont.

Muskrats Wanted

5,000 Muskrat Skins wanted between March 1 and April 30. Also all kinds of Raw Furs for which I will pay

HIGHEST PRICES

Also Beef Hides, Horse Hides, Horsehair, Feathers and Live Fowl.

Phone or write and I will come out

Phone 66.

A. TINIANOV, DURHAM

Near McLaughlin's Garage

Buy Now and Save Dollars

Come to The Shoe Store and see what you can buy for \$1.00

- Below are a few of the Bargains: Women's high cut Balmorals, black and brown, per pair \$1.00 Women's box kip and glove grain Bluchers per pair \$1.00 Misses' chrome grain and Dongola Balmorals, per pair \$1.00 Child's chrome grain and Dongola Balmorals, per pair \$1.00 Infant's Dongola Blucher and Patent Blucher, sizes 2 to 7, per pair \$1.00

J. S. McIlraith

Repairs a Specialty The Cash Shoe Store, Durham

WE SELL FOR LESS

Save the Family Bankroll without sacrificing the Family Palate Buy the Beggs' Specials

Price list for various groceries including Kincardine Pork Sausage, Kincardine Breakfast Bacon, Red Salmon Steaks, Large Prunes, Light Clover Honey, 4 lb. jars pure Raspberry Jam, Pie Crust Pastry, Pine Tree (Hard Manitoba) Flour, Swansdown Cake Flour, 1 lb. tin Rose Baking Powder, Challenge Corn Starch, Rolled Wheat, Genuine Old Cheese, Stuart's pure Orange Marmalade, 10 lb. pail Edwardsbury Corn Syrup, Choice Black Tea, Special blend of Choice Black Tea, Cooking Onions, Quart Jars Mixed Pickles, Clark's Pork & Beans, Clark's Pork & Beans, small tins, 6 large rolls Toilet Paper, Handy Ammonia, 22 bars P&G Soap.

Mrs. A. Beggs & Son Groceries, Flour and Feed Phone 50 W Durham, Ont.



Beauty in Bobs! SKILLFUL bobbing and trimming can enhance your beauty more, perhaps, than you realize.

The subtle artistry conferred upon us by years of training is at your disposal.

We give special attention to Ladies' Fine Hair Cutting and all our work is done on a strictly satisfied customer basis.

R. Whitmore Tonsorialist Durham, Ontario

McKECHNIE MILLS For Best Quality FLOUR and FEEDS

Flour and Feed prices: Oat Chop, ton sacked \$42.00; Crimped Oats, ton, sac'd \$42.00; Mixed Chop, ton sacked \$39.00; Shorts, ton, sacked \$38.00; Bran, per ton, sacked \$36.00; Feed Flour, ton, sacked \$45.00; Oyster Shell, per bag \$1.75; Standard Screenings, ton \$34.00. Flour Prices: Maple Leaf Flour, bag \$4.40; Cream of West Flour, bag \$4.40; Five Crown Flour, bag \$4.40; O Canada Flour, bag \$4.20; King Edward Flour, bag \$4.00; Pastry Flour, 24 lb. \$1.00; Tankage, 60%, per bag \$3.50.

Cracked Corn, Argentine, per cwt. \$2.25 Poultry Feeds, Calf Meal, Oil Cake, Ground Flax, Rolled Oats, Wheatlets, Whole Wheat Flour, Salt, Bone Phosphate, Beef Scrap. Try our Cod Liver Oil for your poultry Nothing Better

Feeding Molasses, 25c. per Gallon We pay highest Market Price for all kinds of Grains. Get our prices before you sell. J. W. Ewen & Son Phone 114 Durham, Ontario

CHIMPANZEE STORIES

J. L. Buch, Veteran Animal Hunter Tells Interesting Tales of Our Animal Cousins.

Many tales are told of the ferocity of the chimpanzee, but I am convinced that none of the great apes—not even the gorilla—will attack unless he feels in danger. He may attack when not in danger; then it is merely a difference of opinion between man and ape.

The "outlaw" chimpanzee is an amazingly interesting individual. He is a great male who roams the woods alone. Some authorities say such an outlaw is the depositary of a troop, cast out by a rival. Others believe these outlaws have been sent forth for their mindlessness or other eccentricities. At any rate they roam the forest, repeatedly repulsed when they try to join a new band. Like a hunted old, their hand soon is again against every man and every animal against them. Such outlaws tend to reduce a native village to a scene of terror and hysteria. Once when I was on a snake hunt in the Kono country of Sierra Leone, runners from Kanjama, a native village, came begging me to "kill the ghost."

"What ghost?" I asked myself. "The ghost of big big bush, the panzee," they said, and then they told the story. "He got him in the morning, he was working in gardens, he was pickin' baby. He tramp down in the middle of the day, and he make swear, Massa, make you kill him for good one time." I sounded like an outlaw chimpanzee. And when I reached Kanjama other tremblers told how he had come tramp, tramp, tramping through the village, one old woman left behind when all had fled with shaking up a ladder to a tree limb. The old villain pursued and killed her. I decided to try this chap with a pit, since he impressed me as too wary for nets. I selected a likely approach to the village and set my snare. We dug the pit twenty feet deep and five-foot square, covering it with light limbs and carefully leaving it to look as if we had found it. The chimpanzee would come along his usual path, tread upon the slight barricade, fall flat within, and then my watcher would finish him.

I spent more time than I could afford with the watchers, as I was interested in this chimpanzee, so we planned with vain hopes he never came within ten feet of our pit. Once we spied him along his forest path. Within twelve feet he stopped short. They he turned about and froled away. Truly a sargeous chimpanzee. After a week of waiting I was about ready to acknowledge defeat when I remembered a story told me beside a night fire in a trading village by a drowsy Frenchman. A Swiss by the name of Bender was said to have kept a pet chimpanzee tethered in his back yard at Freetown, on the coast. One day he was surprised to see a large ape trying to make friends with his little captive. It seemed the interloper was an outlaw driven into civilization by his loneliness. He ape companionship, once he laughed at his story. But now, as I tossed sleepily, I wondered: Am I conceived a plan.

Next morning I followed a young chimpanzee near the spot where, I believed, our outlaw came out of the woods. I set my watcher in a hut within sight. And soon I found that idea, hatched in my mind, as last resort had succeeded where old methods failed. The same afternoon I had hardly laid down when my boy Hector stood over me, pointed toward the open hillside. The mud side of our hill, which stood his gestures, which are ways expressive in the manner when a coveted animal is yielding I made for the penstock. What beheld in the drone of the hot afternoon was epic in its element drama.

The old outlaw, a big chap, long haired and solemn faced, was stretching one arm out to our

Advertisement for 'A Joint' featuring an image of a product and text: 'A Joint Is a Real Thing' 'PARTIAL family joint' 'value. All the joint to with' 'either of the joint area' 'holding a joint may be with joint saves' 'lard bank' 'where two is the same' THE ST OF EST W. Manage