

DURHAM CHRONICLE

Published every Thursday morning at the office, Garafra 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 Newspaper 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, May 24, 1928



Calendar for May 1928 showing days of the week and dates from 1 to 31.

Editorials

BUILD THE WALL

The heavy rainfall of last Saturday and the destruction of the retaining wall on Lambton street brings to a climax a matter that has for the past few years been side-tracked by the Town Council. The wall must be rebuilt. There should be no haggling about this. While the wall stood, there may have been a reasonable excuse to defer its repair in the interests of economy, but as it looks today, the work will have to be gone ahead with at once.

While the wall, perhaps, was not noticeable so long as it stood, the sidewalk alongside has been an eyesore for a good many years and the citizens of the western part of the town, and strangers coming to town by way of the C.N.R., have long been aware of its condition, and we believe there is a secret jubilation in a good many places that it went out with the flood last week.

THAT ST. LAWRENCE CANAL

There has been considerable discussion lately over the proposed building of the St. Lawrence River Canal in order that ocean shipping may be able to proceed to the head of the lakes. So far, most of the discussion has been of the "Little Canadian" variety on this side, and "Little United States" on the other side of the border. Municipalities east of the St. Lawrence where the canals are to be built are not favorable; those west appear to be in favor. The former fear a loss of trade for their own particular port, while the latter seem to think the change will bring more trade to their town or city.

Evidently neither side has yet considered the question from the angle of "How will it affect the country as a whole?" This is the only thing that counts. If a St. Lawrence canal that will open the lanes of traffic to the sea will benefit the country as a whole, then it should be a good thing, and it is the only angle of the question that should be considered except the cost. The fact that Montreal loses trade and Toronto gains it is too small to waste time on. This is not nearly so important nationally as the possibility of laying Canadian western grain on the world's market at a reduction in freight rates and the saving of hundreds of thousands of dollars for our western farmers.

We do not know that it will do this, but to our mind the building of the St. Lawrence canal is a national economic problem rather than a discussion of the advantages or disadvantages that may or may not affect some particular city.

"BIG BILL" IS DEAD

The passing of William D. (Big Bill) Haywood the other day reminds me of a notable figure. He died in Moscow, Russia, where he has been living for the past few years, a fugitive from justice from United States. "Big Bill" was a real power in United States some twenty-odd years ago, his specialty being organizing strikes, soap-box oratory, and

a continual campaign against the so-called "big interests" which were, to use one of his own expressions, "grinding the working man into the dust with an unrelenting heel." Haywood was the man who was responsible for the formation of the I. W. W., usually called the I Won't Works, but christened the International Workers of the World.

With his partner, Pettibone, Haywood caused the United States Government more trouble than any other anarchist or socialist in the land, as he was clever enough to keep within the law and if anybody had to be punished it was always someone else—never, or very occasionally, "Big Bill."

"Big Bill" was the brains behind the dynamiting of the Los Angeles Times building several years ago, and was a crony of Alexander Berkman, Emma Goldman, and others, and one of the tools of this combination was Leon Czolgoz, who shot President McKinley at Buffalo in 1901.

"Big Bill" was always against the Government. At the time of McKinley's death, this anarchistic gang made the cool announcement that "We did not kill the President because he was McKinley; we killed McKinley because he was President." They were down on everything but themselves, incited the workers against their employers, and were strong on the rights of "the common people". It was pitiful how their hearts did ache for these "common people". But the ache must have had its pleasant moments, too, for they got rich at it.

Some few years ago a band of these "Russian Reds" were rounded up in the United States and a boatload of them sent back to Russia on the old United States Army Transport "Buford". It was shortly after this that "Big Bill" ran foul of the law and escaped to Russia, where he has lived ever since. Haywood was a man of many talents. He was a real orator, though inclined to be a trifle hysterical, and had his hand been employed along constructive rather than destructive lines, it is hard to tell to where he might have risen. But he was a destructionist both with his mouth and with his hands. He knew mob psychology, and could whip his hearers into a murderous fury quicker than any man the writer ever listened to. And "Big Bill" wasn't above doing a share of the dynamiting he advocated.

While one must have a certain admiration for a person who can hold his audience in the hollow of his hand, the world is the better for Haywood's death, for in his whole life it is very doubtful if he was ever on the same side of any argument or dispute. Haywood was a Socialist of the virulent type, but when his chance came to establish his Utopia in Russia it was a dismal failure, not only on one occasion, but on several when he tried to form a colony of Americans in Russia who were to live on the strictly communistic plan. If he has done nothing else, Haywood has shown the world that Communism will not work, but it is doubtful if either he or his followers would admit it.

NOTES AND COMMENTS
The Farmer's Advocate very aptly remarks: "Why complain? It will not make a better stand of clover or a greater crop of grain. Farming is like fighting; it is best not to know when one is licked."

"Shirts that laugh at the laundry" are advertised by a certain firm. Which leads one of our exchanges to remark that he had possibly bought one. Anyway, it arrived home from the laundry in such a sense of humor that its sides were split.

The Sound meat packing plant at Owen Sound is defunct. In other words, while it is Sound, it is not very sound.

Number eight highway between Harrison and Clifford is to be paved this summer, the contract for the paving of the five miles having already been let. With the increasing motor traffic it will not be long before all of Ontario's trunk roads will have to be paved if they are to stand up under the heavy traffic. This method seems to be necessary in the interests of economy.

BANKERS BEAT FACTORY IN GAME TUESDAY NIGHT
The softball season went one game farther into the summer with the clash Tuesday night between the Bankers and the Furniture Factory in town in the third game of the Durham-Holstein Softball League. For the first couple of innings it looked as though the money-changers were due for a rout, but they pulled themselves together and won out in a heavy hitting contest 19 to 17. The batteries were: Bankers, McIntyre and Ewen; Factory, Erwin and Small.

Last Friday night the Furniture Factory and the Clerks staged an exciting contest, but the clerks ran away with the game 17 to 9, though there were some innings in which the Factory held their opponents scoreless. The batteries: Factory, Erwin and Garrity; Clerks Town, Clements and McComb.

Standing of the Clubs
Won Lost P.C.
High School 1 0 1000
Stone Plant 1 0 1000
Clerks 1 0 1000
Bankers 1 4 500
Holstein 0 1 000
Factory 0 2 000

SOCIETY

Dr. L. G. Campbell of Markdale gave us a short call Monday morning while passing through the town on his way home from visiting with friends at Brantford.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Morton and family of Cedoux, Sask., are visiting at their parental home in town, with Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Morton and Mr. and Mrs. R. Barber.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Boles of Fergus visited with her mother, Mrs. J. Warrington, on Sunday.

Miss Violet Warrington of Tara, nurse in training at Fergus hospital was a caller with Mrs. J. Warrington here, while returning to duty from a visit at her home.

Miss Margaret Edge is visiting for a few weeks with relatives and friends in Toronto.

Mr. Arthur McClocklin was in Toronto last week visiting with his brother, Mr. Fred McClocklin.

Mrs. W. J. Ritchie of Glenelg is visiting for a few days with her sister, Mrs. Thomas Firth, at Lindsay.

Mrs. J. Lawrence and daughter Phyllis of Glenelg have returned home after visiting with Hamilton friends for a few days.

We regret to learn of the illness of Mrs. Arthur McClocklin, who is confined to her bed with stomach trouble. She is being attended by Mrs. E. G. Ritchie, of Glenelg.

Hon. Charles McCrae, Minister of Mines in the Ferguson Government, and Mrs. McCrae, who were in attendance at the South Bruce convention at Kincardine on Monday, were in town Monday night, the guests of Mrs. David Jamieson.

Mrs. Jessie Derby, who has been visiting with her sister, Mrs. James Kerr, Varney, for a couple of weeks, left on Monday morning for Niagara-on-the-Lake, where she has purchased a home.

Mr. James Atkinson of Toronto is visiting for a week with his son, Herb, in Glenelg, his daughter, Mrs. B. Coult, Bentinck, and other friends.

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

Mrs. J. F. Wright is visiting with her brother, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Firth, Brampton, and accompanied them to St. John's hospital, Toronto, yesterday, to witness the graduation of their daughter, Miss Jean Firth, who is now a Registered Nurse.

Mrs. D. C. Town and daughter, Jean, visited in Detroit last week.

Mrs. Lamb of Caledonia is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Kelsey.

Mr. Royden McDonald has gone to Fiesherston where he has taken a position in the D. McKavish garage.

Mr. and Mrs. James McKnight and family of Wainfleet visited over last week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Ramage, Mrs. McKnight remaining over at the parental home for a week's visit.

Mr. R. Brown and sister and Mr. James Allan of Toronto, spent a day with the Misses Searf this week.

BORN

Bell—In Fergus Hospital, on Sunday, May 20, to Mr. and Mrs. Nichol Bell, (nee Katie Kerr), a daughter.

Pust—In Durham Hospital, May 19, 1928, to Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Pust, Durham, a son.

Schlorf—In Bentinck, on May 19, Mr. and Mrs. C. Schlorf, a daughter.

We have never heard of any person breaking the speed limit on work.

The latest garment for ladies is, it seems, a reversible coat—but there is nothing new in this. Politicians have always been familiar with the device.

THE AGE OF A HORSE

To tell the age of any horse inspect the lower jaw, of course. The six front teeth the truth will tell. And every doubt and fear dispel.

Two middle "nippers" you behold Before the cold is two weeks old, Before eight weeks two more will come— Eight months the "corners" cut the gum.

Two outside grooves will disappear From the middle two in just one year. In two years from the second pair; In three years the "corners" too, are bare.

At two the middle "nippers" drop, At three the second pair can't stop, When four years old the third pair goes. At five a full new set he shows.

The deep black spots will pass from view. At six from the middle two, The second pair at seven years, At eight the spot each "corner" clears.

From middle "nippers" upper jaw, At nine the black spots will withdraw; The second pair at ten are white, Eleven finds the "corners" light.

As 'time goes on the horsemen know The oval teeth three-sided grow; They larger get, project before, Till twenty, when they know no more.



"The firm are giving razors to their regular customers." "To cut the steak with!"—Journal Amusant, Paris.

Noble's Garage

We Are Speedy, Efficient, Moderate

NO MATTER what its ailment is, we can restore your car to perfect mechanical condition with the minimum of time and expense to you. A staff of thoroughly trained auto experts stand ready to diagnose and correct every defect from a dented fender to a broken crankshaft. We give swift service!

Noble's Garage

Garafra St., Durham

Advertisement for shoes featuring an illustration of a shoe and the text "Treading with Summer! Dress according to the season and you'll certainly want a pair of these summer weight oxfords. Light tans and black—styles for men and young men. \$4.00 to \$6.50. Shown above is the Richmond—for young men a step ahead in style. Full range of sizes. J. S. McIlraith"

HYMENEAL

TUGMAN-PATTERSON At St. Andrew's Presbyterian Manse, Hanover, Ont. the Rev. G. C. Little performed the marriage ceremony of Miss Edna Patterson of Owen Sound, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Messerschmidt of Hanover, to Mr. W. Tugman, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Tugman of Owen Sound. The bride was gown in rose beige georgette, and carried a shower bouquet of sunset roses and lilies-of-the-valley. Following the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, Miss Nellie Holmes and Miss Cecelia Dunn assisted in looking after the guests.

WHITTAKER-RUDD The marriage was very quietly solemnized at the home of Mr. E. W. Rudd, 163 Gorvale, Toronto, of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Minnie Rudd, daughter of Mr. William Taylor of Priceville, to Mr. John Whittaker of Durham. Mrs. E. Rudd attended the bride and Mr. Rudd was best man. During the signing of the register Miss E. White sang "Because".

LADY BOWLERS Elected Officers Held Meeting Monday and Drafted Programme of Year—Expect Strong Club This Year. Durham's lady bowlers held their annual meeting on Monday night in the I.O.E. rooms and organized for the season. As in the past years the meeting was well attended and considerable interest taken in the proceedings. It is expected this year to increase the membership considerably and a big summer is looked forward to.

Officers were elected as follows: President, Miss M. Hunter; Vice-President, Mrs. P. Gagnon; Secretary-Treasurer, Mrs. W. McDonnell. Following are the convensors of the different committees:

"I am Free," she says:

Kidney Trouble Ended by "Fruit-a-tives"

EVERETT, Ont.—"I was troubled for some years with dyspepsia, and kidney trouble, from which it was impossible to get relief until I started taking 'Fruit-a-tives' Now, thanks to 'Fruit-a-tives', I am free from those ailments and able to do my work without pain or fatigue. Mrs. Thos. Evans.

"Fruit-a-tives," by the gentle natural action of intensified fruit juices and tonics, restores normal action of kidneys, stomach and bowels, and gives relief from backache, rheumatism, lumbago, neuralgia and headaches. 25c and 50c a box.

Tea, Mrs. G. McKechnie; Games, Mrs. R. M. Sparling; Tournament, Miss E. Kress.

SERIOUSLY ILL AT WELLAND

We regret to learn of the serious illness at Welland of Mrs. W. J. Ector, daughter of Mrs. William Lawrence of this town, and a former resident of Egremont Township. Mrs. Lawrence left Friday of last week to be with her at her bedside and was accompanied by her daughter-in-law, Mrs. J. Lawrence of Darkies' Corners, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Macdonald, the latter a sister, are leaving for Welland today. We trust that Mrs. Ector may soon regain her usual health.

Union Card for Father Time

First Loafer: "I hear all the men have gone on a strike." "Second Loafer: "What have they struck for?" "Shorter hours." "Luck to 'em. I allus did say that sixty minutes was too long for an hour."

Wedding Invitations PUNCTILIOUS correctness requires properly printed invitations for the formal wedding. The Chronicle does satisfactory work at reasonable prices. Quotations Available The Durham Chronicle

VEGETABLES GROCERIES Note How We Save You Money on Both ALWAYS the lowest prices in town for the quality—that's our policy. It's constantly making new friends for us and pleasing the old. Icing Sugar, lb. \$1.00 Redpath Sugar, 14 lbs. 1.00 Fruit Sugar, 2 lbs. .25 Macaroni, 2 lbs. .25 per lb. Good Dutch Sets, lb. .45 Good heavy Brooms, 4 string, each .57 Genuine old Cheese, lb. .32 Grape-Nuts, 2 for .35 Royal Purple Chick Feed, 5 lbs. .25 Royal Purple Chick Feed per cwt. .25 Swift's Jewel Brand Shortening, 3 lbs. .55 Challenge Corn Starch, 2 for .22 Bananas, good ripe fruit, per dozen .35 Swift's Silver Leaf Lard, 3 lb pails, each .59 Good Cooking Apples, 3 lbs. .25 Large Prunes, 5 lbs. .25 Fresh Dates, 2 lbs. .25 New Figs, 2 lbs. .25 Smoked Cottage Roll, lb. .30 Smoked Rolled Shoulder, per lb. .23 Kineardine Bacon, lb. .29 Good Fresh Bologna, lb. .23 Large Cans Tomatoes, 2 cans for .28 Canned Peas, size 4, 2 for 40 oz. jar pure Orange Marmalade, each .42 Pure Maple Syrup, gal. 2.35 Large Cans Pumpkin, 2 for .35 Jelly Powders, any flavor, 4 for .25 This is Pineapple Week, Leave Us Your Orders We have all sizes, and at very reasonable prices. Fresh Lettuce, Celery, Strawberries, Cucumber, Spinach, Green Onions, etc., always. Mrs. A. Beggs & Son Groceries, Flour and Feed Durham, Ont. Phone 50 W

"JOHN L'S" GRAVE DUG BY DYNAMITE

Greatest Prize Fighter of All Time died at Roxbury, Mass., Home, Winter, and Explosive Had to be Used to Blast Grave—Had Many Admirers From All Stations Life.

In these days of Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney, Jack Sharkey, and dozen other of the present "hope-to-be" fighters, whose principal occupation seems to be side-stepping dangerous combat and collecting their money, hundreds of thousands who do go into action, it is a rare turn back the pages of time to hear again tales of the late John Sullivan, without doubt the greatest fighter of all time and the most numbered among his close friends the late King Edward VII.

"Old John L." as he was called by his admirers, was a lightning-battered his way to the top of the heap, and once on top he was on short notice to defend the title of champion of the world against all comers. No word "fake" or "laydown" was ever in connection with his name, instead of hundreds of thousands dollars for his appearance in a ring, the most of this old time battles were fought for a purse, or for his own money, which he would wager with his opponent on the result.

Those of us who are now near the 50-year mark can remember John L. in his declining years, the ring, for he practically disappeared from the squared ring after his defeat by James J. Corbett at New Orleans in 1892.

An interesting article is below from the pen of Hype L. in last week's Literary Digest which will no doubt interest good many of our older readers. The Digest says:

Two heads came together with frightful impact. The young San Francisco reporter, who was an artist, had come for his personal glimpse of the great prize fighter he had worshipped from distance for years. As the two men entered the dressing-room, old lion of the ring followed. "Here, young fellow, and I'll show you how to lick an ornery barker." The reporter could never afford to have his ears grab and to receive that fearful bumping. "That's the way to an ornery bartender, young fella. When Hype Loe, now of the New York World, came to John Sullivan was winking at him behind Sartan. Mr. Loe's winks of old John L. began when lived, as a boy of seven, in Santa Cruz Mountains of California. "Perhaps I got the first real thrill of my life, he writes in his column. Pardon my Glee, of historic bout between Sullivan, Kilrain, "as I sat with many maintain neighbors before the big fire, as my mother read the biographic story of that memorable sixty-five-round battle. It held breathless. My blood ran hot, hot heat alternately. To my big foot-boy way of thinking, John Sullivan represented power, every conquest. Years passed, old ring heroes came along—Fitzsimons, Jeffries, Jimmon. Then, Igoe writes: "Sullivan, now a respected, still beloved teetotaler, died suddenly on his little farm in England. I would go to John Sullivan's wake. I would be the end of the trail. I told the managing editor of the World I wanted to do the story. He not enthusiastic, and when I him I'd pay my own expenses, he laughed and told me to take trip to Boston if I thought much of the story. He didn't let He hadn't been at the head of trail.

It was in the dead of winter that remained of the great warrior rested in the parlor of his home at Roxbury, Massachusetts. His sister, a Mrs. Lennon, was striking in appearance as was famous brother. Snow-white hair covered her splendid head from beneath black eyes blazed the famous Sullivan. There were no eyes like them in the world.

I was on the trail. I camped the other neighbors behind old-fashioned kitchen stove, being hot, as these quaint characters told the stories of John L.'s career. Back of the stove, on the wall hung a framed collection of greatest John Sullivan photographs I ever saw. There he was, William Muldoon, both in corduroy road suits, little saffron canes in their hands, ready a jog. There was Sullivan, youngster, Sullivan the champion, Sullivan the champion, swearing the silk topper he swore when he slapped Prince Edward the back and told him that he heard of him, he was "glad to see you."

Mr. Lennon took me up-stair dig into John L.'s treasure chest. It was that big trunk looked like John L.'s trunk. It came, tight, old prints, even massive gold watch that Ed Prince of Wales had given came to light. The watch was glorious triumph of the watchmaker's craftsmanship. The coat of arms was worked in on the dial. Then Lennon turned hands and saw the tremble spikes on the sole of the dead grass still clung to the "John L." France, when he at Chantilly, France, when he Charlie Mitchell, said Lennon whisper that was reverent, deep-set, glass-covered from the picture of a little lad three. There were white