

# The Season's Greetings



We see good things ahead—all hearts full of kindness, pockets full of money, all our friends' full of good wishes. Yes, sir and ma'am, we think 1929 is going to be a pretty good year.

## Henderson's Bakery



MAY all the manifold blessings of good health, good luck and good cheer make 1929 a banner year for you and yours.

## J. & J. Hunter

General Merchants

Durham, Ont.

Wishing all our many Friends and Patrons a very **HAPPY and HEALTHFUL NEW YEAR**

**FINE'S**  
DURHAM - ONTARIO

**HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL**

# MOVIES

## LAND BARONS AND INDIANS FOUGHT TELEGRAPH WIRES

Thrills, action, speed and romance are all on display Thursday and Friday nights at the Star Theatre in Ken Maynard's western feature, "The Glorious Trail". This fast-moving action picture is one of the finest this popular star has ever made. It is the type of entertainment that has brought Maynard from obscurity to a position as one of the most prominent stars on the screen today.

The story of "The Glorious Trail" is an original Marion Jackson and deals with the stringing of the first telegraph wires in the West. Ken has the part of the young engineer sent out by the government to get the backing of settlers for the enterprise. The land barons and the Indians were the greatest perils encountered but even these were met and defeated.

A simple love story runs through the film. A tribe of Indians from the Sioux reservation in Wyoming was used to get atmospheric reality. Others in the cast of the First National production are Gladys McConnell, Les Bates, Frank Hagney, James Bradbury, Jr., Billy Farney and Chief Yowlachie.

## IMMENSE FIRE SCENE FEATURE OF "RAMONA"

A Hollywood fire recently razed over 100 Indian homes to the ground and provided the film city with one of the biggest thrills of the year.

In a short space of time over \$100,000 went up in smoke, attracting thousands of motorists from the highways to the scene of the blaze, several miles from the center of Hollywood.

Fire engines from the film city were on the ground, their hoses stretching over a half mile to the nearest water connection.

The fact that the giant blaze was staged for an episode in "Ramona" did not matter a particle! Even the oldest old-timer, hardened with all the thrills the movie city offers daily, stood with the crowd and agreed it was a real, not "reel" conflagration.

Edwin Carewe, directing "Ramona" starring Dolores Del Rio, engaged three hundred Indians to participate in the scene. Over one hundred Hollywood cowboys were included in the massacre which showed the whites demolishing an entire Indian village and razing it to smoldering debris.

The shrill cries of the Indians, aided by the excitement of the scene combined with the roar of the fire engines and the movie generators, could be heard for many blocks, attracting many autoists, all eager to rush to the fire, few of them suspecting it was staged for a motion picture.

Old-timers compared the scene to the giant settings which D. W. Griffith erected for "Intolerance" and other films of nearly ten years ago. The filming was continued into the early evening hours and the flames leap-frogged forward, provided a most spectacular effect.

Carewe and a corps of assistants made all precautions against accidents. The fire apparatus was needed only after the cameras stopped clicking, to sprinkle the smoldering buildings and to put out any hidden flames. No casualties were reported. The fire, truly recorded by the Inspiration Pictures-Edwin Carewe cameras, will form a brilliant part of "Ramona" which will be at the Star Theatre next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, December 31, January 1 and 2.

## HATE

By James Stephens

My enemy came nigh,  
And I stared fiercely in his face.  
My lips went writhing back in a grimace,  
And stern I watched him, with a narrow eye.  
Then, as I turned away, my enemy,  
That bitter heart and savage, said to me:  
"Some day, when this is past,  
When all the arrows that we have are cast,  
We may ask each other why we hate,  
And fail to find a story to relate.  
It may seem to us then a mystery  
That we could hate each other."  
Thus said he,  
And did not turn away,  
Waiting to hear what I might have to say.  
But I fled quickly, fearing if I stayed  
I might have kissed him as I would a maid.

## THE DOCTOR'S EPITAPH

The following verses were found among clippings in possession of the late Hugh Ross, M.D., who practised for nearly 50 years in Clifford and died on Saturday, November 3rd.

The doctor sleeps; no more at pain's behest;  
Shall he relinquish his much needed rest;  
No more his skillful hand and kindly heart;  
Shall give to some new life a proper start.

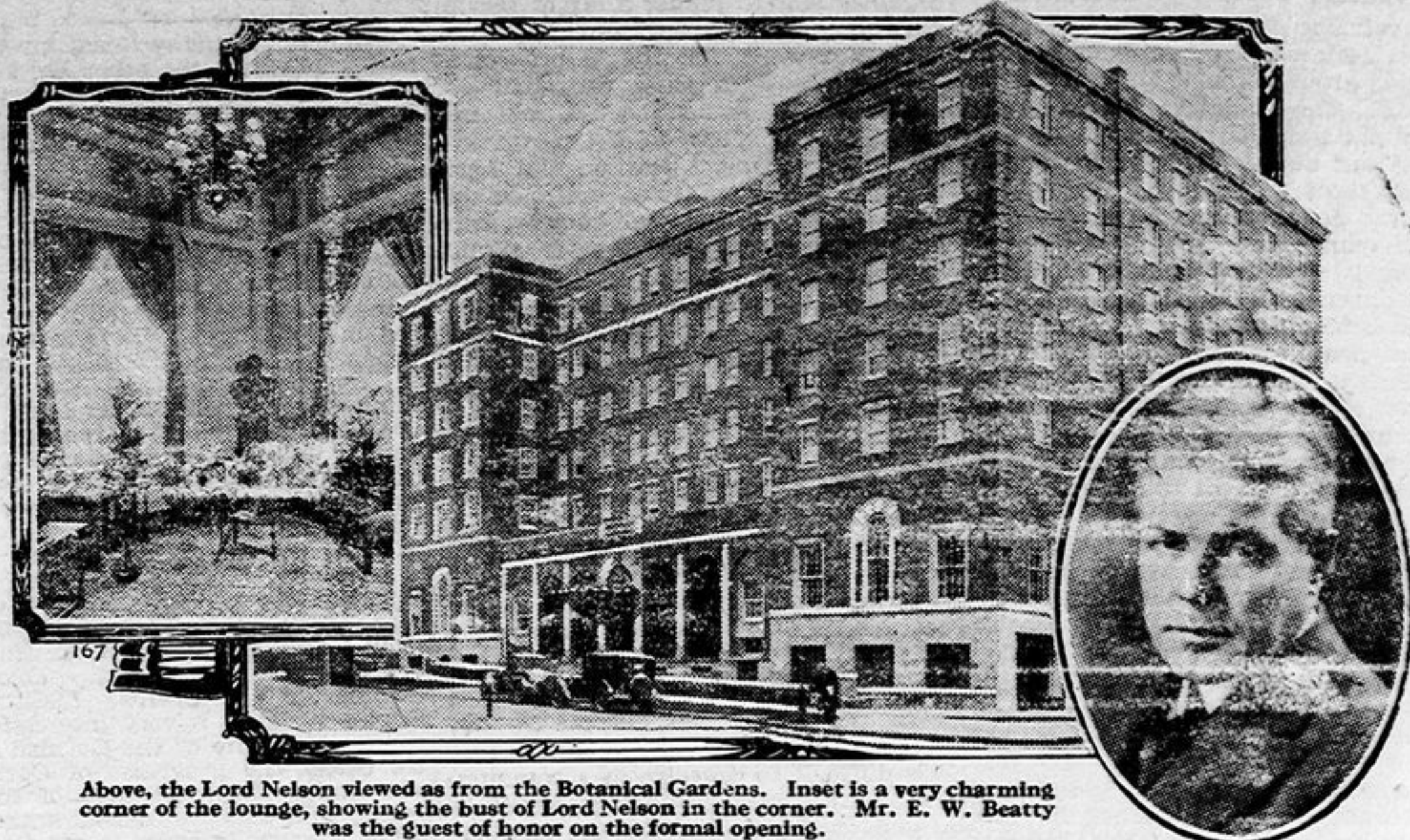
The doctor sleeps! His fighting days are done,  
But hundreds live because of bouts he won,  
And generations hence, those will draw breath  
Who would not be had he not conquered death.

The doctor sleeps! Might we his deeds recall,  
His name would blaze in Fame's enamelled hall,  
But serving modestly through life, it now seems best  
Merely to write "His work survives" and let him rest.

## A PRAYER—READ IT

This prayer was found on the walls of an old cathedral, in the little town of Chester on Avon, in England.

## Lord Nelson at Halifax Opened



Above, the Lord Nelson viewed as from the Botanical Gardens. Inset is a very charming corner of the lounge, showing the bust of Lord Nelson in the corner. Mr. E. W. Beatty was the guest of honor on the formal opening.

E. W. Beatty, chairman and president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, in speaking as guest of honor at the banquet which marked the official opening of the Lord Nelson Hotel at Halifax, referred to the tourist attractions of Nova Scotia as being second to none on the continent. This from as well travelled a man as the head of the World's Greatest Travel System was a decided appreciation. "In addition to the opportunities for sport which are unsurpassed and attract tourists from both the United States and Canada, you have the historic associations such as typified by the Evangeline legend which the Canadian Pacific and Dominion Atlantic Companies have successfully preserved and featured. It seems to us only right that the railway which came into existence as a fulfilment of one of the terms of Confederation should encourage such travel to your cities and other historic places," he said. "That travel has grown apace during the last few years and it was because of this fact among others that at the solicitation of your business men we joined with them in the building of this hotel. It is for the same reason that we are building a modern hotel with other tourist facilities at Digby."

The Lord Nelson Hotel, while operated under the direction of the Canadian Pacific Railway is the result of a sincere effort on the part of the people of Halifax who have long been working for a modern hostelry which would adequately take care of the business which offered in the city. It is situated in the heart of the city and fronting on the Botanical Gardens that have helped to make this old city famous.

Within and without, the appearance of the hotel reflects great credit on its architects and builders. In building and in decoration it is Georgian in character, and throughout the hotel and particularly in the public rooms, a most successful effort has been made to express the period recalled by the historic name associated with it. Immediately inside the front doors is a handsome and spacious lobby, which at once gives the keynote of Georgian decoration. The hotel offices are here as also are

other public services such as elevator lobby, telephone room, cigar shop, etc.

The mezzanine floor and ladies waiting room leads up from this, and on one side of the lobby is a short flight of steps leading up to the assembly lounge. In this room and in the adjacent assembly hall the attempt to recapture the atmosphere of two hundred years ago has been particularly successful. The chief feature is the fine fireplace over which is an excellent copy in oils of the full length portrait of Lord Nelson which was painted shortly before his death. In one corner stands a fine copy of the well known bust of this hero, and on the center table is a splendid model of his ship "The Victory."

The end of this room opens into the assembly hall which is large enough to seat about 250 people comfortably. At one end is an ample stage with the usual dressing rooms and disappearing footlights.

Leading from the other side of the lobby up a short flight of marble steps is a foyer, and beyond that the main dining room. On the floor beneath the lobby are a series of fine shops opening on the street, and here also is the spacious grill, which in keeping with the nautical flavour notable elsewhere in the building, is termed "The Ward Room."

Its woodwork is of oak and its ceiling crossed by hewn beams. It is lit by ships lanterns of brass and by candelabra designed from binnacle lights and ships steering wheels. The furniture also is of stout oak. Other features of this floor are a barber shop, beauty shop and the usual public services.

The bedroom floors include a number of fine suites of which the Royal Suite is an outstanding example. Like the other its character of decoration is in keeping with the rest of the hotel. It consists of sitting room, dining room and two bedrooms, and its furnishings include some fine examples of early Georgian. The bathrooms and general plumbing and heating arrangements throughout are up to the most modern standard as also are all the facilities for public service.

There is much robust common sense in it to this day:

Give me a good digestion, Lord, and also something to digest;  
Give me a healthy body, Lord, and sense to keep it at its best.  
Give me a healthy mind, good Lord, to keep the good and pure in sight,  
Which, seeing sin, is not appalled, but finds a way to set it right.  
Give me a mind that is not bound, that does not whimper, whine or sigh;  
Don't let me worry overmuch about the fussy thing called I.  
Give me a sense of humor, Lord, give me the grace to see a joke;  
To get some happiness from life and pass it on to other folk.

## DELIGHTS OF CAMPING OUT

As down to my mailbox I strolled one fine day  
A family of tourists were camped by the way;  
Their flivver had stopped and refused then to start  
And Father had taken the engine apart.  
I stopped to give them a welcoming word  
(Ma's fear of trespassing, of course was absurd).  
She had tried to get lunch as he worked on the car,  
With so many to do for, she had not got far.

The babe in her arms was crying with colic  
So she sent all the others away on a frolic;  
As soon as the baby was eased of his pain  
She started to look up her family again.

Esconced, was Pearl, on a moundful of ants,  
Fred hung from the fence by the seat of his pants;  
Jean fell in the pond; she'd reached for a lily,  
A cow from the pasture was chasing young Billy.

Ted called from the branch of an old apple tree  
"Oh! Ma! I'm so dizzy please come and catch me!"  
The twins had been sampling my early green peas  
And had managed to stir up a whole swarm of bees.

Before she had time to herd up her young bunch  
A stray dog came by and ate up most the lunch;  
The fire was quenched: the tea had boiled over  
The sugar and cream—were upset in the clover.

Pa, with much sputtering the trouble had found  
He'd had half the engine spread out on the ground;  
He'd got it together, 'twas ready to start  
If she'd get the luncheon they soon could depart.

How SHE put in time he just couldn't quite see  
With so little to do and so busy he;  
"SHE has nothing to do but rest on

the trip  
While I keep in order this clumsy old ship."

To help with the children he firmly refused,  
His job was the flivver—he felt quite abused;  
He made me so tired that at last I said "Pa!  
"If you want to know trouble, just trade jobs with Ma!"  
B. M. Lyons, Winnipeg, Man.

## WHEN I LIKE POTATOES

When I'm walking in the garden,  
Many fancy things I see;  
But the common old potato  
Is 'bout good enough for me.  
Take it, say, for Sunday dinner,  
Or when company comes to eat,  
All mashed up so light and creamy,  
It is pretty hard to beat.

And most any way you fix 'em—  
Boiled or fried, and all the rest—  
I don't know as I could tell you  
When I like potatoes best  
When you smell the bacon frying,  
Then I think that dinner-time  
Is the time to eat potatoes—  
Fixed with gravy, they are fine.

But at night, when cold and tired  
Doing chores and cutting wood,  
Then a great big white potato

Baked for supper's mighty good.  
And I like 'em fried for breakfast—  
If I really have my say  
As to when I like potatoes  
It's about three times a day.

## PENS

The date the quill pen was first used is placed at A. D. 553 by many scholars. Others think it was of later origin. The Hollanders are credited with making the best quill pens. As much as ten dollars in value was commonly given for their pens.  
In 1803 a man named Wise made the first bent or grooved metal pen, the predecessor of the type we use today. Prior to this, metal pens had been flat.  
In 1820, Joseph Gillott, an English toolmaker, fashioned the first steel pen. It won instant popularity, although at first steel pens cost thirty-five dollars a gross wholesale, which made the retail price about fifty cents each.  
The modern fountain pen is the most efficient member of the pen family.

"What does the modern domestic lack?" inquires a writer in a weekly paper.  
The answer is obvious—staying power.



IT'S all the good Fortune that can be crowded into one person's life that we wish for 1929 and many years after. The Best of Luck!

**D. M. SAUNDERS**  
DURHAM ONTARIO