

# In Other Communities

## Taken From Our Exchanges About People of Your Acquaintance

### Wants Government Building

Another effort to secure a new post office for Arthur will be made during the next few weeks backed by Arthur Board of Trade. At the annual meeting of the board held on Thursday evening last in the local agricultural office, the matter of securing a new post office for the town was discussed and a strong committee was appointed to present Arthur's claims for a new government building to the proper authorities, and to bring Arthur's aspirations of recognition of these claims to successful fruition.—Arthur Enterprise.

### A Classy Coat

Mr. John Gibson, a well-known resident of the Cataract district, was in town yesterday and was sporting a classy looking fur coat made entirely from groundhog skins. Mr. Gibson killed the groundhogs on his own farm and treated the skins himself. The coat was made by a firm of Toronto furriers, and it is made entirely of whole skins, without any piecing whatever. There are seventy-five skins in the garment. Furriers who have seen the coat are greatly interested in the fine appearance of the fur. This Mr. Gibson attributes to the fact that the groundhogs were killed after harvest, when the fur is in better condition than at other seasons.—Orangeville Banner.

### Ancient Notoriety

A photograph of local sporting history was shown The Herald this week and will be recalled with fond memory by many residents and ex-residents of Dundalk and district. This photo was found by Hugh McCauley, home from the West, while rummaging in the house on the old McAulay homestead, a short distance north on the highway.

The photo is the cover of a cigar box and is a fine lithograph picture of the Dundalk Thistle Lacrosse Club, champions of this district away back 25 or 30 years ago. The central figures are: Chas. W. Mitchell, manager, and J. P. Cowan, president. Surrounding them are the following players: Norman McAulay, Ed. Rae, Ed. Colgan, two Conkey brothers, Randolph Traynor, Alex. Fawcett, E. Woods and some whose names we don't recall. An enterprising firm of cigar makers named a popular brand of their cigars after the "Dundalk Thistles".—Dundalk Herald.

### Fatality at Wingham

William H. Bolt, an employee at the Gunn-Son-Ola factory, died on Thursday when a piece of timber he was cutting on a rip saw, became loose in his hands and flung with terrific force against the young man's abdomen. Though knocked down by the blow he walked home, and suffered no pain, a doctor discovering a slight discoloration about the size of a fifty cent piece. In an hour a severe pain attacked him, and on a recurrence of the same the doctor hurried him to the hospital, where an operation was performed. The doctor found the bowel burst for about four inches. Realizing the patient's condition as extremely critical the doctor had hopes for recovery, but was unable to check an attack of peritonitis which developed, and the young man passed away early Saturday morning. He had only been married a short time to a Miss Purvis from near Lucknow, who survives, also six sisters.—Wingham Advance-Times.

### Another Wolf in Elderslie

It now appears as though there is another wolf running wild in Elderslie Township and hunters have been trailing it for some days. Last Thursday Harold Sloan saw the animal crossing the 7th concession and he immediately got in touch with Frank Legge of Dobbin. He and Sloan got Gordon Alpaugh and the dog, but the canine would not take to scent without Peter Alpaugh being present. Just at dusk Pete came along and met his son and they went back and immediately the hound took up the trail but it was too late to do much that day. As Pete was away the following two days nothing more was done, but the first of this week the Dobbin hunters were keeping a sharp lookout for signs of the wolf. It is thought that it sought safety in Waugh's swamp, near the Dobbin corner, and its tracks, which crossed the 30th sideroad, were seen on Monday, and it is presumed the beast was working towards the west. Pete is of the opinion that the wolf is a female and the mate of the other one which was recently shot in this vicinity.—Chesley Enterprise.

### Chesley in Senior and Junior Northern

Some of the fans who don't take kindly to the idea of Chesley not being represented in any hockey league this winter burned up the wires last week getting in touch with the secretary of the N. H. L. and the clubs concerned in an effort to have junior and senior teams entered in the N. H. L. The clubs concerned, Walkerton, Durham, and Hanover in the junior, and Southampton, Paisley and Tara in the senior, all displayed a fine sporting spirit and allowed the locals to enter. As the schedules in both senior and junior groups are practically completed both the juniors and seniors were given a bye.

The juniors are entered with Durham, Hanover and Walkerton and their opponents will be Durham who have cinched their group. The seniors will meet the winners of the Paisley, Southampton, Tara group, most likely Paisley. Now that we are assured of some hockey in town it is hoped that fans will turn out in large numbers and boost the game along.—Chesley Enterprise.

### The Old, Old Story

Ernest Mottart, who is employed with William Baker in his chopping mill had a narrow escape from being burned to death on Monday morning. Mr. Mottart was starting a fire in the office stove. The fire did not appear to be taking hold, and in picking up what he supposed was a coal oil can to replenish the fire, got hold of a can containing gasoline. In dashing one of the contents on the fire the can exploded and Mr. Mottart's clothing was soon enveloped in flames. The prompt arrival of Sam McGuire on the scene possibly saved Mr. Mottart from more severe burns. He got Mr. Mottart out from his back, and together they returned to the office and used their combined efforts to extinguish the burning gasoline, which had scattered over the floor. The fire was extinguished after much difficulty and the mill was saved from destruction by their efforts. Mr. Mottart, whose skin on face and hands was badly burned, has since been confined to the house.

We have heard many comments as to the pluck exhibited by Mr. Mottart in doing everything possible to save the mill from destruction, at a time when he himself was suffering severe burns and at further risk of his own life.—Grand Valley Star.

### OTHER PAPERS' OPINIONS

#### What's The Use?

Oil magnates are said to be in a position to furnish gasoline in unlimited quantities during 1929 though in the opening days of 1928 a shortage was predicted. This will be encouraging news to those who think more of gasoline than they do of food, clothing and rent. But on top of cheap gasoline, the tax of 5 cents per gallon is to be added, as well as a fifty per cent increase in insurance rates. So, while power and oil may be cheaper, the saving will disappear in taxes and insurance. In other words your last state is the same as your first, the only difference being that it's worse!—Midland Free Press.

#### England's New "Cotton"

England is by way of being excited over a new substitute for cotton. The fibre is described as just as good, cheaper to produce and, most significant of all, it can be grown, is now being grown, in England. That means more work for Englishmen and supplying their own Lancashire mills instead of importing cotton from America. And it means, in the present hopes of the English, "getting a bit of their own" back from the wealthy "States". America can't complain; it has just elected as President an official who said unpleasant things about British control of rubber and stimulated the idea of raising rubber in places it had not been grown before.—Milwaukee Journal.

#### A Proper Solution

Mayor Armstrong and his colleagues are to be commended for having evolved a proper solution of the Main Street pavement and sewer proposition. This is a progressive age and "keeping up with the Joneses" is still very much in vogue, so Hanover could not see almost every town, village and township having pavement while we drove through mud or over rough roads. The county council's approval of a pavement on the county line in town is eminently sensible, for it is certainly better for all concerned that the money be spent on a permanent road than on a gravel road which, despite much expenditure, is still a poor road. While pavement is being laid, the council should see to it that the detour roads are put in excellent condition. Our side streets are generally good, and paving won't be very inconvenient if the detours are in good condition.—Hanover Post.

#### Jack Dempsey—Promoter

Jack Dempsey is on trial as he never has been before. He's trying out his hand as a promoter and is finding that it isn't as soft a job as he once thought, and doubtless he would rather be in there fighting than endeavoring to make the fight pay. If he comes through the Stribling-Sharkey fight with flying colors he may be given an opportunity to develop the talent. If he doesn't, he'll have to return to the ring as a fighter or as a manager of fighters. Jack has made a good start—only the gate at Miami Beach on February 27th will tell what kind of a finisher he is. Dempsey has learned a lot of things since he started in the ring. He couldn't rub shoulders with Tex Rickard, Jack Kearns, Gene Norville and others like them without doing so. He knows the fight game. Rickard passed on some of his promotional secrets to him and his name also helps. There he starts with an advantage. But they are keeping Jack busy. In addition to the Stribling bout, he is deeply tangled with a dog track and a casino in Florida. These would have taxed the genius of Rickard, for whom Dempsey is carrying on. Can the former boxing champion get away with it? The swallows flying northward will bring the answer.—Chicago Referee.

#### Shame On You, Meaford

A couple of weeks ago the Express was requested to open a fund with a view to helping a family in distress in our midst—one who suffered a complete loss of their worldly possessions by fire through accident. No insurance was carried and the household was left destitute. The appeal was such that only a minute's consideration, in a thriving community like this, was necessary to convince one that action was necessary. Wearing apparel was donated until the need was fully satisfied, and the next big question was how to re-establish this home and give the father and mother with their children a chance to carry on in future. To fill in such breach the Relief Fund through the Express columns was opened and now we would like to ask after two weeks' appeal, "Where is our Philanthropy?" There are dozens of societies and churches and nearly 3,000 souls in this town who do not know the meaning of being in want and yet not big enough to subscribe \$150 for a deserving charity. With this amount, hardly a button from the coats in Meaford, the happiness of a home can be restored. Is it worth it? Where is the man or woman who would answer "No"? Then shame on you, ye people of Meaford, that you do not rise up to your responsibility in this matter. This list will be held open until the

amount is raised and more sermons will follow if the desired help is not forthcoming.—Meaford Express.

#### The Storekeepers

Those of us who are past middle age can remember the kindly neighbor whose job it was to sell us the necessities of life was known as a storekeeper. The name was quite appropriate. He bought a stock of goods, hung out his sign, sometimes, and waited for his friends and neighbors to drop in and buy.

Later on, his son inherited the business, if it had not gone to the wall, adopted a slightly more aggressive attitude toward the securing of trade, and called himself a merchant. Here and there a venturesome soul began to really study business methods and actually plan for greater volume and a wider trade radius. Some became real business men and reaped rich rewards. Later still, the department store and mail order house came into existence, recently followed by the chain stores, which now seem to menace the small merchant and send him out of business. In spite of these revolutionary developments, however, thousands of independent merchants are making money today. They are doing it by adopting scientific accounting, by a study of their customers' requirements and by advertising.

But a great many scorn such new-fangled ideas, and stay in the rut in which their forefathers ran the course. They are headed for bankruptcy and don't know why. But to anyone with a fundamental knowledge of modern business practices, the reason is plain. These failures are not business men, nor even merchants—they are only storekeepers.—Sudbury Star.

#### Was It Too Severe?

Two Toronto youths who got guns and set out to become hold-up men and possible murderers, were caught after their first "job" and sentenced to seven years in the penitentiary and twenty lashes. It is a severe penalty, but it must not be forgotten that the "job" might easily have led to murder, and that they likely were prepared to kill those who might resist them, and that the infliction of death is regarded as more severe even than penitentiary and lashes.

The Rev. Dr. MacKinnon, in Runnymede United Church, on Sunday morning in referring to the matter said that the infliction of such punishment was worse than the crime. He made the mistake of thinking that the sentence should depend upon the amount stolen. The bandits had secured only \$54. It is just such foolish sympathy as this that is largely responsible for the prevailing tide of crime which has submerged the civilized world.

Is anyone so foolish as to think that these bandits would not have gladly taken ten thousand dollars in preference to the fifty-four. And why should they be treated with greater leniency because they got only a small amount? Are we to assume that they didn't mean it when they pointed their guns and said that they would shoot if their orders were not obeyed? It was safer for their victims to assume that they would.

If they did not make a big haul and didn't kill somebody, no thanks to them. They proved themselves just as bad and just as dangerous as those who shot thirty thousand dollars and who shot somebody in the getting. Other youths who aspire to go out with their guns to take, under threats of death, the honest earnings of their neighbors, will think it over when they recall what happened to the pair whose fate Dr. MacKinnon deplored. The police and the courts are there to protect the public and that should be their first care regardless of what happens the criminal.—Lucknow Sentinel.

#### Too Many Laws

In an article in the American Magazine, William S. Dutton takes up the question of the immense number of laws in the United States, and states that an investigator counted 30,000 city, State and Federal laws, leaving county ones out of the enumeration. One State law, he says, has never been obeyed—and it never will. It reads: "When two trains approach each other at a crossing, they shall both come to a full stop, and neither shall start until the other is gone." Surely, in this case "the law is an ass!" remarks the Municipal Review.

## Ask for Salada Orange Pekoe—it is the finest



### TRUTH IF NOT POETRY

A hen is not supposed to have Much common sense or tact, Yet every time she lays an egg She cackles forth the fact. A rooster hasn't got a lot Of intellect to show, But none the less most roosters have Enough good sense to crow. The mule, the most despised of beasts, Has a persistent way Of letting folks know he's around By his insistent bray. The busy little bees they buzz, The bulls bellow and cows moo, The watchdogs bark, the ganders quack, And doves and pigeons coo. The peacock spreads his tail and squawks, Pigs squeal and robins sing, And even serpents know enough To hiss before they sting. But man, the greatest masterpiece That Nature could devise, Will often stop and hesitate Before he'll advertise. —Pacific Drug Review.

### Dangerous Mixup

A young lady from Paris was visiting New York. One day she wanted to buy an eponge pour le bain—a bath sponge—and she inquired of her hostess how she should ask for it in the shop. "Ask," her hostess said, "for a big bath sponge to take home with you." So the young lady visited a fashionable drug store and walked up to a good looking young salesman, and smiled prettily and said: "Eef you please, will you kindly take me home and geeve me a beeg sponge bath?"

Read The Chronicle ads on page 7.



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It's Wholesome  
As wholesome as a jolly Baker's smile.  
Yes,— and it's toothsome, too. For it's baked with care and cleanliness.

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Be here sharp at 9 o'clock **THURSDAY**  
A sharp, decisive reduction on all those smart winter Velvet and Metallic Hats that make them a noteworthy sale special. Small, close fitting shapes in clever slashed brims and off-the-face effects. Modelled from French chiffon velvet in every shade.  
Prices will be **\$2.95 and \$1.95**  
**FELTS \$1.79**  
**CHILDREN'S HATS 79c.**  
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Next to Hunters' Hardware.

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Raw Furs of all kinds for the European Markets for which I will pay the Highest Market Price.  
**BEEF HIDES HORSEHIDES SHEEPSKINS HORSEHAIR and FEATHERS**  
Bring them in to my warehouse or write or phone and I will call for them.  
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Squibb's Tooth Paste, in large size	Dr. West's Tooth Brush, Special
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Dental Floss of Sanitary Silk	Woodbury's Tooth Powder large can
<b>25c</b>	<b>25c</b>

**MacBeth's Drug Store**



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Makers of the finest Cabinets in the British Empire have chosen the **"Erla" Radio** for selectivity and volume.  
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## At Home

Come in & Chat — Ruth

Dear Little Maybelle: I am sorry to learn that you have been ill, and request for a story about did something great. I wonder how you would hear about the little girl means of starting the society that now prints copies of the Bible in a hundred different languages trying to accomplish more the printing of the Scries is the British and Foreign Society.

In 1792 there lived in Wales a little eight-year-old girl named Mary Jones. Her weaver and her home humble compared with today. The furniture of her house consisted of a bench or two, three stools, a table, a kitchen table, and a stool. There was no stove, and at night they burned which threw its uncertain upon the loom where they at work.

Mary's parents were very poor and she was very scarce and the very honest, was rich. She was not afforded to purchase had taught Mary all that they could remember, stories, and they took religious meeting they heard the Word read. She heard the Bible read, she more and longed for it she could read it herself no public school for children today and Mary had learned how to read. She with numerous little home. So imagine Mary her father returned one village where he had of the woolen cloth the home, and told her that he opened in three weeks was to attend. He was, "Now I shall read Bible." Not long after the day school, a Sunday started of which Mary's

A neighbor who owned Mary when she could be welcome to come to read and study the Bible. Mary quickly learned went every Saturday afternoon to study the Bible lesson from their Bible her resolve that some day have a Bible of her own years to earn sufficient one. Six years went by and sometimes Mary could memory a whole chapter on a Saturday afternoon to her parents when the fireplace in the penny that she carried into a little box until when there was sufficient Bible. No Bibles could be their little village, so twenty-five miles to the Rev. Thos. Charles sibly have one in his home. When Mary told him Charles' bright face over he said he was in the the consignment of he received the year before were all sold out except for friends he must

